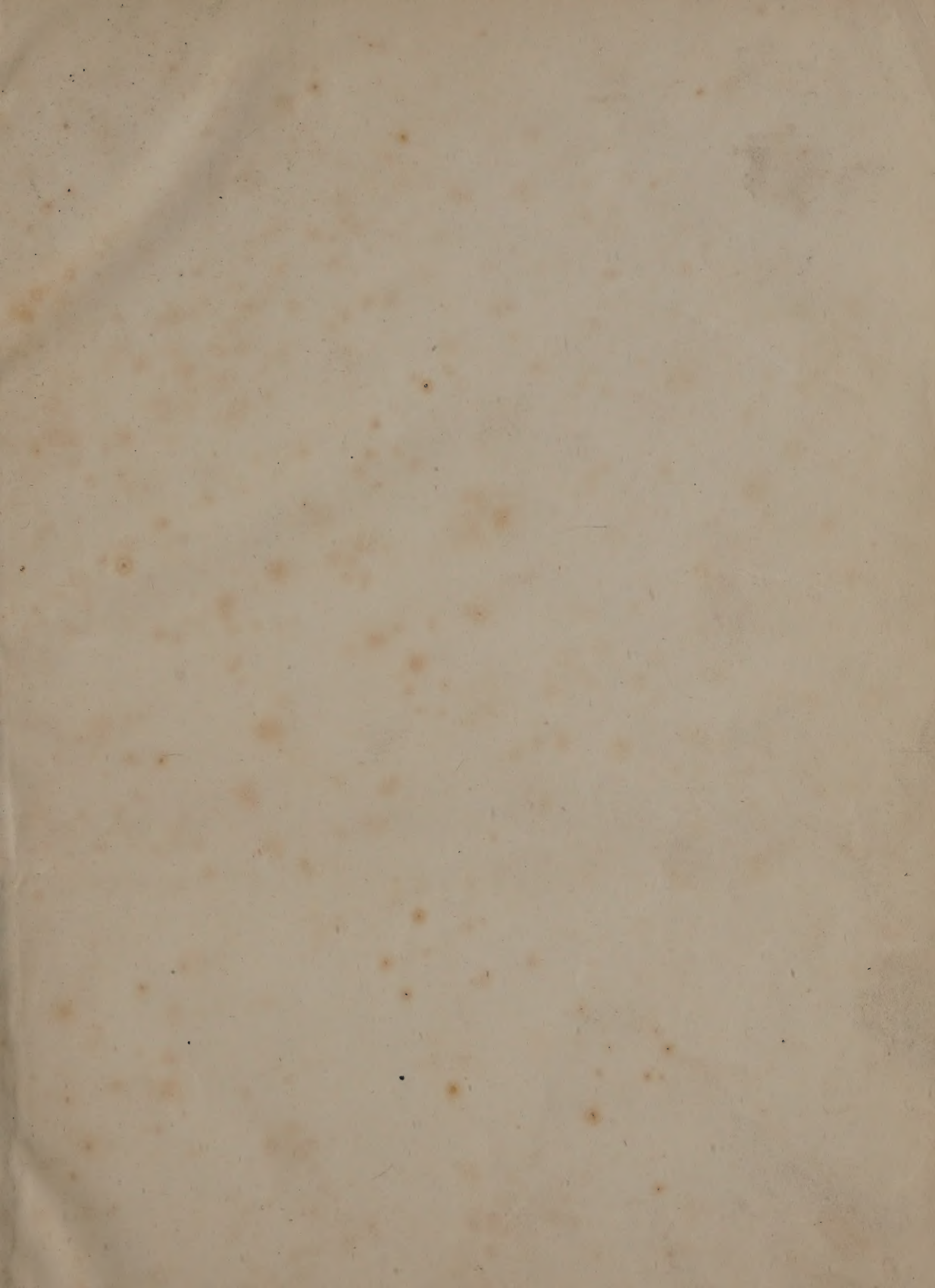








WILLIAM THE FOURTH.

61705

TALES OF SHIPWRECKS

AND

ADVENTURES AT SEA.

BEING A COLLECTION OF FAITHFUL NARRATIVES OF

SHIPWRECKS, MUTINIES, FIRES, FAMINES,

AND

Disasters, incidental to a Sea Life;

TOGETHER WITH

CELEBRATED VOYAGES, AMUSING TALES, TOUGH YARNS,

AND INTERESTING ANECDOTES.

ILLUSTRATED WITH

One Hundred and Fifty-Three Engravings, by Landells and Others.

EDITED BY JAMES LINDRIDGE.

LONDON:

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MDCCCXLVI.

TABLES OF SHIPWRECKS

AND

ADVENTURES AT SEA.

BY JAMES HARRISON.

SHEPHERD'S WALTON'S FINEST LAMINAR.

PRINTED BY

LONDON:

Printed by WILLIAM MARK CLARK, 10, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street.

GENERALISED VOYAGE ADVENTURES AT SEA

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ADDRESS.

A Book to an Editor stands in much the same relationship as a Pupil does to a Tutor. The same anxiety has been felt by both—the same care expended, to send their *protege* into the world, with the requisite qualities to win the good esteem of it.

For ourselves we launched our little bark, on the stream of public favour, with a fluttering at heart. Ours was the first work, of the size and price, entirely devoted to Maritime Affairs. We knew our subject was one that would secure the attention and approbation of the Philanthropic and Benevolent. The sale we have enjoyed, and the many flattering encomiums we have received from various quarters, during the progress of the Work, has afforded us the most satisfactory proof we could desire, and fully convince us that there are thousands who sympathise with the brave, and too often suffering, Sailor, admire his warm, gallant heart, and have appreciated our humble labours in his behalf.

The landsman, after spending a life of ease and indolence, dies—is buried with all the grandeur riches can purchase: a mausoleum is erected over his resting place; the pompous verse telling the admiring crowd of his great benevolence and transcendent virtues. Now "Poor Jack," whose whole life has been marked with strange vicissitudes, chequered with innumerable privations and perils, perishes at last in defence of his country; or, more fearful still, by Shipwreck or Famine. No memory of him cherished, who deserves to be extolled the most. We have used our endeavours to remedy this defect, by gathering together the lives (an instructing memoranda) of those brave men, to whom England is indebted for all its wealth and glory. And, surely, the tale of those who lay slumbering in the depth of the sea, will awaken thoughts of the uncertainty of human life; and admiration be aroused for those men, who, with a courage as noble as it is dauntless, risk, and oftentimes lose their lives, in the cause of humanity.

We have a Sailor's antipathy to the word "Farewell." It seems to express the utter abandonment of all that the heart holds dear. We have gone on so long basking in the sunshine of your smile, Dear Reader, that we cannot—will not, relinquish it. We have said much—have left much unsaid. To obviate this, we have determined on publishing a Companion Work to this; and if the old saying "practice makes perfect" be correct, the only difference in the two will be the SUPERIORITY OF THE SECOND over the first—and will be entitled "TALES OF HEROISM, AND REGISTER OF STRANGE AND WONDERFUL ADVENTURES." A Title, which, whilst it will allow us to give an interesting narrative of the ocean, will also afford us the opportunity of culling from the world those seeds of heroism and intrepidity which have been the glory of it, and which every lover of bravery, courage, and devotion (and who is not?) must admire.

To our Contributors, to whom we are indebted for many talented articles and valuable suggestions, we beg to return our most grateful thanks: and whom we hope to meet, with all our Readers' Friends, in the silent intercourse of thought, in our new work, as we have in this.

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TALES OF SHIPWRECKS

AND ADVENTURES AT SEA.



GOING DOWN OF THE BRIGAND STEAMER, OFF THE SCILLY ISLANDS.

LOSS OF THE IRON STEAMER BRIGAND.

THE above sketch is an accurate representation of the loss of the Brigand steamer, on the 12th of October, 1842, off the Scilly Islands. We cannot better convey an idea of this lamentable catastrophe than by giving the following narrative, written by an eye witness of the distressing event:—

"We left Liverpool at two p.m., on Monday last, and proceeded on our voyage, without any thing particular happening until a quarter before five, a.m., on Wednesday, going from 11 to 12 knots an hour, with a strong current, light wind from the north-east, the morning being hazy, when she suddenly ran foul of the breakers, and struck twice; the first time right abreast of the foremast in the bluff of the bow, and the next

blow was of such great force that it carried off her paddle-wheel, and drove it right into the engine-room. We saw the St. Agnes light, but in consequence of the haziness of the weather we considered it was at least 15 miles off. Soon afterwards we saw the breakers, but too late to avoid them. We put the helm hard a port, however, to endeavour to do so, and immediately received the shocks on our broadside. Where she struck was in lat. 49. 56. N., long. 6. 16. W., on the Crim Rock, near the Bishop's Rock, about three miles and a half from the spot where the Thames was lost, and 67 hands, in January, 1841. Both compartments of the vessel were stove in, and she began to fill rapidly. The captain and crew immediately exerted themselves to the utmost to save the vessel. The carpenter placed a board against the side, and placed stays against

the cylinder, and stopped up the crevices with "waste" and grease; but these efforts were ineffectual, as were likewise the endeavours to lighten her by throwing the fuel overboard, which we continued to do till the hold filled with water. The engines had become completely useless, and the fires were out, but the crew continued to exert themselves for nearly two hours, when the captain ordered all hands on the quarter-deck, and ordered out the jolly-boats. At this time she had drifted about seven miles from the breaker, and after waiting a quarter of an hour we got into them, the captain and mate still remaining on the quarter-deck; the boats stood by the vessel another quarter of an hour, and then, as she was sinking fast, the captain and mate got into one of them and we shoved off. In about half an hour after we saw her go down by the head, in

about 45 fathoms of water. We rowed for the Rock, and got on it, to see how the land lay; the other boat came after us, and we joined in a small bay leading to St. Agnes light, where two boats from the shore came out to us, having seen our lights, and took us in tow for the harbour, St. Mary's, which we reached about three o'clock. The same night we went in the Antelope pilot-boat to Penzance, and from thence to St. Ives, where we got a passage to Bristol in the *Herald*."

The *Brigand* had only been built about two years, by Messrs. Grantham, Page, and Co., of Liverpool, for Mr. Redmond, of Wexford, at a cost of £32,000, and intended to trade from Liverpool to Bristol, calling at Wexford, which she continued to do till a short time since, when she was superseded by the *Troubadour*, another iron steamer, of 250 horse-power, and she

was now on her voyage from Liverpool to London, having merely 200 tons of fuel to carry her to St. Petersburg. She was an elegantly-built vessel, and fitted up in the most elegant style. She was 600 tons burden, and 200 horse-power, and built with bulk-heads, having four compartments, and had she not been struck a complete broadside, so as to stave in both compartments, she would have been saved. We understand she was not insured.

The greatest credit is due to both captain and crew for their persevering attempts to save this vessel. We can only regret that their exertions did not meet with the success they deserved. The captain and mates conduct in staying on board the vessel till the last moment, reflects the highest credit upon them both.

A GENUINE ANECDOTE.—On William the Fourth being consulted as to which of his three horses, as connected with Goodwin Races, should be made the winner of the cup, or, to use the phraseology of the turf, *pressed*, his Majesty quickly answered, "Let them all do their best—I'll have no reefed topsails."

Just as the *Charlotte* was closing with the *Montague*, Lord Howe, who was himself conning the ship, called out to Bowen to starboard the helm, to which Bowen remarked, that if they did so, she would be on board the next ship, the *Jacobin*; to this his lordship replied sharply, "What is that to you, sir?" Bowen, a little nettled, said in an under tone, "My eyes, if I care, if you don't; I'll go near enough to singe some of our whiskers." Lord Howe heard him, and turning to his captain, said, "That's a fine fellow, Curtis."

MUTINY ON BOARD THE BOUNTY.

CHAPTER I.

IN the year 1787, being seventeen years after Captain Cook's return from his first voyage, it having been represented to his majesty, by those interested in our West India colonies, that the introduction of the bread-fruit tree into those islands, to constitute an article of food, would prove of very essential benefit to the inhabitants, the king was graciously pleased to comply with their request. A vessel was accordingly purchased, and fitted with the necessary additions for carrying the benevolent objects of the voyage into effect; the whole equipment for the voyage being under the immediate superintendence of Sir Joseph Banks.

The ship was called the *Bounty*, and the command of her was entrusted to Lieutenant Bligh, who had previously sailed with Captain Cook. She was about two hundred and fifteen tons burthen, and her crew consisted of one lieutenant, who was commanding-officer; one master, three warrant officers, one surgeon, two master's mates, two midshipmen, and thirty-four petty officers and seamen, making forty-four in all; to which were added two skilful and careful men, recommended by Sir Joseph Banks, to have the management of the plants intended to be carried to the West Indies, and others to be brought home for his majesty's gardens at Kew. One of these was David Nelson, who had served under Captain Cook in a similar situation; and the other, Wm. Brown, acted as an assistant to him.

On December the 23rd, 1787, the *Bounty* sailed from Spithead, and on the 26th it blew a severe storm from the eastward, which continued until the 29th, during which the ship suffered considerably. One sea carried away the spare yards and spars out of the starboard main-chains, while another heavy sea broke into the ship, and staved all the boats; and besides other damage a large quantity of bread was rendered totally useless, the sea having stove in the stern, and filled the cabin with water. This made it desirable for them to touch at Teneriffe, where they arrived on the 5th of January, 1788; and having put the ship to rights and refreshed, they sailed again on the 10th.

On March the 23rd they made the coast of Terra del Fuego, and had to encounter tremendous weather off Cape Horn. After nine days of incessant gales, accompanied with hail and sleet, the ship suffered so much, that they were obliged to keep pumping; and the decks were so leaky, that the great cabin was appropriated for those who had wet berths to hang their hammocks in: but finding that they were losing ground, and the hopelessness of obtaining a passage to the Society Islands by this route, it was determined, after thirty days struggling in this tempestuous ocean, to bear away for the Cape of Good Hope. The helm was accordingly put a-weather, to the great joy of every person on board.

On the 23rd of May they arrived at the Cape, where they remained for thirty-eight days to replenish their stock of provisions and water. They sailed from thence on July the 1st, and anchored in Adventure Bay, Van Diemen's Land, on the 20th of August. Here they remained, taking in wood and water, till the 4th of September; and on the evening of October the 25th, got sight of Otaheite, and came to an anchor the following day in Matavai Bay, after running a distance, as computed by the log, of twenty-seven thousand and eighty-six miles since they left England.

As soon as the ship was secured, Captain Bligh went on shore, accompanied by the chief Poeno, who had come on board, bringing a small pig and a young plantain tree, as a token of friendship from Otoo, the chief of Matavai, who had changed his name to Tinah. He was treated with great hospitality, and upon leaving, the "ladies," taking some of their finest cloth and a mat, clothed him in the Otaheitean fashion, and afterwards accompanied him to the boat. In the course of two or three days, a friendly intimacy existed between the ship's company and the natives, and with a view of furthering the object they had in view, several presents were given to Tinah; and he was told that King George had sent him these, on account of the kindness of his people to Captain Cook, and a desire to serve him and his country; at the same time asking him whether he would not send something to King George in

return. "Yes," he replied, "I will send him anything I have;" and began enumerating a list of articles, among which was the bread-fruit. This he was immediately told was what King George would like very much, and a number of young trees were promised to be sent on board.

The natives of Otaheite are strongly and finely formed; possessing all the advantages of immense strength, with the comeliness and beauty of the Europeans. The women of superior rank, are tall and majestic; while those of the inferior class rank somewhat below the middle stature of English ladies. The complexion of the superior class is that which we call a brunette. Their skin is soft, and delicately smooth. The shape of the face is round, open, and comely. The cheek bones are not high, nor the eyes hollow, as is generally the case with coloured nations. The nose is a little flattened, but their eyes, and more particularly those of the females, are full of fire and expression—now sparkling with enthusiasm and delight, and anon melting with tenderness and love. They are brave, open, candid, generous, and hospitable to a degree. The feelings of suspicion, treachery, self-love, cruelty, and revenge, which so oft are found in your enlightened, Christian countries, was unknown in ignorant, barbarous Otaheite! The only blot upon this country, is their excessive, and, apparently, unconquerable pilfering propensities. Cook, the celebrated traveller, speaking of them, says, "The people of this country, of all ranks, men and women, are the arrantest thieves on the face of the earth; but we must not conclude that theft is a testimony of the same depravity in them as it is in us, in the instance of which our people were sufferers by their dishonesty." They have an irresistible love for iron; an old nail, rusty and broken, possessing greater charms, in their eyes, than a purse of the brightest gold ever coined. With this brief description of the natives of Otaheite, necessary for the better information of our readers, we pursue our narrative.

The *Bounty* remained from the 26th of October, 1788, till the 4th of April, 1789, and collected during that period one thousand and fifteen plants, which were contained in seven hundred and seventy-four pots, thirty-nine tubs, and twenty boxes, besides several other kinds of curious plants peculiar to Otaheite. At sunset the boat returned from landing Tinah and his wife, and the ship immediately made sail. The next morning they got sight of Huaheine, where one of the natives recognized Captain Bligh, having seen him with Captain Cook in the *Resolution*, in 1780.

On the 23rd they anchored off Annamooka, where they remained till the 26th, carrying on a brisk trade in yams, plantains, hogs, fowls, &c.; but the crowd of natives became so great, that it was judged prudent to get the ship under weigh, which was accordingly done, and they sailed at sunset. From thence the ship stood to the northward all night, and at noon of the following day, the 27th, they were between the islands Tofoa and Kotoo.

Thus far the voyage had advanced in a course of uninterrupted prosperity; but a conspiracy had been formed, which was concerted with so much secrecy and circumspection, that not the slightest suspicion was occasioned of the impending calamity, which was to render all their past labour productive only of extreme misery and distress.

About four o'clock on the morning of the 28th of April, Mr. Stewart called upon Fletcher Christian, who had just fallen asleep, to relieve the deck; but observing him to be much out of order, he strenuously advised him to abandon his previously expressed intention of leaving the ship on a small raft which he had constructed; but Christian, as soon as he had taken charge of the deck, observing Mr. Hayward, the mate of his watch, lie down on the arm-chest to take a nap, and finding that Mr. Hallet, the other midshipman, did not make his appearance, formed the resolution of seizing the ship. He immediately disclosed his intention to Matthew Quintal and Isaac Martin, seamen, both of whom had been flogged by Captain Bligh; and they called up Charles Churchill, master-at-arms, who had also been punished, and Matthew Thompson, seamen, both of whom readily joined in the plot. Alexander Smith (*alias* John Adams), John Williams, and William McKoy, evinced equal willingness, and went with Churchill to the ar-



MUTINY ON BOARD THE BOUNTY, LIEUTENANT BLIGH, APRIL 28, 1789.

mourer, of whom they obtained the keys of the arm-chest, under pretence of wanting a musket to fire at a shark; and finding Mr. Hallet asleep on an arm-chest in the main-hatchway, they roused him and sent him on deck. Charles Norman, the carpenter's mate, unconscious of their proceedings, had in the meantime awakened Mr. Hayward, and directed his attention to the shark which was alongside; and just at the moment he was watching it, Christian and his confederates came up the fore-hatchway, after having placed arms in the hands of several men who were aware of their design. One man, Matthew Thompson, was left in charge of the chest, and he served out arms to Thomas Burkitt and Robert Lamb.

"Just before sun-rising, on Tuesday the 28th, while I was yet asleep," says Mr. Bligh, the captain of the *Bounty*, in his own words, "Mr. Christian, officer of the watch; Charles Churchill, ship's corporal; John Mills, gunner's mate; and Thomas Burkitt, seaman, came into my cabin, and, seizing me, tied my hands with a cord behind my back; threatening me with instant death, if I spoke or made the least noise. I called out, however, as loud as I could, in hopes of assistance; but they had already secured the officers, who were not of their party, by placing sentinels at their doors. I was hauled out of bed, and forced on deck in my shirt. I demanded the reason of such conduct, but received no other answer but abuse for not holding my tongue.

"The boatswain was ordered to hoist the launch out, with a threat that if he did not do it instantly, to take care of himself."

The captain endeavoured, by entreaties and persuasion, to turn the tide of affairs, and induce the people not to persist in such acts of violence; but the only reply was a command to hold his tongue, with a threat of having his brains blown out

if he did not instantly comply, while three men stood round him with bayonets fixed and pieces cocked.

The boatswain and seamen who were to go in the launch, were allowed to collect cordage, canvass, sails, and a twenty-eight gallon cask of water; and Mr. Samuel got one hundred and fifty pounds of bread, a small quantity of rum and wine, and a quadrant and compass. Those of the seamen whom the mutineers meant to get rid of, were forced into the boat, and a dram served to each of the crew who remained in the *Bounty*.

The officers were next called upon deck, and forced over the side into the boat, while Captain Bligh was still kept abaft the mizenmast, surrounded by a guard. It appeared that Christian was in some doubts whether he should keep the carpenter or his mates, but at length he ordered the carpenter into the boat, permitting him, though not without some opposition, to take his tool-chest.

The officers and men who were to leave them, being now in the boat, the master-at-arms informed Christian that they only waited for the captain. Christian then turned and said, "Come, Captain Bligh, your officers and men are now in the boat, and you must go with them; and if you attempt to make the least resistance you will instantly be put to death."

He was then, without further ceremony, forced over the side, when his hands were untied. The boat was veered astern with a rope, and a few pieces of pork, some clothes, and four cutlasses, were thrown to them.

On being forced over the side, Captain Bligh, turning to Christian, said, "Is this treatment a proper return for the many instances you have received of my friendship?" At which the other appeared much disturbed, and answered, with

considerable emotion, "That—Captain Bligh—that is the thing; I am in hell—I am in hell!"

Mr. Bligh again begged of him to desist, and gave his honour never to speak of this, or let it be known in England. He implored him, as their past friendship was disregarded, to think of and show some mercy to his wife and children.

"I say no, no, Captain Bligh," replied Christian; "if you had any honour, or any manly feeling in your breast, things had not come to this. Your wife and family! Had you any regard for them, you would have thought of them before, and not behaved so like a villain! I have been used like a dog all the voyage; I am determined, come what will, to bear it no longer. You have goaded—driven me to desperation, and on you must rest the consequences. It is too late."

The armourer and carpenter's mates called over the side for the captain to remember that they had no hand in the transaction, and were kept contrary to their inclination; and soon after the boat was cast adrift on the open sea.

The launch contained nineteen persons, whose weight, with that of the few articles they were permitted to take, brought the boat's edge so near to the water, that there seemed but little probability of her being able to encounter a moderate swell, much less to survive the length of voyage they were destined to perform over the wide ocean.

Upon examining the quantity of provisions which had been thrown into the boat, it was found to amount to one hundred and fifty pounds of bread, sixteen pieces of pork weighing two pounds each, six quarts of rum, six bottles of wine, twenty-eight gallons of water, and four empty barricoes. As they were near the island of Tofoa, they endeavoured to get a supply of bread-fruit and water, but could only succeed in obtaining about twenty cocoa-nuts; and numbers of the natives beginning to congregate on the beach, they were obliged to leave with precipitation, as the natives attacked them with stones, and killed John Norton, quarter-master, who was casting off the stern-fast, and wounded many of them in the boat. On pushing out to sea, they were followed by several canoes, and only succeeded in eluding the pursuit by throwing overboard some clothes, which induced the canoes to stop and pick them up.

They had now no hope of relief, unless they could reach Timor, a distance of full twelve hundred leagues, and this in an open boat only twenty-three feet in length, and deeply laden with eighteen men; but they all readily agreed to be content with an allowance which, on calculation, Captain Bligh informed them, would not exceed one ounce of bread and a quarter of a pint of water per day. It was about eight o'clock at night, on the 2nd of May, that they bore away under a reefed lug-foresail, and the people being divided into watches, and the boat got into a little order, they returned thanks to the Almighty for their miraculous preservation.

On the 3rd it blew a violent storm, and the sea ran so high that they were obliged to keep constantly baling, and were in great apprehension that the bread which was in bags, would be spoiled: to prevent this, they threw overboard all superfluous clothes, with some spare sails and rope, in order to lighten the boat; and emptying the carpenter's chest, stowed the tools at the bottom of the boat, and the bread in the chest. As they were all thoroughly wet and cold, a tea-spoonful of rum was served to each. Five small cocoa-nuts were distributed for dinner, and a few broken pieces of bread-fruit for supper, after which prayers were performed.

On the night of the 4th, and morning of the 5th, the gale had abated, and the boat was running among some islands; but after their reception at Tofoa, they did not venture to land. Upon examining the state of their bread, they found that a great part of it was damaged and rotten; but even this was carefully preserved for use.

On the 6th, they still continued to see islands at a distance; and this day, for the first time, to their great joy, they hooked a fish; but were miserably disappointed by losing it, as they were trying to get it into the boat. They were dreadfully cramped from the want of room, which they endeavoured to remedy by putting themselves at watch and watch: one half sitting up, while the others lay down in the bottom of the boat,

with nothing to cover them, and so constantly wet, that after a few hours' sleep, they were scarcely able to move.

On the 7th, they passed close to some rocky isles, from which they were pursued by two large sailing canoes; but in the afternoon they gave over the chase. Soon after it began to rain very heavily, when every person in the boat did his utmost to catch some water, by which they increased their stock to thirty-four gallons, besides quenching their thirst for the first time since they had been in the boat.

On the 8th they had an allowance of an ounce-and-half of pork, a tea-spoonful of rum, half a pint of cocoa-nut milk, and an ounce of bread. The afternoon was employed in cleaning out the boat, and getting everything dry and in order. Hitherto Captain Bligh had issued the allowance by guess, but he now made a pair of scales with two cocoa-nut shells, and finding some pistol-balls in the boat, which weighed twenty-five to the pound, he adopted one of these as the weight of bread to be served to each person at one time. He also amused them with describing the situations of New Guinea and New Holland, that in case any accident should happen to him, they might have some idea of what they were about, and be able to find their way to Timor.

On the 9th they experienced a violent storm of thunder and lightning. They collected about twenty gallons of water; but they were so miserably wet and cold, that a tea-spoonful of rum was served to each. The weather continued extremely bad, and the wind so increased that hardly one of them got any sleep that night.

The morning of the 10th brought no relief, except its light. The sea broke over the boat so much, that two men were kept constantly baling; and it was necessary to keep the boat before the wind to prevent its filling. The allowance was now one bullet-weight of bread and a quarter of a pint of water, at eight in the morning, at noon, and at sunset, with the addition of half an ounce of pork for dinner.

On the 11th the weather was not at all improved, and their situation was becoming extremely dangerous from the constant running of the sea over the stern, which kept them baling with all their strength; but at noon they were much enlivened by the appearance of the sun, which gave them great pleasure.

On the 12th it rained towards the evening, and they again experienced a dreadful night. When the day came, they were in no way refreshed by the little sleep they had, as they were constantly drenched by the sea and rain; and though the men were shivering with wet and cold, the captain was under the disagreeable necessity of informing them, that he could no longer afford them the scanty pittance of a tea-spoonful of rum.

On the 13th and 14th the stormy weather and heavy seas continued unabated, and on these days they saw distant land, and passed several islands, the sight of which increased, rather than alleviated the misery of their situation; as an attempt to procure relief was considered to be attended with so much danger, that it was thought advisable to remain as they were, rather than encounter the risk.

On the 15th it was still rainy, both day and night, and it was so dark that not a star could be seen by which the steerage could be directed, and the sea was continually breaking over the boat; which was the case on the 16th, when they passed a truly horrible night, with storms of thunder, lightning, and rain. The dawn of the 17th brought no relief; and the suffering from wet and cold had been so severe, that they were obliged to break their rule, and serve a tea-spoonful of rum to each. The night was again dark and dismal, and nothing but the winds and waves to direct their steerage.

On the 18th the rain abated, when they stripped and wrung their clothes, which greatly refreshed them; but every one of them complained of violent pains in their bones. At night the rain re-commenced, with thunder and lightning, which continued without intermission through the 19th and 20th, keeping the men constantly baling; but at noon the sun broke out and revived them. They began now to suffer from extreme hunger, but the vast quantities of rain that had fallen prevented their being thirsty.

On the 21st they were so drenched with rain and salt-water du-

ring the whole of the afternoon, that they could scarcely see; and on the following day their situation was extremely calamitous. They were obliged to run right before the sea, and keep a strict watch, as the slightest error in the helm would have caused their destruction in an instant. It continued to blow hard, and the sea was constantly running over their stern. During the night the misery they endured was excessive, so much so that they expected another such a night would put an end to the sufferings of several of them.

On the 24th the wind moderated towards the evening, and the night was fair. In the morning they experienced relief from the warmth of the sun, for the first time during the last fifteen days. They stripped and hung up their clothes to dry; but by this time they had been worn so threadbare, that they contributed very little to keep out either wet or cold. In the afternoon they saw several birds, such as boobies and noddies, which are never seen far from land.

As the sea now began to run fair, Captain Bligh took the opportunity to examine their stock of bread, and found there was sufficient, according to their present rate of allowance, to last twenty-nine days, which was about the time they expected to be able to reach Timor: but as this was uncertain, and it was possible they might be obliged to go to Java, they determined to reduce their present scanty rate, so as to make the stock hold out six weeks. This was effected by continuing the same quantity for breakfast and dinner as usual, and discontinuing the supper allowance.

On the 25th, at noon, some noddies came so near to the boat that they caught one of them, about the size of a small pigeon. This was divided, with its entrails, into eighteen portions, and distributed by the following method:—one man stood with his back to the object, while another, pointing separately to each portion, asked aloud, "Who shall have this?" to which the first answered by naming somebody, until the whole number had been served. By this impartial method, each man stood the same chance of obtaining an equal share. They had also an allowance of bread and water. In the evening several boobies came near them, and they were fortunate enough to catch one about as large as a duck. This they killed for supper, and giving the blood to three of the people who were most distressed, the body, with entrails, feet, and beak, were divided into eighteen shares, and distributed as before; and having with it an allowance of bread, the whole made an excellent supper.

On the 26th they caught another booby, which was distributed in the same manner as before, giving the blood to those who suffered most; and this addition to their usual fare, quite overjoyed these miserable people, who hailed it as an interposition of Providence in their favour. The weather was now very fine, but the heat of the sun was becoming so powerful, that several were seized with faintness and langour. In the evening they caught two boobies, which contributed to raise their spirits. The stomachs of these birds contained several flying-fish and small cuttle-fish, which were carefully reserved for the following day, while the remainder were divided and distributed as before. From the appearance of the clouds in the evening, they thought it probable they must be near land.

On the 28th, at one o'clock in the morning, the man at the helm heard the sound of breakers. It was the barrier-reef which runs along the eastern coast of New Holland, through which it now became their anxious object to discover a passage. The sea broke furiously over the reef, but within was so smooth and calm, that they already anticipated the heartfelt satisfaction they should experience as soon as they should pass the barrier. At length they discovered a break in the reef, about a quarter of a mile in width, and through which they passed rapidly, with a strong stream running to the westward, and came almost immediately into smooth water.

They now offered up their thanks to the Almighty for his merciful protection of them, and then with more content than they had yet been able to feel, took their miserable allowance of a bullet-weight of bread, and a quarter of a pint of water for dinner.

They now began to see the coast very distinctly, and in the evening they landed on the sandy point of an island, where they soon discovered that there were oysters: they also found

plenty of fresh water. By the help of a small magnifying glass, a fire was made; and among the things that had been thrown into the boat, was a tinder-box and a piece of brimstone; so that in future they had the ready means of making a fire. One of the men had been provident enough to bring with him from the ship, a copper pot, in which they made a stew of oysters, bread, and pork, and each person received a full pint.

The general complaints among the people were a great dizziness in the head, and weakness in the joints; but notwithstanding their sufferings from cold and hunger, all of them retained marks of strength. The men were cautioned by Captain Bligh not to touch any kind of fruit or berry they might find; but no sooner were they ought of sight, than they began to eat without reserve. The effect of this was, that they soon began to show symptoms of over-eating, which frightened them so much, that they fancied they were poisoned; but, fortunately, the fruit proved to be wholesome and good.

On the 29th of May, being the anniversary of the restoration of Charles II., they named the island they were upon, Restoration Island, as not being inapplicable to their situation, which was a restoration to health and strength.

The people now made excellent meals of oysters and palmtops stewed, without consuming any of their bread. On the 30th, they collected a quantity of oysters, which they put on board the boat, and also filled their vessels with fresh water to the amount of nearly sixty gallons. Upon examining the bread, they found about thirty-eight days' allowance remaining.

Being now ready for sea, every person was ordered to attend prayers; but just as they were on the point of embarking, about twenty naked savages made their appearance, and beckoned to the sailors to come near them; but as they were armed with spears and lances, it was thought most advisable to decline the invitation and proceed on their voyage, which lay to the northward.

On the 31st they landed on an island, to which they gave the name of Sunday, and two parties were sent on shore to seek for supplies; but many of them, overcome by weakness and fatigue, began to show a mutinous spirit, which Captain Bligh immediately quelled by drawing his cutlass, and enforcing obedience. They obtained oysters, clams, and dog-fish; also a small bean, which Nelson, the botanist, pronounced to be a species of *dolichos*.

On the first of June they stopped in the midst of some sandy islands, called *Keys*, where they procured a few clams and beans. Nelson was here taken ill, with a violent heat in his bowels, loss of sight, great thirst, &c.; but by giving him some pieces of bread soaked in a little wine, which had been carefully preserved, he soon recovered. The boatswain and carpenter were also ill, complaining of head-ache and sickness; and, indeed, there were few of them without complaints.

At night a party was sent out to catch birds, but they only returned with twelve noddies. This was through the folly and obstinacy of Robert Lamb, butcher, who separated from them, and disturbed the birds. He afterwards acknowledged that he had eaten nine raw birds after separating from his two companions.

On the 3rd of June, after passing several keys and islands, and doubling Cape York, the north-easternmost point of New Holland, the little boat and her brave crew once more launched into the open ocean. They had been just six days on the coast, in the course of which they had found oysters, a few clams, some birds, and water; but they had derived great benefit from enjoying good rest at night, and relief from the fatigue of constantly sitting.

On the 5th a booby was caught by the hand, and the blood of it being divided among the three weakest, the body was reserved for the next day's dinner; and in the evening of the 6th, the allowance for supper was recommended according to a promise made at its discontinuance.

On the 7th, after a miserably wet and cold night, nothing more could be afforded than the usual allowance for breakfast, but at dinner they had the remainder of the dried clams, being about an ounce to each. The sea was running very high, and breaking over the boat. The next day, however, the weather was more moderate, and they caught a small dolphin, which

gave about two ounces to each man; but in the night it came on to blow again.

Many of them now began to feel the effects of their long sufferings. Mr. Ledward, the surgeon, and Lawrence Leboque, an old and hardy seaman, appeared to be giving way very fast. In two or three days afterwards there seemed a visible alteration for the worse in many of them, and an apparent debility of understanding, that seemed the melancholy presage of an approaching dissolution. One hope alone supported them, that in a very few days more, at the rate they were then sailing, they would arrive at that point, so fondly anticipated as the termination of their miseries.

In the afternoon, birds and branches of trees gave signs of land being near; but the captain cautioned them not to be too sanguine, as there were several islands between New Guinea and Timor.

On the 11th, Captain Bligh announced the pleasing intelligence that an observation of longitude appeared to indicate that they had passed the meridian of the eastern part of Timor. This discovery filled every heart with joy and expectation, and all eyes were intently fixed on that quarter in which the land was expected to be situated. Evening fell without their being able to discover anything except the vast expanse of ocean; but, at three o'clock on the following morning, just as the day was breaking, a cultivated coast, finely diversified with hill and dale, appeared stretching in wide extent before them. This was Timor!

It is almost impossible to describe the tumult of joy, the intense and inexpressible delight, which filled their minds at the blessing of the sight of this land. Their thoughts rapidly reverted to the varied events of their fearful passage, till it appeared scarcely credible even to themselves—that in an open boat, so poorly provided, and under circumstances every way so calamitous, they should have been able to reach the coast of Timor in forty-one days after leaving Tofoa, having in that time run, by their log, a distance of three thousand six hundred and eighteen nautical miles; and that, notwithstanding their extreme distress, without the loss of a single individual.

The crew, who now considered their safety as beyond the reach of vicissitude, were eager to land at the nearest shore without further delay; but Captain Bligh, wisely considering that the Dutch were only in possession of a corner of this large island, directed his course to the south-west part of it, in which he had but an indistinct recollection of hearing the Dutch settlement was situated. They had passed along a coast covered with palm-trees, and afterwards a more open district, where the inhabitants were clearing and cultivating their grounds; but night came on without their discovering any appearance of a settlement, or an eligible landing-place.

On the 13th they continued their voyage, with the same result. About two o'clock, after running through a very dangerous sea, they came to a spacious bay, with an entrance, that appeared to form so eligible a station for shipping, that hopes were conceived that it might be an European settlement. Seeing a hut, a dog, and some cattle, near a sandy beach, the gunner and boatswain landed, but were not long gone, when they returned, accompanied by five of the natives, from whom they met a hospitable reception. They were informed that the governor resided at a place called Coupang, at some distance to the north-east, and one of the men went with them to show the way, but they were not able to reach it that night. At ten o'clock they came to a grapnel, and, for the first time, doubled their allowance of bread, to which was added a little wine.

On the following morning, after the most comfortable and refreshing sleep they had yet enjoyed, they found themselves clear of the island, and soon after, the report of two large guns came booming along the water. They were electrified with joy, by this, the first sound indicative of European existence; and shortly after two square-rigged vessels and a cutter appeared at anchor. They endeavoured to work to windward, but losing ground on each tack, they took to their oars again, and kept rowing till four o'clock, when the hands had an allowance of bread and wine, after which they resumed their oars and plied them

till daylight, when they found themselves opposite the small fort and town of Coupang.

They hoisted a signal of distress by the aid of some signal flags, which they found in the boat, and soon after day-break, a soldier hailed them to land. They immediately obeyed the signal, and were agreeably surprised to find an English sailor, who told them he belonged to a Dutch vessel in the road, commanded by Captain Spikeman, the second person in the town. He received them with great humanity, and gave directions for their immediate reception at his own house, where a comfortable breakfast was provided, while he went to inform the governor of their arrival.

The governor, Mr. William Adrian Van Este, notwithstanding his extreme sickness, received them with great hospitality, and exhibited the fullest proof of his being possessed of humane and generous feelings. He said that he considered it the greatest blessing of his life that they had fallen under his protection; and though such was his infirmity, that he could not perform in person the duties he wished, yet he had full confidence in their being faithfully performed by Mr. Wanjon, his son-in-law, and the second in command. There was only one uninhabited house in Coupang, which he assigned to Captain Bligh, and for the people he offered either the hospital or Captain Spikeman's vessel.

On examining the premises, Captain Bligh found that by taking only one apartment to himself, he could find room for the whole party. He accordingly allotted another room for the master, surgeon, botanist, and gunner, a loft to the other officers, and an outer apartment to the men; the governor generously furnishing them with bedding and other necessaries for all of them.

At noon, they were supplied with a plentiful dinner, and they retired to rest early, after having returned due thanks to the Almighty, who had enabled them to endure such heavy calamities, and to persevere in such rigid economy, that they had eleven days provisions remaining when they arrived, so that had they been unfortunate enough to have missed the Dutch settlement at Timor, they could, on the same scanty allowance, have proceeded to Java.

To secure their arrival at Batavia, in the island of Java, before the October fleet sailed for Europe, Captain Bligh purchased a small schooner, thirty-four feet long, for which he gave 1000 rix-dollars. This they fitted out for sea under the name of his Majesty's schooner *Resource*; and Mr. Wanjon supplied them with four brass swivels and fourteen stand of small arms, as a loan, to be returned at Batavia.

On July 20, Mr. Nelson, the botanist, died of an inflammatory fever; and was the next day interred in the burying-ground behind the chapel appropriated to the Europeans of the town.

The schooner being victualled and ready for sea, they took an affectionate leave of the inhabitants of Coupang, and sailed on the afternoon of August 20, taking the launch with them in tow.

On Sunday, September 6th, they saw the high land of Cape Sandana, in the north-east part of Java, and on the 10th, anchored off Passourwang, a Dutch settlement on the coast.

On the next day they sailed, and anchored in Sourabaya-road, where they were received by the governor with great friendship and civility, and hospitably entertained.

They sailed on the 17th, and made Samarang, which, next to Batavia, is the most considerable settlement which the Dutch have in Java. After experiencing the hospitality of the inhabitants, and receiving medicines and attention from Mr. Aegg, the surgeon of the hospital, they sailed on the 26th with a galley, mounting six swivels, which the governor had ordered to accompany them to Batavia, where they arrived on the 1st of October. Here they found a Dutch man-of-war riding at anchor, besides twenty sail of Dutch East India ships, and many smaller vessels.

In a few days Captain Bligh was seized with a fever, occasioned by the suffocating heat of the atmosphere; and as he could get no relief, he resolved to leave Batavia as soon as possible: for this purpose he took a passage in a packet about to sail to Europe, for himself, his clerk, and a servant, which were all the vessel could accommodate.

On Friday, the 9th of October, the General Elliott arrived, having saved a quantity of treasure that was on board the Vansittart, an English East Indiaman, which had been lost in the straits of Banca.

On the following day the Resource was sold by Dutch auction; that is, the vessel put up at 2000 rix-dollars, from which deductions were made until some person bid; unfortunately no one offered, until it had been lowered to 295 dollars, at which she was sold to an Englishman commanding a ship from Bengal.

On the 16th of October, Captain Bligh embarked in the packet, which was commanded by Captain Peter Couvret, and bound for Middleburgh. The governor promised that those of the company who remained behind, should follow in the first ship, and be as little divided as possible. Mr. Fryer, the master, had been previously authorised to supply the men and officers left under his command with one month's pay, to enable them to purchase clothing for their passage to England.

On the 18th the packet spoke with the Rambler, an American brig, bound from Boston to Batavia. After passing the Straits of Sunda, they steered to the northward of Cocos Isles.

Nothing of consequence occurred during the voyage to the Cape of Good Hope, from whence they sailed in company with the Astree, French frigate, and on the 21st came in sight of Ascension Island. On the 13th of March, 1790, they were off the Bill of Portland, and on the evening of Sunday, the following day, Captain Bligh left the packet, and was landed at the Isle of Wight.

Those who had been left at Batavia, were provided with passages by the earliest ships; but though apparently in good health at the time they were left by the captain, they did not all live to quit Batavia. Thomas Hall died before the departure of the packet, and Peter Linkletter and the master's mate, Mr. Elphinstone, within a fortnight after, as the hardships they had experienced rendered them unable to support so unhealthy a climate as that of Batavia; but of nineteen who were forced into the launch by the mutineers, it pleased God that twelve should surmount the difficulties and dangers of this unparalleled voyage, and live to re-visit their native land.

Various causes have been assigned by the different persons interested for such an unparalleled mutiny as that described in the foregoing narrative; but it must be borne in mind, that each of those who have given any insight into the details, and described the actions of themselves or others, have naturally been biased by the particular position in which they have been placed, and the feelings they would naturally imbibe from their peculiar situation. Lieutenant Bligh speaks of the mutineers as harsh, unfeeling wretches, deaf to every principle of humanity, but chiefly instigated to their purpose by the prospect of changing the toil and hardships of a sailor's life, for the slothful indolence and luxurious ease which they observed to be enjoyed by the natives of Otaheite; whereas, on the other hand, the conduct of Bligh towards his officers, as related in a manuscript journal kept by Morrison, the boatswain's mate, was so arbitrary, brutal, and disreputable, as to be the chief, if not the sole, cause of the rebellion of Christian and his colleagues.

From the evidence it is apparent that at all events, something more than Captain Bligh, set forth in his statement, passed between him and Mr. Christian; we give one incident (of which Mr. Bligh took no notice) from Morrison's Journal.

"On the afternoon of the 27th, Lieutenant Bligh came on deck, and missing some of the cocoa-nuts, which had been piled up between the guns, said they had been stolen, and could not have been taken away without the knowledge of the officers, all of whom were sent for and questioned on the subject. On their declaring they had not seen any of the people touch them, he exclaimed 'Then you must have taken them yourselves!' and proceeded to inquire of them separately, how many they had purchased. On coming to Mr. Christian, that gentleman answered, 'I do not know, Sir, but I hope you do not think me so mean as to be guilty of stealing yours.'—Mr. Bligh replied, 'Yes, you d—d hound, I do—you must have stolen them from me, or you would be able to give a better account of them.' Then, turning to the other officers, he said God d—n you scoundrels, you are all thieves alike, and combine with the men to rob me. I suppose you will steal my yams next, but I'll

sweat you for it you rascals.—I'll make half of you jump over board, before you get through Endeavour Straits.' About as pretty a specimen as could be given of this man's capabilities of governing a ship's crew! and his language,—which would disgrace the frequenter of a pot-house—was addressed to gentlemen, nearly or quite his equal in birth, and if his language may be taken as a criterion, his superior in everything else.

This is but one of the number of anecdotes produced, to show that he indulged his every ebullition of a passionate irritable temper, in wounding and disgusting the feelings of his officers, in a manner so totally unfitting a gentleman, bearing his Majesty's commission, that it could not fail to disgust and estrange the mind of every one from him. The accounts, however, are very contradictory, and it is very evident that the conduct of the mutineers was both unjustifiable and unpardonable.

'Tis mine to tell their tale of grief,
Their constant peril, and their scant relief;
Their days of danger, and their nights of pain;
Their inanly courage, e'en when deemed in vain;
The sapping famine, rendering scarce a son
Known to his mother in the skeleton;
The ills that lessened still their little store,
And starved e'en Hunger till he wrung no more;
The varying frowns and favours of the deep,
That now almost engulfs, then leaves to creep,
With crazy oar and shattered strength, along
The tide, that yields reluctant to the strong;
Th' incessant fever of that arid thirst
Which welcomes, as a well, the clouds that burst
Above their naked bones, and feels delight
In the cold drenching of the stormy night;
And from the outspread canvass gladly wrings
A drop to moisten life's all-gasping springs;
The savage foe escaped, to seek again
More hospitable shelter from the main;
The ghastly spectres which were doomed at last
To tell as true a tale of dangers past,
As ever the dark annals of the deep
Disclosed for man to dread, or woman weep.

CHAPTER II.

INDEPENDENT of the object of the preceding voyage being rendered abortive, so audacious and criminal an act of insubordination as that committed by Christian and his associates, could not pass unnoticed. Lieutenant Bligh was promoted to the rank of commander, and a second time sent out to transport the bread-fruit to the West Indies, which he succeeded in accomplishing. The British government having resolved to adopt every possible means to apprehend the mutineers and bring them to punishment, and also to obtain a survey of Endeavour Straits, for the purpose of facilitating the passage to Botany Bay, sent out the Pandora frigate, of twenty-four guns, and one hundred and sixty men, under the command of Captain Edward Edwards: with orders to proceed in the first instance, to Otaheite, and if he did not find the mutineers there, to visit the different groups of the Society and Friendly Islands, and others in the neighbouring parts of the Pacific; and to use his best endeavours to seize and bring home in confinement, the whole or such part of the delinquents as they might be able to discover.

In January, 1791, the Pandora passed the Straits of Magellan, and anchored in Matavai Bay the 23rd of March. Before the ship had anchored, Joseph Coleman, the armourer of the Bounty, attempted to come on board; and several questions were put to him about the Bounty and her people, to which he gave ready replies. Soon afterwards he was followed by Mr. Peter Heywood and Mr. Stewart, midshipmen, who were brought down into the cabin; when, after some conversation, Heywood asked if Mr. Hayward, midshipman of the Bounty, but then Lieutenant of the Pandora, was on board, and who was sent for. After further conversation, Captain Edwards called in the sentinel to take them into custody, and to put them in irons. Soon after this, four others arrived, and from them and some of the natives, he learned that several of the mutineers were still on the island; but that Christian and nine men had long since left it in the Bounty, saying to the natives, that



LOSS OF THE PANDORA.

Captain Cook was living, and that Captain Bligh had gone to settle at Whytutakee along with him. He also learned that some of the people of the *Bounty* had built a schooner, with which they had sailed the day before from Matavai Bay to the N.W. part of the island.

On this intelligence, he despatched the two lieutenants Corner and Hayward, with the pinnace and launch, to intercept her. They soon got sight of her and chased her out to sea; but night coming on and the chase gaining on them, they were compelled to give up the pursuit. They learned, however, that she had returned to Paparré, on which they were again despatched in search of her. Lieutenant Corner succeeded in taking three of the mutineers, and Hayward, on arriving at Paparré, found the schooner, but the mutineers had fled to the mountains. He carried off the schooner, and returned next day, when hearing they were coming down, he drew up his party in order to receive them; and when within hearing called to them to lay down their arms, which they did, and they were brought prisoners to the ship.

The following persons were received on board the *Pandora*:—Peter Heywood, George Stewart, midshipmen; James Morrison, boatswain's mate; Charles Norman and Thomas McIntosh, carpenter's mates; Joseph Coleman, armourer; Richard Skinner, Thomas Ellison, Henry Hilbrant, Thomas Burkitt, John Millward, John Sumner, William Muspratt, Richard Byrne, seamen; being fourteen in all.

From various statements of the mutineers, and from journals that had been kept by some of them, it appeared that after the departure of Captain Bligh in the launch, they proceeded to Toobouai, in lat. $20^{\circ} 13'$ S. long. $149^{\circ} 35'$ W., a solitary island

discovered by Captain Cook in 1777, and which has since received the name of Pitcairn's island, where they anchored on May 25th, 1789. They had thrown overboard the greater part of the bread-fruit plants, and divided among themselves the property of the officers and men whom they had so inhumanly turned adrift. They intended to have formed a settlement at this island, but the opposition of the natives, quarrels among themselves, and the want of many necessary materials, determined them to go to Otaheite for what they might require to effect their purpose. They accordingly sailed from Toobouai about the latter end of the month, and arrived at Otaheite on the 6th of June.

After receiving a large stock of provisions, with which the Otaheiteans liberally supplied them, under the belief that it was for Captains Cook and Bligh, who waited for them at Whytutakee, they left Otaheite on the 19th of June, taking with them eight men, nine women, and seven boys, and returned to Toobouai, where they arrived on the 26th.

They immediately commenced building a fort of fifty yards square, but disagreements among themselves, and continual disputes and skirmishes with the natives, rendered their situation so disagreeable and unsafe, and the work went on so slowly, that it was agreed to discontinue the building of the fort. The men, instead of that voluptuous indolence, the hope of which had impelled them to this guilty course, found nothing but hard work and hard fighting. Christian very soon perceived that his authority was on the wane, and a consultation was therefore held as to the most advisable step to be taken. After much angry discussion, it was determined, contrary to the advice of Christian, to return to Otaheite.

that those who chose to go on shore might do so, and that those who preferred to remain in the ship could then proceed to whatever place they should agree upon among themselves.

They accordingly sailed from Toobonai on the 15th, and arrived at Matavai Bay on the 20th September, 1789. Sixteen of the mutineers were put on shore, where they were received by the natives with their usual fond cordiality; but Christian, justly apprehensive of the consequences of remaining in Otaheite, slipped cable in the night, and made off with all who were on board, amounting to nine English, six Otaheitean men, and eleven women.

Of the sixteen who came on shore at Otaheite, Churchill and Thompson, two of the most active in the mutiny, perished by violent deaths. These two men had accompanied a chief, the *tayo* or sworn friend of Churchill; who having died without children, this mutineer succeeded to his property and dignity, according to the custom of the country. Thompson, for some real or fancied insult, took an opportunity of shooting his companion. The natives assembled, and to avenge the murder, literally stoned Thompson to death; and his skull was brought on board the Pandora.

The remaining fourteen were received on board the Pandora, as before-mentioned, and immediately placed in confinement. A round-house was built on the after-part of the quarter-deck, for their more effectual security, and to prevent their having any communication with, or crowding the ship's company. This round-house was only eleven feet long, built as a prison, and aptly named "Pandora's Box," which was entered by a scuttle in the roof, about eighteen inches square. Instead, however, of two thirds allowance, to which prisoners are legally limited, they were victualled in every respect the same as the ship's company. Their families were also allowed to visit them; a permission which gave rise to the most affecting scenes. Every day the wives came down with their infants in their arms; the fathers weeping over their babes who were soon to be orphans, and husband and wife mingling cries and tears at the prospect of so calamitous a separation.

It appears, that when the little schooner before-mentioned had been finished, six of the fourteen mutineers that were at Otaheite embarked in her, with the intention of proceeding to the East Indies, and actually put to sea; but meeting with bad weather, and suspecting the nautical abilities of Morrison, the boatswain's mate, who had first undertaken the construction of the vessel (assisted by the two carpenters, the cooper, and some others), and whom they had elected as commanding officer, they resolved to return to Otaheite. Stewart and Heywood took no part in this transaction, as they had made up their minds to remain at Otaheite, and there await the arrival of a king's ship, as they deemed it morally certain that one would be sent out in search of them; and this is confirmed by the alacrity which they displayed in getting on board the Pandora the instant of her arrival.

The main objects of their expedition being thus fulfilled, and an ample sea-store laid in, the Pandora left Otaheite on the 8th of May, 1791, accompanied by the little schooner which the mutineers had built. In point of size she was not much larger than Lieutenant Bligh's launch, her dimensions being thirty feet length of keel, thirty-five feet length on deck, nine feet and a half extreme breadth, and five feet depth of hold.

The Pandora touched at Huahine and Bolabola; but when they came to Whytutakee, they made particular inquiries, without obtaining any information; the natives declaring, that till now they had never seen a white man. They accordingly made sail, and on the 22nd of May, reached Palmerston's Islands, where they had no sooner landed, than Lieutenant Corner found a yard and some spars with the broad arrow upon them, and marked "Bounty." This induced the captain to cause a minute search to be made in all these islands, in the course of which the Pandora, being driven out to sea by blowing weather, and it being very thick and hazy, lost sight of the little schooner and a jolly-boat with a midshipman and four men on board, the latter of which was never more heard of. They cruised for two days, discharging great and small guns, and burning false fires, but without success, and they were obliged to leave them to their fate.

The Pandora now proceeded, and on the 29th arrived at Annamooka, the principal of the Friendly Isles, where they remained till the 8th of August, when they set sail, following nearly the track of Captains Carteret and Bligh.

The vessel soon got into the track of Bougainville, whose narrative had represented it as a dangerous route. For some time they lay to during the night; but afterwards conceiving that it was not consistent with the despatch now necessary, they imprudently dropped that precaution. On the 25th they saw breakers, and more towards noon, extending in such a direction as to bar their progress southward. They then stood to the westward, but soon discovered another reef, which appeared to close all progress. The boat was sent out to look for an opening, and about five o'clock the signal was made that one had been found, when they made signals for the boats to return, from the dread of losing her like the tender and jolly-boat.

Night had just closed, the boat was on board, and the sails were trimmed; but scarcely had the Pandora begun to move, when the alarm was given that she had struck on a reef. They had a quarter less two fathoms on the larboard side, and three fathoms on the starboard side; the sails were braced about different ways to endeavour to get her off, but to no purpose; they were then clewed up and afterwards furled, the top-gallant-yards got down, and the top-gallant-masts struck. Boats were hoisted out with a view to carry out an anchor, but before that could be effected the ship struck so violently on the reef, that the carpenter reported she made eighteen inches of water in five minutes; and in five minutes more there were four feet water in the hold. In this dreadful crisis all hands were turned to the pumps, and to bale at the different hatchways, and a number of prisoners were released from irons and put to this work; but the leak continued to gain upon them so fast, that in little more than an hour and a half after she struck, the water was nine feet deep in the hold. About ten o'clock they perceived that the ship had beaten over the reef, and was in ten fathoms water; they therefore let go the small bower-anchor, cleared away a cable, and also let go the best bower-anchor in fifteen and a half fathoms water under foot to steady the ship. Some of her guns were thrown overboard, and the water gaining upon them only in a small degree, they flattered themselves that, by the assistance of a thrummed topsail, which they were preparing to haul under the ship's bottom, they might be able to lessen the leak, and to free her of the water; but these flattering hopes did not last long; for as she settled in the water, the leak increased to such an extent, that there was every reason to apprehend she would sink before daylight. The night was dark and stormy, and they were everywhere encompassed by rocks, shoals, and breakers, and unfortunately two of the pumps were for some time rendered useless; one of them, however, was repaired, and they continued baling and pumping, between life and death, without being able to prevent the continual ingress of the water. At length the ship began to heel: one man was killed by a gun running to leeward, and another by the fall of a spare topmast. The people at the pumps became faint, but were supported by rations of excellent strong beer, which served the purpose much better than spirits; and they continued intrepid and obedient to the last.

About half an hour before daybreak, a council of officers was held when it was unanimously decided, "that nothing more could be done for the preservation of his Majesty's ship." It then became necessary to provide for the preservation of the people. The four boats, consisting of one launch, one eight-oared pinnace, and two six-oared yawls, with careful hands in them, were kept astern of the ship; a small quantity of bread, water, and other necessary articles, were put into each; two canoes which they had on board were lashed together and put into the water; rafts were made, and spars, booms, hencoops, and everything buoyant, were cut off, as means of safety, which might be clung to in the last extremity.

The double canoe, that was able to support a considerable number of men, broke adrift with only one man, and was bulged upon a reef, affording no assistance when she was so

much wanted on this melancholy and trying occasion. Two of the boats were laden with men and sent to a small sandy island, or key, about four miles from the wreck, while the other two boats remained near the ship to pick up all the men that could be seen.

Three of the Bounty's people, Coleman, Norman, and McIntosh, were let out of irons, but no notice was taken of the other prisoners, although Captain Edwards was entreated to have mercy on them, as he passed over their prison in effecting his own escape; but, fortunately, the master-at-arms, when slipping from the roof of "Pandora's Box" into the sea, let the keys of the irons fall through the skuttle, which he had just before opened, and enabled them to effect their own liberation.

Scarcely was this effected when the ship went down, leaving nothing visible but the topmast cross-trees. The master-at-arms, and all the sentinels sunk to rise no more. The cries of them, and the other drowning men, were awful in the extreme; and more than half an hour elapsed before the survivors could be taken up by the boats.

On mustering the people that were saved, it appeared that eighty-nine of the ship's company answered to their names, and ten of the mutineers that had been prisoners on board; but thirty-one of the ship's company and four mutineers were lost.

They now hauled up the boats, and examined the stock of provisions that had been saved. They were found to consist of two or three bags of bread, two or three breakers of water, and a little wine, with which they were to find their way from the eastern extremity of New Guinea to the settlement in Timor.

A day was passed in putting the boats into the best order they could, and distributing the crew and prisoners among them. Thirty were put into the launch, and the pinnace and the red and the blue yawls had twenty-three in each. The ten prisoners were divided by twos and threes.

They left the island at twelve o'clock on the 1st of September. They soon found themselves on the coast of New Holland; and the red yawl made the agreeable discovery of a fine bay, where there was a spring of excellent water at the foot of the beach. They drank, and filled a tea-kettle and two great bottles; but the other boats were, unfortunately, too far a-head to be called back. The necessity of keeping together being urgent, as their supplies were in the launch, they towed each other during the night. At midnight they were alarmed by the cry of "breakers a-head," but fortunately they succeeded in getting clear of them.

Next day they came to an inhabited island, but the natives making a hostile appearance, and letting fly a shower of arrows among them, they made no further attempt to procure relief. In the evening they reached one which they called Laforey's Island, where they landed and slept during the night. In the morning they succeeded in discovering a spring, with which they filled to the brim every article on board that would hold liquid, including the carpenter's boots, which were first emptied from the fear of leakage.

After leaving Laforey's Island, they entered the vast abyss of the Indian Ocean, of which they had a thousand miles to cross. They soon encountered so heavy a swell, that it threatened destruction to their little fleet. Apprehensive of their being separated, as they had not the means of dividing the water, their first resource was to take each other in tow; but the swell ran so high, that in the middle of the night a new tow-line broke, and after being made fast, broke a second time, which obliged them, after several trials, to give up the towing system, as it would have torn the boats to pieces.

Notwithstanding the supply of water which they had procured, their allowance was still so short, and their thirst so severe, that several in desperation drank their own urine, and many drank salt water, but in both cases with fatal results. They also endeavoured to procure coolness by applying wet cloths, dipped in salt water; but so great an absorption took place, through heat and fever, that the fluids were tainted with the salt, and the saliva in the mouth became intolerable.

In this miserable state they remained from the 2nd to the 13th of September, when land was discovered, but a dead calm prevented them from nearing the coast until the following day, and there was such a prodigious surf, that landing could not be attempted. At length, about twelve o'clock, the red yawl run into a creek, upon which the other boats divided the remainder of the water, and, animated with fresh spirits, dashed manfully across a somewhat formidable reef which interposed, and found a fine spring of water, which afforded immediate relief.

They were very hospitably treated by the natives, who brought them large supplies, giving them as much pork and fowls as they wanted for a few buttons. They sat down and made a very hearty dinner, but the weak state of their minds and bodies made them so alarmed, and caused such a general gloom to steal upon them, that the night was spent in a succession of groundless panics and unnecessary fear.

They set sail at one o'clock on the following day, and at five in the succeeding afternoon, they landed at Coupang. The former governor was dead, and was succeeded by Van-ion, his son-in-law, the same as called Wanjon by Bligh. He received them with the same hospitality and generous kindness that was so fully experienced by their unfortunate predecessors, and not only supplied all their wants, but did everything in his power to regale them, and make them spend their time agreeably.

On the 6th of October, the party embarked in the Rom-bang, Dutch East-Indiaman, and sailed through the Straits of Allas. At the island of Flores, they encountered a most dreadful storm, with thunder and lightning; the pumps were choked, and the ship was driven impetuously on a barbarous shore that lay on their lee. The Dutch mariners were affrighted at the storm, and the vessel was saved by the skill and intrepidity of the British tars.

On the 30th they arrived at Samarang, where they had the delightful surprise of meeting the little schooner so long given up for lost. All the sympathies of human nature, in their utmost warmth, were called forth on both sides; and with eyes streaming with joy, they recounted to each other the mutual tale of shipwreck, famine, peril, and disaster.

The crew of the tender, on the unfortunate night when they parted with their companions, were attacked by the natives in a numerous and powerful body, but being possessed of fire-arms, they succeeded in keeping them off. On the next day the ship was missing, and was sought for in vain; and their situation now became critical in the extreme. The distress for want of water was so excessive, that one young man became deranged, and did not recover for several months. In endeavouring to make for Annamooka, they stumbled upon Tofoa, the scene of Captain Bligh's disaster, and experienced a similar treacherous attempt, which was defeated, in consequence of their being well armed; thus they, with due precaution, could afterwards carry on a trade with the natives for necessary supplies.

They had now to enter on the same career as Captain Bligh, with one very important advantage, however, that being provided with fire-arms, they could venture to land at the different islands on their route, and procure that which they most urgently wanted. They, however, neglected his precaution of steering southwards in order to clear New Guinea; the consequence of which was that they encountered the same reef upon which the Pandora had perished, and traversed long from shore to shore, without being able to find a passage. At length they were placed between the dreadful alternative of shipwreck or famine; and, as a last resource, they boldly pushed forward, and succeeded in beating over the reef.

After passing Endeavour Straits, they were picked up by a small Dutch vessel, where they were received on board, and treated with great humanity; but as no officer under the rank of lieutenant bears a commission, they had no document to show, and fell under the suspicion of being the mutineers of the Bounty. They were therefore kept under a short, though humane, surveillance, until the appearance of their fellow-seamen dispelled all suspicion.

This little schooner was a remarkably swift sailer, and being

afterwards employed in the sea-otter trade, is stated to have made one of the quickest passages ever known from China to the Sandwich Islands. This memorable little vessel was purchased at Canton, by the late Captain Broughton, to assist him in surveying the coast of Tartary, and became the means of preserving the crew of his Majesty's ship *Providence*, amounting to one hundred and twelve men, when wrecked to the eastward of Formosa, in the year 1797.

On the 7th of November, Captain Edwards and his party arrived at Batavia, where it was agreed with the Dutch East-India Company, to divide the whole of the ship's company and prisoners among four of their ships proceeding to Europe. The latter the captain took with him in the *Vreedenburgh*; but finding his Majesty's ship the *Gorgon* at the Cape, he transhipped himself and prisoners, and proceeded in her to Spithead, where he arrived on the 19th of June, 1792.

On the second day after their arrival at Spithead, the prisoners were transferred to the *Hector*, commanded by Captain (late Admiral Sir George) Montague, where they were treated with the greatest humanity; and every indulgence allowed that could with propriety be extended to men in their unhappy situation, until the period when they were to be arraigned before the competent authority, and put on their trials for mutiny and piracy, which did not take place till the arrival of the remainder of the prisoners.

The court assembled to try the prisoners on board his Majesty's ship *Duke*, on September 12th, 1792, and continued, by adjournment from day to day (except Sunday), till the 18th of the same month. Vice-Admiral Lord Hood, president; Captains Sir Andrew Snape Hamond, bart., John Colpoys, Sir George Montague, Sir Roger John Bazeley, Sir Andrew Snape Douglas, John Thomas Duckworth, John Nicholas Inglefield, John Knight, Albemarle Bertie, Richard Goodwin Keats, were present.

The charges set forth, that Fletcher Christian, who was mate of the *Bounty*, assisted by others of the inferior officers and men, armed with muskets and bayonets, had violently and forcibly taken that ship from her commander, Lieutenant Bligh; and that he, together with the master, boatswain, gunner, and carpenter, and other persons, being nineteen in number, were forced into the launch, and cast adrift. That Captain Edwards, in the *Pandora*, was directed to proceed to Otaheite, and other islands in the South Seas, and to use his best endeavours to recover the said vessel, and to bring in confinement to England the said Fletcher Christian and his associates, or as many of them as he might be able to apprehend, in order that they might be brought to condign punishment;—that Peter Heywood, James Morrison, Charles Norman, Joseph Coleman, Thomas Ellison, Thomas M'Intosh, Thomas Burkitt, John Millward, William Muspratt, and Michael Byrne, had been brought to England, and were now put on their trial, under the 19th article of war, which states,—

"If any person, in or belonging to the fleet, shall make, or endeavour to make, any mutinous assembly, upon any pretence whatsoever, every person offending herein, and being convicted thereof, by the sentence of the court-martial, shall suffer DEATH."

After hearing the evidence that was offered, both for and against the prisoners, and the prisoners having made their defence, the court met on the sixth day, viz., the 18th of September. The prisoners were brought in and audience admitted, when the president having asked the prisoners if they or any of them had anything more to offer in their defence, the court was cleared, and agreed,—

"That the charges had been proved against the said Peter Heywood, James Morrison, Thomas Ellison, Thomas Burkitt, John Millward, and William Muspratt; and did adjudge them, and each of them, to suffer death, by being hanged by the neck, on board such of his Majesty's ship or ships of war, and at such time or times, and at such place or places as the commissioners for executing the office of Lord High Admiral of Great Britain and Ireland, or any three of them for the time being, should, in writing, under their hands direct; but the court, in consideration of various circumstances, did humbly and most earnestly recommend the said Peter Heywood and James Morrison to his

Majesty's mercy; and the court further agreed, that the charges had not been proved against the said Charles Norman, Joseph Coleman, Thomas M'Intosh, and Michael Byrne, and did adjudge them and each of them to be acquitted.

On the 24th of October, the king's warrant was despatched from the Admiralty, granting a full and free pardon to Heywood and Morrison, and respite for Muspratt, which was followed by a pardon; and for carrying the sentence into execution upon Ellison, Burkitt, and Millward, which was done on the 29th, on board his Majesty's ship *Brunswick*, in Portsmouth harbour. A party from each ship in the harbour, and at Spithead, attended the execution, and the example seemed to make a great impression upon the minds of all the ships' companies present.

Twenty years had passed away, and the *Bounty*, and Fletcher Christian, and the piratical crew that he had carried off with him in that ship, had long ceased to occupy a thought in the public mind. The fate of those who had escaped continued to be involved in mystery, and only vague rumours reached Europe, till light was unexpectedly thrown upon it by the following voyage.

On the 31st of December, 1813, Sir Thomas Staines, captain of his Majesty's frigate the *Briton*, was ordered to sail with a fleet for the East Indies. In twenty-five days they arrived off Madeira, and on the 28th of March entered the harbour of Rio de Janeiro. During their stay at this place, the *Briton* received a new destination. Intelligence had been received, that the *Essex*, a frigate belonging to the United States of America, with whom England was then at war, after committing great depredations on our southern whale fishery, was then refitting in the port of Valparaiso, and Sir Thomas was ordered round Cape Horn to endeavour to capture this vessel. The crew, inspired with the true spirit of British sailors, joyfully hailed the prospects of glory and adventure which this destination opened; yet they anticipated, and experienced, at this advanced season, a boisterous passage round Cape Horn. Besides the tempests, the cold was also very severe, especially to persons who had only been provided with the thin clothing requisite in a tropical voyage.

On the 21st of May they reached the port of Valparaiso, where they saw his Majesty's ships the *Phoebe* and the *Cherub*, in possession of the object of their pursuit, which they were carrying a prize to England. The purpose of their voyage was therefore accomplished without their interposition; but as the crew were considerably harassed with their stormy passage, and a great deal of sickness prevailed, the captain determined, by way of a little relaxation, to visit Lima, and sailed for that city in company with the *Tagus*.

Lima answered most completely the purposes intended. The inhabitants were particularly fond of the English sailors, and led them a continual round of feasting and gaiety. After having spent the ten days allotted for their amusement, and which seemed to pass very rapidly, so pleasantly was their time employed, they were obliged to bid adieu to these gay quarters. They touched at several points on the coast, and then proceeded to examine the group of the Gallapagos. These islands were found dark, gloomy, and mountainous, and almost covered with the traces of volcanic eruption.

This gloomy scene was soon gladly exchanged for the more cheerful aspect of the Marquesas, where the crew met with that somewhat too cordial welcome, which always await European navigators. Here a party of them landed, and were received by the natives with every testimony of the most extravagant joy, and were presented with cocoa-nuts, slings, spears, and everything which the natives themselves accounted most valuable.

On the 2nd of September, the *Briton* sailed from the Marquesas, and steered to the southward to regain the port of Valparaiso. In the second watch of the night, land was unexpectedly discovered, and daylight discovered to them a fertile shore, varied with huts, cultivation and people. Among the latter there appeared an alacrity much greater than usual to come out and hail the Europeans. The people were making signs, launching their little canoes through the surf, and as soon as they were afloat, pulling towards the ship with the

most eager despatch. The captain was mustering the few words of the Marquesan tongue which he had picked up, to hail them with, when to the utter amazement of himself and all present, a voice came from the nearest canoe, asking in good English, "What is the ship's name?" and on receiving an answer, added, "Who is the commander?" A regular intercourse now commenced, and they were requested to come on board. They were ready to do so, but had no boat-hook to hold on by; they were offered a rope, but had nothing to make it fast to; their zeal, however, mastered every difficulty, and in a few minutes they were on board the ship. They seemed perfectly at ease, and under no apprehension; but, the crew were still lost in wonder, when one of their visitors said, "Do you know William Bligh, in England?" The veil immediately fell from their eyes, and they saw themselves about to fathom the depths of that mystery, which had hitherto involved the fate of Christian and his unhappy comrades. The question was instantly put, "Do you know one Christian?" "Oh, yes, there is his son coming up in the next boat; his name is Friday Fletcher October Christian; his father is dead now." Anxiety was now raised to the highest pitch, to learn everything relating to this mysterious transaction; question was put upon question, and from the answers which were readily given, we may trace the further career of Christian and his associates.

After leaving sixteen of their number on shore, at Matavai Bay, as before-mentioned, he again steered for Pitcairn's Island, and rejoined the establishment there, which the natives seem to have made no further attempts to oppose; but a more deadly evil afflicted the rising colony. A mortal jealousy arose between the English and the Otaheiteans; for which, on the part of the latter, there seems to have been but too good ground. Christian's wife having died in childhood soon after the birth of their eldest son, he forcibly seized on the wife of one of the Otaheiteans: which so enraged the injured and justly incensed husband, that in the fury of resentment, characteristic of savages, he determined on a bloody revenge. Taking advantage of the moment when Christian was busy in his yam plantation, he shot him in the back; the wound was mortal, and the unhappy man at once expiated his crimes with his life.

This was the signal for a general rising of the Otaheiteans. The English were surprised and overcome; two were killed, and John Adams, wounded, fled into the woods. This dreadful scene was followed by another still more tragical, and which seems almost to realise the dark traditions of ancient fable. The Otaheitean females, like those of most savage races, had almost felt a strong partiality in favour of the Europeans; and this preference, so cruel and mortifying to their own countrymen, had been one main cause of the deadly enmity between the two races. Spectators of the late fatal contest, their feelings wrought to such a pitch of regret and indignation, that, believing all that gentleness which is proper to the female character, they rose in the depth of night, and, like the too celebrated daughters of Danaus, murdered, in their sleep, their unsuspecting husbands and countrymen.

In this dreadful manner, Adams, and the few surviving English were saved: yet out of this abyss of horror, there has, by a happy Providence, arisen a society bearing no stamp of the guilty origin from which it sprung. A new race arose, removed from the scenes of violence in which they had received their birth, and carefully instructed, as far as their teachers were capable, in the duties of religion and the ties of social life. The only survivor of the original body, at the time of the arrival of the Briton, was John Adams, a man of a mild and amiable disposition, of about sixty years of age, and who denied any participation in the crime of the mutineers. He was revered as the father of the colony, and ruled with a paternal sway over this little community. Their numbers had now increased to forty-eight, of whom six were the Otaheitean females who had accompanied the Europeans in their first establishment in the colony: a great proportion of them were still in childhood; but they were eleven fine young men, grown up, and about as many of the other sex.

The islanders always spoke English, though they understood the Otaheitean. The men appeared to be a fine race,

about five feet ten inches in height, with manly features, and long black hair. Their only attire was a mantle, which went over the shoulders and hung down to the knee, being tied round the waist by a girdle, both produced from the bark of trees growing on the island. On the head they wore a straw hat, with a few feathers stuck in it by way of ornament. The young women had invariably beautiful teeth, fine eyes, and open expression of countenance, with an engaging air of simple innocence and sweet sensibility.

As soon as the first burst of curiosity on both sides had been gratified, the islanders were invited to share the breakfast which had been served up in the cabin, where, before sitting down to table, they fell on their knees, and with uplifted hands implored the blessing of heaven on the meal which they were about to partake of: at the close of the repast they resumed the same attitude, and breathed a fervent prayer of thanksgiving for the bounty which they had just experienced. Upon the whole, the crew of the Briton were highly gratified by the intercourse with these simple natives, whose deportment displayed an active intelligence and a liberal curiosity, coupled at the same time with very amiable dispositions.

In consequence of the short supply of provisions, the Briton was only enabled to remain two days off the island; but before leaving the island, the captain went on shore to visit Adams. After passing through groves of cocoa-nut and bread-fruit trees, they came to a beautiful picturesque little village: the houses were small, arranged in an oblong square, with trees interspersed; they were regular, convenient, and excessively clean. The captain was immediately introduced to Adams, whom he found a fine-looking old man approaching to sixty. In a long private interview which he had with him, they conversed fully on everything relating to the mutiny of the Bounty. He solemnly disavowed all previous knowledge of, or consent to the conspiracy formed by Christian; but at the same time admitted that, by following the fortunes of that unhappy man, he had lost every right to his country, and that his life was even forfeited to the laws. He was now at the head of a little community by whom he was adored, and whom he carefully instructed in the duties of religion, industry, and friendship.

The greatest want of this little family was that of the means of reading and writing. Adams, though very little skilled in writing, had been at great pains to preserve the chronology of the period during which he resided at Pitcairn's Island. After having exhausted his little stock of paper and ink, he used a slate and stone pencil, and had kept such a careful record of each day, with the week, month, and year to which it belonged, that there was only one day's difference between his calculation and that of the Briton, which may be accounted for by their having each half circumnavigated the globe from an opposite direction. Sir Thomas accommodated them with all the paper he could spare, and received in return a copy of Captain Cook's first voyage which had belonged to Captain Bligh, and contained a number of marginal notes in his writing.

Nothing more was heard of Adams and his family for nearly twelve years; when, in 1825, Captain Beechey, in the Blossom, who was bound on a voyage of discovery, paid a visit to Pitcairn's Island. They found that a whale-ship had been there in the meantime, and left a person of the name of John Buffet. He proved to be an able and willing school-master, and had taken upon himself the duty of clergyman. They found the inhabitants as well-disposed as described by Sir Thomas Staines, but still greatly in want of many necessities in wearing-apparel, and implements of agriculture. In consequence of a representation made by Captain Beechey to this effect, his Majesty's government sent to Valparaiso for the necessary articles, which arrived in his Majesty's ship *Seringapatam*, commanded by Captain the Hon. William Waldegrave, who arrived there in March, 1830.

The ship had scarcely anchored, when George Young was alongside in his canoe; and soon after, Friday Fletcher October Christian, with several others in a jolly-boat, who were invited to breakfast. They announced the death of John Adams, which took place in March, 1829.

Thus ended the mutiny of the *Bounty*, pregnant with loss of life, whose origin might be traced to the imaginary loss of some half dozen cocoa-nuts. Oh! that sailors from its perusal might learn the virtue of strict obedience to their commanders, and the fearful result of wandering from the path of rectitude and honour; and that captains, with their mighty power, may treat their subordinates, not as slaves and brutes, but as *men*!

BEN'S YARN.

BY HARRY BLUFF.

Ir ever there was a brave man, that man was Ben Carter. If ever there was a chap deservedly respected, and welcomed anywhere and everywhere, for his kind, open heart, and free, jovial disposition, his name was Ben Carter, too. A mighty fine treat we all considered it, when we could get Ben to indulge us with one of his seafaring adventures. But somehow, Ben was like the ladies, always required a great deal of pressing and coaxing, but always conceded at last. Ben always used to tell us it was hard enough to bear it, without preaching about it for ever. A crowd of—"Oh! but Mr. Carter!" "You can't refuse this time, sir." "Do; only this once." "Come, Mr. Carter, no gammon; at it at once," completely drowned his concluding sentence.

"Mister Carter!" reiterated the merry old tar. "I all'ays heard out as how I was sprinkled Benjamin Carter. According to the old 'oman's account, there warn't no Mister in the affair. I ain't none of yer Sacker do,* winch-organ chaps; I don't want a handle, an' a precious deal of grinding, afore yer gets any noise at all. Not I! my name's Ben—Ben Carter, an' if yer speaks properly—why—"

"Well, Ben, then, my hearty—Ben, my man, go it."

"Silence, you young rascal; if I'd only had you when I was bo'swains mate—don't disturb your respected mother there, who's mixing a glass o' grog—not too strong ma'am, please; I ain't used to it, an' my constitootion's delicate. Here's to your werry good health, and may you never drink nothing weaker than water, or stronger than brandy. There!" he added, putting the glass down, its contents considerably reduced in quantity, "that puts me in mind (from its being so extremely unlike it) of a blow out o' sham-pain I had once. I was quite a youngster, just come out o' my time. Well, there was a little brig lying in the Indy Docks, about a going to take a trip to St. Michael's for oranges; an' as my cargo o' tin was getting precious short, and as my old mess-mate—Dick, ma'm; I don't suppose you knows him, and you never need want to—was in the same mighty unpleasant circumstances, we thought as how we couldn't do better than earn a few pounds in this here brig Nancy. So we goes aboard and enters, and then discovers as how we was, saving a boy, an' him less use than nothing, the whole of the crew. The captain, an' it was a funny kid, with a very liquorish tooth, mighty stern in his way, but that was a rum 'un. Well, we gets on pretty middling, with the exception of the grog, which was mighty weak. The captain was lussy every night, as reg'lar as the night came, and in the morning began to swear at summat or other he didn't like; we didn't take much notice of the ravings of a lushington, except just now and then telling him, if he'd a little less grog, and we'd a little more, we should manage it better. Well, we gets to St. Michael's at last, after many a blow out, but very few in; and the captain goes ashore, leaving us a few biscuits and the brig. Well, he was gone two or three days, so one day Dick sings out to me, 'Ben—Ben Carter, you lubber, come here!' Well, down I goes, and there sits my gentleman, with a bottle of wine, drinking mighty freely. 'Hallo!' says I, thrown on my beam ends with surprise, 'what the —' 'Will you take a glass of wine, my man?' said Dick, coming the landsman over us in fine style. 'Much obliged to yer, yer honour,' said I, making a salam, keeping the game alive. 'Take a seat, my fine fellow,' said he; 'and have yer ever tasted shampain?' 'I had got the rheumatiz terribly bad, and it giv' me such a twinge just that moment, that,' says I, 'no; but, by gosh, I've got a pretty strong taste of real pain!' 'Well,' said

* We presume Ben meant "Sacre-dieu."

he, handing me a bumper, in one of them long, slender, tapering glasses, that, somehow or other, all'ays puts me in mind of a gal, 'try which is the best.' Well, I did try; and as the parson says, 'tried ag'in too,' till the 'shampain' made me forget all about the course I was steering, rheumatiz, and all. How much we drank, or how long we sit, God knows; but in the morning I wakes up, and finds a bottle under my head, as a pillow, and one in my harms, I had been hugging all night. Lord, how my head did hake! Well, I gets up and looks, and there lays Dick, as comfortable as a biddy, with his head in a tar-bucket, and his feet resting on one of the captain's best feather pillows. 'Dick,' says I. 'Hollo,' he says. 'Now, gemmen, for a song.'

"Keep it up, boys, there's nothing like fun, We're jolly Britons every one."

"The Captain swears he'll give you a rope's-ending," says I, 'if you are a Briton.' 'A what!' and up he jumps. 'My eye! didn't he swear. Well, by-and-bye he comes to reason a bit; and there we sits, consulting what we should do, whether we should drive the ship to the devil, and go with her, or whether we should speak the truth. We was rather averse to the latter, for we felt certain the capten wouldn't only stop our pay, but would make a felony job of it as soon as ever we reaches land. Well, we sits there quiet enough, except Dick's keeping on d—g the shampain up hill and down. Presently, up he jumps, like a quaker when the spirit moves him, and, says he:—'By God I've hit it! Will you stick to me?' 'Won't I, by jingo!' says I, 'like pitch; what you say, I'll swear to.' 'You're a sailor,' says he, 'every inch of you—and that's no mean compliment. Now then, operations number one,' says he, opening the cabin window, and putting in all the bottles full and empty, he ties 'em down securely, and drops 'em in the sea. 'You fool!' cries I. 'Gently, my fine fellow!' says he; 'its a long way to the bottom, and if the captain wants 'em he's welcome to go and fetch 'em. If I'd a kept one bottle he'd a ferreted about till he got it; now,' he says, 'there's no fear of his making a disco' very that way; and besides,' he says, 'I means to bounce the captain he give 'em away.' He seemed mighty certain of success, but somehow, I didn't think it quite so certain.—Well, night came at last, and we heard the boat pulling alongside, and up comes the captain and two or three fellows with as much hair on their faces, as their heads, with him. He was as drunk as blazes. Dick shoves my elbow after the kids was gone, and pointing to the captain as he went staggering down, whispered, 'All right!' Well, as we'd got our cargo, and a fair wind springing up, we steers for home. When we'd got fairly out at sea, I hears the captain storming away: he'd just made a discovery of his loss. We was both on deck, Dick and me; so up he comes, foaming at the mouth, calling Dick all the pretty names that ain't in the dictionary. Dick turns round to him as cool as a snowball:—'You're a very nice man, you are; what the devil do you think I know about your wine?' 'All I know is,' says the captain, getting into a calm passion, 'I left it in the vessel three days ago, and left you in charge of it; and by God,' said he, 'unless you produce it I'll indict you at the first port, for the robbery.' 'Why, you old scoundrel!' said Dick; 'you're worse than the bishop that burnt his own mother for witchcraft! How the devil am I to know what you left?—if I had, old cock, I should have felt considerable pleasure in drinking your health; but worse luck, I didn't. But I say, was it a oak box, iron'd down?' 'It was.' 'Well, then, for your own particular satisfaction, I give it away.' 'Gave it away!' cried the captain, his eyes almost out of his head. 'Yes,' said Dick, in the same comfortable tone, 'and by your orders, too.' 'You lie, you thief! you—' 'Gently does it, my man; if I was captain of this ship, instead of mate, I'd confess to all you call me. You came on board last night, drunk—of course you don't recollect that, though. One of your friends—him with the 'tikler sort of tile,—says to me, when I was waiting on you, 'Your capten has made me a present of that case of wine; will you place it in my boat?' He was such a werry pleasant looking gentleman, and tipped me such a pretty present, that I asks you if I was to do it, and you very politely replied, 'yes, and be d—d!' that I executed the for-

mer, but must beg your pardon for not having done the latter.' 'This is mysterious to me,' said the captain. 'There's a witness as was present at the time says Dick, pointing out your humble servant. 'What did he say?—Eh Ben?' 'Why, told you to take; of course he did!' 'There,' said Dick, 'I suppose I'm a wine-stealer, a thief, a liar—now ain't I?' 'No,' said the captain, 'I know I was touched; but, upon my soul, had no idea I was so bad as you make out.' 'I'm bad enough, but I'd no idea I was so bad as you made out,' said Dick, drily. 'For that,' said the captain, 'I beg your pardon; a passionate man will say anything.' 'Then, according to your account,' said Dick, by way of a clincher, 'all passionate men ought to be muzzled. I should recommend that you keep clear of the straps.' 'That afternoon,' said Ben, finishing his yarn, 'we had, strange to say, pure grog; and, when we got ashore, Dick got a sovereign extra for drinking the captain's shampain. Mid-dling, wasn't it?'

THE SEAMAN'S WIDOW.

Aye, press them to thy widow'd breast,
No longer now the place of rest,
Where free from grief, from danger free,
They slept the sleep of infancy.
With yon tempest-stricken bark,
The billow's sport, the lightning's mark,
Weak and weary, faint and worn,
Their father, friend, their all is borne.
The storm is lowering from the sky,
The furious waves run madly high;
Loud and fearful is the roar—
Oh, God! protect him to the shore.
'Tis vain—through many a danger past,
This scene of peril is the last;
Dear as he is to thy young heart,
The hour hath come, which bids you part.

A NEW ENGINE OF WAR: NOT WARNER'S.

WE were exactly in the latitude of Guadeloupe, with the usual breeze, when, at day-light, a rakish-looking brig was seen in chase. Captain Digges took a long survey of the stranger with his best glass, one that was never exhibited but on state occasions, and then he pronounced him to be a French cruiser; most probably a privateer. That he was a Frenchman, Marble affirmed, was apparent by the height of his top-masts and the shortness of his yards; the upper spars, in particular, being mere apologies for yards. Everybody who had any right to an opinion, was satisfied the brig was a French cruiser, either public or private.

The Tigris was a fast ship, and she was under top-mast and top-gallant studding-sails at the time, going about seven knots. The brig was on an easy bowline, evidently looking up for our wake, edging off gradually as we drew ahead. She went about nine knots, and bade fair to close with us by noon. There was a good deal of doubt, aft, as to the course we ought to pursue. It was decided in the end, however, to shorten sail and let the brig come up, as being less subject to cavils, than to seem to avoid her. Captain Digges got out his last letters from home, and I saw him showing them to Captain Robbins, the two conning them over with great earnestness. I was sent to do some duty near the hencoops where they were sitting, and overheard a part of their conversation. From the discourse, I gathered that the proceedings of these picaroons were often equivocal, and that Americans were generally left in doubt, until a favourable moment occurred for the semi-pirates to effect their purposes. The party assailed did not know when or how to defend himself until it was too late.

"These chaps come aboard you, sometimes, before you are aware of what they are about," observed Captain Robbins.

"I'll not be taken by surprise in that fashion," returned Digges, after a moment of reflection. "Here, you Miles, go forward and tell the cook to fill his coppers with water, and

to set it boiling as fast as he can; and tell Mr. Marble I want him aft. Bear a hand, now, youngster, and give them a lift yourself."

Of course I obeyed, wondering what the captain wanted with so much hot water as to let the people eat their dinners off cold grub, rather than dispense with it; for this was a consequence of his decree. But we had not got the coppers half filled, before I saw Mr. Marble and Neb lowering a small ship's engine from the launch, and placing it near the galley, in readiness to be filled. The mate told Neb to screw on the pipe, and then half a dozen of the men, as soon as we got through with the coppers, were told to fill the engine with sea water. Captain Digges now came forward to superintend the exercise, and Neb jumped on the engine, flourishing the pipe about with the delight of a "nigger." The captain was diverted with the black's zeal, and he appointed him captain of the firemen on the spot.

"Now, let us see what you can do at that forward dead-eye, darky" said Captain Digges, laughing. "Take it directly on the strap. Play away, boys, and let Neb try his hand."

It happened that Neb hit the dead-eye at the first jet, and he showed great readiness in turning the stream from point to point as ordered. Neb's conduct on the night of the affair with the proas had been told to Captain Digges, who was so well pleased with the fellow's present dexterity, as to confirm him in office. He was told to stick by the engine at every hazard. Soon after, an order was given to clear for action. This had an ominous sound to my young ears, and though I have no reason to suppose myself deficient in firmness, I confess I began to think again of Claw-bonny, and Grace, and Lucy; ay, and even of the mill. This lasted but for a moment, however, and as soon as I got at work, the feeling gave me no trouble. We were an hour getting the ship ready, and, by that time, the brig was within half a mile, luffing fairly up on our lee-quarter. As we had shortened sail, the privateer manifested no intention of throwing a shot to make us heave-to. She seemed disposed to extend courtesy for courtesy. The next order was for all hands to go to quarters. I was stationed in the main-top, and Rupert in the fore. Our duties were to do light work, in the way of repairing damages; and the captain, understanding that we were both accustomed to fire-arms, gave us a musket a-piece, with orders to blaze away as soon as they began the work below. As we had both stood fire once, we thought ourselves veterans, and proceeded to our stations, smiling and nodding to each other as we went up the rigging. Of the two, my station was the best, since I could see the approach of the brig, the mizen-top-sail offering but little obstruction to vision after she got near; whereas the main-top-sail was a perfect curtain, so far as poor Rupert was concerned. In the way of danger, there was not much difference as to any of the stations on board, the bulwarks of the ship being little more than plank that would hardly stop a musket-ball; and then the French had a reputation for firing into the rigging.

As soon as all was ready, the captain sternly ordered silence. By this time the brig was near enough to hail. I could see her decks quite plainly, and they were filled with men. I counted her guns, too, and ascertained she had but ten, all of which seemed to be lighter than our own. One circumstance that I observed, however, was suspicious. Her fore-castle was crowded with men, who appeared to be crouching behind the bulwarks, as if anxious to conceal their presence from the eyes of those in the Tigris. I had a mind to jump on a back-stay and slip down on deck, to let this threatening appearance be known; but I heard some sayings touching the imperative duty of remaining at quarters in face of the enemy, and I did not like to desert my station. Tyros have always exaggerated notions both of their rights and their duties, and I had not escaped the weakness. Still, I think some credit is due for the alternative adopted. During the whole voyage, I had kept a reckoning, and paper and pencil were always in my pocket, in readiness to catch a moment to finish a day's work. I wrote as follows on a piece of paper, therefore, as fast as possible, and dropped

the billet on the quarter-deck, by enclosing a copper in the scrawl, cents then being in their infancy. I had merely written—"The brig's fore-castle is filled with armed men, hid behind the bulwarks!" Captain Digges heard the fall of the copper, and looking up—nothing takes an officer's eyes aloft quicker than to find anything coming out of a top!—he saw me pointing to the paper. I was rewarded for this liberty by an approving nod. Captain Digges read what I had written, and I soon observed Neb and the cook filling the engine with boiling water. This job was no sooner done than a good place was selected on the quarter-deck for this singular implement of war, and then a hail came from the brig.

"Vat zat sheep is?" demanded some one from the brig.

"The Tigris of Philadelphia, from Calcutta home. What brig is that?"

"La Folie—corsair Français. From vair you come?"

"From Calcutta. And where are you from?"

"Guadaloupe. Vair you go, eh?"

"Philadelphia. Do not luff so near me; some accident may happen."

"Vat you call accident? Can nevair hear, eh? I will come tout pres."

"Give us a wider berth, I tell you! Here is your jib-boom nearly foul of my mizen-rigging."

"Vat mean zat, bert' vidair? eh! Allons, mes enfans; c'est le moment!"

"Luff a little, and keep his spar clear," cried our captain. "Squirt away, Neb, and let us see what you can do!"

The engine made a movement, just as the French began to run out on their bowsprit, and by the time six or eight were on the heel of the jib-boom, they were met by the hissing hot stream, which took them *en echelon*, as it might be, fairly raking the whole line. The effect was instantaneous. Physical nature cannot stand excessive heat, unless particularly well supplied with skin; and the three leading Frenchmen finding retreat impossible, dropped incontinently into the sea, preferring cold water to hot—the chances of drowning, to the certainty of being scalded. I believe all three were saved by their companions in-board, but I will not vouch for the fact. The remainder of the intended boarders, having the bowsprit before them, scrambled back upon the brig's fore-castle as well as they could, betraying by the random way in which their hands flew about, that they had a perfect consciousness how much they left their rear exposed on the retreat. A hearty laugh was heard in all parts of the Tigris, and the brig, putting her helm hard up, wore round like a top, as if she were scalded herself.

We all expected a broadside now; but of that there was little apprehension, as it was pretty certain we carried the heaviest battery, and had men enough to work it. But the brig did not fire, I suppose because we fell off a little ourselves, and she perceived it might prove a losing game. On the contrary, she went quite round on her heel, hauling up on the other tack far enough to bring the two vessels exactly *dos à dos*. Captain Digges ordered two of the quarter-deck nines to be run out of the stern ports; and it was well he did, for it was not in nature for men to be treated as our friends in the brig had been served, without manifesting certain signs of ill-humour. The vessels might have been about three cables' lengths asunder when we got a gun. The first I knew of the shot was to hear it plunge through the mizen-top-sail, then it came whistling through my top, between the weather-rigging and the mast-head, cutting a hole through the main-top-sail, and proceeding onward, I heard it strike something more solid than canvass. I thought of Rupert and the fore-top in an instant, and looked anxiously down on deck to ascertain if he were injured.

"Fore-top, there!" called out Captain Digges. "Where did that shot strike?"

"In the mast-head," answered Rupert, in a clear, firm voice. "It has done no damage, sir."

"Now's your time, Captain Robbins—give 'em a reminder."

Both our nines were fired, and, a few seconds after, three cheers arose from the decks of our ship. I could not see the brig now, for the mizen-top-sail; but I afterwards learned that we had shot away her gaff. This terminated the combat, in

which the glory was acquired principally by Neb. They told me, when I got down among the people again, that the black's face had been dilated with delight the whole time, though he stood fairly exposed to musketry, his mouth grinning from ear to ear. Neb was justly elated with the success that attended this exhibition of his skill, and described the retreat of our enemies with a humour and relish that raised many a laugh at the discomfited privateer's man. It is certain that some of the fellows must have been nearly parboiled. I have always supposed this affair between La Folie and the Tigris to have been the actual commencement of hostilities in the *quasi* war of 1798-9 and 1800. Other occurrences soon supplanted it in the public mind; but we, of the ship, never ceased to regard the adventure as one of great national interest. It did prove to be a nine days' wonder in the newspapers.—*Cooper's Afloat and Ashore.*

I LOVE THE SEA.

I love the sea,
The blue, the free,
The roar of its mighty minstrelsy;
The foam of its waves,
That madly raves,
Is the dearest sight my bosom craves.
With thee, my bark,
O'er the waters dark,
With the summer moon our course to mark;
How proud we ride,
O'er the dancing tide,
While the white foam laves thy heaving side.
We cut our way
Thro' the shining spray,
While the crowding billows round us play;
And our shouts of glee,
Rung wild and free,
On the mighty waste of the boundless sea.
The mariner's dirge,
Is thy sounding surge,
As it rings its knell on the grave's dark verge;
And his last long sleep,
In the quiet deep,
Is as calm as when billows o'er him sleep.
I love the sea,
The blue, the free,
And the roar of its mighty minstrelsy;
Where the wild waves roam,
In their caps of foam,
The mariner finds his chosen home.
Then spread thy wing,
Thou bounding thing,
And far o'er the waves like a sea-gull spring;
Our trust on high,
In the smiling sky,
And we rove 'neath the light of a watching eye.

DURING the gale which proved so fatal to the Thomas and Mary and her crew, three boats were seen in Chiswell Cove, with the crews in the most imminent danger from the fury of the waves, which, rising in terrific majesty, frustrated every attempt of the people on shore to render them assistance. At this critical juncture, a dog of the Newfoundland breed, but bred in the island, plunged into the water, and, surmounting the tossing billows, succeeded in reaching the nearest boat. The crew immediately put a line into his mouth, and the sagacious and brave animal returned with it in safety to the shore. This line was eagerly grasped by the sailors on the beach, a rope was fastened to it, and, by dint of great exertion and presence of mind, as well of those in the boat, as those on the land, all the three boats were safely pulled on the beach, one by one, the boats having a communication with each other by means of a long rope. This is not a solitary instance of the vast utility of the dogs bred in Portland, in cases of marine distress.

THE BOMBARDMENT OF ALGIERS.

For many years the pirates on the coast of Barbary had carried on their inhuman trade of seizing the cargoes, burning the vessels, and murdering the crews of all ships inferior in size and metal to their own, sailing in those seas.

So long had these crimes been perpetrated, and so great had become their hardihood, that they even offered insult to the British flag, which had hitherto been respected by this horde of pirates: so bold and desperate became their attacks, that it was found absolutely necessary to stop them at all risks. Preferring an amicable settlement to violent measures—either of which alternatives must have been adopted—Sir Thomas Maitland, the governor of Malta, was commissioned to negotiate with the deys of the several forts, to obtain a cessation of

hostilities, and a guarantee of their conduct for the future. He proceeded to Tripoli to effect that purpose, the government of which place immediately conceded to his views. At Tunis, also, everything was amicably settled by negotiation.

These arrangements, however, proving ineffectual, Admiral Lord Exmouth, with a portion of the Mediterranean fleet, proceeded, in the early part of the year 1816, first to Tunis, and then to Tripoli. At both these places the deys appeared disposed to accede to any terms; and his lordship proposed a treaty, for ever prohibiting the making of Christian slaves, and that such prisoners as might be taken in war, should be treated according to the practice of civilised Europe. These stipulations were readily agreed to, treaties were signed, and the fleet returned to Algiers, where Lord Exmouth proposed to the dey a similar treaty, against which, however, he made a firm and reso-



THE BOMBARDMENT OF ALGIERS, BY THE BRITISH FLEET, UNDER THE COMMAND OF LORD EXMOUTH, 1816.

lute stand. Lord Exmouth, therefore, departed from the interview with a determination to commence hostilities; on which the dey ordered the British consul, McDonald, to be confined, and all the English vessels at Oran to be seized. Negotiations, however, were resumed, which ended in an agreement, that three months should be allowed for obtaining the sanction of the Grand Seignior to the proposed treaty, and the Tagus frigate was appointed to take the dey's ambassador to Constantinople. Scarcely, however had Lord Exmouth reached England, when intelligence arrived of a new and horrible outrage; between three and four hundred Corsican, Neapolitan, and Sicilian fishing-boats, employed in the coral fishery, near Tunis, having been attacked by an Algerine frigate, the fortress of Bona also firing upon them. At the same time, a corps of cavalry from Bona charged them furiously, and the slaughter amongst these poor defenceless creatures was most dreadful.

No. II.

Finding it impracticable to bind the barbarians by treaties, it was at length resolved to take severe vengeance for their cruelty and perfidy; and Lord Exmouth accordingly sailed from Plymouth on the twenty-eighth of July, in the Queen Charlotte, of a hundred and ten guns, with four other ships of the line, five frigates, and several sloops, bombs, &c. Having rendezvoused at Gibraltar, where he was joined by a Dutch squadron, his lordship proceeded on his voyage on the fourteenth of August. The Algerines, it appears, had, ever since the end of May, been preparing for the expected attack of our fleet, by removing every article of value from the town, which was well defended by about one thousand pieces of ordnance. The batteries were above one another, strongly constructed and fortified; and along a tongue of land, which defends the entrance into the inner part of the harbour, and also the approach to it, was a range of strong batteries, which our ships were obliged to

pass, to take their station near the town, for the purpose of bombarding it. Lord Exmouth arrived on the twenty-seventh of August; and, all proposals for conciliation having proved ineffectual, the fleet passed the batteries, and at three o'clock in the afternoon, the firing commenced. The Queen Charlotte took her station off the extreme point of the tongue, by which she enfiladed the whole line of batteries along it; and so near was she, that every part of the mole, and what is called the Marine, was visible from her quarter-deck. Both were crowded with spectators, and Lord Exmouth waved his hat to them to retire, and signified that he was about to begin hostilities; but they did not attend to, or perhaps did not comprehend the meaning of, his humanely intended warning, and the consequence was, that our first broadside swept off from five hundred to one thousand of them. The most advanced of the Algerine navy

was a brig, to which the Queen Charlotte lashed herself: closer in with the shore, in the bosom of the harbour, were two frigates, and the rest of the Algerine vessels behind them. The fury and tremendous nature of the bombardment will never be forgotten. It continued till nearly eleven; the Algerines fighting all the time with the utmost fury, but yet with great skill and effect. About ten the land-breeze came on, and it was deemed advisable to take a larger offing during the night. It was extremely dark; but the darkness was illuminated by a violent storm of lightning, with thunder, and by the incessant fire of the batteries. Next morning the city and harbour exhibited a terrible scene of desolation, four large Algerine frigates, five corvettes, a great number of smaller vessels of all descriptions, the magazines, arsenals, and a large quantity of marine stores, being destroyed; whilst their loss in

raen was between six and seven thousand: the assailants had also to lament a loss in killed and wounded of more than eight hundred. Lord Exmouth now repeated with effect the proposals which had before been rejected; and the result of this splendid achievement was, that the dey agreed totally to abolish Christian slavery; to deliver up all the slaves in his dominions, to whatever nation they might belong; to return all the money that he had received for the redemption of slaves since the commencement of the year; and to make reparation and a public apology to the British consul, for the wrong and indignities to which he had been subjected.

After the treaties had been negotiated, and the dey had refunded three hundred and eighty-two thousand five hundred dollars to the government of Naples and Sardinia, and had released ten hundred and eighty-three Christian slaves, it came to the knowledge of Lord Exmouth, that two Spaniards, the one a merchant, and the other the vice-consul of that nation, were still held in custody, on pretence that they were prisoners

for debt. His lordship immediately insisted on their unconditional release, and prepared for the recommencement of hostilities; in consequence of which they were set at liberty, and not one Christian prisoner remained in Algiers. Our gallant squadron quitted on the third of September, and Lord Exmouth, who was twice slightly wounded during the action, was raised from the dignity of baron to that of viscount, for his services on this occasion. A considerable promotion also took place amongst the officers, who had so nobly participated in the chastisement of an unprincipled tyrant.

The following is Lord Exmouth's official account, which records many interesting particulars relative to this memorable transaction, written in a style which reflects the highest honour on the noble and gallant admiral:

“Queen Charlotte, Algiers Bay,
August 28, 1816.”

“SIR—In all the vicissitudes of a long life of public service, no circumstance has ever produced on my mind such impres-

sions of gratitude and joy as the event of yesterday. To have been one of the humble instruments, in the hands of Divine Providence, for bringing to reason a ferocious government, and destroying for ever the insufferable and horrid system of Christian slavery, can never cease to be a source of delight and heartfelt comfort to every individual happy enough to be employed in it. I may, I hope, be permitted, under such impressions, to offer my sincere congratulations to their lordships on the complete success which attended the gallant efforts of his Majesty's fleet in their attack upon Algiers of yesterday; and the happy result produced from it on this day by the signature of peace.

"Thus has a provoked war of two days' existence been attended by a complete victory, and closed by a renewed peace for England and her ally, the King of the Netherlands, on conditions dictated by the firmness and wisdom of his Majesty's government, and commanded by the vigour of their measures.

"My thanks are justly due for the honour and confidence his Majesty's ministers have been pleased to repose on my zeal on this highly important occasion. The means were by them made adequate to my own wishes, and the rapidity of their measures speak for themselves. Not more than one hundred days since, I left Algiers with the British fleet, unsuspicious and ignorant of the atrocities which had been committed at Bona; that fleet, on its arrival in England, was necessarily disbanded, and another with proportionate resources created and equipped; and although impeded in its progress by calms and adverse winds, has poured the vengeance of an insulted nation, in chastising the cruelties of a ferocious government, with a promptitude beyond example, and highly honourable to the national character, eager to resent oppression or cruelty, whenever practised upon those under their protection.

"Would to God, that in the attainment of this object, I had not deeply to lament the severe loss of so many gallant officers and men: they have profusely bled in a contest which has been peculiarly marked by proofs of such devoted heroism as would rouse every noble feeling, did I dare indulge in relating them.

"Their lordships will already have been informed, by his Majesty's sloop *Jasper*, of my proceedings up to the 14th inst., on which day I broke ground from Gibraltar, after a detention, by a foul wind, of four days.

"The fleet complete in all its points, with the addition of five gun-boats fitted at Gibraltar, departed in the highest spirits, and with the most favourable prospect of reaching the port of their destination in three days; but an adverse wind destroyed the expectation of an early arrival, which was the more anxiously looked for by myself, in consequence of hearing, the day I sailed from Gibraltar, that a large army had been assembled, and that very considerable additional works were throwing up, not only on both flanks of the city, but also immediately about the entrance of the mole; from this I was apprehensive that my intention of making that point my principal object of attack had been discovered to the dey by the same means he had heard of the expedition. This intelligence was, on the following night, greatly confirmed by the *Prometheus*, which I had despatched to Algiers some time before, to endeavour to get away the consul. Captain Dashwood had with difficulty succeeded in bringing away, disguised in midshipman's uniform, his wife and daughter, leaving a boat to bring off their infant child coming down in a basket with the surgeon, who thought he had composed it, but it unhappily cried in the gateway, and, in consequence, the surgeon, three midshipmen, in all, eighteen persons were seized and confined as slaves in the usual dungeons. The child was sent off the next morning by the dey, and as a solitary instance of his humanity, it ought to be recorded by me.

"Captain Dashwood further confirmed, that about forty thousand men had been brought down from the interior, and all the janissaries called in from distant garrisons, and that they were indefatigably employed in their batteries, gun-boats, &c., and everywhere strengthening the sea-defences.

"The dey informed Captain Dashwood, he knew perfectly well the armament was destined for Algiers, and asked him if it was true; he replied, if he had such information, he knew as

much as he did, and probably from the same source—the public prints.

"The ships were all in port, and between forty and fifty gun and mortar-boats ready, with several more in forward repair. The dey had closely confined the consul, and refused either to give him up, or promise his personal safety: nor would he hear a word respecting the officers and men seized in the boats of the *Prometheus*.

"From the continuance of adverse winds and calms, the land to the westward of Algiers was not made before the 26th, and the next morning at day-break the fleet was advanced in sight of the city, though not so near as I had intended. As the ships were becalmed, I embraced this opportunity of despatching a boat under cover of the Severn, with a flag of truce, and the demands I had to make, in the name of his royal highness the Prince Regent, on the dey of Algiers, directing the officer to wait two or three hours for the dey's answer, at which time, if no reply was sent, he was to return to the flag-ship: he was met near the mole by the captain of the port, who, on being told the answer was expected in one hour, replied, that it was impossible: the officer then said he would wait two or three hours; he then observed two hours was quite sufficient.

"The fleet at this time, by the springing up of the sea-breeze, had reached the bay, and were preparing the boats and flotilla for service until near two o'clock; when, observing my officer was returning with the signal flying, that no answer had been received, upwards of three hours, I instantly made the signal to know if the ships were all ready, which being answered in the affirmative, the Queen Charlotte bore up, followed up by the fleet, for their appointed stations; the flag, leading in the prescribed order, was anchored in the entrance of the mole, at about fifty yards distance. At this moment not a gun had been fired, and I began to suspect a full compliance with the terms which had been so many hours in their hands: at this period of profound silence, a shot was fired at us from the mole, and two at the ships to the northward then following; this was promptly returned by the Queen Charlotte, who was then lashing to the mainmast of a brig, fast to the shore in the mouth of the mole, and which we had steered for as the guide to our position.

"Thus commenced a fire as animated and well supported, as I believe, was ever witnessed, from a quarter before three until nine, without intermission, and which did not cease altogether until half-past eleven.

"The ships immediately following me were admirably and coolly taking their stations, with a precision even beyond my most sanguine hope; and never did the British flag receive, on any occasion, more zealous and honourable support. To look further on the line than immediately round me was perfectly impossible, but so well grounded was my confidence in the gallant officers I had to command, that my mind was left perfectly free to attend to other objects, and I knew them in their stations only by the destructive effect of their fire upon the walls and batteries to which they were opposed.

"I had about this time the satisfaction of seeing Vice-admiral Van Capellan's flag in the station I had assigned him, and soon after, at intervals, the remainder of his frigates keeping up a well-supported fire on the flanking batteries he had offered to cover us from, as it had not been in my power, for want of room, to bring him in the front of the mole.

"About sunset I received a message from Rear-admiral Milne, conveying to me the severe loss the Impregnable was sustaining, having then one hundred and fifty killed and wounded, and requesting I would, if possible, send him a frigate to divert some of the fire he was under.

"The Glasgow, near me, immediately weighed, but the wind had been driven away by the cannonade, and she was obliged to anchor again, having obtained rather a better position than before.

"I had, at this time, sent orders to the explosion vessel, under the charge of Lieutenant Fleming and Mr. Parker, by Captain Reade, of the engineers, to bring her into the mole, but the rear-admiral having thought she would do him essential service if exploded under the battery in his front, I sent

orders to this vessel to that effect, which were executed. I desired also the rear-admiral might be informed, that many of the ships being now in flames, and certain of the destruction of the whole, I considered I had executed the most important part of my instructions, and should make every preparation for withdrawing the ships, and desired he would do so as soon as possible with his division.

"There were awful moments during the conflict which I cannot now attempt to describe, occasioned by firing the ships so near us, and I had long resisted the eager entreaties of several around me, to make the attempt upon the outer frigate, distant about one hundred yards, which at length I gave in to, and Major Gossett, by my side, who had been eager to land his corps of miners, pressed me most anxiously for permission to accompany Lieutenant Richards in this ship's barge. The frigate was instantly boarded, and in ten minutes in a perfect blaze; a gallant young midshipman, in rocket-boat, No. 8, although forbidden, was led by his ardent spirit, to follow in support of the barge, in which he was desperately wounded, his brother officer killed, and nine of his crew. The barge, by rowing more rapidly, had suffered less, and lost but two.

"The enemy's batteries around my division were about ten o'clock silenced, and in a state of perfect ruin and dilapidation, and the fire of the ships was reserved as much as possible, to save powder, and reply to a few guns now and then bearing upon us, although a fort on the upper angle of the city, on which our guns could not be brought to bear, continued to annoy the ships by shot and shell during the whole time.

"Providence at this interval gave to my anxious wishes the usual land-wind, common in this bay, and my expectations were completed. We were all hands employed warping and towing off, and by the help of the light air, the whole were under sail, and came to anchor out of reach of shells, about two in the morning, after twelve hours' incessant labour.

"The flotilla of mortar, gun, and rocket-boats, under the direction of their respective artillery officers, shared, to the full extent of their power, in the honours of this day, and performed good service; it was by their fire all the ships in the port (with the exception of the outer frigate) were in flames, which extended rapidly over the whole arsenal, storehouses, and gun-boats, exhibiting a spectacle of awful grandeur and interest no pen can describe.

"The sloops of war which had been appropriated to aid and assist the ships of the line and prepare for their retreat, performed not only that duty well, but embraced every opportunity of firing through the intervals, and were constantly in motion.

"The shells from the bombs were admirably well thrown by the royal marine artillery; and although thrown directly across and over us, not an accident that I know of, occurred to any ship.

"The whole was conducted in perfect silence, and such a thing as a cheer I never heard in any part of the line; and that the guns were well worked and directed, will be seen for many years to come and remembered by these barbarians for ever.

"The conducting this ship to her station by the master of the fleet and ship, excited the praise of all. The former has been my companion in arms for more than twenty years.

"Having thus detailed, although but imperfectly, the progress of this short service, of myself and the officers and men of every description I have the honour to command, will be received by his royal highness the Prince Regent, with his accustomed grace. The approbation of our services by our sovereign, and the good opinion of our country, will, I venture to affirm, be received by us all with the highest satisfaction.

"If I attempted to name to their lordships the numerous officers who, in such a conflict, have been at different periods more conspicuous than their companions, I should do injustice to many; and I trust there is no officer in the fleet I have the honour to command, who will doubt the grateful feelings I shall ever cherish for their unbounded and unlimited support. Not an officer or man confined his exertions within the precise limits of their own duty; all were eager to attempt services which I found more difficult to restrain than excite; and no

where was the feeling more conspicuous than in my own captain, and those officers immediately about my person. My gratitude and thanks are due to all under my command, as well as to the Vice-admiral Capellan, and the officers of the squadron of his majesty the king of the Netherlands; and I trust they will believe that the recollection of their services will never cease but with my life. In no instance have I ever seen more energy and zeal; from the youngest midshipman to the highest rank, all seemed animated by one soul, and of which I shall with delight bear testimony to their lordships, whenever that testimony can be useful.

"I have confided this despatch to Rear-admiral Milne, my second in command, from whom I have received, during the whole service entrusted to me, the most cordial and honourable support. He is perfectly informed of every transaction of the fleet, from the earliest period of my command, and is fully competent to give their lordships satisfaction on any points which I may have overlooked, or have not time to state. I trust I have obtained from him his esteem and regard, and I regret I had not sooner been known to him.

"By accounts from the shore, I understand the enemy's loss, in killed and wounded, is between six and seven thousand men.

"I have the honour to be, &c."

"EXMOUTH."

Total British loss, one hundred and twenty-eight killed, and six hundred and ninety wounded.

Total Dutch loss, thirteen killed and fifty-two wounded.

Grand total loss, eight hundred and eighty-three.

The following is a memorandum of the destruction in the mole of Algiers, in the attack of the 27th of August, 1816:—Four large frigates of forty-four guns; five large corvettes, from twenty-four to thirty guns; all the gun and mortar boats, except seven—thirty destroyed; several merchant-brigs and schooners; a great number of small vessels of various descriptions; all the pontoons, lighters, &c.; storehouses and arsenal, with all the timber and various marine articles, destroyed in part; a great many gun-carriages, mortar-beds, casks, and ships' stores of all descriptions.

CHARLES HAMILTON,

THE HERO OF VIGO.

THERE cannot be a pleasanter theme for an old sailor to dwell upon than the personal heroism, and intrepidity of one of his own craft. Recalling to his mind as it does, as tho' events of yesterday, scenes and adventures long past, and nearly forgotten.

It is now with sincere pleasure and admiration, we lay before our readers, the brilliant achievements of the youth whose name heads this article.

Charles Hamilton was the only son of a gentleman of considerable fortune, and we believe a relative of the Duke of that name. In early life he was intended (but as Master Charles thought doomed,) to the profession of a lawyer.

His daring and adventurous spirit, never quiet or at rest little suited the dry, musty, tedious, preamble of law parchments. A book full of fights and exploits, was in his opinion, far preferable to what he had not inaptly styled—"the dry, incomprehensible, prosy prose—the laws of England." His parents called into operation all their powers of persuasion, to induce him to embrace this, "desirable opportunity." What the threats of his father had failed in, the tears of his mother had nearly, and doubtless would have effected; when the rumour went abroad of the preparations for the expedition against Cadiz.

Many a youth, who for months and months had been pining for a profession, which, from its danger, was repugnant to the feelings of their parents, were decided with the impetuosity of youth, but the firmness of manhood, to join this expedition. Among them was Charles Hamilton. Proof against all persuasion and entreaty, and resolutely bent on going, his parents (though with evident pain and reluctance) gave their consent. To the care of Vice-Admiral Hopson, a friend of the Hamilton family, Charles was confided. With a proud, happy heart,

and imagination glowing with prospects of glory and of rank, young Charles departed on this dangerous enterprise.

The disastrous end of this adventure is too well known to need recital here. The conduct of both soldiers and sailors, in plundering a quiet and inoffensive people, was deserving of the highest censure. But, when added to the destruction of property, came the maiming and insults inflicted on the people by the brutal and intoxicated soldiery, that this conduct should meet with the resistance it did, cannot but be considered as a natural consequence.

The fleet was subsequently compelled to set sail for England; the commanders in despair, at the disgraceful result of their mission.

On their way to England, they heard the joyful news that the French men-of-war, and Spanish galleons, were riding safely at Vigo. Sir George Rooke immediately forwarded the news to the Dutch Admiral Vaudergals, at the same time dropping a hint, that it would be well to exercise as great alacrity as possible, if only to atone for their last failure. All sails were set, in order to join as speedily as possible their mutual French friends; and one thick, hazy morning, they were safely riding off Vigo. A council of war was called; and it having been decided that the Duke of Ormond, with the troops

under his command, should land and endeavour to effect the reduction of the fort, the troops were landed; and it was, after a short but desperate resistance, taken. The combined English and Dutch fleets now bore down upon the French and Spanish vessels lying in the bay. Vice-Admiral Hopson opened his fire on the Spanish men-of-war, running his ship completely between the two. Charles Hamilton, ardent and sanguine, had felt their late disappointment bitterly; but he knew that the time had come for them to retrieve and atone for it, and his gallant heart beat high at the prospect of an engagement.

The din of war had now commenced in dreadful earnest, between the Torbay and the Spanish, who were now attempting to board the admiral's ship. Such was the quietude with which they had made their attack, that some actually gained the deck of the Torbay before they were noticed. Young Hamilton, his eyes flashing fire, but cool and collected, placed himself between the admiral and the boarders, and called upon the (for the instant) panic-stricken sailors, to stand firm. A Spanish officer, with a cheer, rushed forward, but instantly fell dead, struck in the breast with Charles's bullet. The next shared the same fate; and Charles, drawing his cutlass, laid it about with such fearful earnestness and vigour, that the Spaniards astonished, drew back. But two, with an oath, sprang at him.



the first, to meet his death; the second, with a well-directed blow, laid our young hero bleeding and insensible at his feet. The English now, in their turn, became assailants, and speedily drove the Spaniards back; two of whom, stooping, seized the insensible Charles, as a precious prize, and bore him to their own vessel. A fire-ship had been so dexterously placed alongside the Torbay, that all the exertions of the men could not turn it adrift. Their situation was perilous in the extreme, in momentary danger of being all destroyed. Face was raised to face, pale as death, in hopes of reading some hope or comfort: none; nothing but a dreadful death faced the apparently devoted crew. At this moment the fire-ship blew up; and the rebound was so great as to free her from the Torbay, which, although thus providentially saved from the intended and anticipated destruction, still received considerable damage, attended with dreadful loss of life. Young Hamilton, who had now recovered his sensibility, looked around him with an inquiring eye, failing for the instant to comprehend his critical, and by no means pleasant situation. In an instant, the truth flashing on him, and the desperate design of leaving the ship, was no sooner designed, than executed. Taking advantage of the confusion caused by the explosion of the fire-ship, he sprang on the bulwarks, and with the utmost rapidity from thence into the sea.

Fortunately, at this moment, a boat was conveying Admiral Hopson from the Torbay, which now lay a complete wreck upon the water, to the Monmouth, whose crew had, at the moment, succeeded in hoisting the colours of England on the mast-head of a French man-of-war, with whom they had been fiercely engaged. They picked up our hero with three cheers, such cheers as British seamen can give. The Spaniards, aggravated by the loss, and further by the derision, brought again to bear upon them, with no more effect than wetting a sailor's jacket as the shot splashed in the sea. The admiral pressed the hand of his young protégé to his lips, and thanked him for his life; for he felt assured had it not been for his devoted heroism and bravery, he must have fallen a victim to the fury of their assailants. The victory now decided in their favour; and after having been joined by the vessels under command of Sir Cloudesley Shovel, taking in convoy their richly-laden prizes, they sailed for England. When they arrived there, young Hamilton was received with all the admiration and enthusiasm which actions like his deserved. Youth as he was, he had gained unfading laurels; for the hero of Vigo shall never be forgotten! It was destined that his life of glory, though bright, and exceeding the wildest imaginings of a romantic brain, should be short.

Three weeks had hardly passed since his return to the arms

of his friends, when he was seized with a sudden fever. From danger it mounted to death, from earth he mounted to heaven!

Poor youth! too bright and beautiful to last! We look back upon the memory of him that's gone with feelings of admiration, of love; and think if such were the actions of a boy, what would be those of the man, had God spared him!

In a splendid mausoleum raised to record his proud achievement at Vigo, lies in the calm solemn sleep of death—Charles Hamilton.

A NAVAL DUEL.

At Malta Jack got into another scrape. Although Mr. Smallsole could not injure him, he was still Jack's enemy; the more so as Jack had become very popular; Vigors also submitted, planning revenge; but the parties in this instance were the boatswain and purser's steward. Jack still continued his fore-castle conversations with Mesty; and the boatswain and purser's steward, probably from their respective ill-will towards our hero, had become great allies. Mr. Easthupp now put on his best jacket to walk the dog-watches with Mr. Biggs, and they took every opportunity to talk at our hero.

"It's my peculiar opinion," said Mr. Easthupp, one evening, pulling at the frill of his shirt, "that a gentleman should behave as a gentleman, and that if a gentleman professes opinions of equality and such liberal sentiments, that he is bound as a gentleman to hact up to them."

"Very true, Mr. Easthupp, he is bound to act up to them; and not because a person, who was a gentleman as well as himself, happens not to be on the quarter-deck, to insult him because he only has professed opinions like his own." Hereupon Mr. Biggs struck his rattan against the funnel, and looked at our hero.

This was too plain for our hero not to understand; so Jack walked up to the boatswain, and, taking his hat off with the utmost politeness, said to him, "Mr. Biggs, I shall go on shore directly we arrive at Malta. Let you and this fellow put on plain clothes, and I will meet you both—and then I'll show you whether I am afraid to give satisfaction."

"One at a time," said the boatswain.

"No, sir, not one at a time, but both at the same time—I will fight both or none. If you are my superior officer, you must descend," replied Jack, with an ironical sneer, "to meet me, or I will not descend to meet that fellow, whom I believe to have been little better than a pickpocket." This accidental hit of Jack's made the purser's steward turn pale as a sheet, and then equally red. He raved and foamed amazingly, although he could not meet Jack's indignant look, who then turned round again. "Now, Mr. Biggs, is this to be understood, or do you shelter yourself under your *forecastle*?"

"I'm no dodger," replied the boatswain, "and we will settle the affair at Malta."

The second day after they had been anchored in Valette harbour, the parties all went on shore, and put up at one of the small inns to make the necessary arrangements. Mr. Tallboys then addressed Mr. Gascoigne, taking him apart, while the boatswain amused himself with a glass of grog, and our hero sat outside, teasing a monkey. "Mr. Gascoigne," said the gunner, "I have been very much puzzled how this duel should be fought, but I have at last found it out. You see that there are three parties to fight; had there been two or four there would be no difficulty, as the right line or square might guide us in that instance; but we must arrange it upon the triangle in this." Gascoigne stared; he could not imagine what was coming. "Are you aware, Mr. Gascoigne, of the properties of an equilateral triangle?"

"Yes," replied the midshipman, "it has three equal sides—but what the devil has that to do with the duel?"

"Everything, Mr. Gascoigne," replied the gunner, "it has resolved the great difficulty: indeed, the duel between three can only be fought upon that principle. You observe," said the gunner, taking a piece of chalk out of his pocket, and making a triangle on the table, "in this figure we have three points, each equi-distant from each other; and we have three combatants—so that placing one at each point, it is all fair play for the three: Mr. Easy, for instance, stands here, the boatswain

here, and the purser's steward at the right corner. Now, if the distance is fairly measured, it will be all right."

"But then," replied Gascoigne, delighted at the idea, "how are they to fire?"

"It certainly is not of much consequence," replied the gunner; "but still, as sailors, it appears to me that they should fire with the sun; that is, Mr. Easy fires at Mr. Biggs, Mr. Biggs fires at Mr. Easthupp, and Mr. Easthupp fires at Mr. Easy, so that you perceive that each party has his shot at one, and at the same time receives the fire of another."

Gascoigne was in ecstasies at the novelty of the proceeding, the more so as he perceived that Easy obtained every advantage by the arrangement. "Upon my word, Mr. Tallboys, I give you great credit: you have a profound mathematical head, and I am delighted with your arrangement. Of course, in these affairs, the principals are bound to comply with the arrangements of the seconds, and I shall insist upon Mr. Easy consenting to your excellent and scientific proposal."

Gascoigne went out, and pulling Jack away from the monkey, told him what the gunner had proposed, at which Jack laughed heartily. The gunner also explained it to the boatswain, who did not very well comprehend, but replied, "I dare say it's all right—shot for shot, and d— all favours."

"The parties then repaired to the spot with two pairs of ship's pistols, which Mr. Tallboys had smuggled on shore; and, as soon as they were on the ground, the gunner called Mr. Easthupp out of the coo-perage. In the meantime, Gascoigne had been measuring an equilateral triangle of twelve paces—and marked it out. Mr. Tallboys, on his return with the purser's steward, went over the ground, and, finding that it was "equal angles subtended by equal sides," declared it was all right. Easy took his station, the boatswain was put into his, and Mr. Easthupp, who was quite in a mystery, was led by the gunner to the third position.

"But, Mr. Tallboys," said the purser's steward, "I don't understand this—Mr. Easy will first fight Mr. Biggs, will he not?"

"No," replied the gunner, "this is a duel of three. You will fire at Mr. Easy, Mr. Easy will fire at Mr. Biggs, and Mr. Biggs will fire at you. It is all arranged, Mr. Easthupp."

"But," said Mr. Easthupp, "I do not understand it. Why is Mr. Biggs to fire at me? I have no quarrel with Mr. Biggs."

"Because Mr. Easy fires at Mr. Biggs, and Mr. Biggs must have his shot as well."

"If you have ever been in the company of gentlemen, Mr. Easthupp," observed Gascoigne, "you must know something about duelling."

"Yes, yes, I've kept the best of company, Mr. Gascoigne, and I can give a gentleman satisfaction; but—"

"Then, sir, if that is the case, you must know that your honour is in the hands of your second, and that no gentleman appeals."

"Yes, yes, I know that, Mr. Gascoigne, but still I've no quarrel with Mr. Biggs, and, therefore, Mr. Biggs, of course you will not aim at me."

"Why, you don't think that I'm going to be fired at for nothing," replied the boatswain: "no, no, I'll have my shot anyhow."

"But at your friend, Mr. Biggs?"

"All the same, I shall fire at somebody; shot for shot and hit the luckiest."

"Vell, gentlemen, I purtest against these proceedings," replied Mr. Easthupp; "I came here to have satisfaction from Mr. Easy, and not to be fired at by Mr. Biggs."

"Don't you have satisfaction when you fire at Mr. Easy," replied the gunner; "what more would you have?"

"I purtest against Mr. Biggs firing at me."

"So you would have a shot without receiving one," cried Gascoigne; "the fact is that this fellow's a confounded coward, and ought to be kicked into the coo-perage again."

At this affront Mr. Easthupp rallied, and accepted the pistol offered by the gunner.

"You hear those words, Mr. Biggs; pretty language to use to a gentleman. You shall hear from me, sir, as soon as the ship is paid off. I purtest no longer, Mr. Tallboys; death before dishonour—I'm a gentleman, damme!"

At all events, the swell was not a very courageous gentleman, for he trembled exceedingly as he pointed his pistol. The gunner gave the word, as if he were exercising the great guns on board ship.

"Cock your locks!" "Take good aim at the object!" "Fire!" "Stop your vent!"

The only one of the combatants who appeared to comply with the latter supplementary order was Mr. Easthupp, who clapped his hand to his trousers behind, gave a loud yell, and then dropped down; the bullet having passed clean through his seat of honour, from his having presented his broadside as a target to the boatswain as he faced our hero. Jack's shot had also taken effect, having passed through both the boatswain's cheeks, without farther mischief than extricating two of his best upper double teeth, and forcing through the hole of the farther cheek the boatswain's own quid of tobacco. As for Mr. Easthupp's ball, as he was very unsettled, and shut his eyes before he fired, it had gone the Lord knows where. The purser's steward lay on the ground and screamed—the boatswain spit his double teeth and two or three mouthfuls of blood out, and then threw down his pistols in a rage.

"A pretty business, by —" sputtered he; "he's put my pipe out. How the devil am I to pipe to dinner, when I'm ordered, all my wind 'scaping through the cheeks?"

In the meantime, the others had gone to the assistance of the purser's steward, who continued his vociferations. They examined him, and considered a wound in that part not to be dangerous.

"Hold your confounded bawling," cried the gunner, "or you'll have the guard here; you're not hurt."

"Hain't hi?" roared the steward: "Oh, let me die, let me die; don't move me!"

"Nonsense," cried the gunner; "you must get up and walk down to the boat; if you don't we'll leave you—hold your tongue, confound you. You won't! then, then I'll give you something to halloo for."

Whereupon Mr. Tallboys commenced cuffing the poor wretch right and left, who received so many swinging boxes of the ear, that he was soon reduced to merely pitiful plaints of "Oh, dear! such inhumanity—I purtest—oh, dear! must I get up! I can't, indeed."

"I do not think he can move, Mr. Tallboys," said Gascoigne; "I think the best plan would be to call up two of the men from the cooperage, and let them take him at once to the hospital."

The gunner went down to the cooperage to call the men. Mr. Biggs, who had bound up his face as if he had a toothache, for the bleeding had been very slight, came up to the purser's steward.

"What the — are you making such a howling about? Look at me, with two shot-holes in my figure-head, while you have only got one in your stern: I wish I could change with you, by —, for I could use my whistle then—now, if I attempt to pipe, there will be such a wasteful expenditure of his majesty's stores of wind that I shall never get out a note. A wicked shot of yours, Mr. Easy."

"I really am very sorry," replied Jack, with a polite bow, "and I beg to offer my best apology."

During this conversation the purser's steward felt very faint, and thought he was going to die.

"Oh dear! oh dear! what a fool I was; I never was a gentleman—only a swell: I shall die; I never will pick a pocket again—never—never—God forgive me!"

"Why, confound the fellow," cried Gascoigne, "so you were a pickpocket, were you?"

"I never will again," replied the fellow in a faint voice: "Hi'll hamend and lead a good life—a drop of water—oh! lagged at last!"

Then the poor wretch fainted away: and Mr. Tallboys coming up with the men, he was taken on their shoulders and walked off to the hospital, attended by the gunner and also the boatswain, who thought he might as well have a little medical advice before he went on board.

"Well, Easy," said Gascoigne, collecting the pistols and tying them up in his handkerchief, "I'll be shot, but we're in a pretty

scrape; there's no hushing this up. I'll be hanged if I care, it's the best piece of fun I ever met with."

At the remembrance of it Gascoigne laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks. Jack's mirth was not quite so excessive, as he was afraid that the purser's steward was severely hurt, and expressed his fears.

"At all events, you did not hit him," replied Gascoigne; "all you have to answer for is the boatswain's mug—I think you've stopped his jaw for the future."—*Mr. Midshipman Easy.*

FRED LYNTON.

BY "HARRY BLUFF."

It was in the fourth year of my life at sea, and my fourth voyage, that I became acquainted with Fred Lynton. The reader must not misunderstand the "acquaintance," for its signification on land, and its meaning at sea, is somewhat different. There is but little sympathy and little friendship between those whom fortune has placed on the quarter deck, and misfortune has placed before the mast.

The rule of a ship is, for all "gentlemen" (commissioned or non) "to preserve a gentlemanly behaviour."

I must confess I have often wondered what the meaning of the term "gentlemanly behaviour" was; for at first, I could not comprehend, that oaths, blows, and harsh language, so plentifully bestowed upon the subordinates, was maritime gentility! At length I came to understand, that as the sailors were rough chaps, they appreciated rough treatment. I have often thought that the man who at your orders, or to fulfil your slightest wish, would willingly risk his life, certainly deserves something better than dog's treatment.

Lynton was at the time I first knew him, the favourite of the whole ship's company. He had the quickest eye, the nimblest foot, the clearest head, and the happiest heart, of any before the mast, aye, and aft either.

My greatest pleasure used to be when on watch at night, to get as near Fred as possible, without trespassing over the boundaries, and listen to his yarns.

He had a rich, humorous, way of reciting his adventures, that infallibly set his hearers in a roar, which was usually nipped in the bud by the stern voice of the captain of the watch, as he enforced "silence, for'ard there." We also had on board a supercilious, affected, puppy, with more refinement than sense, who had he moved in his proper sphere, would doubtless have shone brilliant enough in the task of "shaving the ladies," in some draper's shop. His effeminate manners, and soft silken tones, being evidently more fitted to sound in a shop than a ship; and his white, delicate fingers, to exhibit the beauties of ribbons, of all sorts and colours," than to handle the rough and tough "indicate" ropes.

Such was Mr. Ambrose Smith, who for some trifling fault, or offence, bore the most deadly enmity to Fred Lynton. No opportunity was lost by him, to complain, and misrepresent his conduct to the captain. To the captain's credit be it spoken, he knew his nephew's disposition too well to heed his remarks. I had often heard Lynton express his utter abhorrence and detestation of the system of flogging, a punishment at that time bestowed for the most venial offence. "Shoot a man," he would say, "and he's dead; his faults and imperfections are cured. Flog a man, and ye murder all that's good, and with the same weapon, call up, (or if he was pure before, *plant*) all the bad qualities that ever raged in the breast of a devil." This opinion so freely spoken, put the fiendish design into Ambrose Smith's head, to make him suffer what he so thoroughly detested.

One morning Lynton was charged with having been drunk and disorderly on watch, and with having in the heat of passion, at being remonstrated with, struck his officer, Lieutenant Ambrose Smith. His answer was, "Not Guilty, so help me God." It was proved by the evidence of his companions of the watch, that he was perfectly sober at one o'clock, a.m., whilst Smith alleged, that at half-past, the violence was committed. Of course the word of an officer and a "gentleman" could not be doubted. Fred was sentenced for this crime to receive two hundred lashes. He turned towards his

judges, and solemnly swore that it was a base fabrication and falsehood. That at the time spoken he was in his hammock. He begged if he might suffer for a crime of which he was innocent, that they would confine him, shoot him, anything in preference to this dread degradation. No! The sentence was passed and must be executed, and it was. I shall never forget that morning. Amidst all the torture inflicted on him, not a groan, cry, or word came from his parched lips. "Give it him, loosen your whip, man," was the order of the man who presided over this brutal exhibition. And they did give it him, till he hung an insensible, mutilated, bleeding, lump of flesh. At this juncture he was removed and taken below, and for weeks lay hovering on the verge of death. At length, and by slow degrees, he got better. Heavens! what a change! The contentedness and happiness which formerly decked his cheek with a ruddy bloom, and curled his lip with joy, had flown, and in his pale face was shown, the deep determination of a dread resolve.

He performed his duty certainly, not with his hitherto accustomed celerity and cheerfulness, but still he performed it. He was sullen, reserved, and melancholy; seldom speaking, and then only in monosyllables. His face was pale, and eye dim'd; save when his eye met that of Smith's, then they sparkled with a fierce unnatural light.

It was one calm starlit night that I rose from my hammock, preferring the quietude of the air on deck to my sultry berth below. I could not sleep. My mind was full of frightful imaginings and forebodings. I came up the ladder, and looked around. In the aft-part of the vessel were two figures in conversation with each other. One, from a peculiar cap he wore, I knew to be Ambrose Smith; the other I failed to recognize; but his voice sounded strangely like that of poor Fred Lynton.

"You know you lied—basely lied, like a cowardly, treacherous hound as you are! Me strike you! Can you look me in the face, and speaking truly, say I did? No, you cannot. You dare not do it *now* that face to face we stand, with no witness or judge but the God of heaven."

"Do you dare to threaten me?" asked Ambrose, turning his face in the direction where I stood unseen. It was as pale as death.

"No," replied the other, with bitterness; "not I. A tiger seizes first, and growls afterwards. I am of that breed."

"I bid you begone; your place lies forward: your insolence and conduct shall be reported. I'm not to be insulted with impunity."

"Nor I ruined with impunity. Stay," he added, as the other walked away; "you hear some wholesome truths. To-night you listen to me; to-morrow may find you away, may be at the bottom of the sea, revelling with your friends the sharks. I insulted you, I presume; but how, when, or where, as God is my judge, I know not. For this I must suffer such pain and degradation, that death would be far preferable. What does such conduct as this deserve? I ask you! you! the executor of this manly action; what does it deserve?"

"Silence! I'll hear no more. Help, there!"

"Peace," was the stern reply, "or, by the God above, this knife lies buried in your lying heart; your time has come. The passive snake, on which you trod with such impunity, has turned. Behold its sting." And he brandished in the air his glittering knife. "Now, on your knees, scoundrel, clear your breast of one foul stain, nor face your maker with a lie upon your tongue. Was I innocent or guilty?"

I shall never forget his pallid face and tremulous voice, as he said—"innocent." I felt that the crisis of a sad catastrophe had arrived. With a beating heart and stifled breath I crept from my hiding-place towards them. Smith noticed my coming, and uttered a cry of joy at his deliverance—a cry which ended in a dreadful shriek of agony. Lynton had stabbed him to the heart. I sprang forward with a cry of anguish, and caught the murderer's arm, as it was about to repeat the fearful blow. With the strength of a giant he threw me back, and instantly buried the crimsoned steel in his own breast. Horror-stricken and fainting at this dreadful spectacle, I called for help. They came and lifted up the murdered man; he was dead—dead. His features were contracted with all the anguish of a dreadful death. An old seaman turned to Fred, and lifted up his head.

It fell back on the deck with a dull senseless sound—the man was dead.

The murdered, and the murderer, were buried in one grave.

I found the above recorded in a journal I kept many years ago. Since then, the "cat," I am most happy to say, has fallen into great disrepute. Our greatest naval commander of the present day * has added his testimony (the testimony of a life spent amongst seamen), that its use, instead of correcting, adds to the vice of the punished. In my humble life, strange and unnatural as it may sound, I have always felt something like joy, at hearing that the man who suffered this punishment was dead. I knew, from sad experience, if he survived it, he was no longer a good seaman, a good husband, a good father, nor a good man, but bad, irreclaimably bad, to all intents and purpose.

THE MARINER'S ADIEU.

"Our bark is on the waters—her flag waves fair and free.
And her bow is bounding proudly on the bright and boundless sea:

The surge is driving cheerily along the billows blue;
And our hearts are beating wearily to bid the shore adieu.

"The merry dolphin dances in the golden summer day;
And the rainbow, like a cherub, laughs among the diamond spray.

The mighty whale, in awful sport and pride, goes tumbling by;
And, 'To sea! to sea! my gallant lads! ten hundred voices cry.

"The foam is on the mountain side—the bark is on the wave—
The sun shines o'er the summer tide, to cheer and lead the brave:

Oh! who that's cradled on the sea would perish on the shore?
Away! away! the breeze is up! and the foaming billows roar!

"Farewell, bright land! romantic land! a long farewell to thee!
Three cheers, brave lads! unfurl the sails—heave—weigh—and put to sea!

Away she flies! her timbers creak! how merry we shall be!
Since the free were made for the winds and waves—the winds and waves for the free!"

SCYLLA.—As the breadth across this celebrated strait has been so often disputed, I particularly state that the Faro Tower is exactly six thousand and forty-seven English yards from that classical bugbear, the rock of Scylla, which, by poetical fiction, has been depicted in such terrific colours, and to describe the horrors of which Phalerion, a painter celebrated for his nervous representation of the awful and the tremendous, exerted his whole talent. But the flights of poetry can seldom bear to be shackled by homely truth, and if we are to receive the fine imagery that places the summit of this rock in clouds brooding eternal mists and tempests—that represents it as inaccessible, even to a man provided with twenty hands and twenty feet, and immerses its base among ravenous sea-dogs, why not also receive the whole circle of mythological dogmas of Homer? who, though so frequently dragged forth as an authority in history, theology, surgery, and geography, ought in justice to be read only as a poet. In the writings of so exquisite a bard, we must not expect to find all his representations confined to a mere accurate narration of facts. Moderns of intelligence, in visiting this spot, have gratified their imaginations, already heated by such descriptions as the escape of the Argonauts and the disasters of Ulysses, with fancying it the scourge of seamen, and that, in a gale, its caverns "roar like dogs;" but I, as a sailor, never perceived any difference between the effect of the surges here, and on any other coast, yet I have frequently watched it closely in bad weather. It is now, as I presume it ever was, a common rock of bold approach, a little worn at its base, and surmounted by a castle, with a sandy bay on each side.

* Sir Charles Napier.

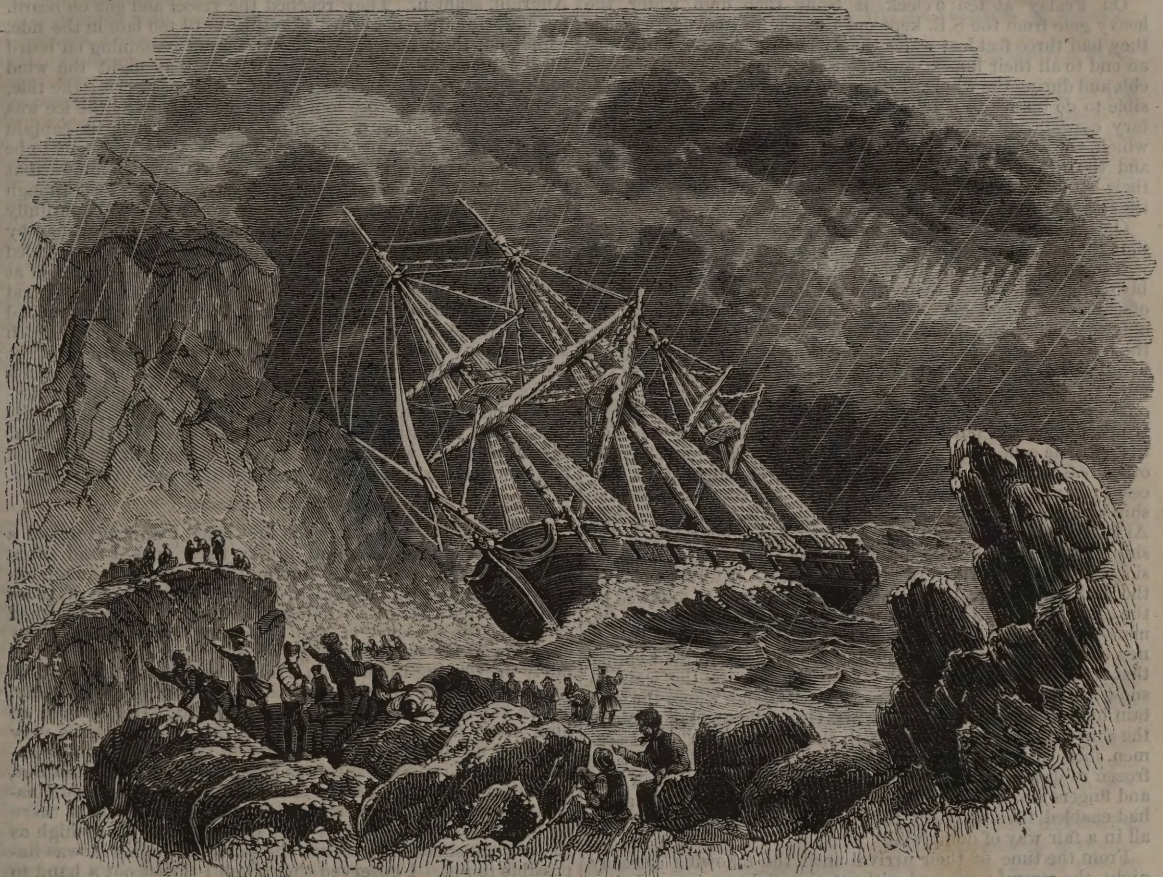
LOSS OF THE PROSERPINE.

The ice-bound ship long struggled in vain,
 From the rude embrace to set herself free;
 Her crew, in despair, an isle to regain,
 Tracked the pathless wilds o'er a frozen sea:
 But Death's rigid hand had mark'd some for his own,
 And rejoiced, in his pride, o'er the spirit that's flown.

His Majesty's frigate Proserpine, commanded by Captain James Wallis, sailed from Yarmouth on Monday, January 28, 1799, having on board Mr. Grenville, who was charged with an important mission. Nothing of consequence occurred from that time until Wednesday morning, when being close in with Heligoland, they made a signal for a pilot, and very soon received one on board; and it being a fine day, with the wind at N.N.E.,

they proceeded for the red buoy, where they anchored for the night. Here they found that the buoys had been taken up, upon which a consultation was held with the Heligoland pilot and the two belonging to the ship, who professed a thorough knowledge of the river, and maintained the practicability of ascending it without the buoys; and were unanimously of opinion, that they might get into Cuxhaven without the smallest danger, if the captain would only proceed between half-ebb and half-flood; that the pilots would then be able to see the sands, and at the same time declaring that they were perfectly satisfied with their marks.

In the morning they got under weigh, having a very fine day, with a gentle breeze at N.N.E., and proceeded up the river with the Prince of Wales packet, which had accompanied them from Yarmouth, standing on a-head. About four o'clock in



LOSS OF THE PROSERPINE, CAPTAIN J. WALLIS, FEBRUARY 1, 1799.

the afternoon they were within four miles of Cuxhaven, when it came on very thick and began to snow, which obliged them to come to an anchor: at that time they saw very little ice in the river.

At nine o'clock in the evening the wind shifted to E. by S., and blew the most dreadful snow-storm that can well be imagined. This brought on such immense quantities of heavy ice within the ebb, that with all hands upon deck, it was with the greatest difficulty they could prevent their cables from being cut, and preserve their station till the morning. By eight o'clock the ice was nearly carried up by the flood-tide, which left an opening a-head; but seeing the river entirely blocked up above them, the packet which had accompanied them on shore, and the captain being convinced of the utter impossibility of either landing Mr. Grenville or proceeding higher up, judged it

most prudent to lose no time in making their retreat out of the Elbe. They accordingly got under weigh and stood out to sea with the intention of endeavouring to effect a landing on some part of the coast of Jutland, which Mr. Grenville assured the captain the importance of the service on which he was despatched, rendered absolutely necessary.

It happened, unfortunately, however, that after the pilots had informed the captain that they were clear of all the sands, at half-past nine the ship struck upon nearly the extremity of the sand extending from Newark Island. The wind at that time blowing a heavy gale, she went on with great force, though they had nothing but the fore-topmast-staysail set: there was but ten feet water under the keel. They immediately hoisted out a boat, with the intention of carrying out an anchor; but as it was high water, the ice returned upon them so soon, that

they found it impracticable. The ice-boats were again hoisted in, and all hands were employed to shore the ship and heel her towards the bank, in order to prevent her from falling into the stream, which must have been followed by their inevitable destruction. After considerable exertions they succeeded in the attempt, and as the tide ebbed away she took to the bank. The first run of the tide, however, brought down such heavy ice upon them, that it immediately carried away the shores, tore all the copper from her larboard quarter, and cut the rudder in two, the lower part of which lay on the ice under the counter. Nevertheless, they did not despair of being able to get the ship off the next high water; and for that purpose, in order to lighten her, they threw her guns and stores overboard, all of which being borne by the ice will give some idea of its thickness.

On Friday at ten o'clock, it being then high water, the heavy gale from the S.E. kept out the tide to that degree, that they had three feet less water than when she struck, which put an end to all their hopes; and their state, on the return of the ebb, and during the whole of it, was so dreadful, that it is impossible to do justice to it by description. They were in momentary expectation of being torn to pieces by the ice; added to which, the excessively cold weather, the darkness of the night, and the heavy snow-storm, altogether contributed to render their situation one of the most deplorable and miserable that the imagination can well conceive.

On Saturday morning the gale increased to such a degree, that the ice reached up to the cabin-windows, the stern-post was broken in two, and the ship was otherwise very considerably damaged. It was then proposed by Mr. Grenville and the officers to try and get over the ice to Newark Island, as the only means that presented themselves, whereby they might save the lives of the ship's company, and especially as remaining on board any longer was useless, and might be attended with the most fatal consequences.

The captain's first impression was, that not only was the attempt dangerous, but that from the thickness of the weather, the extreme cold, their total ignorance of the way, and various other reasons, there seemed to be little probability of its success; yet, as it was the general wish of the company, and the ship was irrecoverably lost, he at length consented to quit her. At half-past one o'clock, it being the last quarter's ebb, the ship's company commenced their march on the ice in subdivisions, attended by their respective officers. By three o'clock the whole of them had left the ship, when they were followed by the captain, who was accompanied by Lieutenant Ridley of the marines. At half-past six o'clock in the evening, after a journey of six miles over high flakes of ice, in the severest weather that was ever experienced, and sometimes up to the waist in snow and water, they arrived at Newark Island, where the captain had the satisfaction to find Mr. Grenville and the whole of the ship's company in safety, with the exception of eight seamen, four marines, and one woman and her child, who were frozen to death on their journey. A few others had their legs and fingers frozen, but by the mercy of Providence, which alone had enabled them to effect their miraculous escape, they were all in a fair way of doing well.

From the time of their arrival until the following Tuesday night, the storm continued without the slightest intermission. On the morning of Wednesday the 6th, the weather became more moderate, and the scarcity of provisions rendered it necessary to send part of the ship's company to Cuxhaven, some of the inhabitants having undertaken to accompany them as guides; and the great anxiety of Mr. Grenville to proceed caused this plan to be put into immediate execution. At eight o'clock, the tide suiting, Mr. Wright, the first lieutenant, and one half of the officers and men, with Mr. Grenville, Mr. Wynne, Mr. Fisher, secretary to the embassy, the three messengers, Messrs. Shaw, Detry, and Mason, with servants, guides, &c., set off at nine o'clock, and after a passage as dangerous and difficult as that which they had already experienced from the ship, they arrived safely at Cuxhaven. The captain remained at Newark Island with the rest of the ship's company, in the hope, if it should be possible, of saving the ship's stores.

On Friday, the 8th of February, Mr. Anthony, the master,

volunteered to go on board the ship with a party of men, and endeavour to bring on shore some bread, of which they stood in great need, and also to ascertain the exact position of the wreck. They managed to effect their purpose with great difficulty, and on their return Mr. Anthony made the following report:—"That the ship lay on her beam-ends, with seven feet water in her; that she appeared to be broken asunder, with the quarter-deck separated about six feet from the gangway, and was apparently only kept together by the vast quantity of ice which surrounded her." In consequence of this account, it was resolved to have no further communication with her; but on the morning of Sunday the 10th, the clearness of the day induced Mr. Anthony to set off again for the ship, accompanied by Mr. Kent, the surgeon, Mr. W. Johnson Bowes, midshipman, Mr. W. Sait, boatswain, and William Fox and Andrew Augrain, seamen. They reached the vessel and got on board, but unfortunately neglected to return until too late in the tide, which left them no alternative but that of remaining on board till the following day. About ten o'clock at night the wind came on at S.S.E., and blew a most violent storm; the tide, though at the neap; rose to a most unusual height; the ice was set in motion, and in the morning, to the horror of the captain and those who remained, not a vestige of the wreck was to be seen, and not the slightest doubt remained on their minds, that the officers and men above-mentioned had been lost; though their hope was, that that Providence which had so bountifully assisted them in their recent dangers and difficulties, had by some means preserved them; but their hopes were not founded on the most distant probability. However, on their arrival at Cuxhaven, on the morning of the 28th of February, they found that Mr. Anthony, the surgeon, &c., with the boat's crew, had arrived there on the preceding evening. The account which Mr. Anthony gave of their providential escape was, that the ice which adhered to the ship and surrounded her in such a heavy body, after she had floated in the manner before described, on the 11th instant, supported the vessel without quitting her, as it continued to freeze hard for several days, till at length the wreck was fortunately cast on shore on the island of Baltrum, from which they all providentially made their escape.

A STORM AT SEA.—For the first time I now witnessed a tempest at sea. Gales, and pretty hard ones, I had often seen; but the force of the wind on this occasion as much exceeded that in ordinary gales of wind, as the force of these had exceeded that of a whole-sail breeze. The seas seemed crushed, the pressure of the swooping atmosphere, as the currents of air went howling over the surface of the ocean, fairly preventing them from rising; or, where a mound of water did appear, it was scooped up and borne off in spray, as the axe dubs inequalities from the log. In less than an hour after it began to blow the hardest, there was no very apparent swell—the deep breathing of the ocean is never entirely stilled, and the ship was as steady as if hove half out, her lower yard-arms nearly touching the water—an inclination at which they remained as steadily as if kept there by purchases. A few of us were compelled to go as high as the futtock-shrouds to secure the sails, but higher it was impossible to get. I observed that when I thrust out a hand to clutch anything, it was necessary to make the movement in such a direction as to allow for lee-way precisely as a boat quarters the stream in crossing against a current. In ascending it was difficult to keep the foot on the ratlines, and in descending it required a strong effort to force the body down towards the centre of gravity. I make no doubt had I groped my way up to the cross-trees, and leaped overboard, my body would have struck the water thirty or forty yards from the ship. A marlin-spike falling from either top would have endangered no one on deck. When the day returned, a species of lurid, sombre light was diffused over the watery waste, though nothing was visible but the ocean and the ship. Even the sea-birds seemed to have taken refuge in the caverns of the adjacent coast, none re-appearing with the dawn. The air was filled with spray, and it was with difficulty that the eye could penetrate as far into the humid atmosphere as half a mile.—*Cooper's Afloat and Ashore.*

ARCTIC DISCOVERY EXPEDITION.

The lively interest which the British public have for such a length of time manifested in the further discovery of the arctic regions, induced the Hudson's Bay company to determine on equipping an expedition, solely at their own expense, and composed of their own officers and servants, with the view of endeavouring to complete the survey of the northern shores of the American continent.

The formation and equipment of the expedition were entrusted to Mr. Simpson, the resident governor, in the spring of 1836. That gentleman, on his arrival from England, at Norway-house, Lake Winnipeg, in the month of June of the same year, beat up for volunteers for this arduous service; two active and enterprising leaders, Messrs. P. W. Dease and Thomas Simpson, and twelve men were immediately selected and forwarded with the necessary supplies to Fort Chipewayan, Athabasca Lake, where they passed the winter of 1836 and 1837. Immediately after the opening of the navigation, on the 1st of June, 1837, the party started from Fort Chipewayan in two small boats, which they had constructed in the course of the winter, descended the Slave River, passed the western end of Great Slave Lake, where they were detained several days by ice, and descended Mackenzie's River to Fort Norman, where they arrived on the 1st of July. From Fort Norman they despatched two of their party, with two other men belonging to Fort Norman, to the eastern end of Great Bear's Lake, for the purpose of erecting a small establishment at which they might take up their quarters for the following winter, and of laying up a stock of provisions preparatory to an extension of their survey in the summer of 1838. These arrangements being made, Messrs. Dease and Simpson, with the remainder of their people, forming a party of twelve in all, continued their route down the Mackenzie, and reached Fort Good Hope, the most northern establishment belonging to the company, on the 4th, where they found an assemblage of Hare and Lauchoux Indians, from whom they learned that the Esquimaux had killed three of their party a short time previous, which prevented the discoverers taking an interpreter from that tribe.

On the 9th of July they reached the ocean, by the most westerly mouth of the Mackenzie, making its situation in lat. $68^{\circ} 49' 23''$ N. long. $136^{\circ} 36' 45''$ W. They had proceeded but a short distance to seaward, when a party of nineteen Esquimaux went off to them from Tent Island, who showed a disposition to be troublesome, but returned to their encampment when they found the party prepared to defend themselves if necessary. The progress of the party along the coast was very slow, owing to frequent obstructions from ice, cold, dense fogs, and strong head-winds. On the afternoon of the 11th they reached Point Kay, where they found another encampment of Esquimaux, and where they were detained by a compact body of ice, occupying Phillips Bay until the 14th. They continued their route till the 17th, when an unbroken pack of ice, extending to seaward, made them seek the shore in Camden Bay, near a large camp of Esquimaux, who received them kindly. In the afternoon there appeared a narrow passage of water through the ice stretching outwards, and they immediately embarked; but had not proceeded above three miles from the land, when the ice suddenly closed upon them, squeezing one of their boats, which, with their provision and baggage, they had much difficulty in saving; and by means of portages from one piece of ice to another, the oars serving as bridges, they finally got on a large floe, where they passed an inclement and anxious night. On the 20th they reached Foggy Islands Bay, when they were stopped, by ice and a violent north-east wind, until the 23rd, having on the preceding day made an ineffectual attempt to weather Point Anxiety, in which they narrowly escaped with a thorough drenching. The latitude ashore was $70^{\circ} 9' 48''$. From this situation they had the satisfaction of discovering a range of the rocky mountains to the westward of the Romanzoff chain, and not seen by Sir John Franklin, but being within the limit of his survey, called it the Franklin Range, as a just tribute to his character and merits. That evening they reached Sir John Franklin's Return Reef, where their survey commenced, that officer having got no further.

Return Reef is one of a chain of reefs which run for twenty miles parallel to the coast, at the distance of about half a league, affording sufficient water within for their small craft. The mainland is very low. From Point Berens to Cape Halkett it forms Harrison's Bay, fifty miles broad by about a third of that distance in depth. At the bottom of this bay another picturesque branch of the Rocky Mountains Range rears its lofty peaks above these flat shores, which they named Pelly's Mountains, in honour of the governor of the company. At their base flows Colville's river, two miles broad at its mouth, to the south-west of which stands Cape Halkett, where they were detained by a north-east gale the whole of the following day. The country extending to the foot of the mountains appeared to consist of plains covered with short grass and moss, a favourite resort of reindeer, of which they saw numerous herds. Observations were obtained, determining Cape Halkett to be in lat. $70^{\circ} 43' N.$; long. $152^{\circ} 14' W.$; the variation of the compass $43^{\circ} 8' 33'' E.$

Next morning, 26th July, they passed the Gany, a river about one mile broad.

From Cape Halkett, the coast turned suddenly off to the W.N.W. It presented to the eye nothing but a succession of low banks of frozen mud. In the evening they passed the mouth of a large stream, which they named Smith's River. From thence, for about nine miles, the coast line is formed of gravel reefs, near the extremity of which, at Point Pitt, the land tends more to the westward. Here they were detained by ice until the following afternoon (27th), when an opening presented itself, and they resumed their route. It blew a cutting blast from the north-east, and then salt water froze upon the oars and the rigging. Point Drew, seven miles distant from their last encampment, is the commencement of a bay of considerable size, but extremely shallow, and much encumbered with ice. To seaward the ice was still smooth and solid, as in the depth of a sunless winter. At midnight they reached a narrow projecting point, across which the peaks of some high icebergs appeared. This point they named Cape George Simpson, as a mark of respect for the governor of the company's territories, to whose excellent arrangements the success of the expedition is, in a great measure, indebted.

This point was destined to be the limit of their boat navigation, for during the four following days they were only able to advance a many miles. The weather was foggy, and dismally cold; the wild fowl passed in long flights to the westward, and there seemed little prospect of their being able to reach Beechey's Point Barrow by water. Boat Extreme is situated in lat. $71^{\circ} 3' 24'' N.$, long. $154^{\circ} 26' 30'' W.$; variation of compass, $42^{\circ} 36' 18'' E.$

Under these circumstances, Mr. Thomas Simpson undertook to complete the journey on foot; and, accordingly, started on the 1st of August with five men, Mr. Dease and the other five men remaining in charge of the boats.

The pedestrians carried with them their arms, some ammunition, pemican, a small oiled canvass canoe for crossing the rivers, the necessary astronomical instruments, and a few trinkets for the natives.

It was one of the worst days of the whole season, and the fog was so dense that the party were under the necessity of rigidly following the tortuous outline of the coast, which for twenty miles formed a sort of irregular inland bay (being guarded without by a series of gravel reefs), the shore of which was almost on a level with the water, and intersected by innumerable salt creeks, through which they waded, besides three considerable rivers which they traversed in their portable canoe. Next day the weather improved, and at noon Mr. Simpson had an observation of lat. in $71^{\circ} 9' 45''$. The land now inclined to the south-west, and continued very low and muddy, and, as on the preceding day, abounding in salt creeks, whose waters were at the freezing temperature. The party had proceeded about ten miles, when to their dismay the coast suddenly turned off to the southward, forming an inlet as far as the eye could reach.

At the same moment they desisted at no great distance a small camp of Esquimaux, to which they immediately directed their steps. The men were absent hunting, and the women and

children took to their boat in the greatest alarm, leaving behind them an infirm man, who was in an agony of fear. A few words of friendship removed his apprehensions, and brought back the fugitives, who were equally surprised and delighted to behold white men. They placed before the party fresh reindeer meat and seal oil.

Mr. Simpson now determined to adopt a more expeditious mode of travelling, by obtaining a loan of their "oomiaks," or family skin canoes, to convey the party to Point Barrow, with which, from a chart drawn by one of the women, it appeared that these people were well acquainted.

Four oars were fitted with lashings to this strange craft. Before starting the hunters arrived, and presents of tobacco, awls, buttons, &c., were made to all the inmates of the encampment, with which they were highly gratified.

Dease's Inlet is five miles broad at this place, yet so low is the land that the one shore is just visible from the other in the clearest weather. It now again blew strongly from the north-east, bringing back the cold dense fog; but the traverse was effected by the aid of the compass. The waves ran high, and the skin-boat surmounted them with great buoyancy. The party encamped on the west-side of the inlet. The banks there were of frozen mud, ten or twelve feet high; the country was perfectly flat, abounded in small lakes, and produced a very short grass; but nowhere had the thaw penetrated more than two inches beneath the surface, while under water along the shore the bottom was still impenetrably frozen. Not a log of wood was to be found in this land of desolation; but our party followed the example of the natives, and made their fire of the roots of the dwarf willow in a little chimney of turf. Next morning, August 3rd, the fog cleared for awhile, but it was still bitterly cold, and the swell beat violently on the outside of a heavy line of ice which lay packed upon the shore.

To weather this was a work of danger, but the good qualities of their boat, after a severe trial, carried them safely through. The land ran out for five miles to the northward, then turned off to the north-west, beyond which, at Point Christie, the lat. $71^{\circ} 12' 36''$ was observed. From thence the coast trended more westerly for ten miles, forming two points and a bay, which Mr. Simpson named after chief factors Charles and Rowland, and chief trader Ross. The party then came up to what appeared a large bay, where they halted for two or three hours to await the dispersion of the fog, not knowing which way to steer. In the evening their wish was gratified, and the weather from that time was sensibly ameliorated. The bay was now ascertained to be only four miles in width; the depth half-way across was one fathom and a half, on a bottom of sand; that of Dease's Inlet was afterwards found to be two fathoms, muddy bottom, being greatest depth between Return Reef and Point Barrow, except at ten miles S.E. from Cape Halkett, where three fathoms were sounded on their return. After crossing Mackenzie's Bay, the coast again trended for eight or nine miles to the W.N.W. A compact body of ice extended all along, and beyond the reach of vision; to seaward; but the party carried their light vessel within that formidable barrier, and made their way through the narrow channels close to the shore.

At midnight, they passed the mouth of a fine deep river, a quarter of a mile wide, to which Mr. Simpson gave the name of Bellevue, and in less than an hour afterwards the rising sun gratified him with a view of Point Barrow, stretching out to the N.N.W. They soon crossed Elson Bay, which, in the perfect calm, had acquired a tough coating of young ice; but had much difficulty in making their way through a broad and heavy pack, that rested on the shore. On reaching it, and seeing the ocean extending away to the southward, they hoisted their flag, and with three cheers took possession of their discoveries in his Majesty's name.

Point Barrow is a long low spit, composed of gravel and coarse sand, which the pressure of the ice has forced up into numerous mounds, that, viewed from a distance, assume the appearance of huge boulder rocks. At the spot where the party landed, it is only a quarter of a mile across, but is broader towards its termination. The first object that presented itself on looking round the landing-place, was an immense cemetery.

The bodies lay exposed in the most horrible and disgusting manner, and many of them appeared so fresh that the men became alarmed that the cholera, or some other dreadful disease, was raging among the natives. Two considerable camps of the latter stood at no great distance on the point, but none of the inmates ventured to approach till our party first visited them, and, with the customary expressions of friendship, dissipated their apprehensions.

A brisk traffic then began, after which the women formed a circle, and danced to a variety of airs, some of which were pleasing to the ear. The whole conduct of these people was friendly in the extreme; they seemed to be well acquainted with the character, if not the persons of white men, and were passionately fond of tobacco.

To the northward, enormous icebergs covered the ocean; but on the western-side there was a fine open channel, which the Esquimaux assured the party extended all along to the southward, and so inviting was the prospect in that direction, that, had such been his object, Mr. Simpson would not have hesitated a moment to prosecute the voyage to Cook's Inlet in his skin canoe. The natives informed him that whales were numerous to the northward of the point, and seals were everywhere sporting among the ice.

It was high water between one and two o'clock, A.M., and P.M.; the rise of the tide was fourteen inches, and the flow came from the westward. Observations were obtained, which determine the position of the landing-place to be in lat. $71^{\circ} 23' 33''$ N., long. $156^{\circ} 20'$ W., agreeing closely with the observations of Mr. Elson. After bidding adieu to their good-humoured and admiring entertainers, the party set out on their return.

They reached the western mouth of the Mackenzie on the 17th of August, and Fort Norman on the 4th of September, from whence their report is dated on the following day. From Fort Norman they were about to proceed to the eastern end of Great Bear's Lake, there to pass the winter, from thence haul their boats across to the Coppermine River, and resume their survey to the eastward at the opening of the navigation in July following, with the view of connecting the discoveries of Sir John Franklin and Captain Back, from Point Turnagain to Great Fish River, in which, from the activity and perseverance of the leaders, it is confidently hoped they will be successful.

SHIPWRECK OF THE CŒUR DE LION, ON THE COAST OF DUNDRUM, SEPTEMBER, 1837.

THE Cœur de Lion, of Liverpool, bound for Quebec, with a general cargo, was completely wrecked at Tyrella Watchhouse, during a violent storm. As soon as the inhabitants along the coast observed the vessel in distress, they assembled for the purpose of rendering any assistance in their power to the unfortunate crew, who were at this time to be seen here and there clinging to the rigging. The vessel was not more than about a quarter of a mile from the shore, and though the wind was not now so high, yet the agitation of the sea after the storm was such, that any attempt to reach the unfortunate vessel in safety was considered hopeless. By this time the sad news had reached St. John's Point, a life-boat station, when Mr. P. R. M. Browne, justice of the peace, directed the life-boat to be taken out; but as the crew were absent at the herring fishery, the boat had to be manned by four of the coast-guard, and two of Captain Browne's labouring servants, who were humanely taken charge of by Mr. Strain, chief officer of the coast-guard. This gentleman having handsomely volunteered his services on the occasion, at the same time representing the attempt as hopeless, and dangerous in the extreme. They put off, however, with much courage, and after the laborious exertions of upwards of an hour, they got within a few yards of the unfortunate vessel, when the boat upset, and every man in it was precipitated into the sea; they, however, with the assistance of the masts and rigging floating about the vessel, providentially succeeded in getting on board the Cœur de Lion. Some of them were very much exhausted. When Mr. Strain, to whom the highest meed of praise is due for his gallant conduct in thus periling his life, had recovered a little, he found a great lack of exertion manifesting itself on the part of the captain; for instance, not

all anchor had been cast, which he immediately recommended to be done. On seeing the life-boat approach the wreck, two Clannaghery boats made an effort to gain the vessel also, when one of them was upset, but no lives lost: the other succeeded in reaching the vessel, and on her returning with some of the crew, was upset also, when, unhappily, seven persons perished, five belonging to the vessel, and two of the brave fellows who went out under the hope of rescuing their fellow-creatures from a watery grave. Their names were George Starkey and Patrick M'Goolaghan; the latter leaving a wife and five children to deplore his loss. But for the exertions of Mr. John Hogg, son of Mr. J. Hogg, of Rathmullen, who had by this time got his boat in readiness, several of those who had been upset in the first boat would have certainly perished also. After picking them up, he brought them ashore, and again put off with his four men, and, in the most courageous and praiseworthy

manner, succeeded in landing a number of the crew safely on shore. As undaunted as ever, he a second time returned, and with an intrepidity truly astonishing, reached the vessel in safety, and took another cargo on board, all of whom he succeeded in landing. His courage seemed only to acquire strength with his unparalleled success; and, contrary to the wish of some of his relatives and others present, this young gentleman ventured his life a third time; and though, on his return, his boat was half filled with water, and all the oars gone but one, he brought his last cargo triumphantly to land, amidst the cheers of all present. The *Cœur de Lion* was 350 tons register, and was, on this occasion, freighted with a valuable cargo. Several chests of tea, boxes of soap, and casks of brandy and rum were washed ashore. The vessel was the property of Messrs. Fisher and Son, of Liverpool. Mr. Fisher, a nephew of the proprietor, was one of the five who unhappily perished.



LOSS OF THE NOTTINGHAM GALLEY, CAPTAIN DEAN, DECEMBER 11, 1710.

LOSS OF THE NOTTINGHAM GALLEY.

"Her keel had struck on a hidden rock—
Her planks were torn asunder;
And down came her masts with a reeling shock,
And a hideous crash like thunder.
Her sails were dragged in the brine,
That gladden'd late the skies;
And her pennant that kissed the fair moonshine,
Down many a fathom lies."

The Nottingham galley, of 120 tons, and mounting ten guns, commanded by John Dean, having taken in cordage in England and butter, cheese, &c. in Ireland, sailed for Boston, in

New England, on September the 25th, 1710, having on board a crew of fourteen men.

Having met with contrary winds and bad weather, it was the beginning of December when they first made land, which was to the eastward of Piscataqua. They then proceeded southward for the Bay of Massachusetts, under a hard gale of wind at north-east, accompanied with rain, hail, and snow, having had no observation for ten or twelve days.

On the 11th December they handed all the sails, with the exception of the foresail and main-topsail double reefed, ordering one hand forward to look out. About eight or nine o'clock, upon the captain going forward, he discovered breakers a-head, and instantly called out to put the helm hard a-starboard; but

before the ship could wear, she struck upon the east end of the rock called Boon Island, four leagues to the eastward of Piscataqua. The second or third sea hove the ship alongside of it, and the sea running very high, the ship laboured so excessively, that they were not able to stand upon deck; and the weather was so thick and dark, that though they were not above thirty or forty yards distant from the rock, they could not see it. The captain called all hands down to the cabin, where they continued a few minutes, earnestly supplicating the mercy of heaven; yet knowing that prayers, without endeavours, were vain, all hands were ordered up again to cut away the masts, but several of the men were so oppressed by the terrors of conscience, that they were incapable of any exertion. They, however, cut the weathermost shrouds, and the ship heeling towards the rock, the force of the sea soon broke the masts, so that they fell towards the shore.

One of the men went out on the bowsprit, and thinking he saw something black a-head, determined to venture on shore, in company with another, and to give notice by their calls, if they succeeded in gaining the rock. While they were gone, the captain, recollecting some money and papers that might be of use, went down and opened the place in which they were; but the ship bulging, her decks opened, her back broke, and her beams gave way, so that the stern sunk almost under water; he was, therefore, obliged to hasten forward to escape instant death.

Having heard nothing of the men who had gone before, he concluded they were lost; but, notwithstanding, he was under the necessity of making the same adventure upon the foremast, moving gradually forward between every sea, till at last quitting it, he threw himself, with all the strength he had, towards the rock; but it being low water, and the rock extremely slippery, he could get no hold, and tore his fingers, hands, and arms, in the most deplorable manner, every wash of the sea carrying him off again, so that it was with the utmost peril and difficulty that he got safe on shore at last. The remainder of the crew ran the same hazard, but through the mercy of Providence they all escaped with their lives.

The captain, after endeavouring to discharge the salt water, and creeping a little way up the rock, heard the voices of the men who had first ventured on the bowsprit, and by ten o'clock the whole were assembled, when, with grateful hearts, they returned their humble thanks to Providence for their deliverance from such imminent danger. They then endeavoured to gain shelter to the leeward of the rock, but found it so small and inconsiderable that it would afford none, and so very craggy, that they could not walk to keep themselves warm, the weather continuing extremely cold, with snow and rain.

As soon as daylight appeared, they went towards the place where they came on shore, with the expectation of meeting with some provisions from the wreck, enough for their support, but found only some pieces of the yards and masts among some old junk and cables which the anchors had prevented being carried away. Out of the ship's stores, were some pieces of plank and timber, old sails, canvas, &c. driven on shore, but nothing eatable, except some small pieces of cheese, which they picked up among the rock-wood.

They now used their utmost endeavours to get a fire, having a flint and steel with them, and also by a drill, with a very swift motion; but having nothing but what had long been soaked with water, all their attempts proved ineffectual; and at night they were stowed one upon another under the canvas in the best manner they could, to keep each other warm.

The next day, as the weather cleared a little, and was inclining to frost, they went out, and perceiving the main land, they knew where they were, and comforted themselves with the hope of being discovered by fishing shallops. The captain desired the men to search for, and bring up what planks, carpenter's tools, and stores they could find, in order to build a tent and a boat. The cook then complained that he was almost starved, and his countenance discovering his illness, he was ordered to remain behind, with two or three more whom the frost had seized; but he died about noon, upon which they laid the body in a convenient place for the sea to carry away. At this time no mention was made of eating him, although several afterwards acknowledged that they had thoughts of doing so.

After they had been two or three days in this situation, the weather was so extremely cold, that the hands and feet of some of the crew were affected to such a degree, as to take away the sense of feeling, and render them almost useless; and the numbing and discolouration was such, as to give them reason to apprehend mortification. They pulled off their shoes, and cut off their boots; but in getting off their stockings, many of them, whose legs were blistered, pulled off skin and all, and some the nails of their toes. They then wrapped up their legs and feet, as warmly as they could, in oakum and canvass.

They now began to construct a tent in a triangular form, each side being about eight feet, and covered it with the old sails and canvass that came on shore, and fixed a staff on the top, upon which, as often as the weather would permit, they hoisted a piece of cloth in the form of a flag, in order to discover themselves to any vessel that might approach. Within the tent there was only room for each man to lie down on one side, so that none could turn excepting all turned, which was done about every two hours, upon notice being given.

Their next operation was building a boat, with the planks and timber belonging to the wreck; their only tools being a hammer, a mallet, and the blade of a cutlass, which they made into a saw with their knives. They found some nails in the clefts of the rock, and obtained some others from the sheathing. They laid three planks flat for the bottom, with two upon each side, fixed to stanchions and let into the bottom timbers, with two short pieces at each end, and one breadth of new Holland duck round the sides to keep out the spray of the sea, and caulked all they could with oakum drawn from the old junk, and the remainder they filled up with long pieces of canvass. They then fixed a short mast and square-sail, with seven paddles to row, and a longer one to steer. But the carpenter, whose services were now most wanted, was, through illness, incapacitated from affording either assistance or advice, and with the exception of the captain and two more, the remainder were so benumbed and feeble, that they were unable to stir.

After remaining about a week upon the rock, with no other provisions than the pieces of cheese before mentioned, and some beef bones, which they ate after beating them to pieces, they saw three boats at about five leagues distance, which, it may easily be imagined, made them rejoice with the pleasing hope that their deliverance was near. The captain directed all the men to creep out of the tent, and halloo together as loud as their strength would permit; they also made what signals they could; but all was in vain, for those in the boats neither saw nor heard them. It was, however, some alleviation to the bitterness of their disappointment to presume, that as the boats came from the south-west, and the wind was north-east when they were cast away, that their distress might have been made known by the wreck driving on shore, and that the boats were come out in search of them. Thus they buoyed themselves up with the pleasing, but delusive, hopes of deliverance.

Just before they had finished the boat, the carpenter's axe was fortunately cast upon the rock, by which they were enabled to complete their work; but they had scarcely sufficient strength to get her into the water.

The following day, which was the 21st of December, the weather being fine, and the water smoother than they had yet seen it, they consulted as to who should attempt to launch the boat. The captain, who was the strongest of the party, and therefore most capable of undergoing the fatigue, volunteered as one, and the mate offering himself was accepted, together with the captain's brother and four more. Thus commending their enterprise to Providence, all that were able came out, and with great difficulty got their patched-up boat to the water's-edge, where, the surf running very high, they were obliged to wade some distance to launch her; upon which the captain and another got in, when in an instant the swell or the sea drove the boat on shore and overset her, whereby the miserable adventurers narrowly escaped drowning. Their frail boat was dashed to pieces, their enterprise totally disappointed, and their hopes utterly destroyed.

What added to their distress, and served to aggravate the miserable prospect before them, was the loss of their axe and hammer, which were in the boat, and which might have been

of great use, should they afterwards attempt to construct a raft. Yet they had reason to admire the goodness of God in thus providing for their safety through their disappointment, for in the afternoon it blew so hard a gale, that had they been at sea in their poor apology for a boat, they must inevitably have perished; and those that remained on the rock being helpless from weakness, must very soon have shared the same fate.

They were now reduced to the most melancholy and deplorable condition that can well be imagined; almost every man was weak to an extremity, nearly starved with hunger, and perishing with cold; their hands and feet frozen and mortified, with large and deep ulcers on their legs, the smell of which was intolerable to those who could not creep into the open air, and nothing with which to dress them but a piece of linen that was cast on shore. They had no fire, their small stock of cheese was exhausted, and the only support for their feeble bodies, was rock-weed and muscles; and of these the supply was so scanty, that they had never more than two or three a day for each man, so that their bodies were perishing, while their disconsolate spirits were overpowered by the deplorable prospect of starving, without any appearance of relief; and, as if to add to this accumulation of calamities, they apprehended the approaching spring-tide would overflow them. Description fails in attempting to pourtray the horrors of such a situation; the pinching cold and hunger; the extremity of weakness and pain; the racking tortures of conscience in many; and the prospect of a certain, painful, and lingering death, without even the most remote chance of deliverance. This is, indeed, the height of misery, and such, alas! was their case; insomuch, that the greater part of the company were ready to die of horror and despair.

The captain, however, did his utmost to encourage himself and exhort the crew to put their trust in the Almighty, and with patient resignation to await their deliverance; when, as a slight alleviation of their distress, and an encouragement of their faith in Providence a sea-gull came near their quarters, which the mate struck down, and joyfully brought to them. The captain immediately divided it into equal portions, which though raw, and and scarcely affording a mouthful for each, yet they ate it with heartfelt gratitude.

The last method of rescuing themselves which they could possibly devise, was the construction of a raft, capable of carrying two men, and this proposal was strongly supported by one of the men, a Swede, who was a stout brave fellow, but who had, since the disaster, lost the use of both his feet by the frost. He frequently importuned the captain to attempt their deliverance in the way he proposed, offering to accompany him, or if the captain refused he would go alone. After deliberate consultation, they resolved to try the experiment; but found great difficulty in clearing away the junk from the fore-yard, of which it was chiefly to be made, as their working hands were so few and weak.

Having at last accomplished this they split the yard, and with the two parts made side pieces, to which they fixed others, and added some of the lightest planks they could find, first spiking, and afterwards making them firm. The raft was four feet in breadth, upon which they fixed a mast, and out of two hammocks that came on shore, they made a sail; they also made a paddle for each man, and a spare one in case of necessity. This difficulty being thus surmounted, the Swede inquired of the captain whether he intended to accompany him, at the same time giving him to understand, that in case he declined, there was another ready to offer himself for the enterprise; but just at this time they saw a sail come out of the Piscataqua river, about seven leagues to the westward. They again made all the signal they could; but the wind being north-west, and the ship standing eastward, to their bitter disappointment, she was very soon out of sight, without having come near them.

The next day the weather was moderate, and in the afternoon, a light breeze blew right on shore. As the raft was finished, the two men were very anxious to have it launched, but this the mate strenuously opposed, on account of the lateness of the day, it being two o'clock in the afternoon. The men urged the lightness of the nights, and, after some delay, the captain at length consented to their proceeding. They

both got upon the raft, when the swell of the sea, which was rolling very high, overset it, as it had before done the boat; but the Swede, nothing daunted by the accident, swam on shore, while the other, who was no swimmer, was for some time under water, till the captain caught hold of him and saved him; but he was so discouraged, that he would not make a second attempt.

The Swede was resolute in his purpose, and offered to go alone if no one would adventure with him; but another man came down and volunteered to accompany him, upon which they departed on the raft, desiring those who remained to go to prayers, and also to watch what became of them. By sunset they judged them to be half-way to the main, and concluded they might reach the shore by two o'clock in the morning. They, however, fell in with some breakers, or, probably, were over-set by the violence of the sea, and perished; for two days afterwards, the raft was found on shore, and one man dead about a mile from it: but the Swede, who was so forward to adventure, was never heard of more.

Those who remained upon the rock being ignorant what had befallen the others, waited daily for their deliverance; and their expectations were the more raised, by observing a smoke in the woods about two days afterwards, which was the signal appointed to be made if they arrived safe; but seeing no appearance of approaching relief, they supposed that the delay was occasioned by their not being able to procure a vessel so soon as they desired, and this idea served greatly to buoy up their spirits.

Their principal want was that of provisions, as they had nothing to eat but rock-weed, and a very few muscles, and when the spring-tide was over, they could scarcely get any at all. Upon their first arrival, they saw several seals upon the rock, and supposing they might harbour there in the night, the captain, who was the only one among them capable of exertion, walked round at midnight, but could never meet with anything. They likewise saw a great number of birds, but they were never able to catch any. This was a severe disappointment, and tended to aggravate their miseries still more; but it was particularly afflicting to the captain's brother, and another young gentleman, neither of whom had before been at sea, or endured any kind of hardship; and they were now reduced to the last extremity, having no one but the captain capable of assisting them.

Part of a green hide, which was fastened to a piece of the main-yard, being thrown up by the sea, they divided it among them, and, after mincing it small, they swallowed it. About this time the captain set the men to open the junk, and when the weather would permit, he thatched the tent with rope-yarn, in the best manner he was able, which proved of so much service, as to keep out two or three hours' rain, and saved them, in a great measure, from the cold pinching wind, which was very severe.

About the latter end of December, the carpenter, a fat man, and naturally of a dull, heavy, phlegmatic disposition, about forty-seven years of age, and who from their first coming on shore, had been constantly very ill, and lost the use of his feet, complained of excessive pain in his back, and stiffness in his neck: he was likewise almost choked with phlegm, for want of strength to discharge it, and appeared to be drawing near his end. They prayed over him, and used their utmost to be serviceable to him in his last moments, for which he showed himself sensible, though he was speechless, and at night he died. They suffered the body to remain till morning, when the captain desired those who were most able to remove it, and went out by himself to see whether Providence had sent them anything to satisfy the excessive craving of their appetites: but returning before noon, and not seeing the body outside the tent, he inquired why they had not removed it, to which they answered, they were not able: upon this, he fastened a rope to the body, and giving them his assistance, they with some difficulty, dragged it out of the tent. The captain was so overcome by fatigue, and the consideration of their misery, that, being ready to faint, he crept into the tent; but was no sooner there, than, as if to add to his trouble, the men began to request his permission to eat the dead body, the better to support their own lives,

This was, to him, of all the trials he had undergone, the most grievous and shocking—to see himself and company, who, but three weeks before, had come there laden with provisions, now reduced to such a deplorable situation; two of them absolutely starved to death, while, ignorant of the fate of two more, the remainder, though still living, were reduced to the last extremity, and requiring to eat the dead for their support.

After mature consideration of the lawfulness or sinfulness on the one hand, and absolute necessity on the other, judgment and conscience were obliged to submit to the more prevailing arguments of their craving appetites. They, at length, determined to satisfy their hunger, and support their feeble bodies, with the carcase of their deceased companion. The captain ordered the skin, head, feet, hands, and bowels to be thrown into the sea, and the body to be quartered for the convenience of drying and carriage; but again received for answer, that none of them were able to do it, and an earnest entreaty that he would perform that duty for them. This was a hard task, but their incessant prayers and entreaties at last prevailed over his reluctance, and by night he completed the operation.

Part of the flesh he cut into thin slices, and washing it in salt water, brought it into the tent, and obliged the men to eat rock-wood with it instead of bread; but the mate and two others refused to eat any that night, although the next morning they complied, and earnestly desired to partake with the rest.

The captain soon found that they all ate with the utmost avidity, so that he was obliged to carry the quarters further from the tent, to be out of their reach, lest, by over-eating, they should injure themselves, and likewise expend their small stock too soon; he also limited each man to an equal portion, that they might not quarrel, or have cause to reflect on one another; and this method he was the more obliged to adopt, for in a few days he found their dispositions entirely changed, and the affectionate, peaceable temper they had hitherto manifested totally lost. Their eyes looked wild and staring, and their countenances fierce and barbarous. Instead of obeying his commands, as they had universally and cheerfully done before, he now found that even prayers and entreaties were in vain, and nothing was to be heard but brutal quarrels, with horrid oaths and imprecations, instead of that quiet and submissive spirit of prayer and supplication which they had previously manifested.

This dreadful state of things, coupled with the dismal prospect of future want, obliged the captain to keep a strict watch over the remainder of the dead body, lest any of them should get to it; as, if that were spent, they would be compelled to feed on the living, which they certainly must have done had they remained a few days longer; but the goodness of God began now to appear, by putting it into the hearts of the good people on the shore to which their raft was driven, to come out in search of them, which they did on the morning of the 2nd of January.

Just as he was creeping out of the tent, the captain observed a shallop, about half-way from the shore, standing directly towards them. It is impossible for imagination to conceive, or language to express, the joy and satisfaction which they felt at the prospect of such a speedy and unexpected deliverance.

The boat came to an anchor at the distance of about one hundred yards, the swell preventing her from approaching nearer; but her anchor coming home, obliged the crew to stand off till about noon, waiting for smoother water upon the flood.

Upon the boat bearing the shore, the captain gave her crew an account of all their miseries, excepting their want of provisions, which he did not mention, lest the apprehension of bad weather might prevent the people in the shallop from coming on shore. He earnestly entreated them to attempt their immediate deliverance, or, if possible, at least to furnish them with the means of obtaining a fire, which, with great difficulty and hazard, they at last accomplished, by sending one man in a small canoe, who, after great exertion, got on shore.

After helping him up with his canoe, and seeing nothing to eat, the captain asked him if he could give them fire; to which he answered in the affirmative, but was so affrighted at the thin and meagre appearance of the other, that for some time he could scarcely speak, till recollecting himself, he accom-

panied the captain to the tent, where he was surprised and shocked to see so many in such a deplorable condition. Their flesh was so wasted, and their looks so ghastly and frightful, that it was really a dismal spectacle.

With some difficulty they made a fire, after which, as the captain determined to go on board with the man, and send for the rest one or two at a time, they both got into the canoe; but the sea immediately drove them against the rock with such violence, that they were upset, and the captain being very weak, it was a considerable time before he could recover himself, so that he had a very narrow escape from drowning. The man, in the mean time, got on board without him, intending to return the next day with better conveniences, if the weather should permit.

It was an afflicting sight to see the shallop now standing away from the shore without them, whose appearance, a few hours before, had raised in them such flattering hopes; but the Almighty, who orders every thing for the best, had, doubtless, designed their preservation, in denying what appeared to be present deliverance; for soon after her departure, the wind blew so hard, that the shallop was lost; and the crew, with great difficulty, saved their lives. Had these poor miserable creatures been with them, as they had wished and expected, it is more than probable they must have all perished, as they had not strength sufficient to help themselves.

When the crew of the shallop reached the shore, they immediately sent an express to Portsmouth, in Piscataqua, where the people hastened to their deliverance as soon as the weather would allow; but, to their great sorrow, and a further trial of their patience, the next day was stormy; and though they had no doubt that the people on shore were acquainted with their condition, and would assist them as soon as possible, yet it was uncertain how long the present unfavourable weather might continue, which made their situation extremely miserable.

The wind, however, abated during the night, and early the following morning a shallop came for them, on board which was Captain Dean's much-esteemed friends, Captain Long and Captain Purver, with three men, who brought a large canoe, and in two hours got them all on board, being obliged to carry them all from the tent to the canoe, and fetch them off by two or three at a time.

When they got on board the shallop, they each eat a piece of bread, and drank a dram of rum, which made them extremely sick; but after their stomachs had tasted some warm nourishing food, they became so exceedingly hungry and ravenous, that had not their friends restricted their diet for two or three days, they must have killed themselves with over-eating.

Two days after their coming on shore, the apprentice lost the greater part of one foot; the rest recovered their limbs, though not the perfect use of them. Very few, excepting the captain, escaped without losing the benefit of fingers and toes, though otherwise all were in perfect health.

A droll adventure some time ago occurred, at Naples, before the Café d'Italie, near the Royal Palace. An English sailor, animated by the juice of the grape, happened to run foul of a soldier, who in return began to abuse him with all the usual invective of a Neapolitan vocabulary. A dialogue ensued, from which neither of the disputants derived much edification, each carrying it on in his own national dialect. In a few minutes afterwards about half a dozen other soldiers arrived from the neighbouring cavalry guard-house, and joined their comrade. The sailor protested that he had been quite innocent of any intention to give offence; but the soldiers, confident in their superior numbers, insisted upon his going to the guard-house. After some further altercation, two of them attempted to lay hands upon him, when Jack, losing all patience, had his jacket off in a twinkling, and challenged the whole set to come on, and show what they were made of. Those who were nearest to him received instant proofs of the vigour of his arm, whereupon the whole set scampered off in quick time, whilst Jack, after adjusting his costume, walked leisurely away, but not without stopping to discharge a volley of oaths into the guard-house; but none of the inmates, however, manifested the slightest wish to renew the altercation.

THE LIFE BOAT.

On the north-eastern coast of England are several dangerous banks or shoals, upon which the most melancholy wrecks frequently occur in stormy weather; and, perhaps, no part is more dangerous than the shore between Yarmouth and Lowestoff, where the violence of the sea has repeatedly caused considerable damage, and made appalling irruptions. Upon occasions of imminent danger, where the energies of man are called into action by the voice of humanity, to save our fellow-creatures from the yawning tombless grave, nothing can exceed the noble and gallant daring of the Yarmouth and Lowestoff boatmen, as they put off, heedless of all personal danger, to attempt the rescue of crews in distress. Hundreds of human

beings are annually saved by the successful exertions of those noble fellows; who, from their constant occupation of fishing, naturally acquire a skill in the management of their frail barks in tempestuous weather, not to be surpassed by boatmen on any part of Britain's iron-bound coast. The calm intrepidity with which these men launch their boats into the tempestuous ocean, with the furious threatenings of death in their ears, and the greatest perils before their eyes, all around them, creates a stirring interest in the bosom of the anxious beholder.

In the early part of the year 1823, particular attention was arrested by the violence of the breakers dashing over the banks, so dangerous to mariners, upon this part of the coast. The wind was high, but not boisterous, though the aspect of the weather, even to an unpractised eye, was anything but fa-



THE LIFE BOAT.

vourable. The rising wind now began to increase to a fearful degree, and the sudden gusts were not only more frequent, but louder and more continuous. The sea was becoming gradually ruffled, and the foam was gathering upon the crest of every billow as they rolled towards the shore. The breakers whitened more and more as they dashed their heavy and ponderous masses over the fatal spot which had been the cause of so many disastrous wrecks. The sun glared through the uneven sections of the gathering clouds, as they passed rapidly over this beautifully radiating orb. The wind now boomed loudly, and the clouds began to collect in deeper hues. As evening advanced the storm increased with awful rapidity and equal violence—the chafing waters were already white with continual and angry collision. How thrillingly was heard the first portentous harsh moan of the wind, which rapidly rose and roared

over the expanse of waters with the voice and threatening of omnipotent terror! The rushing torrent seemed to leap up to meet its rude embrace, from which it immediately receded with an appalling fierceness, as if driven back by some mysterious but overpowering agency. By this time the sun gleamed luridly through the brief intervals into which the clouds occasionally broke, as they swiftly careered over its dimly-enveloped disk. The impenetrable masses of vapour which by this time had overspread the sky, produced a supernatural darkness; and the golden edges with which the setting sun had adorned them, presented a singular contrast with the deep varying tints which they were constantly assuming, as they evolved their huge but fantastic shapes over the horizon, like the hideous fiction of a dream, or the creation of a capricious imagination. In a few hours the sea had swollen from a state of gentle un-

dulation to one of appalling disorder, resembling a monster writhing in agony, and, uniting with the roar of the elements in such dreadful commotion, that made the beholder tremble. Ere the sun had sunk below the horizon, it was blowing a complete hurricane. The fishing-boats made for shore with the utmost speed, and were soon hauled upon the beach, with the assistance of the wives, children, and relatives of those whose safety had now become a subject of painful anxiety. The sea rolled upon the shore with frightful violence, and dashed against any opposing object, with a force which carried a sheet of spray almost to the sky, and flinging it over the land like a huge shroud uplifted from the billows, where the minister of

death appeared to be preparing to enter upon a mission of awful devastation. When evening set in, the tempest had nearly reached its climax, and the darkness was so intense that nothing was to be seen but the frothy surface of the waters, illuminated by its own igneous illusory gleaming, exhibiting its ponderous heaving body, that seemed a huge spectre of the deep arising from a disturbed repose, and labouring under the throes of some supernatural convulsion. Shortly after midnight the impetuosity of the wind appeared to moderate; but early in the morning there was a thick heavy mist upon the sea, which was so dense that the eye could not pierce it. The glorious orb of day alone was visible through the impenetrable

vapour; and that looked as if suspended from the sky. The effect was singularly painful, as there was something altogether ominous in the strange aspect.

As the morning advanced the wind rapidly rose and dispersed the mist, the clouds once more gathered over the sun, and before noon the tempest raged as fiercely as on the preceding night. As soon as objects in the distance became at all visible, it was perceived that a ship had run upon the furthestmost and most dangerous shoal. She lay quite upon her beam ends, not a sail set, and the sea dashing over her hull with frightful impetuosity. It was evident that she could not long withstand such a terrible assault. By the aid of a glass, the crew were seen clinging to the wreck in a state of agonising distress. The rigging and tackle of the vessel were in the greatest disorder, as if it had suffered extremely from the hurricane of the preceding

night. The sails had been furled, but hung in loose bags from the masts. It became manifest, at the first glance, that there was no hope of saving the ship, and that great peril must be incurred in attempting to rescue the crew. This, however, was determined upon the moment their danger was ascertained.

To be prepared for casualties, like the present, a life-boat had been built, upon a new and singularly safe construction. It was capable of containing eighty persons. The whole of the outside was faced with cork, which projected from the wood to a thickness of, at least, four inches. The outer surface of the cork was covered with tarpaulin, well secured, and the whole protected by a thick coat of white lead. This preparation not only rendered the boat so buoyant as to secure her against upsetting, but, should she strike against any hard substance, the elastic nature of the cork caused her to rebound, and by yielding

to the force of the shock, escape staving. Also, in order to increase her buoyancy, and render her upsetting next to an impossibility, copper pipes, eight inches in diameter, filled with air, were passed from head to stern, in the inside, just below the gunwale. Above these pipes was the bench for the accommodation of those persons who might be fortunate enough to be saved from shipwreck. She carried two masts and two square-sails, and was generally manned by from twelve to sixteen picked men. The security of her construction considerably diminished the danger attendant upon occasions like the present, though it was still a work of very great peril.

The moment it was perceived that there was a vessel in distress, the crew assembled with great alacrity, and launched the life-boat into the turbulent sea. The anxiety depicted upon every countenance, to save the lives of their fellow-creatures, was extreme. The feelings of humanity expressed in the rough features of those kind hearted fishermen, claimed the admiration of those who witnessed their intrepidity and earnestness in the cause of suffering fellow-mortals. They launched from the beach, accompanied by the fervent prayers of all present. The wind had somewhat subsided, but the sea was in awful commotion; nevertheless, the lightness of their bark caused it to leap over the waves, as if it defied their fury, and was secure from the peril which they threatened. Notwithstanding her extreme buoyancy, the billows frequently rolled over her bows, completely filling her with water, a large portion of which escaped as she yielded her side to the leeward, burying her gunwale, for a moment, in the tumultuous flood, then rising with the lightness of a gull upon the convulsive waters. She was instantly bailed out by the crew, with an activity that gave little time for accumulation. On they went, bounding through the foaming surges; yet the crew, in spite of all their skill, were exposed to considerable peril from the occasional dashing of the sea over the boat's bow, which threatened to wash them overboard, and which required the greatest caution to prevent. The sudden lurching of the boat would have been fatal to any less accustomed to the storms so frequent off this coast, and which they continually encounter in their small open fishing-boats.

As they approached the shallows, the cross ground-swell rendered the boat much more exposed to ship water, and kept many of them constantly employed in baling. Sea after sea poured over her, but still she rode triumphant. The crew, however, had now more difficulty than ever in securing themselves from being washed overboard. They were obliged to lower the mainsail, and keep her under just sufficient canvass to steady her, and give her an impulse towards the object of their dangerous undertaking. The breakers as they rolled over the bank, presented a fearful object of peril. How to approach the stranded ship was an undetermined difficulty. One part of the bank was so shoally, that the boat could not venture near enough to be of any service; the crew were, therefore, obliged to keep her upon that side of the wreck, where the depth of the water enabled her to float with some degree of safety. When within the immediate influence of the breakers, it being impossible to keep her steady, she was, of course, subject to the dangerous contingency which now perpetually happened, of being filled with water; and it required all their activity to get rid of their liquid burthen. The promptness and decision of the men were above all praise; yet, notwithstanding the skill with which the helmsman met the billow, and rode over its crested bosom, the wave frequently, for a moment, buried her within its briny womb; but she rose out of the unwelcome embrace, with the freedom and lightness of a swan in its pastime.

By this time they were within twenty yards of the ship. Her crew were clinging to her bulwarks on the weather side. Every wave that struck against her swept her deck from stem to stern, and rendered it a great difficulty for the unfortunate seamen to maintain their hold. She was a merchant vessel of about three hundred tons burthen, and, being heavily laden, had already sunk deep into the sand-bank on which she had struck. Every moment increased the peril of the unhappy crew; and their cries came upon the ear through the crashings of the tempest, beseeching despatch, as they were in the greatest

extremity. The hoarse scream of supplication roused the energy of the boatmen to still greater exertions. It was an awful situation. The surf broke over the bank with such terrific fury, that they had the greatest difficulty to avoid being cast upon the engulfing shoal.

They were now within about ten yards of the vessel, and being to the leeward, they lowered the remaining sail, as the elevated position of the hull broke the force of the wind, and arrested the impetus of the breakers. Thus, having got into what seamen call the lull of the sea, they found themselves better able to steady the boat, though the cross-swell was so troublesome, that it required great skill and caution to prevent her being forced upon the bank. There was no possibility of getting nearer the wreck, without incurring the hazard of being dashed to pieces against her hull; they were, therefore, obliged to keep off the boat. As they had now no sail set to steady her, and send her over the chafing surges, she was continually filled with water; and all their efforts to keep her free were unavailing. At this moment one of the crew on board the wreck, who had been clinging to an anchor at the bow, was washed off by a sea with a force that sent him several yards from his hold. In an instant he was swept past the boat with the velocity of a cannon-ball. He rose upon the surface with evident difficulty, struggled fiercely, then sank to sleep his last sleep within the ocean's bosom, before the boat could possibly reach him.

The boat regained its former position, and one of her crew, standing at the bow, flung a small rope on board, which was instantly caught by one of the sailors, who, having observed the action, was prepared to receive it. Without a moment's delay he fastened the rope round his body, and then sprang into the sea; and was instantly hauled on board, but in a state of insensibility.

By this time, from the repeated shocks of the breakers, the ship had sprung several planks, and the water poured into her hold, which was filled in a short time. It had now become quite evident that she would soon go to pieces; and the danger, therefore, of the unhappy crew became every instant more and more imminent. As yet only one had been rescued, and there still remained fourteen on the wreck, besides the captain's wife and her infant child.

A crash was now heard in the stranded ship, and the main-mast fell by the board. It was almost immediately followed by the mizen and foremasts, which fell, likewise, with an ominous splash into the foaming deep. The cord was again flung to the wreck, and the captain seized it, in order to fix it round the body of his wife, who clasped her infant to her bosom with a despairing look; the babe being fastened to its agonising mother by a shawl wrapped round her waist. At this moment she was swept from the gangway, together with her husband, who was in the act of fixing the rope. Both instantly disappeared, but almost immediately rose amid the convulsed waters, which broke over them with alarming impetuosity. One of the fishermen, with heroic resolution, having dragged the line on board the boat, tied it round himself, and, plunging into the sea, swam towards the hapless woman just as she was sinking. With desperate energy she clung to her preserver, and both were hauled into the boat, the former in a state of dreadful exhaustion. The unhappy husband sunk to rise no more, in the sight of the wretched partner of her toils, whose screams rose above the clamour of the elements; and had she not been restrained by the powerful arm of her preserver, would have leaped into the angry flood. The infant, though senseless when rescued from the billows, was eventually restored to animation by the warmth of its distracted mother's bosom.

With extreme labour, and at considerable hazard, several of the seamen were released from their perilous situation, and the cord was again flung to the wreck, and secured by one of the unhappy sufferers: but so many of the ship's planks had sprung, that it was every instant apprehended the hull would go to pieces. Every sea that broke over her, added to the danger. She groaned terribly, and her whole frame vibrated with the concussion that every sea caused to her shattered hull. At length a terrific breaker struck her upon the weather quarter—a tremendous crash followed—a second and a third breaker

followed in succession, and struck her—she reeled for a moment—the spray hid her from sight, and after a short interval, nothing was to be seen but her planks floating upon the convulsed expanse of waters. Before the rope could be fastened round the body of the sailor who had caught it, the shock came—the deck opened—the frame of the vessel was rent asunder—and the remaining three unhappy men were whirled into eternity.

The crew of the Life-boat had succeeded in saving ten out of fifteen of the hapless crew, besides the bereaved mother and her fatherless infant. These lives had been preserved by the intrepid fishermen at the imminent hazard of their own; and though they had the melancholy misfortune to behold so many of their fellow-beings descend to their premature and unhalloved graves, they had, nevertheless, the conscious satisfaction of having rescued twelve of the unfortunate sufferers from the wreck.

Having done all that either human skill or intrepidity could do, in the hour of peril, for the salvation of human life, they turned the prow of their boat towards the shore. Their progress was rapid, having both wind and tide in their favour, though the storm continued to rage with unabated fury. They ran, however, before the wind, and the gallant Life-boat, with its precious burthen, leaped over the billows, which opposed the buoyant fugitive with their frothy crests reared and threatening to overwhelm her; however, she bounded lightly onward, and at length reached the beach, without the slightest accident, and having scarcely shipped a sea during her return, where they were received by the hearty congratulations of those assembled on the shore.

Every attention that the kindest sympathies of our nature could dictate, was paid to the hapless widow and her orphan child; whilst all vied in supplying the wants of the seamen, who were thus providentially saved from an unconsecrated grave.

Provision was soon made for restoring the shipwrecked mariners to the bosom of their respective families; but the *lonely one* still continues to inhabit the hospitable shores of Lowestoff; and the delicate bud that Providence fostered in the hour of peril, is now fast expanding to a beauteous flower; ever grateful that the divine attributes of ingenuity and humanity combined to construct and establish the Life-boat.

PERILOUS SITUATION OF THE AMERICAN, CAPTAIN STANDIGE, DECEMBER 1749.

On the 25th of September, 1749, the American, commanded by Captain, afterwards Sir Samuel Standige, having completed her lading, which consisted of coals, grindstones, bale goods, and hemp, the captain received his instructions from the owner at Hull, to drop down the Humber the next tide, and then to proceed to Newport, in Rhode Island, the place of his destination, with all possible expedition.

In pursuance of these instructions, Captain Standige repaired on board, when all things being in readiness, preparations were immediately made for sailing; but in hauling out of the harbour, the ship met with an unfortunate accident, occasioned by another vessel which cut the rope by which she was secured, and caused her to take the ground near the Dolphin. It being high water when the ship took the ground, and the neap-tides coming on, the ship was detained for four days in this disagreeable situation; and when she floated again, it was found that from her straining so heavily, she had sustained considerable damage, and before she could be got off to an anchor, the men were obliged to rig both pumps, and several hours elapsed before they could be worked. The crew found the ship to be so very leaky that all hands left her, when the captain went on shore to inform the owner of her condition; he told the captain, that he could not consent to have her repaired at home, if he could by any means possibly avoid it, he had much rather that it should be done at any other port.

Captain Standige thus unsuccessful in his application to the owner, resolved at all events to get the ship away if possible; and accordingly, notwithstanding it was then eight o'clock at night, he went in search of fresh seamen to man the ship, and

having soon procured a competent number of hands, got them on board by four o'clock the following morning; they immediately weighed anchor, and both wind and tide being favourable, they were in a very short time out of the Humber.

By this time, however, he too plainly perceived that the ship had settled considerably in the water; but fearful that the men should be too much alarmed, he secretly conveyed away the pump-log and hid it. After the sailors had all received a comfortable refreshment, Captain Standige gave orders for the pumps to be rigged, and got to work to pump her out, at which he exerted himself in common with the rest of the men. After both pumps had been at work for about an hour, the men began to express strong apprehensions that the ship was too old to suck, and in a great degree to slacken their exertions. The captain, however, endeavoured to encourage them as much as lay in his power, and then told them, that they were now so far embarked with a fair wind, without any chance of regaining the port they had left, that the only alternative that was left them under the circumstances, was to pump or to drown—that he had orders from the owner to put into any port in England to repair—and that he hoped the ship would soon close her rents; but that if, contrary to his expectations, she continued so leaky that one pump would not be sufficient to keep her free, he would then put into Harwich, where they might have a good winter's employment. The men now went cheerfully to work, and with unwearied exertions at the pumps for about four hours longer, they so far reduced the quantity of water in the hold, that the labour of one pump constantly going was sufficient.

The next day, as the wind was fair, they ran through Yarmouth Roads; but as soon as they had got over the Stamford, and before they could reach Orford Ness, a strong gale came on from the E.N.E. The sea ran extremely high, and the night was very dark; the captain then steered a course for the Foreland, with the intention of going into Dover Pier. The next day, however, being without the Goodwin Sands, and the wind blowing strong from the E.S.E., with thick rainy weather, there was no looking at the land with any degree of safety; so that they were obliged to steer a course right down the channel without ever once seeing land; and a strong gale continuing to blow, they were hurried in a very little time about a hundred leagues to the westward. Although the weather proved so tempestuous, yet, during the whole run, the ship was kept free with only one pump constantly working; and the captain found means by the promise of five shillings a month advance, in each man's wages, to keep them tolerably easy and in good spirits.

They were now fairly embarked on the wide Atlantic Ocean, in a very leaky, crazy ship, that wrought and strained excessively; and as the winter season was advancing apace, the wind hung for a considerable time to the S. and S.W., which kept them a long time to the northward; and continuing to stand to the westward, prevented their running for the trade winds: hence it happened that the whole voyage proved remarkably tedious and turbulent, with frequent heavy gales. When they had advanced between five and six hundred leagues, they experienced for several days together uncommonly severe *jack-northwesters*; and the sea running extremely high, often broke over the ship with great violence. Every favourable change of wind, however, which enabled them to pursue either a direct or an oblique course, was embraced with the utmost eagerness and alacrity.

On the 21st of December, they first struck soundings, in thirty-five fathoms, with a green ooze at bottom; being then, as the captain imagined, in Block Island channel, about ten leagues S.W. of Rhode Island, as the ship was in that parallel of latitude. Stretching to the west in cold, hazy, winter weather, they discovered a schooner about four hours after, bearing down upon them. On being hailed, Captain Standige told the master of her, that they had been out fourteen weeks from England; and that they had sounded thirty-five fathoms in Block Island Channel. The master of the schooner told them, that he had been out only three days from Boston, bound, as they were, for Rhode Island, and that they were then in Saint George's Channel, to the eastward of Nantucket Island; to

this, Standige replied, that as he had before experienced these soundings, that he was sure they were in Block Island Channel. At this reply, the master of the schooner seemed a good deal piqued, and asked Captain Standige if he, who had been out fourteen weeks from England, could pretend to know better than he who had been out only three days from Boston; but they parted company soon after, during a heavy gale of wind, accompanied with a great fall of snow, and an intense frost.

As the schooner's account differed at least forty leagues from their own reckoning, the captain consulted with the mate, as to which they should adopt; for if they adopted that of the schooner's, and their own should prove the most correct, their course, which would then lay to the westward, would entangle them with Nantucket's shoals; while their own course would keep them in safety under Long Island. As the schooner had been so short a time out of port, they unfortunately preferred her reckoning to their own, and the ship's head was laid to the eastward with as much wind and sea as enabled them to carry a foresail: the wind at the time blowing strong from the N.E., and the frost very severe with frequent and heavy showers of snow. The cables were bent, and the anchors kept clear, so as to be ready to let go, in case any danger should threaten, and the lead was going every half hour.

Having stood upon this tack for about eighteen or twenty hours, they gradually shoaled their water, inasmuch that at eight o'clock in the evening, they had decreased from thirty-five to nine or ten fathoms. The night wore a terrible aspect, and for snow and ice, proved as dismal as men could be exposed to. The captain had another consultation with the mate, and they were both under strong apprehensions, that if they wore the ship and stood upon any other course, they might run into unforeseen and fatal dangers; for they now, too late, discovered that they had been completely misled in their reckoning by the master of the schooner.

All hands were now called—the foresail hauled up, and handed with much difficulty; the best bower-anchor was let go, and all the cable veered out, so that the ship rode with a whole cable before her. The hawse was now served, and all made snug; and then all hands turned to the pumps and freed the ship. In this dreadfully tempestuous night, the whole crew, divided into two watches, relieved each other alternately through the whole night, as the frost was so intense, they were fearful of the pumps freezing.

The ship rode it out much better than could reasonably have been expected, considering her situation in the middle of the Atlantic and in the depth of winter, it being the night between the 29th and 30th December, and increased in length by their miserable condition. At length the welcome morning dawned upon them, when the wind became somewhat more moderate. At seven o'clock, being then day-light, and a lucid interval between showers of snow, the man at the mast-head called out, "Broken water to windward, and on the starboard bow." It was then they perceived the imminent danger to which they had been exposed, and from which they had been so providentially saved. This broken water they soon found to be the great shoals and sands of Nantucket Island; for, soon afterwards, they could distinctly see over the sands the masts of the vessels in the harbour of Nantucket; and the captain perfectly recollected the place.

On the 30th of December they weighed anchor. Nantucket Island bearing N. by W., and the wind at N. by E., they set the foresail close, reefed the main-top-sail, and stood to the westward. At four o'clock they altered their course to N.W., St. Martha's Vineyard bearing N.N.E., distance one league. They stretched all night W. by N., a heavy gale blowing, with severe frost and snow; the lead was kept going every half-hour, the soundings being from twelve to twenty fathoms. At six the following morning they were close in with the light-house on Point Judith, and only about ten miles from Newport, which they were anxious to reach as soon as possible, and kept working the ship in the wind's eye, tack and tack; but the gale continued so strong, that with their utmost exertions they were unable to gain any ground.

On the 31st, at six o'clock in the evening, they handed the

sails, and finding a sandy bottom, they let go the anchor, in thirty-five fathom water. Although they were then on a rocky and dangerous coast, open to the Atlantic Ocean, and the weather continuing excessively tempestuous, yet the ship rode it out very comfortably. There was a heavy fall of snow during the night, but the weather became more moderate in the morning. After clearing the decks of the snow and ice, they weighed anchor, and worked the ship safe into the harbour of Newport, in Rhode Island, to the no small amazement of Mr. Joseph Harrison, the merchant to whom they were consigned, and all the gentlemen of the place. Upon being informed of their situation on the preceding night, they observed that it was the first and only instance that had ever come to their knowledge of a ship anchoring on that coast; but when told that the American had been at anchor in the heavy gale three days previous, under Nantucket's shoals, they could scarcely believe it to be possible.

They learned afterwards that the schooner, whose erroneous reckoning had completely misled them, was blown off to the West Indies.

LOSS OF THE FLORA, CAPTAIN THOMAS BURROWS, OCTOBER, 1804.

"I saw a ship, in the gloom defined,
With cordage wet, and bare poles, rush past,
Like an infant's toy on the billow vast;
It fell in the channel's gloomy black—
It rose in the lightning's lurid track—
Where the curling wave seemed to wall the sky,
As it blacken'd and swell'd on the sailor's eye."

THE brig Flora, commanded by Thomas Burrowes, sailed from Philadelphia, on Friday, September 28, 1804. Besides the master, she had on board William Davidson, supercargo; Jacob Oldenberg, mate; Josiah Anderson, steward; Samuel Badcock, John Nevan, Joseph Wilder, and William Storey, seamen; Josiah Smith and William Cameron, boys; being ten persons in all.

On October 1, they discharged their pilot, and took their departure from Cape Henlopen, with a pleasant breeze from the N.W. Nothing of consequence occurred until the 8th, when the wind hauled to the northward, and continued in that direction until the 10th, with a heavy swell from the N.N.E. On the 12th, they were in lat. 28° 50' N., long. 54° 54' W., when, observing the appearance of a storm coming on from the N.E., they took in their jib, square-mainsail, top-gallantsails, and staysails. At about four o'clock in the afternoon, the gale increased, upon which they close-reefed their topsails, sent the top-gallant-yards down, and took in two reefs of the fore and after staysail; and at midnight, as the gale was still increasing, they handed the top-sails, and hove-to under the foresail and main-staysail.

At one o'clock in the morning of the 13th, they handed the foresail and main-staysail, and hove-to under the balance-reefed mainsail, the gale increasing with a heavy sea, accompanied with thunder and lightning, and violent rain; and at two o'clock they handed the balance-mainsail, and hove-to under bare poles.

As it continued to blow without intermission, all hands were employed on deck, and their pumps kept constantly going; but, finding it was impossible that the brig could lie-to any longer, all hands were called aft, as it was determined, for the preservation of the vessel, to cut away the mainmast, and scud before the wind, and everything being prepared, they divided accordingly; but before they could get to the mast, they were struck by a whirlwind, which hove the ship on her beam-ends. Every one now rushed to the windward side of the vessel, with the exception of Joseph Wilder, who, being in the fore-castle at the time, was drowned. They immediately cut the lanyards of the main-rigging, and the mainmast went by the board. Soon after the hatches were blown up, the vessel filled with water, and the cargo was floating out at each hatch-way.

All hope of saving the ship was now at end, and self-preservation became the only object with every one; they accord-

ingly lashed themselves to the main-chains, when a heavy sea breaking over, carried away William Davidson, William Storey, and the two boys, and soon afterwards the foremasts went by the board.

As daylight broke, a most dismal and tremendous sight presented itself to their view: the vessel was an entire wreck, with masts and spars hanging to it, while different parts of the cargo, as it floated out of the hold from time to time, washed over them. At length they shipped a heavy sea abaft, which stove in the stern, and made so large an opening, that the cargo in the cabin was washed out, and the wreck thereby considerably lightened.

They remained on the main-chains till about eight o'clock in the morning, when they took to the bowsprit, thinking that to be the safest part of the wreck; and about an hour afterwards, William Storey, and one of the boys, William Cameron, drifted on board on the caboose-house; but about noon the boy died through fatigue, and they committed his body to the deep. They now lost all hope, and resigned themselves to their fate, expecting every wave to swallow them; for, though the gale abated, a heavy sea continued running during the latter part of the day.

On the 15th, William Storey died for want of subsistence, and the mate, from extreme hunger, actually devoured a part of his leg; but the rest of the crew refused to share with him in his disgusting repast, and the remains were committed to the deep. In this dreadful situation they continued until the 17th, when the gale considerably abated. It now occurred to them that, by diving into the half-deck, they might obtain something on which they could subsist: but all their attempts to do so proved ineffectual, and they had then no other resource but to chew the lead from the boxes.

On the 19th, they discovered a large ship to leeward, and made all the signals they were able, but in vain, for she passed without taking the least notice of them. On the following day a strong breeze sprung up, and a heavy sea running, several kegs of butter came up from the fore-castle, upon which they plunged in on the deck, and were so fortunate as to save five of them, one of which was opened, and they fed one another; but they soon found that the salt butter increased their thirst, instead of relieving it.

On the 21st, a schooner passed them to leeward, within less than a mile; and although they hoisted every signal they could make, she took no notice of them, though they could see every man on deck. Jacob Oldenberg now became delirious, and continued in that state until the 23rd, when he died; but instead of throwing his body overboard, the remainder of the crew, now, reduced to the last extremity from want of water and food, agreed to eat his flesh for their own preservation. They accordingly dissected the body, and found considerable relief from drinking the blood. The wreck at this time was surrounded by numerous sharks, which seemed waiting for the miserable creatures upon it: but Providence had so far ordered it otherwise, that the men caught one of the largest of them, by means of a piece of Oldenberg's flesh, attached to a rope. They then committed the remainder of the mate's body to the deep; and having got the shark on the bowsprit, split him open, and divided the blood among them, which proved a most happy and seasonable relief to all.

On the 24th, at sunrise, when despair had left them almost without hope, to their unspeakable joy, they saw a brig standing towards them, the sight of which filled them with hopes, and raised their drooping spirits. They immediately hoisted signals of distress, and, to their great delight, saw the brig haul up towards them. At ten, a.m., she hove-to, and hoisted out a boat to their assistance, when these wretched sufferers were released from their pitiable condition, and taken on board the vessel, which proved to be the Thames, of London, commanded by Charles Burton, and bound from Madeira to New Providence.

They were now in the most feeble and emaciated condition possible for human nature to endure, and the legs of all were most dreadfully ulcerated. The captain was so weak that, on being brought on board, he several times fainted, and it was long before any symptoms of his recovery were appa-

rent. A bed was made for them on the quarter-deck, an awning set over it, and every assistance given that was necessary; but the officers were particularly careful to prevent these poor miserable objects from gratifying their eager desire to assuage the burning thirst they had so long endured, by drinking too copiously, which would soon prove fatal; they therefore supplied them with fresh water only, sparingly and cautiously at first. Two ladies, who were passengers on board the Thames, with that sympathy and tenderness which ever distinguish their sex, were most assiduously attentive in doing every thing in their power to contribute to their comforts; they gave them some sago, and made them some chicken-broth, and were so far successful in their humane exertions, that the men soon began to recover their spirits and strength. As their clothing was in a very wretched plight, from the distress they had suffered, their kind deliverers furnished them with new clothes, and had the happiness to see daily a rapid progress in the re-establishment of their health.

When the wreck was discovered, the captain of the Thames found the lat. to be $25^{\circ} 5' N.$; from which it appeared that this vessel had been carried, by some current or unknown cause, eleven miles to the northward of their account. By this providential deviation from the cause they intended to steer, they were brought to the spot where the wreck lay; and as such a deviation had never occurred to them in any former voyage, they could only ascribe it unto him, whose tender mercies are over all his works, that they had been the instruments of His merciful goodness in rescuing from their dreadful situation the four poor souls they had taken from the wreck. So true it is, that "those who go down to the sea in ships, and who do business in great waters, see the works of the Lord and his wonders in the deep."

A FOX YARN.

I RECOLLECT once when I was very near eaten alive by foxes, and that in a very singular manner. I was then mate of a Greenland ship. We had been on the fishing ground for three months, and had twelve fish on board. Finding we were doing well, we fixed our ice-anchors upon a very large iceberg, drifting up and down with it, and taking fish as we fell in with them. One morning as we had just cast loose the carcass of a fish which we had cut up, when the man in the crow's nest, on the look-out for another "fall," cried out that a large polar bear and her cub were swimming over to the iceberg, against the side of which, and about half a mile from us, the carcass of the whale was beating. As we had nothing to do, seven of us immediately started in chase; we intended to have gone after the foxes, which had gathered there also in hundreds, to prey upon the dead whale. It was then quite calm: we soon came up with the bear, who at first was for making off; but as the cub could not get on over the rough ice, as well as the old one, she at last turned round to bay. We shot the cub to make sure of her, and it did make sure of the dam not leaving us till either she or we perished in the conflict.

I never shall forget her moaning over the cub, as it lay bleeding on the ice, while we fired bullet after bullet into her. At last she turned round, gave a roar and a gnashing snarl, which you might have heard a mile, and, with her eyes flashing fire, darted upon us. We received her in a body, all close together, with our lances to her breast; but she was so large and so strong, that she beat us all back, and two of us fell; fortunately the others held their ground, and she was then an end, three bullets were put into her chest, which brought her down. I never saw so large a beast in my life. I don't wish to make her out larger than she really was, but I have seen many a bullock at Smithfield which would not weigh two-thirds of her. Well, after that, we had some trouble in dispatching her; and while we were so employed, the wind blew up in gusts from the northward, and the snow fell heavy. The men were for returning to the ship immediately, which certainly was the wisest thing for us all to do; but I thought that the snow storm would blow over in a short time, and not wishing to lose so fine a skin, resolved to remain and flay the beast; for I knew if left there a few hours, as the

foxes could not get hold of the carcass of the whale, which had not grounded, that they would soon finish the bear and cub, and the skins be worth nothing. Well, the other men went back to the ship, and as it was, the snow storm came on so thick, that they lost their way, and would never have found her, if it was not that the bell was kept tolling for a guide to them. I soon found that I had done a very foolish thing; instead of the storm blowing over, the snow came down thicker and thicker; and before I had taken a quarter of the skin off, I was becoming cold and numbed, and then I was unable to regain the ship, and with every prospect of being frozen to death before the storm was over. At last, I knew what was my only chance. I had flayed all the belly of the bear, but had not cut her open. I ripped her up, tore out all her inside, and contrived to get into her body, where I lay, and having closed up the entrance hole, was warm and comfortable, for the animal heat had not yet been extinguished. This manoeuvre, no doubt, saved my life; and I have heard that the French soldiers did the same in their unfortunate Russian campaign, killing their horses, and getting inside to protect themselves from the dreadful weather.

Well, Jacob, I had not lain more than half-an-hour, when I knew by sundry jerks and tugs at my new invented hurricane-house, that the foxes were busy—and so they were, sure enough. There must have been hundreds of them, for they were at work in all directions, and some pushed their sharp noses into the opening where I had crept in; but I contrived to get out my knife and saw their noses across whenever they touched me, otherwise I should have been eaten up in a very short time. There were so many of them, and they were so ravenous, that they soon got through the bear's thick skin, and were tearing away at the flesh. Now I was not so much afraid of their eating me, as I thought that if I jumped up and discovered myself, they would have all fled. No saying, though: two or three hundred ravenous devils take courage when together; but I was afraid that they would devour my covering from the weather, and then I should perish with the cold; and I also was afraid of having pieces nipped out of me, which would of course oblige me to quit my retreat. At last daylight was made through the upper part of the carcass, and I was only protected by the ribs of the animal, between which now and then their noses dived and nipped my seal-skin jacket. I was just thinking of shouting to frighten them away, when I heard the report of half-a-dozen muskets, and some of the bullets struck the carcass, but fortunately did not hit me. I immediately hallooed as loud as I could, and the men hearing me, ceased firing. They had fired at the foxes, little thinking I was inside of the bear. I crawled out, the storm was over, and the men of the ship had come back to look for me. My brother, who was also on board of the vessel, who had not been with the first party, had joined them in the search, but with little hopes of finding me alive. He hugged me in his arms, covered as I was with blood, as soon as he saw me. He's dead now, poor fellow!—That's the story, Jacob.

A HURRICANE.

THE wind was from the north-west—the water, as it blew on board, and all over us, was warm as milk; the murkiness and close smell of the air was in a short time dispelled: but such was the violence of the wind, that on the moment of its striking the ship, she lay over on her side with her lee guns under water. Every article that could move was danced to leeward; the shot flew out of the lockers, and the greatest confusion and dismay prevailed below, while above deck things went still worse; the mizenmast and the fore and main-topmast went over the side; but such was the noise of the wind that we could not hear them fall, nor did I, who was standing close to the mizenmast at the moment, know it was gone until I turned round and saw the stump of the mast snapped in two like a carrot. The noise of the wind “waxed louder and louder” it was like one continued peal of thunder; and the enormous waves as they rose were instantly beheaded by its fury, and sent in foaming spray along the bosom of the deep; the storm stay-sails flew to atoms: the captain, officers, and men, stood agast,

looking at each other, and waiting the awful event in utter amazement.

The ship lay over on her larboard side so heavily as to force in the gun-ports, and the nettings of the waist hammocks, and seemed as if settling bodily down; while large masses of water, by the force of the wind, were whirled up into the air; and others were pouring down the hatchways, which we had not time to batten down, and before we had succeeded, the lower deck was half full, and the hammocks were all floating about in dreadful disorder. The sheep, cows, pigs, and poultry, were all washed overboard, out of the waist, and drowned. No voice could be heard, and no orders were given—all discipline was suspended—every man was equal to his neighbour—captain and sweeper clung alike to the same rope for security.

The fore and mainmasts still stood, supporting the weight of rigging and wreck which hung to them, and which, like a powerful lever, pressed the labouring ship down on her side. To disengage this enormous top-hammer, was, to us, an object more to be desired than expected. Yet the case was desperate; and a desperate effort was to be made, or, in half an hour, we should have been past praying for, except by a Roman Catholic priest. The danger of sending a man aloft was so imminent, that the captain would not order one on this service, but, calling the ship's company on the quarter-deck, pointed to the impending wreck; and, by signs and gestures, and hard bawling convinced them, that unless the ship was immediately eased of her burden, she must go down.

At this moment every wave seemed to make a deeper and more fatal impression on her. She descended rapidly in the hollows of the sea, and rose with dull and exhausted motion, as if she felt she could do no more. She was worn out in the contest, and about to surrender, like a noble and battered fortress, to the overwhelming power of her enemies. The men seemed stupefied with the danger; and, I have no doubt, could they have got at the spirits, would have made themselves drunk, and, in that state, have met their inevitable fate. At every lurch, the mainmast appeared as if making the most violent efforts to disengage itself from the ship: the weather-shrouds became like straight bars of iron, while the lee-shrouds hung over, in a semi-circle, to leeward, or with the weather-roll, banged against the mast, and threatened instant destruction, each moment, from the convulsive jerks. We expected to see the mast fall, and with it the side of the ship to be beaten in. No man could be found daring enough, at the captain's request, to venture aloft, and cut away the wreck of the main-topmast, and the main-yard, which was hanging up and down, with the weight of the topmast-topsail-yard resting upon it. There was a dead and stupid pause, while the hurricane, if anything, increased in violence.

I confess that I felt gratified at this acknowledgment of a danger which none dare face. I waited a few seconds, to see if a volunteer would step forward, resolved, if he did, that I would be his enemy for life, inasmuch as he would have robbed me of the gratification of my darling passion—unbounded pride. Dangers, in common with others, I had often faced, and been the first to encounter; but to dare that which a gallant and hardy crew of a frigate had declined, was the climax of superiority, which I had never dreamed of attaining. Seizing a sharp tomahawk, I made signs to the captain that I would attempt to cut away the wreck, follow me who dared. I mounted the weather-rigging; five or six hardy seamen followed me; sailors will rarely refuse to follow, where they find an officer to lead the way.

The jerks of the rigging had nearly thrown us overboard, or jammed us with the wreck. We were forced to embrace the shrouds with arms and legs; and anxiously, and with breathless apprehension for our lives, did the captain, officers, and crew, gaze on us, as we mounted, and cheered us at every stroke of the tomahawk. The danger seemed passed when we reached the catheads, where we had foot room. We divided our work; some took the lanyards of the topmast rigging, I, the slings of the main-yard. The lusty blows we dealt were answered by corresponding crashes; and at length down fell the tremendous wreck over the larboard gunwale. The ship felt instant relief; she righted, and we descended amidst the cheers,

the applauses, the congratulations, and, I may add, the tears of gratitude of most of our shipmates, the work now became lighter, the gale abated every moment, the wreck was gradually cleared away, and we forgot our cares.

LOSS OF THE HALSEWELL.

THE Halsewell, East Indiaman, of 758 tons burthen, and commanded by Captain Richard Pierce, having been taken up by the directors of the East India Company, to make her third voyage to Coast and Bay, dropped down to Gravesend on November 16th, 1785, and there completed her lading. Having taken the ladies and other passengers on board at the Hope, she sailed through the Downs on Sunday, January 1, 1786, and the

next morning, being abreast of Dunnose, a portentous calm came on.

The Halsewell was one of the finest ships in the service, and was supposed to be in the most perfect condition for her voyage. The commander was a man of distinguished ability, and exemplary character; who, to professional merit, added the higher distinction of moral excellence, in whatever view he was placed: his officers possessed unquestioned knowledge of their profession; and the crew, composed of the best seamen that could be collected, was as numerous as the establishment admits. The vessel, likewise, contained a considerable body of soldiers, which were destined to recruit the Company's forces in Asia.

Among the passengers, several of whom were of great re-



LOSS OF THE HALSEWELL, CAPTAIN PIERCE, JANUARY 6, 1786.

spectability, were Miss Eliza and Mary Anne Pierce, two daughters of the captain; Miss Amy and Mary Paul, relations of Captain Pierce; Miss Elizabeth Blackburne, a daughter of Captain Blackburne in the East India Company's service; Miss Mary Haggard, sister to an officer of the Madras establishment; Miss Ann Mansell, a native of Madras, who had received her education in England; and John George Schutz, Esq., returning to India, to collect a part of his fortune which he had left behind.

On Monday, January 2, at three, p.m., a breeze springing up from the south, they ran in shore to land the pilot; but the weather coming on very thick in the evening, at nine o'clock they were obliged to anchor in eighteen-fathom water. They furled their topsails; but were unable to feel their courses, as the snow was falling thick, and freezing as it fell.

On the following day, at four, p.m., a violent gale came on from east-north-east, and the ship driving, they were obliged to cut their cables and run out to sea. At noon they spoke with a brig bound to Dublin, and having put their pilot on board of her, bore down the channel immediately. At eight in the evening, the wind freshening, and coming to the southward, they reefed such sails as were judged necessary; but at ten o'clock it blew a violent gale from the south, when they were obliged to carry a press of sail in order to keep the ship off shore. In this situation, the hawse-plugs, which, according to a recent improvement, were put inside, were pushed in, and the hawse-bags washed away; in consequence of which, they shipped a great quantity of water on the gun-deck, and on sounding the well, they found that the vessel had sprung a leak, and had five feet water in the hold, upon which all hands were set to

work at the pumps: they clued up the main-topsail, hauled up the mainsail, and immediately endeavoured to furl both, but failed in the attempt.

On Wednesday, January 4, at two in the morning, they endeavoured to wear the ship, but without success; and judging it necessary to cut away the mizen-mast, this operation was immediately performed, and a second attempt made to wear, but they were again unsuccessful. The ship having now seven feet water in the hold, and the leak gaining fast upon the pumps, it was thought expedient, for the preservation of the ship, which appeared to be in imminent danger of foundering, to cut away the mainmast; which in its fall, carried overboard the coxswain, Jonathan Moreton, and four men, who were drowned. By eight o'clock the wreck was cleared, and the ship got before the wind; in which position she was kept about two hours, and the pumps reduced the water in the hold about two feet. At this period the ship's head was brought to the eastward with the foresail only.

About ten, the wind considerably abated, and as the ship laboured very much, the fore-topmast rolled over on the larboard side, and in the fall tore the topsail to pieces. At eleven in the forenoon, the wind veered round to the westward, and the weather clearing up, they could distinguish Berry Head, at about four or five leagues distance. They immediately bent another foresail, erected a jury mainmast, and set a top-gallantsail for a mainsail, under which they bore up for Portsmouth, and employed the remainder of the day in getting up a jury mizen-mast.

Early on the morning of the 5th, the wind blew fresh from the south, and the weather was very thick. At noon Portland was seen, bearing north and by east, distant two or three leagues. In the evening a strong gale set in, when the Portland lights were seen bearing north-west, about four or five leagues, on which they wore ship, and got her head to the westward; but finding they lost ground on that tack, they were her again, and kept stretching to the eastward, in the hope of weathering Peveril Point, in which case they intended to have anchored in Studland Bay.

At eleven at night it became clear when they saw St. Alban's Head, about a mile and a half to leeward, upon which they immediately took in sail, and let go the small bower-anchor, which brought up the ship at a whole cable, and she rode for about an hour, but then drove. They now let go the sheet-anchor, and wore away a whole cable: the ship rode about two hours longer, when she drove again.

In this alarming situation the captain sent for Mr. Henry Meriton, the second mate, in whom it appears he placed great confidence, and asked his opinion as to the probability of saving their lives; to which he replied, with all the composure which could be expected under such trying circumstances, that he feared there was little hopes, as they were driving very fast on the shore, and might expect every moment to strike. It was agreed that the boats at that time could not be of any use; but in case an opportunity should present itself of rendering them serviceable, it was proposed that the officers should be confidentially requested to reserve the long-boat for the use of the ladies and themselves, and this precaution was accordingly taken.

On Friday, the 6th, at about two o'clock in the morning, the ship still driving and approaching the shore, Mr. Meriton had another conference with the captain, who expressed extreme anxiety for the preservation of his beloved daughters, and earnestly asked the mate if he could devise any means of saving them. On his expressing his concern, that he feared it would be impossible, and that their only chance would be to wait till morning, the captain lifted up his hands in silent agonizing ejaculation.

At this dreadful moment the ship struck with such violence, as to dash the heads of those who were standing in the cuddy, against the deck above them; and the fatal blow was accompanied by a shriek of horror, which burst at the same instant from every quarter of the ship.

Many of the seamen had been remarkably inattentive and remiss in their duty during a great part of the storm, and had actually skulked in their hammocks, leaving the exertions of

the pumps, and the other labours required by their situation, to the officers and soldiers; but roused to a sense of their danger, they now rushed upon the deck, to which the utmost endeavours of their officers could not keep them while they might have been useful; and, in frantic exclamations, demanded of heaven, and their fellow-sufferers, that succour which their timely efforts might probably have succeeded in procuring. But it was now too late; the ship continued to beat on the rocks, and soon bulged, falling with her broadside towards the shore. When she struck, several of the men caught hold of the ensign-staff, under the apprehension of her going to pieces immediately.

At this critical juncture, Mr. Meriton offered to his unhappy companions the best advice that he could possibly give. He recommended that they should repair to that side of the ship which lay lowest on the rocks, and take the opportunity which might offer of escaping singly to the shore. Having thus attended to the safety of the desponding crew, he returned to the round-house, where all the passengers, and most of the officers, were at this time assembled; the latter employed in offering consolation to the unfortunate ladies, and with unparalleled magnanimity, suffering their compassion for the fair and amiable companions of their misfortunes to overcome the sense of their danger, and the dread of almost inevitable death. What must have been the feelings of a father—of such a father as Captain Pierce, at this dreadful moment!

In this humane work of offering comfort to the fair sufferers, Mr. Meriton now joined, by assurances of his opinion, that the ship would hold together till the morning, when they would all be safe: but these assurances were damped by the untimely, and, perhaps, imaginary apprehensions, of one of the young gentlemen, who was loud in his expressions of terror; and in contradiction to Meriton, frequently exclaimed, that the vessel was going to pieces; till the captain, mortified at his precipitate conduct, which only tended to increase the fears of the timid sex, told him, with an appearance of composure, to hold his peace; observing to him, that though the vessel should go to pieces, he would not, but be safe enough.

It will now be necessary to describe the situation of the place which proved fatal to so many valuable lives, in order to convey a more correct idea of the melancholy and deplorable scene.

The ship had struck on the rocks near Seacombe, on the island of Purbeck, between Peveril Point and St. Alban's Head, at a part of the shore where the cliff is of immense height, and rises almost perpendicularly. In this particular spot the cliff is excavated at the base, presenting a cavern of ten or twelve yards in depth, and equal in breadth to the length of a large ship, the sides of the cavern so nearly upright as to be extremely difficult of access; the roof formed of the stupendous cliff, and the bottom strewn with sharp and uneven rocks, which appear to have been rent from above by some convulsion of nature.

It was at the mouth of this cavern that the unfortunate vessel lay stretched, almost from side to side, offering her broadside to the horrid chasm; but at the time the ship struck, it was too dark to discover the extent of their danger, and the extreme horror of their situation. Mr. Meriton, who scorned to flatter people in this dreadful situation, conceived a hope that she might keep together till daylight: he accordingly endeavoured to cheer his drooping friends, particularly the unhappy ladies, with this comfortable expectation, in answer to the captain's repeated inquiries, as to how they went on, or what he thought of their situation.

At this time, the number in the round-house was increased to nearly fifty, by the admission of three black women, and two soldiers' wives, with the husband of one of the latter; although the sailors, who had demanded entrance to get a light, had been opposed, and kept out by Mr. Rogers and Mr. Brimer, the third and fifth mates. Captain Pierce was seated on a chair, or some other moveable, between his two daughters, whom he pressed alternately to his bosom. The rest of the melancholy assembly were seated on the deck, which was strewn with musical instruments, and the wreck of furniture-boxes and packages.

Here Mr. Meriton, having lighted several wax candles, which he stuck up in various parts of the round-house, and all the

glass lanterns he could find, took his seat, intending to wait till daylight, in the hope that it would afford him an opportunity of effecting his own escape, and also of rendering assistance to the partners of his danger: but observing that the unhappy females appeared parched and exhausted, he fetched a basket of oranges from some part of the round-house, with which he prevailed on some of them to refresh themselves. At this time they were, in general, tolerably composed, trusting to the delusion of hope, which humanity had painted in brighter colours than reason could justify, with the exception of Miss Mansell, who was in hysteric fits on the floor deck of the round-house.

On Mr. Meriton's return to the company, he perceived a considerable alteration in the appearance of the ship. The sides were visibly giving way, the deck seemed to heave, and he discovered other evident symptoms that she could not hold together much longer. On attempting to go forward to look out, he instantly perceived that the ship had separated in the middle, and that the fore part had changed its position, and lay rather further out towards the sea. In this awful emergency, when the next moment might be charged with his fate, he determined to seize the present, and follow the example of the crew and soldiers, who were leaving the ship in numbers, and making their way to a shore, with the horrors of which they were as yet unacquainted.

Among other measures adopted to favour these attempts, the ensign-staff had been unshipped, and endeavoured to be laid from the ship's side to the rocks, but it snapped in pieces before it reached them. By the light of a lantern, however, which a seaman named Burmaster handed through the skylight of the round-house to the deck, Mr. Meriton discovered a spar, which appeared to be laid from the ship's side to the rock; and on this he attempted to effect his escape: he, however, soon found that the spar had no communication with the rock, for, on reaching the end, he slipped off, and received a violent contusion in his fall; and before he could recover his legs, he was washed off by the surge, when the returning wave dashed him against the back of the cavern. Here he laid hold of a small projecting piece of the rock, but was so benumbed that he was on the point of quitting it, when a seaman, who had already gained a footing, extended his hand and assisted him till he could secure himself on a little shelf of the rock, from which he clambered still higher out of reach of the surf.

Mr. Rogers, the third mate, remained with the captain and the ladies nearly twenty minutes after Mr. Meriton had left the ship. The latter had not long quitted the round-house, before the captain inquired what was become of him, when Mr. Rogers replied that he had gone upon deck to see what could be done. A heavy sea soon afterwards broke over the ship, upon which the ladies expressed the most feeling concern at the apprehension of his loss. "Oh, poor Meriton!" they cried, "he is drowned. Had he stayed with us he would have been safe." Poor mistaken souls!

The sea now broke in at the fore part of the ship, and reached as far as the main-mast. Captain Pierce and Mr. Rogers then went together, with a lamp, to the stern-gallery, where, after viewing the rocks, the captain asked Mr. Rogers if he thought there was any possibility of saving the girls. He replied, he feared not; for they could only discover the black face of the perpendicular rock, and not the cavern which afforded shelter to those who had escaped. They then returned to the round-house, where Captain Pierce again seated himself between his two daughters, struggling to repress the parental fear which then started into his eye.

The sea continuing to break in very fast, Mr. Manns, a midshipman, and Mr. Schutz, asked Mr. Rogers what they could do to escape: he replied, "Follow me," which they did to the stern-gallery, and from thence, by the weather upper-quarter-gallery, upon the poop. While they were there a heavy sea fell on board; and the round-house giving way, they heard the ladies shriek at intervals, as if the water had reached them, the noise of the sea at other times drowning their voices.

Mr. Brimer, the fifth mate, had followed Mr. Rogers to the poop, where they had remained together about five minutes, when, on the coming of the last-mentioned sea, they jointly seized a hencoop; and the same wave which they apprehended

proved fatal to some of those who remained below, happily carried them to the rock, on which they were dashed with such violence as to be miserably bruised and hurt.

There were twenty-seven upon this rock, but it was low water; and being convinced that, upon the flowing of the tide, they must all be washed off, many endeavoured to get to the back or sides of the cavern, beyond the reach of the returning sea; but, excepting Mr. Rogers and Mr. Brimer, scarcely more than six succeeded in this attempt. Of the remainder, some experienced the fate which they sought to avoid, and others perished in their efforts to get into the cavern.

Mr. Rogers and Mr. Brimer, however, having reached the cavern, climbed up the rock, on the narrow shelves of which they fixed themselves. The former got so near to his friend Mr. Meriton, as to exchange congratulations with him; but he was prevented from joining him by at least twenty men who were between them, not one of whom could stir, but at the hazard of his life. When Mr. Rogers reached this station, his strength was so nearly exhausted that, had the struggle continued a few minutes longer, he must inevitably have perished.

They soon found, that although many who had reached the rocks below, had perished in attempting to ascend, yet, that a considerable number of seamen and soldiers, and some of the inferior officers, were in the same situation as themselves. What that situation was they had still to learn. At present they had escaped death; but they had yet to encounter a thousand hardships—cold, nakedness, wind, rain, and the perpetual beating of the spray of the sea—for a difficult, precarious, and doubtful chance of escape.

Some part of the ship was still discernible; and they soled themselves in this dreary situation, with the hope that it would hold together till day-break. Amidst their own misfortunes, the sufferings of the females filled their minds with anguish; and every returning sea increased their apprehensions for the safety of their amiable and helpless companions.

But, too soon, alas! were these apprehensions realised! In a very few minutes after Mr. Rogers had gained the rock, a general shriek, in which the voice of female distress was lamentably distinguished, announced the dreadful catastrophe! In a few moments all was hushed, except the warring winds and the dashing of the waves! The wreck was buried in the remorseless deep, and not an atom of her was ever after seen.

Thus perished the Halsewell!—and with her, honour, worth, skill, beauty, and accomplishments!

What dreadful sensations must this tremendous blow have excited in the trembling and scarcely half-saved wretches, who were hanging about the sides of the horrid cavern! They were themselves in the most imminent danger; but their dearest friends, the pleasing companions of their voyage, were now no more. They felt for themselves, but they wept for wives, parents, brothers, sisters—perhaps lovers—all cut off from their dearest, fondest hopes!

Nor were they less agonised by the subsequent events of this ill-fated night. Many of those who had gained precarious situations, exhausted with fatigue, weakened by bruises, and benumbed with cold, quitted their holds, and falling headlong, either on the rocks below or into the surf, perished beneath the feet of their wretched associates; and, by their dying groans and unavailing calls for help, awakened terrific apprehensions in the survivors, of their own approaching fate.

At length, after the bitterest three hours which misery ever lengthened into ages, the day broke on them; but far from bringing with it the expected relief, it served only to discover to them all the horrors of their situation. They now found that not even the country had been alarmed by the guns of distress which they had fired, but which from the violence of the storm, had been unheard. Neither could they be observed by the people above, as they were completely engulfed in the cavern; nor was there any part of the wreck remaining, to point out their probable place of refuge. Below no boat could live to search them out, and had it been possible to acquaint those that were willing to assist them, with their exact situation, they were at a loss to conceive how any ropes could be conveyed into the cavern to facilitate their escape.

The only method that offered any prospect of success, was to creep along the sides of the cavern to its outward extremity; and on a ledge, scarcely as broad as a man's hand, to turn the corner, and endeavour to clamber up the almost perpendicular precipice, whose summit was nearly two hundred feet from the base. In this desperate effort did some succeed, while others, trembling with apprehension, and exhausted by fatigue, lost their footing, and perished in the attempt.

The first men who gained the summit of the cliff, were the cook, and James Thompson, a quarter-master. By their own intrepid exertions they reached the top, and instantly hastened to the nearest house, to make known the situation of their fellow-sufferers.

The house at which they first arrived was Eastington, the habitation of Mr. Garland, steward or agent to the proprietors of the Purbeck quarries, who immediately got the men together under his direction, and with the most zealous humanity, exerted every effort for the preservation of the surviving crew of the unfortunate ship. Ropes were procured with all possible despatch, and every precaution taken that assistance should be speedily and effectually given to deliver them from their perilous situation.

Mr. Meriton made the attempt to gain the summit of the cliff, and almost reached the edge of the precipice. A soldier who preceded him, stood upon a small projecting rock or stone, upon which Mr. Meriton had fastened his hands to assist his progress. Just at this moment the quarrymen arrived, and seeing the soldier so nearly within their reach, they dropped a rope, on which he immediately laid hold, and by a vigorous effort to avail himself of the advantage, loosened the stone on which he stood, which giving way, Mr. Meriton must have been precipitated to the bottom; had not a rope been lowered to him at the instant, which he seized while in the act of falling, and was safely drawn to the summit.

The fate of Mr. Brimer was peculiarly severe. He had been married only nine days before the ship sailed to a beautiful lady, the daughter of Captain Norman, R.N., in which service Mr. Brimer was a lieutenant, but was then on a voyage to visit an uncle at Madras; he came on shore, as it has been observed, with Mr. Rogers, and, like him, got up the side of the cavern, where he remained till morning, when he crawled out, and a rope being thrown to him, he was either so benumbed with cold as to fasten it about him improperly, or so agitated as to neglect to fasten it at all. Whatever was the cause, the effect was fatal, for at the moment of his supposed preservation, he fell from his stand, and was dashed to pieces, in the sight of those who could only lament the deplorable fate of an amiable man and skilful officer.

As the day advanced, more assistance was obtained; and as quickly as the life-preserving efforts of the survivors would admit, they crawled to the extremities of the cavern, and presented themselves to their preservers above, who stood prepared with the means to help them to the summit.

The method of affording this help was singular, and does honour to the humanity and intrepidity of the quarrymen. The distance from the top of the rock to the cavern, over which it projected, was at least a hundred feet, ten of which formed a declivity to the edge, and the remainder was perpendicular. On the very brink of the precipice stood two daring fellows, with a rope tied round them, and fastened above to a strong iron bar fixed in the ground; behind them, in like manner, stood others, two and two. A strong rope, properly secured, passed between them, by which they might hold and support themselves from falling. Another rope, with a noose ready fixed, was then let down below the cavern, and the wind blowing hard, it was sometimes forced under the projecting rock, so that the sufferers could reach it without crawling to the edge. Whoever laid hold of it put the noose round his waist, and after escaping one element, committed himself full swing to another, in which he dangled till he was drawn up, with the utmost care and caution, by his intrepid deliverers.

In this attempt, however, many shared the fate of the unfortunate Mr. Brimer; and unable through cold, weakness, or perturbation of mind, to avail themselves of the succour that was offered, were precipitated from the stupendous cliff, and

were dashed to pieces on the rocks, or, falling into the surge, perished in the waves.

Among these unhappy sufferers, the death of a drummer was attended with circumstances of peculiar distress. Being washed off the rocks by the sea, or falling from above into the surf, he was carried off by the counter sea, or returning waves, beyond the breakers, his utmost efforts to regain which were ineffectual; he was drawn farther out to sea, and being a remarkably good swimmer, continued to struggle with the waves, in the view of his commiserating companions, till his strength was exhausted, and he sunk to rise no more.

It was not till late in the day that the survivors were conveyed to a place of safety; but one, William Trenton, a soldier, remained on his perilous stand till the morning of Saturday, the 7th of January, exposed to the united horrors of extreme personal danger, and the most acute disquietude of mind; nor is it easy to conceive how his strength and spirits could have supported him for such a number of hours, under distress so severe and complicated.

Though the remains of the wreck were no longer discoverable among the rocks, yet the surface of the sea was covered with fragments, almost as far as the eye could reach; and even so late as ten o'clock on Friday morning, a sheep, part of the live stock of the passengers, was observed buffeting the angry waves.

The surviving officers, seamen, and soldiers, being assembled at the house of their benevolent deliverer, Mr. Garland, they were mustered, and found to amount to seventy-four, out of rather more than two hundred and forty, crew and passengers, that were in her when she sailed from the Downs. All those who reached the summit survived, with the exception of two or three who expired while being drawn up, and a black who died a few hours after he was brought to the house. Many, however, were so miserably bruised, that their lives were doubtful, and it was a considerable time before they perfectly recovered their strength.

On Saturday morning, Mr. Meriton and Mr. Rogers, having been liberally assisted by Mr. Garland, with the means of making the journey, set out for London, to carry the melancholy tidings to the directors of the East India Company; and humanely took the precaution to acquaint the magistrates of the towns through which they passed, that a number of shipwrecked men would soon be on their road to the metropolis.

These officers arrived at the India House on Sunday, at noon, where the sad tale was no sooner told, than the directors, with their usual munificence, ordered a handsome gratuity to the quarrymen, and also made such acknowledgments to Mr. Garland as his benevolence merited.

The praiseworthy generosity of the master of the Crown Inn at Blandford, should not be omitted to be mentioned. When the distressed seamen arrived in that town, he sent for them all to his house; and having refreshed them with a comfortable dinner, he presented each man with half-a-crown to help him on his way.

A SAILOR ON SHORE.

I REMEMBER once on going up by the mail, in 1807, from Devonport to London, we stopped to take up a passenger at a public-house at Plymouth. He was a seaman who had just been discharged, through the intercession of his friends, from one of his Majesty's ships, then lying in the Sound, in consequence of his having tumbled unexpectedly into a property of five hundred a-year. Jack made his appearance in his new character of a gentleman, rigged out in his long togs, evidently, if one might judge, from the broad yawning in his course, trimmed a little too much by the head, surrounded by at least a dozen of his late shipmates, to whom he had been giving a farewell treat; the plenitude of which might be plainly inferred from the unsteady motions and loving kindness displayed by them to their more fortunate messmate in taking leave of him, a process which sadly put the patience of both guard and coachman to the test. He had paid six guineas for an inside place—the guard, tired with waiting, called out:—

"Now, sir, get in; we can't wait a moment longer."

"Haven't I engaged my passage in this here craft?"

"Yes; but we are past our time, and we must be off. Come, get in, my good fellow."

"I'll be d—d if I do! I say, Mr. Quartermaster, or whoever you are, do you fancy I am going to stow my carcass away in such a cramped up hold as that? No, no, I am for the upper-deck;" and up he started on the roof of the coach. "Tip us your daddles, my hearties;" and all stretched out their arms to take the proffered hand. "God bless you, boys! remember me to—" But before the sentence was concluded, the horses had started, amidst a deafening round of cheers from his companions, which were echoed by Jack, who was standing without any support on the top of the coach, in imminent danger of very speedily allowing his good fortune to devolve to his next heir, by slipping his own cable before he had taken possession of it.

A turning of the street closed this dangerous display of friendly feeling, and he brought himself safe to an anchor in the rear of coaches. It was noticed on changing horses at Ivy Bridge (where he insisted upon treating all the ostlers and bystanders), that the poor fellow had at least from sixty to seventy pounds about him: the gentlemen in the inside recommended the guard to take charge of his pocket-book for safety, which he willingly gave into his custody, on condition that he would give him a one-pound note. As night drew on, the sailor's generosity had no means of finding objects upon which to vent itself; but after six o'clock in the morning, the pound-note rapidly dwindled away, so that by the time we had passed Taunton, the last shilling had been expended, and Jack's liberal feelings appeared to increase as the fumes of the various draughts he had quaffed, mounted, and took possession of his upper works. Another pound-note was demanded, which the gentlemen strongly advised the guard not to supply; every method was resorted to for the purpose of persuading him to remain quiet, but all was to no effect.

"Give me my money, Mr. Guardo," exclaimed Jack.

"But, my good fellow, we have had quite enough to drink, we don't want any more."

"Who asked you for your opinion? give me the money."

"No, no, I'll take care of it for you till we get to Bath, and then you shall have it."

"Here's a pretty humbug! Hand over, you sharking land-lubber, or I'll be d—d if I don't bung up those top-lights of yours. Clap a stopper upon your jaw-tackle, and give me my money."

It was in vain the passengers endeavoured to appease the fears which had evidently taken possession of his mind, that a conspiracy existed to deprive him of his wealth; all they could say only strengthened the false idea; and to prevent a disagreeable *fracas* by his commencement of hostilities upon the guard, the pocket-book was delivered over to his own keeping.

He had no sooner got possession of it than he jumped down from the coach, swearing he would not sail another mile in company with such a set of privateer's-men. It was folly to argue with him, and he was therefore left behind. Before we had reached the next stage, Jack had overtaken us in a chaise-and-four, waving his hat, with his body more than half out at the window, singing out at the full pitch of his voice,—

"Go along, you beggars!—make more sail, you lubberly hounds, and catch me if you can."

In this way did he continue till we reached London, mail, and chaise-and-four occasionally passing and repassing each other, where we lost sight of him, he having, to his great delight, preceded us in his *entree* into the metropolis.

LOSS OF THE LYRA, CAPTAIN HIGGINS.

JANUARY 7, 1838.

THE brig *Lyra*, of Kincardine, of 220 tons, belonging to Messrs. Drysdale, of London, and commanded by John Higgins, sailed from the Bosphorus, in ballast, bound to Odessa, on December 27, 1837, in company with the brig *Trio*, of Sunderland, Captain Kemp, and the *Rother*. On leaving, the wind was at north-west, but next day it veered to north, and came

on to blow. The ships, in a few days, were covered with ice, from the bobstays to each cathead.

On January 6, 1838, the *Lyra* made Cape Fontane, eighteen miles from Odessa, with the *Trio* still in company. From this spot, one frozen mass extended towards the north. About four, p.m., the captains of the *Lyra* and *Trio* agreed to bear up for the Bosphorus, and accordingly ran about a hundred miles in that direction. At this time the showers of snow were so heavy, that it became necessary to clear the decks every four hours, and each watch had not less than a foot of snow to remove. When the weather cleared up a little, the *Trio* was not in sight; and as the wind changed to east-north-east, the *Lyra* hauled upon the starboard tack, laying thus north and north-by-east, but at five o'clock the next morning she struck; and, when daylight appeared, was found to be about two miles off shore, close to the northernmost cape of Anada Bay; the village of Anada being about nine miles to the southward.

The ship soon beat over the reef upon which she had struck, but carried away her rudder. The masts were now cut away, and the vessel continued driving towards the beach till she grounded and bilged, about half a mile from it. Rocks could be seen on each side of her, at about twenty fathoms distance: had she been driven upon them, instead of the spot where she was, it is more than probable that every one on board would have perished. The sea was now making a clear breach over the brig; no snow was falling, but the cold was so intense, that several birds were seen to fall dead! The captain now consulted with the crew, on the best means of preserving life, and seeing that the ship was completely a wreck, asked for a volunteer to swim ashore. As no answer was given, the captain himself (an old man) was about to take off his boots and jacket, when John Jones, a Welshman, immediately stepped forward, and throwing off all his clothes, except a pair of flannel drawers and stockings, offered to make the attempt. A lead-line was made fast round his waist, and watching an opportunity, he jumped overboard, and, after a severe struggle, succeeded in effecting a landing. By means of the lead-line a warp was hauled ashore, and made fast to a spar, the other end reaching to the vessel. Robert Drysdale (the mate, and a relation of the owners), then went ashore by the warp, working himself along it by his hands and feet, and carrying a second lead-line. When near the beach, the spar slipped, and the mate fell into the surf, but Jones ran in, and succeeded both in getting hold of him and bringing him ashore. The land being here covered with trees, the warp was now secured around the trunk of the nearest, and Drysdale and Jones again hauled on board the wreck. The clothes were so frozen on their backs, that they could hardly be stripped. After putting on dry clothes, the captain and all hands succeeded in getting safely ashore, and proceeded to ascend the hills. They walked for about two miles, and then found a shepherd and his two sons (Turks), in whose hut they remained that night, and by whom they were next day guided to Anada. In this march they crossed six hills and six valleys, walking in snow knee-deep, and at four, p.m., reached the village. There they were lodged in a wine-shop, close to the sea. The Turks immediately assisted in stripping the men, gave them shoes, and lent them dry clothing. They also rubbed their feet with lemon-juice and some sort of ointment which they themselves use when frost-bitten. The kindness which all the captains and crews saved from the several wrecks agree in stating they everywhere received from the Turks, ought not to be passed over in silence. No language can convey an idea of the feelings of gratitude of the shipwrecked seamen towards the Turks. In rendering assistance these Mussulmen expected no reward; and no sooner was the crew of the *Lyra* arrived at Anada than seven Turkish captains came on shore from their little vessels, and offered to take the whole to Constantinople, gratis, the moment the weather became moderate. The arrival, however, of the Russian steamer, *Nicholas*, commanded by Captain Pillar (an Englishman), prevented their offers being accepted. The *Nicholas* had attempted to reach Odessa and Sebastopol, but failed, and had come into Anada for wood, all her coals having been expended in a seventeen days' buffeting in the Black Sea. This is the

steamer which runs regularly between Constantinople and Odessa. Captain Pillar brought down the whole of the crew of the *Lyra*, who were provided with lodgings by the consul.

SHIPWRECK OF JEAN-JACQUES AYME,

JANUARY, 1800.

JEAN-JACQUES AYME having been, with several others in France, arrested during the troubles that attended the French revolution, was one of the *deported* persons sent to the pestilential climate of Cayenne. Previous to his embarkation, he was lodged in the same prison where the unfortunate Louis XVI. and his family had been immured; and from thence, having been removed to other places of confinement, in carts, the prisoners, to the number of one hundred and ninety-three, of whom two-thirds were priests, were embarked on board *La Charente*, Captain Breuillac, for Cayenne, on March 12, 1798, and on the 25th April were removed to *La Décade*.

Nothing very particular occurred during the voyage, except the severe treatment which the deported met with from Captain Villeneuve, who commanded *La Décade*. When they had gained the tropic, many of them were attacked with fever, and some with scurvy, which was caused by the infected air which they breathed in their dungeon. The captain, becoming alarmed for his ship's company, determined that after they had passed the tropic, twenty-five of the prisoners should go upon deck every two hours during the night; but this indulgence did them but little good, for the continual going out and coming in of the twenty-five, added to the ordinary noise of the ship, prevented the remainder from enjoying any repose the rest of the night.

On June 13, and two following days, they landed at Cayenne, and were transferred to a guard of blacks, with bayonets fixed, who conducted them to a house where they were confined, and which, although in a ruinous state, had the air of a palace, when compared to the frigate which they had quitted.

After being an exile for upwards of a year in this hot country, with no other company than blacks, monsters, reptiles, insects, &c., Jean-Jacques Ayme was attacked by illness, and, apprehensive that he should share the fate of many other exiles, whose graves surrounded him, he formed the resolution of seeing Captain Gardner, the master of an American vessel, who was to sail in a few days for Gottenburg, in Sweden. The captain having acceded to the proposal of taking him on board his vessel, Ayme was determined to effect his escape with Charles Frederic Perlet, and the canon Parizot.

While engaged in the necessary preparations, the agent suddenly ordered Ayme to quit Cayenne, and procure another habitation; which circumstance, though the cause of alarm at first, served to facilitate Ayme's project. The next day he set off, and found an asylum at Madame Dandifreddy's habitation; and at the time appointed, Perlet came for him in a boat, conducted by two negroes, whose silence they had purchased. They afterwards took up Parizot, in the neighbourhood, and then rowed with all their might towards the *Phaeton*, a brig of about two hundred tons, which was lying in the harbour of Cayenne. They were received on board by the boatswain, whom the captain had apprised of the matter, and who showed them the place of concealment in which they were to remain, until the vessel had gained an offing. It was a very roomy place, but encumbered with baggage, which was placed on purpose to hide them.

M. Berthollon, a merchant settled at Cayenne, to whom M. Ayme had been an utter stranger, till his arrival there, had been particularly kind to him during his banishment. This gentleman's wife had been attacked by a pulmonary consumption, which had resisted every remedy; and a change of climate having been advised by the physicians, M. Berthollon had resolved on taking her and his daughter, who was a child about two years and a half old, to Europe. He accordingly agreed with the American captain for their passage, and it was the approaching departure of this benevolent merchant, which first prompted M. Ayme to make his escape, in which he and his companions were assisted by M. Berthollon, who shipped their

trunks and baggage, as belonging to himself, and laid in a stock of provisions for all.

During this concealment, Ayme and his companions were under many apprehensions of being discovered, particularly as Perlet had a violent fit of the ague. At length, at four o'clock, October 27, 1799, they weighed anchor, and sailed out with a favourable tide, and a pretty fresh breeze; and bade a hearty and last farewell to that execrable land. Ayme, Parizot, and Perlet, being now out of danger, came forth from their retreat, and embraced each other as men who had miraculously escaped from death.

They crossed the tropic on November 9, and were that day becalmed, the weather being remarkably hot; but the wind sprang up again the following morning. In the course of the day they perceived three vessels, which gave them some uneasiness, as they were afraid of being plundered, or at least of being carried back to Cayenne; but in the evening they entirely lost sight of them, and their fears subsided.

About a fortnight afterwards, they were in latitude 60°, when the captain assured them that, with a good wind, he should reach Gottenburg in five days, through the passage to the northward of the Orkneys; but the wind beginning to blow fresh from the eastward, it was no longer possible to attempt this passage. For twelve days they did nothing but ply to windward, between the sixtieth and sixty-third degree; a parallel with the isles of Ferro and Shetland, till the wind having come round again to the westward, they shaped their course towards the same passage; but, having mistaken the longitude, they were several days without reaching it. At length land was discovered, amid the acclamations of the crew, but next day, after losing sight of it, they doubled the Orkneys, and entered the north part.

About the latter end of December, they made the coast of Norway, which was covered with snow; and in two days' time, every thing on board the vessel was frozen, which made them afraid of being locked in by the ice. What a transition from heat to cold!

In the whole of their passage they had seen nothing besides the three vessels already mentioned, except flying fishes, beyond the tropic, a few shoals of porpoises in different latitudes, a whale about the fifty-third degree, a vast number of aquatic birds from the banks of Newfoundland, and lastly, a very great quantity of that species of sea-weed called *fucus natans*, which they met with from the twentieth and fortieth degree.

They were now quite becalmed, but the currents occasioned them to make a little progress, and drifted them towards the rocks of Norway, upon which they were fearful of striking, as if so, they would have been irrecoverably lost; the coast at this part being barren and inaccessible. Fortunately, they contrived, by dint of manœuvring, to reach the Cattegat, there to run new dangers; for at dawn of the second day after, they were not three ships' lengths from the Seaw; and scarcely had they time to put about, when the wind became contrary to them; they being, at that time, only twelve leagues from Gottenburg, whose harbour they thought to have entered on the following day.

The captain attempted to put into Christiana. They approached very near this town, which was concealed from them by a fog, and as the wind had freshened, the fear of being wrecked on the coast, thickly strewn with rocks in this narrow channel, determined the captain to regain the German ocean, and to take shelter in some port in Scotland, whither he was carried by the wind.

They had just twice escaped the most imminent dangers, and were now one hundred leagues from the port which they wished to gain. The weather was dreadful, and they were almost continually in the dark, having no more than six hours daylight; and, to complete their misfortunes, they were almost in want of everything. The captain had affirmed that the passage would be completed in about six weeks; Berthollon had laid in provisions for himself, family, and friends for three months; but the captain had a very slender stock. He had reckoned upon that of the passengers; and it was at their expense that he, his servant, and boatswain, still subsisted. During the first

forty days, he flattered the crew with the hopes of having a short passage, and they, consequently denied themselves nothing—no frugality was attended to, even with respect to the water. At the end of two months, therefore, they had no fresh meat left, and but a small quantity of *tafia*, which they kept to refresh the sailors when on hard duty. At last they were reduced to a daily allowance of a biscuit, a bit of salt pork, and a glass of water. During this distress, which lasted above a fortnight, they were running, in the midst of a most terrible storm, towards the coast of Scotland, with which no person on board was acquainted; and had before them the miserable prospect of perishing for want, or being driven on shore.

After running thus for about five days, they made the land in the morning, and as they were carried towards it by a violent gale, they put the vessel's head to the northward, to range along it, so as to avoid coming too near, till they had been able to discover some port; and having continued their course, they discovered a-head of them a vessel towed by four boats, that were conducting her towards a place, which the captain took for the harbour of Montrose, but which was that of Fraserburg.

The captain now ordered several guns to be fired, and hoisted a signal for a coasting pilot, but no one having appeared, and night coming on, he stood into a bight on the larboard land, in which he thought himself safe. They let go the anchor, in hopes of entering the harbour the next morning. In the meantime, the sea continued very boisterous; and the vessel was tossed about almost as much as before.

About two o'clock the following morning, the captain ordered the second anchor to be let go; when the sea struck the vessel with so much violence, that the water broke in upon the deck, and frequently found its way, down the scuttle, between decks. This, at first, took place only every quarter of an hour; but about four o'clock, it became so frequent, that the captain, apprehensive of foundering, ordered the cables to be cut, approached within musket-shot of the shore, and the sheet-anchor, which was the only one they had left. This manœuvre did not much better their condition; the waves were as frequent, and became so violent, that about seven o'clock this last cable parted, and they were driven on shore. They struck repeatedly, and every instant expected the vessel to go to pieces; but, fortunately, this did not happen; if it had, though they were very near the land, not one of them could have escaped.

The vessel having opened in several places, and the water rushing in, they were obliged to go upon deck, whence they discovered, at day-break, the inhabitants of Fraserburg about fifty yards from them; but none of them durst come to their assistance: indeed, it was impossible to cross this space, full of rocks, against which the sea was breaking with the greatest violence; and not one of the sailors had courage enough to expose himself to its fury. The sea was perfectly white with foam; the waves, which rose to a prodigious height, as they were impeded by the vessel, broke over her with a terrible noise, covering them with water, notwithstanding all their exertions to shelter themselves from it.

The waves, which had been continually striking the vessel on the starboard side, now imperceptibly heeled her, and obliged the crew to take refuge on the higher side. As long as the deck presented only a gentle declivity, they could, without very much difficulty, keep their places; but, about noon, some fresh waves having entirely laid the vessel down on her beam-ends, so that the mainmast was in a horizontal position above the water, and might have served as a brow to get near the shore, had it not been continually covered by the waves, their situation became frightful. They were all hanging to the ropes and rings on the starboard side of the vessel, and it was only by incredible exertions that they avoided falling down into the water.

Ayme happened to be, at first, near the companion, to which he held fast by a rope, but being near an open port, the waves breaking through, covered him every instant from head to foot, so that he was as completely soaked as if he had been wholly in the sea. To avoid this inconvenience, he endeavoured to pass beyond this port; and though the distance was not quite six feet, had he not met with the capstern, to which he clung fast,

he must have fallen on the lower side, and inevitably have perished.

He had scarcely remained a moment in this place, when a sailor, who had come there, in all probability, from the same motive, incommoded him exceedingly. Conscious that all remonstrance with the sailor would be as fruitless as unjust, Ayme again endeavoured to reach the starboard side, by the ropes which were upon deck; but this attempt was as unsuccessful as the former. He was carried away by the slope of the deck, but had the good fortune to get fast hold of the pump, which served him for some time as a point of rest. But as the shaft of the pump had already started nearly three feet from its place, and the weight of his body helping to draw it still further out, he quitted this dangerous post, and leaned against the mainmast, which was close by, and which, by its weight and position, made the planks where he was lying, crack every instant.

Such was Ayme's last asylum; where, being no longer sheltered by the weather-boards, he was washed by all the waves that struck the vessel. Twenty times in the course of the morning he had drained the water out of his boots; but here he was up to his knees in it, and the upper part of his body was as wet as his legs.

The sailors, who spoke English, were imploring the assistance of the numerous spectators on shore—but, alas! it was not in their power to afford them the required aid.

Ayme now felt himself exhausted by fatigue and faintness. On glancing his eyes round him, he saw two negro sailors dead, floating at his feet! On the left he perceived Bertholon's wife and child—now no more! Turning his eyes then to the right, he beheld Parizot, with his head thrown back, and the waves breaking over him—alas! he was also a floating corpse!

Ayme, who now began to envy the departed, was soon thrown into convulsive agitations, which threatened a speedy dissolution; but, about three o'clock, amidst the approaching signs of death, and at a time when he neither expected nor wished for assistance, he perceived on the beach, a young man, naked, who plunged into the sea, which was become somewhat smoother. In a little time he was in the midst of the sufferers, having swam off with a rope, fastened to a boat which had been recently brought to the beach. The sailors, by means of this rope, hauled on board the boat, in which several persons were put; and another rope being fixed to the shore, served to draw back the boat in a diagonal direction, and to prevent her from driving on the rocks which were opposite the vessel.

The boat having made a second trip, Ayme was then put into her. He was brought on shore senseless, and six men carried him like a corpse into an inn. With much difficulty they forced open his mouth, to make him swallow some cordial: they then cut off all his clothes, which clung close to his body, and put him into a warm bed, with two naked men by his side, in order to regenerate vital heat; and by every exertion which humanity could dictate, he was at length restored to life.

Lord Invernay was particularly kind to these wretched sufferers. As soon as Ayme had recovered his senses and strength, his lordship had the goodness to procure him clothes, to support him during the walk, and to conduct him to his friends Bertholon, Perlet, and Baradeau, whom he found extremely fatigued. The first was sunk into the most profound grief for the loss of his wife and child; and although he was, at this time, sensible only to this loss, it was aggravated by that part of his fortune, which had perished in their shipwreck.

These wretched men lost almost all their property; as what little was rescued from the wreck was extremely damaged. The captain saved a cask, containing his money and papers, and Ayme had his money in a girdle, which he wore in order to conceal it from the crews of the privateers, whom they were afraid of meeting.

The captain died in consequence of the fatigues and hardships which he had endured. His brig also went entirely to pieces: the coast of Scotland being at the time covered with the wrecks of vessels cast away during this gale, which continued near a fortnight.

After some stay in Scotland, they set out for London. Perlet and Bertholon went by the mail-coach. Ayme and Baradeau

took shipping at Leith, and, after a voyage of ten days, entered the Thames. On landing, Ayme went to the Duke of Portland's, where he was received with the greatest politeness by Mr. Flint, who officiated during his grace's absence. The temporary peace between France and England had now taken place, and after a stay in London of about a fortnight, having engaged with a vessel bound to Calais, Amye obtained a passport, went to Gravesend and embarked, and arrived safe at Calais, on March 20th, 1800.

THE STRANDED BARK AND THE LIFE-BOAT.

Sea strikes, and she reels, and her high towering mast,
Like the forest-oak, bends in the hurricane-blast,
And the billows, whose awful tops seen in the clouds,
Dash high o'er the wretches that fly to her shrouds.
Again she hath struck, and the turbulent air
Is filled with wild horror, and shrieks of despair:
Few moments must free her from breakers and spray,
Or entomb them in ocean for ever and aye.
Forsaken her helm, that, the dark waters o'er,
Had oft steered her safe to the sheltering shore;
And her beautiful pennant, that streamed ever bright,
Like the sunbeam by day, and a meteor by night,
Now twines round her topmast (how changed since the morn!)
Or, piecemeal, the sport of the tempest, is torn.
No peal of alarm was discharged from her deck;
But the voice of despair from the perishing wreck
Found an echo in hearts, that, in every wild form,
Have encountered the demon that yells in the storm;
And that spirit which makes them in danger more brave,
Only rose with the scene; on the tempest-tost wave
They launched their light bark, and, in gallant array,
Dashed from shore, with a true hearty British huzza.
Far, far as the eye of the gazer could roam,
There was nothing but breakers and billows of foam!
One moment she seemed in the boiling surge lost,
The next, we beheld her still struggling, but tost
At the merciless power of the deep-booming sea;
But still forward she kept on her perilous track—
Oh, sailor-boy! sailor-boy! many for thee

Are the sighs and the tears that will welcome thee back.
Now high o'er the billows majestic she rides,
With her twelve noble rowers all lashed to her sides;
Relax not one effort—one moment may save,
Or entomb them for ever beneath the dark wave;
For, hark! the last cry of despair is ascending,
As slithering they cling to the topmast, and rending
The heavens with their outcry—one effort, one more,
And 'tis gained,—like a thunder-cloud, burst upon shore
The gazer's applause, as the life-boat steered round them.

But who shall describe the poor rescued, or tell
With what feelings these greater than conquerors found them,
As half-naked, half-dead, from the rigging they fell;
Or lifelessly sunk on their foreheads, as though
The last torment was past—drained the last cup of woe?
And now, with the shipwrecked and destitute crew,
The billows are foaming around them, and loud,
Like the roar of artillery, the tempest-charged cloud
Breaks o'er them in thunder; still o'er the dark sea

They push their light bark in its perilous track—
Oh, sailor-boy! sailor-boy! many for thee
Are the sighs and the tears that will welcome thee back.
The sea-gull flew wildly and mournfully round,
As if on the deep shoreless ocean she'd found
Some exiles, condemned o'er the wide world to roam;
Then light as the billow, and white as the foam,
Winged her way on the breeze to her tempest-rocked home
On the tiptoe of hope and of fear we beheld,
As their bark through the billows the rowers impelled;
But, at length, in smooth water we saw her safe moored,
And what was the boon for the danger endured?
Avaunt, selfish hearts! what at first had inspired
Brought its own bright reward, all the boon they desired;
'Twas enough to have saved, from the jaws of the grave,
Hearts that beat like their own, true, undaunted, and brave,

STEM AND STERN ALIKE.

WHEN the brave Admiral Kempenfelt, who was unhappily lost in the Royal George, was coming into Portsmouth to have his ship paid off, one of his barge's crew eyed a gold-laced velvet waistcoat which his commander wore, and with great earnestness, and in his best sea fashion, begged his honour would tell him who made it. The admiral, guessing his intention, gave him the necessary information. When Jack went ashore he forthwith applied to the admiral's tailor, who, knowing the humours of such customers, went with him to buy the materials, and at last asked him what he would have the back made of. "Made of," exclaimed Jack, "why the same as the front to be sure." The tailor remonstrated, but to no purpose, so the waistcoat was made and put on with an old tarry jacket over it, to the no small amusement of his messmates. The admiral, a few days after, passing up the High-street, met his man in this curious dress, rolling along and singing—

"How pleasant a sailor's life passes,
Who roams o'er the watery main;
No treasure he ever amasses,
But cheerfully spends all his gain."

The strange appearance of Jack caused the admiral to laugh most heartily, and the merry fit was not a little increased, when Jack, coming up to him, lifted the hind part of his jacket, and showed his gold-laced back, roaring out, at the same time, "Damme, old boy, no false colours for Jack, stem and stern alike, your honour!"

ANECDOTES OF AMERICAN SEAMEN.—The late gallant Decatur, who loved to tell anecdotes of the common sailors, related the following:—"In one of the actions before Tripoli, whilst fighting hand to hand with the captain of a gun-boat, Decatur came near being cut down by a Turk, who attacked him from behind. A seaman named Reuben James, who was already wounded in both hands, seeing the risk of his commander, rushed in and received the blow of the uplifted sabre on his own head. Fortunately, the honest fellow survived to receive his reward. Some time afterward, when he had recovered from his wounds, Decatur sent for him on deck, expressed his gratitude for his self-devotion, in presence of the crew, and told him to ask for some reward. The honest tar pulled up his waist-band, and rolled his quid, but seemed utterly at a loss what recompense to claim. His messmates gathered around him, nudging him with their elbows, and whispering in his ear, 'He had all the world in a string, and could get what he pleased;' 'the old man could deny him nothing;' &c. One advised this thing, another that; 'double pay,' 'double allowance,' 'a boatswain's berth,' 'a pocket full of money, and a full swing on shore,' &c. Jack elbowed them all aside, and would have none of their counsel. After mature deliberation, he announced the reward to which he aspired; it was, *to be excused from rolling up the hammock clothes!* The whimsical request was, of course, granted; and from that time forward, whenever the sailors were piped to stow away their hammocks, Jack was to be seen loitering around, and looking on, with the most gentlemanlike leisure. He always continued in the same ship with Decatur. 'I could always know the state of my bile by Jack,' said the commodore. 'If I was in good humour, and were a pleasant aspect, Jack would be sure to heave in sight, to receive a friendly nod: if I was out of humour, and wore, as I sometimes did, a foul-weather physiognomy Jack kept aloof, and skulked among the other sailors.' It is proper to add, that Reuben James received a more solid reward for his gallant devotion, than the privilege above-mentioned, a pension having been granted to him by government. On another occasion, Decatur had received at New York the freedom of the city, as a testimonial of respect and gratitude. On the following day, he overheard this colloquy between two of his sailors: 'Jack,' said one, 'what is the meaning of this 'freedom of the city, which they've been giving to the 'old man?' 'Why, don't you know? Why, it's the right to rollick about the streets, as much as he pleases; kick up a row; knock down the men, and kiss the women!' 'O ho!' cried the other; 'that's something worth fighting for!'

THE SHIP AT ANCHOR.

Is she not beautiful? reposing there
On her own shadow, with her white wings furled,
Moveless, and in the sleepy, sunny air,
Rests the meek swan in her own quiet world.

Is she not beautiful? her graceful bow
Triumphant rising o'er the enamoured tides;
That, glittering in the noonday sunbeam, now
Just leap and die along her polished sides.

A thousand eyes are on her; for she floats
Confessed a queen upon the subject main;
And hark, as from her decks delicious notes
Breathe, softly breathe, a soul-entrancing strain.

Music upon the water! pouring soft
From shore to shore along the charmed wave;
The seaman's dreariest toils beguiling off,
And kindling high the ardour of the brave.

Yet wafted by the morning's favouring breeze,
Far from the slumbering flood and leaf-hung bay,
That matchless bark upon the faithless seas
Shall wind her wild and solitary way.

There haply tempest-borne, far other sounds
Than those shall tremble through her quivering form;
And as from surge to mightier surge she bounds,
Shall swell, toned infinite, the mighty storm!

In vain! she spurns the ignoble calm, and loves
To front the tempest in his gathering hour;
Waked as to life, the fleet-winged wonder roves,
Where loudest lift the winds a voice of power.

Then go, deceitful beauty! bathe thy breast
For ever, where the mountain billows foam,
E'en as thou wilt. The hour of peace and rest
Is not for thee—the ocean is thy home.

AN ANECDOTE OF THE BATTLE BETWEEN THE
SHANNON AND THE CHESAPEAKE, JUNE 18TH, 1812.

BY JACK JACKSON.

It was my good fortune to be a sharer in this victory, which showed, that let the Yankees brag ever so, that England still deserved the title of "Queen of the Sea!" Some, probably, would have thought that the late disastrous defeats of the British navy by the Americans would have damped the spirits and courage of the seamen. Not so, however, never were higher spirits or more glorious anticipations than burnt in the breast of our gallant crew. It did not appear like the quarrels of nations, but more like personal animosity, as though each man felt his honour at stake, and determined to stretch every sinew to save it. Captain Broke's challenge met with a speedy reply, and the time of meeting was arranged. She laid a precious long time in offing though, till many of us began to think that a messenger in the shape of a shot might, probably, arouse the Yankee's indignation and quicken his movements. Presently, however, out comes the ship with all its colours flying as though on a party of pleasure, and a beautiful vessel she was. "Sure, an' she's a beauty anyhow," said Tim Sullivan, a Dublin boy; "mighty fine that flag looks flying there. I wonder how that 'ud look in its place," pointing to the colours of old England, as they fluttered triumphantly in the air. "You'll see presently," said a gunner, who stood with a sponge in his hand. "Faith an' I hope so," was his reply. "Hope so," repeated the old tar. "Why, you precious Greek, its safe! You'll see it, unless, mayhap, a shot should spile them daylight of yours, an' if it should I'll pull down that there striped rag and make a bandage for you." "You're very kind!" "Very, ain't I? But here comes a chap I'll exercise my tender feelings on," as the Chesapeake hove to on the starboard quarter, within

about half pistol shot. A number of little skiffs and pleasure-boats put off from the town to witness "the fun." The old gunner looked at them as he put a few extra shots into his already well-loaded gun, and muttered "Pleasure, too! If I might only just let them taste yer quality, my fine fellow," said he, addressing the gun, as though it possessed all the organs of sense. "'Tis a pleasant journey to the devil we'd treat 'em with." My duty now called me aloft, and having mounted the rattlins, took my station opposite to Tim, who was busily engaged loading a small rifle. "Look at that fine fellow," said some one at my elbow, pointing to a young American officer who, dressed as spruce as though attending a ball, sprung nimbly on the bulwarks of the Chesapeake. "Faix, look at him now," said Tim, who levelled his rifle at the moment, and the poor fellow, struck in the forehead with the bullet, fell headforemost in the sea. "'Tis the leetle pill he couldn't digest," said Tim, with a self-congratulating chuckle. "Sure, mine was the first shot!" This I believe to be a fact, that Tim's was the first shot fired in this memorable action. The Shannon now opened her fire from the aft-guns on the main deck, which was quickly responded to by the enemy, and the action then commenced in right good earnest. However brilliant the Yankees might have been heretofore, with long odds in their favour, it soon became apparent that fairly, hand to hand, they showed their base extraction.* One broadside literally swept the upper deck of the Chesapeake, and another, entering her port-holes, strewed her main-deck with dead and dying. At this moment an unlucky (or, rather for us, a lucky) shot struck an open cask of musket cartridges, which instantly exploded, dealing death around, and ere the smoke had cleared away, Captain Broke, with twenty brave fellows, stood upon the deck of the Chesapeake! Others instantly followed, myself and Pat among the number. We met with a desperate but futile resistance, for in less than twenty minutes from the first shot that was fired the striped bunting of America had disappeared, and the proud standard of England waved in triumph aboard the Chesapeake! Poor Tim! we found him after the action, his head smashed to atoms, and that done after the ship was taken, by a man whom the mercy of Captain Broke had spared. He did not escape though, for an old messmate of Tim's, who witnessed the catastrophe, dashed his brains out with a marlin-spike.

SPECIMEN OF HOW A VOYAGE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC MAY OPERATE ON AN ENGLISH SERVANT.—"Says the skipper to me one day (he is a lieutenant in the navy), says he, 'are you Captain Haltfront's servant?' Without getting up or touching hats, but setting at ease, says I, 'I didn't know he had a servant, sir.' 'Didn't know he had one, sir?' said he; 'pray what the devil do you call yourself, if you are not his servant?' 'Why, sir,' said I, cocking my head a one side, and trying to come Yankee over him, 'he receives the Queen's pay, sir, and wears her regimentals; he has an allowance for an assistant, which I receive, and wear her Majesty's cockade, too. We serve her Majesty, sir, and I am under the captain's command. Do you take, sir?' 'Why, you infernal conceited rascal,' said he, 'if you were under my command, sir, instead of his, I'd let you know d—d quick whose servant you were.' 'Ah! very like, sir,' said I, keeping my seat, and crossing one leg over the other, free and easy, and swinging my foot; 'very like, sir, but you don't happen to have that honour, sir, and my passage money is paid to your masters, the owners of this boat, at Bristol, which happens to alter the case a bit; you can go, sir.' 'Go, sir!' said he; 'why d— your eyes, sir, what do you mean? do you want to be triced up, sir?' and he walked away in a devil of a hurry, as if he was going to do something, but he didn't honour me again with his company. I have put up with a good deal in my time, Tummus, but I puts up with no more. No man calls me servant again, unless at eight dollars a day, as a public one at Washington, or Van Buren, or Webster, or some of the large cities, where, as I here, no one lives, but every one passes through, and don't no you again."—*Letters of the Great Western.*

* The Americans are descendants of convicts.—COBBETT.

LOSS OF THE KENT INDIAMAN.

It is not surprising, when the ocean itself is so fitted to awaken images of awe and wonder, that we should listen to the adventures of mariners with a deep and intense interest. No romance can ever be so full of rich imaginative eloquence as the relations of our olden navigators. While writing their simple statements, the awful associations in their memories seem to have infused a new spirit into their hearts; and we follow their recitals as those of men who have seen creation in its strangest forms. Of the fearful accidents and perils to which these wanderers on the pathless ocean are liable, we have naturally had fewer details since the modern improvements in navigation; and it is, therefore, seldom that we now meet with those appalling pictures of desperate hardihood and patient

suffering, of which the chronicles of our early naval history abound.

Among the few memorials of this kind, which relate to events in our own times, none, perhaps, is more fearfully interesting than that of the burning of the Kent East Indiaman; the circumstances attending which, though few, are terrible. The Kent, a fine new ship, of thirteen hundred and fifty tons, commanded by Captain Henry Cobb, left the Downs, on Saturday, Feb. 19, 1827, bound for Bengal and China, having on board a crew of one hundred and forty-eight men, including officers; with twenty officers, three hundred and forty-four soldiers, forty-three women, and sixty children, belonging to the 31st regiment, and twenty private passengers: making a total of 641 souls.

On the night of the 28th of February, when the Kent was in



LOSS OF THE SHIP KENT, CAPTAIN HENRY COBB, WHICH WAS DESTROYED BY FIRE, IN THE BAY OF BISCAY, FEB. 28, 1827.

lat. $47^{\circ} 30'$, long. 10° , they experienced a violent gale from the west, which gradually increased till the morning. About midnight, the rolling of the vessel became tremendous; so that the best fastened articles of furniture, in the principal cabin, were dashed about with great violence; and at every lurch the main chains were under water. It was a little before this period, that one of the officers of the ship, with the well-meant intention of ascertaining that all was fast below, descended, with two of the sailors, into the hold, carrying with them, for safety, a light in the patent lantern; but seeing that it burned dimly, the officer took the precaution to hand it up to the orlop-deck to be trimmed. Having afterwards discovered that one of the spirit-casks was adrift, he sent the seamen for some billets of wood to secure it; and, in their absence, the ship having made a heavy lurch, the officer unfortunately dropped the lamp, and in his

eagerness to recover it, let go the cask, when it suddenly stove, and the spirits communicating with the light, the whole was instantly in a blaze.

As long as the devouring element appeared to be confined to the spot where the fire had originated, and which they were assured was surrounded on all sides by water casks, they ventured to cherish hopes that it might be subdued; but when the light blue vapour arose, succeeded by dense volumes of thick dingy smoke, which speedily ascended through all the four hatchways, and rolled heavily over every part of the ship, all further concealment became impossible; and almost all hope of preserving the vessel was abandoned. "The flames have reached the cable tier!" was exclaimed by some individuals, and the strong pitchy smell which pervaded the deck, confirmed the truth of the exclamation.

The struggle of the perilous hour was one of rapid and withering anxiety; it is hardly possible to conceive a situation in which human nature could be surrounded with greater horrors—horrors which must have appeared to start up from the wild caverns of the deep itself; for there was no preparation for the thoughts, none of those signs of approaching peril which precede the whirlwind or the tempest; but, almost in an instant, the crew of the lonely vessel found themselves assailed by an enemy, against which human foresight could have provided no protection. In these awful circumstances, Captain Cobb, with an ability and decision of character which seemed to increase with the imminence of the danger, resorted to the only alternative that was now left him, and ordered the lower deck to be scuttled, the combing of the hatches to be cut, and the lower ports to be opened, for the free admission of the

waves. These instructions were speedily executed, by the united efforts of the soldiers and seamen, but not before some of the sick soldiers, one of the women, and several children, had perished. On some of the officers descending to the gun-deck to assist in opening the ports, they found the bodies of several, who must have died from suffocation; and the smoke was so dense and oppressive that it was with the greatest difficulty they could remain below long enough to fulfil Captain Cobb's wishes; which were no sooner accomplished, than the sea rushed in with resistless rapidity, carrying with it, in its progress to the hold, the largest chests, bulk-heads, &c.

Their dilemma was now fearful in the extreme; on the one hand stood death by fire, on the other death by water; and, preferring always the more remote alternative, the unfortunate crew were at one moment attempting to check the fire, by

means of water, and when the water became the most threatening enemy, they turned their efforts to the exclusion of the waves, and left the fire to rage with all its fury.

The scene of horror that now presented itself baffles all description; the upper deck was covered with between six and seven hundred human beings, many of whom, from previous sea-sickness, were forced, on the first alarm, to flee from below in a state of absolute nakedness, and were now wildly running about in search of husbands, children, or parents.

While some were standing in silent resignation, or stupid insensibility to their impending fate, others were yielding to paroxysms of frantic despair. Some, on their knees, were earnestly imploring, in noisy exclamations and significant gesticulations, the mercy of Him whose arm, they exclaimed, was at length outstretched to smite them; others were hastily cross-

ing themselves, and performing the various external acts required by their particular professions of belief; while a number of the older and more stout-hearted sailors calmly seated themselves over the magazine, in the hope that the explosion, which they momentarily expected, might put a speedier termination to their sufferings.

Captain Cobb wisely ordered the deck to be scuttled forward, with a view to draw the fire in that direction, as between it and the magazine were several tiers of water-casks; while he hoped that the wet sails and other things which had been thrown into the after-hold, would prevent it from spreading to the spirit-room abaft.

Several of the wives and children of the soldiers, who had fled for temporary refuge into the after-cabins, on the upper deck, were engaged in prayer and reading the Scriptures, with

the ladies, some of whom were enabled, with wonderful self-possession, to offer those spiritual consolations to others, which a firm and intelligent trust in the Redeemer of the world appeared, at this awful hour, to impart to their own breasts.

All hope had departed, and the employment of the different individuals indicated an utter despair of rescue; one was removing a lock of hair from his writing-desk to his bosom—some were awaiting their impending fate with manly fortitude, others in death-like stupor—some were bewailing it with loud and bitter lamentations, while others were engaged in prayer and mutual encouragement. It was at this appalling instant, when all hope of being saved was taken away, that it occurred to Mr. Thompson, the fourth mate, to send a man to the fore-top, rather with the ardent wish that some friendly sail might be descried on the face of the waters, than with any expectation that it would be realised; for a moment, the sailor who ascended threw his eyes around the horizon—a moment of unutterable suspense—and then, waving his hat, exclaimed, “A sail, on the lee-bow!” The joyful announcement was received with heartfelt thanksgivings, and answered by three loud cheers from those on deck; the signals of distress were instantly hoisted, minute-guns fired, and endeavours made, under three top-sails and fore-sail, to bear down upon the stranger, which proved to be the *Cambria*, a small brig of two hundred tons burthen, commanded by Captain Cook, and bound to Vera Cruz, having on board about twenty or thirty Cornish miners, and some agents of the Anglo-Mexican Company.

While Captain Cobb, Colonel Fearon, and Major McGregor, of the 31st regiment, were consulting on the necessary preparations for getting out the boats, the major was asked, by one of the officers, in what order it was intended the officers should move off; to which he immediately replied—“Of course, the funeral order;” which was instantly confirmed by Colonel Fearon, who said:—“Most undoubtedly, the juniors first; but see that any man is cut down who presumes to enter the boats before the women and children.”

Arrangements having been made by Captain Cobb, previously to letting the boat down, for placing in it all the ladies, and as many of the soldiers' wives as it could safely carry, they hurriedly wrapped themselves in whatever articles of clothing they could first lay their hands on; and, at about half-past two o'clock, a most mournful procession advanced from the after-cabins to the starboard cuddy-port, from the outside of which the cutter was suspended. Not a sound was heard—not a syllable was uttered—even the infants ceased to cry, as though conscious of the unspoken anguish that was then rending the hearts of their pining parents; nor did aught occur to break the solemn stillness of the scene, save in one or two instances, when the ladies plaintively entreated to be left behind with their husbands; but being assured that every moment's delay might occasion the sacrifice of human life, they successively suffered themselves to be torn from the tender embrace; and, with a fortitude which never fails to characterise and adorn their sex, on occasions of overwhelming trial, were placed, without a murmur, in the boat, which was immediately lowered into so tempestuous a sea, as to leave them only to hope against hope that it should live in it a single moment. Twice the cry was heard from those on the chains, that the boat was swamping; but He who enabled the apostle Peter to walk on the face of the deep, was graciously attending to the silent, but earnest aspirations of those on board, and had decreed its safety.

After one or two unsuccessful attempts had been made to place the little frail bark fairly upon the surface of the water, the command was given to unhook: the stern tackle was immediately cleared, but the ropes at the bow having got foul, the sailors there found it impossible to obey the order. In vain was the axe applied to the entangled tackle; and the moment inconceivably critical, as the boat, necessarily following the motions of the ship, was gradually rising out of the water, and must in another instant have been hanging perpendicularly by the bow, and its helpless passengers precipitated into the sea, had not a wave providentially struck the stern and lifted it up, so as to enable the seamen to clear the tackle; and the boat was soon seen battling with the billows in its progress to the brig—one instant like a speck upon their summit, and then

disappearing for several seconds, as if engulfed in the horrid vale between them.

Two or three soldiers, to relieve their wives of a part of their families, sprang into the water with their children, and perished in their endeavours to save them. One young lady who had resolutely refused to leave her father, whose sense of duty kept him at his post, was very near falling a sacrifice to her filial devotions, not having been picked up by those in the boats until she had sunk five or six times. Another individual, who was reduced to the frightful alternative of losing his wife or his children, hastily decided in favour of his duty to the former; his wife accordingly was saved, and four fine children, alas! left to perish. One fine fellow, a soldier, who had neither wife nor child of his own, but who evinced the greatest solicitude for the safety of those of others, insisted on having three children lashed to him, with whom he plunged into the water; but not being able to reach the boat, he was drawn back again into the ship; but not before two of the children had expired. One man fell down the hatchway into the flames, and another had his back so completely broken, that he was observed to fall overboard quite doubled. But the numerous instances of individual loss and suffering were not confined to the commencement of the perilous voyage between the two vessels; one man, who fell between the boat and the brig, had his head literally crushed, while some were lost in their attempts to ascend the sides of the *Cambria*.

When the greater part of the men had been disposed of, the gradual removal of the officers commenced, and was marked by a discipline the most rigid, and an intrepidity the most exemplary; none appearing to be influenced by a vain and ostentatious bravery, which, in cases of extreme peril, affords rather a presumptive proof of secret timidity than manly fortitude; nor any betraying of unsoldier-like impatience to quit the ship: but, with the becoming deportment of men, neither paralysed by the accumulating dangers that surrounded them, nor profanely insensible to the awful peril of their situation, they progressively departed with the soldiers in the different boats; those who happened to proceed first leaving behind an example of coolness that could not be unprofitable to those who followed. Each individual was desired to tie a rope round his waist; and while they were busily employed in adopting this recommendation, it was surprising to witness the singular delicacy of one of the Irish recruits, who, in searching for a rope in one of the cabins, called out that he could find none, except the cordage belonging to an officer's cot, and wished to know if there would be any harm in his appropriating it to his own use; and another agreeable proof of the subordination and good-feeling which governed the poor soldiers in the midst of their sufferings, was in the evening, when a melancholy group, exhausted by fatigue, anxiety, and fasting, were beginning to suffer intolerable thirst, a box of oranges was accidentally discovered by some of the men, who, with a degree of mingled consideration, respect, and affection, hardly to have been expected at such a moment, refused to partake of the grateful refreshment till they had shared it with their officers.

In so large a ship as the *Kent*, the spanker-boom, which projects about sixteen or eighteen feet over the stern, rests, on ordinary occasions, about twenty feet above the water; but in the position in which she was then placed, from the great height of the sea, and consequent pitching of the vessel, it was frequently lifted to a height of thirty or forty feet above the surface: to reach the rope, therefore, that hung from its extremity, was an operation of no ordinary difficulty, and required the aid of as much dexterity of hand as steadiness of head; for it was not only the nervousness of creeping along the boom itself, or the extreme difficulty of afterwards seizing on the rope, and sliding down by it, that was all there was to dread, and which occasioned the loss of some valuable lives by deterring the men from adopting this mode of escape, but as the boat, which one moment was probably under the boom, might by the force of the waves be carried fifteen or twenty yards from it the next instant, the unhappy individual whose best calculations were thus defeated, was generally left swinging for some time in mid-air, if he was fortunate enough to escape being repeatedly plunged several feet under water, or dashed

with dangerous violence against the sides of the returning boat, or forced to let go his hold of the rope altogether—a misfortune which not unfrequently happened; as, however, there seemed no alternative, many did not hesitate to commit themselves to such means of deliverance, confidently trusting in Him who had so far preserved them through such a terrible calamity, most of whom reached the boat, after being either severely bruised or immersed in the water. Colonel Fearon was not quite so fortunate as many; for after swimming for some time, and being repeatedly struck against the side of the boat, and at one time drawn completely under it, he was at last so utterly exhausted that he must instantly have let go the rope and perished, had not one in the boat seized him by his hair, and dragged him in, almost senseless, and alarmingly bruised.

Captain Cobb, in his immovable resolution to be the last, if possible, to quit the ship, and, in his generous anxiety for the preservation of every life entrusted to his charge, refused to seek the boat until he had again endeavoured to urge onward the few who were still around him, and who seemed struck dumb and powerless with dismay; but finding all his entreaties fruitless, and hearing the guns, whose tackle had been burst asunder by the fast-spreading flames, successively exploding in the hold, into which they had fallen, this gallant officer, after having nobly pursued, for the preservation of others, a course of exertion that has been rarely equalled, either in its duration or difficulty, at last felt it right to provide for his own safety, by laying hold of the topping-lift, or rope that connects the driver-boom with the mizen-top, and thereby getting over the heads of the infatuated men who occupied the boom, unable to go either backward or forward, and ultimately dropping himself into the water, when he was picked up by the boat, and the whole party got safely on board the Cambria.

Thus perished the Kent; and all that remains of that once gallant ship is the tale of her misfortunes—how, on the wildest track of the wild ocean, the fire-spirit overtook them—how, in the helplessness of despair, they heard the signal of their distress reverberating among the mountainous waves—how, as the waters were let in, the vessel grew steady amid the uprushing flames—and how, when the Cambria came in sight, and her boats were hove into the ruddy glare of the burning ship, hope grew fierce in its doubtfulness, till at last they stood upon the deck of the friendly vessel, and, looking back on their short but fearful track, they saw the majestic bark, which had passed over the waters like a conqueror, become a mighty pillar of fire in the vast desert of the ocean!

She went through an echo of voices,

Respondent that spoke to the sea,

Like the sound of a number whom pleasures rejoices,

Light-hearted and dreaming of glee.

She went, but no eye has e'er known her

Return, though her season is o'er;

And the numbers that hailed, ere the tempest had
blown her,

Shall look on her beauty no more!

NARRATIVE OF THE SUFFERINGS AND DELIVERANCES OF MESSRS. CARTER, SHAW, & HASKETT,

PART OF THE CREW OF THE CHESTERFIELD WHALER,

From the Coast of New Guinea, to Timor Island, in an open boat, in 1793.

On the 29th of June, 1793, the ship *Shah Hormazier*, of Calcutta, in company with the *Chesterfield* whaler, sailed from Norfolk Island, bound to Batavia, with a resolution to explore a passage between New Holland and New Guinea, in which they succeeded, and discovered an island in latitude $9^{\circ} 39' 30''$, longitude $142^{\circ} 59'$, which they called *Fate Island*. Two boats were despatched to make a survey; they found it inhabited, and the natives making very friendly signs for the seamen to come on shore, but not being armed, they did not then land; afterwards, the natives came themselves on board, and bartered bows, arrows, and spears, for penknives, beads, &c., and, from their behaviour on board, seemed hos-

pitable and humane. During their visit they stole a hatchet, which, eventually, proved nearly fatal to Mr. Carter, the chief officer of the *Chesterfield*, who was sent on shore, on the 2nd of July, with a boat, with Captain Hill, Mr. Carter, Mr. Haskett, and four seamen, to make observations on the soil, products, and inhabitants of the island, carrying with them articles for presents and trade. And also arms for protection. At first, the natives showed them much apparent kindness and hospitality, assisting them in landing, and kissing their hands frequently; but, as it afterwards proved, with a view of getting them into their power, to rob and kill them; for the natives treacherously surrounded the gentlemen on shore, and the people in the boat, and attacked them. Mr. Carter received a blow on the head, without provocation, and was felled to the ground, with the hatchet that had been stolen; and Mr. Shaw, also, got wounded; but Mr. Haskett discharged the musket, and the natives fled. The party reached their boat, calling out to those on board to fire, but the natives had killed Captain Hill and one seaman, and soon after two others were found floating on the water with their throats cut. Mr. Shaw, Mr. Carter, and Mr. Haskett, with difficulty got on board their boat, which they found plundered of all their provisions and boat cloaks, the water all started, and the fourth sailor lying dead, his body mangled in a most shocking manner.

Fortunately, these gentlemen got off with the boat, though with much difficulty, after keeping the natives off with their muskets; and by means of a sail, which had escaped the plunder, they made the best of their way. Mr. Carter, from the loss of blood, was obliged to lie at the bottom of the boat, his wounds having been bound up with handkerchiefs. They committed the body of the murdered seaman to the deep, and then fervently returned their thanks to the Almighty for their providential deliverance.

They found that they had that night drifted out to sea, and that their boat had been plundered of their compass as well as supplies, nothing having been left them but a great coat, and some knives and scissors; but Mr. Shaw, who was the only navigator, stated they might, as the wind was fair, reach the island of Timor in about ten days; they therefore committed themselves to Providence.

On the third day of their escape from the cannibals of *Fate Island*, Mr. Carter's wound had become so painful, that he wished it examined. On cutting away his hat and his hair, which were clotted together, they found the wound on the back part of his head, which appeared to have been done with the hatchet, and having well washed it in salt water, it was tied up with a piece of shirt, and Mr. Carter felt himself much relieved.

Soon after this, they discovered an island and natives, but the melancholy fate of their companions was too fresh in their recollection for them to have any intercourse, or even to accept the offer of a fish from one of the negroes, although they had been fifty-two hours without breaking their fast. Mr. Shaw and Mr. Haskett relieved each other every two hours at the steer oar.

On the fifth day, they caught two small birds; one was divided into three parts, and devoured with the utmost avidity; the other was reserved for another meal; and even with this miserably small share of subsistence, their spirits were considerably raised. They still continued to steer to the westward, the sun being their guide by day, and the stars by night; but this night, being near shoal water, and fearful of breakers, they resolved to come to, and rest themselves for the night, in five fathom water.

On the morning of the sixth day, they discovered land on both sides, which at first greatly discouraged them; but perceiving a current, they found a passage between those islands, but no inhabitants. Mr. Shaw and Mr. Haskett landed in search of water, and finding a hole full, drank heartily of it; but, when they had filled their keg, they discovered it was as brackish as the water alongside. Mr. Carter's wound becoming very painful, it was again dressed with salt water, when they found three pieces of the skull had worked out; they, however, did not inform him of it, but

gave him every assurance he was doing well: they then cut the throat of the remaining bird, and applied it to Mr. Carter's mouth: it yielded a few drops of blood, which gave him great relief, and the body was then divided.

On the seventh day they were so much reduced, as to be under the necessity of drinking their own urine, which, though disagreeable, they found relief from. About nine o'clock at night, Mr. Shaw and Mr. Haskett found themselves so weak, and so overcome with sleep, that they lashed the oar, and found the boat went steady; and, after joining in prayer to the Almighty, to whose protection they committed themselves, they laid down and had a refreshing sleep; occasionally, however, they could not help starting up, and looking out for land or danger.

On the eighth day they resumed their labour at the oar, which was increased by a heavy swell; and Mr. Shaw held out hopes of seeing land in a day or two. They discovered shoal water, with breakers, and the sea frequently broke over them, which rendered Mr. Carter's situation truly deplorable; as, from his extreme weakness and inability, he could not move from the bottom of the boat, which was so full of water, that it was with the utmost difficulty he could keep his head above it; and, to add to their distress, Mr. Haskett was knocked overboard; but he was fortunately saved by the exertions of Mr. Shaw, by putting an oar under his arm, and lifting him up, until he was taken on board again.

On the ninth day they got clear of the shoals, and launched once more into the ocean, relying on Providence for their deliverance. Mr. Carter's wound was again dressed and washed, and four pieces more taken from his skull. Being in greater distress than ever for water, they grew very disconsolate, and were making up their minds to meet death with fortitude, having given up every hope of surviving another day, when Mr. Haskett eagerly exclaimed that he saw "land;" this revived their hopes, and they made for it, conceiving it to be the island of Timor. On their approach, the natives beckoned them to come on shore, but past experience made them fearful of landing, till Mr. Shaw told them they might as well trust to their reception on shore, as perish at sea, which would be the inevitable consequence of remaining in the boat another day; they agreed to run in for the bay, and that Mr. Haskett should remain in the boat, while Mr. Carter and Mr. Shaw went on shore in search of water. Mr. Carter, on being helped out, not being able to stand, was helped in again, and the other two advanced to the natives—one with the water-keg, and the other with the musket. They were overjoyed, when they heard the natives call out "Bligh! Bligh!" and recollecting that Captain Bligh was very humanely treated at Timor, they had no doubt but that they had the good fortune to land at the same place. The natives gave Mr. Shaw a baked yam, which he found it impossible to eat, on account of his throat being parched, until he had quenched his thirst at a spring, to which they carried him; they then filled their keg, and carried it to Mr. Carter, who was calling for water with the greatest eagerness, the natives looking on the whole time, with the most intense astonishment.

On the word Timor, which the natives repeated, they pointed to the southward, and then to a prow on the beach, intimating that they would convey them thither; in consequence of which, two muskets and a number of scissors, which remained in the boat, were given them. In their passage to Timor, they were chased by a prow, on which they hoisted sail, and stood over the reef with their boat, and escaped her. Night approaching, and the party finding themselves much fatigued, they hauled their sheet aft and lashed their oar, as customary, when they went along very steadily. They then lay down to sleep, and were much refreshed in the morning by the smell of spices, conveyed by the land wind. Mr. Carter was so much revived, that he several times exclaimed "Keep up your hearts, my boys; we shall dine with the Governor of Compang to-day;" but from shoals and points they were disappointed; the water they had drank had increased their appetites, and they were forced at night to pursue the method they had previously adopted, in order to obtain sufficient rest to enable them to go through the fatigues of the day.

On the eleventh day, Mr. Shaw, from the force of the sea on the steer oar, in his weak state, fell overboard, but by holding on the gunwale until Mr. Haskett came to his assistance, he was, with great exertion, got in again. As they were unable to weather the point which they saw a-head, they determined to run into a small bay, with an intention to land, when the natives came running towards them exclaiming, "Bligh! Bligh!" and helped them out of the boat, and made them sit down, giving them cocoa-nuts, yams, and Indian corn, which they received with gratitude: while the natives, in silent astonishment, were gazing upon the famished sufferers, and by signs inviting them to eat. Mr. Carter begged that his wound might be dressed with fresh water, which, when unbound, was found to be nearly healed.

With assistance, the party were led up into the town, on the top of a steep hill, accessible only by two ladders, up which they were lifted by their guides, and taken to the chief's house, amidst an immense concourse of people, who came to view these strangers; they were presented with corn, yams, and toddy to drink: after which the chief pressed them to their rest. They were a little alarmed at seeing two men watching at the door, notwithstanding the chief had placed himself between them and the men, and had a spear by his side; and Mr. Shaw got up at night, and went out at the door, to see if they would prevent him going further, but was agreeably surprised to find that they only waited lest anything should be wanted.

On the morning of the fourteenth day, they were again presented with yams, Indian corn, and toddy; and, upon inquiry, found they were upon Sarrett Island, which was separated from Timor-land, and which was the island where they had first refreshed themselves; that Tanabor was to the north, and that a prow came there yearly, to trade; which information greatly relieved them, and they found the natives humane and hospitable. For one fortnight nothing particular occurred, except the loss of a pair of scissors, which one of the children had stolen; and as they were very serviceable in cutting the hair round Mr. Carter's wound, they informed the chief of the circumstance; upon which he immediately called a council of the elders of the community, who withdrew, after an hour's debate, and the next day the scissors were returned.

On the 25th of July, Mr. Carter's wound was entirely healed, after having had thirteen pieces of the fractured skull taken out. They remained in perfect health, until the 25th of November, when Mr. Carter caught a fever, and died on December 10, 1793, to the great regret of his friends, Mr. Shaw and Mr. Haskett, and of the natives of Timor-land.

The survivors waited for the annual trading prow from Banda, which to their great joy, arrived on the 12th of March, 1794. They sailed from Timor on the 10th of April, and arrived at Banda on the 1st of May, where the governor received them with the utmost hospitality, and procured them a passage to Batavia, where they arrived on the 10th of October.

It appears that the two ships, after waiting six days for their boat, making signals and firing guns, sent two armed boats on shore after their companions. The natives came down, but indicated a different disposition from that which they displayed on their first interview, and gave the people in the boats to understand that the other boat had gone to the westward; at the same time endeavouring to decoy them to come on shore; one of their leaders wielded an axe, the handle of which being painted red, was identified as belonging to Mr. Shaw, and left no doubt as to the fate of him and his friends.

The two boats rounded the island, which is about eight miles long and five broad, but without making any discovery; and on their wishing to get one of the natives, in order to gain intelligence, they were attacked with a shower of arrows which they returned by discharging a blunderbuss, and killing one man and dispersing the remainder; but night coming on, they returned to the ship.

In order to punish treachery, and to deter these savages, for the future, it was resolved to detach three boats, with forty-two men, including lascars, upon which the natives re-

tired. In their searches on shore, they found the great coats, lanterns, and pieces of linen, of their friends, and several human skulls and strings of dried hands, which left no doubt of the fate of their companions; and, as a punishment for their brutal conduct, they destroyed their houses and huts, and burnt sixteen large canoes.

ADVENTURE IN THE ENDYMION.

BY CAPTAIN B. HALL, R.N.

ON the 13th of October, 1811, we were cruising in the *Endymion*, off the north of Ireland, in a fine clear day, succeeding one in which it had almost blown a hurricane. The master had just taken his meridian observation, the officer of the watch had reported the latitude, the captain had ordered it to be made twelve o'clock, and the boatswain, catching a word from the lieutenant, was in the full swing of his "Pipe to dinner!" when the captain called out—

"Stop! stop! I meant to go about first."

"Pipe away! Mr. King!" smartly ejaculated the officer of the watch, addressing the boatswain. Which words being heard over the decks, caused a sudden cessation of the sounds peculiar to that hungry season. The cook stood with a huge six-pound piece of pork uplifted on his tormentors, his mate ceased to bale out the pea-soup, and the whole ship seemed paralysed. The boatswain having checked himself in the middle of his long-winded dinner-tune, drew a fresh inspiration, and dashed off into the opposite sharp, abrupt, cutting sound of the "Pipe away!"—the essence of which peculiar note is, that its sounds should be understood and acted on with the utmost degree of promptitude.

There was now a dead pause of perfect silence all over the ship, in expectation of what was to come next. All eyes were turned to the chief.

"No! never mind, we'll wait," said the good-natured captain, unwilling to interfere with the comforts of the men: "let them go to dinner; we will tack at one o'clock, it will do just as well."

The boatswain, on a nod from the lieutenant of the watch, at once recommenced his merry "Pipe to dinner" notes, upon which a loud, joyous laugh, rang from one end of the ship to the other. This hearty burst was not in the slightest degree disrespectful; on the contrary, it sounded like a grateful expression of glee at the prospect of the approaching good things which, by this time, were finding their speedy course down the hatchways.

Nothing was now heard but the cheerful chuckle of a well-fed company, the platter of plates and knives, and the chit-chat of light hearts, under the influence of temperate excitement.

When one o'clock came, the hands were called, "About ship!" But as the helm was in the very act of going down, the look-out man at the fore-topmast-head called out,

"I see something a little on the lee-bow, sir!"

"Something! What do you mean by something?" cried the first lieutenant, making a motion to the quarter-master at the con to right the helm again.

"I don't know what it is, sir," cried the man; "it is black, however."

"Black! is it like a whale?" asked the officer, playing a little with his duty.

"Yes, sir," cried the look-out man, unconscious that Shakespeare had been before him, "very like a whale!"

The captain and the officer exchanged glances, at the poor fellow aloft having fallen into the trap laid for him; and the temptation must have been great to have inquired whether it were not "like a weasel;" but this might have been stretching the jest too far; so the lieutenant merely called to the signal midshipman, and desired him to skulk up to the mast-head with his glass, to see what he made of the look-out man's whale.

"It looks like a small rock," cried young Skylark, as soon as he reached the topgallant-yard and had taken the glass from his shoulders, across which he had slung it with a three-yarn fox.

"Stuff and nonsense," replied the officer, "there are no rocks hereabouts; we can but just see the top of Muckish, behind Tory Island. Take another spy at your object, youngster. The masthead-man and you will make it out to be something, by and bye, between you, I dare say."

"It's a boat, sir!" roared out the boy. "It's a boat adrift, two or three points on the lee-bow."

"Oh, ho!" said the officer, "that may be, sir," turning, with an interrogative air to the captain, who gave orders to keep the frigate away a little, that this strange-looking affair might be investigated. Meanwhile, as the ship was not to be tacked, the watch was called, and one-half only of the people remained on deck. The rest strolled, sleepily, below; or disposed themselves in the sun on the lee gangway, mending their clothes, or telling long yarns.

A couple of fathoms of the fore and main sheets, and a slight touch of the weather topsail and topgallant braces, with a check of the bow-lines, made the swift-footed *Endymion* spring forward, like a greyhound slipped from the leash. In a short time we made out, that the object we were in chase of was, in fact, a boat. On approaching a little nearer, some heads of people became visible, and then several figures stood up waving their hats to us. We brought-to, just to windward of them, and sent a boat to see what was the matter.

It turned out as we supposed; they had belonged to a ship which had foundered in the recent gale. Although their vessel had become water-logged, they had contrived to hoist their long-boat out, and to stow in her twenty-one persons, some of them seamen and some passengers. Of these, two were women, and three children. Their vessel, it appeared, had sprung a leak in the middle of the gale, and in spite of all their pumping, the water gained so fast upon them, that they took to baling, as a more effectual method. After a time, when this resource failed, the men, totally worn out, and quite dispirited, gave it up as a bad job, abandoned their pumps, and actually lay down to sleep. In the morning the gale broke; but the ship had filled in the meantime, and was falling fast over on her broadside. With some difficulty they disentangled the long-boat from the wreck, and thought themselves fortunate in being able to catch hold of a couple of small oars, with a studdingsail-boom for a mast, on which they hoisted a fragment of their main-hatchway tarpaulin for a sail. One ham and three gallons of water were all the provisions they were able to secure; and in this fashion they were set adrift on the wide sea. The master of the ship, with two gentlemen who were passengers, two sailors, and one woman, remained on board, preferring to stick by the vessel while there was any part of her above water. This, at least, was the story told us by the people we picked up.

The wind had been fair for the shore when the longboat left the wreck, and though their ragged sail scarcely drove them along, their oars were only just sufficient to keep the boat's head the right way. Of course, they made but small progress; so that when they rose on the top of the swell, which was still very long and high in consequence of the gale, they could only just discover the distant land, Muckish, a remarkable flat topped mountain, on the north-west coast of Ireland, not very far from the promontory called the Bloody Foreland.

There appeared to have been little discipline among this forlorn crew, even when the breeze was in their favour; but when the wind chopped round, and blew off shore, they gave themselves up to despair, laid in their oars, let the sail flap to pieces, gobbled up all their provisions, and drank out their whole stock of water. Meanwhile the boat, which had been partially stove, in the confusion of clearing the ship, began to fill with water; and, as they all admitted afterwards, if it had not been for the courage and patience of the women, under this sharp trial, they must have gone to the bottom. As it was both cold and rainy, the poor children, who were too young to understand the nature of their situation, or the inutility of complaining, incessantly cried out for water, and begged that more clothes might be wrapped round them. Even after they came to us the little things were still crying.

"Oh! do give me some water!" words which long sounded in our ears. None of these women were by any means strong—on the contrary, one of them seemed to be very delicate; yet they managed to rouse the men to a sense of their duty, by a mixture of reproaches and entreaties, combined with the example of that singular fortitude which often gives more than masculine vigour to female minds in seasons of danger. How long this might have lasted, I cannot say; but probably the strength of the men, however stimulated, must have given way before night, especially as the wind freshened, and the boat was drifting further to sea. Had it not been for the accident of the officer of the forenoon watch on board the *Endymion* being unaware of the captain's intention to tack before dinner, these poor people, most probably, would all have perished.

The women, dripping wet, and scarcely capable of moving hand or foot, were lifted up the side, in a state almost of stupor; for they were confused by the hurry of the scene, and their fortitude had given way the moment all high motive to exertion was over. One of them, on reaching the quarter-deck, slipped through our hands, and, falling on her knees, wept violently, as she returned thanks for such a wonderful deliverance; but her thoughts were bewildered; and, fancying that her child was lost, she struck her hands together, and, leaping again on her feet, screamed out, "Oh; where's my bairn—my wee bairn!"

At this instant, a huge quarter-master, whose real name or nickname (I forget which) was Billy Magnus, and who was reputed to have no fewer than five wives, and God knows how many children, appeared over the gangway hammocks, holding the missing urchin in his immense paw, where it squealed and twisted itself about, like Gulliver between the finger and thumb of the Brobdingnag farmer. The mother had just strength enough left to snatch her offspring from Billy, when she sunk down flat on the deck, completely exhausted.

By means of a fine blazing fire, and plenty of hot tea, toast, and eggs, it was easy to remedy one class of these poor people's wants; but how to rig them out in dry clothes was the puzzle, till the captain bethought him of a resource which answered very well. He sent to several of the officers for their dressing-gowns: and these, together with supplies from his own wardrobe, made capital gowns and petticoats, at least till the more fitting drapery of the ladies was dried. The children were tumbled into bed in the same apartment close to the fire; and it would have done any one's heart good to have witnessed the style in which the provisions vanished from the board, while the women wept, prayed, and laughed, by turns.

The rugged seamen, when taken out of the boat, showed none of those symptoms of emotion, but running instinctively to the scuttle-butt, asked eagerly for a drop of water. As the most expeditious method of feeding and dressing them, they were distributed among the different messes, one to each, as far as they went. Thus they were all soon provided with dry clothing, and with as much to eat as they could stow away; for the doctor, when consulted; said they had not fasted so long as to make it dangerous to give them as much food as they were disposed to swallow. With the exception of the ham devoured in the boat, and which, after all, was but a mouthful a-piece, they had tasted nothing for more than thirty hours; so that, I suppose, better justice was never done to his majesty's beef, pork, bread, and other good things, with which our fellows insisted upon stuffing the new comers, till they fairly cried out for mercy, and begged to be allowed a little sleep.

Possibly some of us were more disposed to sympathise with the distress of these people when adrift in their open boat on the wide sea, from having ourselves, about a month before been pretty much in the same predicament. It always adds, as every one knows, greatly to our consideration for the difficulties and dangers of others, to have recently felt some touch of similar distress in our own persons. This maxim, though it is familiar enough, makes so little impression on our ordinary thoughts, that when circumstances occur to fix our attention closely upon it, we are apt to arrive as suddenly at the perception of its truth as if it were a new discovery.

THE LOSS OF THE ARNISTON.

THE *Arniston*, sixteen hundred tons, was engaged by the Transport Board, to carry out stores, ammunition, &c., to the Island of Ceylon. She sailed from Spithead on the 26th of April, 1814, and arrived at Ceylon on the 22nd of November following. After fulfilling her mission, she sailed again from thence to England on the 4th of April, 1815, having on board 525 souls; out of which number five only escaped death. On the 21st of May, meeting with adverse winds, they parted convoy, and on the 26th got into La Guillas Reef, two hundred miles eastward of the Cape of Good Hope. Now all hope of escape from their impending fate deserted them. Men now, who had faced many a danger unshrinkingly, trembled with fear at the near approach of that death which in its mildest form is terrible, but how much more with a violent one perpetually before their eyes, language cannot tell. There might be seen stern mariners, rough bred and rough taught, listening to the gentle voice of women, who, now all hope on earth was passed, bid them with an angel's voice and spirit, seek the God above. Hearts lately beating high and tumultuously at the prospect of seeing that land, and embracing those dear friends, now were endeavouring to learn the stern lesson of meeting death placidly and without regret.

On the 30th instant at ten o'clock, the horror-inspiring cry of "breakers ahead!" came from the lips of the looker-out. They had hardly been uttered when the vessel dashed violently against the rocks, and immediately began to go to pieces. Now came the heart-rending scene of mothers parting from children, and husbands pressing to their hearts in one last embrace, their wives, followed by the last dread scene, when the vessel sunk. Some perished quietly. Others, with loud cries of agony, strove hard to gain that life they were fated never to enjoy. A gurgling noise, as head after head disappeared, told how fruitless those struggles were. Of the number which tenanted that once noble bark, five only escaped. They, poor fellows, after encountering unparalleled difficulties, gained a barren island, and there on their knees poured forth their thanks to the throne of their Creator for their preservation. For near a month did those poor fellows stay there, keeping life in them (a living it could not be called) by what they could pick up from the wreck. This pitiful sustenance was almost expended, and it did seem that they had only escaped the late catastrophe to undergo further privation, and perish miserably of starvation at last, when they were discovered by Mr. John Swanson, who very humanely carried them to his father's house, where they received such treatment as their attenuated forms required. The names of the survivors were, Charles Stuart Scott, carpenter's mate, Thomas Mausfield, William Drummond, William Sheen, and James Mackay, seamen. These poor fellows, with assistance, buried three hundred and thirty-one bodies that were cast upon the beach. Amongst them were Captain Simpson, the late commander, Lord and Lady Molesworth, Mr. G. A. Stevens, the wife and niece of a missionary, and many other persons of distinction. They rested in one grave, and as they consigned their bodies to their last resting place, they dropped a tear to their memory, and breathed a prayer to heaven that they all might meet in that blest place, sorrowless, and endued with life immortal.

LOSS OF THE VRYHEID.

THE *Melville Castle*, a British East Indiaman, after having performed the usual number of voyages, was put up by the East India Company for sale, and purchased by an agent of the merchants of Amsterdam trading to the East Indies. She was navigated to Amsterdam, where she underwent a tolerable repair in her upper works, and was new sheathed and coppered, while her knees and timbers remained in a very decayed state. Thus patched up, with such an imperfect repair, the company tendered her to the government, who were then in want of a large ship to carry out troops and stores to Batavia, reserving to themselves the liberty of bringing home a return freight. A surveyor was immediately ordered on board, who reported that the ship was in perfect repair, and wanted

nothing but the necessary stores to equip her for the intended voyage. The ship was accordingly furnished with all the requisite stores, was painted throughout, and received the name of the Vryheid.

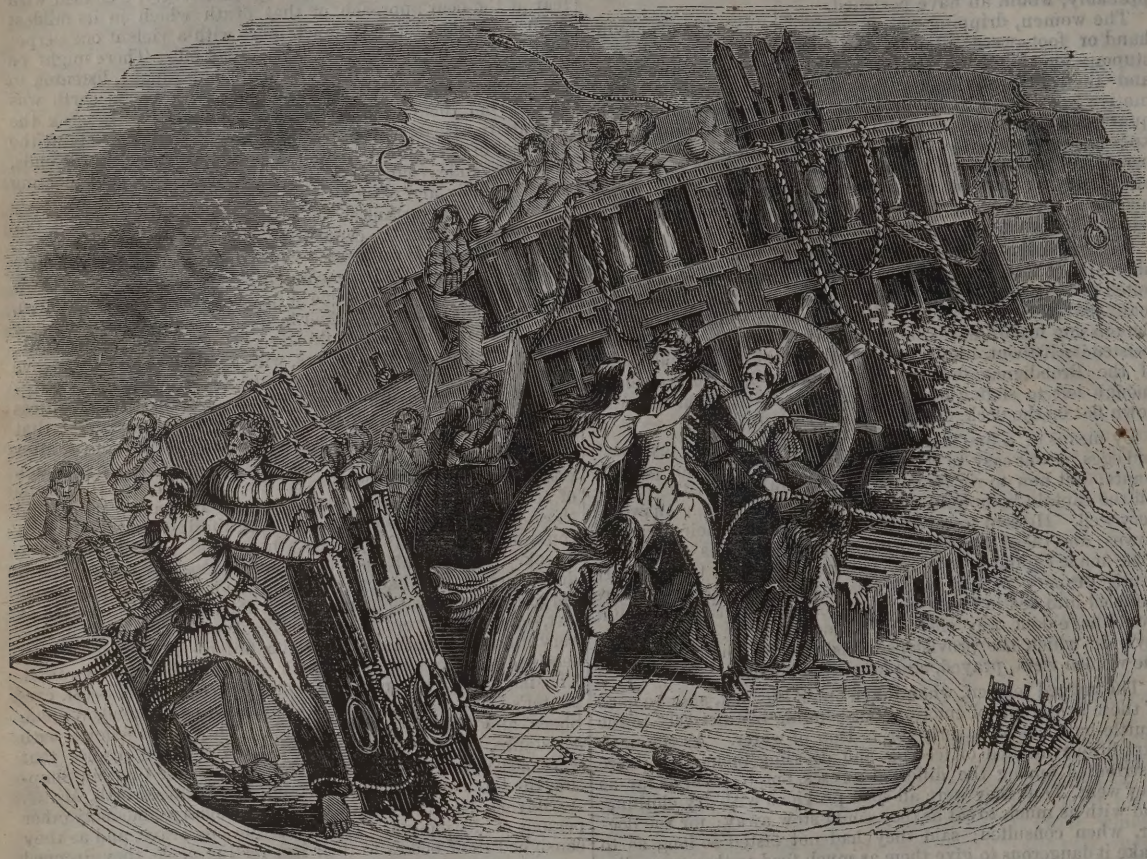
On Monday, Nov. 8, 1802, the troops who were destined to embark on board of the Vryheid, received orders to march from Rotterdam to Amsterdam, where three hundred and twenty-seven men, the flower of the regiment, were selected out of nearly one thousand, who formed the second battalion of marines in the service of the Batavian republic.

On Saturday the 20th, the troops were ordered to embark which was done without delay; and early the following morning the admiral, the colonel, and all the officers went on board

the Vryheid, accompanied by their ladies, attendants, and domestics.

The ship immediately got under weigh, and proceeded with a favourable breeze till early in the morning of the 22nd, when it blew a heavy gale from a contrary direction. The captain immediately ordered the top-gallant-masts and yards to be struck, when she appeared to ride much easier than before. As the day opened, however, the wind blew with increased violence, and every exertion of the crew to render the ship manageable, proved ineffectual.

The most serious apprehensions now began to be entertained for the safety of the vessel; and the state of the ladies on board was particularly distressing. Some embraced their helpless



LOSS OF THE VRYHEID, CAPTAIN SCHERMAN, NOVEMBER 28, 1802.

offspring and wept over them in speechless agony, while others in vain implored their husbands to procure the means of landing them in safety on their native shore, and to give up the voyage. The commander, Captain Scherman, was himself in a very trying situation. His lady was on board, with an infant only three months old at her breast; and her affliction was aggravated by being surrounded with so many females fondly weeping over their little ones, and earnestly entreating assistance of the captain, who had the utmost difficulty to prevail on them to leave him, so that he might attend to the duties of his station.

The ship continued to drive before the wind till about three o'clock on Monday afternoon, when the storm increased to a perfect hurricane. Soon after the mainmast went by the board

with a tremendous crash, and, in its fall, swept overboard several of the crew, who were drowned, besides wounding four or five others. This disaster greatly augmented the fears of all on board. The captain himself, the admiral, and the other officers, now seemed to consider their lives in the most imminent danger; for though they were near enough to the Kentish shore, that they could discern objects on land, yet the waves, which then rolled mountains high, totally precluded the possibility of their receiving any assistance.

They now hoisted a signal of distress, and after very great exertion, they managed to bring the ship to an anchor at the entrance of Hythe Bay; but as it was quite dark they could obtain no assistance from the shore, though the wind was not quite so tempestuous. By the captain's orders the crew were

plentifully regaled, and a beam of hope illumined every countenance; but, alas! it was but of momentary duration. The ship was found to have sprung a leak: all hands were ordered to the pumps; and while they were thus employed, the storm came on again with redoubled violence.

Universal consternation now prevailed, and the piercing shrieks of the women and children at each successive blast of wind, were sufficient to unman the stoutest heart. Every relief that circumstances would admit was afforded by the ship's company and the troops, to the unfortunate ladies, many of whom were, by this time, clinging round their husbands and fainting in their arms.

They remained in this dismal situation for several hours, during which the greatest order and sobriety reigned on board, till about six o'clock on Tuesday morning, when the vessel parted from her best bower-anchor, and drifted towards Dymchurch Wall, about three miles to the westward of Hythe. They continued to fire guns of distress, and kept the signal flying during the whole of the morning. At daybreak, a pilot-boat put off from Dover, and coming near, recommended the captain to put back to Deal or Hythe, and to remain till the weather became more moderate. "If you proceed," said the boatman, "all hands will be lost: you are not acquainted with the coast, and if the gale should continue, no power on earth can save you." The captain, however, conceiving the danger to be less imminent, neglected this advice, and flattered himself, that as the day opened the wind would abate, when he should be enabled to put into some bay or port, without being obliged to comply with the demands of the Dover pilots, or to pay the Downs fees for coming to an anchor there.

The pilot-boat had scarcely left the ship, when the commodore at Deal dispatched two boats to endeavour to board her, when the unaccountable and fatal obstinacy of the captain was again strikingly displayed; the crew were ordered to let the vessel drive before the wind, and to pay no attention to the recommendations of the commodore. The boats then fired several shots as a further signal to bring-to, but these were equally disregarded. A few minutes afterwards, one of the boats passed close under the stern, and as the ship had lost her mainmast, desired she would immediately put about and stand for the first port. But to this, like the former solicitations, they gave no reply, and the gale increasing they soon lost sight of both the boats. The ill-fated captain was now in a state of the greatest agitation, and bitterly repented his refusal to take a pilot on board, but it was now too late; the roar of the sea was terrific, and such a tremendous swell, that the chance of any relief being afforded from the shore, was effectually prevented.

The wind blew a perfect hurricane from the south and southwest, the signal-guns they continued to fire incessantly, and the captain twice attempted to put the ship about, but all his exertions proved fruitless. She was now near Dymchurch Wall, where the coast for the space of above two miles is protected from the encroachment of the sea by overlaths and immense piles, and is further secured by large wooden jetties stretching far into the sea. On the first of these jetties the unfortunate vessel struck.

In this desperate situation, with the wind becoming more and more boisterous, the captain ordered the mizenmast to be cut away, and all the water in the hold to be started, by staving the casks, while a part of the crew, under the directions of the officers, were incessantly employed at the pumps. They also hove almost all the ballast overboard; but in spite of every exertion, the danger seemed every moment to increase. So maddening was the reflection of what might have been their situation had the pilot not been refused, that the officers could not refrain from reproaching the captain with having slighted the advice of the English in the boats: he appeared to be deeply sensible of his error, but it was now too late to repent.

The admiral recommended the sheet-anchor to be cut away, which was accordingly done, and nearly two cables were veered out in the hope of bringing off the ship. All this time she continued to beat upon the piles, and the sea to break over her with such violence that the men were no longer able to remain in the hold. The pumps had now become so completely choked

with sand and mud that they were rendered totally useless, and a speedy destruction of the vessel and all on board appeared to be inevitable. The foremast soon afterwards went over the ship's side, hurrying along with it about twelve of the crew, who were soon out of sight. The ladies now began to strip themselves quite naked, which is a usual custom among the Dutch females under similar circumstances, and several of them were handed to the bowsprit attended by their husbands. The others chose to wait their fate on the quarter-deck, where stood the miserable Captain Scherman, in silent despair at the unavailing cries for assistance of those around him, while his unfortunate wife, in all the bitterness of maternal anguish from the loss of her infant, was clinging to his feet.

About eight o'clock the rudder was discovered to be unshipped, while the tiller was tearing up the gun-deck, and the water rushing in with fearful rapidity at the ports. At this moment most of the passengers and crew joined in solemn prayer to the Almighty, and while engaged in this act of devotion, the sea, foaming dreadfully, made a fair breach over them, so that they were obliged to exert every effort to remain in the ship. From the uncommon fury and roaring of the waves, the guns could scarcely be heard even on board; and no hope remained of their obtaining any assistance from the shore. As a last expedient, the captain gave orders to cut away the anchors from the bows, when a violent swell immediately parted them, and the ship drifted with irresistible force farther on the piles.

The unhappy sufferers had now no other prospect than that of instant destruction—every human exertion had been made to save the vessel—nothing more could be done; and all stood in silent suspense waiting the awful moment that should hurry them into eternity.

The morning was unusually dark, and to aggravate the horrors of the terrific scene, the ship was not more than four or five cables' lengths from the shore; so that the crew could discern that there were several people on the Wall, but who were unable to afford them any relief. It was now half-past eight, when a tremendous sea dashed with such force against the ill-fated vessel, that, after rocking like a cradle for two or three seconds, her timbers split, and immediately she broke her back. About one hundred and seventy persons were instantly overwhelmed by the furious element, and not one of them ever reached the land. The wreck, thus torn asunder, still presented nearly three hundred miserable objects clinging to the various parts that remained above water; while the tremendous noise of the foaming billows was drowned by the piercing shrieks and cries of the helpless women and children.

At the earnest request of the admiral, the jolly-boat, which was hanging over the stern, was now launched; and he, together with the colonel and eight females, were helped into her. Mrs. Scherman wept incessantly, but refused to quit her husband to accompany them. They had not, however, proceeded far when a dreadful sea broke over them, and the boat instantly disappeared. In a few moments the colonel was observed endeavouring to support his lady above water, when a returning wave overwhelmed them, and they sunk to rise no more.

The ship was now settling rapidly, and each determined to risk some experiment to reach the shore. The captain proposed to his lady, that they should make themselves fast to a large hen-coop, and commit their lives to the mercy of the waves. A few of the crew having cut away the coop, they, with great difficulty, made fast the captain and Mrs. Scherman, and after an affectionate parting, lowered them down over the stern. They had nearly reached the Wall, followed by the anxious looks of those who had remained on board the wreck, when a large piece that had been detached from it, drove them completely under, and they were never seen to rise again.

Painful as this spectacle must necessarily have been to the remaining survivors, their attention was completely absorbed in contriving means for their own preservation. A lieutenant, his wife, and two female domestics of the unfortunate admiral, still remained on the wreck, and the men agreed to make one more effort to save them. Seizing one of the hatches which had been torn asunder, they fastened it to a piece of the quarter-gallery, and lashed the females to the planks, while the

lieutenant, who was a good swimmer, stripped himself, and having taken a rope round his waist, the raft was lowered into the water. They had scarcely been a few seconds upon the water, when a violent gust of wind overset the raft, and every soul on it was hurried into eternity. Thus perished all the officers and females who had remained on the stern of the wreck.

About this time the bowsprit was torn asunder from the other parts of the wreck. It has been already observed, that many of the females and officers had taken refuge upon it, and the number of persons about the rigging and various parts of the bows was now above a hundred, who were driven towards the Wall by the violence of the surf. Those who were upon the stern, watched the progress of their companions with the utmost solicitude, and just as they supposed them to be beyond the reach of further danger, a tremendous sea broke over them, and whelmed them all in one general destruction.

The surface of the ocean was instantly covered with their bodies, and many of the unhappy creatures had almost reached the shore; but wave upon wave succeeded each other with fearful rapidity, and finally triumphed over all their exertions. Among the most distressing instances of individual suffering, was that of a captain of the marines, who was swimming with one hand, and, with the other, endeavouring to support his lady by the hair of her head; till, overcome by cold and fatigue, he turned round, clasped her in his arms, and both disappeared.

The wreck, meanwhile, was gradually disappearing, and many of the seamen and marines, successively seizing on various timbers, precipitated themselves into that danger they were so anxious to avoid; but it was natural to suppose, that after so many dreadful examples, those who still remained on the wreck should not be willing to attempt similar experiments. Of these there were now not more than forty-five on both parts of the wreck, which frequently became so entangled, that the men were near enough to hold a conversation with each other. Their situation, however, was now rapidly approaching to a crisis; from all parts, the planks were being torn away, and each succeeding sea was fatal to two or three of the wretched survivors. At length, two of the seamen determined to lash themselves to a large hog-trough, and endeavour to reach the land: they were handed over the larboard side, and after a miraculous escape from coming in contact with a fragment of the drifting wreck, they fortunately succeeded in reaching the shore in safety, being the first out of all the adventurers who had quitted the ship that had succeeded in their attempts.

Their success greatly contributed to animate the exertions of those whom they had left behind, and who instantly fell to work to construct a raft, which, in a few minutes, was sufficiently rigged for them to make the attempt. To this frail conveyance did the remaining survivors commit their lives, and had scarcely got clear off the wreck, when a heavy sea struck the ship with such violence, that she was dashed into a thousand pieces. The situation of those on the raft was now peculiarly awful, from the numerous fragments of the wreck, which were floating about in every direction, and by the violence of their motions threatening instant destruction. They continued, however, to drift nearer the Wall, when they were run foul of by a piece of the wreck, which swept off eighteen out of the thirty-three who were upon the raft, and wounded all the rest in a greater or less degree; at the same time, they were driven forward with such velocity, that it was impossible to afford any relief to those who were struck off. One of these poor fellows was snatched from the deep by the enterprising humanity of Mr. Kemp, of Hythe, who, at the imminent hazard of his own life, was observed endeavouring to save another, a soldier, when a piece of timber unfortunately struck the poor soldier on the head, and he was drowned. About ten minutes after this fatal accident the survivors succeeded in reaching the long-wished for shore, half dead with fatigue and the severe bruises which they had received.

Thus of four hundred and seventy-two persons, who, but a few days before, had left the city of Amsterdam, and who were but a few hours on board the Vryheid, in full health and confidence of security, not more than eighteen escaped. This wretched remnant of the crew of that ill-fated vessel received

from the inhabitants of the adjacent coast, such generous attention, as not only contributed to their recovery, but amply relieved all their necessities. The bodies of the unfortunate sufferers, which were scattered along the coast for many miles, were likewise collected, and interred in a decent manner at the expense of the inhabitants. The bodies of Captain Scherman and his wife, and many of the officers and their ladies, were committed to the grave with every mark of respect.

A very liberal contribution was afterwards made by the inhabitants of Folkestone and Hythe, to enable the survivors to return to their native land, which they reached in about ten days after the fatal accident.

It is a circumstance worthy of remark, that a small merchant vessel which left the Texel on the same day as the Vryheid, took a pilot on board off Margate, and was brought safe into port, without losing a single hand during the storm.

The following is an accurate statement of the number of the crew and passengers of the Vryheid:—forty-two officers, twenty-two women, twenty-eight passengers, seven children, fifty-one seamen, three hundred and twelve soldiers;—total, four hundred and fifty-four persons lost. Ten seamen, eight soldiers;—total, eighteen saved.

A SEA STORY.

WE were in S. lat. 20°, W. long. 10°, 18', on our passage from the Cape down to St. Helena, the ship was dashing the spray before her at the rate of ten knots an hour, the wind was just abaft the beam, and hardly enough of it to make a spar creak, every stitch of canvass was set, not a gore of it fluttered, she looked beautiful, as the breeze brought her topside down to the kiss of the larboard wave, and the leeward rigging slackened. I looked up at the bellies of the white sails, till I could almost imagine, like Byron, that I was carried away by a "thing of life." A sailor can never call his ship it. *She* is the only pronoun which he could apply to his "bonny barge." She is a sort of sweetheart to him. The captain stood on the quarter-deck, exulting in his well-rigged clipper, his eyes sparkled again as the spray broke over the roughtree-rail, and the long wake of eddies foamed abaft us. Really it was a scene which made one's soul glad. I, a passenger, felt the contagion, and, for the first time in my life, found myself in the company of one of the Parnassian nine. She dictated as follows:—

"The heart of the sailor's bounding high,
As his ship flies on 'twixt sea and sky;
She lives to him, and she's firm and brave,
And he'd serve the foe as she serves the wave.
And as she dances from zone to zone,
He feels her destiny is his own;
With her his life must sink or swim,
Her timbers and plank are fate to him:
As the sail swells proudly on her spar,
So swells the heart of the gallant tar;
Her shrouds, and stays, are rife with hope,
And his heart-strings tighten with every rope."

"Something on the starboard bow," bawled out Sam Stay-sail, with the voice of a Stentor. He was keeping a look out on the fore-castle. My muse took flight to the celebrated mountain to moisten her temples with a little Hippocrene water, that is, unless her museship had stronger nerves than many an exquisite to be found even at the United Service Club-house. For Sam's voice was of amazing volume, and force, and everything being as quiet as a mummy depot in one of the pyramids, —when he hailed us with his right hand at his lips for a speaking trumpet,—it startled us as much as if old Neptune had paid us a visit, and saluted us in the mild and subdued tone for which his godship is proverbial.

"Helm starboard!" exclaimed the captain to the man at the wheel.

She answered her helm immediately. The sheets were handled. The sheaves creaked—the sails shivered, and the good ship hove to, "in the twinkling of a marlin spike;" as one of the crew said, on observing the adroitness with which the evolution had been performed.

"Let go the boat, and a couple of hands," ordered the captain.

The Davits instantly seemed animated, two men were in the boat, and the Davit-falls running through the blocks, in less time than is generally occupied in taking a pinch of snuff. I took a telescope, and, standing against the fore part of the poop on the starboard side, endeavoured to descry the object which had been the cause of stopping us. I quickly discovered something rising and falling with the wave, and approaching the ship. It was not a boat. As it neared us I could perceive something alive on it. The living thing was a man, and he waved something in his hand. I soon discerned that it was a hen-coop on which the poor wretch floated. "Good God," I thought, "nothing but the wide Atlantic, and wider heaven for this poor creature to gaze upon, and a hen-coop, the only thing of this world to which he clings, to prevent him from perishing; nay, worse, that hen-coop his only oasis in this desert of waters, and even on that he seems but the prisoner of death, who, instead of dispatching him with a stroke of his dart, is gloating himself like a truculent tyrant, by gradually famishing his poor victim ere he devours him!" I thought, of many of the horrors of shipwreck, which I had heard of, and my blood seemed to curdle in my veins. All the passengers came upon deck. Among them there was a captain of a man-of-war, who had been picked up at sea by a vessel that we had fallen in with, his own ship having foundered under most mysterious circumstances: this gentleman was going to England in our vessel as a passenger. He had described the horrors which he endured previous to his being picked up, and the whole of his direful story rushed vividly on my mind, as I gazed upon the wretch, who, with the instinctive love of life, and under the influence of hope (the great boon of heaven to suffering wretches), clung to two or three deal boards, rather than close his miseries by sinking into eternity. The men in the boat soon removed him from his perilous situation. I could perceive, as they pulled him into our boat, that he was too weak to stand. They laid him down carefully in the stern-sheets of the boat, and pulled toward the ship. They soon came alongside, and ropes being handed down, the tars kindly put their jackets round the poor fellow's loins, and under his arm-pits; and we slowly *boused* him up to the gangway, and pulled him in-board upon deck. Famine had battered like a vulture upon his living flesh. He was a mere animated skeleton. His eyes glared from the recess of their sockets, his cheek-bones protruded almost through his yellow skin, his lips were blue, his beard was long, and added to the hideousness of his ghastly physiognomy.

"Water, water," he exclaimed, opening more widely his eyelashes, the pupil of his eyes dilating at the same time. "For God's sake, water;" his lips seemed rigid as he opened them to utter the supplication, and his lungs groaned, as it were with convulsion, as he inhaled the air which was expelled from them in articulating it.

We took him under the awning on the quarter deck. A little water in a biggin was brought to him. Oh heaven, I had no conception of what thirst is till that moment! His limbs quivered as the precious pure fluid touched his lips. And Oh, the expression, the horrible expression of gratification that distorted his hardly human features, as his parched mouth and throat were cooled by the delicious draught! Every restorative that could be thought of, and obtained on board the vessel, was administered to the sufferer, and at length sleep, nature's soft restorer, kindly shed her influence over him. He slept for two hours. When he awoke I was seated alone by his side. He looked wildly around.

"What—where—who—where am I?" he incoherently exclaimed. "Is this a ship—that the face of heaven, oh God!" he shut his eyes, and seemed absorbed in mental prayer for a few moments. I took his hand, and, with as much kindness as possible, asked him if he wanted anything, or if I could do anything for him. He grasped my hand tightly in his hard but attenuated fingers.

"You are not a fiend!" he exclaimed, gazing on me with a phrenzied look.

"No, no, my dear fellow." I replied, "a friend who wishes to serve you."

He grasped my hand still tighter, and pressed it to his bosom. I saw a tear roll down his lank cheek. The steward of the vessel passing at the moment, I sent him for a shirt of mine, and two or three articles of dress; enough to cover humanity in those tropical regions. The steward brought them. I had given my patient a little wine and water, and sopped a piece of bread in it, which with much difficulty he had swallowed. I lifted him up on my arm, the moisture had evaporated from his garments, and left the salt crystals in every fold. I, with much difficulty, stripped him, his back had evidently been lacerated by that accursed instrument of torture, the cat-o'-nine-tails; it was waled from the shoulders to the hip. He could hardly bear me to touch his back it was so tender.

"Is your back sore?" I inquired. He shook his head in an agony, and replied, "It is, sir, very, very sore."

I could not refer to it again, I concluded that he had been flogged for some act of criminality, and that any allusion to his flagellation would most likely cause a bitter augmentation of his sufferings. After I had clad him comfortably and put him into my own cot, he seized my hand, and kissing it said:—

"I fear sir, I am not long here." I cheered him, and told him that I could see he was an Englishman, and that I hoped in a few weeks he would see the white cliffs, and green fields of his native land.

"Never, never!" he responded with a sigh. "I have seen my poor father who died when I was a boy, and fiends were lashing me with scorpions, you drove them away—"

I was afraid that he was becoming delirious, and therefore stopped him. I assured him that he had slept and dreamed of those things.

"No, no, no," he ejaculated quickly, "I know they will seize me."

I endeavoured to tranquillise him. He seemed grateful for my kindness, repeatedly pressed my hand to his lips, and wept. At length he said—

"Oh, sir, my hour is come, I am a murderer."

"Providence," I exclaimed, "how mysterious are thy dispensations. A murderer thus rescued from the oblivious grave of the unfathomable deep, to confess his crime and perhaps expiate it on a gallows in the country of his birth!"

I involuntarily shrank from him and would have stood at a distance, but he would not let go my hand.

"Sit down," he said in an agony, "sit down, I will tell you all."

I sat down, my mind at the time experiencing a conflict between horror and curiosity, which it would require a more graphic pen than mine to describe.

"I am a dying murderer," he groaned, and seemed unable to proceed. "Oh, sir," he added, "do not look at me in pity, but promise me you will not divulge my story."

I promised him that I would not.

"But why not?" he said, "I shall be in the deep."

He paused.—A conflict of the most agonising description was evidently passing in his breast.—He turned to me, and seizing my arm with his left hand,—his right hand at the same time squeezing mine,—appeared as if he had concentrated all the energy which his sufferings had left him.

"I am a murderer, a dying murderer, but heaven—no, no, it was revenge—heaven can never pardon revenge—never, never—"

I besought him to be calm, and assured him that the gates of Heaven were shut only against the finally impenitent. He wept. He then proceeded.

"Oh, sir, I have been the means of sending hundreds of my fellow-creatures to their account before their time."

He shuddered as he uttered this, and fixing his eyes on vacancy, his lips quivered, his tongue moved but he uttered not a word. I thought he communed with the Almighty Parent of universal humanity, and I dropped on my knees, and besought my God of his infinite mercy to pardon him. His abstraction terminated. He resumed.

"I served on board His Majesty's Brig —, under Captain —, he was a cruel tyrant, but that's no excuse, he will appear in judgment against me—Lord forgive me."

He trembled as he uttered this. I thought his imagination wandered, and would have terminated his disjointed narrative, but he prayed me to hear the remainder.

"Oh, sir, he flogged me for looking at him, scarcely anything else did I do. I looked at him in a manner which displeased him, he ordered me to have three dozen. I writhed under the bloody thongs—I fainted—I was scoffed at—hooted—Oh God—I—I sought a revenge that a fiend would shrink from—I—I took an auger, bored holes in the pumps first, and then through the ship's bottom—Oh, Oh—"

He fainted. I moistened his lips and burned rags under his nostrils. He recuscitated. I intreated him not to resume his story, but he replied:—

"I pray you, sir, to hear me; my soul is already much relieved. The ship went down—I did intend to drown with the rest, but love of life was too strong for me. I clung to a hen-coop. I heard some shriek. I heard some struggle. The water gurgled in the throats of some. Oh, sir, I saw some of their looks as they sank—I saw my messmates that I had murdered—Oh God save, save, save—IT IS HIM—save, save—" he vociferated, and swooned.

The captain of whom I have before spoken had come to my side, when the poor wretch exclaimed "it is him!"

"Good heavens!" the captain exclaimed, "it is, it must be, Tom Rowler!"

"Do you know him, sir?" I inquired.

The captain looked at his arm, and seeing the mark with which it was tattooed, replied:—

"Oh yes, sir, I know him well enough, he was one of my own blackguards."

"Indeed, sir," I replied, "then there are other marks by which he may be identified," and I indignantly showed him the poor fellow's back. He coloured—hummed a tune—tried to assume an air of nonchalance.

"Oh, he deserved what he got," said he.

"Monster!" I muttered to myself.

"He will be glad enough to see me on *terra firma* again, I assure you, sir," said he, "poor devil, I thought he had made a shark's supper."

The poor fellow revived, but seemed afraid to open his eyes, he covered them with the palm of his bony hand. I stepped aside from him, and asked Captain— if he could account for the foundering of his vessel.

"No," he replied, with imperturbable coolness, "devil take me if I can account for it; we found the water "making" very fast, the pumps would not draw a tea-cup full, it seemed as if some infernal spell had seized the ship. However, down she went like a pig of Kentledge. *Sauve qui peut* was the motto of all hands. I got into the long-boat, and was picked up as I have already told you; this poor devil got quarters among the cocks and hens, it appears."

I was rejoiced to perceive that he did not know of the atrocious crime which the wretched being before him had committed. I again approached the poor creature, took his hands, and asked him if he felt better.

"Yes, yes, yes!" he replied convulsively, as if out of breath with the tumult within him.

"Hoy, Rowler!" unfeelingly bawled the captain.

The wretched man sprang up from the cot at the sound, opened his eyes as if frantic, uttered a horrible shriek, and exclaimed:—"It is him! save me! save, save—"

Convulsions seized his whole frame. It was with much difficulty that we held him down to prevent him from destroying himself. The fit left him in a state of extreme debility. Delirium and fever ensued, and two days after, death, from whom we hoped we had rescued one victim, seized his prey. We sewed up the body in a hammock. A shot was tied to it to insure its sinking, and we committed it to its deep grave of water, without a coffin or shroud, but not without a prayer. I never sat at the same table with the captain afterwards.

THE WRECKER'S REVENGE.*

At the period when this narrative commences, the unhappy Lord of Dunraven had suffered that dreadful domestic bereavement, the deaths of three children at once, by different accidents (all drowned), which the whole country regarded as God's revenge against wrecking, and which is recorded by Grose. One son remained, though long unheard of, who had embarked long since in merchandise to redeem the fortunes of the family, and it was for him (as the more charitable whispered) that the wretched father persisted in his crime, having for his agent and accomplice a desperate character, a ruined smuggler and pirate, for he had once an armed vessel of his own, who resided in a hovel up a creek of that rocky coast, though believed to hoard treasures still. Ralpho or Ralph, the Diaowl ("the Devil") was his nickname, also "Ralph Ironhand," he having lost a hand in a conflict with officers of justice sent against him by Mr. Vaughan, then a real philanthropist, generous but reckless, exerting his strong genius in planning a lighthouse for the sunken rocks thereabout, in framing an apparatus for saving men on wrecks &c. With this man (though become his deadly enemy) did his nature's dire revolution incline him to associate, not for the salvation, but destruction of man's life! So prone is human nature to depravation—so uncertain the duration of moral character! "*Corruptio optimi pessima*" well applies to man's nature. Passion (whose name is Legion) resembles a glorious river banked with galaxies of June flowers, with meadows green as spring's buds and beautified with the whitest flocks, which one day's storm changes into a foul flood, burying them all; and the next shows the ruin it has wrought—sheepfolds, prostrate shepherds drooping in misery, flowers, grasses, all viewless under the black slime and sordes which its sky-blue beauty held concealed. The passionate noble heart—the great gifted mind—unguarded by some humbler but vital quality, is but like a palace on fire, a mountain palace, glorified and exalted only to become a dismal beacon to all men, and as a child playing but with fire, or a peasant with his pipe's embers, may be the cause of turning a tower of centuries' standing into smoke and black ashes, so may unwatched moral influences, of the meanest nature at first, prove the dismal incendiaries in the citadel of men, and fire the very palace of the soul.

"Yes there are real mourners; I have seen

A fair sad girl, mild, suffering, and serene."—CRABBE.

And such an one,—so fair, so mild, so suffering,—was to be seen for years frequenting that shore of romantic grandeur, on one of whose maritime precipices towered the grey strength of the ancient castle of Dunraven. The fair mourner of Crabbe is depicted as haunting a churchyard, and our gentle Welsh maiden might almost be said to resemble her therein, for that great, grand sea, by which she walked continually, was too truly to her a mighty burial-place. It had buried her first young hopes, in love at least, and sad fond fancy for ever sounded in her sunken heart a knell for that love's object—for ever whispered that it had already buried him also—her first love, playmate, everything!—the fond, the faultless, the bold, the beautiful Septimus Vaughan, the self-banished heir of the manor of Dunraven. Margaret of Llangoed† was the daughter of a gentleman residing near the castle, but had lost both parents long since, and had been left under the guardianship of Mr. Vaughan, to whose younger children, after the death of his wife, she had supplied the care of a mother, till their lives were lost as related.

There was at that time a humble little sea-side hostelry, or "tavern," as the Welsh term it, not far from Dunraven, whose old hostess had been Margaret's nurse. In the back was a small room, whose lattice (of mere slips of wood crosswise) had been exchanged for a glazed casement, on purpose to allow the young lady, in all weathers, thence to let her eye wander over the boundless sea; and there she would sit, feeding her sick fancy

* From Ainsworth's Magazine.

† "The daughter of Trehearne, of Pencarreg," &c., naming her family domicile, (farm or mansion,) is the usual designation of the eldest daughter in Wales.

with the deadly melancholy that seemed to her ever brooding in the watery distance, let it dazzle gloriously with the sinking sun as it might, ever since the parting hour.

It was in the evening of a golden autumnal day, which was closing in heavy fog; with thunder-clouds in the distance, that she sat in one of those grand piazzas of rock, formed by the excavating waves of ages, which distinguish that beach, and melted to tears: there alone, recalling that hour—for the hour, the prospect, the very aspect of the evening were the very same, and the many years that had elapsed—that great void chasm in her life seemed as but a dismal dream of a terrible and lonesome night; but the sweet morning—his prayed-for return—when would that arrive? Far indeed from vanity was the feeling which prompted this lone faithful girl to so often turn to her mirror, pore over her poor white face, fancy “defeatures” which time had not written yet, and sometimes half wish to die, ere he should return, so to avoid blurring the fairer image of her which he carried out, and might still preserve. Suddenly she started out of deepest reverie, at the appearance of a tall figure of foreign aspect, standing in the gorge of a rocky creek, near, but too distant for her to recognise his features. Cut off by vast walls of cliff from the rustic homes above, fog and night-fall combining to give solemnity to the low roar of the waves, and deeper solitude to the scene, she grew terrified, and hid herself behind the huge columnar portals of the cavern. Presently he loitered towards what is called the Goat’s staircase (steps in the rock); but the dense fog prevented her viewing his features, though something urged her to pore upon his seemingly sallow face with an eagerness of the mad. Presently she heard a boat rowed away by men, both invisible in the fog. She caught the clank of a chain and voices, and concluded that it had landed this muffled stranger. She had had a wild dream the previous night (which may be hereafter alluded to); her spirits were violently agitated, she felt as if an apparition (a blest and glorious one!) had glided near her in its mist, so vision-like was the transient spectacle, all objects metamorphosed by the hazy medium into something strange, and his very stature increased by the same. She fancied his hand of strange whiteness—fancied she could discern even the blackness of a mourning ring on a finger—she had put one on the hand of Septimus at their last interview, so despondent was her mood in that very spot. Not dreaming of any one there lurking, the stranger stopped, and seemed to fix his eyes (hollow eyes, she fancied!) on the very cavern she occupied, the very spot of their very last endeavours! So strong was her perturbation, that her eyes grew dark, she nearly fainted—reviving, with a strong effort, she looked again, but he was gone.

That same evening, as the good dame of the cottage inn, or “public,” sat reading the “Welshman’s Candle,” or “Vicar’s Book”—*Livre y Ffycar*—of Rees Prichard, an old volume with brazen clasps, hardly less revered than the Bible itself by the South-Wallian peasantry—a stranger, stooping to enter under the eaves of thatch, disturbed her with the unwelcome sound of the Saxon tongue. He took refreshment in the little back room already alluded to, and began to inquire about the families in the neighbourhood. The old dame would hold no converse in “Saxon,” cutting all short by the eternal “dim Sassenach” (“No Saxon,” i.e. English). But her boy, her grandson, was more communicative.

“I saw, near the sea,” the stranger said, “an old man, of wretched appearance, with a beard (as I thought, at least, through the fog), as we rowed along the coast—who is that?” “He of the great house, sir,—the Squire Vaughan.” The stranger started.—“What! you do not tell me that old miserable man was Mr. Vaughan himself?” Assured it was he, the stranger’s countenance fell, and he was long silent. Desirous to interrogate the old woman, he addressed her, at last, in the Welsh tongue, and loosed her tongue, in so doing, as by a charm, but still preserved a studied concealment. He inquired about the lady of Llandoed, Margaret’s paternal seat, and sighed to hear of the death of both her parents. When told that she had been seated, not an hour since, at that very window—had slept one night, it being stormy, in that very bed

(which filled up one side of the old room), the colour mounted into the bronzed cheek, and strange light and exquisite softness, into the full eye of the guest. Grasping the withered hand of the hostess, he bade “God bless her,” in her own language, forced on her a piece of gold—on her grandson, one of silver—departed, none knew whither, leaving them all wonder and all joy.

Remorseful for the injury he had done to his son’s future interest, Mr. Vaughan, as has been already related, abandoned himself to despair. His only companion, besides the gentle orphan (whose attachment to his long absent son endeared her to him the more), was an aged domestic, named Jenan, who had enlivened his revelries in former days, by his skill on the harp, and whose love for the boy-exile, whom he had many a time carried on his back, when a child, was only second to the father’s own. He would sit speechless for hours, then hurry to his high turret window to look out over the sea, murmuring to himself, “A father or no father? Is my blood stopped utterly except in this old foul heart? Three at once!—all at once! and all by water, water!—all watery deaths!” It was indeed like a judgment!—What say you, Jenan? Am I a father yet?”

Margaret, on her return, tried to rouse his spirits, by telling how she dreamed his son was returned, well and happy,—that she held his hand in hers, but concealed (in her bashfulness) that it was before the altar, that their hands so met. She withheld also, the darker sequel—that suddenly she lost him in the darkness of a total eclipse; yet somehow the hand was not unlocked from hers, but gleamed to the ghastly light—a dreadful red—ring and all being covered with blood.

That same evening, or rather night, a vessel, which had been long lying to, came aground, and became a wreck, through the act of Ralph “the Diaowl,” who had kindled a fire on the beach, and, cut off by the walls of cliff, had the shore as a solitude for himself and his black purpose. Descrying the red gleams below, from his high lattice, Mr. Vaughan hurried down, followed by Jenan, bearing a life-preserving apparatus for reaching the wreck. They caught the sound of a clanking chain and faint clamour of voices, as of persons taking to the boat. A sudden, dreadful silence ensued. It was, no doubt, swamped. Mr. Vaughan urged the hardy wrecker to venture to swim out with the apparatus to the beating vessel, to ascertain if any one were still on board, and he consented.

The melancholy pair stood listening in the sort of cavern hollow, formed in the mixed fog and sea-mists, by the red light of the watch-fire, and heard only the sound of a bell, which, being fixed in the ship for calling the crew together on occasion, now kept time to the rolling of the wreck with almost the regularity of a passing-bell. “Think you he has reached the vessel yet?” Mr. Vaughan continually inquired. There are on that coast singular crannies and passages called windholes, which pierce far into the rocks and open above, occasioning sounds, sometimes of melancholy grandeur, like those of an enormous Æolian harp, or many such, and which the superstitious hear with awe and forebodings in wild weather. Deceived by these, perhaps, Mr. Vaughan exclaimed.—“I could fancy I heard two voices in the pauses of the gust! he’s on the hulk by this time—that dismal, dreadful bell! How strange, how solemn it sounds, above all the weltering and breaking of the waves and hissing of this pebbly beach!—Hark! hark! hark!” His last exclamation expressed intense alarm or awe, and in his eagerness to listen, he laid his finger on Jenan’s lips, to prevent his speech. “It’s only the noise of the windholes, sir,” he said at last.—“I’ve stood in wild evenings and heard such sounds; they seemed like screams of raving madness, and presently, as the wind sunk, like sweet voices, but melancholy—dirges or ‘waking’ of corpses—one might fancy anything.” “True!—anything; fighting or praying for life and mercy—cursing and blasphemy of murderers—anything!” “Why did you start, sir?—what made your hand tremble so violently as you laid

* His two sons had gone with the only boat, and landed on a rock, dry at low water, called “The Swinkers,” and the boat drifting away, they perished in sight of their father, on the shore. In the confusion, a younger child, left alone, fell into some water, and perished at the same time.—GROSS.

your finger on my lips just now?—what did you fancy you heard?”—“Tell me, first, what did you fancy you heard?”—But no, it was a wild fancy of my own brain, Jenan, that was all.—What does that devil on the wreck so long?—Ralph, you villain! Ralph! come back, I say!” “Alas! dear master, your voice can’t reach him—he is but looking about for what he can lay hands on.” “Lay hands on!—lay violent hands! No, no—there was no living thing there!—it was but my fancy. Yet you might have a wild fancy, a shocking fancy, as well as I—hark; oh God! again!” and he grasped his companion’s arm with a hand that shook so as to shake the old man’s whole person, he remaining dumb as death, in intensity of listening the while. “Now, did you hear nothing?” he burst forth. “I did hear a sound, as of a voice.” “Ay, and it must be a long, a strong, a dreadful sound, to be heard above all the sea, and all the sounds of these caves and winds! A voice—you mutter—a voice!—go on—whose voice did you fancy it was? But I am mad—no matter what I fancied—what did you? But we might both have a mad conceit. Did you fancy anything particular?” “I seemed to hear two voices.” “So did I!—Come back, you wretch—you wrecker—murderer!—or may that dark sea or hollow hell at once swallow you quick!—Come back, and put an end to this dream, if it be a dream!” “Pray, sir, do not exhaust yourself thus—the sea’s too loud.” “Then, end it you—you, yourself—now, now! Did you not think it his voice, my poor boy’s own? I know you did!—Answer me, and speak me dead at once! You know it—who could forget it? Speak—I’m ready!”

But ere the answer came, the sound of the wrecker himself regaining land rivetted his whole mind, while so deep a darkness, from invisible clouds of thunder (which already growled in the distance), joined to the fog, came over the night, that he was made conscious of the wrecker’s presence by his standing up, dim, before him, a black and figured shadow, for the embers shot light but a few feet into the mass of fog. “Was aught alive on board?—Speak, for the love of God!”—The sullen and malignant man baulked his frantic eagerness by a long pause, then muttered, carelessly—“There is nothing alive on board.” “Was anything alive on board?” was my question, dog!” he said in fury, between his teeth. “Well, then, there was one dog on the wreck,” replied the ruffian, laughing. “A mountain’s weight seemed heaved from off the breast of the fancy-fraught father. The suddenness of the relief was of itself a shock. “Only a dog—a poor dog,” he rejoined, calmly, his suddenly softened nature melting toward even this humbler object. “And you left it to die? It would have been merciful to bring him ashore. The tide is running out—will be likely to get to land?” “And so bar our claim to the ship? Blood! something has strangely wrought on you to-night! Why, there’s a rich cargo, that will lie dry by morning—I had it from the captain and owner, himself, that it’s a rich one.” “The rack again!—why, you said there was only a dog!” exclaimed Mr. Vaughan, in agony. “Ay, a dog of my breed!—did you not say I was a dog, just now? Did ye hear him howl when I—but never fear, he’ll never witness against us, never howl more, unless in the night of the judgment!” “Wretch! what name? what country? what?” The wrecker had retired into the darkness, but soon reappearing in the narrow circumference of the dying light of the embers, proffered his hand to the impatient questioner—“Be pleased, sir,” he said, “to accept the hand of poor Ralph, in token of his forgiveness for your causing the loss of his other!” “What means the mysterious wretch?” Mr. Vaughan exclaimed. “Answer my question, or return to the poor stranger on the wreck, if you be a man!—Horror of death! fellow,” he added, shuddering—“what a cold hand thou hast!” A laugh of ferocious and triumphing insult sounded through the dark, while, to his astonishment, Mr. Vaughan perceived his figure moving away, he still holding what he had believed to be his hand. “Wish me joy, sir!” the villain shouted, while he touched Mr. Vaughan with a hand of living warmth!—“I wish me joy of possessing two hands, once more! Now I’m satisfied—now we are friends! There is a ring on that hand; shew it to the fire there, and see if you know it. The poor gentleman, when I got the better of him, entreated me to give that to the young lady, your ward, and his

dying love and farewell to you. But when he was dead, it came into my mind to bring you hand and all!”—The unhappy father remained like a statue, speechless, holding a dead hand—the hand of his long-lost son!

The young adventurer was returning, in high hope and fortune, but the ship, bound to a Welsh port, happening to be delayed off the Glamorgan coast, he determined to land, prior to his final return, perhaps to satisfy himself respecting the feelings of his young mistress, after so long an absence—perhaps, also, wishing to surprise his father and her with the sudden announcement, when he should visit home, to depart no more.

On occasion of this tragedy, the wretched wrecker-lord resigned his manor and castle to the family of Butler, and nothing is recorded of his after fate. The ruffian suffered for another crime soon after. The lady is said to have preserved the hand and ring, for the remainder of her wasted life, in a sort of little grave, in an earthen vase, planted with sweet flowers, as the lady in Boccaccio’s novel preserved all she could retain of her lover in a pot of basil. Such was the fearful catastrophe which the Glamorganshire annals record as “God’s Revenge against Wreckers.”

LOSS OF THE BETSEY, CAPTAIN BROOKS,

Nov. 24, 1805.

THE schooner, Betsey, of seventy-five tons burthen, commanded by William Brooks, left Macao on Nov. 10, 1805, bound for New South Wales; besides the master, the crew consisted of Edward Luttrell, mate, a gunner, two sea-cunnies and one Portuguese, three Manila and four Chinese Lascars.

Nothing particular occurred during the first ten days; but on the 21st, at about half-past two in the morning, while going at the rate of seven and a-half knots, the vessel struck upon a reef: they instantly lowered down the boat, and sent a small anchor astern; but, on heaving it, the cable parted. They then began to construct a raft with the empty water-casks they had on board, but the swell was at that time so great, that for the present they found it impossible to effect it.

When the morning broke, they found that the vessel had forged over the reef, about four or five miles, not having more than two feet water; the reef extending for nine or ten miles to the S. E., and W. from four to five miles.

During the following three days and nights, every exertion was made to get the vessel off, but all to no effect; and the exhausted crew became so weakened and dispirited by their fruitless efforts, that they could hardly be persuaded to complete the raft which they had commenced; and the vessel, at this time, was bulged on the starboard side.

However, on the 24th, by dint of their united efforts, the raft was finished, and they took their departure from the vessel, in company with the jolly-boat, steering for Balambangan; in the jolly-boat were Captain Brooks, the mate, gunner, and two sea-cunnies; their only provisions being a small bag of biscuit and two bottles of water; while on the raft were one Portuguese, four Chinese, and three Malays, who were better provided. On the same day they parted company, and a brisk gale coming on to blow from the N.W., those in the jolly-boat saw no more of the raft. As the island of Borneo bore S.E. there is a probability that she might have drifted upon it. The Betsey was lost in lat. 9° 48' N. and long. 114° 14' E.

Her beauteous sides, whose rainbow hues

Gleam’d softly from below,

And flung a varied glowing flash.

O’er wreaths of murr’ring snow,

To the coral rocks are hurried down,
To sleep ’mid colours as bright as her own.

From the 24th to the 28th it continued blowing hard from the N.W., when it fell calm. By this time, the water was entirely expended, and the small remainder of their biscuits was completely saturated with salt-water.

On the 29th, at day-break, to their great joy, they discovered land, which they supposed to be Balabac; but they were nearly exhausted with the fatigue of rowing, as it was then a perfect

calm, and exposed to a burning sun; added to which, so great was their distress from want of water, that many of them, almost desperate from intense thirst, began to drink their own urine. At night it blew so hard from the N.E. that they were obliged to bear up for Banguay, the N.W. point of which they discovered the following morning at day-break; and having fortunately succeeded in reaching it, they instantly went in search of water, which they soon found and drank to excess.

As they were afterwards rambling in the woods, in search of fruit, they were met by two Malays, to whom they made signs that they were in want of food; which being understood by the Malays, they went away, and returned in the afternoon, bringing with them two cocoa-nuts and a few sweet potatoes, for which they gave them a silver spoon in exchange, and at night they returned on board the boat.

The next morning five Malays made their appearance, bringing with them some Indian corn and potatoes, for which they received some spoons in exchange. These people pointed towards Balambangan, and endeavoured to make them understand that the English had quitted it for some time; they then repaired on board with their little stock of provisions, and returned the following morning to receive the promised supply.

Eleven Malays now appeared on the beach, when after they had landed, and some conversation had taken place, one of them threw a spear at Captain Brooks, which hit him in the belly; another of them aimed a blow at Mr. Luttrell, but he being armed with a cutlass, parried it off, and made all haste to regain the boat. Captain Brooks succeeded in withdrawing the spear, and ran to a short distance; but weakened by the loss of blood, he was soon overtaken, when they cut off both his legs. The gunner was also severely wounded, and reached the boat covered with blood. At this time, those in the boat saw the Malays stripping the dead body of Captain Brooks, and in about a quarter of an hour afterwards, the gunner expired.

They immediately made sail from this inhuman shore, and after examining their stock of provisions, they found it consisted of ten cobs of Indian corn, three pumpkins, and two bottles of water, with which seasonable relief, and trusting to the mercy of Divine Providence, they came to the determination of shaping their course for the straits of Malacca.

Nothing of consequence occurred from the 4th of December until the 14th. Fortunately their small stock of water was replenished by frequent welcome showers, but the poor crew were nearly exhausted by their constant fatigue, hunger, and watching, which not only deprived them of strength, but the spirit to exert themselves.

On the 15th, they fell in with a group of islands in lat. 3° N. and long. about 100° E. As they approached the shore, they were observed by three Malay prows, which came up and attacked them, and in the pursuit one of the sea-cunnies was speared and died instantly; the other was very severely wounded. Mr. Luttrell had again reason to be thankful for a narrow escape, as a spear passed through his hat without injuring his head.

Thus overpowered, and rendered incapable of further resistance, the Malays took possession of the boat and immediately deprived them of their property, consisting of the sextant, the log-book, some plate and clothes; and kept them in a prow without any covering, exposed to the rays of a burning sun, and with only a small quantity of sago during the whole of three days: after which they were taken on shore on an island named Sube, to the house of a Rajah, where they remained in a state of slavery, entirely naked, and subsisting only on sago, until the 20th April, 1806, when the Rajah sailed from the island in a prow for Rhio, taking with him Mr. Luttrell and the two sea-cunnies.

After a tedious passage of twenty-five days, and being nearly famished by the scanty allowance of provisions, they arrived at Rhio, where their distresses were considerably alleviated by Mr. Kock, of Malacca, who treated them in the kindest and most hospitable manner; and the ship Kandree, Captain Williamson, arriving the following day, and being bound for Malacca, they obtained a passage to that port.

"MIND YOUR EYE."

BY "THE OLD SAILOR."

"WHY, how many wives have you had, Jack?" asked Mr. Wildgust.

"How many wives, sir?—let me see. I can't disactly say; but I think a matter of seven, or somewhere thereabouts," answered the boatswain's mate;—"the fact is, sir, I never liked to keep tally of them consarns, especially in regard of my never having learned to work a dead reckoning. But I remembers once, sir, being ashore on leave; I was a giddy monkey of a main-top-man then, full of frolic and mischief, and I belonged to the Royal Oak, seventy-four, as had Lord Amelia Beauclerk's flag flying; so, as I said afore, I was ashore on leave, and in course, as we'd been paid prize-money, and there warn't no purser to sarve out the grog, why I had just as much as I wanted. Here's towards all your healths, genelman," and Jack took a draught of his beverage. Not but what I was quite sober, sir," addressing the mate; "ownly I was what you may call happy, and as I was always wartuously inclined, I kept a good look-out a-head, to see if I could get sight of some decent young woman to overhaul my mind to, and ax her to be spiced. Well, whilst I was backing and filling, just dropping up with the tide, I spies as pretty a figure-head as I had seen for many a day, ownly she'd the least bit in the world of a squint in one of her eyes, and I'm blest' if I don't think it was that 'ere eye as did the job for me, all the same as Miss Ring Ching Fou has done it for Muster Pearson. She wore a suit of black gear, with plenty of crape about it, and a black wale, brailed up over her bonnet, and 'my precious rags and buttons,' thinks I, 'but she is a beauty, anyhow,' though I didn't much like the colour of her canvass. Howsomever, I claps her alongside, as bowld as brass, and 'What cheer, what cheer, lovey?' says I, but she jumped away, just like a shot when it strikes the comb of the sea, and her eye—that's her piercer, sir—gave me a look that went right slap through my heart, for all the world like that 'ere harpoon in the letter through Muster Pearson's, and I should have wished to have had that logged down instead of the Cupid in the boat, ownly it was a matter of onpossibility to draw a eye going through a heart."

"Come, bear a hand with your yarn, Jack," exclaimed the boatswain, somewhat peevishly, "you'll spin it out as long as you can remember."

"I'll cut it at once, if so be as the genelman wishes it," said Jack; but a general desire being expressed for him to go on, he continued. "Well, then, she bounces away, and in good consequence, seeing as I wanted her company, I springs my luff arter her: she made sail, and I went in chase; and so getting the heels of her, I creeps up upon her starboard beam, and we carried on for some time with our yard-arms touching, and I plied her with a royal salute of flattery, as made her reduce her canvass, and we were soon like owd acquaintances, for she hooked on to the crook of my elbow and away we went, happy-go-lucky, talking together as pleasant as turtle doves. I warn't long in fishing out of her who and what she was. She told me she was a young widow as had lost her husband."

"Why, how could she be a widow, without she had lost her husband?" inquired the boatswain.

"That's a matter, sir, as I never gave a thought about," answered Jack, "and therefore with my knowledge of things in general, it is not in my power to say; all as I'm certain on is, that she said, she was a widow without never a husband; and she heaved such a moloncholy sigh, and the tears trickled so fast down her face when she mentioned it, that thinks I to myself, 'a woman who can feel so strong a regard for him as is dead and gone would be likely to behave herself properly and lovingly, to any one as would fill up the wacancy and treat her kindly, as I would, and so says I, 'my precious,' says I, 'you're the neatest craft as I've seen for a month of Sundays, and though you've been married afore,' says I, 'yet I don't care for that, as mayhap you've larned all the better how to work ship and do your duty alow and aloft,' says I, 'and if you've ownly

* From the "Jolly Boat."

got a babby just to play with and cheer you when I'm at sea, why then, my darling, you can't do nothing more wiser than to take Jack Moberly for betterer or worserer,' and she blushed as red as the tomkin of a twenty-four-pounder, and then she sobbed and shook her head mournfully, but I knowed as she was pleased, because she clung tighter to me and didn't say 'No,' so I grappled her again, and poured in a broadside of all the fine love-making words as ever came into my head, now and then discharging a volley of small shot in the way of vows and promises, till at last she said 'she would consider of it.' 'And about the pickaninny,' says I, giving her hand a gentle persuader, 'is there one or not?' And then she blushed again, and cried; I never saw so much emulsion in any soul afore. 'Yes,' says she, as she covered her face with her white handkercher, 'yes; though my dear William is departed to heaven, he left behind a lovely pledge of our affection,' says she; 'and oh! if I thought you would be a kind father to it—I will, I will,' says I, 'the best and most dutiful of fathers I'll be,—ownly try me this once, lovey—and there's all my pay and my prize-money for you and the boy—but avast,' says I, 'is it a boy?' 'It is,' says she, 'a fine boy, the very moral of my poor William, whom I shall never see again.' 'So much the better,' says I, 'that's about the boy I means, my precious, and so, without any more palaver, let's get the parson to read us a page or two out of his book, and when you're Mrs. Moberly, I'll rig you out as fine as a fiddle.' 'You forget,' says she, 'that I'm in my weeds.' 'In your what?' axes I. 'In my weeds,' says she again, and holds up her duds. 'Ho! ho!' says I, 'that's what you mean, lovey, is it; well, never mind; as soon as we're spliced we'll change 'em for sea weeds. But I should like to see the babby.' 'You cannot see him just now,' says she, 'but wait till the evening, and then I'll bring him to you if you will give me your word not to get groggy.' 'Honour bright,' says I, laying my flipper on my heart, 'I'll keep soberer nor fifty men right out; but why won't you let me go home with you?' Howsomer, she wouldn't allow of my doing that last, and so I agreed to see her in the evening, at the place where we parted; for she would go, though I wanted her to cruise with me all day; but she said the child would cry for her, and that was enough, for I didn't much stomach the thought of the innocent babby suffering, especially as she promised to bring it with her. So you see, sir, I hauls my wind for owld Tom Spraggess—Tom had been a messmate when I was a boy, and now he kept the Salmon and Boathook, a house where all true-hearted tars were sure of being well sarved for money, and a bit of advice for nothing. So I goes to Tom, and I tells him of the consarn. 'Have a care, Jack,' says he, 'have a care, my son; pirates carry black colours, you know, and for the sake of the blue jackets you ought to make out what she is, before you put her into commission to cruise under your own naffie.' 'All very good, Tom,' says I, 'and all very proper in regard of my knowing as you means well; but if you was ownly to see her—why I'm blessed, Tom, but there she is,' says I, as I seed her go past the window, and Tom tops his boom, and slips his cable in chace, to reconnighter her build and rig, while I sits down to quiet the owld woman, who didn't much stomach Tom's running arter the gals. Well, after a while, back again he comes, and Mrs. Spraggs opens her lower deck ports at him, but Tom says nothing, but gives me a wink, and so we walks into the parlour together. 'Owld un breezy?' says he, axing a question which he hisself knowed well how to answer. 'A bit so,' says I; 'but you don't mind that; what have you made her out to be?' Tom shook his head. 'Mind your eye, Jack,' says he, 'I've seed her afore and knows a little of her history, but shan't never say nothing about it now; ownly, as I said afore, mind your eye; and be sure and have a good overhaul of the consarn of the babby,' says he.

"Well, genelman, this put me to a fathom or two of nonplush, but I couldn't believe, arter all, that one who looked so innocent, and piped her eye so nat'rally, could be a bad-un, and the more in regard of her grief for her poor William as had lost the number of his mess. Howsomer, I goes in the evening determined to follow Tom's instructions, but when I seed her, I'm blest if I didn't forget everything but her own beautiful

figure-head, though I thought the cocked-hat in her eye seemed to slew round precious fast, and when she answered my hail, she was rather thick and husky in the throat; and so as it was getting duskish, and there warn't many people on the look-out, I grapples howld of a kiss, and I'm blowed if her breath didn't tell me as she'd been taking a twist out of the neck of a bottle of rum; and then I thinks of Tom's advice, 'Mind your eye, Jack,' and about overhauling the consarn of the babby as she had nuzzled up onderneath her shawl; but she wouldn't never let me go for to touch it, as she swore it was fast asleep, and if she onkivered it the damp air would give it cowl; and thinks I to myself, 'that's kind and mother-like on her, too; mayhap Tom's mistaken, arter all. Well,' says I, 'lovey, you see as I've kept my word in regard of not getting groggy.' 'No, no,' says she, 'you've not kept your word—you are ontirely distosicated at this very moment.'

"Now, genelman, I positively purtest as I was as sober as I am at this instant, but coming from such lips as them, it jimmycumbered me, and as either she or me got to staggering I began to be certain it must be me; for as for she getting top-hampered, I couldn't have believed it no how. So I made up my mind, as I'd been drinking without knowing on it, and I axed her pardon, and got talking all sorts of treacly things to her; and she began to grow sweet upon me, when owld Tom's 'mind your eye, Jack,' crossed my thoughts, and as she rayther tript and lurches to looard, I'm a Dutchman if I didn't diskiver as it was she as was shaking a cloth in the wind instead of me, and 'Yo hoy, my precious,' says I, 'its a sad heart as never rejoices,' says I, 'but you've been bowing rather too taut a leech upon your jib, which arn't altogether ship-shape in a widow as is, and a wife as she's going to be.' 'I scorns your puterations,' says she, 'my jib, indeed, and me in mourning for my poor departed William; and she began to cry again, and I found the spray coming into my own scuppers till I recollected owld Tom's 'mind your eye, Jack.' 'There, don't go for to take on so, my dear,' says I, 'you know as I never meant any harm,' but I'm blessed afore I'd got the words hardly out of my mouth, away she takes a roll to starboard as nearly laid her on her beam ends, and says my thoughts to me, 'it's all plain enough now—she's a going it.' Well, seeing how matters stood, genelman, I was afear'd she'd capsize a top of the babby and scunch it, and so, says I, 'steady—steady, lovey, this will never do, and I must sheer off.' 'Oh, you must, must you,' says she, 'but you won't though—you promised to marry me, you did, and I've brought the child as you wished me—I've done all as you axed me to do.' 'And a precious sight more nor ever I axed you,' says I, 'but once for all, I'll never go for to have a wife who arn't able to keep a watch over herself—not but what I feels for the infant, poor thing—but I'm off, lovey, I'm off, and I gives her a wide birth, 'take care of the babby,' says I. 'Confound you and the babby too,' says she, 'and if you think I can't be a mother to it, take it yourself and be hanged to you!' and I'm blessed if she didn't whip the babby from under her shawl, and fling it right slap at me.

"Avast there, Jack, avast," exclaimed the boatswain, "she never couldn't be such a monster."

"It's as true, Mr. Pearson, as that Mr. Wildgust wants to be a lieutenant," responded Moberly, firmly, "she flung it right at me, and it hit me over the nose and nearly knocked me backwards. 'Halloo,' says I, 'this is pretty usage any how, and I'm blowed if you haven't killed the child!' For, d'y'e see, genelman, it dropped down like a dipsy lead at my feet, and there it laid quite still, and never moved a peg. 'You onnat'ral wretch,' says I, 'it's dead enough any how,' and so I stoops down to pick it up, 'poor babby,' says I, as I grappled howld of it to raise it up in my arms; 'poor innocent—this is a foul murder, this is—but halloo, why, what the blazes is all this?' says I, and what do you think it was genelman, I'm blowed if the babby warn't a wooden one."

A roar of laughter followed Jack's announcement, and it was rendered more hearty by the previous feelings of horror which had been excited, by the supposed murder of an infant by an infuriated and drunken woman.

"A what was it?" demanded the boatswain, who had preserved his gravity better than the rest.

"A wooden babby," responded Moberly, "yes, I'm blessed, Mr. Pearson, if it warn't a wooden babby. So I tucks it under my arm, and away I shins off to owld Tom Spraggses, and tells him all about it. 'I thought as much,' says Tom, 'she's no widow at all, but rigs herself out in that fashion to catch such gulls as you Jack, and she would have hooked you like a mackerel if so be as I hadn't towld you to mind your eye.' So you see genelman, there arn't much good in calculating the jography of women, by looking at a handsome figure head."

LOSS OF THE ALCESTE.

THE circumstances attendant on the loss of his majesty's ship *Alceste*, afford one of the most beautiful and instructive examples, not only of the good effects resulting from a well-regulated

system of discipline, but of the manly character of British seamen, which has been recorded in naval history.

Early in the year 1816, in consequence of the difficulties thrown in the way of our commerce with China, by the authorities at Canton, it was resolved by the British government to send out an extraordinary embassy to the court of Pekin. On the 9th of February, Lord Amherst, who was appointed to conduct what has well been termed this difficult and delicate mission, embarked at Portsmouth, with a numerous suite, on board the *Alceste*, a frigate of forty-six guns, commanded by Captain, afterwards Sir Murray Maxwell. This vessel was accompanied by the brig *Lyra*, commanded by Captain Basil Hall, and the General Hewitt, Indiaman, which carried out many very valuable presents for the Chinese emperor and his ministers.

Nothing of moment occurred during the outward voyage;



LOSS OF THE ALCESTE, CAPTAIN MURRAY MAXWELL, FEBRUARY 18, 1817.

and on the 9th of August, the ambassador and his suite landed in great state at the entrance of the White River, on the north-eastern coast of China; and the ships then proceeded to examine the coasts of Chinese Tartary, Corea, and the extensive group called the Loo Choo Islands, after which, they shaped their course for Canton, where they re-embarked Lord Amherst and the embassy, and sailed for Manilla, the capital of the Philippine Islands, on the 29th of January.

The embassy had not been received at the Chinese court, in consequence of the refusal of Lord Amherst to submit to a humiliating ceremonial, which was considered would have utterly frustrated the purpose of the mission. The object of the embassy was, however, fully, though indirectly, effected, by the conduct and sound judgment of Captain Maxwell, who, in despite of the threats and opposition of the lines of batteries on

the Canton River, and of a large fleet of war-junks which had been stationed to defend it, persisted in sailing with the *Alceste* up to Canton, after promptly silencing the fire of the whole of the Chinese warriors, afloat and ashore.

On the 9th of February, exactly twelve months after the expedition left the shores of Great Britain, the *Alceste* proceeded from Manilla on her voyage homeward: here parting company with the *Lyra*, which was ordered to India with despatches.

At daybreak on the 18th, after carefully avoiding the rocks and shoals which beset the Chinese sea to the westward of the Philippine Islands, our voyagers entered the straits of Gaspar, through which they intended to sail. They continued to follow the track laid down in the charts, and every precaution was used which skill and seamanship could dictate; but about half-past seven in the morning, the ship struck with great vio-

lence on a reef of sunken rocks, which rose almost perpendicularly in nearly seventeen fathoms water. It was a providential circumstance that the ship remained fast on the reef, as had she been dislodged from her first position by the force of the shock, she must have almost immediately gone down with most of her hands. The event, however, was extremely fearful; but we are told by one of the officers, that, notwithstanding the peril of their situation, not the slightest confusion or irregularity prevailed amongst the crew, every necessary order being as coolly given, and as steadily obeyed, as if nothing unusual had happened.

The ship lay about three miles and a half from the uninhabited and desolate island of Pulo Leat, on which, after considerable difficulty, Lord Amherst and his suite, with a part of the crew, safely landed by means of the boats. Captain Maxwell

and the rest of the officers remained by the ship, and, after great exertion, succeeded in saving a small quantity of provisions and stores, which occasionally floated up, all but the upper works being under water.

The island was found to be a perfect wilderness, so completely overgrown with wood and jungle, that it was necessary to clear away a small space, under the shade of the loftier trees at the foot of a hill, which rose in the midst of the narrow point where the landing was effected, in order to obtain shelter for the night. The party, when assembled, presented a wild and motley appearance; few, including Lord Amherst himself, were clothed with more than a shirt, or a pair of trousers; "whilst parliamentary robes, court-dresses, and mandarin shirts, intermixed with check shirts and tarry jackets, were hung around in strange confusion on every tree." On this wild spot, several days' sail

from the nearest friendly port, exposed, in all probability, to the endurance of the extremes of hunger and thirst, under the fierce rays of a tropical sun, were nearly two hundred and fifty of our countrymen thus thrown; yet no one seemed to be cast down or despairing; and the manly feelings which prevailed, were strengthened by the conduct of Lord Amherst, who, on the morning succeeding the wreck, desired every one to be called around him, when he took his share of the water which had been saved from the ship, consisting of a single gill for each individual, with the most perfect good humour, thus affording an example of calm fortitude, and cheerful readiness to share every privation without any distinction of rank, which in such cases is certain to be attended with the finest moral effect.

An increasing anxiety for water, however, naturally possessed every mind; but every exertion to obtain it proved fruit-

less, whilst the accidental discovery of a human skeleton led to the frightful belief, that an individual had perished by thirst. Under these circumstances, and considering likewise that the boats were insufficient for the conveyance of even one-half of the ship's crew, the ambassador and Captain Maxwell wisely determined, that his lordship and suite, accompanied by a guard to protect them, in the event of their falling in with any of the ferocious Malay pirates who swarm in those seas, should at once proceed with the barge and cutter, to the island of Java; which, in consequence of a favourable wind and strong current, it was anticipated they would reach in three or four days. This party, which consisted of forty-seven persons, having been furnished with all the provisions that could be spared, embarked at five o'clock in the evening, amidst the hearty prayers and good wishes of all. It was well, as will be seen, that Lord Am-

herst carried his resolution into effect with such promptitude, as the delay of a single day would, almost to a certainty, have placed him in the power of a horde of ruthless savages.

The prospect before the party left in the island, which consisted of two hundred men and boys, and one woman, was not the most cheering: for, in consequence of the adverse wind and current, no help was to be looked for, under the most favourable circumstances, for ten or twelve days at the least. Captain Maxwell, after again despatching a party in search of water, removed the bivouac, or encampment, to the summit of an adjacent hill, on which the underwood, abounding with snakes, scorpions, centipedes, and other reptiles, had been previously burnt and cleared away. To this spot, which was better calculated for the preservation of the health, as well as for the defence of the people, the whole of the small stock of provisions now remaining, was removed under a strict guard; whilst a few persons were left on the wreck, in order to save any further stores which might be floated up. During the rest of the day, much misery was experienced from continued thirst; but about midnight, to the great joy of all, a spring was struck upon, which, during the next twenty-four hours, afforded a pint of water to each individual. On the morning of the 20th, the captain ordered all hands to be mustered, and after explaining that, by the regulations of the navy, every man was equally liable to answer for his conduct as if he had been aloft, declared that whilst he lived, the most rigorous discipline, which was so important to the welfare of all, should continue to be enforced.

At day-break on the following morning, the party stationed on the wreck, discovered that they were surrounded by a small fleet of Malay proas or boats filled with armed men. These pirates, many of whom are cannibals, belong to a race generally considered to be the most merciless and inhuman savages existing in any part of the globe. Our countrymen, who were quite defenceless, instantly jumped into the boat and made for the beach, after a smart chase from the pirates; who then took possession of the ship; but not long after, an alarm was given, that they had effected a landing on a point of the island, about two miles distant. The most active exertions were immediately made to give them a warm reception: but only about a dozen cutlasses had been preserved, and, although the marines had nearly thirty muskets and bayonets, they had only seventy-five ball-cartridges amongst them. Orders were, however, given for every individual to arm himself in the best way he could; and small swords, dirks, knives, chisels, and even sharpened poles, soon supplied the place of regular weapons. Trees were also felled under the direction of the captain, and a circular breastwork was constructed around the station, by interweaving loose branches with stakes, driven into the ground amongst the fallen timber. The day having passed off quietly, in the evening the whole party was classed into separate divisions, to one of which the charge of the boats at the landing-place was assigned; the noblest spirit animated all, and but little apprehension prevailed of an attack from the savages during the night, as they appeared too busily engaged in plundering the wreck, to think of anything else.

Observing that the pirates had diminished in number, it was resolved, next day, to regain possession of the wreck; but the enemy, on perceiving the approach of the boats, instantly pushed off, and set fire to the ship, which became, in a few minutes, one burning mass from stem to stern. She continued in flames throughout the day and night, during which some alarm was occasioned by the sentries, mistaking for enemies, some of the large baboons met with on the island.

Early on Sunday, the boats again proceeded to the wreck, and found that several barrels of flour, with some casks of wine and beer, had floated up. This cheering intelligence reached the shore just at the close of divine service, which was performed in the principal tent. In the course of the two succeeding days, further supplies of flour, beer, and wine were recovered by the boats, together with what was almost equally important in the situation in which the party were placed, about fifty boarding pikes, eighteen muskets, and a small quantity of ammunition. In the meanwhile, those left on the shore were fully occupied in throwing up a glacis, or sloping bank, and in

otherwise strengthening the fortifications of the station; whilst the discovery of a second well at the foot of the hill, at last enabled every one to have water in abundance.

Early on the 26th, two armed proas, each towing a canoe, again made their appearance from behind a rock a few miles distant, whither the pirates had retreated, as was supposed, in expectation of receiving reinforcements. They prowled for some time unperceived about the entrance of the cove, but Lieutenant Hay, who commanded the guard during the night, no sooner discovered them, than he dashed out at once with the three boats under his command. The pirates instantly cut adrift their canoes and made all sail. Only one of our boats was enabled to near them. "On closing," says Mr. McLeod in his interesting narrative of the expedition, "the Malays evinced every sign of defiance, placing themselves in the most threatening attitudes, and firing their swivels at the boat. This was returned by Mr. Hay with the only musket he had with him, and as they closed nearer, the Malays commenced throwing their javelins and darts, several falling into the barge, but without wounding any of the men. Soon after they were grappled by our fellows, when three or four having been shot, and a fourth knocked down with the butt-end of the musket, five more jumped overboard and drowned themselves (evidently disdaining quarter), and two were taken prisoners, one of whom was severely wounded. The Malays had taken some measure to sink their proa, for she went down almost immediately. Nothing could exceed the desperate ferocity of these people. One of those had been shot through the body, but was not quite dead. On being removed into the boat with a view of saving him, (as his own vessel was sinking) he furiously grasped a cutlass which came within his reach, and it was not without a struggle wrenched from his hand: he died in a few minutes. The consort of this proa, firing a parting shot, bore up round the north end of the island, and escaped. The two prisoners were then brought ashore, and placed under a guard at the well, when their wounds were dressed, and ferocious as had been their conduct, the most humane attention was paid to them.

Soon afterwards, fourteen proas, and other small vessels, came in sight, and anchored under shelter of a distant point, on which many persons were seen to land. It was at first supposed, that they had been sent from Batavia by Lord Amherst for the relief of the party, and several officers therefore set out towards them; but an interview speedily dissipated the illusion, it being ascertained, chiefly by signs, that they were a wandering community employed in collecting a sort of sea-weed found in those islands, which is in request in China. Their amicable and submissive deportment disappeared, however, on the following morning, when the real situation of our countrymen was unmasked by the discovery of the wreck, which the strangers immediately proceeded to plunder. But it was not deemed advisable to interfere with them, as there was now little of any value to be procured there.

The boats were removed in the course of the day to an adjoining cove, where they were placed in a safer position, under cover of two little posts strongly situated on the rocks, which were manned by a party armed with musketry. The Malays, who had been fully engaged on the wreck during the preceding day, on Saturday morning received a powerful accession of force by the arrival of fourteen more proas. The prospects of our countrymen were in the meanwhile daily becoming more gloomy; their stock of provisions, although the utmost economy was used in the distribution, viz., by chopping up the allowance for the day into small pieces, whether fowls, salt beef, pork, or flour, and mixing the whole hotch-potch, boiling them together, and serving out a measure of this publicly and openly to every man without distinction, yet still it was diminishing with fearful rapidity; nothing but a few oysters could be obtained on the island; and the time had now passed away, when, according to calculation, relief ought to have arrived from Java. The boats were therefore put into a good state of repair, and a strong raft was constructed, in order to give every facility for escape, in the event of the worst taking place. But notwithstanding these depressing circumstances, a feeling of cheerfulness and content seemed to pervade every mind, and the utmost order continued to prevail.

The encampment on the hill, now termed "Fort Maxwell," had progressively been strengthened, so as to afford an excellent defence against an attack of the savages. When seen at night by fire-light, its appearance was singularly picturesque; "the wigwams," or dens as they were called, of some, neatly formed by branches, and thatched with the palm-leaf, scattered about at the feet of the majestic trees which shaded the circle; the rude tents of others, the *wrecked*, unshaven, ragged appearance of the men, with pikes and cutlasses in their hands, gave a wild and strange effect to the spot, beyond any robber-scene the imagination can portray.

Having been joined by a large reinforcement during the night of Saturday, the pirates at last began to assume a threatening aspect. At day-break on Sunday they advanced with the most hideous yells, with about twenty of their largest vessels, close to the entrance of the landing-place, where they proceeded to anchor, amidst the din of gongs, after firing one of their swivels at our party ashore. A smaller division was seen about the same time to proceed up a creek at the back of the British position, which rendered our countrymen apprehensive of a surprise in that quarter. This bold movement of the savages was, however, only a demonstration; and the two parties remained looking at each other for some time in a state of preparation, when, finding that the Malays held off from their attack, Captain Maxwell despatched an officer in a boat, a little beyond the mouth of the cove, who waved his hat in an amicable way, to endeavour to ascertain their disposition. An armed canoe, after a considerable pause, advanced to meet him, but nothing could be made out from the demeanour of the savages, who wished to possess themselves of the shirt and trousers belonging to one of the midshipmen in the boat. Another fruitless attempt was afterwards made in order to try their spirit, and when evening approached, the hostile force, which had greatly increased in strength during the day, and now amounted to more than fifty vessels of various sizes, drew closer into the cove, with a fierce and menacing aspect. Everything, indeed, indicated an approaching attack; the wreck was almost deserted, and the thoughts of the savages seemed fixed on gaining possession of property which they imagined had been rescued from it. Near sunset, several of the Malays, who had a few days before been mistaken for friends, advanced towards the landing-place, and gave our countrymen to understand, that the whole of the blockading force, except their party, were exceedingly hostile; and that a general attack was resolved upon when it became dark: they then intimated their wish that a portion of their number should proceed up the hill, for the purpose of protecting and aiding its defenders. On this treacherous offer being declined, they pulled back to their vessels, from which a wild war-whoop immediately proceeded.

When night set in, the whole of the force being assembled under arms, Captain Maxwell addressed the officers and men in an animating speech, which was received with three deafening cheers, from every Briton on the island: it was, indeed, the anxious wish of every heart that the threatened attack should be made; 1,600 ball-cartridges, which had been progressively accumulated, were distributed amongst the various watches; and an alarm, which was purposely given during the night, "showed the good effect of preparation, for all were like lightning at their posts, and every one returned growling and disappointed, because the alarm was false." The cheering had its due effect on the enemy.

When the day dawned, it was found that the pirate-force had received a further accession of ten vessels. Their numbers now exceeded 600 men; and they continued, during the morning, closely to invest the position as before. The general anxiety at the non-arrival of the looked-for relief, increased in strength each successive hour. "Awful as our situation was," says the historian of the voyage, "and every instant becoming more so; starvation staring us in the face, on one hand, and without hope of mercy from the savages on the other; yet were there no symptoms of depression, or gloomy despair; every mind seemed buoyant; and if any estimate of the general feeling could be collected from countenances, from the manner and expressions of all, there appeared to be formed in every

breast, a calm determination to dash at them, and be successful, or to fall as became men, in the attempt to become free."

About mid-day, whilst various plans for effecting a decisive night-attack on the pirates were in agitation, a powerful sensation was produced, by the report of the officer on the look-out, that a ship was in sight at a great distance to the southward; a dark cloud for some time hid the object of anxiety from the sight, but when it cleared away, every doubt was dispelled, by the announcement that the vessel was standing towards the island, under all sail. The British colours were therefore run up at the top of the loftiest tree on the hill; and it was not long before a sudden movement among the savages denoted that they also had discovered the distant ship. On perceiving this, Captain Maxwell resolved not to hesitate, and instantly gave orders for a simultaneous attack to be made on the blockading force; the pirates were, however, on the alert, for as soon as the marines emerged from beneath the shade of the mangrove-trees which fringed the harbour, the whole of their vessels made sail, the nearest firing her swivel (fortunately without effect) amongst a party of officers that had dashed after them into the sea; a smart fire was kept up without effect, till they were out of gun-shot, and they soon afterwards disappeared from sight altogether.

The vessel proved to be the Ternate, one of the East India Company's cruisers. It turned out a providential circumstance, that the attack had been made on the pirates; for in consequence of the opposition of the wind and current, the ship was unable to approach nearer than twelve miles of the British position, so that the pirates would have been enabled to have completely cut off all communication with her, had they remained. The island was finally abandoned by our countrymen early on the 7th of March, after a stay of nineteen days, during which, although they were alternately exposed to the influence of a burning sun, and torrents of rain, not a single individual was taken ill. The Ternate reached Batavia on the 9th, where an interesting meeting took place between Lord Amherst and the party that had accompanied him, with their countrymen, so mercifully and wonderfully preserved by the hand of Almighty Providence.

The events which we have now brought before the mind of the reader, form so striking a contrast to those which succeeded the loss of the *Méduse*, as perhaps, to afford in themselves the best commentary on the conduct of our countrymen, on this trying occasion. On the fearful fate which would have awaited them, had disorder and anarchy prevailed, had the rein of discipline been loosened, it is unnecessary to dwell. There can be little doubt, however, that the presence of mind, calm decision, and judicious exertions of the gallant and now lamented officer who commanded, contributed in an eminent degree to the accomplishment of a result so gratifying, in a national point of view, to all.

THE WRECKERS.

A CORNISH TALE.

It was a March morning—dark, yet without a drop of rain or breath of wind, that kind of marbly-black, compact sky, which is the sure forerunner of a storm. The night had been a raw and cold one—too cold to sleep with comfort in the open air; yet such was the chamber which a peasant-girl, a native of a little fishing hamlet upon the coast of Cornwall, had chosen for repose. Her couch was a hard and fearful one! the verge of a cliff that rose nearly a hundred feet perpendicular from the sea-shore; and yet not the softest couch that ever was spread in hamlet, town, or city, contained a tenant, in form, for symmetry—in feature for beauty—excelling the mistress of her who occupied that strange, appalling place of rest! Her slumbers were disturbed, yet deep. Neither the full dawn could break them; nor yet the pressure of a hand that had taken hold of hers; nor the tears that fell upon her face from the eyes of one who was hanging over her—a young man about her own age, or a little older, and who seemed to belong to the profession of the sea.

"And hast thou slept out again all night?" he murmured—his tears still flowing. "And does it grow worse and worse

with my poor wits? and shall I never see the day when I can make thee my wife? They will not let me marry thee, because, as they say, thou art mad, and knowest not what thou dost; but when thy mind was sound, I was loved by thee! Had I married thee then, thou still hadst been my wife! thou still hadst been cherished and loved! Why must I not marry thee now? I could watch thee, then, at night! My arms would enfold thee, then, and prevent thee from stealing from thy bed to sleep in such a place as this!"

The attachment which united this young man to the being whom he so pathetically apostrophized, was of that pure and steadfast nature, which can never take root, except in the unsophisticated heart. She had lost her reason in consequence of having been witness to a transaction of blood, which made her an orphan. She was to have been married to him; but, in the unfortunate state of her intellects, no clergyman would celebrate the rites. But she did not the less enjoy his protection. Beneath his mother's roof, she lived as sacred as a sister—the object of a passion in which frustration, and almost hopelessness, had only produced increase of strength.

"Kate, Kate," he called. "Rouse thee, Kate—rouse thee. Don't start. Don't be frightened. 'Tis only William. Get up, and come home."

He offered to raise her, but she checked him—looked round, and fixed her eyes, inquiringly, upon the sea.

"Where is it?" she exclaimed—her voice tremulous with intense emotion. "Where is the storm? I see the black sky; but I want the thunder and the wind—the white, white sea, and the big ship, driving upon the reef—or is it all over? No," she added; "'tis coming—'twill be here! I see it!"

She rose, and passively accompanied her watchful lover to his mother's cottage; where, leaving her under the custody of its mistress, the young man repaired on urgent business to a town at some distance from the hamlet.

That morning the storm came on; three days it continued—it was now the third day. A lee shore, a boiling sea, and on the coast of Cornwall! A wild and fearful offing! Foam, foam, foam, which way soever you looked—nothing but foam. Black reefs of rocks, that even in the highest spring tides were never completely covered, discernible now only by a spot here and there—so quick the breakers flew upon them. The spray flying over the cliffs—fifty, sixty, ay, a hundred feet and more, above the level of the sea, and spreading over the land for acres. And all above pitch black, though at noon-day. Everything seemed to cower before the spirit of the storm—everything except man. The shore—which consisted partly of huge masses of rock, partly of shingle—was lined with human beings—some in groups—some alone—promiscuously furnished with boat-hooks, gaffs, grapples, hatchets, and knives—ready to dispute with the waves the plunder of the fated ship, that might be driven within the jaws of that inhospitable bay. Expectation glistened in their eyes, that kept eagerly prowling backward and forward, far and near, over the waste of waters—they were wreckers! Not a few women, as well as children, were among them; nor were these unprovided against the approach of the wished-for prey—all seemed to have their appropriated places; from which, if they stirred, it was only a step or two, to be the next minute retraced. Little was spoken.

At one and the same moment almost every head was turned toward the cliff, at a wild and shrill halloo that rung from it.

"'Tis only Kate," cried one, here and there, as the maniac rapidly descended by a crevice, which few of the lookers-on would have attempted, and that with wary feet.

"The crazy slut will break her neck," carelessly remarked one to another. But she was safe in her recklessness or unconsciousness of danger, and in a second or two stood among them.

"A lovely day; a fair, lovely day," she exclaimed to the first she came up to. "Good luck to you! Anything yet? No, no," she continued, replying to herself! "white to the north—white to the west—white to the south—all white! not a speck upon the water! But 'tis coming—'tis coming—'tis coming!" she reiterated, dropping her voice to its lowest pitch; "I saw it here last night; a big, black hull—one mast standing out of three—cannons and stores overboard—rising and sinking—

rocking and reeling—driving full bump upon the reef where the William and Mary was wrecked seven years ago! I saw it," she repeated, eyeing the standers-by with a look that dared incredulity; then, all at once, her voice sinking into a whisper, "Hush, hush!" she added; "'twill be a handful or two for you; and a load for you; and more than you can carry for you;" addressing this person and that successively; "casks, cases, chests, gear, and gold! but what will it be for Black Norris? It will be a brighter day for him than for any of you! When do they say his time is out?"

"Whose time?" inquired one among the group she was addressing.

"One—two—three," she went on without noticing the question, until she had counted seven; "his seven years were out last May; he was transported three years before his hopeful son murdered my father."

"Hush, you crazy wench," exclaimed those around her; "if Norris hears you, you may chance to take a swim in the creek where he is standing."

"Crazy!" she echoed. "Yes; bless heaven that made me so! It knows best what it does! I saw my father murdered, though his murderer saw not me! they were struggling which should keep possession of the prey. Old Norris's knife decided it! I was powerless with fright! I could not speak! I could not stir! I became mad, and the judge would not believe me! I could tell my story better now, but it would be of no use; for they say I am crazy still. There she is!" vociferated she, pointing toward the offing at the southern extremity of the bay.

"Where—where—where?" inquired her auditors.

"No, no," she resumed, after a minute or two of silence, during which her eye-balls kept straining in the direction toward which she had pointed. "No," she resumed, dropping her hand; "but she is coming; and Black Norris will neither want roof nor board, gold nor gear, to welcome back the father that bred him up to his own trade. But where is he?" inquired she; "where, but upon the long reef, where I saw him." Saying this, she proceeded to the southern extremity of the bay.

A stalwart figure, in advance of the regular line, sat stationed upon the landward-end of a huge reef of rocks, that gradually dipped into the sea. His hair black and lank, thrown back from a swarthy, ill-favoured visage, hung half way down his shoulders; his eye dark, small, and glistening bright, directed toward the sea, in quick and restless motion, was everywhere at once. A long boat-hook, clenched with both his hands, rested across his knees; and, in a belt, which encircled his waist, were stuck a clasp-knife of more than ordinary size, and a hatchet. The wave repeatedly washed more than half way up his lower extremities, but he paid no more heed than if he were part of the rock that scattered it into mist.

"A lovely day—a fair, lovely day," cried the maniac, approaching him.

"How beest thou, Black Norris? Nay, I am good, now," continued she, in a deprecating tone: "don't look angry, I'll never say again that it was you."

The wrecker moved his hand towards his knife.

"Stop, stop, Black Norris," cried she, coaxingly and hurriedly, laying her hand upon his arm, "keep it for other work. You'll want it to-day: before night there will be a hull ashore. There will be need of knife, axe, hook and all—for the storm is lively yet—the sea shows no signs of going down—the breakers keep tumbling upon the shore. Mark how they sweep the shingles up, and back again. By-and-bye they will have something else to roll. 'Tis coming, Black Norris; 'tis coming. A huge, black hull—one mast standing out of three—cannons and stores overboard—rising and sinking—rocking and reeling—driving full bump upon the reef where the William and Mary was wrecked—the very reef on which you stand, Black Norris; ay, and the very spot."

"Silence, jade!" exclaimed the wrecker, looking from beneath his hand, which, with the rapidity of lightning, was raised to his brow, and placed there horizontally, and leaning eagerly forward.

"In the south?"

"Yes."

"Just clear of the point?"

"Yes; the looming of something: 'tis a sloop! I see but one mast."

"'Tis a ship, Black Norris. The other two have been cut away."

"Peace, jade! what know'st thou of the matter?"

"'Tis a ship," she continued. "I told you so! There is the huge black hull!"

"'Tis there, indeed!" exclaimed the wrecker. "Art thou a witch as well as crazed? 'Tis there, indeed! she is driving right into the bay, coming broadside on!"

A huge black hull it was, high out of the water, as if every article of weight that could be spared had been thrown overboard. Reeling and pitching she came on, staggering every now and then at the stroke of some wave that broke over her. Fast was she nearing the shore.

"Now, now, now!" ever and anon exclaimed the wreckers; but she was floating still, so much had those on board lightened her. At length she was fairly among the breakers. She touched and touched; yet went on—at last she struck, a long-continued crash came undulating upon the ears of the lookers-on, accompanied with halloos and shrieks. The shore was now all astir.

"That does for her!" exclaimed several voices all at once, as an enormous wave towering, as if charged with her doom, came foaming toward her. In another minute it broke upon her in a fury that sent the spray to the clouds, and totally hid her from the shore. When she became visible again, the whole of her larboard broadside was stove in. In a moment, men, women, and children were up to their middle in the surf. Another billow—she was gone! Planks, pulleys, spars, and cordage now came floating in, and every one went to work—every one but Black Norris.

He kept his station upon the reef—a post which common consent seemed to have yielded up to him. No one ventured to dispute his right to it. In advance of him stood the maniac, constantly looking in one direction—a kind of cove produced by a forking in the reef. Thence she never took her eye, except to throw a glance at Black Norris whenever he made a movement, as if about to quit the stand which he had chosen.

"'Twill be here," she kept repeating; "'twill be here: that which will be worth the hull to thee, were it high and dry, and all thine own; wait for it, 'tis sent to thee; 'twill be here. Did I not tell you of the huge black hull, and came it not? As surely that will come, which in that hull was sent to thee. Be ready with thy boat-hook. The minutes are counted. The wave that is to bring it, is rolling in. There it is! I know it! Here, take my place and be ready. Here it is—a body—hook it by the clothes; keep it clear of the rocks. Round—round—round here, into this nook. Look if it does not lie there as if it were made for it. What think you now, Black Norris? What think you now of crazy Kate? Softly, softly," she continued, as the wrecker, substituting his hands for the instrument, began to draw the body up to the beach. "Softly; the pockets are full. Softly, lest anything should drop from them. That will do! that will do!"

Scarcely was the body clear of the surf when the wrecker began to strip it. The pockets were full! one of them was speedily emptied, when a laugh from the maniac, who, squatting, sat gibbering at the head, arrested Black Norris in the act of examining the contents.

"What laugh'st thou at, jade?" he inquired.

"Go on," she replied: "'tis a fair, lovely day, as I told thee; is it not, Black Norris?"

"Peace, jade!" exclaimed the wrecker. "Jewels!" he ejaculated, closing a small case which he had opened. The maniac laughed again. "Wilt thou stop thy cursed mouth," vociferated the wrecker.

"Go on," murmured the maniac. "Go on, Black Norris. You should not be angry with me. Did I not tell you it was coming? Go on. 'Tis a fair, lovely day. Isn't it, Black Norris?"

"Silence!" again cried the wrecker.

"Gold!" exclaimed he to himself, as he emptied into his hand a portion of the contents of a purse, which he had taken from the other pocket; "broad, heavy, yellow pieces!"—another laugh from the maniac.

"I tell thee what, mad Kate," roared out the wrecker, "take to thy heels, or abide the consequence if thou utterest that sound again."

"Softly!—softly!" whispered Kate, "he hears you!"

"Who, jade!" cried the wrecker, starting from his knee.

"The owner of the diamonds and the gold. His lids have been moving for the last minute, and now they are wide open!"

The wrecker just glanced at the face of the shipwrecked man.

"Get thee away, good Kate!" said he, in a conciliatory tone. "Go, Kate; leave me by myself, and I'll never be angry with thee again. Go, good Kate; go."

The maniac looked at the wrecker for a moment—smiled—nodding her head significantly, and rose.

"I am gone, Black Norris!" she cried, "a good day to you! and a good fair day it is! and a lovely day! Isn't it, Black Norris? I'll leave you by yourself! I'll not stay! I am gone!" and starting toward a pathway which led up the cliff, and the commencement of which was sheltered by a screen of rock, she was quickly out of sight.

The wrecker now began to reconnoitre all around him. Every one was engrossed with his own occupation, securing such portions of the wreck, or such articles of property as were brought within his reach. His hand approached his knife—grasped it—half drew the weapon from his belt; but suddenly replaced it, and now fastened on the axe—the counterpoise to the blade of which was a wedge-like piece of iron, broad, and flattened at the end. In a second the instrument swung by his side. Once again he reconnoitred toward the beach; then turned toward the prostrate man. He thought the body moved—he trembled from head to foot. He advanced a single step, but stopped—the fingers were in motion! A low sound—half voice, half-breath—issued from the throat—which now evidently began to work! He advanced another step, though a tottering one!—another! He was now within a foot or two of the head—he sank, or rather dropped upon one knee. The eyes of the seaman moved—they turned to the right and to the left, and at last glared back upon the wrecker! Both hands now clenched the axe! Slowly 'twas lifted, the edge averted, and the blunt end suspended over the forehead of him that lay. 'Twas raised! It hovered a moment or two, then fell with a short, dull crash—a pause for a moment or two more—limb, eye, everything were still—the wrecker threw his weapon behind him, and wiped from his brow the drops that stood thick upon it.

"Ha! ha! you have done it!"

The wrecker turned and beheld the maniac standing behind him with the hatchet in her hand, her eyes flashing.

"Nay, move not, Black Norris!" she continued "unless you would have me give the corpse a fellow! Let me get farther from thee without forcing me to do thee a mischief, and I will tell thee something!" She retreated about twenty paces, without turning her back; the wrecker now perfectly unnerved, not daring to move. "Black Norris?" she resumed, "did I not tell you that this was a fair, lovely day! and a fair, lovely day it is! and a bonny one, too!—and know you not why, Black Norris! This day you have done—what you have done!—and this day seven years was the day—the fair, lovely day when you murdered my father! Black Norris! now follow me not, but good bye!"

She fled. The wrecker had not power to follow!

By the fire of a miserable hut, was seated upon a stool a female, of youthful but haggard appearance. She had an infant at her breast, and was endeavouring to lull it, rocking to and fro, with a low melancholy hum. Every now and then, she paused and listened, and after a second or two, resumed her maternal task.

"Be quiet, Shark; be quiet," she would occasionally cry, as a lean, black, rough-coated dog, between the Newfoundland and the mastiff, and which was stretched across the hearth, would raise his head, and, turning it in the direction of the door, keep howling amidst the gusts of the storm, which was slowly and fitfully subsiding.

At length the infant fell asleep, and was transferred from

its mother's lap to a wretched pallet in an adjoining room. Her charge being thus disposed of, she returned into the outer apartment. A cooking vessel was on the fire. She lifted the lid. The steam faintly rose from the contents.

"Will it never grow hot!" she impatiently exclaimed; and resorting to a bellows, through the creviced sides of which escaped the greater portion of the wind which was intended for the proper vent, proceeded assiduously, but almost in vain, to urge the sluggish fuel. "He'll brain me, if he comes home and nothing ready," she cried to herself, in a querulous under-tone. "Heaven send him luck, and I shall have peace for a day or two," continued she. "But for my baby, I wish I had never seen the face of Black Norris."

"Let me in!" cried the wrecker at the door.

"Thank heaven, he has met with luck!" ejaculated the wretched wife. She let him in. He had a trunk upon his shoulder, and under his arm he carried a bundle of clothes.

"Good luck, Norris?" tremulously, and half doubtfully inquired she.

"Yes!" was his sullen reply. "Why do you ask with such a face as that?"

"I was afraid you had not met with any."

"Why?" demanded he, sternly.

"From your looks," timidly responded she.

"Curse thee!" muttered the ruffian; "what business hast thou to mind my looks! Here! Lend a hand, and help this load from my back." The trunk was deposited upon the floor. "What! Nothing ready? Hast thou not victuals in the house? Hast thou not fire? Hast thou not hands? and why is not my dinner ready? Bestir thee! I have something to do in the next room. On thy life let me not be interrupted till I have done. Haste! Give me the key of the big chest."

"Don't wake the baby," entreatingly enjoined the wife. "He has not slept the whole morning, and is only just now dropped off."

"Curse the child," cried the wrecker, "thou thinkest of nothing but the child. Look to my dinner!" He went into the next apartment, shut the door after him, and bolted it.

He examined the jewels again. He emptied the purse of its contents and counted them. He opened the rest of the pockets. The trowsers he had taken from the bundle and thrown upon the floor of the other room—all contained riches. He placed them upon the ground, applied the key, and hastily began to deposit them in the chest. In the progress of his work, he started and stopped short, at a shuffling of feet he heard in the outer apartment, accompanied by the sound of voices, as of persons speaking in a low key. Muttering a curse, he proceeded.

"Norris, Norris!" whispered his wife at the door. He replied not, but went on.

"Norris!" she whispered again. "You are wanted!" He answered not, but listened anxiously. All was silent.

"Norris!" she repeated.

"Silence! and confound thee," was the ruffian's reply.

"I cannot help it, Norris," rejoined she, still whispering.

"You are wanted, husband. O come! Do come!" "Presently," he vociferated. The last article was put in. He locked the chest, and unbolting the door, threw it open.

"Well! Is my dinner ready?" he noisily demanded, entering the outer apartment, and looking toward the table—which had been constructed out of the fragments of a wreck—a corpse lay stretched upon it. At the head and at the foot was a group of his neighbours. He stood for a moment or two transfixed.

"What means this?" at length he boldly inquired, with a loud voice, striving to conceal a cowering heart.

"Merciful powers!" exclaimed one, lifting the rifled trowsers, which the wrecker had thrown upon the floor. "Merciful powers! if it is not your father's body, Norris, that you have been stripping."

"My father's body," echoed Black Norris; the blood utterly forsaking his cheeks.

"Yes! There it is, stretched upon the table."

Black Norris did not attempt to speak. He looked at the body—at the bystanders—at his wife—at the body again—with an expression of perfect vacancy in his countenance. He then approached the table, half seated himself on a corner of it, his back to the corpse, and with one leg upon the floor, kept swinging the other, looking wildly around him. His wife, who had dropped upon the stool on which she had been nursing her child, sat the image of horror. The rest kept silence.

"It can't be helped," at last exclaimed Black Norris. "The dead have no use for clothes. We'll bury him to-morrow, and wake him to night."

His auditors looked at one another, but made no remark. Pipes, tobacco, and spirits, were speedily procured and placed upon the same table with the corpse, which was now covered with a sheet. Black Norris seated himself at the head. His neighbours, whose numbers were now increased by occasional droppers in, accommodating themselves as they could, with stools, empty kegs placed on end, and pieces of plank converted into temporary forms, sat ranged around. The room waxed merry, save where the wrecker's wife sat crouching near the fire, her head supported by the wall. At length the first supply of spirits was out.

"I'll bring you better," cried the wrecker. "What we have been drinking was watered. I'll bring it you as pure as from the still."

He disappeared; and, after the lapse of about ten or fifteen minutes, returned with a fresh supply. He opened the door unobserved, but stopped short upon remarking that the place which he had just quitted, was occupied by three or four who were intently employed in examining the head of the dead body, from which the sheet had been partially removed. The rest of the company were leaning forward, apparently absorbed in what was passing.

"'Tis an ugly mark," said one.

"No rock could do that," observed another.

"No," interposed a third; "'tis more like the blunt end of an axe-head; see! here is the regular mark of the edge, all round. I would not be Black Norris for all he has got by this day's work."

"Why not?" vociferated the wrecker, springing forward and confronting the speaker.

Every eye was turned toward the wrecker, in whose countenance desperation and gathering fury were fearfully depicted. No answer was returned to his question.

"Why not," repeated he, with increased vehemence.

"Why not," echoed the young man, recovering from temporary surprise. "Why, who was it stove your father's forehead in, Black Norris?" added he, after a pause.

He had scarcely time to duck his head. The vessel which the wrecker carried, flew over it, and in the next moment the young man's throat was in the ruffian's gripe.

"Loose your hold of him," cried several all at once. Black Norris paid no heed to them. Three or four of the strongest and boldest rushed together upon him at once; overpowered him and rescued his almost suffocated victim. The wrecker drew his knife and brandished it. They rushed upon him again before he had time to make a stroke with it, and wrenched it from him. His wife, who, it appeared, had retired into the inner apartment during the interval of her husband's absence, now burst from it, sank on her knees before him, and, clasping him round the legs with one arm, while with the other she supported her infant, implored him to be calm. A blow levelled child and mother to the earth! With horror of the savage act, the spectators stood awhile, as if bereft of the power of speech or motion. For a second or two the wrecker glared around him like a fiend, then suddenly rushed into the inner room. He searched here and there, blaspheming all the time, cursing this thing and that thing, as any thing came to his hand except what he wanted. At length, however, he succeeded in finding his pistols. Then a pouch filled with slugs, and last of all, a powder-horn, presented themselves. Hastily he loaded and primed the weapons, and proceeding to the door with one in each hand, advanced a pace into the outer apartment.

"Now!" roared the wrecker, "now, who is the man to

come on?" No one stirred. "I give you just as much time," continued he, "as it will take you to clear the house. When that is expired, I fire at the man that remains."

A wild, shrill, piercing laugh was the answer to his menace. It came from the head of the corpse. The maniac was standing there. The wrecker's axe was in her hand; the blunt end resting on the mark in the dead man's forehead.

"Ha! ha!" she cried, exultingly; "there is your father, Black Norris! a corpse upon the plank of wood, to get possession of which, you murdered my father; and here is your axe upon the mark which you made in your father's forehead when I told you, as you were rifling him on the beach, that his eyes were moving, and you coaxed me to leave you alone with him. See how nicely it fits. But I knew you, and stole back. I did, Black Norris. And I saw the blow; and heard the crash; and snatched up your hatchet when you threw it behind you; and ran away with it. Give you joy of your diamonds and your gold, Black Norris. A fair day. Is it not? A fair, lovely day—a fair lovely bonny day."

The wrecker had been gradually raising his right arm. It was now nearly brought to a level. He fired; but the charge perforated the roof. His arm was struck up by some one, and at the same moment he felt himself powerfully pinioned. He looked round; he found himself in the hands of four of the preventive guard, accompanied by Kate's lover, with the staff of a boarding-pike in his grasp.

That day, having completed the business which called him from home, had the young man returned. His first inquiry was for Kate. She had been at her usual pranks, and had stolen away. He sought her in all her haunts—she was no where to be found—dispirited and fatigued, too; for he had walked upward of thirty miles since morning; he was repairing home when he received, from a group, returning from the wreck, and of whom he made inquiries after her, an account of her appearance among the wreckers, and her wild, mysterious prophecy, which had so strangely been fulfilled. Revolving what he had heard, he lifted the latch of his mother's door, and entered; but stopped short. A female, almost naked to the zone, was sitting with her back toward him; her skin of so pure a whiteness, that it fairly shone. The waist and shoulders of such a mould, as of itself apprises the beholder of the presence of surprising richness: although unrefined, uninformed, he is utterly at a loss to tell in what it lies. A moment he stood; then, abashed, confounded—he was on the point of retiring, when the female turned suddenly round.

"Kate!" burst in astonishment from the young man's lips.

The next moment the maniac, unconscious of her situation, was hanging upon his neck. Wildly she kissed him: straining him to her bosom and laughing.

"He has done it! he has done it!" she almost shrieked. "He has murdered his own father. Here is the hatchet with which he beat his forehead in," added she, springing from him to the other end of the room, and snatching up the instrument and flourishing it; her sun-burnished hands and neck forming an extraordinary contrast with the snow which had never been before revealed to the eyes of her lover, whose mother now entering from an adjoining room with some articles of apparel upon her arm, hastily retired again, drawing the poor, half-resisting girl along with her. The former presently returned.

"She has been down on the shore all day. There has been a wreck," said she. "About a quarter of an hour ago she came in inquiring for you, that you might take Black Norris, as she said, and hang him; for he had murdered his father. She was wet to the skin with the spray and the rain, and I was making her change herself when you came in. Hist! she is here!"

Kate entered. Her lover looked at her. Nothing appeared now but the hue, that was the child of the weather. The hatchet was in her hand. Exultation and impatience were painted in her looks.

"Come! come!" she cried; and opening the door, at once led the way to Black Norris's. Scarcely had they got

fifty yards from the house, when, at a turn in the road, they came upon four privates of the preventive service. The men were on duty. Kate instantly accosted them, related the transaction which had taken place upon the reef, and commanded them to accompany her. They looked—and obeyed.

Three weeks after there was a trial and an execution. Black Norris was the criminal. Among the spectators at the latter were a young man and a young woman. As soon as the body swung in the air, a shrill peal of laughter arose from one of the crowd. It was from the female who, the next moment, lay fainting in the arms of her companion. Kate was conveyed home. She was restored to consciousness; but her mind, so highly excited before, seemed now to have sunk into a state of infantine imbecility. Thus she remained for several days, nay weeks. A gloom seemed to have overspread her lover's mind, which threatened consequences similar to those under which the being whom he so tenderly loved had laboured. He avoided society—he would hardly exchange a word even with his mother. He was continually wandering about the cliff and the shore alone.

One day, when he had thrown himself upon the very spot where, as we related in the beginning, he had intruded upon the slumbers of the maniac—revolving the cause which now utterly absorbed his mind and soul, and lost to external consciousness—he was startled by something falling upon his face. He looked up, and saw the loved one hanging over him. The tear-drop stood trembling upon his lid—the light of reason beamed from her eye. She pronounced his name, talked to him of her father's death, informed him that she believed his murderer had suffered the penalty of his crime, but knew not when, or by what means. He drew her softly toward him—encouraged her to speak on—questioned her—found of all that had passed since her wits had gone astray, the only circumstance which had left an impression upon her memory, was the fate of Black Norris. He now endeavoured to ascertain the state of her heart with respect to him. An eye at once cast down—a burning cheek—lips that made soundless motion, confirmed the dearest hopes, and crowned the most ardent wishes of his soul. Reason was perfectly reinstated—love had never lost its seat. He urged the soft confession—and her face was buried in his bosom. In a week she was his wife, and along with his mother, accompanied him to a distant part of the country, lest old and painful recollections might be recalled by the presence of scenes, alas! but too familiar.

THE MARINER'S SONG.

BY JOHN INLAH.

GAILY we go o'er the salt blue seas,
And the wave breaks white before us;
The crowded canvass bends to the breeze,
And home points the pennant o'er us.
Speedily, speedily bound we on,
As if with the wind contending;
Now high the heaving surge upon,
Now its yawning gulf descending.
Our ship spreads wide her snowy wing,
Like another bird of ocean;
And she shapes her way like a living thing
Of graceful make and motion.
Then speed thee! speed my home-bound bark;
Still thy native harbour nearing;
Soon the white-cliff'd isle shall the mariner mark,
O'er the azure deep appearing.
Yet no charms for me hath the fairest vale,
Like the wilderness of waters;
When the vessel stoops to the fresh'ning gale,
And the spray around her scatters!
Then may the hammock my death-bed be,
And my grave beneath the billow;
There as well will I anchor under the lee
Of the wave, as of the willow!

LOSS OF HIS MAJESTY'S SHIP CENTAUR.

THE Centaur, a ship of 74 guns, and commanded by Captain Inglefield, sailed from Jamaica on September 10th, 1782, after the decisive engagement in the West Indies, on the glorious 12th of April, when the French fleet, under Count de Grasse, was defeated by Admiral Sir George Rodney; she was then in rather a leaky condition; but although it was necessary to keep two hand-pumps going, and a spell with the chain-pumps when it blew fresh, still no fears were entertained that she was not able to encounter a common gale of wind, till experience convinced them of their fatal mistake. It was on the evening of the 16th, that the fatal gale came on; the ship was prepared for the worst weather that is usually met with in those latitudes: the mainsail was reefed and set, the top-gallant-masts struck, and the mizen-yard lowered down, though at that time it did

not blow very strong; but towards midnight it increased to a gale, and caused the ship to make so much water, that all hands were obliged to be turned to the pumps.

About two in the morning of the 17th, the wind had so much decreased, that they began to flatter themselves the gale was breaking; but soon after there was a heavy shower of rain, accompanied with thunder and lightning, and the wind blew in such strong gusts, that obliged them to haul up the mainsail, the ship being then under bare poles. This was scarcely done, when a gust of wind, exceeding in violence anything they had ever seen, laid the ship on her beam-ends. The water forsook the hold and appeared between decks, so as to fill the men's hammocks to the leeward, and the ship lay motionless, to all appearance irrecoverably overset. The water increasing fast, forced through the cells of the ports, and scuttled the ports from the pressure of the ship. The captain immediately ordered the



LOSS OF HIS MAJESTY'S SHIP THE CENTAUR, CAPTAIN INGLEFIELD, SEPT. 23, 1782.

main and mizen-masts to be cut away, and the fore-mast and bowsprit soon followed, upon which the ship immediately righted, but with such violence, and so quick, that they found it difficult to work the pumps; three guns immediately broke loose upon the main-deck, and it was some time before they were able to secure them; several men being maimed in the attempt, and every moveable was destroyed, either from the shot thrown loose from the lockers, or the wreck of the deck. The officers who had left their beds in the morning, naked, when the ship overset, had not an article of clothing to put on, nor could they get supplied with any.

The masts had not been over the sides ten minutes, when the tiller broke short in the rudder-head; and before the chocks

could be placed, the rudder was gone. Thus were they as much deserted as possible, lying at the mercy of the wind and sea; yet they had one comfort, that the pumps, if anything, reduced the water in the hold, and, as the morning of the 17th came on, the weather grew more moderate. At daylight, two line-of-battle ships appeared to leeward; one had lost her fore-mast and bowsprit, the other her main-mast, and it was the general opinion on board the Centaur, that one was the Canada, and the other the Glorieux. About seven they saw another line-of-battle ship ahead, which they soon distinguished to be the Ville de Paris, with all her masts standing. They immediately made signals of distress, hoisting the ensign on the stump of the mizen-mast, union downwards, and firing the fore-castle guns.

The ensign blew away soon after it was hoisted, and it was the only one they had left; but they had the satisfaction to see the *Ville de Paris* veer and stand towards them. Several of the merchant ships also approached, and those that could, hailed and offered their assistance; but depending upon the king's ship, they only thanked them, desiring them if they joined Admiral Graves, to make him acquainted with the condition of the *Centaur*. They had not the smallest doubt, but that the *Ville de Paris* was approaching them, as she appeared not to have suffered in the least by the storm, and having seen her veer, they knew that she was under the government of her helm; at this time, also, it was so moderate, that the merchant ships set their topsails, but the *Ville de Paris*, after approaching within two miles, passed them to windward, which being observed by one of the merchant ships, she wore and came under their stern, offering to carry any message to her. Captain Inglefield desired the master to acquaint the *Ville de Paris* with their condition, and that he would remain with them till the weather grew moderate. They afterwards saw the merchantman approach near enough to the *Ville de Paris* to speak to her; but they had reason to fear her condition was much worse than it appeared to be, as she continued her course. As the evening came on it grew hazy and blew strong in squalls. They lost sight of the *Ville de Paris*, but confidently expected they should see her in the morning: the night was passed in constant labour at the pumps, and when the wind lulled, the water diminished; but when it blew strong again, the sea rising, the water again increased.

On the evening of the 18th, they found their condition much worse than they had expected; the pumps being choked, were of little use, and all the casks of rum and provisions were stove, having floated with violence from side to side, until there was not a whole cask remaining. Should the ship swim, they had no water, but what remained in the ground tier, and over this all the wet provisions, and casks filled with salt water, were floating, and with so much motion, that no man could go into the hold with safety. There was nothing left for them to try, but baling with buckets; and twenty large ones made of canvass were immediately employed. By noon the working of the buckets had considerably diminished the water, but there appeared no prospect of saving the ship if the gale continued. The labour was too great to hold out without water, yet the people worked without a murmur, and indeed with cheerfulness.

The weather at this time was more moderate, but as the evening came on, the gale increased. All day they had seen nothing of the ship that had lost her main-mast, but from her having fired guns of distress, they imagined her to be as much in want of assistance as themselves. Through the night the *Centaur* laboured so much, that they scarcely dared to entertain a hope that she could swim till the morning; yet, by dint of great exertions, which were increased by want of water, they managed to hold out: but their sufferings were so intense, that many of the people could not be restrained from drinking their own water.

At daylight, on the 19th, there was no vessel in sight, and having seen flashes from guns during the night, they feared that the ship which they had seen the preceding day had foundered. The weather grew more moderate by about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and as the water in the hold began to diminish, the men were encouraged to redouble their efforts to get the water low enough, so as to enable them to break a cask of fresh water out of the ground tier. Some of the most resolute of the seamen were employed in the attempt, and at noon they were so far successful as to get one cask, which, though little, was a very seasonable relief.

On the morning of the 20th, the fore-hold was cleared of the water, and they had the cheering promise of a fine day, which was taken advantage of by making every disposition that could contribute to their safety; and the captain had great hopes that should the moderate weather continue, the ship would by the next day become manageable, and thereby enable them to save the people on some of the western isles: but, at the same time, had there been another ship in the company, the captain would have deemed it his duty to have quitted the ship directly.

Unfortunately, however, on the morning of the 21st, they

had the mortification to find the weather again threatened, and by noon had increased to a storm; the ship laboured excessively, the wind still increased, and the carpenter declared the pumps nearly useless; and as they had no other resource but baling, all the sail-makers were employed night and day in making canvass buckets. The orlop-deck had fallen in on the larboard side; a large leak had been discovered and stopped in the forehold, and another in the ladies' hold, and the ship appeared so weak from her labouring, that it was evident she could not last much longer; the fore and after cockpit had fallen in, and all the store-rooms were down, and the stern-post was so loose, that as the ship rolled, the water rushed in on either side in such great streams, that it was impossible for them to stop it. Night came on with the same dreary prospect as the preceding, and was passed in continued labour and exertion.

On the morning of the 22nd, it was plainly to be perceived, that the fate of the ship was not far off, but still the labour went on without any apparent despair. The people were obedient and even cheerful, and each officer took his share in the work that was to be performed; but despite of their exertions, the water continued to increase during the night, and their speedy destruction seemed inevitable.

On the morning of the 23rd, they found, that during the night, a fresh leak had been sprung, that the well was stove in, and the chain-pumps displaced and totally useless; and up to this time, the crew had laboured cheerfully, without a murmur and without a tear, as if determined to conquer their difficulties: but this fresh disaster rendering all their efforts useless, overwhelmed their faculties, and many of them burst into tears and wept like children. The carpenter declared that the ship could not live long, and proposed making rafts to float the ship's company, as it was no longer possible to encourage them with any prospect of their safety. Some appeared perfectly resigned, went to their hammocks and desired their messmates to lash them in, while others were lashing themselves to gratings and small rafts; but the most prominent idea was that of putting on their best and cleanest clothes. The weather became more moderate about noon, and as the rafts had been mentioned, the captain thought it right to make the attempt, although the spars they had on board could not float half the ship's company; but men in their situations were ready to catch at a straw. The captain therefore called them together, and telling them his intention, recommended them to behave with regularity and obedience to their officers. They immediately commenced making preparations; the booms were cleared, and the boats, of which they had three, the cutter, the pinnace, and five-oared yawl, were got over the sides, a bag of bread was ordered to be put into each, and any liquors that could be got at, for the purpose of supplying the rafts.

It was the intention of the captain to get into the five-oared yawl, and the coxswain was desired to get anything from the steward that might be useful; and two men, captains of the tops, of the fore-castle, or quarter-masters, were placed in each of the boats to prevent any of the men forcing them until the arrangements were complete; but while these preparations were making, the ship was gradually sinking, the orlop-decks having been blown up by the water in the hold. The men had for some time quitted their employment of baling, and the ship was left to her fate.

In the afternoon the weather again threatened and blew in strong squalls, the sea ran mountains high, and the yawl stove alongside and sunk. As the evening approached, the ship appeared little more than suspended in water, and there was no certainty that she could swim from one moment to another; indeed, such was the awful appearance of the surrounding elements, that it was impossible for any man to deceive himself with a hope of being saved upon a raft in such a sea; and the love of life, which never appears stronger than in the approach of death, began now to level all distinctions. It was near five o'clock when Captain Inglefield, on coming from his cabin, observed a number of people anxiously looking over the side, and found that several men had forced the pinnace, and that more were endeavouring to get in. The captain's first thought was to secure the boat before she might be sunk by numbers, and

there appeared not a moment for consideration. It was a painful conflict of feelings, and which can hardly be imagined by any person who has not been in a situation like Captain Inglefield, either to remain and perish with the ship's company, to whom he could be of no further use, or seize the only opportunity of escaping which seemed left, and leave the people with whom he had had so often occasion to be well satisfied. However, the love of life prevailed. The captain called to Mr. Rainy, the master, who was the only officer on deck, and desired him to follow him. They immediately descended into the boat, and with great difficulty got her clear of the ship, as twice the number that the boat would carry were endeavouring to get in, and many jumping into the water. Mr. Baylis, a young gentleman fifteen years of age, leaped from the chains after the boat had got off, and was taken in, making twelve persons altogether in the boat, viz., Captain Inglefield; Mr. Rainy, master; Mr. Baylis, midshipman; Mr. Clarke, surgeon's-mate; Timothy Sullivan, captain's coxswain; John Gregory and Thomas Matthews, quarter-masters; and five seamen.

The boat falling astern became exposed to the sea, and they endeavoured to pull her bow round, and keep her to the break of the sea, to pass to windward of the ship; but she was nearly filled in the attempt. The sea ran too high, and the only probability of living, was by keeping her before the wind. It was then the dreadful truth flashed upon their minds, how little better, if anything, was their condition, to that of those they had left behind them in the ship; at the best it appeared but a prolongation of a miserable existence. In a leaky boat, with one of the gunwales stove, nearly in the middle of the Western Ocean, without compass, without quadrant, without sail, without great coat or cloak, all very thinly clothed, in a gale of wind, with a heavy sea running, was a miserable alternative between that and death.

It was about five o'clock in the evening; and about half an hour after losing sight of the ship, and before it was dark, that a blanket was discovered in the boat; this was immediately bent to one of the stretchers, and under it as a sail they scudded all night, expecting that every wave would swallow them, and with great difficulty being able to clear the boat of one sea, before the next would overwhelm them, and all of them half drowned—without having really perished, perhaps no people ever endured more.

—On the morning of the 24th, the weather grew moderate, having shifted to the southward; when they quitted the ship, it was at N.W. or N.N.W. Fayall bearing E.S.E. about two hundred and fifty leagues, and should the wind continue for five or six days, there was a probability that by running before the sea, they might fall in with one of the Western Isles; but the wind having shifted, should it come on to blow, their hopes were at an end; for there was no possibility of preserving life, but by running before the sea, which would carry them again to the northward, where they must inevitably perish. Upon examining what they had to subsist on, they found a bag of bread, a small ham, a single piece of pork, two quart bottles of water, and a few French cordials.

The wind continued to the southward for eight or nine days, but providentially it did not blow so strong but what they could keep the boat to the side of the sea; but they were all most miserably wet and cold. As near as they could judge, they had made nearly a E.N.E. course since the first night's run, which had carried them to the S.E., and expected to see the island of Corvo. In this, however, they were disappointed, and feared that the southerly wind had driven them too far to the northward. Their condition now began to be truly miserable, for on the fifth day, they discovered that nearly all the bread was spoiled by salt water; and as it was necessary to go to an allowance, one biscuit was divided into twelve morsels for breakfast, the same for dinner; the neck of a bottle broken off with the cork in, and filled with water, was all the allowance of each man for twenty-four hours; and this was done without any degree of partiality or distinction: but they must have perished before this, had they not fortunately caught six quarts of rain water, and even this they could not have been blessed with, had they not found a pair of sheets, which had been put there by accident, these were spread when it rained, and when tho-

roughly saturated, were wrung into the kit with which they baled the boat. With this short allowance, which in their sad condition was rather tantalizing, they began to grow very feeble, and their bodies were chafed into sores in many places, from their clothes being continually wet.

On the thirteenth day there was a perfect calm, but a breeze of wind soon sprung up from the N.N.W., and increased to a gale, so that they ran before the sea, under the blanket, at the rate of five or six miles an hour, till they judged they were to the southward of Fayall, and sixty leagues to the westward; but they could not attempt to steer for it, as it was blowing strong.

On the fifteenth day of their being in the boat, they had only remaining one day's bread, and one bottle of water out of a second supply of rain. Their sufferings were now as great as human nature could possibly sustain, but they were convinced that good spirits were a better support than great bodily strength. This day died Thomas Matthews, one of the quarter-masters, and the stoutest man in the boat, from extreme hunger and cold. The day before, he had complained of his throat, as he expressed it, being too weak to swallow his morsel, and in the night he drank salt water, grew delirious, and died without a groan. As this seemed inevitably the fate of all of them, it was some consolation to think that death by starvation was not quite so dreadful as their imaginations had pictured to them. Some complained of the symptoms in their throats, others had drunk their own urine, and all but the captain had drank salt water: yet with all these causes for depression of spirits, despair and gloom had as yet been successfully banished, and repeatedly had a song or a tale been substituted for a supper; but this evening the captain found it impossible to raise either.

The weather became calm as the night came on, but about midnight a breeze sprung up from the westward; but not being certain of the direction, and afraid of running out of their way, they impatiently waited for the morning sun to be their compass, whose rising showed them that the wind was precisely as they had wished, and immediately spreading their blanket, ran before the sea at the rate of four miles an hour. Their last remaining breakfast had been served, when John Gregory, the surviving quarter-master, declared that he saw land, in the S.E.; but they had so often seen fog-banks, which bore the appearance of land, that the captain dared not trust himself to believe it, and, as they appeared exceedingly elated, gave them a caution, that they might not feel the effects of disappointment; but one of the seamen broke out into an immoderate fit of joy, swearing that if that which he now saw was not land, he had never seen land in all his life. They immediately shaped their course for it, although the captain had very little faith in it.

The wind freshened, the boat went through the water at the rate of five or six miles an hour, and in two hours the land was plainly seen by every man in the boat, but at a very great distance, so that they did not reach it before ten at night. It must have been at least twenty leagues from them, when they first discovered it. There was so thick a haze in every part of the horizon, except where they discovered the land, that they could not see for more than three or four leagues. By their reckoning, Fayall bore E. by N., which was the course they were steering; and had not the sky opened for their preservation, they would in a few hours have increased their distance from the land, got to the eastward, and of course missed all the islands. As they neared the land, they were more and more convinced that it was Fayall. The island of Pico, had the weather been clear, would have satisfied them, but it was at that time capped with clouds, and it was some time before they were quite certain, having traversed for two hours a great part of the island, where the steep and rocky shore refused them a landing. This was borne with much impatience, for they had flattered themselves that they should meet with fresh water the instant they approached the island; but being disappointed in this, their thirst increased into almost a degree of madness, so that they were near attempting to land where the surf must have dashed the boat to pieces. Fortunately they discovered a fishing canoe, which conducted them safely into the road of Fayall, about midnight; but the regulations of the port would

not suffer them to land, till they had been examined by the health officers. However, as their pilot brought refreshments of bread, wine, and water, they did not think so much of sleeping in the boat all night.

In the morning they were visited by the English consul, Mr. Graham, whose humane attention made ample amends for the formality of the Portuguese. Indeed it is impossible to express their feelings of gratitude, for the kindness and humanity which was evinced by him, not only to Captain Inglefield, but to all the companions of his misfortunes; for several days his whole employment seemed to be contriving the best means of restoring them to health and strength. Perhaps there never were objects more deserving of pity. Some of the stoutest men belonging to the Centaur were obliged to be supported through the streets of Fayall. Captain Inglefield, and Mr. Rainy, the master, appeared in better health than any of the others; but even the captain could not walk without being supported; and notwithstanding the utmost attention that was paid to them, the most salutary provisions, and the most comfortable lodgings, for several days they grew rather worse than better: but that Providence which had sustained them through such an almost unparalleled accumulation of hardships, fatigues, and severities, at last restored them to health, vigour, and spirits.

AN ADVENTURE AT SEA.

It was somewhere near the middle of the ocean, on our homeward passage from Jamaica, that we fell in with the wreck of a vessel, and several poor souls clinging to the rigging. The

weather, for some days before, had been rough, with hard gales from the N.N.E.; and our ship being heavy laden, we were much afraid that she would founder. For a time, we gave ourselves up to despair, seeing nothing around us but certain death. We drove at the mercy of the tempest, without being able to set a stitch of sail, and we expected every moment our mast would go by the board. Several large seas broke over us; one of which carried away a boy and two seamen, as well as our best boat, upon which we mainly relied for assistance, in case we had been forced to leave our vessel. When we were in the greatest extremity, however, and every one on board, like the seamen in the ship of Tarshish, was calling upon his God, the storm suddenly abated, and the wind, veering round to the S.W., blew a brisk and steady breeze.

After some days' sail, the man at the mast-head one evening called out, "On deck there; breakers a-head!" and the vessel, which was then going at the rate of ten knots an hour, was immediately brought to. The old seamen said that no breakers were known in that part of the ocean, that they had sailed in that course twenty times and had never seen any. The captain took his spy-glass, and going up into the fore-shrouds, soon found that it was the hull of a vessel, half sunk, and part of a mast standing, which the man had mistaken for rocks. He looked sulky when he came down, and ordered us to proceed. As we approached the wreck, we observed the people upon it making signals to us with their hats and handkerchiefs; and the captain having gone below for a few minutes, the mate hoisted the English jack as a token that we had observed them; but the captain, when he came again upon deck, was angry with



SAILORS ON THE WRECK.

him for so doing' and ordered the jack to be instantly hauled down, at the same time telling the mate, that if he acted so again, without orders, he would punish him for his presumption. Our captain was a hard man, and, when he was out of humour, carried it with a high hand, both to his officers and crew.

When we came alongside the wreck, we discovered that the men, five in number, who were clinging to it, were pale and sickly, and seemed as if they had been some days in that situation. It is probable their vessel had suffered in the same tempest from which we ourselves had escaped. They stretched out their hands towards us, and seemed delighted with the prospect of deliverance; and one of them hailed us, and told us they were from Quebec—that their vessel was timber-laden—and that they were the only survivors of the crew. Our cap-

tain replied, that he could not take them up, for we had already had a long voyage ourselves, and would soon be on a short allowance of provisions. "But some other vessels are behind," said he, "and will relieve you." The poor man then cried out earnestly, "Oh, for the love of God, do not leave us here. We have been waiting for nights and for days, but no ship has come near us, and we are dying of hunger and cold. Our shipmates are all dead, and buried in the waves, and we are alone and helpless on the wild ocean, and we have no one to comfort or save us. Oh, if ye be men and christians, have mercy upon us, and do not leave us here." His companions then raised their voices, and joined their entreaties to his so piteously, that every man in our ship shed tears of sympathy and commiseration, except our unfeeling captain. He stood upon the quarter-deck, and looked upon the poor supplicating wretches with coldness

and indifference, sometimes humming a tune, and sometimes giving directions to his men, as if he saw not the scene of misery which lay before him.

The mate then went up to him, and asked whether he should hoist out the boat; but the captain swore that he would not shorten sail, or hoist out his boat, to save all the lubbers that ever stepped between stem and stern. "By heavens, Morris," said he, "we have mouths enow already, and we shall not have a biscuit a day to each, by the time we make the Land's End." The mate, who was a humane man, and a Methodist, said, "We have received mercy ourselves from the Highest, and how can we deny it to others, who are our fellow-creatures, and the beings of his hand. Let us save those unhappy men, that we ourselves may be saved in the time of need—for by what measure we mete, it shall be measured unto us again." But this only enraged the captain more. He cursed the mate for a canting scoundrel, and swore if he did not keep quiet, and mind his own business, he would have him started up with a rope's end. The mate saw it was useless to remonstrate any longer, so he left him, and walked away.

It was mournful to hear the cries of the poor men, when they saw we were deserting them. They cried out, and entreated mercy in such heart-rending accents of distress, as would have moved the compassion of a savage. Greatly did I regret that our crew did not then take the command of the ship into their own hands, and rescue the sufferers; but such was our habitual reverence for our captain, and so much were we lost in astonishment at his strange and inhuman conduct, that we were utterly incapable, at that moment, of acting otherwise than in obedience to his will.

They continued to call after us till we were far past them, and their voices were lost in the whistling of the wind. I kept my eyes fixed upon the wreck, where my fellow-creatures were struggling for existence, till the intervening waves hid it from my sight.

The breeze now freshened, as the darkness of night approached, whereby we were obliged to close-reef our mainsail and top-sails, in order that we might be prepared for the worst. It was my turn at the helm that night, and my thoughts often wandered back to the poor wretches we had left behind, and I thought they must soon perish in the waves, for the sea was now running high and dangerous. The crew had all gone below, except the watch, who were on the fore-castle, looking out a-head, and managing the rigging. It was some time past midnight, I think, when I heard the captain bawling as loud as he could, "About ship;" and at the same time he came running towards me, followed by the mate, and taking the wheel out of my hand, turned the ship's head round to the wind in a twinkling. "We must go back," said he to the mate, "and save these poor men on the wreck—I cannot sleep for thinking of them." The mate looked mournfully out to the sea, then shook his head, but remained silent.

As we had now a strong breeze in our teeth, and as our ship was deep, and did not lie near the wind, we beat about for a good while, and made but little of it. A clouded moon shone out upon the sea, and showed it heaving in a strange and tempestuous manner, so that we could not hope that the wreck would hold together for many hours. All this while the captain walked restlessly about the deck, with his night-glass in his hand, frequently looking out a-head, and appearing to be in great agitation of mind.

"It is going of a fool's errand," said the boatswain, "to seek for these poor fellows. Their last day's cruise is over, I'll warrant them, and all we can do for them now is to hope that they have got into snug and quiet berths aloft, in a better harbour than the one they have left here." "Amen," said the mate. The captain turned away from them, and his feet struck hard against the deck, as he paced it irregularly fore and aft.

It was noon next day, ere we reached the place where we conjectured the wreck had been, but not a vestige of it remained. The air was now clear, and the sea stretched far and wide, but nothing was to be seen to indicate either that the unhappy sufferers still existed, or that they had been entombed in the waves. The mate, and some of the more experienced seamen, advised that we should forthwith proceed on our voyage,

as it was impossible that the wreck could have outlived the tempest of the night; but the captain was now as anxious to save the lives of these poor men, as he had before been averse to it. His conscience seemed to reproach him for his inhumanity, and he seemed to feel that he should one day be made to account for the sufferings of his fellow-creatures, which he had refused to compassionate. Even when he acknowledged that there was no hope of meeting with the wreck, still he persisted in the search, and a considerable time was spent before he consented to quit the spot. We beat about for several days, but at length we were obliged, with heavy hearts, to stretch away on our course.

The captain, during the rest of our voyage, seemed much disturbed in his mind. Sometimes he was observed to steal out of his cabin at night, and stand at the bows of the vessel, as if watching for a sail, till morning.

After we had arrived in port, and discharged our cargo, I quitted the ship, as did the whole of my messmates, for we liked not to sail any longer with our captain. He, however, in a short time, set out again for Jamaica, but he was never afterwards heard of.

Whatever may have been his fate, it is certain that he never reached the end of his voyage.

A STRIKE ON A CORAL BANK.

NEXT morning we were all carrying as much sail as we could crowd. By this time we had got our jury-foretopmast up, and the Rayo having kept astern in the night, was now under top-sails, and top-gallantsails, with the wet canvass at the head of the sails, showing that the reefs had been freshly shaken out, rolling wedge-like on the swell, and rapidly shooting a-head, to regain her station.

As she passed us and let fall her foresail, she made the signal to make more sail, her object being to get through the Caicos Passage, into which we were now entering, before nightfall. It was eleven o'clock in the forenoon. A fine clear breezy day, fresh and pleasant, sometimes cloudy over head, but always breaking away again, with a bit of a sneezer, and a small shower. As the sun rose, there were indications of squalls in the north-eastern quarter, and about noon one of them was whitening to windward. So "Hands by the top-gallant clew-lines," was the word, and we were all standing to shorten sail, when the Commodore came to the wind as sharp and suddenly as if she had anchored; but on a second look, I saw her sheets were let fly, halyards let go, and apparently all was confusion on board of her. I ran to the side and looked over. The long heaving dark blue swell had changed into a light green hissing ripple.

"Zounds, Captain Crawfoot, shoal water—why it breaks—we shall be ashore!"

"Down with the helm—brace round the yards," shouted Crawfoot; "that's it, steady—luff, my man," and the danger was so imminent, that even the studding-sail-halyards were not let go, and the consequence was, that the booms snapped off like carrots, as we came to the wind.

"Lord help us, we shall never weather that foaming reef there. Set the spanker—haul down the fore-topmast-staysail—so, mind your luff, my man."

The frigate now began to fire right and left, and the hissing of the shot over head was a fearful augury of what was to take place; so sudden was the accident, that they had not time to draw the round shot. The other transports were equally fortunate with ourselves in weathering the shoal, and presently we were all close hauled to windward of the reef, until we weathered the easternmost prong, when we bore up. But, poor Rayo! she had struck on a coral reef, where the admiralty charts laid down fifteen fathoms water; and although there was a talk at the time of an error in judgment, in not having the lead going in the chains, still do I believe there was no fault lying at the door of her gallant captain. By the time we had weathered the reef, the frigate had swung off from the pinnacle of rock on which she had been in a manner impaled, and was making all the sail she could, with a feathered sail under her bows, and chain-pumps clanging, and whole cataracts of water

gushing from them, clear white jets spouting from all the scuppers, fore and aft. She made the signal to close. The next, alas! was the British ensign turned union down in the main rigging—the sign of the uttermost distress. Still we all bowled along together, but her yards were not squared, nor her sails set with her customary precision, and her lurches became more and more sickening, until at length she rolled so heavily, that she dipped both yard-arms alternately in the water, and reeled to and fro like a drunken man.

"What is that splash?"

It was the larboard-bow long eighteen-gun hove overboard, and watching the roll, the whole broadside, one after another, was cast into the sea. The clang of the chain-pumps increased, the water rushed in at one side of the main-deck and out at the other, in absolute cascades from the ports.

At this moment the whole fleet of boats were alongside, keeping way with the ship, in the light breeze. Her main-topsail was hove back, while the captain's voice resounded through the ship. "Now, men—all hands—bags and hammocks—starboard watch, the starboard side—larboard watch, the larboard side—no rushing now—she will swim this hour to come."

The bags and hammocks, and officers' kits, were handed into the boats: the men were told off over the side, as quietly by watches as if at muster, the officers last. At length the first lieutenant came down. By this time she was settling perceptibly in the water; but the old captain still stood on the gangway, holding by the iron stanchion, where, taking off his hat, he remained uncovered for a moment, with the tears standing in his eyes. He then replaced it, descended, and took his place in the ship's launch—the last man to leave the ship; and there was little time to spare, for we had scarcely shoved off a few yards, to clear the spars of the wreck, when she scudded forward, heavily and sickly, on the long swell. She never rose to the opposite heave of the sea again, but gradually sank by the head. The hull disappeared slowly and dignifiedly, the ensign fluttered and vanished beneath the dark ocean. I could have fancied reluctantly, as if it had been drawn down through a trap-door. The topsails next disappeared, the fore-topsail sinking fastest; and last of all, the white pennant at the maintop-gallant-mast-head, after flickering and struggling in the wind, flew up in the setting sun as if imbued with life, like a stream of white fire, or as if it had been the spirit leaving the body, and was then drawn into the abyss, and the last vestige of the *Rayo* vanished for ever. The crew, as if moved by one common impulse, gave three cheers. The captain now stood up in his boat—"Men, the *Rayo* is no more; but it is my duty to tell you, that although you are now to be distributed amongst the transports, you are still amenable to martial law; I am aware, men, this hint may not be necessary, still it is right you should know it."

When the old hooker clipped out of sight, there was not a dry eye in the whole fleet. "There she goes, the dear old beauty," said one of her crew. "There goes the blessed old black dear, quoth another." "Ah, many a merry night have we had in the clever little craft," quoth a third; and there was really a tolerable shedding of tears, and squirting of tobacco-juice. But the blue ripple had scarcely blown over the glass-like surface of the sea where she had sunk, when the buoyancy of young hearts, with the prospect of a good furlough amongst the lobster-boxes for a time, seemed to be uppermost amongst the men. The officers, I saw and knew, felt very differently. "My eye!" sung out an old quarter-master in our boat, perched well forward with his back against the ring in the stern, and his arms crossed, after having been busily employed rummaging in his bag, "my eye, what a pity—oh, what a pity!" Come, there is some feeling, genuine, at all events, thought I.

"Why," said Bill Chestree, the captain of the fore-top, "what as, can't be helped, old fizgig; old *Rayo* has gone down, and—"

"Old *Rayo* be hanged, Master Bill," said the man; "but may I be flogged, if I ha'n't forgotten half-a-pound of negrohead baccy in Dick Catgut's bag?"

"Samuel, a-hoy," hailed a half-drunken voice from one of the boats astern of us. "Hillo," responded the cockswain. The poor skipper even pricked up his ears. "Have you got Dick Catgut's fiddle among ye?" This said Dick Catgut was

corporal of marines, and the prime instigator of all the fun amongst the men. "No, no," said several voices, "no fiddle here." The hail passed round among the other boats, "no fiddle." "I would rather lose three day's grog than have his fiddle mislaid," quoth the man who pulled the oar.

"Why don't you ask Dick himself?" said our cockswain.

"Ay, true enough. Dick, Dick Catgut!" but no one answered.

Alas! poor Dick was no where to be found; he had been mislaid as well as his fiddle. He had broken into the spirit-room, as it turned out, and having got drunk, did not come to time when the frigate sunk.

Our ship, immediately after the frigate's crew had been bestowed, and the boats got in, hoisted the Commodore's light, and the following morning we fell in with the *Torch*, off the east-end of Jamaica, which, after seeing the transports safe into Kingston, and taking out me and my people, hove up through the gulf, and resumed her cruising ground on the edge of the Gulf Stream, between 25° and 30° north latitude.

A TRUE TALE OF SHIPWRECK.

It was in the autumn of 17— that I left Italy, in company with my daughter, the last child of that family of brave and fair ones who had made my fireside so joyous, when I returned home from the voyages which my calling of merchant obliged me frequently to take. My two boys had fallen gloriously on the field of battle; and of my girls, two had already perished by an insidious disease; to avoid which, beneath the bright skies and gentler airs of the south, I was now again, for the sake of the remaining one, about to become a wanderer.

We left our desolate home with feelings we dared not acknowledge to each other, and only spoke of the future. My child seemed to be possessed with an insatiable yearning to rest in some quiet retreat near Rome or Naples; and therefore, to avoid the fatigue of a long over-land journey, we embarked at Falmouth, on board a small vessel bound to Leghorn; resolving to reserve Switzerland, France, and the Rhine Country, till our return; and in dwelling upon our plans, we endeavoured, as much as possible, to forget the charm which death had made in our affections in the short space of two years.

Our voyage was prosperous for many days; and, indeed, there seemed every reason to think that the step I had taken was a fortunate one; for my invalid certainly looked less pale, and her colour was less changeable than it had been since we left Hampshire. Her spirits, too, were relieved of a part of the oppression they had borne so long; and she loved to sit on the deck for hours every day, and, for the first time since our calamity, would sing me my favourite romances, and the wild airs I had brought her across the seas. There is one Hindoo tune, which, as it was my greatest favourite, she always sung the last. I verily think that to hear it now would drive me to distraction.

Towards the evening of the day when we passed Marseilles, the sky darkened, the sun set behind a huge bank of heavy clouds, and the wind began to arise, and to sweep the waters with a loud and moaning swell, which died fitfully into silence, again to awaken with a wilder and sadder tone. I had so often crossed the sea, and been an attentive observer of the signs of the heavens that I forsook a storm was approaching; and I persuaded Helen to retire to our miserable little cabin earlier than usual, while I watched, with an anxious heart, the gathering of the clouds and the fading of the day-light. The captain was a silent, and somewhat rude man, (we had only chosen his vessel to avoid a delay which, my daughter's physicians had assured me, might be fraught with peril); and the crew were mostly Maltese and Spaniards,—a people who, on the seas, are proverbially timid and insubordinate. It was, however, too late to think of these things; the gale presently increased till I could hardly keep my feet; the sails were all close reefed, and we scudded along with a fearful speed. There was neither moon nor star that night: and the only light I could discern

was the foam of the waters, which boiled, like a mighty caldron, on every side.

The crew were now all thoroughly terrified, and incapable of comprehending or executing the captain's orders. They rummaged their sea chests for the images of saints long forgotten, and knelt to them, weeping like children, and praying, and vowing costly offerings to their shrines, if they might be delivered from their peril, while the storm increased every instant.

It was about midnight that the man at the helm gave a loud cry, which I shall remember to my dying day, the cry of "Land!" It was even too true: we had mistaken our course, and were fast approaching an iron-bound and rocky shore. Dreadful was now the uproar on deck; shrieks and oaths, and confessions of crimes long concealed, were heard even above the fiercest wrath of the storm. At length the captain ordered the boats out; and while the men prepared to obey his commands, I hurried below to prepare my daughter for the worst. I had been several times that evening in her cabin, and marvelled at, while I admired, the calm, self-possessed courage she maintained amid so much calculated to terrify a woman's spirit. I now found her dressed, and on her knees, though that attitude was scarce possible from the deep pitching of our crazy vessel. She arose, and without a word or expression of fear, suffered me to wrap her in my cloak, and to support her up to the deck.

By this time the boats were lowered—and only just in time. With a shock, like the rending of the eternal hills, the vessel struck upon a rock; and the terrified mariners crowded into the boats, frail and leaky though they were, with the selfish eagerness of fear. I waited but an instant ere I committed my child to these, our only insecure chance of life; for the vessel had sprung a leak, and was fast filling: and while I yet paused, there came an immense wave, which broke over the vessel and boats with the roar of a cataract. It subsided;—but I never saw our companions more.

There was now little time to deliberate: the shore seemed not very far, (indeed, I had certainly seen a light in that direction,) and the vessel rapidly filling. I emptied, therefore, in haste, two of the largest sea-chests I could find, and, binding them together by the handles with a rope, lowered them from the vessel's side. It was our only hope of life; and, almost without a word spoken, my child placed herself by my side, though, owing to the pitching of the vessel, this was a work of difficulty; and we committed ourselves to the waves. From this moment I remember nothing.

When I returned to consciousness, I found myself lying, in an old ruinous shed, upon some straw. Helen was beside me; saved indeed, but so bruised and exhausted that, as she lay there, with the water streaming from her garments and her long loose hair, it was an instant ere my dizzy senses could believe that she yet lived. A lamp was placed beside her on the clay floor, and a dark loose mantle, which wore signs that some human being had been there. I spoke to her,—I bent over her,—and supported her unresisting head upon my knee. "Father," said she, softly, "I think I am dying."

"Oh God! and there is no help!"

"I know not," she said feebly, "and yet, since I have been here, I have seen twice an old man, who has looked upon me through the door, and who left this lamp here." That instant a thought struck me that there must be habitations near, and I resolved to seek shelter and assistance: but first I made my poor girl more comfortable, if gathering up the straw into a close heap under her head, and covering her with the coarse rug or mantle, could be called comfort; and then, in an agony, rushed out into the open air.

The earliest dawn, which had partially broken upon the stormy sky, enabled me to discern, at a little distance, a small hut or cabin, whence the light proceeded which I had not been mistaken in imagining I had perceived. As far as I could see, this, and the shed I had just left, were the only dwellings of man near: they stood upon a broken rock which overhung the sea. The hope of obtaining succour gave wings to my feet, though, when I attempted to walk, the pain was excessive, for I too was bruised and wounded: but it mattered not; I thought only of

Helen, and, guided by the light, made haste towards the cottage, which was distant about one hundred yards.

Misfortune abolishes ceremony; and, perceiving, from the sound of voices, that the inhabitants were yet astrir in the house, I raised the latch, unbidden, and entered what seemed to be the cottage of a fisherman. The room, though small, was scrupulously clean, and neatly furnished: a bright fire was blazing on the hearth. The appearance of the place seemed to promise a friendly shelter: not so the countenances of its inhabitants. By the side of the fire sat an old man and woman, decently clad in the provincial dress; the features of both were singularly stern and hard, and they rose not, neither testified surprise at my intrusion. I had therefore to speak in French, as well as I could, and tell them of our calamity. "We are English," I said—

"English!" interrupted the austere old man, for the first time breaking silence, and speaking in pure good French. "Wife, do you hear this? Thank God, our prayer is granted, and our vow shall be fulfilled. Go, stranger, and clamour elsewhere: I have no aid for you."

"But," cried I, passionately, "I am shipwrecked and wounded, and have lost everything, and my daughter is dying hard by; dying of cold and weariness. Give us shelter and dry clothing; and I promise you an ample reward, so soon as I can send to Marseilles."

"What I will not give I will not sell," replied the old man, in the same cold and unmoved tone. "Go back to your daughter; I have brought you both from the shore, and given you a light and a garment. What would you have more? Go!"

"But, good heavens! have you no mercy? no human feeling? You, my good woman, may have been a mother yourself. You may—"

"Ay," cried she, bitterly, rising and confronting me face to face; "I have been a mother. Listen to me—I had a daughter. My husband, there, was captain and owner of the fairest ship that sailed out of the port of Marseilles. I sailed with him, and my child, who was then eighteen, and fifty times as fair as your pale girl—she was to be married when we returned. Well, our vessel was wrecked on the western coast of your island; the rocks were crowded with people; but they put no boats out, nor came to save the poor perishing wretches who shrieked for aid even in the struggles of death. Of the crew, we three were alone saved, with what treasure we could bear about us; and your people helped us vastly. They rifled us of our money, and tore the rings from the ears and fingers of my Rosalie, and broke open our chests, while my husband and I were too weak and wounded to resist their plunder, and knew not a word of their language to complain. And my Rosalie, they left on the cold wet sand in her swoon—left her for an hour, with the spray dashing over her; and then two rude men brought her rudely into the hut where they had laid us (believing we were dead), wounded, and crushed, and pale, and bleeding: yet they searched her for money, and she, old man! she died that night! and they buried her in their churchyard."

"It pleased God, however, that we both recovered, though none cared for us, nor restored us the money or the clothes they had robbed us of. We begged our way through the country, through a land of strangers who hated our nation. Even the very children jeered at us as we passed them, and the magistrates put us in prisons and stocks. But at last, thank God, we got home; and we bound ourselves with a solemn vow, as your people had dealt with us, so to deal with you, should ever a like chance happen. That vow we have broken already, this night. Here (giving me a bundle from a clothes-press) is clothing: and here (handing me, as she spoke, a crust of black bread and a cup of water) is food. Go, old man, and, as you sit by your dying daughter, remember the tale I have told you."

It was in vain to make further entreaty: the inexorable old woman, when she had ceased, returned to her seat; nor could prayer, or the anguish of a distracted father, extort another word from her. It was in the chill sickness of despair that I turned away from the door, which I heard immediately and closely barred behind me; and with the wretched food and raiment I had received, hastened eagerly to the shed where my beloved child lay.

The churlish aid had been given too late: for the feeble spirit had left its clay in my absence; and I sat alone, in my agony, beside her dust, till the morning dawned.

A LEAF FROM A LOG.

We had a negro on board, of a very sullen and repulsive aspect, who bore the name of Quaco. He belonged to the captain of the schooner, who had treated him with great kindness, and cured him of that scourge of the African, called "mal d'estomac," caused by eating earth. That his cure might be completed, his humane master brought him up the river Orinoco with us, and as he had been accustomed to the kitchen, or, what is better understood in the West Indies, the cook-room, employing him as cook on board the schooner. The crew having been much fatigued with their exertions that day, the captain ordered his cook to make some good coffee, and enough for all on board. This was presently brought us: but the lad who served us as steward, an intelligent Creole youth, the moment he placed it upon the table, besought us with entreaties not to touch it, saying that he felt certain there was something in it, and that he had already cautioned the crew. The captain was inclined to treat the boy's warning as some idle suspicion, observing that the man had not been on shore, and that the medicine chest was safely locked. But nothing could pacify the boy.

"Look at it, sir," said he earnestly, "smell it, and say if it is as it ought to be."

"Why, it is rather thick," said the captain; and taking the cup in his hand, "egad! it does smell rather queer."

I inquired whether he had any test on board that might detect anything deleterious.

"True," said he, "I have a test, and a sure one;" and he reached a case from the lockers, from which he drew a brace of pistols, and very deliberately began to load them.

"What would you do?" I exclaimed. "Surely, upon such slight grounds, you would not—"

"Don't be alarmed," said he, interrupting me. "I shall do nothing rash;" and he coolly examined the flint. Having loaded and primed the weapons—"Call down Quaco and the crew."

They came into the cabin. The cook was called forward, and the crew thronged around the door.

"Quaco," said the captain, sternly, "drink that cup of coffee to the very dregs."

"I don't like coffee," said the African, drawing back in evident surprise and alarm.

"Swallow it this instant!"

The negro took a spoonful of this mixture, though trembling with fear. He held it in his mouth for a moment, and then, shuddering, spirted it out.

"Force him to take it, sir," said one of the sailors.

"He would have poisoned the whole of us," said a stout Angosturian; "St. Antonio and the saints keep us!" and he crossed himself most devoutly. The sailors made an advance as though they would have enforced the request of the former, when the captain called out—

"Stand off; let no one lay hands on him." He then emptied the cup which held the liquid into a vessel containing about a pint or more, and addressed the negro:

"Do you see these pistols? Each contains two balls. You are a guilty man if you refuse to drink that coffee which you have made, and you only choose your death; for, as God is just, your minutes are numbered. But if you drink and are unharmed by it, I will give you your freedom for accusing you unjustly. I promise it in the presence of these witnesses. Now drink it."

The negro looked as though he understood the action of his master, if he did not fully comprehend his words, for he appeared to meditate a flight on deck; but the crew seemed to anticipate his intentions, and their angry gestures plainly told him what mercy he might expect at their hands. Meantime all was as silent as death, save the clicking noise which accompanies the cocking of pistols. The negro paused; big drops of sweat poured down his dark brow like rain; his eyes

glared fearfully around, and the paleness of death was on his lips.

"Drink it this instant, you black, murderous fiend!" cried the captain, who had now no doubt of his guilt, and he levelled the pistols at his head.

The African, with a convulsive grasp, seized the jug, and, while his teeth chattered against its edge, drank every drop: then rolling his eyes frightfully, from fear or agony, sunk with a deep groan upon the floor of the cabin. A murmur of execration arose from the crew as he fell, and not one moved forward to assist the wretched man. Whether the captain thought he was hardly warranted in enforcing such summary justice, or that a slight shade of compassion came over him, he immediately endeavoured to ascertain the nature of the poison with which it was evident the coffee was drugged; but the negro either could or would not answer. We examined his chest, and sought for a clue, but without success, until one of the crew discovered a quantity of savannah flowers (*echites suberecta*), a most deadly poison, which the assassin had picked out from the refuse of the mules, the instinct of these animals always inducing them to reject it from their food. Satisfied with this discovery, we returned to the cabin, where we found the youth who had warned us in the first instance, on his knees, returning thanks to Providence for having been the means of saving us all from a dreadful death. His thanksgivings were only interrupted by the groans of the negro, who was writhing on the floor, apparently in his last agony. We prepared an emetic of white vitriol, which we forced the murderer to swallow, but it was useless. It brought on a slight vomiting; but in a few minutes he expired in dreadful tortures. Many a time since have I been haunted by that dark, agonised, despairing face, and the recollection of those dying groans!

CHARYBDIS.

OUTSIDE the tongue of land, or Braccio di St. Rainiere, that forms the harbour of Messina, lies the Galofaro, or celebrated vortex of Charybdis, which has, with more reason than Scylla, been clothed with terrors by the writers of antiquity. To the undecked boats of the Rhegians, Locrians, Zancleans, and Greeks, it must have been formidable; for, even in the present day, small craft are sometimes endangered by it, and I have seen several men-of-war, and even a seventy-four-gun ship whirled round on its surface; but, by using due caution, there is generally very little danger or inconvenience to be apprehended. It appears to be an agitated water, of from seventy to ninety fathoms in depth, circling in quick eddies. It is owing probably to the meeting of the harbour and lateral currents with the main one, the latter being forced over in this direction by the opposite point of Pezzo. This agrees in some measure with the relation of Thucydides, who calls it a violent reciprocation of Tyrrhene and Sicilian seas; and he is the only writer of remote antiquity I remember to have read, who has assigned this danger its true situation, and not exaggerated its effects. Many wonderful stories are told respecting this vortex, particularly some said to have been related by the celebrated diver, Nicholas, who lost his life here; I have never found reason, however, during my examination of this spot, to believe one of them.

LOSS OF THE ISABELLA FORBES,

CAPTAIN BRUCE, NOVEMBER 23rd, 1837.

THE *Isabella Forbes*, a fine new schooner, belonging to Perth, where she had been built only a few months previous, and commanded by Captain Bruce, sailed from Rotterdam, with a general cargo, bound for Perth. On the morning of the 23rd of November, on coming into the river, she struck on the Abertay Sands, but was driven off on the flood-tide making. It was then blowing a heavy gale of wind from the W.S.W., and as she had lost her rudder she was found to be unmanageable. A boat's crew from the North Ferry got alongside of her, but she leaked very much, and ultimately sunk in three fathoms water, upon Gaa Sands. A young man belonging to her was drowned by the swamping of a boat, but the remainder of the crew escaped.

DREADFUL SUFFERINGS OF MADAME DENOYRE.

The following narrative of the dreadful sufferings and distressing situation of Madame Denoyre, a courageous and unfortunate Creole of Cape François, in St. Domingo, cannot fail to excite the sympathy and interest the feelings of every tender and virtuous mind, and to show in fearful reality the enormous excesses which men are sometimes tempted to commit, through the base desire of gain.

M. Denoyre having resided for some time at Cape François, where he had gained the universal esteem of his neighbours, formed a design of settling at Samana, a bay in that portion of St. Domingo which then belonged to Spain, with a view of improving his condition; and this intention he communicated to

his wife, by whom it was heartily approved, and he accordingly carried it into effect.

After residing at Samana for rather more than a twelvemonth, Madame Denoyre was particularly anxious to return to Cape François, as her native air was more favourable to her health, and M. Denoyre was too fond of his wife not to accede to her wishes. With this view they embarked on board a small vessel belonging to him, with one child, about seven years of age, and another at the breast, and accompanied by a female negro servant, named Catherine. While they were preparing for the voyage, an English vessel was wrecked upon the coast; the crew, however, fortunately succeeded in reaching the shore. At Samana, there was a small French ship just ready to sail; upon which the shipwrecked men, to the number of eight, re-



DREADFUL SUFFERINGS OF MADAME DENOYRE, MARCH, 1766.

quested the Sieur Verrier, who commanded her, to receive them on board and take them either to Cape François, or Monte Christo, which he consented to; but being unable to accommodate them all, he proposed to M. Denoyre to take two of them in his vessel. One of these was the captain, whom they called John, the name of the other was Young.

M. Denoyre, who was a man of humane and benevolent disposition, received them with pleasure, supplied them with linen and articles of clothing, of which they stood in great need, and treated them with the utmost kindness; for which, in return, they expressed the most lively gratitude, promising to render all the assistance in their power to their generous benefactor.

At the beginning of March, in the year 1766, M. Denoyre commenced this ill-fated voyage, having on board two French

seamen, whom he had hired to navigate the vessel. They steered their course close in shore, and when they had arrived opposite the habitation of Manuel Borgue, which was several leagues distant from the place of their departure, the two French seamen requested M. Denoyre to put them on shore, as the assistance of the two Englishmen whom he had so hospitably received, would be sufficient; and with this request, M. Denoyre complied.

About ten o'clock on the following morning, M. Denoyre, with the assistance of the two Englishmen, set sail; and in the evening they came to an anchor, at a place called Grigri, about a league from Porto Plato, on the north coast of St. Domingo. They supped together near the shore, after which they covered the poop with palmetto leaves, and erecting a kind of awn-

ing, they placed underneath it a mattress for Madame Denoyre, her two children, and the negro to sleep upon. M. Denoyre then threw himself upon another mattress at the feet of his wife, while the two Englishmen lay down at the head of the vessel.

They slept soundly till midnight, when they were awakened by the cries of their infant daughter, and M. Denoyre arose; but after milking the goat which they had brought with them for the purpose of suckling the child, he laid down again. About three or four o'clock in the morning, his wife was disturbed by the dull sound of a violent blow, which seemed to be the stroke of a hatchet on the bed of her husband, whom she heard sigh. Trembling with affright, she awoke her black servant, crying, "Good God! Catherine, they are killing M. De-

noyre;" and at the same time lifted up the cloth which composed the awning, when John darted towards her bed, with a hatchet in his hand, and with a ferocious look threatened to kill her if she made the least attempt to rise, and unless she immediately let down the cloth, with which, from fear of his threats, she was obliged to comply, when the perfidious assassin returned to his victim, and with two more strokes dispatched him. He then spread the sails; his companion, Young, repaired to the helm, and they left the shore with the intention of steering towards New York.

At break of day the vessel was about two leagues from the shore; but Madame Denoyre was so overwhelmed with fear, that she had scarcely strength to rise from her bed. But what were her feelings at the horrid spectacle which presented itself

to her eyes, must be left to the imagination to conceive. Upon the mattress, which was floating on the water, lay extended the mangled body of her husband, while his barbarous assassin, as if to aggravate his black ingratitude, and add insult to deep and irreparable injury, addressed her with the bitterest railery. "Madam, make yourself easy, your husband is taking a sound nap." But directly afterwards he returned to her, brandishing a dagger, and furiously demanded her husband's arms, and the keys of his boxes.

Weakened by the struggle of her feelings, and alarmed for her own safety, Madame Denoyre delivered to him the keys; but after rummaging in every place with the hope of finding money, in which he was unsuccessful, he returned them to her. The disconsolate and almost heart-broken widow had as yet

shed no tears, as if the excess of her grief had dried up their source; but they now came to her relief, when bitterly reproaching the treacherous ruffian for his villainous perfidy, she asked him why he had murdered her husband, since he had no money? The assassin replied, that it was for the sake of the vessel, with which they had resolved to proceed to New York. After this, the inhuman monster appeared to relent, and offered the afflicted lady tea and chocolate; but she answered, that she wanted nothing: upon which he told her not to grieve, that he intended her no injury, but on the contrary, would land her on French ground with all her luggage. During the remainder of the day, he did not attempt to interfere with her, but left her at liberty to resign herself entirely to her sorrow. It may readily be supposed, that the approaching night af-

forded no comfort or repose to this unfortunate woman. The image of her late beloved husband, treacherously murdered by brutal villains whom he had treated with the utmost kindness, incessantly haunted her; their cruelty, their baseness, their brutality, augmented her fearful apprehensions, and rendered them still more terrible when she cast her eyes on her beloved infants. While her mind was thus occupied with the most gloomy and most afflicting ideas, she overheard the two executioners of her husband, planning an outrage which every virtuous woman dreads more than death itself. John, the infamous John, proposed to his companion that he should take the servant, while he reserved the mistress for himself; but Young refusing to comply, the villains fastened the helm and then lay down. While they were asleep, the black servant conceived the design of putting out their eyes with a nail; but fearful that they might be only feigning sleep, she relinquished the undertaking.

At the dawning of the following day, they set sail and stood out to sea, upon which Madame Denoyre inquired of them whether they meant to take her to New York. They replied, that if she wished to go to Cape François, one of them would take her thither, with the children and black servant, in the canoe which they had on board. Her anxiety concerning her future fate, the constant sight of the villain whose hands were stained with her husband's blood, coupled with her forlorn situation, and her apprehensions and grief, induced her to accept this offer; though the canoe was very small to withstand the fury of the waves, it being made out of a single trunk of a tree, after the manner of the savages of America. Having acquainted them with her resolution, John told her to pack up her linen in a bundle, as her boxes were too bulky to be removed in such a slight bark as the canoe. He himself put into it a wretched straw mattress, four biscuits, a pitcher containing about four quarts of fresh water, six eggs, and a small quantity of salt pork. John having put the two children and the black servant into the canoe, searched Madame Denoyre's pockets, where he found her husband's silver stock and shoe-buckles, which he took from her, together with the linen which she had packed up. Having at length got into the boat, she waited with impatience for the conductor that had been promised her; but to her surprise and dismay, she saw Young cut the rope by which the boat was fastened; he then repaired to the helm, while John set the sails.

Abandoned thus in the midst of the wide ocean, surrounded only by the remorseless waves, and far from any friendly shore or prospect of relief, the forlorn widow demanded assistance of her husband's butchers; she conjured them, with all the eloquence of an affectionate mother, to take compassion on her infant offspring; and when her voice failed, she continued to supplicate them with the most expressive and affecting gestures; but all in vain, she might as well have preached to the storm, or reasoned with despair; for the inhuman assassins, deaf to all her entreaties, abandoned the wretched family to its miserable fate, and were soon out of sight.

Consternation, the excess of her grief, and the danger which threatened the objects dearest to her heart, combined to reduce her to a state of almost total insensibility. Her faithful slave endeavoured by every means in her power, to recover her unfortunate mistress to a state of consciousness. She revived, but only to behold the abyss ready to receive her; to deplore the wretched situation of her beloved children, in momentary expectation of their becoming the prey of the monsters of the deep. She pressed them to her bosom, bedewed them with her tears, and every time she cast her eyes upon them, she imagined that she beheld them for the last time; and resigning herself entirely to the will of Providence, she suffered the canoe to float at the mercy of the waves.

The approach of a horribly dark night soon augmented her danger and her apprehensions; and to crown the misfortunes of this distressed family, the wind began to blow with great violence, the waves rose, and amidst their impetuous shocks, a sea broke over the canoe, washed away the biscuit and fresh water, while the attention of the wretched women was only diverted from such a misfortune by the fear of being engulfed by a wave still more tremendous. But it is impossible for lan-

guage to describe the dreadful and protracted horrors of this terrible night.

The long wished-for dawn at length arrived, and brought calmer weather, but no other consolation. As far as the eye could reach they beheld nothing but the broad expanse of sky and water, and were totally ignorant of which way to direct their course. In this desperate situation, Madame Denoyre did not cease to implore the assistance of Divine Providence—the only refuge and support of the unfortunate.

In this miserable manner they passed seven days and seven nights, exposed to all the inclemencies of the weather, and without drink or food of any kind, with the exception of a little salt pork. Exhausted with fatigue, the enfeebled mother was every moment losing the little strength she had left; but even in this condition, the idea of a speedy death was less terrible than the deplorable state of her children. In quitting them she was desirous of giving the most precious mark of maternal affection, and was on the point of opening a vein, that she might, with her own blood, prolong the life of the little innocent, who was closely pressed to her bosom, when Catherine discovered a distant sail.

This joyful intelligence infused new life into Madame Denoyre, who was almost exhausted; and both the women shouted and made signs. They soon perceived that their signals were seen, and that the vessel was standing towards them; but a new difficulty now presented itself, and intervened between them and their hopes of safety. The waves broke with such force against the ship, as to render them apprehensive that the canoe would be swamped if they attempted to get on board. However, by the prudence and skill of the captain of the vessel, the widow, the children, and the black servant, were all safely taken on board. The vessel safely arrived in the road of New Orleans, the place of her destination, where Madame Denoyre had the good fortune to find a near relation, M. Rougeot, a notary, who received her and her family, rescued as they were from the tomb, with the greatest joy and affection.

The inhabitants of Louisiana, affected by the sad tale of her misfortunes, generously raised a subscription for the relief of this unfortunate lady. She gave her liberty to Catherine, the faithful companion of her distress; but that female, touched with the gratitude of her mistress, refused to leave her, declaring that nothing but death should part them.

The above facts were attested by Madame Denoyre, before the proper officer at New Orleans, to whom she likewise gave a description of her husband's assassins. Inquiry was made at New York, concerning them; but whether they perished by the just judgment of Providence, or found means to escape detection, was never ascertained.

WRECK OF THE FRANCES MARY,

4TH FEBRUARY, 1826.

"Down on the vale of death, with dismal cries,
The fated victims, shudd'ring, roll their eyes."

The following affecting account is given of the wreck of the Frances Mary, in a narrative of a voyage of H.M.S. Blonde:—

On the 28th of January we left St. Helena, and on the 27th of February we crossed the line, where we experienced nearly three days of calm; after which we continued our course, favoured by the north-east trade wind, until the 7th of March, when one of those affecting incidents occurred which surpass, in horrible interest, all that invention has ever produced to move the sympathies of man. The morning was squally, but about noon it cleared up, and the ship's place was ascertained to be in latitude 44° 18' N. and longitude 23° W. About four o'clock, p.m., a strange sail was reported, and though, from the haziness of the weather, she was but indistinctly seen, it was perceived that she was in distress. Our course was immediately altered, and we steered directly for her, being distant about nine miles. As we neared her, she proved to be in distress indeed: she was a complete wreck, and water-logged, but, being laden with timber, had not sunk. Her dismantled rigging indicated how severe had been her struggle with the elements. Her foremast was carried away, but part of her bowsprit and the stump of her main-topmast were still standing,

and a topsail-yard was crossed, to which a few shreds of canvass were still hanging. An English jack reversed was attached to the main rigging, and the mizenmast was partly gone. The sea had cleared the decks of everything. We all now felt the greatest anxiety to reach her. The evening was closing in, with every sign of an approaching gale. Thick squalls had already once or twice concealed from us the object of our pursuit; but at length we came near enough to discern two human figures on the wreck, and, presently, four others came out from behind the remnants of a tattered sail, which hung from the main rigging, and which had, as it appeared, been their only shelter from the weather.

It was late ere our boat reached the wreck, where she remained long; and, as the weather was growing worse, and the night dark, we fired a gun to hasten her return. No words can describe the wretched state of the poor creatures she brought when she did come. Two women and four men were sent up in the arms of the sailors, evidently suffering in the last stage of famine. They were immediately carried below, and supplied with small quantities of tea and bread, then stripped of their wretched clothing, washed, and put to bed.

Meantime the officer reported the condition in which he had found the wreck. It appeared to have been thirty-two days in the state in which he saw it, during which time most of the crew had died, and the rest had only preserved life by feeding on their late companions. When the officer went on board, the two women rushed towards him, kissed his hands, and hailed him as a deliverer. The men, stupefied, as it appeared, with suffering, scarcely spoke, but hastily gathering their tattered clothes round them, hurried towards the boat. The master of the vessel, his wife, a female passenger, two middle-aged men, and one young man, were all that survived of seventeen. One of the women, when brought on the Blonde's deck, fell on her knees and exclaimed, "Great God, where am I? is it a dream?" but it was not until the next day that we heard the particulars of their sad story.

As the night came on, it began to blow fresher and fresher, and ere morning the weather was violent enough to have destroyed these poor creatures, had they remained upon the vessel; but as day advanced the wind again moderated, and the master of the vessel, being somewhat recovered, gave the following account of the wreck:—

About the end of January, 1826, the ship *Frances Mary*, laden with timber, sailed from New Brunswick for Liverpool. From the very beginning of her voyage she had experienced tempestuous weather. On the 4th of February, the main-topmast having been carried away, she had become almost unmanageable, and they therefore cut away her foremast in order to bring her to the wind. Before that she had been scudding. While in the act of cutting away the mast, a heavy sea broke over her stern with a dreadful crash, forced in the cabin windows, unshipped her rudder, and in a moment left her a helpless wreck. Wave after wave now swept over her, and the crew and passengers took refuge in the maintop. One of the number, an elderly man, died that night; next day, the weather having moderated, the rest came down from the top, and endeavoured to get at some provisions, but nothing but a few pounds of biscuit could be obtained, notwithstanding every effort they could make to hook up some of the stores from between the timbers. On the fourth day, to their great joy, they perceived a sail bearing down towards them, under American colours. She soon came within hail, and offered to take them on board, provided they could make a raft to go to her; but the sea was still running so high, that she was fearful of lowering a boat. The wretched sufferers had neither tools nor materials to construct a raft, even if they had retained strength to do it. However, this American staid by them two days, evidently anxious to assist them if possible. She was once separated from them by the violence of the gale; but, on rejoining them, came so near that two of the people on the wreck proposed to swim to her, if she would then lend her boat to save the rest. The proposal was perhaps unheard—it was certainly unanswered; and shortly afterwards the American bore up, and the wretched crew of the *Frances Mary* were once more left to their fate, amidst feelings to which no words can give a name.

A few days afterwards their hopes were again raised, only to be again disappointed, by the approach of another American vessel, under the same circumstances; for she also, with a bare expression of pity, sailed away. Now the sufferers abandoned all hope of being saved. Ten days had elapsed since their ship became a wreck, and their scanty store of biscuit was exhausted. During this time, besides the evils of cold and hunger, they had had the discomfort of being frequently obliged to lash themselves to the remaining rigging to save themselves from being washed overboard.

As their numbers thinned, each thought, but dared not yet speak, of one means of sustaining life. On this day, the tenth of their misery, they looked at each other as they were committing a body to the deep—and it appeared as if each had understood the look; but still another, an old man, died—and again they forbore. That same night, however, a boy expired, and famine forced them to the unnatural food.

The women bore these complicated evils better than the men. The young passenger, in particular, did, as they all confessed, contribute most of all to save such as did survive. Engaged to marry the ship's steward on reaching England, she had the misery of seeing him expire before her—the still greater misery of reflecting, in after-life, that the frenzied love of existence that extreme famine is known to excite, forced her, with her companions, to the horror of deriving life from his death; yet she kept up the spirits of her companions; she daily called upon them to pray with her: she portioned out their unnatural food; and robbed their misery of half its horror, by her confidence in Providence, and her decency of conduct even in that wretched time.

It is repugnant to lay open such shocking tales of human misery as seem to degrade man, and display a state in which his animal cravings get the better of his moral sense; we will, therefore, forbear to dwell on the further particulars of this sad story; suffice it to say, that the patients all recovered, and with their bodily strength their gratitude increased. At first they seemed insensible to the horror of their tale, and had related it without reserve, but, as their powers returned, they seemed horror-struck at the remembrance of what their dreadful sufferings had compelled them to have recourse to for the preservation of life.

The wreck of the *Frances Mary* continued to float until the summer of 1826, when it was fallen in with by H.M.S. *Diamond*, on her passage from Brazil to Lisbon; and Captain the Right Honourable Lord Napier having placed some volunteers on board the wreck, she was, with great difficulty, taken to St. Mary's in the Azores. On his lordship's arrival there, she was so far refitted, under his direction, as to be enabled to perform her voyage home with safety, and most of her cargo was preserved.

MISFORTUNES OF CAPTAIN LYON.

THERE are some persons who, in the course of life, seem particularly subject to misfortune, and borne to endure a more than ordinary share of those casualties and sufferings to which all are liable. This is wonderfully exemplified in the life of one of the bravest and most able officers of modern times, Captain Lyon. This gentleman, after having spent some time in our service on the coast of Africa, was appointed to command part of the expedition to the North Pole: in both, however, he confined not himself to the mere duties of his appointment. Two able works have been given to the public, briefly and manfully relating the occurrences of both those services. Possessing the finer accomplishments of a traveller, still his claims as an able and experienced officer were great, and he had a right to employment: he did get employed—he was sent to explore that part of the northern continent of America, the very name of which almost traditionally told of the danger. No words can better paint the heroic virtues of those composing this expedition, than his own, in describing the night of the 1st of September, 1824. He says, "Although few or none of us had any idea that we should survive the gale, we did not think that our comforts should be entirely neglected, and an order was therefore given to the men to put on their best and warmest cloth-

ing, to enable them to support life as long as possible. Every man, therefore, brought his pack on deck and dressed himself; and in the fine athletic forms which stood exposed before me, I did not see one muscle quiver, nor the slightest sign of alarm. The officers each secured some useful instrument about them, for the purpose of observation, although it was acknowledged by all that not the slightest hope remained. And now that everything in our power had been done, I called all hands aft, and to a merciful God offered prayers for our preservation. I thanked every one for his excellent conduct, and cautioned them, as we should, in all probability, soon appear before our Maker, to enter his presence as men resigned to their fate. Noble as the character of the British sailor is always allowed to be in cases of danger, yet I did not believe it possible, that among forty-one persons, not one repining word should have been uttered. Each was at peace with his neighbour and all the world; and I am firmly persuaded, that the resignation which was shown to the will of the Almighty was the means of obtaining his mercy." Could such a scene as this pass and be forgotten?

It is said that he offended the Admiralty for daring to say his ship was not adapted for such an expedition; and holding such an opinion as this, he must have felt that the lives of his men had wantonly been exposed and Providence challenged; but the great will not bear to be told truths, and nautical talents and commanding abilities, have but little influence with those who love dishonest flattery, and who select, as their supporters, men who can extol their errors into virtues.

Captain Lyon's chance of appointment in the service being now but small, he accepted a situation in one of the Mexican Mining Companies, and proceeded to the place of his appointment with his newly-married bride, a lady of great beauty and equal accomplishments. After a tedious passage down the channel, he was wrecked off the coast of Cornwall, and lost all his property. Reluctantly obliged to leave his wife in England, whose constitution appeared to suffer from the fatigues and dangers of a sea voyage, he proceeded to America; returning home in the packet-ship Panther, he was wrecked at Holyhead, again losing everything, including his journal, charts, and plans of the mines, &c. But his misfortunes did not rest here: a few hours after being on shore, he received the distressing intelligence of his wife's death.

EXTRAORDINARY ESCAPE

OF CAPTAIN FREEMAN, AND FIVE OTHER MASTERS OF SHIPS,
FROM A DANISH PRISON, IN 1808.

CAPTAIN FREEMAN, of the ship Moxton, of Hull, having been captured by Danish gun-boats, in 1807, had been confined in the prison of Helsterburg, in North Jutland, with about twenty other masters of vessels, five of whom, namely—John Davidson of Sunderland, John Kidd of Arbroath, David Raft, and Daniel Stewart of Dundee, John Millar of Kirkaldy, and himself, effected their escape, on June 20th, 1808, in the evening, by rolling themselves down the bank of the field in which they were permitted to walk, and thus eluding the vigilance of their guards. After two nights' travelling towards the westward, and hiding themselves in the corn by the day, they reached the sea-shore near Bovenbergen, where they found a boat about thirty feet long by seven feet broad; they immediately put to sea in this boat, the whole of their stores consisting of about a gallon of water and the small quantity of bread they had brought away in their pockets; they had neither compass nor sails, but they managed to supply the latter deficiency by six spare shirts, which they took to pieces, and sewed them together with the yarn of their stockings. Being so poorly supplied, it was necessary to be very economical of their provisions, which they were, by restricting every man to an allowance of half a penny loaf of bread a day, and a tea-cupful of water night and morning. On the second day they were fortunate enough to find a haddock floating on the sea, which they divided among them. They were compelled to steer along at no great distance from the shore, as the weather was at times

very foggy, and they intended, if possible, to make for Heligoland.

On the evening of the 26th, they ran within a small island, and two of them landed on the continent, to endeavour to replenish their exhausted stores of food and water, and for that purpose started to a house about a mile distant from the shore; but had not gone far, when they were chased back by two French dragoons, and were glad to regain their boat and put off from the inhospitable shore. They made for the island, and lay-to near it during the night, but in a most pitiable state, as they had not tasted water for sixteen hours, and their throats were so affected by intolerable thirst, that they could not swallow a morsel of bread; but fortunately it began to rain, when they contrived, by the help of their shirts and sail, to collect about a gallon of dirty water, which proved a seasonable relief, and prevented them from delivering themselves up to the enemy, which otherwise they must have been compelled to do, to save themselves from perishing by starvation.

On the afternoon of the 27th, after suffering severely from the cold and rain, the weather having proved so unfavourable, and their stock of provisions being nearly exhausted, they made Newark Island, and ran past it to within about half-a-mile of the shore, where they laid-to with the intention of landing in the evening, to endeavour, if possible, to procure a fresh supply of water, of which they stood so much in need; but the fatigues and privations they had undergone had so exhausted them, that they fell asleep, and were awakened by a Cuxhaven fisherman, who had waded to them from the shore; and having heard their case, advised them by all means to put off again immediately, as otherwise they would be in imminent danger of being made prisoners by the French, and recommended their landing at Newark Island, as there were no troops there. They accordingly landed near a single house, where they replenished their bottles with water, but they could not prevail upon the inhabitants to supply them with a morsel of bread.

On the morning of the 28th, about one o'clock, they put off again from the island, and proceeded on their voyage, and about seven o'clock the same evening they got on board a vessel which was lying on the banks to the eastward of the Elbe, and loading shells for Hamburg. On board this vessel there were only two men, who supplied them with water, about two pounds of bread, and a small compass. They left this vessel at about two o'clock the next morning, and about seven o'clock on the morning of the 30th, to their inexpressible joy, they came in sight of Heligoland; and after rowing the whole day against a heavy N.W. sea, and a smart breeze of wind, they succeeded in gaining the shore about eight o'clock in the evening, and were cordially received on the beach by several hundreds of the inhabitants, who heartily congratulated them on their providential deliverance.

Governor Hamilton, and the rest of the officers and council, treated them with uncommon kindness, and showed them every possible attention, supplying them with everything which their exhausted state rendered necessary, and which contributed to their speedy restoration to health and strength.

On July 4, Captain Freeman and Captain Davidson left Heligoland in a Papenburg vessel, and in a short time arrived safely off Yarmouth; the others remained till about the 10th, when they departed in some vessels belonging to Leith, where they subsequently arrived, with heartfelt gratitude to that Providence which had so singularly delivered them from captivity, and safely conducted them to their homes.

REFLECTION AT SEA.

SEE how, beneath the moon-beam smile,
Yon little billow heaves its breast,
And foams, and sparkles for a while,
And murmur'ing then subsides to rest.
Thus man, the sport of bliss and care,
Rises on time's eventful sea;
And having swelled a moment there
Thus melts into eternity.

LOSS OF HIS MAJESTY'S FRIGATE THE ETHALION, OF 38 GUNS,

Commanded by Captain John Clarke Searle, which was wrecked on the coast of France, December 24, 1799.

The following narrative of the loss of the Ethalion, is taken from Captain Searle's own account of the melancholy disaster, which, in the midst of his most indefatigable exertions to serve his country, not only obliged him to abandon his laudable intention, but consigned to destruction the vessel from which he had fondly flattered himself to derive both honour and reward.

On December the 24th, at four p.m., Point le Cleure bore S.E. by E. about three or four leagues; they were then standing off and on off St. Matthew's, with an intention of beating to windward in the morning, to reconnoitre the position of the enemy's fleet; a service which they were particularly anxious to perform, as no opportunity for that purpose had occurred since December 18, when the Fishguard, Ethalion, and Sylph, were all driven off the coast by a hard gale of wind, and they were aware that by that time the Fishguard could not have regained her station. At eight o'clock the captain gave the usual necessary directions and precautions to the officer of the watch, and to the pilot, for keeping the ship in a proper situation during the night; with instructions to inform him if any change of wind or weather took place, and whenever the pilot wished the ship to be put on the opposite tack; and also at the end of each watch, as was the custom every night, to acquaint him with the situation of the ship, with respect to her distance from the land. St. Matthew's light then bore E. by N. about three leagues, the ship standing to the southward under her treble-reefed topsails, fore-topmast staysail, and mizen staysail, with the wind S. E., and lying up S.S.W., going a knot-and-a-half. At half-past ten, by desire of the pilot, she again wore. At twelve, the light bore N.E. by E. about three or four leagues, at which time there was not much wind; the captain directed a reef to be let out of the topsails and the jib to be loosed, to be in readiness to make sail at a moment's warning. At half-past one a.m., the light bearing E.N.E. between six and seven miles, by the desire of the pilot she wore again, with the intention to stand to the southward till four o'clock, as there was but little wind; but at ten minutes past three, although the ship had not gone more than two miles since she wore, and the light was then in sight, bearing N.E. by E., although the night was very dark, the rocks were discovered close ahead; and in attempting to wear clear of them, the ship struck. All hands were immediately turned up, and the pumps got to work, and the boats got out; the master was sent to sound, the water was started, the guns were thrown overboard, and every possible exertion used to get the ship off. At four she struck very hard, and knocked away the stern-post, when signals of distress were made to the Sylph. At six she fell over on the starboard side, and bilged. At daylight they saw the Danae, Sylph, and Nimrod, cutter, and made the signal for boats to assist; it was then resolved to send away the idlers and first division of seamen in their own boats, to the Danae, Sylph, and Nimrod, as they found she had bilged in several places, and parted on the starboard side, amidships, and that it was impossible to save any of the stores. At nine Lord Proby came on board, also another boat from the Danae, followed by one from the Sylph. The water was now over the lee gunwale, and the greater part of the stern totally under water, and very difficult and dangerous for boats to approach the wreck, owing to the great surf amongst the rocks. At eleven, having got all the people out of the ship, the captain ordered the first-lieutenant to set fire to her remains, and Mr. Ballinghall, the master's-mate, cut away her lower masts, which disagreeable duty being performed, and he had seen all the commissioned officers and master into the remaining boat, he was under the painful necessity of abandoning her. To those only who have experienced a similar misfortune, can the anguish of his feelings, during this unfortunate affair, be sufficiently apparent. It appeared, on after examination, that they were at the time of the accident full eighteen miles from the light of St. Matthew's, although both captain, master, and pilot, did not believe it possible that a light could be seen so distinctly at that distance.

LOSS OF THE BRIG SALLY, CAPT. TABREY, IN 1767,

Bound from Philadelphia to Hispaniola, and the extraordinary distresses which the surviving part of the Crew endured.

On August 8th, 1767, while in latitude 23°, longitude 69° 40', having a strong gale of wind, the brig Sally was laid to under her main-staysail, till ten o'clock the next morning, when she was hove on her beam-ends, and, in less than five minutes, turned keel upwards, so that they had only time to cut away the lanyards of her mainmast. There were on board Anthony Tabry, master; Humphry Mars, mate; Joseph Sherver, Samuel Bess, John Burne, mariners, who were drowned; and six other mariners, viz., Peter Foy, Daniel Cuitain, John Davis, Alexander Landery, Peter Mayes, and William Hammon; who, having got hold of the topmast, which floated alongside, lashed it to the stern, and supported themselves by it till about five o'clock in the evening, when the cabin-boy swam to the hull, and threw them a rope, by which they got on the bottom of the vessel, where they were still in a dismal plight, as the first want which invaded them was drink, and this drove away all thought of meat.

As the lanyards had been cut away, the mainmast, with all the rigging, came up alongside, from which they got the wreath, a square hoop which binds the head of the mast; with which and a bolt, of a foot in length, they went to work on her bottom, and in the mean time endeavoured to keep their mouths moist, as well as they could, by chewing the stuff off her bottom, (not having any barnacles, as she had lately been cleaned), and some lead which was on her bow; occasionally drinking their own water. On the fourth day Peter Foy died, raving for drink, and the next day they threw his body off the vessel. In this manner did they work for six days, without food, drink, or sleep, not daring to lie down, for fear of falling off the vessel; but on the sixth day they made a hole through her bottom, and found a barrel of bottled beer, which they drank very greedily, and soon after got another parcel, when one of them put the others upon allowance.

On the eleventh day, they got a barrel of pork, which they were obliged to eat raw. As to sleep, as soon as they got a hole through the vessel's bottom, they pulled out a great number of staves and shingles, with which they made a platform in the same place, but it was so small that, when they wanted to turn, they were obliged to wait till the sea hoisted the vessel, and when she fell again with the sea, they were almost frozen to death. Thus did these poor miserable fellows live for thirteen or fourteen days. After they had got the pork they made a kind of net with a hoop, some shingles, and ropes, which they got from the mast; this they let into the sea with some pork, and caught a few small fish, which, with two or three mice, they caught on board the brig, afforded them several most delicious repasts, raw as they were; this lasted but a few days, as they could not catch any more, and then they were obliged to return to their pork, which was become quite putrid; by the salt water getting to it.

On the 1st of September, at four o'clock in the afternoon, being in lat. 26° 15', long. 70° 10', to their great joy, they discovered a vessel to windward of them, which seemed to stand some time for them, but soon put about and stood from them; it was then they despaired, as that morning they had drunk their last bottle of beer; and that one was all that they had; for that day they worked hard to get at the casks of water in the hold, but they were so far from them that they could not get at them for a long time; however, about half-an-hour before sunset, the vessel they had seen again stood for them, and came so near that they perceived a piece of canvass which they on the wreck supported on a board, bore down for it, and, about half-past seven o'clock, took them on board: this was the brig Norwich, Captain Robert Noyes. Thus, when death stared them in the face, were they providentially relieved by a captain who used them very kindly, gave them food and clothes, as their own were rotted off their backs, washed their sores, and gave them plasters, as they were almost raw from head to feet with the heat of the sun and salt-water, and which, in many places, had eaten holes into their flesh.

LOSS OF HIS MAJESTY'S SHIP ROMNEY,

Hon. Capt. Colville, on the South Haak, off the Texel, Nov. 19, 1804.

THE following is an extract from a letter from the Hon. Capt. Colville, dated Helder, North Holland, Nov. 21, 1804, giving a concise, but satisfactory, account of the calamitous disaster attending the Romney:—

"It is with feelings of sincerest regret, of which I feel but little capable of expressing, that I sit down to discharge the painful duty of acquainting you with the total loss of his Majesty's ship, the Romney, on Monday, the 19th inst., off the Haaks, on the S.W. part of the sand, owing to the mistake of the pilots, although regular soundings had been taken on our run from Yarmouth, whence we sailed at nine a.m. on the preceding day.

"A few minutes before the ship struck, I felt confident that we were on the edge of the Broad Fourteens; and having then sounded, they proposed standing in as we were, viz., with double-reefed topsails, and fore-topmast staysail set, with the wind at S.S.W., until they should be in ten or eleven fathoms: to this I objected, as, from the unsettled appearance of the weather, and the thickness of the fog, I deemed it imprudent to approach the shore in quest of Rear-Admiral Russell, to whom I was proceeding, in conformity with my orders. We were, accordingly, in the act of wearing, when a large ship, apparently at anchor, was discovered through the fog, bearing E. by N. We then stood towards her, to make her plainly, but had not proceeded more than four or five minutes on that course, when we perceived her to be a large merchantman on shore. The pilots then wished to haul her off, on the larboard tack, but before the ship could be brought to the wind, she struck. The wind continued to increase, the fog being again very great, and a heavy sea got up; the ship struck so hard as to cause her to make so much water, that in a short time all hopes of saving her were at an end. There then remained but the hope of saving to his Majesty's service the officers and crew. In that hope I have been disappointed, from a combination of unfortunate circumstances, and more especially from none of our cruisers being attracted to us by the guns we fired, and which I flattered myself would have been the case yesterday, as the weather was clear.

"That every possible exertion was made to lessen the calamity after having struck, I trust will appear from the minutes. It will be a great consolation to myself and officers to know that they have that effect. Under the uneasiness of mind which the loss of the ship I had the honour to command must naturally occasion, I feel some alleviation in reflecting upon the zealous, active, and orderly conduct of my officers and crew, in circumstances the most trying, and in which they endured the severest hardships with cheerfulness, and in perfect reliance on Divine Providence, whose interposition in our behalf was strongly evident.

"When the ship floated a little, she was, by letting go the bower-anchor, brought to swim her head to the wind, which enabled her to hold together, and so bore her through the horrors of the night, which we certainly should not otherwise have survived.

"We have experienced from the Dutch Admiral, Kirkhart, every attention that our distressed situation made so necessary, and which his disposition seems incapable of withholding, even from an enemy; but the wants of my fellow-sufferers are great, for not an article of clothing, or any thing else, was saved by any one from the general wreck. I hope the Dutch government will be disposed to alleviate, in some degree, their wants, particularly in clothing, and I have solicited the assistance of Rear-Admiral Russell in obtaining these necessities.

"I have reason to believe that we shall be sent to Amsterdam until exchanged.

"The crews of the launch and jolly-boat, who had been found to bear up for the Texel, joined me here this day. The barge was swamped alongside. One cutter, in returning from her attempt to bring to our assistance a galliot, who passed us heedless of our distress, was driven among the breakers on the Haaks, and overset. The other cutter, equally unsuccessful in an attempt to bring to us a schuyt that was to leeward, was

under the charge of Lieutenant Baker, who, unable to regain the ship, judged it most prudent to bear up for the Texel, in hopes of obtaining assistance for us; which, however, the state of the weather did not allow of being afforded that night."

Nine seamen were drowned, and thirteen others, who left the wreck upon a raft of timber, were picked up by one of our cruisers, and safely lodged on board the Eagle: the remainder who were saved became prisoners on shore at the Texel.

REMARKS ON THE SEA.

"The sea—the sea—the open sea!

The blue, the fresh, the ever free!

Without a mark—without a bound—

It runneth the earth's wide regions round,

It plays with the clouds—it mocks the skies;

Or like a cradled creature lies!"

THE mean depth of the sea is, according to La Place, from four to five miles. If the existing waters were increased only by one-fourth, it would drown the earth, with the exception of some high mountains. If the volume of the ocean were augmented only by one-eighth, considerable portions of the present continents would be submerged, and the seasons would be changed all over the globe. Evaporation would be so much extended, that rains would fall continually, destroy the harvest, and fruits, and flowers, and subvert the whole economy of nature.

There is, perhaps, nothing more beautiful in our whole system than the process by which the fields are irrigated from the skies—the rivers are fed from the mountains—and the ocean restrained within bounds, which it never can exceed so long as that process continues on the present scale. The vapour raised by the sun from the sea, floats whenever it is lighter than the atmosphere; condensed, it falls upon the earth in water; or, attracted to the mountains, it gathers on their summits, dissolves, and perpetually replenishes the conduits with which, externally, or internally, they are all furnished. By these conduits the fluid is conveyed to the rivers which flow on the surface of the earth, and to the springs which lie deep in its bosom, destined to supply man with a purer element.

If we suppose the sea, then, to be considerably diminished, the Amazon, and the Mississippi, those inland seas of the western world, would become inconsiderable brooks; the streams would wholly disappear; the atmosphere would be deprived of its due proportion of humidity; all nature would assume the garb of desolation; the bird would droop on the wing, the lower animals would perish on the barren soil, and man himself would wither away like the sickly grass at his feet.

He must indeed be incorrigibly blind, or scarcely elevated in the scale of reason above the monkey, who would presume to say, or could, even for a moment, honestly think when duly informed on the subject, that the machinery by which the process of evaporation and condensation has been constantly carried on upon earth for so many centuries, exhibits no traces of Divine science and power, and especially of benevolence towards the countless beings whose subsistence and happiness absolutely depend upon the circumstance of the waters of the ocean, earth, and air, uniformly preserving the average of their present mutual proportions.

LOSS OF THE INDIAN CHIEF.

Captain M'Donald, on the Blackwater Bank, November 19th, 1837.

THE ship Indian Chief, commanded by Captain M'Donald, sailed from Liverpool, on Wednesday, November 15th, 1837, bound for the Mauritius. On the 19th, being off the coast of Wexford, in Ireland, she struck on the Blackwater Bank, about four o'clock in the morning; and as she had about fourteen feet water in the hold, the crew left the vessel, which drifted off about ten o'clock, and continued to float until four in the afternoon, when she sunk about two leagues S.E. of Arklow lightship. Several boats put off to the vessel with the endeavour to rescue some part of the valuable cargo, which was of bale goods, and valued at £80,000; but one of the boats was engulfed with her, and the crew, six in number, perished.

LOSS OF H.M.S. ANSON, DECEMBER 28th, 1807.

His MAJESTY's frigate Anson, of 40 guns, Captain Lydiard, sailed from Falmouth on the 24th of December, 1807, to resume her station off Brest. As it blew very hard from the W.S.W. she was not able to get so far to the westward; however, Captain Lydiard persevered in his endeavours until the 28th.



On the morning of that day they made the Isle of Bas, on the French coast, which they had seen the preceding evening. There being now every appearance of bad weather, Captain Lydiard determined to return to port, and accordingly shaped a course for the Lizard, the gale still increasing, and it coming on very heavy. About three, p.m., the land was seen about five miles west of the Lizard, but at the time not exactly known, as many opinions were expressed as to what land it was then in sight; the ship was wore to stand off at sea, but had not long been on that tack, before the land was again descried right ahead.

It was now quite certain that the ship was embayed, and every exertion was made to work her off the shore; but finding she lost ground every tack, she was brought to an anchor in twenty-five fathoms, at five, p.m., with the best bower-anchor veered away to two cables' length. By this anchor the ship rode in a most tremendous sea, and as heavy a gale as was ever experienced, until four, a.m., of the 29th, when the cable parted. The small bower-anchor was then let go, and veered away to two cables' length, which held her until eight, a.m., when that also parted; and, as the last resource, in order to preserve the lives of as many as possible, the fore-topsail was set, and the ship run on shore, on the sand which forms the bar, between the Loe Pool, about three miles from Helstone and the sea. The tide had ebbed about an hour when she struck; on taking the ground, she broached-to with her broadside to the beach, and most happily heeled in to the shore: had she, on the contrary, heeled off, not a soul could have escaped alive.

Now commenced a most heart-rending scene to some hundreds of spectators, who had been in anxious suspense, and who exerted themselves to the utmost, at the imminent risk of their lives, to save those of their drowning fellow-men. Many of those who were most forward in quitting the ship lost their lives, being swept away by the tremendous sea, which entirely went over the wreck. The mainmast formed a floating raft from the ship to the shore, and the greater part of those who escaped, passed by this medium.

One of the men saved stated, that Captian Lydiad was near him on the mainmast; but that he seemed to have lost the use of his faculties with the horror of the scene, and soon disappeared.

At a time when no one appeared on the ship's side, and it was supposed the work of death had ceased, a dissenting minister, hazarding his life through the surf, got on board, over the wreck of the mainmast, to see if any one remained. Some honest hearts followed him. They found several persons still below, who could not get up; among whom were two women and two children. The worthy preacher and his party saved the two women and some of the men, but the children were lost.

About two, p.m., the ship went to pieces, when a few more

men emerged from the wreck. One of these was saved. By three o'clock no appearance of the vessel remained.

To the above account, we subjoin that of Captain Lydiard's steward, who was more immediately about his person, and very correct in his observations.

"On the 27th of December, cruising off the Black Rocks, and perceiving the approach of a gale, kept a look out for the commodore in the Dragon. The next morning (Monday), the gale increasing from the S.W., and not perceiving the Dragon in any direction, at nine o'clock shaped our course for the Lizard, with a view of getting into Falmouth. At twelve o'clock, all hands upon deck, the sea running very high; two bow-ports on the starboard-side washed away by the violence of the sea, also a port abreast the mainmast, by which means she shipped a great deal of water.

"The captain sent for the master at this time to determine the situation of the ship; and, at half-past twelve o'clock, or thereabout, land was seen about two miles distant; but, from the extreme thickness of the weather, they could not ascertain what part. Captain Lydiard ordered the ship to be wore to the S.E., not thinking it safe to stand in any nearer, under such circumstances of weather. Soon after one o'clock, the master wished him to run in again and make the land, which was supposed to be the Lizard, and that if we could make it out, we should get into Plymouth. Captain Lydiard asked if it could be done without risk; he, (the master) said, he thought it could.

"The ship was then wore, but the weather still continuing thick, we had a cast of the lead, and, having twenty-seven fathom, we were convinced we must be to the westward of the Lizard, and immediately wore ship again, and made all sail. Soon after three o'clock, as the captain was going to dinner, he looked out of the quarter gallery, from whence he saw the breakers close to us, and the land a long distance ahead. The ship was wore instantly, and Captain Lydiard's mind made up to come to an anchor; for had we kept under weigh, the ship must have struck upon the rocks in a few hours. The top-gallant masts were got upon deck, and she rode very well until four o'clock on Tuesday morning, when the cable parted. The other anchor was immediately let go, and the lower yards and topmasts struck. At day-light the other cable parted, and we were then so close to the land, that we had no alternative but to go on shore, when Captain Lydiard desired the master to run the ship into the best situation for saving the lives of the people; and, fortunately, a fine beach presented itself, upon which the ship was run. Shortly after she struck, the mainmast went, but injured no one.

"Captains Lydiard and Sullivan, with the first lieutenant, were resolved to remain with the ship as long as possible: many people were killed on board. The first lieutenant and a number of others were washed overboard. It was the captain's great wish to save the lives of the ship's company, and he was employed in directing them the whole of the time. He had placed himself by the wheel, holding by the spokes, where he was exposed to the violence of the sea, which broke tremendously over him; and, from continuing in this situation too long, waiting to see the people out of the ship, he became so weak, that upon attempting to leave the ship himself, and being impeded by a boy who was in the way, and whom he endeavoured to assist, he was washed away and drowned."

This unfortunate officer might be truly said to have sacrificed his life to the high sense of duty, which, at all times and on all occasions, determined his conduct. His body being found, was interred with military honours at Falmouth, attended by Admiral Sir Charles Cotton and General Spencer, with all the navy and military officers of the expedition at that port, the captains of the packets, and the mayor and corporation of the town; and was afterwards removed to his family vault in the parish church of Haslemere, Surrey.

The men who survived were conveyed to Helstone, about two miles distant, where they were taken care of by the magistrates, and afterwards sent to Falmouth in charge of the regulating captain of that port.

Among the officers saved, were Captain Sullivan, a passenger; Messrs. Hill and Brailey, midshipmen; and Mr. Ross, assistant-surgeon.

LOSS OF THE ROTHSAY CASTLE.

THE Rothsay Castle, steam-packet, left the pier-head at Liverpool, on the morning of Wednesday, the 17th of August, 1831, bound for Beaumaris. Her passengers on this occasion, consisting, as usual, of those who sought relaxation from the toils of business in the pursuit of laudable pleasure. Most of them were strangers at Liverpool, having come from the adjoining districts on an excursion to Wales, and by far the greater number of them were women and children. Their hearts, no doubt, were light with gaiety, and their eyes sparkling with the fond hope of anticipated pleasures, which they naturally thought awaited them. Poor things! how little

did they dream of the sad fate which so soon was to overwhelm them.

The steamer, being in the river for more than an hour, occupied in taking in passengers, it was twelve o'clock before she got clear of the light-house. The storm of the morning had passed, but the wind was still blowing very fresh, and a considerable sea running, which caused very great alarm among the passengers; and their fears were increased by the tremulous motion of the steamer, which was anything but seaworthy, even in calm weather and smooth water, and was now rendered doubly dangerous by the strong tide which she had to stem after passing the rock.

Indeed she appeared so crazy and weak, that Mr. Varney of



THE LOSS OF THE ROTHSAY CASTLE, STEAM VESSEL, AUGUST 17TH, 1831.

Bury, in common with others who were greatly alarmed, went down to the cabin where the captain was at dinner, and earnestly requested him to put back, as they had great fears for the safety of the vessel; but so far from paying any attention to their entreaty, or even treating them with common courtesy, he replied, "I think there is a d—d deal of fear on board, and very little danger. If we were to put back with passengers, it would never do—we should make no profit." It may be observed, that the captain was at this time intoxicated. The sea still continued very rough, and the vessel made so little progress, that for more than three hours she remained in sight of the floating light. The excessive motion of the vessel, combined with increasing fears for their safety, had such an effect on most of the passengers, that they became extremely ill, and again earnestly entreated the captain to put back; but

he still obstinately refused to accede to their request: he also declined to make signals, although he was repeatedly asked to do so.

Soon after night-fall, and just previous to her being off the Great Orm Head, the wind was right a-head, and the sea being very rough, caused the steamer to strain so much, that the water came in through the beams and at the axles of the paddles in such quantities, that it was very soon ankle-deep in the engine-room. The pumps were now ordered to be set a-going, but they were very soon rendered unserviceable by the ashes from the furnace which had mingled with the water, and choked the pumps, and considerable time was lost before they succeeded in getting them to work again. In this emergency the captain was again requested to make signals of distress, and practical men have since expressed it as their opinion, that

had he done so, there is very little doubt that all could have been saved.

But insensible to all regard for the safety of those whose lives had been intrusted to his care, and madly obstinate in refusing to listen to any persuasion or entreaty, he would neither make signals for assistance, nor even hang out a light; and the result of this perverseness was, that the steamer quitted her course, and struck at twelve o'clock. The scene which followed was piteous in the extreme, for long before the heavy lurching of the vessel had thrown about fifty persons into the sea, amidst the screams of the horror-stricken survivors. The passengers, in despair, gave themselves up for lost, and parents, relations, and friends were affectionately taking leave of each other for ever.

When the vessel struck, the passengers simultaneously rushed forward, but the captain immediately ordered them aft, and began to consult with the mate, probably as to the best means of rescuing them, when a gentleman observing them in close consultation, cried out, "It is all over with us; the captain and mate are preparing to leave the vessel." At this moment, no doubt from accident, as the captain had been intoxicated all the way, he fell or tumbled overboard, and was drowned. The vessel continued whole until one o'clock, when she broke, as it were, across the middle, and the remainder of the passengers, with the exception of those who were saved, were hurried into the sea. Before this direful event, the scene on deck was heart-rending in the extreme. The women and children were collected in a knot, and kept embracing each other, in the full expectation of each moment being their last, while their dismal lamentations were distinctly heard amidst the roar of the conflicting elements. When exhausted by their crying, they lay against each other, with their heads reclining like inanimate bodies; but when the vessel went to pieces, at about half-past one, the shrieks of anguish and despair were terrific and deafening. At this awful moment, a Mr. Nuttall was precipitated into the sea; and, in addition to the clothes and a great coat by which he was encumbered, a fine little boy took refuge on his back. He was unable to swim, and, in a few minutes, must have perished, had not a rope been providentially thrown into his way; which he eagerly seized, and was guided to a part of the wreck which adhered to the wheel of the engine, where he found Mrs. Whittaker (one of the passengers), a boy, and six others. In this precarious situation, with death every instant staring them in the face, these comparatively fortunate few remained until seven o'clock in the morning. With the almost forlorn hope of attracting notice, and so obtaining assistance from the shore, they hung out Mrs. Whittaker's shawl; and this signal having fortunately been seen from the land, the life-boat came off and rescued them from the wreck, at a time when hope had almost given way to despair. Previous to her arrival, as it was low water when the vessel struck, the tide had carried them out to sea, where they must very soon have perished, had not this timely assistance arrived.

At midnight, by the testimony of the man at the wheel, the vessel had got far enough to windward of the land called Dutchman's Bank, and abreast of the tower on Priestholme Island, when, owing to a temporary stoppage of the engine, the steamer lost way, at which time she was labouring heavily, and making a great deal of water. The steersman had the helm hard a-port, when the vessel struck, with her stern upon the bank. The captain, who, it appears, was below when the vessel lost way, now came upon the poop, and ordered the steersman to starboard his helm, alleging that he would otherwise run her upon the causeway on the other side. This was done, and the vessel was consequently brought with her head to the bank. Immediately afterwards the engines were reversed, with the view of getting her into deeper water, but owing to the want of sufficient power, the attempt proved ineffectual. The jib was then hoisted, but in vain; and, after repeatedly striking and dragging along the edge of the bank for about half-a-mile, she came broadside on the bank about half-past twelve, and there remained beyond the reach of human exertion to remove her. A mountainous sea was continually breaking against and over her, which frequently raised her in part from the bank, but which instantly struck again with tremendous violence upon the sand.

The moon had, by this time, gone down; the sky was overcast with heavy clouds overhead, while, beneath, the pitchy waves appeared as if yawning for their prey, which they were so soon to engulf.

Very shortly after the vessel had got with her broadside to the bank, the after-tackle of the chimney broke loose, but, after some time, was, with great difficulty, again secured. In a few minutes it again gave way, and, with the next heavy shock of the sea, the chimney came down, bringing with it the mainmast, and both falling in a slanting direction, athwart the deck to the weather side. What number of individuals were killed or thrown overboard by the shock, it is impossible to tell; but soon after, about ten or twelve persons were washed off the deck into the deep. The rudder was next unshipped; and the boat having filled with water, broke from the painter, and went adrift. Many persons stripped off their clothes in order to swim, and several threw themselves into the sea with a form from the quarter-deck; but all of them speedily found a watery grave. The bulwarks on the weather side, behind which were from ten to twelve persons, who had taken refuge, were next washed away, and all who clung to them buried in the remorseless deep. Just before half-past one the weather paddle-box, on which between thirty and forty persons had placed themselves, was carried off by a tremendous sea, and every one of those individuals, it is believed, must have perished.

Just before two o'clock, when the vessel broke in the midships, the main-deck burst up in every direction, and the quarter-deck, upon which there were at the moment six men, a woman, and a boy, as before-mentioned, was still held by some of the ship's tackle, although it had parted from the vessel, until Mr. Jones, a Liverpool pilot, who was a passenger on board, with great promptitude cut the tackle with his knife, and the quarter-deck floated clear of the wreck, whereby his own life, and the lives of the other individuals upon it, were preserved. At the time the quarter-deck floated from the hull, there remained from thirty to forty persons upon the wreck; of whom some threw themselves into the water, lashed to planks, or whatever else they could lay their hands on; about twelve clung to the falling mainmast, and shared its fall; three ascended the foremast, which still retained its upright position; two or three more clung to the lower part of it; and some others were washed overboard. Of all these, not above ten appear to have been rescued from the general destruction.

The escape of Mr. Edward Jones, of Bangor, was truly miraculous. He could not swim, but having found a small keg on board, he fastened it with a piece of rope to his body, along with two of his fellow passengers. Shortly afterwards, a carriage that was on the deck, was washed overboard, and he and his companions precipitated into the sea with great violence. To add to his distress, the keg shifted from his breast, and got under his left arm, so that it was with extreme difficulty he could keep his head above water. The carriage was now floating past him, when he laid hold of one of the wheels with his right hand; but the carriage soon sunk. Just at this critical moment, he observed a fellow sufferer, Mr. Duckworth of Bury, within a few yards of him, seated on a board, about the size of a room-door. Mr. Jones immediately relinquished his keg, and although he had never before attempted to swim, he made several resolute strokes, and succeeded in gaining the board, upon one end of which he rested, while Mr. Duckworth remained upon the other. Their united weight brought the board so much under water, that it was with great difficulty they could keep their heads up high enough to breathe, and both of them were becoming rapidly exhausted, when Mr. Duckworth contrived to undress himself, and quitted the board with the intention of swimming to the shore, in which attempt he happily succeeded. Having thus had the board left to himself, Mr. Jones got fairly upon it, and put his feet through the hole in the centre, while he held on to the sides with his hands. In this posture he kept afloat until nearly eight o'clock, when he was picked up by a boat belonging to the schooner *Campadora*, so close to the breakers, off the Great Orm Head, that had the boat been five minutes later, he must inevitably have perished, without being capable of rendering him the slightest assistance.

Mrs. Whittaker, who was one of those that were rescued from the quarter-deck, stated, that the first thing she noticed was the water coming over the side of the vessel. She and the boys then got hold of a rope, when the seat on which they had been sitting was washed overboard. The mast then came down, and lay in such a position, as to press her against the side of the vessel. At length the waves, which she had observed gradually thinning the number of passengers, as one by one were in vain struggling with the remorseless element, broke in the side of the vessel, and swept them all overboard. Fortunately she got hold of a rope, and tried to get on deck again, but she could not succeed, when Mr. Nuttall, who, with some others, was upon a part of the wreck with the wheel attached to it, got hold of the hair of her head and pulled her to them, she being at the time almost naked, as her garments had been torn off her one by one, leaving only her stays, under petticoat, and shift. Mrs. Whittaker adds, that the sailors behaved most kindly to her, and that when they were landed at Beaumaris, they stripped off their jackets and handkerchiefs, and wrapped her in them. They were taken up nearly at the foot of Penmaen Mawr, and conveyed to Beaumaris, where the utmost attention was bestowed on them by the inhabitants. Thus these miserable few were all that remained of the number that had departed from Liverpool only the day before, when the wide range of life was gay about them. It was impossible to ascertain the loss correctly, but it was computed that one hundred and eighty persons had fallen a sacrifice to the fury of the storm, accelerated by the wilful obstinacy of the commander of the vessel.

YOUNG JIM.

BY HARRY BLUFF.

Mrs. Lacy had for many years been a widow. Her husband, a Deal boatman, perished in endeavouring to save the lives of some unfortunate mariners, wrecked off that dangerous coast. She had an only son, wild, thoughtless, and often disobedient, though the joy and pride of her old heart. When she gazed upon the boy's handsome and expressive face, lit up with enthusiasm at a tale of daring and peril, the lineaments of him she loved so well in life and regretted so deeply in death, stood in life-like characters again before her. She had tasted so deeply of the disasters of the ocean that she endeavoured to apprentice this young Jim to a trade, that he might be enabled to gain a livelihood without exposure to that danger to which his father's life paid penalty. It wouldn't do for Jim. If he had his father's face, most assuredly he had his father's heart and spirit, and loved, even for its dangers, his father's adventurous and dangerous profession. "It's no good, mother, I shall never be anything but a skulking vagrant if I stay on land. I do so thoroughly detest it and its ways." For a long time Jim's eloquence failed to accomplish its end, namely, of obtaining his mother's consent to his departure. But an unlooked-for event completed what he so long had desired, and his mother had so long dreaded. She had got him a situation with a shoemaker of that place. Jim, before his entrance, was heartily disgusted with the trade, and after it, with his employer. The consequence was, that saving talking, Jim did but little. His master, who, if he failed to reward industry, certainly didn't appreciate laziness, favoured Jim with a shower of words; a species of blowing up that Jim so thoroughly detested, that he would rather face the most violent hurricane than that. Well, Jim was sent with a pair of boots, and was ordered to exercise the utmost celerity in delivering them. So he did to the whole length of the street, at a corner of which a crowd of boys were arranged around two that were fighting. As a great patron of the "noble science," Jim dropped his boots and speedily became interested in the combat. Too much so it would seem in the eyes of the combatants' seconds, who favoured our hero with such a "topper" that his eye speedily began to assume the colour called black, and in a few minutes they were as warmly engaged as the original boxers. The finale of this adventure was, that Jim succeeded in thrashing his opponent to his heart's content, and that he went home sightless of one eye and minus the boots. Some gentleman having, with more feeling than

politeness, decamped with those articles. His master's rage was now turned from oaths to blows, of which our hero received a plentiful supply. So much so, in fact, that instead of damping Jim's courage it raised his indignation, and the consequence was that in a few minutes the little man lay bleeding and senseless on the floor of his own shop. One glance assured Jim that the only remedy left was to follow the example of the boots, and vanish. He was further assured of the efficacy of this by the appearance of two constables, so without waiting to exchange good wishes or shake hands at parting, Jim was off. He was tearing down street after street, when he was startled by footsteps hastily following his own, and in an instant he felt his arm hurriedly grasped while a hand seized him by the collar and forced him along with the utmost rapidity till they reached the beach. A loud whistle, and a boat full manned ran alongside, and before Jim could comprehend his situation, he was on board a fine ship lying off that port.

"You're a pretty fellow, you are! A pretty kettle of fish you've made of it, by jingo. A nice help you are to a widowed mother, as good as a sexton: you're helping her into the grave."

Such were the first words that greeted Jim from his conductor—a bluff, hearty, good tempered fellow, that looked every inch a sailor.

"I tell you what, my fine fellow. I've brought you here, out of no respect to you, you young scoundrel, mind, but to save your mother the pain of seeing you handcuffed like a felon. That's your doom, if you'd a stopped another hour, I know. I've brought you here that you may learn to keep yourself—you're big enough and strong enough, and, by God! if I don't cure you of your laziness there's no virtue in a stout rope's end."

The boy listened in silent astonishment, wondering to what this tended. The other proceeded:—

"To-morrow I sail for Barbadoes, stop and you'll find plenty of grub, grog, and work, and if you're lazy, you beggar, plenty of rope. Go ashore if you like, you'll find a constable and a gaol. Which do you choose?"

Jim thought the first condition best, and said so: and thanked him for his offer.

"No thanks," said the captain of the Warrior, stopping him abruptly; "that savours too much of the land for seamen. Let your actions prove your gratitude, and you'll have no cause to regret the change. Thompson," said he, calling a seaman, "show this fellow his berth."

The next morning broke gloriously. The sun shone with all its splendour, and the waves, as they danced beneath its golden rays, fell in drops like a shower of diamonds. The command was given, the sails were set, and they moved majestically from the place. Poor Jim! He leant over the bulwark, his eyes fixed upon the fast receding shore, and his heart throbbing with unutterable grief. He was leaving home (and we never know its value till we do) for many months. He wouldn't have cared if he had only had one parting word. But leave, as he did, compelled to fly to escape prison, he knew now the agony this would cause a mother's heart. But it was too late! too late! and the conviction almost swelled his heart to bursting. He would have given the world now—would even have been content to go to prison to pay for his violence, if he could only see her. Too late! "My mother—poor dear mother—would that I had seen you—God bless her!" he sobbed.

A short, but sincere prayer, that might have been heard in heaven. Who knows?

"Leave her, my boy," responded the hearty voice of the captain. "Courage! you'll meet her yet a happy, good, and rich man!"

On, on! struggled the noble bark, conquering winds and waves, on, on! Full many a mile they'd passed that bore them farther from their native land. The boatswain's pipe, loud and shrill, had hardly died away upon the breeze summoning the evening watch, when they discovered on the starboard bow, with all sails set, in swift pursuit, a ship. The alarm was given—decks cleared—men armed—guns loaded—and they waited impatiently for the fast approaching foe.

"Englishmen," said the captain, to his small but brave crew, "we are pursued; by whom I know not, but evidently

no friends, or he would not so long have kept his colours hid. Look you—the ship is larger than ours; granted—but not better. The crew more numerous. But if ours is few our hearts are brave. We fight for rights and justice—things they know nothing of. Cry mercy, and they give us death; resist, they cannot give us more. Fight as ye would fight for life and all that's dear, and then the victory's ours. I cannot talk, but I'll show you presently how I fight! Three cheers, my boys, and then to work." The loud voices of the men echoed and re-echoed in the still air, and then the tall ship drew within gun-shot, and hailed them in English with "ship ahoy—ahoy there. What ship's that?"

"The British ship, Warrior," replied Captain Norton, in a voice that echoed again through the trumpet, "what ship's that?"

"The Pestilence. Where are you from? Eh?"

An appropriate name, the captain of the Warrior thought, but only answered "England."

"Send your boat aboard—we're short of water."

"So are we," was the reply, and a true one too.

"Send your boat aboard, and be d— to you," repeated the same voice in English.

"Stand to your guns, my hearties," continued Captain Norton. "Show your colours," he exclaimed in reply.

"There you have them," was the reply, as the black flag ran up, and the helm rapidly turned, drove the vessel towards them, the shot from a gun at the same time rattling amongst and cutting away their rigging.

"Pay them back in their own coin, my boys," exclaimed the captain, and in an instant the Warrior poured in her fatal broadside. "There's where the shot struck," as the groans

and shrieks of the dying on board their assailant's broke upon their ear. A fierce curse from the commander of the enemy was all that broke the silence for four or five minutes, while the Warrior turned her head and wore away, wishing to avoid a contest if possible. The captain of the Pestilence, however, did not seem stimulated by such amicable principles; for, following closely, and running alongside he opened his broadside upon the Warrior, which was instantly replied to by the crew of that vessel with right good will and deadly effect. It soon became apparent that the captain of the Pestilence wished to board the Warrior, trusting in

his superior numbers to crush them with one effort. The eagle eye of Captain Norton read their design, too late, however, to prevent the grappling-irons from fixing their hold, but time enough to raise his own crew to repel the attack. Now did his parent's spirit exhibit itself in Jim. Seizing a cutlass that lay near, and making his way to the most exposed and dangerous part, he stood, full of impatience and courage, waiting the attack. At first the head, shoulders, and, eventually, the whole person of a huge black, appeared on the deck of the Warrior. He had hardly set his foot upon the deck when Jim's cutlass descended with a fierce unerring blow that cleft

the man's head in two. Another followed his example, and perished in the same manner.

A crowd this time leaped with a fierce yell upon the deck, and the harsh clash of steel told how soon they felt opposing weapons. Norton was in the midst dealing death around, and urging by his inspiring words and actions his followers to do the same. Jim was at his side: this time opposed to two of the enemy, superior both in size and strength to himself; but he kept his ground as firmly as a bull dog. Parrying with rapidity the blows that were showered upon him, a return of like favours being impossible under existing circumstances, when all his strength and agility was required to save his head. At this time, when sinking rapidly, and retreating—though inch by inch—from his assailants, Norton, who perceived the inequality of the engagement, gave the tallest and most formidable one a cut that eased him of his labour and his life. The other, missing his companion, turned his head for a moment, a moment that was instantly taken advantage of by Jim, and in another instant the fellow lay stretched over the body of his companion, dead. How well and earnestly Norton and his gallant crew fought; their deck strewn with dead and dying bore fearful witness. They drove their enemies back, but others instantly poured in and supplied their places. At this moment the captain of the Pestilence, followed by some fifty men, sprung upon the deck, determined to carry all. Norton, singling his cocked hat from the group around, cleared his way to the spot, and cut at him fiercely. The other, with the rapidity and ease of an experienced swordsman, met his upraised sword with the back of his own weapon, and the treacherous steel broke in two. Ere he had time to reap the benefit of this accident Norton

sprung upon and seized him by the throat, in an embrace so close as to render swords rather an impediment than use.

Grappling each other with a vigour which a struggle between life and death would be likely to produce, they rolled together upon the deck. For a long time it appeared as though they were fairly matched and no advantage gained by either; but, by an immense exertion, the pirate captain succeeded in getting uppermost, and while, with one knee upon the breast of his antagonist, and his knuckles pressed fiercely in poor Norton's throat, he searched with eagerness for his knife, which had done him good service in many a like

engagement. It was in his hand, and as he opened the weapon with his teeth, the bright steel flashed in the dismal light. Lifting it above his head with a fearful yell, whilst the unnatural light of his eyes bespoke his savage joy; he pressed his knuckles fiercely in the throat of his insensible enemy, and drew him round, that his knife, when the blow was struck, would pierce his heart. At this juncture Jim, who had seen the movement, threw himself forward, and received the blow intended for his patron. No cry of pain; but with the quickness of thought he drew the knife from the wound, and buried it in the pirate's heart, who, with a bitter curse, fell backwards, dead. Poor



Jim!—fainting from the agony of his wound, and the loss of blood—fell forward with a stifled groan on the body of his commander, who was now recovering from the stupor which the pressure on his throat had occasioned. Disengaging himself from the embrace of the noble boy, who so heroically saved his life, he staggered to his feet, and placed himself again at the head of his now thinned but brave crew. Re-inspired by his presence and urged to desperation by the host of their poor messmates that fell so thick around them, they raised a cheer, and rushed upon the foe, who, panic-stricken by the loss of their commander, and the fierce attack of those whom they had made their enemies, threw down their arms, and clamoured loudly for mercy. They were instantly pinioned and confined, while the crew were now occupied in clearing the deck of the wounded and dead. Many a noble-hearted man who commenced the action full of life and health, little anticipating such a fearful fate, were among the latter. As body after body splashed in the deep, accompanied by a word of sorrow or deep sigh of grief from their messmates, the voice of the chaplain, with the words, "We commit this body to the deep, O Lord," sounded solemn and awful at that midnight funeral. The wounded having been conveyed below and left to the care of the surgeon and his assistant; and the dead having been deposited in the deep, deep sea, Captain Norton went on board the prize. It was a noble vessel of English build, the late commander also using that language, but the crew was composed of the most villainous scum from almost every nation under heaven. Descending, they were startled by a groan. Looking around, to discover whence the sorrowful sounds proceeded, they discovered a kind of closet, in which was, pent up in that confined place and stifling atmosphere—a lady! Yes! a beautiful, well-educated, high-born lady! They wrenched the fastenings of the wretched place by main force, and gave her liberty—that liberty which she had long resigned as lost for ever. What pen can portray her transports at—instead of emerging from that dread place to meet a fearful death, to be greeted with kind and cheering words, and promises of long, long years of happiness yet to come. At first a flood of tears, and then, overpowered with such excessive happiness, she fainted. Lifting her as gently, and with as much ease as though she were a child, Norton conveyed her on board the *Warrior*, that she might meet with such attendance as, emancipated from long suffering and confinement, she required. In a short time she recovered, and, having been attended by a female they had on board, was placed in a bed; and soon sunk in a sound and refreshing sleep. Having seen his beautiful charge comfortably installed, Norton's next care was to visit his young saviour, Jim. The doctor, who was bending over his patient, raised his finger to enforce silence. Norton needed no such caution. Moving noiselessly towards the couch, he bent his head and touched with his lips the pale marble-like brow of his young friend.

"How is he?" was his first inquiry.

The doctor shook his head gravely. "No worse, I hope?" he again inquired. Another professional shake, this time full of meaning.

"D— it, man!" exclaimed the blunt tar, "how the deuce am I to know what you mean, wagging your head that way. Give your skull a little rest and your tongue a little employment. How is the boy?—Is he dangerously hurt?"

"Seriously," was the reply; "but not immediately dangerous. The eighth of an inch more, my friend, and—" The man of pills made a motion of falling on his back—"and he would have made food for the fishes."

"But there is hope, my dear fellow?—there is some hope?—is there not?" speaking earnestly, as though the life of the boy lay in the doctor's hands.

"Some, certainly," was the reply; though the words bore so much emphasis as to make the sound very equivocal.

"I would not have that boy die," continued the captain, "for the world. The gallant noble fellow! If you have any good in you, expend it on him;" and he approached a step nearer the sleeping sufferer. "Use all your skill and all your knowledge to keep life in him till we reach Barbadoes, to try her physicians, and get him cured, if cured he can be."

"I passed my examination," said the surgeon, feeling that his skill was called into question.

"Triumphantly, no doubt, my boy," interrupted the captain; "I never questioned or doubted it: or by Neptune you'd never have set foot aboard the *Warrior*. That boy has saved my life, and to save it received yon selfsame ugly wound. Hence my solicitude and gratitude. I tore him from a widowed mother—true, it was done with a good intent; but what of that. I would not return him to her arms a corpse. That boy's father and mine perished in each others arms. My father—poor man!—was wrecked. The sea dashed as though stirred to violence by the evil one, and determined to spread death and ruin on all that floated on its bosom. The bravest hearts quailed at its mighty awful fury. Save that boy's father none stirred to save the crew clinging to that shattered doomed bark. He urged his companions on—they were all brave men; but they said (many had wives and children—more than one life clinging to them) that 'twas death—no boat could live in such a fearful tempest. But this one man, guided by humanity, and sustained by his invincible spirit, threw himself into the ocean that boiled, hissed, and roared around him. Two of the crew did he save, a woman and a child. Again he ventured out, bound on his noble mission. My father was his companion. They had nearly reached the shore, when a huge mighty wave came rolling on and buried them beneath. When they again rose they floated on its breast, clasped in each others arms, dead."

"Gently," interrupted the surgeon, "he awakes."

The captain hastily approached and grasped the boy's hot feverish hand in his own: Jim's face expressed his gratitude at this kindness. He strove to speak. How was it his throat was so dry, harsh, and soundless! but the tears that filled his eyes spoke his thanks much better than all the words in the English dictionary could have done.

"Now my dear friend, calm this agitation; why your hand trembles more, and your pulse goes faster than it did yesterday, when thrashing those precious pirates."

"I'm so happy!"

"A precious deal to be happy about, certainly; I suppose the few inches of that vagabond's knife rather cheered you than otherwise, eh? Don't be happy here; make haste and get well. I want to see how you'll look in a midshipman's jacket, and whether you can handle a middy's sword as well as you did that cutlass; I'll be bound you can. Then if you're not happy, my boy, I'll send you home again as useless and hard to please. But wait, now comes the question that ought to have come first,—how are you?"

"All right, sir," replied Jim; "if it wasn't for this bandage—"

"Or the cut, rather. I tell you what, we dispense with the 'Sir,' on the quarter-deck of the *Warrior*, you'll recollect that, my friend."

The boy's looks showed he hardly comprehended his meaning; and he said,

"My perception was never too keen, and this—"

"Cut hasn't improved it, you would say, eh? Well, then, in plain English, to prove my gratitude for your noble courage, I'm determined to give you a middy's berth. I'll put you on the first step of the ladder, my boy, the devil doubt but you'll soon outstrip your patron. I heartily hope you may. Now, if you want something to dream about, think of your dear old mother, and her pride at seeing you a gentleman; and picture her half bent down with a lapful of English gold, the fruit of your industry. Now, Jim, go to sleep and get better as soon as possible."

* * * * *

Now, with the reader's permission, (or without it if it isn't granted freely) we'll return to England—England, the first and best of all the nations of the earth. We'll land at Deal, and just look in on Jim's Mother. Four years have elapsed since her son's departure, and no word or tidings, good or bad, has she heard of him yet. A long, long, wretched four years to her, as that pale face, looking prematurely old, from sorrow, too surely tells. Dismal days and sleepless nights, have planted many a wrinkle on that once fair open brow. From her silent but bitter sorrow, her health

had rapidly sank, and the day which we mention, found her on a bed of sickness. 'Twas a hard task to live, when full of health and vigour; latterly as her strength declined from her failing health, she had wanted that spirit to strive and struggle for her daily bread which she formerly possessed. She was proud in her way nevertheless. It was a poor, but it must be confessed an honest pride of hers, at least, that prompted her to work so hard to avoid one thing, and that was—credit!

Now that sickness, stern sickness, that overturns all our projects, and turns strong man into the infant, had compelled her to woo this enemy. She owed a something for rent: a very little something in the eyes of the wealthy; but in her eyes and the landlord's too, 'twas at least too much. The landlord (Jim's old master) possessing more of English justice (?) than of English humanity, determined to have his right. Rights that placed the power in his hands, if the woman had not the power to pay, of converting her "sticks" into the required sum. With this intent in view, he had the assistance of the broker, and proceeded to seize her humble and scanty furniture. And had it come to this, that she, the wife of that noble fellow who sacrificed his life at the altar of humanity, must be turned into the street houseless, to perish miserably of starvation? Oh! ye patrons of arts and science; ye men with the keen discerning eye and liberal hand; who drop your pounds without regret for a painting, a piece of mimic life, yet grudge your shilling for a piece of real, to save a suffering mortal. Learn ye, that it shows the noblest principles to encourage the heart first; the sorrow-stricken suffering heart, in preference to a piece of mechanism, or a piece of gaudy paint called art. No word of sorrow, no bitter execrations, no groan or tear denoted her suffering; it was too deep for that. But gasping for breath, she staggered towards and sunk into a seat. The men went on unnoticed her, and making no noise except the dull sing-song tone of the man whose part it was to specify the doomed piece of of furniture, save this, and an occasional brutal jest at some antiquated rude piece of furniture, they were quiet enough. They were so busily occupied that they did not notice the opening of the door and appearance of a tall handsome sailor in the garb of a naval officer that entered at the moment. Mrs. Lacy raised her eyes to the intruder's face, and uttering a wild cry of joy, sprang to her feet and staggered towards him: "Jim!" broke from her fevered lips, and the next instant she was pressed to his heart. "Yes, mother, dear mother," and a kiss, accompanied every word. "Your own boy, your own son, Jim. After many a weary month of travel, come home, mother, a rich man, to strew your latter path of life with happiness and peace. Oh! this is a joyous recompense for all the cares and trials I've undergone. Come, home, mother, (how bright and happy the words sound) to leave you no more for ever—for ever. Come look up. Greet me with a joyous face."

Her heart was so full of happiness, that she could not speak. She raised her face to that of her handsome son's, and wept for joy.

"These gentlemen are no friends or acquaintances of mine, mother, nor from their faces, is such an intimacy desirable. I am most happy to see you, gentlemen, but the pleasure of our meeting would, at least, to me, be enhanced by your stepping out of doors."

"I've a bill here for rent—"

"You have pen and ink here: receipt it and be gone," said he, throwing a handful of gold upon the table.

"Stay," said he, to his old master! who, having taken the money, turned to depart.

"I should know your face."

"Mine is sun-burnt and travel-stained, and you doubtless at first failed to recognise it. Four years since you had a boy in your employ, Jim by name. He was wild, thoughtless, lazy, anything but a good servant. You was tyrannical, overbearing, in fact, anything but a good master. This boy in a street scuffle, lost a pair of boots—"

"Lost a pair, the young scoundrel!—oh, if I had only caught him!—stole 'em you mean; sold 'em, that woman no doubt came in for her share of the spoil."

"You lie! you base hound!" exclaimed the young stranger, in so loud a tone, and with so menacing a gesture, that the little man drew back in affright.

"Look at me well; ha! old friend, your recollection brightens. I was that boy!"

"You!" exclaimed the other, starting back.

"I. Now then, the time of payment's come. Here are five pounds; ten times the value of the trash I lost—take it, and go."

"I came home," he continued, "to make, and not to break the peace, or by Jove, I'd pay you well you scoundrel,—for your villainous conduct to my poor mother. Begone, I say, or I may, in spite of myself, give you a taste of a sailor's indignation."

The poor little man, scraping the money in his hand, all the time shivering from head to foot, made a bow, and left the house.

"Now, mother, first and foremost to satisfy your curiosity, I left here very suddenly, and very sorrowful; sad, that I had not the consolation of parting from you. My friend, the captain of a noble ship, the Warrior, hurried me aboard that vessel, to save me as he said: and that villain's words have corroborated his, from a prison. Had I stopped, mother, such would have doubtless been my fate, pursued by such a vindictive fellow as that. And by this time, instead of wearing the uniform of a servant of the king, I might have been found at Botany Bay, the government having most considerably and kindly, favoured me with a free passage to that delightful spot! Well, mother, we were chased by pirates, on our passage out; we fought them and beat them. I had the happiness of saving my commander's life. For this, mother, I, the poor runaway boy, was taken from the meanest station in the ship, to the quarter-deck. We rescued from the prize, mother, a young lady, beautiful, and of noble birth. She took an interest in the orphan boy, and taught him things befitting his newly-acquired rank. Yes! and in all her teaching, taught me love! We reached the Indies. Lauded to the skies for the capture of this infamous pirate, who had crimsoned those seas with blood, I was introduced by my friend, the captain, as one of the heroes of the fight, to this lady's rich and noble friends. I found favour in their eyes, and oh! mother, in her heart I found love! The noble girl overlooked the difference in our rank and fortune, 'the heart was the standard of true nobility,' she said, 'and her fortune was enough for two.' She accompanied me to England, mother, as—my wife! Come! leave this wretched place; and with it all your happiness and sorrow; leave such unthankful things behind, and come to my home,—our home of happiness and plenty,—presided over by that angel of all angels—my wife!"

THE LAST VOYAGE.

WE cannot fail to observe, as we advance in life, how vividly our earliest recollections recur to us, and this consciousness is accompanied by a melancholy pleasure, when we are deprived of those who are most tenderly associated with such remembrances, because they bring the beloved dead "before our mind's eye," and beguile the loneliness of the present hour, by visions of the past. In such visions I now often love to indulge, and in one of them, a journey to Yarmouth was recently brought before me, in which I accompanied my father, when I was but a child.

As we drove through Caistor, a village within three miles of Yarmouth, he directed my attention to a remarkable rising, or conical mound of earth, on the top of the tower of Caistor church. He then explained the cause of this singular and distinguishing appearance, and told me the traditional anecdote connected with it; which I now communicate to my readers.

It is generally supposed, that great grief makes the heart so selfishly absorbed in its own sufferings, as to render it regardless of the sufferings of others; but the conduct of her, who is the heroine of the following tale, will prove to this general rule an honourable exception.

I know nothing of her birth and parentage; but BIRTHA, as the story goes, lived at Caistor, and she was betrothed to the

mate of a trading vessel, with the expectation of marrying him, when he had gained money sufficient, by repeated voyages, to make them in union consistent with prudence.

In the meanwhile, there is reason to believe that BIRTHA was not idle, but contrived to earn money herself, in order to expedite the hour of her marriage; and, at length, WILLIAM, her lover, thought that there was no reason for him to continue his seafaring life, but at the end of one voyage more, he should be able to marry the woman of his choice, and engage in some less dangerous employment in his native village.

Accordingly, the next time he bade farewell to BIRTHA, the sorrow of their parting hour was soothed by WILLIAM's declaring, that, as the next voyage would be his last, he should expect, when he returned, to find every thing ready for their marriage.

This was a pleasant expectation, and BIRTHA eagerly prepared to fulfil it.

By the time that BIRTHA was beginning to believe that WILLIAM was on his voyage home, her neighbours would often help her to count the days which would probably elapse before the ship would arrive; but when they were not in her presence, some of the experienced amongst the men used to express a *hope*, the result of *fear*, that WILLIAM would return time enough to avoid *certain winds*, which made one part of the navigation on that coast particularly dangerous.

BIRTHA herself had, no doubt, her *fears*, as well as her *hopes*; but there are *some fears* which the lip of affection dare not utter, and this was one of them.

BIRTHA dreaded to have her inquiries respecting that dangerous passage answered by "Yes, we know that it is a dangerous navigation;" she also dreaded to be told by some kind, but ill-judging friends, to "trust to Providence;" as, by such advice, the reality of the danger would be still more powerfully confirmed to her. This recommendation would to her have been needless as well as alarming; for she had, doubtless, always relied on Him who is alone able to save, and she knew that the same "Almighty arm was underneath" her lover still, which had hitherto preserved him in the time of need.

Well, time went on, and we will imagine the little garden before the door of the house which BIRTHA had hired, new gravelled, fresh flowers sown and planted there—the curtains ready to be put up—the shelves bright with polished utensils—table-linen, white as the driven snow, enclosed in the newly-purchased chest of drawers; and the neat well-chosen wedding-clothes, ready for the approaching occasion. We will also picture to ourselves, the trembling joy of BIRTHA, when her eager and sympathising neighbours rushed into her cottage, disturbing her early breakfast, with the glad tidings that WILLIAM's ship had been seen approaching the dangerous passage with a fair wind, and that there was no doubt but that he would get over it safe, and in daylight! How sweet it is to be the messenger and the bearer of good news; but it is still sweeter to know that one has friends who have pleasure in communicating pleasure to us.

But BIRTHA's joy was still mingled with anxiety, and she probably passed that day in alternate restlessness and prayer.

Towards night the wind rose high, blowing from a quarter unfavourable to the safety of the ship, and it still continued to blow in this direction when night and darkness had closed on all around.

Darkness at that moment seemed to close also upon the prospects of BIRTHA; for she knew that there was no beacon, no landmark to warn the vessel of its danger, and inform the pilot what coast they were approaching, and what perils they were to avoid; and, it is probable, that the almost despairing girl was, with anxious friends, that live-long night, a restless wanderer on the nearest shore.

With the return of morning came the awful confirmation of their worst fears!

There was no remaining vestige of WILLIAM's vessel, save the top of the mast, which showed where it had sunk beneath the waves, and proved that the hearts which in the morning had throbbed high with tender hopes and joyful expectations, were then cold and still "beneath the mighty waters!" How different now was the scene in BIRTHA's cottage, to that which it exhibited during the preceding morning.

That changed dwelling was not indeed deserted, for sympa-

thising neighbours came to it as before; but though many friends may be admitted with readiness when it is time for congratulation, it is only the few who can be welcome in a season of sorrow; and BIRTHA's sorrow, though *quiet*, was *deep*—while neither her nearest relative, nor dearest friend, could do anything to assist her, save by removing from her sight the new furniture, or the new dresses, which had been prepared for those happy hours that now could never be her's.

At length, however, BIRTHA, who had always appeared calm and resigned, seemed cheerful also; still she remained pale, as in the first moments of her trial, save when a feverish flush occasionally increased the brightness of her eyes; but she grew thinner and thinner, and her impeded breath made her affectionate friends suspect that she was going into a rapid decline.

Medical aid was immediately called in, and BIRTHA's pleased conviction that her end was near, was soon, though reluctantly, confirmed to her, at her own request.

It is afflicting to see an invalid rejoice in knowing that the hour of death is certainly approaching; because it proves the depth and poignancy of the previous sufferings; but then the sight is comforting and edifying also. It is *comforting*, because it proves that the dying person is supported by the only "help that faileth not;" and it is *edifying*, because it invites those who behold it to endeavour to *believe*, that they may also live and *die* like the departed Christian.

But it was not alone the wish "to die and be with Christ," nor the sweet expectation of being united in another world, to him whom she had lost, that was the cause of BIRTHA's increasing cheerfulness, as the hour of her dissolution drew nigh. No—her generous heart was rejoicing in a project which she had conceived, and which would, if realised, be the source of benefit to numbers yet unborn. She knew from authority which she could not doubt, that had there been a *proper land-mark* on the shore, her lover and his ship would not, in all human probability, have perished.

"Then," said BIRTHA, "henceforth there shall be a land-mark on this coast, and I will furnish it. Here, at least, no fond and faithful girl shall again have to lament over her blighted prospects, and pine and suffer as I have done."

She sent immediately for the clergyman of the parish, made her will, and had a clause inserted to the following effect:—"I desire that I may be buried on the top of the tower of Caistor church, and that my grave may be made very high, and pointed, in order to render it a perpetual land-mark to all ships approaching that dangerous navigation, where he whom I loved was wrecked. I am assured, that, had there been a land-mark on the tower of Caistor church, his ship might have escaped; and I humbly trust, that my grave will always be kept up, according to my will, to prevent affectionate hearts, in future, from being afflicted as mine has been; and I leave a portion of my little property in the hands of trustees, for ever, to pay for the preservation of the above-mentioned grave in all its usefulness."

Before she died, the judicious and benevolent sufferer had the satisfaction of being assured, that her intentions would be carried into effect.

Her last moments were, therefore, cheered by the belief, that she would be graciously permitted to be, even after death, a benefit to others, and that her gravemight be the means of preserving some of her fellow-creatures from shipwreck and affliction.

Nor was her belief a delusive one. The conical grave in question gives so remarkable an appearance to the tower of Caistor church, when it is seen at sea, even at a distance, that, if once observed, it can never be forgotten, even by those to whom the anecdote connected with it is unknown; therefore, as soon as it appears its sight, pilots know that they are approaching a dangerous coast, and take measures to avoid its perils.

But if the navigation on that coast is no longer as perilous as it was, when the heroine of this story was buried, and the tower of Caistor church is no longer a necessary land-mark, still her grave remains a pleasing memorial of one, whose active benevolence rose superior to the selfishness both of sorrow and sickness; and enabled her, even on the bed of death, to *contrive* and *will* for the benefit of posterity.

It is strange, but true, that the name of this humble but privileged being is not on record. And as the conduct of this Christian sufferer was a sort of modified obedience to the command of the Saviour, "Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you," since she undoubtedly did, we may hope that her ascending spirit was greeted by those acceptable words of promised welcome—"Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

LOSS OF THE WAKEFIELD, MERCHANTMAN.

THE Wakefield, Captain Bruce of Hull, lost sight of her convoy on the night of October 30, 1806. On the following morning they hauled in for the land, being nearly in the latitude of Oporto, wind about north-by-east, thick and hazy, with heavy rain.

A little past five, p.m., it cleared up; no land was then in sight, and they were, by reckoning, upwards of eight leagues distant.

About six, p.m., it being then very dark, and raining hard, the mate went on deck while the captain changed his clothes, and in a few minutes the ship struck. Captain Bruce then ran upon deck, and found her surrounded by rocks: the first heavy sea struck in her stern, and hove the ship on her broadside; a second tore away Captain Bruce from the main rigging, and he then caught hold of the main-top-gallant-mast head, where he then hung, until he was so much bruised by the floating wreck, that he was compelled to let go his hold and endeavour to reach the shore by swimming, which, after having been tossed about in the surf a considerable time, and repeatedly carried back again from the beach, he at length accomplished, but so much exhausted, that he could only crawl on his hands and knees.

In this manner, with no clothes, excepting a coat and shirt, a pair of drawers all torn to pieces, and one stocking, with neither hat, trousers, nor shoes, he reached a ruined hut, where he lay about six hours.

Finding himself a little refreshed, he set out to reach, if possible, some place of shelter; and following the marks of cart-wheels about half a mile on the sand, he found Thomas Homan, one of his boys, lying there, unable to proceed any further.

About a mile and a half from thence, Captain Bruce came to a house but was refused admittance, and compelled to spend the night in the open air; about eight o'clock the next morning he was more favourably noticed, carried to a hut, and supplied with warm clothes.

After obtaining refreshment, he returned to the place where the ship was wrecked, a ledge of rocks a little to the southward of Ville de Conde; and one of his legs was so severely cut and swollen, that he was obliged to be carried back, and for some time he was unable to walk. He was carried in a litter to Oporto.

SAINT ELMO'S LIGHT.

In the month of June, 1808, passing from the island of Ivica to that of Majorca, on board a Spanish polacca ship, fitted as a cartel, and manned by about thirty ruffians, Genoese, Valencians, and Catalonians, a fine southerly gale, by seven in the evening, brought us within six or seven leagues of the anchorage in Palma Bay. About this time the sea-breeze, failing us astern, was shortly succeeded by light and baffling breezes off the land. No sooner had the setting sun withdrawn his golden beams from the tops of the lofty hills, which rise to the westward of the town, than a thick and impenetrable cloud, gathering upon the summit of Mount Galatzo, spread gradual darkness on the hill below, and extended at length a premature obscurity along the very surface of the shore. About nine the ship was becalmed; the darkness was intense, and rendered still more sensible by the yellow fire that gleamed upon the horizon to the south, and aggravated by the deep-toned thunder which rolled at intervals on the mountain, accompanied by the quick rapidity of that forked lightning whose eccentric course and dire effects set all description at defiance. By half-past nine, the hands were sent aloft to furl top-gallantsails, and reef the topsails, in preparation for the threatening storm. When re-

tiring to rest, a sudden cry of St. Elmo and St. Ann was heard from those aloft, and fore and aft the deck. An interpreter called lustily down the hatchway, that St. Elmo was on board, and desired me to come up. A few steps were sufficient, and, to my great surprise, I found the topsail-yards deserted, the sails loose and beating in the inconstant breeze, the awe-struck and religious mariners, bareheaded, on their knees, with hands uplifted, in voice and attitude of prayer, in earnest and muttering devotion to St. Elmo or St. Ann, according to the provincial nature of their speech.

On observing the appearance of the masts, the main-top-gallant-mast-head, from the truck, for three feet down, was perfectly enveloped in a cold blaze of pale phosphorous-looking light, completely embracing the circumference of the mast, and attended with a fitting or creeping motion, as exemplified experimentally by the application of common phosphorous upon a board; and the fore and mizen-top-gallant-mast-heads exhibited a similar appearance in a relative degree.

This curious illumination continued with undiminished intensity for the space of eight or ten minutes, when, becoming gradually fainter and less extensive, it finally disappeared, after a duration of not less than half-an-hour.

The seamen in the mean time, having finished their devotions, and observing the light to remain stationary, returned promptly to the yards, and, under favour of this "spirit of the storm," now quickly performed that duty which, on a critical conjuncture, had been abandoned, under the influence of their superstition and their fears. During the prevalence of the lights, as well as through the remaining hours of night, the wind continued, except in occasional puffs, light and variable; and the morning was ushered in with a clear sky, a hot sun, and a light southerly breeze, which, in due time, brought us safe to the anchorage of Palma.

Conversing with the interpreter on the nature of this extraordinary atmospherical phenomenon, he expressed his implicit belief that it was provided by the immediate power of St. Elmo, the tutelar deity of "those who travel on the vasty deep," in regard to their interests in a moment of sudden danger; and used every argument to persuade me, that the present safety of the ship was owing to the appearance of the light, and its remaining where it did; for if it had descended from thence to the keelson, as he had often seen it, the event would have prognosticated a gale of wind or other disaster, and according to the depth of the descent, so would be the nature of the evil to come. In the present instance, the light gradually disappeared, and the weather continued clear and fine for several subsequent days.

This phenomenon, by many, is held to be fabulous, and is so alluded to by the greatest of modern poets:—

"Of witch, of mermaid, and of sprite,
Of Eric's cap, and Elmo's light."

But Falconer, both seaman and poet, writing from experience says,

"High on the masts, with pale and livid rays,
Amid the gloom portentous meteors blaze."

In order, however, to illustrate more fully the character of those very pious and devoted seamen, who attracted the favour of the saint on the present occasion, it must be understood, that this visitation of St. Elmo took place immediately on the first burst of the Spanish revolution, and that these very men had but recently figured as the bloody instigators and perpetrators, along with other patriots, in the massacre of several unfortunate Frenchmen long resident in the city of Valentia, for the peaceful purposes of commerce.

BELL ROCK LIGHTHOUSE.

In the *album* at the Bell Rock Lighthouse, are the following lines by Sir Walter Scott.

Pharos. Loquitur.
Far in the bosom of the deep,
O'er these wide shelves my watch I keep;
A ruddy gem of changeful light.
Round on the dusky brow of night;
The seaman bids my lustre hail,
And scorns to strike his timorous sail.

THE ROBINSON CRUSOE OF THE POLAR REGIONS.

SOMEWHERE about the year 1757, a vessel named the *Anne Forbes*, left the port of Aberdeen for the Greenland Whale Fishery. On board, as a seaman, was a lad of the name of Gordon, who was fated to be the subject of some singular adventures in the Polar regions. The captain's name was Hughes, an Englishman, who had the character of being rash, drunken, and obstinate, and altogether unfit for such a situation. They had instructions to proceed to the Spitzbergen seas; and, accordingly, stretched away to the north-east. They had fine weather and an open sea, save that there was a girdle of ice of from ten to thirty miles broad that belted the whole coast of east Greenland, the mountains of which country were frequently

in view. They sailed between that and Iceland, and about the seventieth degree, came frequently in view of some tremendous fish, all of which appeared to be journeying rapidly northward. They captured one, and continued their route straight on for a fortnight, although the mate, an old experienced sailor, represented to the captain, again and again, the danger of penetrating so far into the Polar Seas; but he only laughed at him, and declared that they had reached the Pole, and could sail to China as soon as to Spain. There were plenty of fish, and they loaded the vessel; the captain, however, would not quit the place, but continued exulting and getting intoxicated on the merits of his grand discovery, until the needle lost all power.

For two days the mate kept pointing out to the captain some brilliant appearances at a great distance, which he said he sus-



THE ROBINSON CRUSOE OF THE POLAR REGIONS.

pected were immense floes or fields of ice, and if the wind should chance to rise in that direction, they should to a certainty be enclosed. But Captain Hughes answered him with the greatest contempt:—"Why, you old grovelling ass, you have not half the science of a sea-horse, nor half the ambition of a lobster. You do not perceive, and cannot estimate, the value of the discovery I have made; a discovery which will hand down my name to all generations, and not only my name, but the very name of the vessel, and every one on board of her will go down to posterity. Therefore, tell me not of your floes and your fields, your rainbow colours, and cowardly surmises. Am I not resting on the pole of the world, and can run from hence into any of its divisions I choose? I am like a man on the top of a hill, who, if the storm approaches on the one side, can take shelter on the other."

No. 7.

"Why it may 'be true that ye say, captain," said the mate; "I may hae little science an' less ambition. But I hae as muckle science as to perceive that you are detaining us in a very critical and perilous situation, for no earthly purpose that I can see; and my ambition is all to save the ship and cargo of my employers."

"Say, rather to save your own mean and despicable carcass," retorted the captain. "I am answerable to my employers for the ship and cargo, not you. And think you not the value of the discovery I have made, to be of more value than any ship or cargo that ever sailed the ocean?"

"Perhaps it may, captain," said he, "that point I shall not dispute with you. But if we lose the ship, we lose ourselves, and the grand discovery into the bargain."

"There you say true," returned the captain, "and it is the

first word of sense you have spoken. Come, and let us have one bottle together on the head of it. Who knows what you may yet be. I promise you, that we shall sail southward with the first breeze, and I'll take you half-a-dozen we shall be the first of the whalers on the coast of Scotland."

The captain then went and intoxicated himself as usual. In a few hours afterwards, from some unaccountable current, the mate perceived the vessel to be drifting with great rapidity, but not knowing in what direction, he called up the captain, who, though quite confounded and confused, instantly ordered all sails to be set. After he had taken the sun's altitude, he commanded the ship to be put about; and sailed in the contrary direction to that in which they had been drifting for the last eight hours. The current was strong against them, with a

light breeze on the starboard bow. The ice approached on all sides, and what was worst of all, a whitish fog covered them. The captain was now manifestly alarmed, for he kept close on deck, and gave his orders with impatience and surliness.

But in spite of all their efforts, they became completely involved in broken floating ice. They continued, however, to drift slowly toward the south-west, under short sail, passing what the crew took for a huge iceberg, but which the captain said was one of the "Seven Sisters," off the coast of Spitzbergen. That was the last land they were doomed to see. After struggling on for four-and-twenty hours longer, they perceived a vast and apparent interminable field of ice before them, which, with the floating ice behind, rendered their situation doubly

THE HOBSON CRUISE OF THE POLAR REGION

perilous. Seeing what was likely to be the issue, Gordon ran up to the mast-head. In an instant, crash went the masts and bulwarks of the goodly *Anne Forbes*, like egg-shells. By the concussion, Gordon was thrown from his position, and landed on one of the fields of ice. The whole perished in a moment, except himself, and the ship went down; but in less than half-an-hour, by some extraordinary operations of the iceberg below the water, she was thrown out on the ice, keel uppermost, a perfect wreck!

There, then, was this man left on a field of floating ice, on the great Polar ocean, without food or shelter. He happened to have in his pocket an Old Testament, of very small dimensions, which his mother gave him on his first going to sea. It wanted the prophecies, but had the psalms; and from this he afterwards derived the greatest consolation. He saw at once

the necessity of trying to reach the hulk, an attempt which was beset with danger, for the broken ice towered up in heaps, and there were gulfs of considerable extent between them. But life is sweet, and hunger began to assail him, so he determined to try. It is impossible to describe the perils he underwent in this attempt: for, when climbing over mountains of ice as firm as rocks, he came to other parts which had little more consistency than froth, and there he slumped over head and ears into the sea. But the sea was so compressed by the weight of the ice, that it always threw him up again fairly above it. The ice was so slippery at times, that he could get no hold, and he knew that, if he sunk among the soft ice into the water gradually, he was gone: therefore, when he found that he was going, he jumped in, and then he was sure to come up again with a spring. At length, when beginning to despair, he

reached a splinter of a boatmast, and then he proceeded with safety, though perishing with cold, hunger, and fatigue.

When at last he did reach the wreck, he could obtain no entrance, as the keel was uppermost, and all the other parts jammed in among the ice. Besides, he was completely exhausted, and had nothing to dig with, save the splinter of the mast. The hulk, as far as above the ice, seemed nearly complete and unbroken, but he could get no opening within. Perceiving a number of things scattered here and there at a little distance, by the aid of his splinter, he made towards them in hopes of finding something to allay his thirst, which he suffered far more from than from hunger, for all the ice which he tasted was salt. He found nothing save scraps of sails, cables, boats, and things that had been smashed on deck, when the collision with the ice took place; but when nearly exhausted, he perceived, not far from him, beyond a level plain of ice, a tremendous iceberg, which he took for a mountain; and on hastening towards it as well as he could, he found, to his great joy, that the ice of which it was composed was fresh. This was an unexpected relief, and he knelt and blessed his kind Maker and preserver for it; and committing himself to His mercy and protection, he sucked till he could hold no more.

His strength was now renewed, and his thirst somewhat allayed; but the throes of hunger were increased. He went once more to the wreck, to search for something to eat. Among other things, he found a small boat-hook used for the yawl, and a harpoon fastened to a part of the shattered long-boat. Returning to the hulk, he, with the boat-hook, with difficulty cleared away the ice astern, and was thus enabled to reach the cabin-window, by which he entered, but found it full of ice, and every thing turned upside down. He made his way to the bread-locker, which, being inverted, he broke up at the bottom, and found it crammed full of biscuits. Although they were steeped in salt-water, he thought he had never tasted any thing so delicious, so he ate until he grew as thirsty as ever, but continued clearing away the rubbish from the cabin, and on reaching the captain's secret store-closet, he broke it open in hopes of getting something stronger than ice-water to drink; but the bottles were all overturned and smashed, at which he was exceedingly grieved and disappointed. He got knives and forks, however, a cork-screw, and many other things that would have been of great use, had he had any use for them. At length, below all the rubbish, he came upon a whole cask of spirits unpierced, and certainly never man made a more joyful discovery, not even his late captain when he absurdly supposed that he had discovered the North Pole. The cork-screw was instantly applied, and flew the bung, and down went his nose to the hole. It was either rum or brandy—he believed it was a mixture of the two—and taking the tube of the old ship bellows, he put in the wide end, and sucked the small one. The liquor came liberally; but he was little aware of its potency. Having never drunk anything so good before, and his stomach and whole frame being out of order, he was of course soon overcome, grew dizzy, and fell down beside the cask, where, after one or two ineffectual efforts to rise, he soon fell fast asleep.

He slept for a considerable time, and on awaking he found himself so benumbed as to be unable to rise. He, therefore, had recourse again and again to the contents of the barrel, of which he supplied himself liberally. At length he conceived that he heard a great number of people busily engaged, and muttering round the vessel. Rendered weak by the hardships he had endured, and quite disorganized by the quantity of liquor he had drunk, he became very much alarmed, and quite confused in his ideas; and when he heard, as he thought, somebody enter the cabin at the hole which he had made astern, and soon after begin munching at the biscuits, he was overcome with terror. Being impelled, however, by an irresistible curiosity to know what sort of person it was that thus broke in upon his privacy, he arose and cautiously opened the door of the closet where he had been all the time, and saw what he supposed was a naked woman, escaping from the cabin window. He was sure, at any rate, that he saw her bare feet and toes. This, in the middle of the frozen ocean, was altogether unaccountable; but he seized his boat-hook in one hand, and a harpoon in the other, and went cautiously to the entrance hole.

Judge of his feelings on perceiving a whole herd of white Polar bears, prowling round the ship, and all busy digging and eating! It was amazing what holes these powerful persevering monsters had dug in the ice, and were preying on the fish that had been in the ship, and on the bodies of Gordon's late companions. There were two bears within twelve yards of him, tearing and grubbing at the body of his late captain, which he knew to be his from the shreds and patches of his clothes that were strewn about, and a part of his deck-hat, such as was worn by English coasters—and there was the end of his grand discovery!

Not knowing what experiment to fall upon to drive this herd of monsters away, Gordon took a speaking-trumpet and shouted through it with all his might, "A vast, ye lubbers!" on which they all sprung up on their hind feet, standing as straight as human creatures. They were all sleek, fat, and plump, and some of them stood at least ten feet high. After staring about them for a time, they again fell to munching their grateful repast. He endeavoured, with various kinds of sounds, to frighten them; but instead of flying, they began to collect together, and draw nearer to him. He was, therefore, obliged to barricade his only place of entrance, putting the fire-grate into it. He then took all the knives and forks he could get, and every sharp instrument, and tied them to the bars with oakum, putting their sharp points outward. Conceiving himself in perfect safety, he retired to the closet, swallowed a tankard of brandy, and taking the blankets from off the cabin beds, which were hard frozen, he made himself a couch, and locking the door on the inside, he, like other Polar animals, once more betook himself to a state of torpidity.

He did not, however, forget his religious duties, and often prayed to Him who had hitherto been his preserver, and whose arm, though strong to smite, is also strong to save. When he sung a psalm, which he generally did before retiring to his cheerless bed, the white bears gathered round the hulk of the vessel to listen; and when he looked out, he was sometimes amused with their strange gambols on the occasion.

The nights were now setting in, and the bears prowling all about, though rather in a more listless manner, as if gorged. He ate a good deal of salt biscuit, and could reach plenty of hoar frost, which lay nearly two inches thick, to allay his thirst. To warm him, however, and arouse his energies, he had recourse, ever and anon, to the brandy, which generally set him sleeping for twenty-four hours, and sometimes more, at a time.

He was now quite sure, from the invasion of the bears, that there was a communication with some country—most probably, Spitzbergen. He imagined he was somewhere about the middle of the sea, between Greenland and the North Cape: and as there was plenty of spirits, and provisions of all kinds within the hulk, if he could get at them, he more than half made up his mind to attempt wintering on the ice: but to do this, he required to work his way both into the hold and the fore-castle, at whatever labour, where he knew there were coals and stores of various sorts. To add to his difficulties, however, every thing was reversed, and the companion-door down among the ice. This he judged it necessary to gain, and then work his way between the deck and the solid ice below, and many a hard day's labour he spent in vain on this; for when at length he arrived at the valve of the hold, he found the whole weight of the cargo tumbled over and lying above it, so that to open it was not only impossible, but, if it had been practicable, would have been attended with certain suffocation to himself. In the course of his excavations, however, he found the captain's wardrobe, consisting of plenty of shirts and clothes; but all steeped with salt water, and frozen. He also found his shaving utensils, and his flint and materials for lighting his pipe. He reached, likewise, the cole-hole, behind the flue, containing a few coals, and an old axe for breaking them. From among the rubbish of a boat that had been fastened on deck, he groped out a square-sail and some smaller ones, besides possessing himself of a good hatchet, and many other useful things.

Fire was now the only thing he wanted, for melting the ice, for cooking, and for drying his clothes; yet although he had the materials, without a smoke-vent he could not use them. But, after trying various experiments, he at length succeeded

in carrying a flue up to the heel of the keel, and found it to answer admirably.

Winter had now fairly set in. The calls of the swans and geese, journeying southward, no more reached his ears. A few bears were occasionally prowling about; but he seldom went outside. As he had now found a use for the grate, he stuffed up the entrance with a quantity of snow, through which he had fixed a piece of cable, with which he could push it out, or draw it in, as suited his convenience.

During one of the terrible storms of wind and snow-drift common in the Polar regions, about the middle of the night, Gordon was awakened by some noise inside his cabin. He was frightened beyond measure, for he had no conception what it could be. By-and-bye, something came to his closet-door, and rapped. He held his breath, for he was unable to speak for terror. It tried to wrench open the door, but it failed. He was by this time on his feet, with a large carving-knife in his hand, as sharp as a lance in the point, which he kept always beside him. Presently, he heard the intruder go away, and attack the biscuits. He now knew that it was his first visitor the bear, and was sure that it had come to steal for its winter store. He instantly struck a light, flung open the door, and bolted out, having the light in his left hand, and the long sharp carving-knife, for cutting up beef, whales, &c., in his right. The light frightened the creature so dreadfully, that it dashed out at the window with precipitancy; and not taking leisure to put out its fore feet first, along with its head, it stuck fast, and could not move. He ran forward, and with his long knife gave the animal two deadly stabs below the fifth rib, towards the heart. The blood that gushed out, nearly filled the cabin, and the poor brute very soon gave over struggling.

He left the huge animal sticking in the hole, to keep out the cold, and retired to his couch, locking and bolting his closet-door. He could not sleep, however, so rising and taking a dram to warm and cheer him, he went to examine his prey. It was stiff, and beginning to freeze in the flank; yet strange to say, he fancied that he heard it munching the biscuits outside, and making a sort of grumbling noise over them. This again frightened him, but resolving to see if the monstrous animal was yet alive, he pulled it into the cabin, and found it quite dead, and its tongue hanging out at the mouth, hard frozen.

The animal was a huge she-bear, with milk in her dugs, which had manifestly been recently sucked. He skinned it with great difficulty, clipped it into neat square pieces, and spread it on the ice, below the inverted decks, to freeze. He calculated that he could not have less than a hundred weight of good wholesome fresh meat. He then cleared out his cabin, washing it all with hot water, and spread the bear's skin on it for a carpet. After swallowing some hot punch, he once more retired to bed.

On awaking, he heard a noise at the window, and instantly recognised the sounds which had alarmed him before, when the dead bear was sticking there. It was a sort of plaintive grumbling. Without hesitation, he opened the window. A bear cub,

just apparently dying of hunger and cold, raised its fore feet to the window, as if entreating to be taken in. He helped it in, and when it found its mother's skin, it uttered a bleat of joy, and the tears actually streamed from its eyes. It went round and round, and licked the skin for very fondness; but, alas! it was always looking for what it could not get, the mother's exhausted dug.

At length it seemed to comprehend something of the matter, that a rueful change had taken place; for, after long pauses of stupid consideration, its mutters of joy gradually changed into moanings of heart-rending pathos, and at last it laid itself down in a round form, to die contented, beside all that remained of its mother. Pitying its groans, Gordon proffered it some biscuit. It received the first piece shily and timorously, but the rest it ate so voraciously, that he was afraid it would choke.

Recollecting with joy that on the ice which he had cleared below the deck of the hold, there were huge heaps of frozen blubber lying, he crept away, with his old coal-axe and a light, and brought some large pieces of frozen blubber, which he broke into small bits, and fed the cub with them, patting it every time, and speaking kindly to it, calling it Nancy, after the only girl he ever loved, for it was a female. It licked his hand in return, and his heart bounded with delight. Their friendship was formed at that moment, with a resolution on his part that it should never be broken.

He fed it slowly, but liberally, and when he judged it had got enough, he put the remainder of the blubber away out of its reach, and sat down beside it, fondling it, and repeating its name, "Poor Nancy, poor Nancy!" She licked his hand again, and then rolling herself up once more on her mother's skin, after a few occasional heavy moans, she fell sound asleep.

Out of this sleep she did not awake for at least three days. In the meantime our hero was not idle. In the floor of the fore-castle there was a trap-door, communicating with the bilge

water, into which the crew had emptied foul water without being obliged to run up to the ship's side every instant. There was likewise one in the cabin, but that being carpeted was seldom opened. The floor, it will be remembered, was now his ceiling, and on pushing aside the latch of the trap-door above, which he easily effected with a table-knife, the door fell towards him, and hung by the hinges. On entering this hatch-hole, he found himself at the keel of the vessel, among the pig-iron, which, having fallen downward, he had a free passage, first, into the hold—where he found abundance of coals and casks of fresh water, or rather of fresh ice, and the

carcasses of five or six whales, so that he had meat for the bear-cub, Nancy, for years to come, besides plenty of blubber to burn—and then into the fore-castle, in the larder of which he found a large barrel half-full of beef, and another more than half-full of pork: also bacon, mutton, and deer hams, and about half a cask of Highland whiskey.

He returned rejoicing to the cabin, taking a good piece of solid fish with him, with pipes, snuff, and tobacco, all of which he found nicely packed up in boxes. He tried to awaken Nancy,



but in vain, and it was only by holding burning tobacco to her nose, which made her sneeze violently, that she could be prevailed upon to open her eyes. He fed her, and her eyes lighted up; he carried her into his closet, closing the door; but she would not settle nor rest from the skin of her mother; which at last he took, and spread above his blankets, when she went of herself and lay down upon it, uttering the same kind of sounds as before.

He taught her, by degrees, to follow him in and out. She was never weary of rolling among the snow; and often scraped bitterly at the ice, as if longing to get into the sea. But as she now lay in his bed, he did not encourage this propensity, especially as she continued to thrive, and was soon as plump as a calf. She never once showed the least disposition toward surliness; but seemed to consider Gordon a friend of her own species. She answered to her name, and came at his bidding; and when they walked out upon the ice, he, dressed in his late captain's holiday-clothes, took her paw within his arm, and taught her to walk upright. He often laughed heartily at the figure they cut; and as she tried to imitate him in everything, so she did in laughing; but her laugh was perfectly irresistible, with the half-closed eye, the grin, and the neigh.

The sun at length made his appearance above the southern horizon; and Gordon employed himself, daily, in cutting out a regular stair to the top of the iceberg, in order to make what discoveries he could. This he was not long in effecting, and found it a huge mountain of solid ice, very irregular in its form, having creeks and ravines innumerable.

At length the swans came north over his head, shouting day and night. This, he thought, boded bad things for him; for it told plainly that the Polar Seas, beyond this great field of ice, were open. He therefore judged, that if the ice broke up, he was sure to be carried northward, among unknown seas and frozen coasts. To prevent a catastrophe of this kind, he was more than half determined to set out in search of some country; but he knew not where to go, or where to find either continent or island. He had still plenty

of victuals. He had a fowling-piece, and had contrived to dry a box of gunpowder. He climbed the iceberg almost every day, and at length formed the resolution of digging a cavern in it; as it was impossible, he thought, that it could melt or sink. He made several neat apartments, and one with a chimney, which he formed with great labour with a bar of pig-iron. Here he carried, with great toil, a part of his provisions, spirits, &c., and he resolved, if he saw the ice breaking up, to trust himself on the iceberg as his best resource, and leave the rest to Providence, believing that he would be perfectly secure in it from any danger but starvation.

For about two months, he spent all his waking hours on the top of this romantic mountain, with Nancy, for she was constant to him as his shadow. One morning, which he supposed, from the height and heat of the sun, was about midsummer, on going to the top of the ice-mountain, and looking round, he saw that the whole sea to the northward was clear of ice to within a mile of them, while there was at the same time a strong current

running in that direction. Everything remained as usual for several days longer, only Gordon and his companion slept in one of the chambers he had cut in the iceberg.

One night he was awakened from a sound sleep, by the tottering motion of the iceberg. The motion ceased in the course of a minute, by which time he was up and out on the platform at the top, from whence he saw that the iceberg had moved a small degree round to the west. It had separated from the interminable field of ice on the east, leaving an opening there about a bowsprit over. As the wreck remained on his side of the opening, he hastened down from the mountain to see how matters stood. The sea in the opening was as bright as a mirror, and as soon as Nancy saw the water, she rushed into it, and vanished in below the ice for a space that frightened him for her safety. She at length appeared with a fish in her mouth, something like a large herring. He was glad of it, and caressed her for it, and away she flew again to the opening. Whenever she dived, she brought up a fish of some sort; and every day thereafter she kept him well supplied with fish, so that he had a treasure of great value in that singular animal.

Perceiving the strong foundation on which the wreck rested, he again slept in his old berth in the closet of the cabin, and one morning when he arose, the beautiful crystal gap of water was gone, and they had set off on another Polar voyage, and left the interminable field of ice behind; and as far as the eye could reach, all was again sea, nothing but sea.

On the ledges of this ice-mountain, the uncouth and lazy walruses were frequently seen resting and rolling themselves, and the seals would have congregated on it, had it not been for Nancy, between whom and them a perpetual and bloody warfare was carried on.

During the space of six months, at least, Gordon must have traversed these Polar Seas, without ever knowing where he was. He several times saw mountains in the early part of his tour, and twice, in particular, quite distinctly; and once he saw a headland or island straight before him. He was all anxiety to see what kind of country it was, and was on the topmost point of



the iceberg on the watch. He was even so near it, that he saw a being whom he took for a woman, moving about on the shore, staring at the floating ice-mountain. He put his two hands to his mouth in place of a speaking trumpet, and hailed the stranger with his whole strength of lungs; but ere he could prevent it, Nancy did the same, and sent forth such a bray that fairly frightened the native, who fled over the swiftness of the roe, and vanished among the rocks. The iceberg, with the ledge of ice attached, having the hulk of the *Anne Forbes* resting on it, after this got into different currents, and was driven about from one direction to another, in that vast Polar sea.

At length the fogs began to brood over the face of the ocean, the sun to near toward the horizon, and from that time forth he saw no more around him, sun, moon, or stars, but journeyed on he knew not whither. Unless when employed cleaning and laying by the fish which Nancy caught, Gordon either lay and dozed, read his Bible, which he got mostly by heart, or amused himself with the gambols and antics of his companion. Though

he often slept in his ice-cave in summer, he drew into his old cabin as winter approached, for his ante-room at the cavern had been all melted away during the summer months.

The next change he met with was the hearing of a great rushing noise like a tempest, which continued for some time, although he could perceive no alteration of the ocean. He resolved to walk round the vast mountain of ice, as far as he could get. By the time he got half way round, the mystery was cleared up. The new ice had commenced, and a strong under current bearing this irresistible mass with its broad base previously on it, it was breaking it up with tremendous violence. The ice, continuing to be rolled up before the mountain, was heaped up before it to such a height, that it at length became once more immovably fixed, and all the turmoil was still.

An intense frost now set in, the fog cleared away, the stars appeared in the zenith, and a beautiful blue twilight sky fringed the horizon. Gordon was on the top of the mountain, looking all around, and persuaded himself that he saw land right a head, and at no great distance. Whilst contemplating the scene with the deepest interest and anxiety, judge of his feelings, when the report of a gun reached his ears. He took it for a signal gun from some ship, but what it was, or whence it came, he never discovered. It sounded as if not two miles off. He hastened from the height, seized his fowling-piece, and again ascending the height, fired. After his third shot the salutation was returned with a roar louder than before. He tried as well as he could to imitate the signal of distress, but judging that there was no time to be lost, after his first signal had been answered, he hastened down once more, packed up some powder and shot, victuals, and a bottle of spirits, and posted off in the direction whence he deemed the sounds proceeded, and the land lay. Before he went away, he lighted a lamp in the cavern, which he knew would burn for a long time.

When he had travelled from sixteen to twenty miles, calculating from the length of time he had taken, and the fatigue he felt, and while making for some hills which he thought he discovered before him, he perceived Nancy a great way to the right, seeming greatly interested about something, as if following a track. He turned in the same direction, and to his joyful astonishment, found the traces of a company amounting to from thirty to forty individuals, all journeying on the same path, straight for the land. Thus encouraged, he posted on for many miles. At length he came upon some marks that were rather equivocal. Nancy had run off and left him on the track; and now straining his sight forward, he perceived on a rising ground that must have been a shore, a whole herd of white bears, all turned with their faces towards him!

He durst not run for fear of being pursued by the whole herd, and torn to pieces; and as he dared not advance, he squatted down on the ice, and wished himself under it. The monsters, however, had discovered him, and off they all came in a body towards him. He sprang to his feet and ran, without looking behind him. A certain noise, however, which he soon heard coming nearer and nearer, compelled him to look over his shoulder, when he perceived two bears in close pursuit. He flung his wallet of provisions, and his remaining bottle of rum from him, and held on, having then nothing but his loaded gun and his long dirk. The two bears paused when they came to his wallet, and soon devoured the victuals. To his joy, he perceived that the lesser bear was Nancy. Being quite outspent with running, he paused to gather breath, and look at the two. The large wild monster took up the bottle of rum, smelled it, and turned it over, when Nancy, with perfect *sang froid*, snatched it from him, drew the cork with her teeth, and putting the bottle to her mouth, took apparently a long pull of the spirits, and then handed it to her companion. He took the bottle, put it to his mouth, and, as Gordon thought, drank about the half of it. He then held up his nose at an angle of forty-five, shot out his long red tongue, and licked his chops; he seemed both delighted and astonished, and would not part with the bottle again; but wheeling himself round, with his back to Nancy, he took another pull, till he finished it; and then threw the empty bottle away in a rage, because it would not produce any more. He then fell a dancing and bobbing on his hams, nodding his head from side to side, and cutting ca-

pers innumerable; while Nancy stood straight up on her hind feet, and waltzed around him. At last, he tumbled over at full length, and after several ineffectual efforts to rise, he groaned, stretched out his limbs, and lay as if dead.

Gordon had fled with such precipitancy, that he had lost all traces of his path. After travelling several miles, Nancy quitted him, and, as he thought, returned to kill the sleeping monster he had left behind. He was hungry and thirsty, and overcome with sleep and fatigue; he had lost his only guide, yet still he was hurrying on he knew not whither. He knelt on the snow-covered ice, and prayed to God to direct and save him. He rose, strengthened and revived, and shortly afterwards, to his great gladness, he came upon his own backward track.

He now hied on with cheerfulness, but he became exceedingly fatigued, and sleep quite overcame him; and though he knew that to lie down on the ice was death, he felt an irresistible inclination to do it. When he felt himself drooping, he rested on his knees, and leant his head and arm on the muzzle of the gun, and thus obtained some momentary sleep; and when he was getting sound asleep from the effects of the frost, he fell over, which awakened him.

He proceeded in this way for some time; but at length he heard a noise coming along the ice, like the galloping of horses, accompanied occasionally with a growling murmur. He made all the haste he could, but his strength was gone. On looking back, he beheld a bear coming upon him at full speed. It was soon kneeling at his feet, and licking his hand. It was Nancy, bleeding. She instantly turned about, and went slowly back. He then perceived a gigantic bear, standing on end, like a tall obelisk covered with snow. His heart fainted within him; but he cocked his gun, and tried to run on. Nancy endeavoured to oppose the monster by throwing herself always in before him; but he would not bite or tear her; he only gave her a cuff with his paw, to make her keep out of his way. Gordon tried several times to take aim at him, but found it impossible without shooting Nancy: so that all he could do was to run on, until, fairly exhausted, he fell flat on his face. Instantly he found himself grasped, and one of the bears above him. It was poor Nancy trying to cover him with her own body from the attacks of the savage brute that pursued him. The monster struggled to reach his neck, and forced his head in below Nancy, and Gordon felt first his cold nose, and then his warm lips close to his throat. He called out, "Seize him!" the words that he used for baiting on Nancy, and which she always promptly obeyed, on which she gave him such a snap, that not only made him desist, but growl like a bull.

The huge animal, although thus foiled, at length made his attack at the same point again, and in trying to reach Gordon's neck, he seized him by the left arm, close below the shoulder. He called out furiously to Nancy, who at that moment seized the gigantic monster by the throat with her teeth and paws. He started away and swung her round and round, like a baby, bellowing fearfully; but quit her gripe, Nancy would not. He then seized her with his paws, hugged her, and threw her down, but would not tear her. With all the speed and precision his wounded arm would admit of, Gordon held the muzzle of his gun to the larger bear's ear, and fired. The shot took away the power of doing any hurt with his mouth; but his paws continued to embrace Nancy with a deadly grasp, she still keeping a fast hold of his throat. He then stabbed him to the heart again and again; and though the blood streamed through the snow as if a sluice had been opened, it was amazing how tenacious the monster was of life. But at length he slackened his hold, and rolled over and over on the ice. As soon as Nancy got free, he embraced her, and feeble and overworn almost to death, with her at his side to lean upon, they made their escape to the old hulk.

He barricaded the entrance-window, fed Nancy, ate something himself, drank a little brandy, knelt down and returned thanks to the Almighty for his deliverance, and having kindled a fire of coal and driftwood, and bathed and dressed his arm, which was much lacerated, and washed Nancy all over, he took a short and troubled sleep. As for Nancy, with the late exertion and a hearty meal, she fell into the torpid state, and dozed

away the time for nearly three months, until he was obliged forcibly to awaken her, as he had done before.

It proved a severe winter, much stormier than the last; and by the time the sun began to show his disc above the horizon, our modern Crusoe had once more resolved to make a pilgrimage over the ice, in search of some inhabited country. Accordingly he made the requisite preparations, and loaded himself and Nancy very heavily, knowing that his loads would constantly be getting lighter, and then he left his old comfortable cabin, and his mountain of ice, with many bitter tears, all uncertain whether he should ever see it again.

Away they jogged together, holding their course, as nearly as Gordon could guess, to the S.S.W. The mountains towards which he had journeyed before, were quite visible; but he called that land the Bear Island, and believing it to be inhabited by a whole colony of bears, he did not venture near it; but turning to the left, he passed it in the space of three days. Having reached the south-west corner of this country, he unexpectedly came upon the traces of three men and a number of dogs, and by following them, he arrived, in a few hours, at the shore. There he found a spot where the men had evidently rested, and his heart bounded with joy. In order to overtake them, it was necessary to leave the luggage, or the greater part of it; so, making with strong cord a muzzle for Nancy, who was an indiscriminate destroyer, and would certainly attack the dogs first, and in all probability the men next, and taking a bottle of Highland whiskey and some provisions with him, he set out on the track of the three men, and followed most eagerly. Having fastened the muzzle on Nancy, he put a cord to it, and led her. She tried to get loose by pulling the muzzle off with her paws; but his commands restrained her, although she continued to look at him with apparent astonishment and dejection.

After he had travelled about fourteen hours, he came to a place where the three men had evidently rested and refreshed themselves, and there was a great deal of blood upon the snow, from which he concluded they were hunters, and had killed some game. Here he took some refreshment, there being a spring gushing out of a rock, and likewise fed Nancy, who began scraping on a spot between two rocks, where he soon discovered a store of venison, covered over with snow, and trampled firm down. From this he perceived that this spring was the rendezvous of the hunters; and to meet with them he had only to remain where he was. With what anxiety of heart did he pass these few hours!

His suspense was at length relieved by the approach of six strong dogs coming all up hill, baying upon him in the most furious manner possible. An expedient struck him in a moment. He drew his coat tails over his head, stooped, and ran forward to meet them. After uttering a few short barks of terror, they all fled, as if the devil had been chasing them. The astonishment and dismay of their masters may well be conceived, when they met their dauntless assistants retreating with looks of such wild dismay. Peeping through the cleft of his coat, he perceived masters and dogs flying again, the latter leading the way, barking in downright terror. He instantly assumed his natural shape, and hallooed out after them. They turned round, gaping and staring, but did not stop. The sight of a human creature coming on them in the company of a white bear, the only creature of which they stood in perpetual dread, was too much for their comprehension; so they took to their heels, and Gordon had no other shift than to pursue.

Their snow-shoes, however, kept them above the snow, whereas every step that he took he sunk at least half a foot, the surface being thawed on all the south sides of the hills. He was, therefore, obliged to give up the pursuit and return. Assured that they would come back to that place, if not through hunger, at least for the fruits of their labour, he hid himself among some rocks hard by, from which the sun had melted the snow.

He soon fell asleep from fatigue and anxiety; and was awakened by Nancy struggling to get free. Hearing people speaking, he peeped over the rock, and saw the three men standing beside their buried treasure, in earnest conversation, and apparently astonished at finding all their store untouched. Gordon drew himself up to the verge of the cliff, and, at once, on his knees, implored them, for Jesus Christ's sake, to take him

under their protection. They knew the name, and each of them took off his fur cap, and kneeled on his right knee; but when Nancy appeared on the cliff, the dogs scampered off. The men were about to follow, on which he held up the cord to show them that she was muzzled and chained; and ordering her, she cowered at his feet, and kissed his hand. This astonished the men, who stared at one another, and Gordon explained to them his situation as he best could, for they did not understand one another's language. He then took out his whiskey bottle, and gave them all a tasting, which pleased them not a little.

They were now friends, and sat down to eat together. They then packed up for departure, the men having secured as much food as they could convey, although they took care to carry no bones. They gave the dogs those for their share, after having sliced the flesh neatly off them, which they stuffed into seal-skin bags, and then yoking the dogs to these in pairs, they trailed them with great swiftness over the snow. Being apprehensive of a row between the dogs and Nancy, Gordon made signs for the men to muzzle the dogs, which they did, and then they journeyed together in peace. When they came to his luggage, the sun being warm, they rested long, and slept; and the men let him understand that they had to provide for a long journey. After proceeding three days and three nights along the level surface of the ice, they beheld the open sea, and came to two canoes, and a boat, lying on the ice, near to the verge of the sea. The boat was for carrying the dogs and one man, and the canoes for a man each. As the dogs were perfectly obedient, each of the men took two dogs below the leather of his canoe, and Gordon was deposited in the bottom of the small boat, and there, with Nancy beside him, he was forbid to move, for fear of upsetting the frail bark.

They at length arrived on another coast, and were met upon the shore by twelve young women; who conducted him to their habitation, and at the entrance they were received by an old man, with hair and beard as white as the driven snow. He was the patriarch of the little colony, and their priest; and Gordon was instructed to kneel and receive his blessing, which he did, and was then conducted in, and welcomed with many tokens of veneration.

The home of these simple people was strangely constructed. The outer apartments were built and vaulted with snow; but, besides these, there was a long natural cavern stretching under the rocks, and many irregular side recesses; in one of which his bed was made, which was a good one, and there he and Nancy were left to their repose.

The colony consisted of thirty-one women and ten men, including the aged father—the rest of the men had perished at sea, or in bear-hunting—and seven children, two of whom only were boys. Gordon ascertained that he was in Old Greenland, among a remnant of a colony of Norwegians, a race of simple primitive Christians, whose progenitors had occupied that inclement shore for centuries; and once, by their own account, amounted to many thousands; but, strange to say, fell by degrees a prey to the irresistible invasions of the great Polar bears. They had a prophecy among them that the bears were one day to devour the last of them. The people were of low stature, and their fur dresses made them appear as square creatures, very near as broad as long.

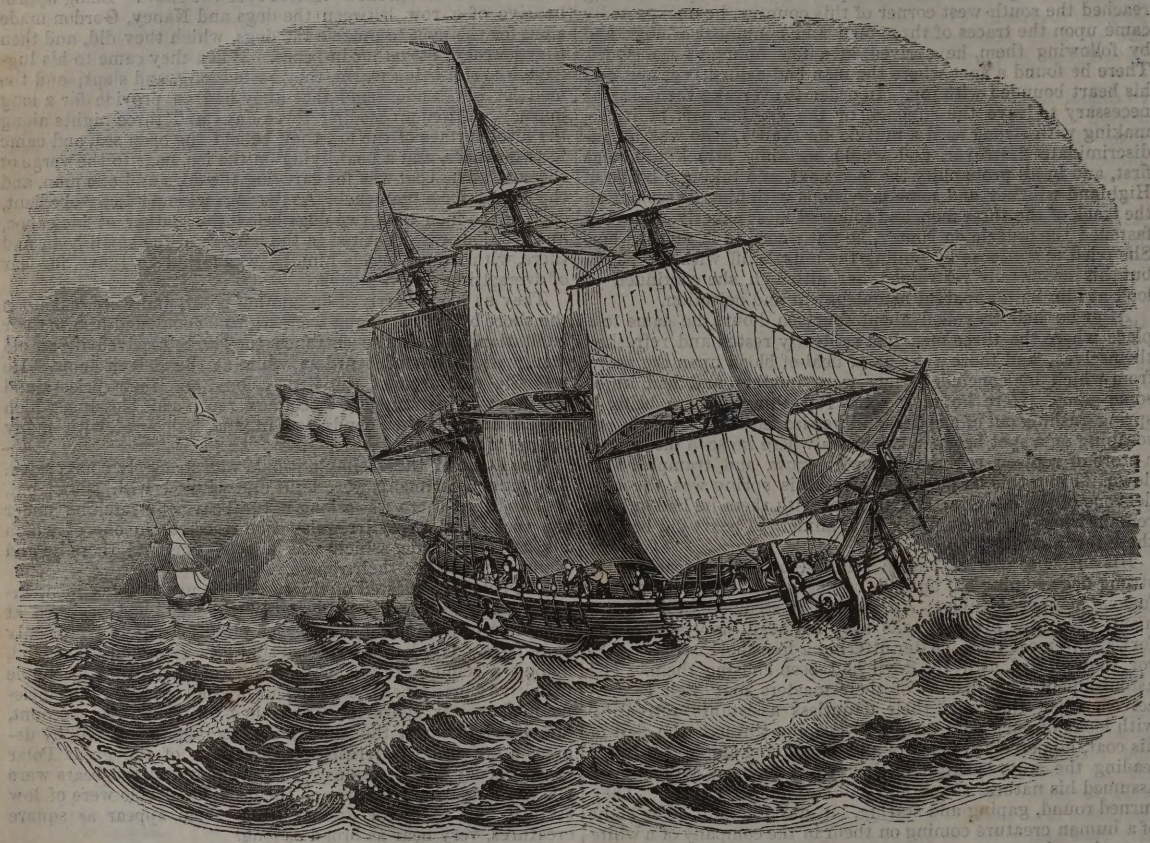
Here Gordon lived for a considerable time. He married one of the women, and owing to the depressed state of the colony, was allowed two others as concubines, that they might have the chance of producing boys. This was a state of matters not at all likely to please Nancy, who would not leave his apartment while he slept, nor allow another to lie in his arms in her presence. She had soon become a favourite with the whole tribe, owing to her expertness in fishing; and accompanied them in an expedition which they made to the hulk of the *Anne Forbes*, to bring away some part of the oil, spirits, iron, &c., which had been left there, on which occasion they took with them eight light sledges, drawn by one-and-thirty powerful dogs, the whole conducted by four men, of which number Gordon was one, while poor Nancy travelled on foot.

After their return, Nancy evinced such strong symptoms of jealousy as alarmed her master very much. When the poor creature found that she was debarred from sleeping by him,

and watching over him in the night, her unhappiness was extreme. Her moans disturbed the whole community; and so, after she had spent a part of one night in such groans, as if her very heart was breaking, in the morning she was missing, and, though they searched for her far and near, she was nowhere to be found.

A considerable time passed on; but, at last, on rising one morning, they found themselves invaded by a horde of white bears, and the ice-roof of their cavern penetrated in two places. The colony at the time consisted of about sixty men, women, and children; but only one-third of these were capable of standing any deadly struggle. They resisted, however, the attacks of their ferocious assailants, in the best manner they were able. They had plenty of spears, both of bone and iron, some bows,

and arrows in abundance; but of powder and lead they had only a few charges remaining. They sallied out on the bears, not only every one who could bear arms, but every one who could carry a red clout for a flag, at which colour the bears are said to be frightened—with all their dogs and all their shells. The bears fled before the deafening noise; they pursued, but were attacked by a powerful body in the rear, and turning to defend themselves, they were again instantly attacked by those they had been chasing. The slaughter committed by the bears was dreadful. In the midst of the strife, Gordon was seized by an immense powerful bear, round the arms and the breast, and borne off with great rapidity. The huge animal never stopped until it brought him to the door of their now nearly desolate habitation, where it set him down uninjured, kneeled at his



feet, and kissed his hand. To his astonishment and joy, he found that it was his long-lost Nancy. He embraced her, and was now sure of protection.

The generous animal, on the approach of some equivocal sounds, seized him by his dress, and drew him into one of the recesses of the cavern, where she took a sealskin wallet and laid it on her back. He then knew that she wanted him to load her with provisions and fly, which he effected with all speed. They issued from the cavern with great caution, and she led him straight to the sea-side, to the very spot at which they had first landed in Greenland, and there she threw his load from her back, kneeled, licked his hand, and then scampered off to share the prey with her associates.

There were plenty of canoes lying at the spot, and some fishing-boats; but choosing the best canoe he could find, he stowed

his victuals in about his feet and legs, bound the sealskin cover around his breast, and set out to sea. He continued his voyage night and day, along a weather shore, going on land occasionally to sleep. He got some distant views of Iceland, but could not get near it for ice; so he held on his course until fairly hemmed in with ice; he then drew his canoe ashore, and climbed a hill, from which he saw the open sea at no great distance, and several ships, all apparently beating southward. He posted on, running without intermission in the direction of the ships; but before he reached the verge of the ice, they were all gone beyond hail. To his great joy, however, after spending twelve hours in the utmost anxiety, the Briel, of Amsterdam, hove in view, beating up, and as in one of her tacks she came close to him, he was taken on board, and once more safely landed in Scotland, after an absence of seven years.

LOSS OF THE EARL OF ABERGAVENNY,

Captain Wordsworth, February 5th, 1805.

The following account of this melancholy and fatal disaster is taken from the accounts which were given at the East India House, by Cornet Burgoyne, of his Majesty's 8th regiment of light dragoons, who had the command of the troops on board the above ill-fated vessel, and by Mr. Gilpin, the fourth officer, who was one of the fortunate few that escaped, and from the best information that could afterwards be obtained.

On Friday, February 1, 1805, the Earl of Abergavenny East Indiaman, commanded by Captain John Wordsworth, sailed from Portsmouth, in company with the Royal George, Bombay Castle, Henry Addington, and the Wexford, and under convoy of his Majesty's ship, the Weymouth, commanded by Captain Draper.

The Earl of Abergavenny was built for the China trade, of the largest tonnage in the service, being inferior only to the Ganges, and of at least 1500 tons burthen; she was engaged to the company for six voyages, and this was the fourth on which she was proceeding. Her company consisted of—

Seamen, &c.	160
His Majesty's and Company's troops	159
Passengers at captain's table	40
Ditto third mate's ditto	11
Chinese	32

Total number of persons on board being 402

In going through the Needles, off the Isle of Wight, they unfortunately separated from the convoy, and in consequence the fleet lay to nearly the whole of the next day, but not seeing anything of the Weymouth, they proceeded towards the next port under moderate sail, in the hope of being joined by the convoy; but as she did not appear by the 5th, they deemed it expedient to wait her arrival in the Portland Roads, more particularly as the wind was rather unfavourable, having shifted several points from the N.E. Captain Clarke, of the Wexford, being the senior commander, was consequently commodore, made the signal for those ships who had taken pilots on board, to run into the roads.

At about half-past three, p.m., the Earl of Abergavenny got a pilot on board, and bore up for Portland Roads with a steady wind; but on a sudden the wind slackened, and to their dismay they found that the tide, setting in fast, was driving them rapidly towards the Shambles. The nearer she approached, the less she was under the guidance of her helm, and becoming at last totally ungovernable, she was furiously driven on the rocks off the Bill of Portland, at about two miles distance from the shore, where she remained for nearly an hour, beating incessantly with such violence, and the shocks so frequent and tremendous, that it was with great difficulty that the officers and men who were on deck could keep their footing. At four, p.m., the shocks gradually lessened in violence, and in about a quarter of an hour they got her clear off the rocks, upon which the sails were immediately set, with an intention to run for the first port they could reach; but the ship made so much water, and the leak increased so fast, that the ship would not obey the helm. In this distressing situation, it was considered necessary to fire guns of distress, and twenty were fired; but they did not hoist out the ship's boats, as those on board did not consider the danger sufficient to render it necessary, the weather being moderate, and the ship in sight of the fleet and shore.

At five, p.m., the leak had increased so fast upon the pumps, that soon after striking, the hand-pumps started above six inches, and shortly afterwards the water had increased from six to eight feet, despite of every exertion that was made at the pumps. To their extreme mortification, they found that all their endeavours to keep the water under were fruitless, and night setting in rendered the situation of all on board melancholy in the extreme; and the more so, as they ascertained that the ship had received considerable damage in her bottom, immediately under the pumps. All hands, without distinction, took a turn at the pumps, alternately baling at the fore hatch-way.

At eight o'clock their situation became more and more dreadful. As it was found impossible to save the ship, which was sinking fast, and settling in the water, they again discharged signal guns incessantly; and the purser with the third officer Mr. Wordsworth, and six seamen, were sent on shore in one of the ship's boats, to give notice to the inhabitants of the distressed state of the vessel and endeavoured to obtain assistance; directly after a pilot-boat came off, and took into her Mr. Evans and his daughter, Miss Evans, Mr. Routledge, Mr. Taylor, a cadet, and Miss Jackson, all passengers, who embarked for the shore, notwithstanding there was a most dreadful sea, which threatened them every instant with destruction.

The attention of the crew was diverted for a few moments in observing the boats that left the ship, but these unfortunate people were quickly recalled to the sense of their own approaching fate by a heavy swell, which baffled almost every attempt to keep the ship above water. Each one appeared conscious of his danger, and certain as to his fate; and notwithstanding the most unremitting exertions of the officers to maintain order and discipline, confusion on board commenced directly it was given out that the ship was sinking.

At ten, p.m., several of the sailors begged hard to have more liquor allowed them, but this being very properly refused, they attacked the spirit-room, and were only prevented from adding to their horrors by the miserable refuge of intoxication, by the spirit and determination of the officers, who never once lost sight of that dignity of character so necessary to be preserved on such a trying occasion, but continued to the last to conduct themselves with the utmost fortitude. One of them, who was stationed at the door of the spirit-room with a brace of pistols, to guard against surprise in such a critical moment was much importuned by a sailor to grant him some liquor, as he was convinced, the man said, "it would be all one with them an hour hence;" but the officer, true to his trust in this perilous moment, had courage enough to repulse the man, and bade him return to his duty with his fellow comrades, adding, "that if it were God's will they should perish, they ought to die like men;" and although the water was pouring in on all sides, the officer remained at his post, even while the ship was sinking.

At half-past ten o'clock, notwithstanding all the exertions of the officers and crew, who behaved in the most cool and exemplary manner, the water had got above the orlop-deck. All on board were now looking out anxiously for boats from the shore, and many deeply regretting that they had not taken refuge in those that had already left the ship, as their destruction on board appeared now to be inevitable, and the most strenuous exertions were necessary to keep the ship above water, till the boats came off from the shore: but, unfortunately, in the great distress and agony of the moment, the ship's boats were not hoisted out, as it was very possible that had such been the case, every soul on board might have been saved.

At eleven o'clock, a fatal swell gave the ship a sudden shock, she gave a surge and almost instantaneously sunk, about two miles from Weymouth beach, with scarcely five minutes warning to the unhappy wretches, who were the victims of this calamitous disaster, and who were thus suddenly snatched from a career bright with hope and expectation, to

That undiscovered country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns—

She went down by the head in twelve fathom water, after a heavy heel, when she righted and sunk with her masts and rigging standing. Many clung to loose spars that floated about the wreck, and the majority took refuge in the shrouds; but the severe shock of the ship going down, made several let go their hold, whilst others, by the velocity of the ship's descent, had not power to climb sufficiently fast to keep themselves above the water.

When the ship touched the ground, it was supposed that there were above one hundred and eighty persons in the tops and rigging; their situation was wretched beyond all description, the yards only were above water, and the sea breaking over them in the middle of a cold and frosty night; but in about half an hour, their spirits were considerably revived by the sound of several boats, that appeared beating against the

waves at a short distance: but, alas! their hopes were in vain, for although they hailed the boats with all the vigour and strength which despair could lend to their lungs, not one of them came to their assistance; the sound of them died away, and again they were left to the mercy of the waves.

By twelve o'clock, their numbers were much lessened by the swell, which swept many off the wreck, and the piercing cold rendering many others unable to retain their hold: almost every moment some friend or companion was seen floating around them, and the next sinking into the vast watery abyss, to rise no more; but to the unutterable joy of the survivors, they discovered a sloop, which had fortunately heard the signal guns, and came to an anchor close by them—the weather was moderate, and they were now promised a speedy deliverance. The sloop's boat was immediately manned, and proceeded to the rigging that remained above water, taking off twenty, which were as many as the boat could safely carry, and returning three times, taking twenty each turn, the whole of the people that remained were safely taken off. Nothing could be more orderly and correct, than the conduct of the crew on this occasion; they got into the boat in the most steady and orderly manner possible, one by one, and these only as they were named by their officers. As the boat was about to put off for the last time, as it was supposed that every one was by this time brought off, a person was observed in one of the tops, whom they hailed, but he did not answer; upon which Mr. Gilpin, the fourth officer, whose extraordinary exertions on this occasion, as well as throughout the whole of this melancholy affair, entitle him to the highest commendation, returned to the wreck, and there found a man in an inanimate state, exhausted from the severe cold; he most humanely brought him down on his back, and placed him in the boat. He proved to be Serjeant Heart, of the 22nd regiment; but although every possible care was taken of him it proved in vain, as he died in about twelve hours after he was landed.

Having now as they supposed rescued all the survivors, the sloop weighed for Weymouth, but had not proceeded far, before it was observed that Mr. Bagot, the chief officer, was close astern, and the sloop, in consequence, lay-to for him; but this noble-spirited young man, although certain of securing his own life, yet disregarded his own safety, on perceiving that Mrs. Blair, an unfortunate fellow passenger, was floating at some distance from him. He succeeded in coming up with her, and sustained her above water, while he swam towards the sloop, but just as he had reached her, a heavy swell came on, and his strength being totally exhausted, he sank to rise no more, his unfortunate companion perished with him, and thus, his generous exertions proved in vain.

About two o'clock, the sloop weighed anchor from the wreck, and the wind being favourable, she soon arrived at her destination, Weymouth, where every attention was paid to the unfortunate sufferers by the mayor and aldermen, as well as by most of the principal inhabitants. Upon mustering those that had landed, it appeared that out of four hundred and two persons who had embarked, only one hundred and thirty-nine had reached the shore. A person was immediately despatched to the East India House with the melancholy intelligence.

On February 6th, at daylight, the people at Weymouth could plainly discern the tops of the ship from which the crew had the previous night been so providentially rescued, and conjectured that she must have been on a mud-bank, as, while the crew were in the tops, she appeared to have sunk about eight feet, and was now considerably lower. The Greyhound cutter was immediately stationed near to guard the wreck, and the boats from the Rover succeeded in stripping the rigging from the masts.

On the 7th, her decks had not been blown up, and she appeared to remain exactly in the same state as when she sank, the great weight of her cargo, it is supposed, being the cause of her sinking so steadily. She was supposed to have been one of the richest ships that ever sailed for India, having on board a cargo that was estimated at the value of £200,000 sterling, besides which she had on board dollars to the amount of 275,000 ounces.

The list of those that were saved, consisted of about eighty

officers and seamen, eleven passengers, five out of thirty-two cadets, forty-five recruits, and fifteen Chinese. Captain Wordsworth, who fell a victim to this disastrous calamity, was nephew to the Captain Wordsworth who formerly had the command of the Earl of Abergavenny, and who was considered one of the first navigators in the service. This was his third voyage as captain, and disdaining to survive the loss of so valuable a charge, he chose the dreadful alternative of perishing with his ship, rather than desert her in the hour of peril; and his conduct throughout the trying scene, has been spoken of in terms of the highest praise. It is an extraordinary fact, that previous to his embarkation on this ill-fated voyage, he felt such an unaccountable melancholy and depression of spirits, that he could not be prevailed upon to go through the usual ceremony of taking leave of the Court of Directors on the day appointed; and it was not until the following Wednesday, which was specially fixed for the purpose, that he yielded to the wishes of his friends, and reluctantly attended the court. In conduct and disposition he was a man of mild manners, and so even-tempered, that among his shipmates he was known by the *soubriquet* of "the philosopher." When the ship was going down, the chief officer, Mr. Bagot, went on the quarter-deck and informed him that the ship was rapidly sinking, despite of every exertion to save her; but Captain Wordsworth, who there is no doubt was in momentary expectation of such a calamity, steadfastly looked him in the face with all the appearance of a heart-broken man resigned to his fate, and faintly answered him, "God's will be done! let her go!" which were the last words he uttered; and from that instant he was motionless. A few moments afterwards the ship sunk, and many, who to save themselves were climbing the shrouds, endeavoured to save him, but without success. Mr. Gilpin, the fourth officer, was foremost in this endeavour, and, at the evident risk of his own life, made several attempts, which were equally unsuccessful.

It may be mentioned as an instance of the thoughtlessness of those whose constant occupation is in the midst of peril and risk of life, that the quarter-master, John Barnett, who was one of the fortunate few that escaped this melancholy disaster, on the first night of his arrival in London, instead of returning thanks for his providential deliverance, was one of the noisiest in the front row of the pit at Drury-lane theatre.

SUFFERINGS OF MR. HORE AND COMPANIONS, ON A VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY, IN 1536.

MR. HORE, of London, having diligently applied himself to the study of cosmography, persuaded several gentlemen, to the number of eighty, to accompany him in a voyage of discovery to the north-west parts of America. Accordingly they provided two ships, namely, the *Trinity* of one hundred and forty tons, and the *Mirror*, which were armed and well appointed, and in which there embarked about one hundred and twenty persons, gentlemen and sailors. They set sail from Gravesend at the latter end of April, 1536, and were two months at sea without touching land, till they came to a part of the American coast, about Cape Breton, from whence, sailing eastward, they came to the Island of Penguin, and landing there, found it full of great fowls as large as geese, and an infinite number of eggs; they hunted many of the fowls with their boats, and having flayed them, found them good nourishing meat: they also saw great numbers of black and white bears, some of which they killed and found excellent food.

While they lay at anchor at Newfoundland, before they had seen any of the natives, as Mr. Dewberry, one of the company, was walking on the deck, he descried a boat full of savages rowing towards the ship, upon which he called to the people to come and see them. They presently manned the boat with the intention of taking the savages, but they observing the hostile intention, made off with all the speed they could to an island up the bay, closely pursued by the men in the ship's boat, who were, however, unsuccessful in the chase, as the superior agility of the savages enabled them to effect their escape, leaving behind them a fire, and the side of a bear on a large wooden spit; they left also a boat garnished with trails of raw silk, and a

great warm mitten. With these the men in the boat returned to the ship, having seen nothing else, but numbers of fir and pine trees. In this bay they lay for some time in great want of a supply of fresh provisions, till their stock became so exhausted, that they had little or nothing to subsist upon, except the nest of an osprey, that had brought a plentiful supply of various kinds of fish to her young ones almost hourly; when this seasonable supply had failed them, they were so far reduced, as to be obliged to seek out and relieve themselves with raw herbs and roots on the main land; but this proved a miserable substitute for food, and so far from satisfying their insatiable hunger, only sharpened their appetites, till their extreme necessity forced upon them the most inhuman practice; for as they were hunting about the fields and woods for something to eat, one of the sailors killed his mate, as he was in the act of stooping to take up a root, and cutting pieces out of his body, lighted a fire, and after broiling them, devoured them greedily. Nor was he the only one guilty of this horrid crime, for such was the enormous extent to which the men carried it, to satisfy their cravings, that the officers wondered what had become of the men, until one of the crew forced to go abroad for relief, happened to snuff the smell of the broiled meat, and finding it out, upbraided the fellows who had it, for thus enjoying plenty while his mates were starving; to which the poor fellow replied, with tears in his eyes, "If thou must needs know the kind of meat that I have been dressing, it was a piece of such a man's buttock." The report of which being brought to the ship, it was presently judged what became of the men that were missing; and that they were neither destroyed by the savages, nor devoured by wild beasts. The captain was very much shocked at the report, and addressed the men in order to convince them how much they had offended the Almighty by such horrible actions, and related several instances from scripture and otherwise, how God succoured many in their utmost distress, who had called upon him, and that, though it should not please the Almighty to assist them in this extremity, it were far better that their bodies should perish than they should purchase a temporary relief at the price of their immortal souls; he then exhorted them to repentance, and besought them all to pray, that it would please God to have compassion on their miserable condition, and for his mercy's sake, to send them relief. Their prayers were heard, for the same night a French ship arrived, well provided with provisions, and which the English contrived to get into their possession; and with this providential and unlooked-for supply, they victualled their ships, and set sail for England.

On their voyage homewards, they sailed so far to the northward, that though it was the summer season, they saw great islands of ice, where the hawks and other fowls rested themselves after their long flight from the main land. They also saw birds with red beaks, and legs, larger than herons, which they supposed were storks.

About the latter end of October, they arrived at St. Ives, in Cornwall, from whence they went to the castle of Sir John Luttrell, where Mr. Butts, Mr. Rastel, and other gentlemen of the voyage were kindly entertained, and from thence they proceeded to London. Mr. Butts was so altered by the hardships he endured, that his father and mother did not believe him to be their son, until he had shown them a secret mark, which was a wart that he had on his knee.

Some months after their arrival, those Frenchmen whom they had plundered of their provisions at Newfoundland, came to England, and complained to Henry VIII. of their ill-usage; but on making inquiry into the circumstance, the king was so well satisfied that mere necessity had obliged his subjects to deal so hardly with the French, that instead of punishing them, he made full satisfaction to the French out of his own purse.

George the First, on his return from Hanover, in a violent storm which arose, had nearly been lost. The vessel he was on board was afterwards sold, and became a Newcastle collier. On this mutation of naval service, the following lines were written:

"Mark the sad change in sublunary things,—
Coals she exports that once imported kings."

LOSS OF THE SHIP ANNE, CAPTAIN KNIGHT,

ON A REEF OF ROCKS TO THE NORTHWARD OF THE SOUTHEAST-MOST SOULEHEPAR ISLAND, APRIL 19, 1804.

PREVIOUS to the 19th of April, the weather had been extremely dark, when at eleven o'clock, a.m., of that day the seaman of the watch called out that he saw land, and before it was possible to wear the ship, the breakers appeared directly ahead of them. The helm was immediately put down, for the purpose of bringing her round to the westward; but before this could be effected, the ship struck on a reef of rock, sand, and stones: all the sails were immediately furled, to prevent her going further on the reef, the boats were hoisted out, and the stream-anchor ran out to the north, to keep her forging ahead on the reef. On sounding astern, they found the deepest water to the N.N.W., and carried the small bower-anchor out in that direction, and let it go in four fathoms water, the bottom being rock, sand, and stones; after having a great strain upon the small bower, and finding that they could not succeed in getting her off, they left off heaving, and the crew were sent below to stave the salt-water casks forward, and get out the stores.

At twelve o'clock, there was an appearance of a squall coming from the southward, upon which they loosened all the sails and hoisted them, and in about half an hour the squall came on, accompanied by heavy rain, which hove all aback, and they kept heaving a great strain upon the small bower, but still without effect, upon which the crew were again sent below to heave out the remainder of the stores; but instead of their doing so, and using every exertion to endeavour if possible to save the vessel, they began to plunder everything they could lay their hands on, saying the land was so very near, that there was no danger. At three they hove again on the small bower, and commenced pumping out the water they had previously started, but still without effect. At four o'clock the gunner reported that there was four feet water in the hold; they still kept heaving unsuccessfully on the small bower, and at daylight the water had gained on the pumps to eight feet and a half; a heavy swell setting in, the ship began to strike very hard, and several large pieces of sheathing and other parts of her bottom came up alongside. At five the rudder unshipped, and carried away a great part of her stern, the counter on the starboard side was stove in, and the water was within one foot of the 'tween decks. At half-past five, the ship being bilged, fell over on her starboard beam-ends, when finding nothing further could be done for the safety of the vessel, they left off pumping, and the captain ordered the Syrang and Lascars to get the masts and sails into the boats, together with some rice and water for the crew; but instead of obeying the orders that were given them, they insolently refused, saying they could find plenty on the island; and then began to plunder the great cabin and the officers' chests and trunks of everything that was portable. While they were thus occupied, the captain was below, busily employed in securing his papers, and fortunately overheard one of the Lascars named Mahomed, say to some of those who had refused to take provisions into the boat, that they intended after their arrival upon the island, to take the first opportunity to kill the captain, officers, and sea-cunnies, and then to seize the boats and go to the Malabar coast. This timely discovery of their murderous intentions, made the captain determine to quit the wreck as soon as possible, taking with him as many as the boat could carry, and to leave the pinnace for the rest, with instructions to follow them. During this time, the sea-cunnies had got the long boat's masts and sails in, with a small quantity of water and biscuit; and at seven o'clock, after consulting with the officers of the ship, who were of opinion that nothing further could be done, the following people, namely, Thomas Knight, commander; John Wheat-pit, pilot for the Red Sea; Edward Greaves, second officer; John Lunardy, a gunner; four sea-cunnies, and six natives, making a total of fourteen, quitted the wreck in the long boat, for the purpose of making the best of their way to the Malabar coast, leaving the pinnace for the rebellious part of the crew, who left the ship in her about the same time; but the avenging arm of Providence was impending over their

guilty heads—the hour of retribution was at hand. In a short time the crew of the long-boat was safely landed, while the pinnacle was laying on her starboard beam-ends, and nearly full of water, every one on board having perished.

The reef on which the Anne struck, bore from S.W. to E.N.E.; the southernmost of the Souhelepar Islands, bore S.E. by W. and the northernmost E.S.E. The reef was about six leagues' distance from the southernmost, and about four or five from the northernmost; the extreme length being about ten or twelve miles, and of which no mention was made in any of the charts on board.

EDDYSTONE LIGHT-HOUSE.

"That, supported on a rock,
Which nor storm nor time can shock,
Amidst the snares of error's night,
Still guides bewildered travellers right."

LIGHT-HOUSES were known to the ancients. The light-house, or Pharos of Alexandria, built on the Island of Pharos, at the mouth of the Nile, was much celebrated and gave its name to all buildings erected for similar objects. This Pharos was a magnificent tower, consisting of several stories and galleries, with a lantern at the top, in which a light was kept continually burning, and might, it is said, be seen at a distance of one hundred miles. It was accounted one of the seven wonders of the world, and was erected by Sostrates, a famous architect of Cnidos, though some say it was built by his father, Deiphanes. The several stories were adorned with columns, balustrades, and galleries of the finest marble and workmanship. Some of the historians add, that the architect fixed looking-glasses against the highest galleries, which reflected the distant vessels as they sailed along. The Pharos cost Ptolemy Philadelphus eight hundred talents.

The two most celebrated light-houses in Great Britain, are those of Eddystone and the Bell Rock, the latter of which is not improperly called the Scottish Pharos, and is situated on the north-eastern coast of Great Britain, about twelve miles from Forfar.

The Eddystone Light-house is situated nearly S.W. from the middle of Plymouth Sound, and about fourteen miles from Plymouth. About three leagues beyond Plymouth Sound, in a line nearly between Star-point and the Lizard, lie a number of low rocks, exceedingly dangerous at all times, but especially when the tides are high, which renders them invisible. On these rocks it had long been thought necessary to place some monitory signal; but the difficulty of constructing a light-house was great. One of the rocks, indeed, which compose this reef is considerably larger than the rest, yet its dimensions are still narrow; it is often covered with water, and frequently, even in the calmest weather, surrounded by a swelling sea, which makes it difficult to land upon it; and much more so to carry on any work of time and labour. The uncommon tumult of the sea in this place, is occasioned by a peculiarity in the rocks. As they all slope and point to the N.E. they spread their inclined sides, of course, to the swelling tides and storms of the Atlantic; and as they continue in this shelving direction many fathoms below the surface of the sea, they occasion that violent working of the water, which the seamen call a ground swell. So that after a storm, when the surface of the sea around is perfectly smooth, the swells and agitation about these rocks are dangerous. From these continual eddies, the Eddystone derives its name.

The first light-house of any consequence, erected on this rock, was undertaken by a person of the name of Winstanly, in the reign of King William. Mr. Winstanly does not appear to have been a man of solidity and judgment sufficient to erect an edifice of this kind. He had never been noted for any capital work; but much celebrated for a variety of trifling and ridiculous contrivances. If you set your foot on a certain board in one of his rooms, a ghost would start up; or if you sat down in an elbow-chair, its arms would clasp around you. His light-house, which was built of wood, partook of his whimsical genius. It was finished with galleries, and other ornaments, which encumbered it, without being of any use. It was, however, on the whole, much admired as a very ingenious edifice, and Winstanly certainly deserved the credit of being the first

projector of a very difficult work. He had fixed it to the rock by twelve massy bars of iron, which were let down deep into the body of the stone. It was generally, indeed, thought well founded; and the architect himself was so convinced of its stability, that he would often say, he wished for nothing more than to be shut up in it during a violent storm. He at length had his wish; for he happened to be in it at the time of that memorable storm on the 26th of November, 1703. As the violence, however, of the tempest came on, the terrified architect began to doubt the firmness of his work: it trembled in the blast, and shook in every joint. In vain he made what signals of distress he could invent, to bring a boat from the shore. The terrors of the storm were such, that the boldest vessel durst not face it. How long he continued in this melancholy distress is unknown; but in the morning no appearance of the light-house was left. It, and all its contents, during that terrible night, was swept into the sea. This catastrophe furnished Mr. Gay, with the following simile in his *Trivia*, which was written a few years after the event:

"So when fam'd Eddystone's far shooting ray,
That led the sailor through the stormy way,
Was from its rocky roots by billows torn
And the high turret in the whirlwind borne,
Fleets bulged their sides against the craggy land,
And pitchy ruins blacken'd all the strand."

A light-house was again constructed on the rock, before the conclusion of Queen Anne's reign. It was undertaken by one Ludyard, who built it also of wood, but having seen his predecessor's errors avoided them. He followed Winstanly's idea in the mode of fixing his structure to the rock; but he chose a plain circular form, without any gallery, or useless projecting parts for the storm to fasten on. To give stability also to his work, he judiciously introduced, as ballast to the bottom, two hundred and seventy tons of stone. In short, every precaution was taken to secure it against the fury of the two elements of wind and water, which had destroyed the last; but it fell by a third. Late one night, in the year 1775, it was observed from the shore, to be on fire. Its upper works having been constructed of light timber, probably could not bear the heat. It happened, fortunately, that Admiral West rode with a fleet at that time in the Sound; and being so near the spot, he immediately manned two or three swift boats. Other boats put off from the shore; but though it was not stormy, it was impossible to land. In the mean time the fire, having descended to the lower parts of the building, had driven the poor inhabitants upon the skirts of the rock; where they were sitting disconsolate, when assistance arrived. They had the mortification, however, to find that the boats, through fear of being dashed in pieces, were obliged to keep aloof. At length it was contrived to throw coils of rope upon the rock which the men tied round them, and were dragged on board through the sea. The case of one of these poor fellows, who was above ninety years of age, was singular. As he had been endeavouring to extinguish the fire in the cupola, where it first raged, and was looking up, the melted lead from the roof came trickling down upon his face and shoulders. At Plymouth he was put into the surgeon's hands; and, though much hurt, he appeared to be in no danger. He constantly, however, affirmed that some of the melted lead had fallen down his throat. This was not believed, as it was thought he could not have survived such a circumstance. In twelve days he died; and Mr. Smeaton says, he saw the lead, after it had been taken out of his stomach, and that it weighed seven ounces.

The next light-house, which is the present one, was built by Mr. Smeaton, and is constructed on a plan, which it is hoped will secure it against every danger. It is built entirely of stone, in a circular form. Its foundations are let into a socket in the rock, on which it stands, and of which it almost makes a part; for the stones are all united with the rock, and with each other, by massy dove-tails. The cement used in this curious masonry, is the lime of Watchet, from whence Mr. Smeaton contrived to bring it barreled up in cyder-casks; for the proprietors will not suffer it to be exported in its crude state. The door of this ingenious piece of architecture is only the size of a ship's gun-port; and the windows are mere loop-holes, denying

light to exclude wind. When the tide swells above the foundation of the building, the light-house makes the odd appearance of a structure emerging from the waves; but sometimes a wave rises above the very top of it, and circling round the whole looks like a column of water, till it breaks into a foam, and subsides.

The care of this important beacon is committed to four men; two of whom take the charge of it by turns, and are relieved every six weeks. But as it often happens, especially in stormy weather, that boats cannot touch at the Eddystone for many months, a proper quantity of salt provision is always laid up, as in a ship victualled for a long voyage. In high winds, such a briny atmosphere surrounds this gloomy solitude, from the dashing of the waves, that a man exposed to it could not draw his breath. At these dreadful intervals the two forlorn inhabitants keep close quarters, are obliged to live in darkness and stench, listening to the howling storm, excluded in every emergency from the least hope of assistance, and without any earthly comfort, but what is administered from their confidence in the strength of the building in which they are immured. Once, on relieving this forlorn guard, one of the men was found dead, his companion choosing rather to shut himself up with a putrifying carcase, than, by throwing it into the sea, to incur the suspicion of murder. In fine weather, these wretched beings just scramble a little about the edge of the rock, when the tide ebbs, and amuse themselves with fishing; which is the only employment they have, except that of trimming their nightly fires.

Yet though this wretched community is so small, we were assured it is generally a scene of misanthropy. Instead of suffering the recollection of those distresses and dangers in which each is deserted by all but one, to endear that one to him, we were informed the humours of each were so soured, that they preyed both on themselves, and on each other. If one sat above, the other was commonly found below. Their meals too were solitary, each, like a brute, growling over his food alone.

The emolument of this arduous post is twenty pounds a year, and provisions while on duty. The house to live in may be fairly thrown into the bargain. The whole together is, perhaps, one of the least eligible pieces of preferment in Britain; and yet, from a story which Mr. Smeaton relates, it appears there are stations still more ineligible. A fellow, who got a good living by making leathern pipes for engines, grew tired of sitting so constantly at work, and solicited a light-house man's place, which, as competitors are not numerous, he obtained. As the Eddystone boat was carrying him to take possession of his new habitation, one of the boatmen asked him, what could tempt him to give up a profitable business, to be shut up for months together, in a pillar? "Why," said the man, "because I did not like confinement."

LOSS OF THE SHIP CORNELIA,

CAPTAIN BLISS, ON HER PASSAGE TO NEW YORK, JULY 11, 1804.

THE following narrative of this most deplorable disaster, was written on the day after the accident, on board the *Vigilant*, Captain Prentiss, who succeeded by his praiseworthy exertions, in rescuing the whole of the crew from their perilous situation.

The *Cornelia*, at the time of the most melancholy and singular circumstance which caused her destruction, was at eleven p.m. on July 11, in latitude 46°, longitude 40°, under full sail, going about seven knots, when she struck with such violence, on what was supposed to be a vessel bottom up, that it was some time before she could recover herself; the pumps were immediately set to work, and finding sufficient employment for them, they cleared away the fore-peak by throwing the staves overboard; when to their unutterable astonishment, they found the stern started, and several of the hood fends opened, so as to admit of several thicknesses of blanket. About four o'clock they found the gripe carried away, and only hanging by some of the lower bolts; and after five hours severe labour at the pumps, there was above four feet water in the hold. All these circumstances combined, rendered their situation hopeless and deplorable, and all their exertions to stop the leak proved fruitless. In this emergency, they employed some hands in preparing the boats, and in making every necessary arrangement, as the latest alternative for their preservation.

At ten o'clock, the crew, after all their exertions at the pumps, and finding six feet water in the hold, began to be disheartened and dispirited; but to their extreme joy and satisfaction, two ships were descried from the mast-head, which gave them all new life and spirits, and being re-animated they plied the pumps with increased alacrity, but being at a great distance to windward, and bound to the westward, it was two, p.m., before the two vessels came up, the *Cornelia* having then above eight feet water in the hold. They proved to be the *South Carolina*, Captain Steele, bound for New York; and the *Vigilant*, Captain Prentiss, bound for Portland. Captain Steele having a great number of passengers on board, it was agreed that they should go on board the *Vigilant*.

The *South Carolina* staid by them till seven o'clock, by which time they had got out most of their provisions and water on board the *Vigilant*; and when Captain Steele left them, the water was even with the lower deck. They employed themselves till nine o'clock in getting their baggage, stores, &c. out of the ship; and Captain Prentiss being willing to stay till morning, in the hope to save something of consequence, they all went on board to the number of fourteen, and left the *Cornelia* with her lower-deck under water; and early the next morning, upon the boats returning, they found her full of water. As the wind was blowing very fresh from the S.W. and the ship lying over very much, the boats were ordered to leave her; all their endeavours therefore to save something from the wreck proved abortive. At half-past eight, a.m., to their mortification, they saw her capsize, and carry away her masts; the *Vigilant* then made sail and left her. Thus fell the good ship *Cornelia*, by an accident which no human prudence could foresee, nor human assistance prevent.

Now is the ocean's bosom bare,
Unbroken as the floating air;
The ship hath melted quite away,
Like a struggling dream at break of day.
No image meets the wandering eye,
But the new-risen sun, and the sunny sky;
Tho' the night-shades are gone, yet a vapour dull,
Bedims the waves so beautiful;
While a low and melancholy moan
Mourns for the glory that hath flown.

THE SEAMAN'S BURIAL.

THE wind is hushed; the summer sun
Still lingers in the golden west,
As if it loved to look upon
A scene so calm so bless'd;
The untired wave sweeps on its way,
Unbroken in the sunset ray.
The tall ship rests, a silent thing,
Upon the ocean tide;
So calm, the sea-mew dips its wing,
Close to its wave-worn side.
The sea-boy's song is hushed, as slow
That noiseless ship rocks to and fro.
Sweet as from ocean's coral bed,
Hark! sounds of mourning come,
And warriors march, with measured tread,
To beat of muffled drum;
And faintly now uprising there,
The funeral dirge strikes on the air.
The prayer is hush'd, the solemn stave
In silence dies o'er that stern cloud,
As slowly through the clear blue wave,
Girt in his snow-white shroud,
The pallid corse is seen to glide
Far, far adown beneath the tide.
He sleeps! but o'er his ocean grave
Long peals the minute gun!
The thundering requiem of the brave,
When their bright course is done;
And night winds oft shall whisper there—
Peace to the wave-tossed mariner.

A DREADFUL MUTINY.

It takes a great deal to make a sailor mutiny: it is not done by merited punishment. A sailor knows as well as his officers do, when he deserves flogging; but if he knows he does not deserve it every lash cuts deeper than the flesh, and leaves a scar which it takes a long time to wear out, if it is ever effaced. Men in our ship were expected to do what was impossible; a whole watch of fore-top men would sometimes be flogged for being a few seconds after the main-top-men, and the last man on the topsail-yard was sure of it.

John Simmons was second captain of the top, and as smart a sailor as ever hauled out a reef-earring. One evening, some time after my being disrated, I was aft at the lee-helm, as there was a fresh-breeze wind. The captain came upon deck, and I could see by his detested face, that the devil was in him: his nostrils were compressed, and his upper lip curled up in a scowl. He took two or three short and hurried turns—looked aloft, and swore at the officer on the watch for having slackened off the lee-fore-topsail brace, called the quartermaster an old lubber, and gave symptoms of the return of his madness.

He then roared out, "Turn the hands up, reef topsails, and I'll flog the last half-dozen on the lower-deck." The men flew up the rigging like lightning, and the command, "Trice up, lay out, take in two reefs"—was hardly given, when it seemed the sail was reefed, the men off the yard, and the sail at the mast-head again. It was done within the time allotted, but on looking up a point was discovered untied in both fore and main top-sails. The captain very humanely gave them another trial, and the reefs were shaken out and the sail reefed, as quickly, and as well as before; but poor John, who was at the lee-yard-arm, in his anxiety to avoid being the last man on the yard, made a spring at the lee-rigging, he missed his hold, and fell upon the deck!—poor fellow! every bone in his body was broken! "What lubber is that?" demanded the captain, of the fore-castle officer.

"The second captain of the fore-top, sir," replied the lieutenant.

"Pitch him overboard, and be — then," returned the captain.

This horrid mandate was not obeyed; the doctor was aft, and ran forward to see what could be done; but his promptitude was useless; poor John was dying.

When he fell, I was close by him, and ran to him, and raising his head gently from the deck, supported it on my arm. The doctor wished him to be removed to the sick bay, but he said faintly, "Don't touch me—good bye, shipmates—God bless you all!"—and as the glaze was coming over his eyes, he recognised me, and his last whisper was—"Poor Jane—give—give—" his head fell back powerless on my arm, and he yielded up his last breath. "Shipmates," murmured a hollow sepulchral voice close at hand, "remember!"

Had you witnessed the countenances of the men on the lower deck at supper that night, you would never have forgotten it; I never have; and although perfectly ignorant of what was in contemplation, I saw they were at the highest pitch of desperation.

The night poor John Simmons was sewed up in his hammock, the officer of the watch read the funeral service over him by the light of a lanthorn, and as the awful words, "We therefore commit his body to the deep," pealed upon my ears, and the sullen roar of the waves as they received the corpse, which followed, the same voice before mentioned, in a still more awful manner, called out "Remember!"

The officer of the watch looked round him before he recommenced reading the latter part of the service, but all the men near him appeared to be as ignorant as to whom the sound came from as himself. A solemn "Amen!" was pronounced, and echoed by the same voice, which concluded this melancholy ceremony.

I think this was the next day, (a man-of-war brig, the D—, was in company) I observed several of the men going from one mess to the other, whispering something. One in particular, a man who had been a boatswain's mate, but dis-

rated and flogged, because the captain thought he was not laying the lash as he ought to have done, was very active. "It was his voice, I am almost certain, that I heard repeat the word—"Remember;" but every thing was so conducted that I knew nothing of what was brewing."

It was the night for scrubbing and washing clothes, always done in the middle watch. I was between two of the guns abaft on the main-deck, scrubbing a pair of duck trousers. I thought there was an unusual noise with the wash-deck buckets, and looking up, I saw several of the men apparently larking, throwing the buckets at one another. The captain sent out of his cabin word for the men to make less noise, but they took no notice of what was said; on the contrary, they made more noise than before, taking the shot out of the racks, and throwing them about the deck. At last the first lieutenant came up, to inquire into the cause of the disturbance, when one of the men insulted him. He returned to his cabin and brought up a sword, with which he went forward amongst the men, and endeavoured to restore order. He was knocked down, run through the body with his own sword, and thrown out of a port. Seeing this horrid murder, I left my trousers unfinished, ran on deck, and aloft to the main-top. From this place I heard the shouts of the infuriated mutineers, and the groans of the dying; and every now and then, the splash of some mangled victim, committed to the waves.

The men had broken open the gunner's store-room, and possessed themselves of arms and ammunition. The captain, hearing the uproar increase, opened the cabin door and came out. He was no sooner seen, than one of the men gave him a blow with a hands-pike, and he retreated to his cabin. Four or five of the men rushed in after him, armed with cutlasses, boarding-pikes and muskets with fixed bayonets. The captain endeavoured to defend himself with a short sword, and for a time kept them at bay. So much did they dread him, that they shrunk back, and were afraid to strike; when one of them—John Morris—called out, "What do you fear, men? spike the —," and gave them an example by running him through with a bayonet. They all followed his example, each one seeming anxious to satiate his bloody vengeance. He was covered with a hundred wounds, and after cutting and hacking the body, and treating it with every possible indignity, they threw him out of the cabin-windows.

My late antagonist—if it was done on my account, I am very sorry—was another of their victims, and only two or three of the officers were exempted from the carnage: among them was a midshipman, and at the time sick in his cot: his life was saved by one of the mutineers, who was his countryman. I was soon joined by two or three others of the peaceably-disposed, who, like me, were horror-struck at the bloodshed going on below; and we did not quit our station until after the day broke. The main-deck was covered with blood: it was the blood of our officers, many of whom were as good men as ever lived. I have often since that time stood upon a bloody deck and thought light of it, for it was bloodshed in our country's cause, and in fair fight. As to the captain, if he had possessed a thousand lives, he deserved to have lost them; but bloodthirsty cruelty alone called for the murder of the rest.

A boatswain's mate now took the command, and called a council of war. Some were for cruising about as a pirate, some wished to leave the West Indies, and take the ship into a French port; but the greatest number voted to run her into the first port they came to on the Spanish Main, and give her up to the Spaniards. The latter plan was carried into effect, and the next day found us at anchor under the guns of a heavy battery.

TALE OF A DISABLED SEAMAN.

BEING taken to the Savage at the tail of the bank, we were not long on board till soon it was known, fore and aft in the sloop of war, how I had entered without the bounty: all the officers came and spoke to me; even the captain, when he came off to dinner, was told the whole tot of the story, and he made me out that very day the captain of the fore-top, which gave the men under me great contentation, for all the crew were well pleased

to hear how I had come to save Robin, and for nothing.

That was my first step of promotion, and every one told me that I must get on, for I was then a steady and a tight lad, and having both my arms, was willing, brisk, and handy.

Some few days after this fracas, the *Savage* sailed with all the pressed men, to man the king's ships at Plymouth, and of course I went with her, being the captain of the fore-top.

At the time that the *Ajax* was ready for sea, the signs of war were very heartening, and it was said that the Queen of France had sent our king's wife a diamond stomacher, which, as the French are known all the world over for having false hearts, was to every sailor in the *Ajax* a sure proof that a war would soon ensue; so with this hope we put to sea, but it was all to no purpose—we sailed up and down, like a fish in the water, and met with nothing so warlike as a drove of pellocks that were tumbling like wull-cats, head over heels in the sunny calm of a blessed evening in June.

At this time I made a reflection, saying to myself, that unless a man had the good luck to be placed in a jeopardy, it could never be known how he would stand it; so I put down the sedition of my thoughts, and would have been content with any mediocrity; but I was never rated on the books of fate to be an admiral, or ordained to taste such a beverage as glory.

One day, when I was holding on by a sheet, a marlin-spike from aloft fell, and the thick end happening to be downwards, —in other words, head foremost—it struck my left arm just at the elbow, and smashed the bone, so that the doctor was obliged to saw it off to save dear life, by which, while it was healing, I lost some of the bravery of my thoughts; and now and then, when in the fog, I had no fair-weather fancies in thinking how it had pleased Providence to cast me away on the shores of sin and misery; but still I called to mind how he it is for all, that the king had built Greenwich for sailors, though I thought myself too young for a berth there.

My messmates, seeing me not so hearty sometimes when I looked at my stump, made me then cheerily, by telling of officers they knew who had lost a fin as well as me, and yet would serve the king like men, and never lost their promotion, saying, that in course of nature, while a sailor did his duty, it was not in the power of the first lord to prevent it, far less the secretary. Thus, as the putation was healing, I got into the trades of the mind; and although no longer on the ship's books as an able-bodied, having carried away the larboard arm, there was not one in the crew that knew me who did not say he would help me to make up the detriment to the king, so that the loss of my arm should not be missed in the service—for true sailors are right men, and not much sin grows on oak plank. To be sure, in their rigs, they are sometimes very troublesome to Providence, and he is obligated to look out sharp after them, being as thoughtless as small children.

Thus it came to pass, I staid in the *Ajax*, and was as handy as a Jack could be who has got mutilation. When I got well, and was used to one hand, I grew again into comfort, and could beat to windward, and thought so to weather cape Fortune, that I was not down-hearted.

At last the moonshiners, they showed their colours, which was what every king's-man long expected; for, being on sea, sailors have a better notion of politicals about ships, than the land-crabs, for all their jabber, which is the reason why we have no need of newspapers to keep us right in the fleet.

We were in Portsmouth, snug hauled, when the orders came to put to sea, with leave to grab the French. My eye, such a to-do! Every man had a balloon heart and was an admiral of the red. The very rigging glowed in the grip, and the ship was as playful as a sucking puppy whose brothers and sisters are with *Day Jones*. In less than no time we stood out to sea, the wind right aft—every stitch big-bellied, but not enough for the impatient *Ajax*.

We bore straight away for Ushant, and had not reached sight of the French land, when we saw a black thief of a lugger coming, cowering and skulking along shore. As it was not worth the *Ajax's* while to step aside, we lowered and manned the launch to take possession; and the officer in

command seeing my mouth watering to go, gave me encouragement, and I was allowed.

Cheerily we rowed, but the enemy was good stuff, and as saucy as a well geared wench on the Point. She fired—but we, seeing she would be ours, rowed right on, taking no notice. She fired again—I felt something, and there lay my right hand in the bottom of the boat, grasping a cutlass. It was the last shot, and I was handless; it was God's pleasure, and I was not consulted—but there lay the fin, and my trousers were bloody.

As the lugger struck immediately after, I was not left long to rue the damage; but being a young man, I could only wish, when I thought of the mortification, that it had been my head instead of my arm, for I don't see the use of keeping men alive who require another to stow away their prog. However, to belay the tale, I was carried back to the *Ajax*, and I saw no more of the cocked-hat ahead that had been so long the light-house of my dreams.

When I was hoisted on board, I did not think so many in the ship knew me—even the captain came to see me; but he could not light the douced hope again, though he told me of Greenwich, and that a berth was ready for me there. I wished at the time he had not so tried to cheer me; for I had not till then thought it could be no longer doubted I was born to be a hulk.

But though for a time, and while the ship was at sea, I looked with a hearty face at calamity, yet, being weak with the loss of blood, I often lay in the dark in my hammock, wondering, with watery eyes, for what purpose I had been made, thinking of old kind grannie, that used to call me admiral; but she sleeps sound in the west kirk-yard—and there was mercy in that thought, for she could not see my handless arms.

By-and-bye, when our cruise was over, we came again to anchor at Spithead. The next day it was ordered to take me on shore; and as I was sitting with a cold heart on the fore-castle unable to work—for both my hands were away—all the beautiful morning of life shone like a vision before me, and I thought how magnificently the mighty *Ajax* sailed in quest of victory. In the triumph of the dream, I forgot that my left arm was then disabled, and I sternly grasped the cutlass that I thought was in my right; but a stun shot to my heart—the hand and the cutlass were for ever gone! It was like a Molly to be so womanish, though I could not help it, and feeling my cheek grow wet, I lifted my arm to wipe it, but the stump was too short, and I could only let the sorrow faster flow.

When the hour came that I was to be handed into the boat—for I could do nothing myself—I felt, though I was so helpless, my heart grow proud and warm, and I bade my messmates good-bye as gay as a lark—but I had on a false face; and when one of them, in heedless regard, held out his hand to shake mine, I could but look in his face, and turn away my head.

At last the boat was ready. The coffin is not lowered into the grave with more sadness than I was into the boat; and I heard a stranger officer who was there say to the captain, "Poor fellow! it was not for this he came for Buntin!" I looked up, and saw it was the midshipman that pressed our men off the Point of Toward, and was so prime with his prize when he took me to the *Savage*. But grieving's a folly, and the song of "Poor Jack" being then new, I tried to sing it as we rowed towards the shore.

As it is melancholious, however, to think of these things, I will say no more of them, but mention that, in due time, I was landed at this place long ago, when I was but two-and-twenty; and I am now a gray-haired old man, who is obliged to ask a messmate to open to him his Bible, till death, that is slow of coming; but when it comes, I'll be ta'en away and not missed for I am but a cumberer of the ground, and often sin in saying to myself, that it was not right of Providence to give me such a forward heart, and so untimely, for so little purpose.

EXTRAORDINARY FAMINE ON BOARD THE AMERICAN SHIP PEGGY.

Captain Harrison in 1765.

THE dreadful sufferings produced by famine, frequently lead men to the commission of the most horrible excesses. When insensible to the appeals of reason or of nature, man assumes the character of a beast of prey, and coolly meditates the death of a companion or a brother with a remorseless determination, deaf to every entreaty or remonstrance.

One of these scenes so afflicting to humanity, occurred in the year 1765, on board the American brigantine *Peggy*, commanded by David Harrison, and freighted by merchants of New York, for the Azores. She arrived at Fayal, one of those islands, without accident; and, having disposed of her cargo, took on board a lading of wine and spirits, and, on October 24th, she set sail on her return to New York.

On the 29th the wind, which till then had been favourable, suddenly shifted, and the vessel was much damaged by violent storms, which succeeded each other without interruption, during the month of November. In spite of all the exertions of the crew, and the experience of the captain, the masts went by the board, all the sails, excepting one, were torn to rags; and to add to their distress, several leaks were discovered in the hold.

The wind abated a little during the beginning of December, but the vessel was driven out of her course; and destitute of masts, sails and rigging, she was perfectly unmanageable, and driven to and fro at the mercy of the waves. This, however, was the smallest evil; as another of a much more alarming nature soon manifested itself. Upon examining the state of their provisions, the stock was found to be almost totally exhausted; and, in this deplorable condition, the crew had no hope of relief but from chance.

A few days after this unpleasant discovery, two vessels were descried early one morning, and a transient ray of hope cheered the unfortunate crew of the *Peggy*; but the sea ran so high that it prevented Captain Harrison from having any communication with the ships, which were soon out of sight. The disappointed seamen, who were in want of every thing, then fell upon the wine and brandy with which the ship was laden, and allotted to the captain two small jars of water, each containing about a gallon, which was the remainder of their stock. Some days elapsed, during which the crew, in some measure, appeased the painful cravings of hunger by incessant intoxication.

On the fourth day, they observed a ship making towards them in full sail, and no time was lost in making signals of distress, when the crew had the inexpressible satisfaction to perceive that they were answered, and the sea was sufficiently calm to permit the two vessels to approach each other. The strangers seemed much affected by the melancholy tale of their privations and sufferings, and promised to relieve them by a supply of biscuit; but it was not sent on board immediately, the captain alleging, as an excuse for the delay, that he had just begun a nautical observation, which he was anxious to complete. However unreasonable such a pretext appeared, the famishing crew of the *Peggy* were obliged, under existing circumstances, to submit. The time mentioned by the captain had nearly expired, when, to their extreme mortification, the latter, regardless of his promises, and dead to all feelings of honour or humanity, crowded all his sails and bore away. No language is adequate to describe the despair and consternation which overwhelmed the miserable crew. Lashed into almost madness by disappointment, and destitute of hope, they fell upon whatever they had spared till then. The only animals that remained on board were a couple of pigeons and a cat, which were devoured in an instant. The only favour which they showed the captain, was to reserve for him the head of the cat; and, disgusting as it would have been on any other occasion, the captain afterwards declared, that at that moment he thought it a treat exquisitely delicious. The unfortunate men then supported their existence by living on oil, candles, leather, &c., and these were entirely consumed by the 28th of December.

From that day till January 13th, it is almost impossible to

tell in what manner they subsisted. Captain Harrison had been for some time confined to his bed by a severe fit of the gout. On the last-mentioned day, the sailors went to him in a body, with the mate at their head, who acted as spokesman on this occasion, and after an affecting representation of the deplorable state to which they were reduced, declared that it was necessary to sacrifice one, in order to save the rest, adding, that their resolution was irrevocably fixed, and that they intended to cast lots for the victim.

The captain, who was a tender and humane man, could not help shuddering at such a barbarous proposition, and endeavoured to dissuade them from their purpose: he represented to them that they were men, and ought to regard each other as brethren; that by such an assassination, they would for ever consign themselves to universal execration, and commanded them, with all his authority, to relinquish the idea of committing so atrocious a crime: but his exhortations were thrown away; he might as well have "preached to the storm." They all, with one voice, replied, that it was indifferent to them whether or no he approved of their resolution; that they had only acquainted him with it out of respect, and because he must run the same risk as themselves—adding, that in the general misfortune, all command and distinction were at an end. They then immediately left him and went upon deck, where the lots were drawn.

The lot fell upon a negro belonging to Captain Harrison; but it is more than probable that the lot had been consulted only for the sake of form, and that the wretched black was proscribed when the sailors first formed their resolution. He was instantly sacrificed. One of the crew tore out his liver, and devoured it reeking warm from the body, without having the patience to cook it in any way; but he was soon afterwards taken ill, and the next day he died, in violent convulsions, and with all the symptoms of madness. Some of his comrades proposed to keep his body to live on after the negro was consumed; but the majority of them objected to this, on account of the disease, which they supposed had carried him off; his body was, therefore, thrown overboard, and consigned to the deep.

The captain, in the intervals when he was least tormented by the gout, was not more exempted from the attacks of hunger than the rest of the crew; but he resisted all the persuasions of his men to partake of their horrid repast. He contented himself with the water which had been assigned to him, mixing with it a small quantity of spirits; and this was the only sustenance he took during the whole period of distress.

The body of the negro, which was equally divided, and eaten with the greatest economy, lasted till the 26th of January. On the 29th, the famished crew deliberated upon selecting a second victim, and again informed the captain of their intention, to which he appeared to give his consent, lest the enraged sailors might have recourse to the lot without him. They left it to him to fix upon any method he might think proper; when, summoning all his strength, he wrote upon slips of paper the name of each man then on board the brigantine, folded them up, and shook them together in a hat. The crew, meanwhile preserved an awful silence; each eye was fixed, and each mouth was open, while terror was strongly impressed upon every countenance. With a trembling hand, one of them drew from the hat the fatal billet, which he delivered to the captain, who opened it, and read aloud the name of David Flat. The unfortunate man on whom the lot had fallen appeared perfectly resigned to his fate. "My friends," said he to his companions, "the only favour I have to beg of you is, not to keep me long in pain; dispatch me as speedily as the negro." Then, turning to the man, who had performed the first execution, he added—"it is you I choose to give me the mortal blow." He requested an hour to prepare himself for death, to which his comrades could only reply with tears. Meanwhile compassion and the remonstrances of the captain prevailed over the hunger of the most hard-hearted, and they unanimously resolved to defer the sacrifice till eleven o'clock the following morning; but such a short reprieve afforded but little

consolation to the unhappy Flat. The certainty of dying the next day, made such a deep impression upon his mind, that his body, which, for above a month, had withstood the almost total privation of nourishment, now sunk beneath it. He was seized with a violent fever, and his state was so much aggravated by a delirium, with which it was accompanied, that some of the sailors proposed to kill him immediately, in order to terminate his sufferings. The majority, however, adhered to the resolution that had been taken of waiting till the following morning.

On January 30th, at ten o'clock in the morning, a large fire was already made to dress the limbs of the unfortunate victim, when a sail was descried at a distance. A favourable wind

drove her towards the Peggy, when she proved to be the Susan, returning from Virginia, and bound to London.

The captain of the Susan could not refrain from tears at the affecting account of the sufferings endured by the famished crew. He lost no time in affording them relief, supplying them immediately with provisions and rigging, and offered to convoy the Peggy to London. The distance from New York, their proximity to the English coast, together with the miserable state of the brigantine, induced the two captains to proceed to England. The voyage was prosperous; only two men died, and all the others gradually recovered their strength; and David Flat, who had been so near the gates of death, was restored to perfect health.



LOSS OF THE GROSVENOR, CAPTAIN COXON, AUGUST 4, 1782.

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THE Grosvenor East Indiaman, commanded by Captain Coxon, sailed from Trincomalee, in the island of Ceylon, on the 13th of June, 1782, on her homeward-bound voyage. On the 3rd of August, as well as on the preceding day, the wind blew very hard, and on the 4th, which was Sunday, the ship lay to under a fore-sail and mizen staysail; the captain at that time considering them a hundred leagues from the nearest land.

Before daylight, John Hynes, a seaman, with one Lewis, and several others, were aloft striking the fore-top-gallantmast. While there, Hynes asked Lewis if he did not think there

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was land ahead, and where he thought he saw breakers; to which Lewis replying in the affirmative, they all hastened down to inform Mr. Beale, the third-mate, who then had the watch, of so alarming an occurrence.

Mr. Beale, however, instead of paying any attention to their information, only laughed at their knowledge, and refused to give the slightest credit to their conjectures; but Lewis immediately ran into the cabin and informed the captain, who instantly came out, and ordered the ship to be wore. The helm was accordingly put hard-a-weather the mizen staysail hauled down, the fore-topsail and jib let go, and the after-yards squared, by which means the ship's head was brought nearly round; but, unfortunately, before this could be accomplished her keel struck. Every soul on board in-

stantly rushed upon deck, the ship all the time beating very violently.

Horror and apprehension were now painted in every one's features, though the captain endeavoured to dispel the alarm which was necessarily created, and to pacify the passengers on the assurance that he was not without hope of being able to save them all, and earnestly entreated that all of them would be composed.

The pumps were sounded, but no water was found in the hold, as the ship's stern was lying high on the rocks, and the fore part being considerably lower, it had all run forward. About ten minutes after the ship struck the wind changed, and blew off shore, which made them fearfully apprehensive of being driven out to sea, and thereby deprived of their only chance of safety.

The gunner was ordered to fire signals of distress, but on his attempting to get into the powder-room, he found it full of water; the captain therefore ordered the mainmast first to be cut away, and then the foremast; from this, however, they derived no beneficial effect, and as the ship was lying within three hundred yards of the shore, it proved next to an impossibility to save her.

It is impossible to describe the distraction of those on board at this awful crisis; every countenance exhibited the workings of despair, and the greatest anarchy and confusion prevailed. Those who were most composed were employed in devising some means to gain the shore, and set about framing a raft of such masts, yards, and spars as could be got together, by which expedient there was a prospect of conveying the women, children, and sick persons, safely to land.

In the meantime a Lascar and two Italians attempted to swim ashore with the deep sea-line, when one of the latter perished in the attempt, though the others succeeded. By means of the small line a much larger one was conveyed on shore, and by the aid of this one, a hawser. In drawing the hawser ashore, the two men were assisted by a great number of the natives, who had now crowded to the water's edge. The masts were soon drove in by the surf and current, and whenever within reach were stripped of their hoops by the natives.

After the hawser was got out, it was fastened round the rocks by one end, while the other was made fast to the capstan on board, by which it was hauled tight. Most of the people in the wreck had been employed in constructing a raft, which

by this time was finished, and a nine-inch hawser being fastened round it, they launched it overboard and veered it away towards the stern of the ship, that the women and children might the more easily embark from the quarter-gallery. Four men got upon it in order to assist them, but although the hawser was new, the violence of the surf immediately snapped it in two, and the raft driving on shore, upset, by which three of the men were drowned.

Before the masts were cut away, the yawl and jolly-boat were hoisted out; but no sooner were they over the ship's side, than they were dashed to pieces.

All hands now began to do the best they could for themselves. Some of them had recourse to the hawser fastened ashore, and attempted to get along it hand over hand. Des-

pair gave strength and resolution, and several seamen gained the land by this difficult and hazardous expedient, while others, incapable of accomplishing it, dropped, and were drowned; and these amounted to fifteen men.

The ship now separated just before the mainmast, and the bow veering round, came athwart the stern. The wind at the same time providentially shifted to its old quarter, and blew directly towards the land, a circumstance that contributed greatly towards saving the persons who then remained on board, and who all got on the poop as being nearest the shore. The wind then, in conjunction with the surges, lifting them in the part upon which they stood, rent it asunder, fore and aft, the deck splitting in two. In this distressing moment, they crowded on the starboard quarter, which soon floated into shoal water, while the other parts continued to break off those heavy seas, that would otherwise have washed them away. Thus every one on board, even the women and children, got safe ashore, the only exception being the cook's-mate, who was intoxicated, and could not be prevailed upon to leave the ship.

By the time the whole were landed, the day was drawing to a close, and night was fast approaching. Fortunately the natives, who retired with the setting sun, had left the embers of their fire, which afforded the English the means of lighting three others with the wood collected from the wreck. They also got some hogs and poultry that had been driven ashore, and made a comparatively comfortable repast. A party of them wandering along the shore in search of articles, found a cask of beef, one of flour, and a leaguer of arrack, which were delivered to the captain, who served out a proper allowance to each person. Two of the sails had also been driven ashore, with which he ordered two tents to be made for the ladies to repose in during the ensuing night.

On the morning of the fifth the natives, who were woolly-headed and quite black, came down, and directly began carrying off whatever articles struck their fancy. This conduct excited in them a thousand apprehensions for the personal safety of the people, particularly in the women; but they were allayed by observing that the natives contented themselves with plundering.

The following day was employed in collecting everything that might be useful to them during a journey which they intended to make to the Cape of Good Hope; but the captain very prudently ordered two casks of spirits to be staved, to prevent the chance of the natives becoming dangerous by being intoxicated. He then called the survivors of the shipwreck together, and having shared the provisions among them, he represented, that as on board he had been their commanding officer, he hoped they would still suffer him to continue his command; to which they unanimously answered, "By all means." He then proceeded to inform them, that from the best calculations he could make, he trusted they would be able to reach some of the Dutch settlements in the course of fifteen or sixteen days.

On the 7th of August they set off on their journey. Mr. Logie, the chief-mate, who had been ill for some time, being carried by two men in a hammock slung on a pole, in which laborious occupation all the men cheerfully took their turns. The whole company then moved forward, and were followed by some of the natives, while others remained near the wreck. They found a beaten path from village to village, and were followed for about three miles by the Caffres, who, from time to time, took whatever they chose from them; and sometimes threw stones at them. They soon afterwards met with a party of about thirty, with red painted faces, and among them a Dutchman, named Trout, who, having committed murders among his countrymen, had fled hither for concealment. On coming up to the Englishmen, he inquired who they were and whither they were going; and on being told, he informed them that their proposed journey would be attended with unspeakable difficulties; that they had many nations to go through, and many deserts to pass, exclusive of the dangers which they would certainly experience from meeting numbers of wild beasts. They were much depressed with this information, and offered any sum of money the Dutchman would require, if he would conduct them to the Cape; but this he would not consent to, on the ground that

he dreaded putting himself in the power of the Dutch; and also, as he had a wife and children among the natives, they would not consent to let him go, even if he were so inclined.

Finding their solicitations were in vain, they pursued their journey in the same manner for four or five days. In the daytime they were constantly surrounded by the natives, who took from them whatever they chose, but as soon as the sun went down they invariably retired. As they advanced they saw many villages, but kept as far from them as possible, to avoid the rudeness of the inhabitants. At length they came to a deep gully, where they met three natives, who held their lances several times to the captain's throat, till irritated at the insult, he wrenched one of them out of the hand of the savage, and, breaking it, kept the barb. The natives then went away, seeming to take no further notice of it; but coming on the next day to a very large village, they found three or four hundred of the savages collected, all armed with lances and targets, made of the hide of the elephant. They commenced an aggression upon the English by piffling and insulting them, and then began to beat them. Concluding that they were marked for destruction, they immediately prepared to act on the defensive, and, accordingly, having placed the women, children, and sick, at some distance, under the protection of about a dozen of them, the remainder, which consisted of eighty or ninety, engaged their opponents for nearly two hours and a half, when, having got possession of a rising ground, where they could not be surrounded, a kind of compromise took place.

Towards dusk they lighted a fire, and at night they reposed in the open air. During the night they were so terrified by the noise of wild beasts, that the men were obliged to keep watch in turn to prevent them approaching too near.

On the following morning they were again joined by the Dutchman, who said he had been on board the wreck and got a load of iron, pewter, lead, and copper from it, which he was now carrying to his kraal or village. He was quite alone, and, after a short conversation, took up his load of plunder and marched off.

After passing the night, disturbed as before by the howlings of beasts of prey, the party advanced at day-break; about noon the natives came as usual to plunder them, and among other things, took away their tinderbox, flint, and steel, which was to them an irreparable loss, and obliged each of them to travel with a fire-brand in his hand.

On the following day they discovered that the provisions that they had brought with them were nearly expended, and the fatigues of travelling with the women and children being very great, the sailors began to murmur. Accordingly, Captain Coxon, the first-mate, and his wife, with some of the passengers, and five of the children, agreed to keep together and travel on slowly as before. Many of the seamen induced by the great promises of Colonel James and others, were prevailed on to stay behind with them, in order to carry what little provision was left, and the blankets; while the second, fourth, and fifth mates, Captain Talbot, and his coxswain, four of the passengers, and their servants, and the remainder of the seamen, being about forty-three in all, went on before.

This separation did not take place without great regret, as they had little hopes of meeting again; but on the next day, those who had left the captain's party, having waited all night by the side of a river for the ebb tide, were overtaken, and the whole company once more united, when they all crossed the river, and, after travelling together the whole of that day and part of the next, they arrived at a large village, where they found Trout, the Dutchman, who showed them his wife and children, and begged a piece of pork. He gave them some directions relative to their journey, told them the names of the places they were to pass, and the rivers they had to cross, and they having thanked him departed.

They spent the night in company, and in the morning a party of them went down to the sea side, where they found a number of oysters, muscles, and limpets, which they divided among the women, children, and sick. Advancing until about four o'clock, they once more agreed to separate, which they did, and, as the sequel proved, never to meet again.

The second-mate's party, which comprised the most active men of the whole, travelled until quite dark, when they made a fire at a convenient place for wood and water, and reposed for the night.

The following day they travelled about thirty miles, subsisting chiefly on wild sorrel, and such berries as they observed the birds to peck at; they also obtained some shell-fish from the rocks, and then gaining the banks of a river which was very wide and deep, they ended their journey for that day.

On the next morning the surge of the river deterred them from crossing it, particularly as several of the party could not swim. They were consequently obliged to follow its windings up the country, when they passed many small villages, in which, however, they could get no relief from the inhabitants, until they came to a narrower part, where they lashed together all the dry wood they could collect, with woodbines and their handkerchiefs, and thus formed a kind of catamaran or raft, on which those who could not swim being placed, they all got over in safety, although the river was not less than two miles broad. They then returned towards the sea-side, where, fortunately, they procured a plentiful supply of shell-fish.

On the fourth day after this they reached a high mountain covered with wood on the inland side, which they were obliged to take, on account of the rocks, which made the shore impassable. The march was extremely fatiguing as they had to beat through untrodden paths, and were frequently obliged to climb trees in order to explore their way, so that night approached before they had gained the summit of the mountain. There the wood terminated, and they entered upon a spacious plain with a fine stream of water running through it, where they passed the night.

At the return of day they found that they had another wood to pass, before again reaching the sea-side, which they did before night; but were so exhausted from the excessive fatigue they had undergone, that they contented themselves with making one fire instead of three, which were really necessary for so many; and thus they used to open their oysters and muscles, as they had been plundered by the natives of their knives, and everything else but their clothes.

About noon the next day, they found a dead whale upon the beach, which had been washed up by the tide to high water-mark. The sight of such a supply of provisions afforded them great pleasure, but not being possessed of an instrument that would cut it up, they were for some time at a loss how they should avail themselves of their good fortune. They, however, made a fire upon it and dug out the grilled parts with an oyster-shell, and on this they subsisted several days.

A fine level country inland, persuaded them that they had reached the northernmost of the Dutch settlements, and without the bounds of the Caffres. Some of the party thought it would be most advisable to strike inland, while others were of opinion that it would be safer still to keep the sea-side. After many arguments upon it, they at length agreed to divide.

The fourth and fifth mates, Messrs. Williams and Taylor, Captain Talbot, his coxswain, and twenty-two seamen, resolved to proceed inland, while the carpenter, ship's-steward, and cooper, Mr. D'Espenette, M. Oliver, their servant, and about twenty-four seamen kept along the sea-shore.

The inland party advanced during three days and nights through a fine pleasant country, in which they saw many deserted villages; but all this time they had no subsistence, except a few oysters brought from the coast, and berries, and wild sorrel, gathered on the way. They therefore judged it prudent to regain the shore, where, the tide being out, they got shell-fish to allay their hunger. Soon after their separation

from the theothers, Captain Talbot several times sat himself down to rest, and the whole company did the same, but the captain repeated this so often, through weariness, that the rest went on and left him. Not so, however, his faithful coxswain, who, seeing his master in that condition, was observed to go back and sit by him; but neither of the two have ever been seen or heard of since.

At a small river where they stopped the following noon, they found two of the carpenter's party, who, unable to swim, had been left behind. After crossing this river, they in four days came to another, so large that none of the party



thought it prudent to attempt passing it. On marching along its banks they came to a village, where they saw the inside of a watch, which some of the carpenter's party had exchanged for a little milk. They proceeded up the river for several days, and passed many villages unmolested by the inhabitants; and at length crossed on a catamaran at a place where it was a mile and a half broad, only two of them, who were terrified at the breadth of it, being left behind. On the third day, after travelling in a diagonal direction, they once more reached the shore, where they slept, and the next day got some shell-fish, but no fresh water.

They now fell in with a number of the savages, by whom they were extremely ill-used, and received many blows, as they were unable to make any resistance. In three days they overtook the party from whom they had separated, and found that the carpenter had been poisoned by some kind of fruit which he had eaten from hunger; and that Messrs. D'Espenette and Oliver, with their servant, being totally exhausted, had been left behind: but that Master Law, a little boy not more than seven or eight years of age, who had formed one of their number, had borne the fatigues of the journey in a most miraculous manner.

The parties, thus again united, had not travelled far before they found two planks on a sandy bank, in each of which was a spike nail. Overjoyed at such an unlooked-for requisition, they immediately set fire to the planks, and getting out the nails, flattened them between two stones, into something like knives; and a little farther on they found water, by accidentally turning up the sand at the side of a river, where they rested for the night.

After crossing the river on the following morning, they were agreeably surprised with the sight of another dead whale

on the shore. A number of natives, armed with lances, immediately came down upon them; however, when they saw their deplorable condition, and that they were unable to make any resistance, they behaved very gently; and one of them even lent his lance to assist in cutting up the whale, junks of which they put into bags, and carried them until they found wood and water to dress them.

One of the people was taken ill at a river the following day, and from hard necessity his companions were obliged to leave him behind. Their journey was prosecuted for about four days with great expedition, from not being retarded by seeking provisions. The rivers on the coast, however, frequently obstructed their progress, and at length they came to one where they resolved to remain for the night; and finding a quantity of large berries, ate them to allay their thirst. In the morning as it blew fresh and the weather was cold, some of the company were unwilling to cross; but John Hynes, a seaman, and about ten others, impatient to get forward, swam over, and journeyed on until they found a place with wood, water, and shell-fish. Here they halted two days, expecting that the others, among whom was the little boy, would come up; and then concluding that they had not ventured on account of the blowing weather, they proceeded.

Fortunately a dead seal was discovered on the beach, and one of the knives being in the possession of this party, they cut it up with the aid of some sharp shells, and dressing a portion on the spot, carried the remainder with them. The party that had been left behind came up after two days separation, and with them the remainder of the seal was shared.

Since the carpenter's death, the command of the party devolved upon the steward, and to his care was intrusted the charge of the child, whose tender years were inadequate to combat the perils of such a journey. He strove to alleviate his sufferings, he heard his complainings with pity, and fed him when he could obtain wherewithal to do it.

In attempting to shorten the way by rounding a bluff rock which projected considerably into the sea, the united party were nearly swept away by the violence of the surf breaking against it. Their escape was almost miraculous; four or five of them lost their portion of the seal, and all their firebrands were extinguished. Though greatly dispirited by this latter misfortune, they proceeded, until coming in sight of some females, who immediately ran off, they found the remains of a fire, where they joyfully relighted their brands, and then rested a few hours.

On the following day they arrived at a village, where they obtained a young bullock in exchange for the inside of a watch and some buttons. They killed it with one of the native's lances, and then distributed it by cutting the whole into pieces; and one of the party standing with his back to the others, named the person who should have the piece that was held up. This was the only instance of their being able to get any sustenance from the natives, except now and then that the women gave a little milk to the boy.

A sandy desert next occupied them ten days in passing, where they subsisted on the provisions they carried with them, and procured water by digging for it in the sand. Afterwards they passed for five or six days through a tribe called Tambookees, when they experienced various treatment. On the borders of the sea, a party of natives advised them to go inland; they did so, and, after advancing about three miles, came to a village, where there were only women and children. Here a little milk was obtained for the boy, and they rested from their fatigues. In the interval the men of the village returned from hunting, each bearing a part of a deer on the point of his lance. Forty of them, at least, surrounded the English, gazing on them with admiration. The natives, after partaking of a hasty meal, started up, and in an instant ran off to the woods, where they disappeared; but they were not long before they returned with a deer, which they had killed; and though the travellers earnestly solicited a part of it, they refused, and insisted on their quitting the village.

After reposing four or five miles from the village, they advanced at sunrise. For several days they saw many cattle, but had no means of obtaining any. On the banks of a river

were three or four huts containing only women and children, and they, apparently more from fear than humanity, gave the travellers part of the flesh of sea-cows and sea-lions, which were hanging up in the cabins to dry. The river being a mile broad, Hynes, and eight of his companions, swam over; but the rest were fearful of attempting it, and remained behind. On crossing another river, two of the party dropped their brands. Their method of crossing without a catamaran, was, tying up their clothes tight in a bundle, and fastening it with a band round their heads, the brand was stuck in the front of their bundle, and thus preserved dry. On proceeding farther they found another whale, and remained on the spot two days in the hope of their companions coming up. But ten days afterwards they discovered by some small pieces of rags scattered on the way, that those they had left behind had got the start of them. On entering a large sandy desert, where little wood or water was to be seen, they observed written on the sand at the entrance of a deep gulley—"Turn in here, and you will find plenty of wood and water," which they hastened to obey, and saw, from the remains of fires and other traces, that their companions had rested there.

Proceeding for ten or twelve days, they continued to pass traces that denoted the advance of their companions, and fell in with a hunting party of natives, distinguished by a kind of shoe worn on the right foot. On the following day they came to a more barren country, where the natives subsist by fishing and hunting, and in three or four days longer, reached a fine and populous district. Still they could obtain no provisions; the natives were apprehensive of their carrying away their cattle, and repulsed the English with sticks and stones, so that without the resource of shell-fish on the shore they must have perished.

A violent storm of thunder, lightning, and rain, came on one night, which they determined to pass on the sea-shore; and the rain was so heavy that they were obliged to hold their canvass frocks over the fire to prevent it being extinguished. In the morning they remained till low water, in order to get shell-fish, and to dry their clothes. About four o'clock in the afternoon, they reached a large village, where the inhabitants assembled on their approach, and wounded several of them. One had his skull fractured, which rendered him delirious, and he died soon afterwards. Hynes was knocked down, and left for dead on the spot; but recovering soon afterwards, and recollecting the way his companions intended to pursue, he followed them as expeditiously as he was able.

After travelling several days over a large sandy desert, they fell in with three savages, who immediately fled. Food was procured with very great difficulty, as the sea-side seldom proved rocky, and sometimes on finding a small reef, where they expected it, they had to wait half a day for ebb-tide.

On arriving at a large river called Boschusan's River, they found Thomas Lewis, who, being sick, had been left behind by the others. He found himself so weak, and the river so wide, that he determined to return to the nearest village, and there settle. His companions strove in vain to encourage him with the prospect of surviving all his hardships, and reaching the Cape of Good Hope in safety. In spite of their entreaties he returned to the natives, where he most probably found a speedy termination to his sufferings.

About noon of the fourth day, after crossing the river, the party came up with the little boy and the ship's steward, whom they presented with some of the flesh of a whale, which they had fortunately found a few days before, and by which they were much refreshed. After journeying in this way for eight or ten days the steward and the child complained of being ill, and requested the rest to remain for that day where they were, which was readily agreed to. The steward and the boy still continuing ill, their companions consented to stay another day; but should they not then be better, necessity would render separation unavoidable.

Having prepared early in the morning whatever could be obtained for breakfast, and willing to indulge the tender frame of the poor child as much as they could, they intended to call him when everything was ready. He still rested near the fire, where all of them had slept during the preceding night; but on going

to awake him, they found, with sorrow, that his soul had taken its flight. With great regret they bestowed a last sigh on his youthful victim and departed.

After they had walked about two hours, Robert Fitzgerald asked for a shell of water, with which Hynes supplied him; he then asked for another, which having received, he laid himself down and instantly expired. Towards four o'clock of the same day, another of the party, William Frueel, complained of being very weak, and sat down on the sand by the sea-side, where his companions were obliged to leave him, as they had to seek wood and water; but, on returning to the spot to try whether they could get him on, he was nowhere to be seen; so that they concluded he had been taken away by wild beasts. The want of water made them suffer severely; indeed the distresses of their former situation were nothing compared to what they then suffered, and on the second day of their wanting food and water, the steward and another expired.

Next morning two of the party were reduced to a very languishing state, yet dreading to be left behind, they still walked on. One of them, however, had not proceeded far before he lay down, and his companions, unable to afford him any assistance, recommended him to the protection of heaven, and left him to expire.

Morning brought no relief to their sufferings, and necessity impelled them to proceed; but their weakness was so great that another of their number dropped and was abandoned. They were now reduced to three, Hynes, Evans, and Wormington, the boatswain's mate; but their faculties were so much impaired that they could hardly hear or see.

On the following morning the torments of thirst became so dreadful, that Wormington earnestly importuned his companions to determine by lot which of them should die, in order that the others might be preserved by drinking his blood. Hynes declared that as long as he was able to walk he could not think of such a proposal, but should he be obliged to drop, they might use him as they pleased. Upon this, Wormington shaking hands with Hynes and Evans suffered them to proceed without him, and they advanced without even indulging a hope of the possibility of relief. In the course of the day they saw something before them, which had the appearance of large birds, but which, upon a nearer approach, they discovered to be men. Nearly blind and idiots, they did not at first recollect their newly-found companions; but after some time they recognised in them, four of the steward's party. One of them, a boy named Price, advanced to meet them with the pleasing information that they had fresh water. This inspired them with new life, and reciprocal inquiries were made relative to the fate of their lost companions. The three men were named Berney, Leary, and De Lasso, who hearing that Wormington was left behind, the two latter went in search of him, charging those who remained not to suffer Hynes and Evans to drink too freely of the water, as several had expired from the eagerness with which they had swallowed it.

Wormington was recovered by the humanity of those who went in search of him, and a painful detail of sufferings succeeded. It appeared that the captain's steward had been buried in the sand of the last desert over which they passed, and that the survivors were reduced to such an extremity, that two of the party had been sent back to cut off part of his flesh; but while proceeding on this horrid errand, they had the good fortune to discover a young seal, just driven on shore, which afforded them a seasonable relief.

Being now arrived at a favourable spot for water and shell-fish, they employed two days in collecting provisions for their future journey, and in refreshing themselves; and having experienced the invigorating effects of rest and food, they again proceeded.

With extreme difficulty and danger they passed a large river, supposed to be the Soutass, on a catamaran, and having reached the opposite shore, they looked back with horror and amazement on their fortunate escape from being driven out to sea by the rapidity of the current. The united party, consisting of six persons, pursued their route over a desert country, and in six days reached the Schwartz river, on the banks of which they took up their abode for the night.

The next morning they swam over the river in safety, and soon discovered another dead whale lying on the sea shore; and thus supplied with food, would have rested a few days, but for the want of fresh water; accordingly they cut up as much of the whale as they could carry, and proceeded.

On the following morning as Price was collecting fuel, he observed two men with guns, who belonged to a Dutch settlement in the neighbourhood, and were in search of strayed cattle. One of them, John Battores, supposed to be a Portuguese, was able to converse with De Lasso, the Italian, so as to be understood: and Battores having learned the outline of their melancholy story, desired them to throw away what they had been collecting, and promised them better fare when they reached the habitation to which he belonged.

On reaching the house of Mynheer Christopher Roostoff, to whom Battores was bailiff, they were treated with the kindest attention; bread and milk were ordered to be set before them, and acting rather on the principles of humanity than prudence, they were furnished with such a quantity, that their weak stomachs were overloaded; and, after their meal, sacks were spread upon the ground for them to repose on.

It had been so long since they had known anything of the calculation of time, that they were unacquainted with even the name of the month, and were given to understand that the day of their deliverance was the 25th of November; so that one hundred and seventeen days had revolved since they were shipwrecked; a period of suffering almost unparalleled, and during which they had often been most miraculously preserved.

On the following morning Mynheer Roostoff killed a sheep for the entertainment of his guests, and another Dutchman, named Quin, came with a cart and six horses to convey them towards the Cape; but they first proceeded to his house, where they were hospitably entertained for four days.

From that time they were forwarded in carts from one settlement to another, till they arrived at Swellendam, about one hundred miles from the Cape, where they were detained till orders were received from the governor at the Cape as to their future destiny, as Holland and Great Britain were at that time at war. At length two of the party were ordered to be forwarded to the Cape to be examined. Accordingly, Wormington and Leary proceeded there, and after being strictly interrogated, they were sent on board a Dutch man-of-war, lying in the bay, with orders that they should be set to work. While in this situation, Wormington imprudently threatened to give information of some fraudulent practices in which he discovered the boatswain was engaged; and the boatswain desiring him and his companion to step into a boat, conveyed them on board a Danish East Indiaman just getting under weigh, by which fortunate incident they first reached their native land.

The Dutch government at the Cape, with a humanity that does them infinite honour, on learning the particulars of the loss of the Grosvenor, despatched a large party in quest of the unhappy wanderers, although war was then raging between the two nations. This detachment consisted of one hundred Europeans and three hundred Hottentots, attended by a great number of waggons, each drawn by eight bullocks, and under the command of Captain Muller, with De Lasso and Evans as guides.

They proceeded with spirit and alacrity, until the Caffres, in consequence of their antipathy to the colonists, interrupted the expedition. In their progress they found Thomas Lewis, who had been abandoned by his companions, William Hatterley, and another. At other places on the road they met with seven Lascars and two black women, one of whom had been servant to Mrs. Logie, and the other to Mrs. Hosea, from whom they learned that soon after Hynes' party had left the captain and the ladies, they also took separate routes but what became of them after this separation was not known.

Captain Muller returned to Swellendam with the three Englishmen, the seven Lascars, and two black women, the boy Price, and the two guides, De Lasso and Evans. The people of colour were detained at Swellendam, but the English were forwarded to the Cape, where, after being examined

by the governor, they were permitted to take their passage to Europe in a Danish ship, the captain of which promised to land them in England; but, excepting Price, who was set on shore at Weymouth, they were all carried to Copenhagen, from whence they at last found their way to England.

On the 24th August, 1790, a second party of the Dutch colonists, amply provided, set out from Kaffer Keyl's river towards Cape Natal, on the coast of which it is supposed the Grosvenor was wrecked. After proceeding an immense way, they arrived on the 3rd of November, among the Hambonaas, a nation quite different from the Caffres, and from them they learned that they had subject to them a village of bastard Christians, descended from people shipwrecked on the coast of whom three old women were still alive and married to a Hambonaa chief. They were fortunate enough to obtain an interview with the old women in question, who said they were sisters; but having been shipwrecked when children, they could not say to what nation they originally belonged. They seemed much pleased at an offer to take them and their children back, but added that they wished first to gather in their crops.

These intrepid adventurers, who were now four hundred and forty-seven leagues distant from the Cape, and two hundred and twenty-six beyond any human habitation, finding that they could gain no further information relative to the wreck, or the fate of the persons who had reached the shore, determined to return. They reached their respective homes in July, 1791, after surmounting incredible difficulties in an expedition to which they were prompted solely by humanity, and the desire of relieving such of our countrymen as might have remained alive among the natives.

A WIDOW CONSOLLED.

MR. STENHOUSE, surgeon, of the Glasgow frigate, when at Algiers, gives the following remarkable relation of the undaunted courage and kind-heartedness of one of the crew:—

The captain of the fore-top, on his leg being so wounded that only a small portion of skin kept it connected with the thigh, with a view of obtaining surgical aid as soon as possible, grasped a rope, by which to lower himself upon the deck. When he had descended about half way from the fore-top, the mangled limb, over which he had no controul, became so entangled among the flying ropes, that he was under the necessity of hauling himself upwards full three feet, that he might disengage it with the assistance of the sound one, whilst he was still hanging by his arms in the air, with a shower of shot and shells flying round him. At length, having accomplished his end, he descended quietly upon the deck.

When in the cockpit, and waiting till Mr. Stenhouse had completed the amputation of an arm in which he was then engaged, the death of the bigleman, whose wife was at this time in the cockpit, was announced. The poor woman was instantly thrown into a violent paroxysm of grief, and while she was thus bewailing her loss, the wounded captain of the top, with much composure and *naivete*, called out, "Come, Poll, leave off blubbering; you shall not be a widow long; I will marry you directly I am well!" He afterwards performed his promise, to the no small gratification of the disconsolate widow, and the great delight of his jolly-hearted messmates.

THE ROVER'S FAREWELL TO HIS MISTRESS.

AWAY!—away!—o'er the sparkling tide,
In the light of hope shall our vessel glide!
The signal is given by the fairest hand
That ever waved bark from its native land.
By the light of those eyes so coyly hid,
Beneath the dark fringe of each snowy lid,
I swear that my love, like the waves at sea,
Shall flow on rejoicing eternally.

When the tempest gathers, and winds are high,
And the billows are raging tumultuously;
Thy signal shall beam on the foaming track
Of the pathless waters, to guide me back.

THE STORMY PETREL.

A thousand miles from land or tree,
Tossing about on the roaring sea;
From billow to bounding billow cast,
Like fleecy snow on the stormy blast,
When sails are scattered abroad, like weeds,
And strong masts shake, like quivering reeds,
The mighty cables, and iron chains,
The hull, which all earthly strength disdains—
They strain and they crack; and hearts of stone
Their natural hard, proud strength disown.
Up and down! up and down!
From the base of the wave to the billow's crown;
And amidst the flashing and feathery foam,
The Stormy Petrel finds a home—
A home, if such a place may be,
For her who lives on the wide, wide sea,
On the craggy ice, in the frozen air,
And only seeketh her rocky lair
To warm her young, and teach them to spring,
At once o'er the waves on their stormy wing.
O'er the deep! o'er the deep!
Where the whale, and the shark, and the sword-fish sleep,
Out-flying the blast and the driving rain,
The Petrel telleth her tale—in vain;
For the mariner curseth the warning bird,
Who bringeth him news of the storms unheard.
Ah! thus does the prophet of good or ill,
Meet hate from the creatures he serveth still:
Yet he ne'er falters—so Petrel spring
One more o'er the waves on thy stormy wing.

ANECDOTE OF THE FAMOUS ADMIRAL BLAKE.

It is well known that Admiral Blake was much distinguished by his zeal for the honour of his country; one instance of which deserves to be written in indelible characters upon the heart of every British subject. This great officer being at Malaga with his fleet, some of his seamen, out of curiosity, went on shore, at a time when the host was carrying about the streets, as is usual in all Catholic countries upon every grand festival: but instead of behaving with that decency which men ought in a foreign country, they not only refused to pay any honours to the blessed image themselves, but laughed at those that did; than which they could not be a grosser affront. One of the priests, fired with holy zeal on the supposed indignity cast upon his God, inspired the people with resentment against the scoffers so that they fell furiously upon them, and drove them to their ships, not without some loss of blood on both sides. The sailors complained to their commander of the usage they had met with from the townsmen, and one and all petitioned for leave to take their own revenge. But the admiral promised them satisfaction in a more honourable way; accordingly he instantly despatched a trumpeter to the governor of the town, to demand the priest who had been the chief promoter of the tumult. The governor returned for answer, "That he had no authority over the priests, and therefore could not comply with the admiral's demand." But Blake sent word back, "That he would not inquire who had the power to send the priest to him, but if he were not sent within three hours, he would burn the town." Upon this resolute message, the governor thought proper to deliver up the priest; who with fear and trembling appeared before the admiral, expecting no other than to be hanged that instant upon the yard-arm. But Blake thought fit to hear what he had to say in justification of his conduct. The priest very naturally laid the blame of all the mischief upon the rude behaviour of the seamen, who had ridiculed one of the most solemn rites of their most holy church. Blake answered, "That if he had complained to him of the insult, he would have punished severely the authors of it; since he would not allow his men to affront the established religion of any place at which he might have occasion to touch; but he took it heinously, that he should spirit up the Spaniards to such insolence; for he would have all the world to know, that an Englishman was only to be punished by an Englishman." However, he civilly treated the priest and dismissed him.

LOSS OF THE AGATHA.

THE *Agatha*, of Lubeck, commanded by Captain Koop, sailed from Liebau, April 3, 1808, bound for Carlserona, having on board Lord Royston, the son of the Earl of Hardwicke, and about eighteen other passengers.

They had proceeded in safety on their voyage till within forty miles of their destined port, when suddenly the wind shifted to the west and blew a gale. They were several times close to the island of Oland, but were unable to effect a landing, on account of the great quantity of ice which surrounded the shore; but this, however, would not have proved an obstacle, to their making the attempt had not the captain stated, on his own knowledge, that not only was there no harbour, but there was no

place where they could cast anchor. Thus hindered from their design, they kept tacking about until the 6th of April, the pumps being kept going all the time; and all hands that were not at the pumps, were employed in baling the ship. Notwithstanding all their exertions, they could not succeed in gaining upon the leak, and had always four or five feet water in the hold.

About noon of the 6th of April, Colonel Pollen, who was one of the passengers, inquired of the captain if he thought it probable the ship could stand the sea? To which the captain replied, that he thought it was impossible. It appears from this to have been extremely probable, that if the colonel had not fortunately put this question to the captain, the vessel must inevitably have foundered with them all on the following day;



LOSS OF THE AGATHA, CAPTAIN KOOP, APRIL 7, 1808.

but immediately upon receiving this answer from the captain, Colonel Pollen ordered him to put back directly, and make for the first port, which was Memel; and as it blew a gale at the time, with the wind quite fair, they made sure of being able to reach it by the following morning.

On the 7th of April, at two o'clock in the morning, they could see the coast; and by four o'clock of Memel. They now buoyed themselves with the hope of being able to reach the port in safety; and already offered up thanks to the Almighty for their deliverance from threatened dangers, and the prospect of a speedy termination to their unpropitious voyage. Alas! how soon were the hopes and fears of many of them to be terminated. In sight of a friendly port—and the world to close around them for ever; a place of refuge almost within their grasp—and the jaws of death open to receive them. Mr. Halliday, who was one of the passengers, and who afterwards furnished the parti-

culars of the accident, went down into the hold, where he opened his desk, and taking out a sum of money that he had previously deposited there, placed it in the pocket of his kibitker, so that in case of danger he might be able to secure it at a moment's warning.

Upon Mr. Halliday coming again upon deck, the ship was then close to the bar at the entrance to the port of Memel; and each were looking with anxious anticipation to their passing this barrier to their preservation from the horrors of shipwreck. He had, however, scarcely been there more than five minutes, when the ship struck, and that with such tremendous violence, that the ladies and children who were in the cabin, and the passengers in the hold, had scarcely sufficient time to reach the deck, when the ship immediately filled with water; and to add to their calamity, in another instant the rudder was knocked off. As a last resort, the ladies now took refuge in the sailors' cabin

upon deck, and where also some of the children were put. The scene which presented itself was now awfully terrific; the sea breaking over them literally mountains high, that they were obliged to cut away the mast to prevent the ship being laid on her beam-ends. The boats were then with great difficulty and exertion cut loose and launched, and Lord Royston, Colonel Pollen, and two or three others, jumped into one of them, but were upset in a moment, and all of them found a watery grave.

Twelve persons, among whom were Mrs. Pollen, Mrs. Barnes, their servants, and children, immediately hastened into the round-house, where they endeavoured to shelter themselves as much as possible from the fury of the raging sea; while the rest of these unfortunate creatures were at once washed overboard and perished.

They had not been long in this afflicting state of misery and hopelessness of relief, when the life-boat from Memel came alongside, and found the captain and three sailors still alive and clinging to the bowsprit; and they having informed the captain of the life-boat that they were the only survivors, not being aware of the twelve who had taken shelter in the round-house, the boat put off again, leaving the unfortunate inmates of the round-house up to their middle in water.

It may not be amiss to observe that the Memel life-boat was built by the original inventor, Mr. Greathead, and sent to Memel in the year 1802; since which time it has fortunately been the means of saving a great number of lives from ships wrecked on that bar, particularly in September, 1805, the Swedish Count Lowenhjelm, chamberlain to the Queen of Sweden, and suite.

Those who were still alive on board, found it necessary for them to show themselves occasionally, in order to satisfy the people on shore of their being there. There were only three of them who dared to venture out of the round-house, and one of these did so every quarter of an hour. The life-boat made several ineffectual attempts to relieve them in the course of the day; but could not succeed, on account of the tremendous sea which was still running.

At nine o'clock on the following morning, Anthony, one of Mrs. Pollen's two servants, whose turn was then to show himself out of the round-house, gave notice to his companions that the life-boat was then at the bowsprit; when Mr. Halliday went out with Mrs. Pollen and the youngest child. She with great difficulty succeeded in reaching the life-boat, while Mr. Halliday was twice knocked down by the sea with the child in one arm; but fortunately, he maintained fast hold with the other. Finding, however, that his strength was fast failing him, he gave the child to Mrs. Barnes's maid, and desired her to remain where she was till he could send one of the men from the life-boat to take the child from her. It could not be ascertained whether the woman rashly attempted to follow him or not, but no sooner had Mr. Halliday reached the boat, than one of the sailors called out that the woman with the child, and a man named Hearn, another of Mrs. Pollen's servants, were washed overboard. A melancholy instance, as it appeared, of the want of fortitude, coolness, and courage.

The weather was too boisterous and the sea too high to permit the life-boat to remain long where it was; it therefore put off with Mrs. Pollen, her servant Anthony, and Messrs. Halliday and Percyra. When they reached the shore, Mr. Halliday told the people that there were still four persons living on board the wreck, viz., Mrs. Barnes, her two children, and Mrs. Pollen's third servant; and such had been their previous exertions, that they were with difficulty persuaded to return; but finally succeeded in bringing them to shore.

Mr. Percyra died soon after he was brought on shore; and of the whole that left Liebau, a week previous, only eleven were now living; and these debilitated and laid up through the privations they had suffered. They had been upwards of forty hours without either meat or drink; and had they remained only six hours longer, must all inevitably have perished.

A TRANSPORT SHIP ON FIRE.

It was barely a fortnight since I had received my commission, in the year 1807, as junior lieutenant of H.M.S. D——, then on the India station, (a vacancy having occurred in her under some puzzling circumstances unnecessary to describe here, which the admiralty decided on as bringing the appointment within their jurisdiction), and along with it a letter from Lord —— himself, containing a civil hint, that if I intended remaining in the service, and looked for future promotion, the sooner I was off the better; a postscript added that as the W—— H—— (Company's ship) was appointed to carry out stores to St. Helena, and sailed in eight days, he had kindly engaged a passage forme, thinking I should be "rather hurried" on having such short notice to quit, and might not have time to see about it myself. So as there was no help for it, I sent my traps down to the ship, and joined her myself at Northfleet Hope on the day after. We thence proceeded to the Downs, and anchored in company with a fleet of about forty sail of West Indianmen and five transports, under convoy of H.M.S. A——, waiting for more moderate weather, and a favourable shift of wind.

Wishing to finish some letters, I left the cuddy rather early, and instead of "dowsing my glim," when the master-at-arms came round at four bells, I sent him up with a message to the officer of the deck, and continued writing away in my cabin long after every one else had turned in, with the exception of the anchor watch, whose quick heavy tramp on deck formed a sweet accompaniment to the peppering of the rain against the sash, until, pen in hand, I fell into a sound sleep, from whence I was aroused by the sudden report of a gun upon the larboard quarter, which I immediately concluded to be the commodore making daylight, supposing that the fleet was no longer wind-rod, but had swung to the ebb; for when I came below, the A—— was lying on our starboard bow. I was mistaken, however; the gale was harder than before, and it wanted at least five good hours of the time.

"Ready with the gun, there, for'ard—Fire—Hand up the engine from below!—Call the captain!—Pipe both cutters away!" were the orders I heard loudly issuing on board of us, followed by a rush up the hatchway ladders, and over-head, as if a man had fallen overboard.

"Hook the yard tackles!—Turn the hands up!—Out large cutter!" thundered forth the skipper, who was coming out from under the awning just as I reached the top of the companion; and in a very short time the boat was swinging in mid air much to the discomfiture of the various live stock in the launch, if one might judge from the Dutch concert they were kicking up at being with so little ceremony unroofed.

I sprang into the hammock-nettings, and looked around. A splendid but an awful scene presented itself. Broad on our larboard quarter lay the Georgian transport; the whole of one side, from the brake of the fore-castle to the gangway, enveloped in a large sheet of flame, extending as high as her main-top, and casting round a brilliant but dazzling and almost painful glare; while the blue lights that were continually burning throughout the fleet served to heighten the effect, by rendering all our countenances as ghastly and spectral as though we had been inhabitants of another world, suffered to burst the confines of the grave, and summoned, during the warring of the elements, to gaze on the misery of the helpless wretches whose fearful shrieks sounded most appalling as they reached us at intervals,—now, during the lulls, clear and piercingly distinct, and then again but faintly, as they died away to leeward, smothered in the howling of the blast.

I was too late to go away in either of the quarter-boats; but as soon as the large cutter was fairly hoisted out, I jumped in and took an oar; for on occasions like these "no more cats are wanted than catch mice." On reaching the transport, I recognised in the A——'s barge my old friend Verner, who was first-lieutenant of that ship. Short greetings, however, pass in a heavy sea alongside a burning ship; and indeed we had enough to do in receiving the poor wretches who hastily crowded into the boats, shivering and shaking—not with cold, for it was scorching hot—and depositing them in safety on board the Indianman (being the nearest ship), where fires were lighted in the

galleys, and restoratives used to many of the women, who, in a perfect state of insensibility, had been wrapt up in blankets, and lowered down the side with a rope's end. One, in particular, I remarked who seemed much more stunned by external injury than inward fear.

Although the Dealmen, usually on the look-out for accidents amongst the ships during a gale of wind of this description, were all away assisting a couple of small craft that had got upon the Goodwins, yet the master of the Georgian had reckoned so confidently on receiving prompt assistance from the king's ship and Indianan, that having (besides his long-boat, which was of course stowed on deck, and, moreover, too much damaged by the fire to be of any service,) only one quarter cutter, and an old crazy dingey, which would not have lived a minute in the sea that was then running, he had with his own hand cut them both away on the first alarm of fire, before a single soul had time to enter either.

When I returned in one of the boats, which had been sent back for the third time, with some fresh hands to help in getting out anything that could possibly be saved, I found him and about a dozen of the transport's men still on board, working away like horses, totally heedless of their danger, and literally endeavouring to cut away the part of the upper deck and starboard bulwark, which was on fire. The ship presented a most singular appearance, one side only having been at all burnt, for the flames had been driven aft too rapidly by the violence of the wind to allow of their spreading much in a lateral direction. True, mass after mass of burning rigging came thundering down on deck from aloft, which had they been suffered to remain, would have speedily set it all on fire, but they were immediately either hove overboard with crow-bars, or extinguished by the bucketsful of water that were incessantly dashed about in every direction. But it was all in vain—the flames raged fiercer than ever—the gale was rising—the only cable which remained was stranded in two places—and during a moment's breathing-time a council of war was held between Verner, first-lieutenant of the A——; Smitherson, the master of the transport; O'Kasey, sixth mate of the Indianan; and myself, as to the utility of further risking our lives by staying any longer. Under all circumstances there could not be but one opinion on the subject; and then, and not till then, did Smitherson quit the deck, saying to Verner, as he swung himself by a rope into the stern-sheets of the barge, "You will bear witness, sir, I have done my duty to the last." And sitting down, he covered his face with his hands, to hide the emotions he felt on leaving the ship, for the last time, that he had faithfully commanded for so many years.

There was some difficulty in again reaching our respective ships; and indeed it was full time we did so, for the gale was now nearly at its highest pitch. Many of the smaller vessels had parted, and were driving on board each other; while the sudden boom of minute-gun after minute-gun might be heard in all directions: and several times the boats had the narrowest escape of being swamped. Although cold and wet in the extreme, I felt so excited, that, instead of going below, I remained on the poop, gazing on the still burning wreck, in company with many of the officers, when we were suddenly startled by the shrill sound of a woman's voice shrieking, in the wildest accents of despair, "My bairn! my bairn! Gin ye've the hearts o'men, ye'll save my bairn! Its a' that God hae left me!" and the female whom I had before noticed as being injured, rushed aft; her long dishevelled hair streaming in the wind, and her pallid countenance streaked with the blood that had issued from her forehead, and dashing herself down on the deck before the captain, threw one arm round his knees, and pointed with the other, in almost speechless agony, to the wreck. The skipper looked at the weather, and shook his head—then at the Georgian—and lastly at the poor creature who lay extended at his feet. From what little I have seen of Captain S——, I should judge him to be as clear-headed and strong-minded as any man afloat: but in this case the calculating dictates of prudence as an officer gave way before his feelings as a man; and he shouted, in a voice that needed no speaking-trumpet to assist it, "Volunteers for the wreck!—I'll go myself," he added, turning round to Driver, the chief mate.

"Not while there are six officers in the ship, by G—d, sir!" bluntly replied this old roughspun specimen. "Clear away the larboard cutter!" continued he, scrambling over the hen-coops, followed by O'Kasey, five of the fore-castle-men, and myself. "Bear her off with your oars, boys! Lower away roundly! Let go-o!" sung out the old fellow directly the boat's bottom touched the water. The after tackle unhooked of itself, and was instantly rounded up high over our heads; but we were forced to "out knife," and cut right through the other one. At last we shoved off, bending to the oars in silence—small talk growing generally rather scarce when death is staring people in the face; and indeed there were fearful odds against us, for, in the words of the song, "the sea was mountains rolling;" and though the cutter was fitted with air-tight lockers, lining the sides below the thwarts, so as to prevent her going down, even if full of water to the gunwale's edge; yet, as we were not provided with the same, had any thing happened to capsize her bottom upwards, and cant us out, it would have been but poor fun to know that she swam while we ourselves were sinking.

The lower rigging of the Indianan was crowded as high nearly as the futtock-shrouds. The eyes of all were intently fixed upon us; and about two hundred voices shouted in a breath, "Give way, my fine fellows! Give way, shipmates—for your lives, give way!" But there was one on board that ship regarding our progress with the most painful anxiety, and shuddering at every wave that reared its crest on high, threatening to overwhelm us, and blast her own fond hopes. We saw her form bending over the hammock-nettings, her hands raised to heaven, and heard her voice through the roaring of the gale, as she fervently exclaimed, in a tone that I shall never forget to my dying hour—"Bless ye, bless ye! The Father o' the fatherless preserve ye in his mercy! Bless ye, bless ye!" Whether the prayers of the widowed mother were heard aloft or not, I am not clergyman enough to say; but this much I will venture to affirm, that had not another and a mightier arm than ours been stretched forth upon the waters, vain would have been the courage or seamanship of the best amongst us, officer or man.

There being six hands in the cutter besides Driver and O'Kasey, I let the latter take the bow-oar; and coiling up my legs stowed myself away in the head-sheets as comfortably as circumstances would allow. When within a couple of ships' lengths of the transport, her mainmast, which was more than half-burned through, and entirely unsupported—the standing rigging being already consumed, or now burning,—went with a tremendous crash; its scathed and scorched top-mast entirely bare of rigging, save a mass of burning cordage just below the cross-trees, (the flames of which were extinguished in their passage through the air) was still on end; and as the spar fell with his head aft, bearing a little to the larboard hand, it regularly cut asunder the mizen-topsail-yard, shattering the top, striking the cross-rick-yard with such violence, as to carry away the slings and bring it down by the run athwart the deck, and, breaking through the old, chafed, and worn mizen-rigging, like so much packthread, it lighted on the taffrail, which was ground and crushed in an instant level with the deck, and there rested quietly, with its head projecting some few feet over the stern. Not ten seconds after, a pale blue phosphoric light, similar to what is sometimes settling on the flying-jib-boom end or mast-heads of ships within the Tropics, sailed flickering along above the deck, and gradually descending as it travelled aft, finally took up its station on the maintop-mast-head, and remaining stationary there, shone steadily out as if to direct us where to pull.

We were now rapidly nearing the Georgian, and Driver, who was steering, sung out to me to stand by with the boat-hook, and stave off any floating pieces of the wreck, lest we might get a hole knocked in the cutter's bows, at the same time remarking, she was pretty full of water as it was.

"Sure, then, sir, hadn't we better be aither taking out the plug, and letting it all rin?" exclaimed one of the men, a countryman of O'Kasey's, actually putting his hand down and feeling for the cork.

"Take the devil out of h—, sir, if you like, and let him run, but leave that plug alone!" hastily roared out the choleric old chap.

It required a quick eye and steady hand on the part of our coxswain to avoid a bumping match, in which case we should most inevitably have come second best off; but he handled the cutter beautifully; although more than once she was very nearly thrown broadside on to the sea, which I thoroughly expected was going to make a clear breach over all, and send us down to Davy Jones at once. O'Kasey volunteered to board the transport, if the boat's head was brought right underneath the fallen spar, so as he could scramble up by the tangled maze of rigging which remained. I agreed to follow him. He kicked off his shoes; I tried to do the same by mine; but they were originally a tight fit, and from being successively soaked, scorched, and wetted again, stuck to my feet as though they had been nailed on; and, something like the negro's pig, the more I pulled the more they wouldn't come. "I'll cut 'em for you," said O'Kasey, and, suiting the action to the word, he succeeded in divesting me of these dangerous appendages, at the expense of having the point of the knife run about half-an-inch into my great toe. It was no time to stand upon trifles, however.

"There you are, boys—jump while you may, and catch like cats!" was the exhortation we received from Driver.

O'Kasey shut his eyes, and stepping on the gunwale, bounded lightly off like a Dublin harlequin; but I kept mine wide open, and, singling out a rope, made a desperate spring upwards. One convulsive clutch, a strenuous exertion of my arms, and I was astride the spar and on the transport's deck in the course of half-a-minute.

A great oversight had been undoubtedly committed by us all, in not ascertaining as to where there existed the greatest probability of finding the child, before we left the ship. Luckily, we espied it under the lee of one of the carronades, where it had been left and forgotten in the hurry of the moment, wrapped in a blanket, unhurt by the falling of the mast, and soundly sleeping in its innocence, amid the roaring of a gale which blew loud enough to wake the dead.

"Can you swim?" said O'Kasey, addressing me.

"Yes."

"Arrah, hauld the babby, thin!"

"Can you?"

"Divil a stroke!" replied he; and, running out to the mast-head, he fearlessly flung himself overboard, trusting to the men in the cutter to pick him up.

I looked round for a grating to lash the child to, in case of anything happening to myself, but none was to be found; and, as I was nearly scorched to death with the flames, and suffocated with the smoke, I lost no time in following the young Irishman's example; and, providentially, we were all three hooked out, and hauled into the cutter, without any material damage.

How we ever got near the Indianaman again, God only knows. Even as it was, we fetched a good half-cable's length astern of her. The other ships were still farther to windward, so she was our only chance, and a very poor one, too—at least, I thought so.

The men were terribly winded; the boat was half-full of water, which, of course, made it so much the heavier to pull. It was perfectly impossible to bale any of it out, for the biggin was anywhere but where it ought to have been; and as to hats—Lord! it was a matter of thankfulness that the hair itself was not blown off our heads.

In this dilemma, the same bright idea again struck the acute Irishman, and, laying his oar across for a moment, he addressed himself to Driver, with—"The plug, y'r honour!" but the chief mate was still inexorable; and instead of making any headway, we could now barely hold our own.

Captain S— had, however, provided against such an emergency on board the Indianaman. Some coir rope was stopped with a bit of spunyarn to the lifebuoy, having a spare end of from ten to fifteen fathoms long, the rest being coiled clear away on the hencoops in readiness for veering. The lapiard of the buoy was then cut,—sufficient scope of stray line being first paid out, to allow it to reach the water, and drift away without checking—when it came floating down to us in glorious style, The end of the coir, which was floating on the surface, and

waving about like a snake, was easily caught hold of, and a pretty severe turn taken with it round one of the thwarts. A hawser, which was then sent down to us by means of a snatch-block, with a couple of double-headed shots slung to the hook, to keep it steady and accelerate its travelling, was also made fast; and the end on board, of which there was barely enough, being brought to the capstern—"Heave round!" was the word, and away went the cutter foaming and flashing through the waves.

Had not the boat been well and strongly built, she would have been torn, and riven, as O'Kasey expressed it, into "smithereens;" for long before we were under the ship's stern, the water was up to the rowlocks, and more than once we were literally dragged right under a sea; but thanks to the lockers! with no further damage than a few good saltwater duckings; and, at last, we had the inexpressible satisfaction of seeing the child run up to the driver-boom end in a basket, and restored alive to the arms of its mother, who was craning over the taff-rails in almost frantic ecstasy.

Thank God! the deck of the W— H— was soon once more beneath our feet; and, wet and exhausted as I was, I neither stayed to hear the fine speech Captain S— had prepared for us on the occasion, nor the flattering encomiums of the lady passengers,—many of whom were up in the cuddy at the time, shedding tears enough to float a jolly-boat; but staggering down to my cabin, after fortifying the inward man, I rubbed the outward dry, and, stripping the sheets from off my cot, turned in between the blankets, and fell fast asleep, just as the morning-gun of the A— boomed over the water, announcing to the fleet that daylight had already broke.

TO THE SEA.

Thou glorious sea! more pleasing far

When all thy waters are at rest,
And noonday sun, or midnight star
Is shining on thy waveless breast.

More pleasing far than when the wings
Of stormy winds are o'er thee spread,
And every billowy mountain flings
Aloft to heaven its foaming head.

Yet is the very tempest dear,
Whose mighty voice but tells of thee;
For, wild or calm, or far or near,
I love thee still, thou glorious sea!

THE BEACON.

The scene was more beautiful far to mine eye,
Than if day in its pride had arrayed it;
The land breeze blew mild, and the azure-arched sky
Looked as pure as the spirit that made it.
The murmur rose soft, as I silently gazed
On the shadowy waves' playful motion,
From the dim distant isle, till the beacon-fire blazed,
Like a star in the midst of the ocean.

No longer the joy of the sailor-boy's breast,
Was heard in his wildly breathed numbers;
The sea-bird had flown to his wave-girdled nest,
The fisherman sunk to his slumbers.
One moment I gazed from the hill's gentle slope,
(All hushed was the billow's commotion)
And thought that the beacon looked lovely as hope,
That star of life's tremulous ocean.

The time is long past, and the scene is afar,
Yet when my head rests on its pillow,
Will memory sometimes rekindle the star,
That blazed on the breast of the billow.
In life's closing hour, when the trembling soul flies,
And death stills the heart's last emotion;
Oh, then may the seraph of mercy arise,
Like a star on eternity's ocean!

A TALE OF THE SEA.

It was in the early part of the afternoon of a fine summer's day, as the officers of his Majesty's frigate, the Dryad, were parading the quarter-deck, that a boat was observed to put off from the shore in the direction of the ship. The Dryad was at anchor off the Isle of France, in the roads opposite the castle of the French governor, waiting to take possession of the island, which, according to treaty, was to be surrendered to the British on the following day. Captain Manners, the commander, had been anxiously expecting to receive a communication from the governor, to arrange the time and place for the conference which must necessarily take place among them: at noon no intelligence having been heard from the shore, he had issued orders to have everything in readiness, to fulfil the directions he had received if driven to extremity, which were as follows:—"Should the keys of the fort not be delivered up before twelve o'clock on the day named, a fire is instantly to be opened on the place, and possession taken by force."

Captain Manners was a man who had the good fortune to be promoted from the station of a common sailor, on account of his consummate bravery, and thorough knowledge of seamanship; he was generous, noble-minded, and strict in the observance of duty, but as he had not derived his learning from books, but from actual service, he was averse to everything that had the appearance of study; and, moreover, at times, when in an angry mood, was apt to express himself in "rough unpolished terms." Amongst the midshipmen was one named Alfred Clifton, a young man who, like many others of the same profession, had nothing to trust to for promotion but his merit; he was sedentary in his habits, strongly addicted to study, and, on account of his mild and gentlemanly behaviour, was beloved by the crew: as he had neither the means nor the will, he forbore to join in the frequent festive orgies of his brother officers; in consequence of which, he had lost the good opinion of the captain, who had termed him "too much of a bookworm ever to make a good sailor." Such were the two persons who form the principal characters in the tale.

The boat had now approached the ship's side; the gangway was cleared, and the captain stood on the quarter-deck, waiting the announcement of the visitors, who proved to be two French officers bringing a letter for the captain, requesting him to attend on the following morning, at the governor's residence, to receive the surrender. The captain gave the requisite answer, and the officers left the vessel. Lots were now drawn, to decide which of the midshipmen should take charge of the ship the next day, as the attendance of every officer was required to witness the ceremony of the surrender: the lot fell upon Clifton, who joyfully undertook the duty, as he would thereby be enabled to pursue his favourite recreation unmolested: nor was Captain Manners less pleased: "The lot could not have fallen better," said he, "than upon the

bookworm; there will, no doubt, be a glorious carousal upon the occasion, the pleasure of which, I am convinced, would have been considerably damped by his unsociableness."

At ten the next morning the captain and officers left the ship, and Clifton retired to the gun-room, to grieve in secret at the harshness of his commander. In about three hours, the two officers who had visited the ship the day before, again came on board with a note from the captain, desiring Alfred to show them over the Dryad. He accordingly led them over the principal parts of the vessel, and lastly to the magazine, when he was called on deck to settle a dispute between two of the men: on his return, the two officers expressed their thanks in bad English, and requested the boat might be got ready for their return. Clifton, to pay them as much respect as possible, offered to accompany them to the shore; they accepted his offer, and the boat pushed off from the frigate. During their passage, the Frenchmen, who were not aware that Alfred was perfectly the master of their native tongue, started a conversation to the following effect:—"How long will the match burn?" "Two hours." "Is it well primed?" "Undoubtedly." "How are things arranged on shore?" "The governor will manage that—we have done our part." Clifton was greatly alarmed at this, but keeping his countenance, he politely bade the officers adieu, returned to the ship, and running into the magazine, discovered that they had placed a slow match, with the intention of blowing up the ship; he instantly extinguished it, mustered all the men that could be spared, informed them of the circumstance, armed them, and in less than half-an-hour was again on his way to the shore. Arriving at the gate of the castle, they gagged and bound the sentinel, and Alfred rushing into the apartment where the English and French were dining together, exclaimed aloud:—"Captain Manners, a mutiny has broken out on board; the men insist on your instantly returning to the ship; the boatswain has proclaimed himself captain, turned the fore-castle guns aft, and all is confusion."

Instantly the officers rose; the French tried every artifice to induce them to remain, but without effect; at last they separated, but not before a promise had been made by the captain, to return as soon as he had



set things to rights on board. During the return to the Dryad, a gloomy silence was preserved by all, till on reaching the side of the vessel, the captain, finding all quiet, asked Clifton "what he had to understand by his insolence, in imposing upon his superior officers?" To which he modestly replied, "That I have made use of an artifice, is most true; but I trust, when all is explained, you will not condemn my conduct." He then related the conversation he had overheard; the circumstance of his finding the match burning in the magazine; and, to strengthen his assertion, showed the captain the remainder still lying on the floor, as he had left it when he extinguished it.

No words can express the look of the captain at this

moment: surprise, admiration, rage, contempt, and vengeance, were all successively depicted in his countenance. At length he expressed, "Brave young man! let me clasp you in my arms; and from this moment be assured of my confidence and esteem; but, for the present, reward must give place to vengeance." He then hurried on the quarter-deck, mustered the whole ship's crew, related to them every circumstance of the plot, and its frustration by our hero, and addressing the men, said, "Now, my lads, suppose we turn the tale on them, and instead of their blowing us out of the water, and cutting us into slices, which I assure you was fully intended, let us endeavour to bring about a nearer acquaintance between their castle and the ground. So clear ship and prepare for action." Three cheers gave testimony how willing the men were to do as commanded; a heavy fire commenced, which in a little time was answered from the castle; but as the landsmen could not bring their guns to bear upon so small an object as the frigate, they threw away most of their fire, whilst every broadside from the Dryad carried with it destruction to the castle; so that, after an action of four hours, the whole was one heap of ruins, under which perished the perfidious governor and his associates. The frigate lost her second lieutenant and five seamen.

Next morning all hands were piped on deck, to perform the burial service; which being finished, the captain called Alfred on the quarter deck, and said, "Mr. Alfred Clifton, before I attempt to recompense you in any way for the very valuable service you yesterday rendered his majesty, allow me to entreat your pardon for the harsh manner in which I have usually conducted myself towards you." "Had I not been a bookworm, Captain Manners, and understood the French language—" "My dear friend, no more," interrupted the captain; "but to the point: immediately on my return to England, I shall lay the whole affair before the king in council, who, I am sure, will reward you in a manner suitable to your deserts; in the meantime, take upon you the lieutenancy which has become vacant by the death of poor Thompson." Clifton bowed; was congratulated by the officers and men; a sumptuous entertainment closed the day; and one month after the ship's coming into Portsmouth harbour, our hero received his commission as a post captain, a reward which his conduct well merited.

LOSS OF A PINNACE AT PLYMOUTH SOUND,

NOVEMBER 7, 1838.

THE melancholy event which we have to record has plunged into a watery grave, and without the warning of a moment, twenty individuals, several of whom have left widows, with, in the whole, nearly fifty children.

Three pinnaces, having on board the men employed at the Breakwater, left the Chatham hulk, which is moored inside that structure, as a rendezvous for the men; the sea was then running very high, and the wind blowing a fearful gale from S.S.W. The destination of the boats was the quarry at Oreston, but as they proceeded across the Sound they encountered tremendous seas, and especially so when approaching the Cobbler buoy, where the run of the ebb-tide from Catwater meeting the seas which came in from the S.S.W., produced a peculiarly heavy swell and very dangerous surface. When about two-thirds of the way across the Sound, a man in the leading boat exclaimed, that the second pinnace had disappeared. At the same instant the crew observed that several persons on the Old Victualling-office point, and the Batten, were waving their hands, and making other gesticulations, as if to call their attention to some particular circumstance. The boat immediately made into the Victualling-office point, where the crowds, who had assembled to witness the effects of the storm, told the crew that the second pinnace had sunk, and that some of the crew were clinging to the Cobbler.

The crew of the second boat immediately struck their sail, and at the imminent risk of their lives put about, and went back to the spot where, as nearly as could be judged, the ill-fated vessel went down. Not one of the crew was to be seen, and nothing but some of the hats and baskets belonging to the sufferers were recovered. The boat itself was seen bottom up-

wards, and in that state it floated to the rocks under Mount Batten. It appeared that the boat was coming in at a rapid rate, having a reefed lugsail set, when upon descending a heavy sea, which followed close upon another, the boat's way completely buried her in the sea ahead, and she instantly went down.

The first boat very nearly shared the same fate. She was some distance ahead of the second pinnace, and when near the Cobbler buried her bows in the same manner, shipping so much water that she was filled nearly up to the thwarts: this was fortunately baled out before the circumstance recurred, which it did several times on her way in. This boat was also in a state of the utmost jeopardy when she faced the sea to return to the spot where the pinnace sunk; she, however, ultimately reached Oreston safely, the crew being in a most miserable state from the terror which their own situation had produced, and the sorrow which they could not but feel from the loss of their "brothers," as they emphatically termed them. The third boat did not leave the Chatham until some time after the departure of the other two, so that she was too far behind to render any assistance.

The following are the names of the unfortunate men who perished, with, as near as could be ascertained, the number of their families. Jonathan Patch, mason, leaving a widow and two children; William Staddon, mason, a widow and five children; William Jewell, mason, widow and two children; William Montjoy, mason, a widow. The remainder were labourers. Henry Dyer, single; Charles Bond, widow and seven children; James Rendle, widow—this man had belonged to the Breakwater for twenty-four years; John Gitsam, cook to the Chatham, widow; Joseph Dobson; William Crocker, widow and two children; David Deering, single; William Gould, single; John Davis, single; Robert Cobbedick, widow and seven children; William Cornish, widow; Thomas Natt, widow and five children; William Luxon, widow and six children; Josias Blake, widow and five children; John Graney, widow and one child; William Sampson, widow and five children; this man had charge of the boat, and had been accustomed to the sea all his life; he had always been distinguished for his steadiness and attention to his duties.

As soon as the sinking of the boat became known at the Barbican, five brave fellows whose names we have pleasure in making public, viz. Adam Friendship, John Musgrove, James Churchwood, William Crapp and George Barker, jumped into a gig belonging to Messrs. Hawker, and pushed out to sea, with the hope of saving the men; their efforts were, however, unavailing.

The boat was thrown bottom upwards on the rocks, lying nearly in the same spot where the Jasper maa-of-war brig was wrecked some years since, when seventy persons perished. Portions of the boat had come ashore, and from the violence of the sea it was apparent that she would soon go to pieces.

The most heart-rending sight which was witnessed in the course of the day, was the return of the bereaved widows from Oreston, whither they had gone to learn the truth of the catastrophe. The condition of these poor creatures was pitiable in the extreme, and their tears and lamentations could not but move a heart made of the sternest stuff. One of them was accompanied by the children who were sharers in the calamity, and a more distressed group has seldom been seen.

A RUSSIAN SEVENTY-FOUR.

PAINTING FROM NATURE.—In the Palace of Streina, near Petersburg, are four celebrated pictures, by Hackert, painted by order of Count Alexy Orloff, in celebration of the victory of the Russian Admiral over the Turkish fleet, commanded by the Capitan Pacha. During the progress of these famous pictures, the painter took occasion to observe to the count on the difficulty of painting a ship on fire, never having witnessed that terrible and imposing spectacle. Orloff, without a moment's hesitation, issued his order for a Russian seventy-four gun-ship to be cleared, placed in a position to suit the painter, and burnt before him, to enable him to execute the subject with fidelity.

SATURDAY NIGHT IN THE COCKPIT.

Saturday night was ever, in days of yore, to which this story will carry back the reader, kept and celebrated while three or four could be brought together, or while a bottle of grog was to be had in the ship. The cockpit mess of the —, seventy-four, generally found the demand for the "stimulating liquid," although inconceivably great, not much more than the supply was equal to; and therefore Saturday night came sometimes more than once a week, and whenever it made its appearance it lost not one ray of its glory. The members of the mess at the present time were, however, considerably reduced in point of numbers, the ship having been three years in commission; but, notwithstanding the effects of "death and promotion," a sufficient number still remained to enable them to do ample justice to the all-enlivening sociality of the evening. Here the song went its merry and never-ceasing round; and, although it was pretty well known what each would sing when it came to his turn, still the same attention was apparent on the countenances of the party as if the song had been one of the last composition. One would favour them with a dozen verses of some ditty perhaps more common than proper; while the next would amuse them with some musical narrative of what took place, when

"On Gosport beach he landed."

But although applause was liberally bestowed on each successive performer, yet the championship of Tom Armstrong was universally acknowledged; and no applause equalled that which was awarded when, with a stentorian and not very well tuned voice, he sang his "Saturday Night at Sea," the burden of his song, and which formed a chorus in which all hands joined with the full force of their lungs, was nearly as follows:—

"And Saturday night still comes, my boys—
Let's drink to Poll and Bess."

Such, then, was the merry strain which found its way almost to the quarter-deck of the ship, at the moment when I would introduce the courteous reader to the resting-place of these "male sirens." At one end of a deal table, whereon accident or design had carved as many lines, forming as many angles and figures as the renowned Euclid ever invented, and exhibiting as many stains of various hues as Arrowsmith's last new-coloured map, sat one of the "old school young gentlemen," one who had long faced the storm and derided the perils of the deep—not willingly, however, but "upon compulsion," for he could get nothing better. He might, had it been possible to have procured a register of his baptism, have been found rather over than under thirty years of age; but salt junk, salt water, grog, and tobacco used in two different ways, had conspired to make him forty in appearance. Upon his head he wore a woollen nightcap, originally red, from under which escaped "unkempt" a profusion of dingy brown hair, to which was firmly united a huge pair of untrimmed whiskers of a dark clay colour. Two small twinkling grey eyes gave utterance to a thousand jokes, as their glances found their way from under a pair of bushy overhanging eyebrows; and a mouth provided by "all plastic Nature," with convenient ducts at each corner to carry off the exuberant juices of the Virginian weed, exhibited the best part of a once formidable row of teeth, now in a very blackened and dilapidated state. A striped or checked shirt, much open at the neck, was secured in some measure by a red and black bird's-eye pattern silk bandanna, tied round his throat in such a way, as proved he had never studied the "art of tying the cravat." The upper part of a pair of blue, not superfine, cloth trowsers was just visible above the table. A jacket, which had acquired a very close and intimate acquaintance with every part of the ship but the captain's cabin, adorned with what had been once shining brass buttons, bearing the impression of an anchor and cable, though now bronzed by the corroding action of the salt spray, covered a Herculean pair of shoulders, leaving exposed, from the shortness of the sleeves about six inches of wrist in addition to a hand of the most fearful description. The jacket above-mentioned, bore a close resemblance to that garment known by the shore-going people as the "spencer," afterwards so fashionable, since it reached well below the loins, and

therefore differs materially from that now in use termed "short," or by the Admiralty Dress Regulations, "a round jacket without skirts." The remaining part of this worthy's dress was of a piece with that already described; and it is much feared that the suit of clothes in his bag—for few had any use in those days for a chest—would not prove, on a close examination, to be much better.

Such at this moment was Mr. Thomas Armstrong, master's-mate in his Majesty's service, and caterer, when there was anything to eat, of the cockpit mess. The strength of his arm, more than his seniority, managed to keep him the undisputed "dictator" during a long period of troublesome times, and amongst a most mutinous, or, as they are commonly termed, radical set of messmates. Tom, by dint of good luck, had held the rating of master's-mate for the last ten years; and he was often heard to remark that if he behaved himself properly, he should most likely hold it ten years longer.

The table was garnished with a basket of broken biscuit, two bottles supporting lighted purser's dips, and a third of pretty considerable dimensions—in fact, a lime-juice bottle, half full of rum; a black jack, containing some black water, and drinking utensils of various sizes, colours, and composition, were disposed upon it in elegant confusion. The party were screened from observation by some condemned hammocks converted to that use, one of which lifted up to form an entrance. Before Tom, however, in particular, was an old "*compagnon du voyage*," a "big-bellied bottle." This said bottle found its way, as regularly as seven bells came, to the grog-tub, to which part of his duty Tom always paid particular attention. The bottle in question attended merely as an auxiliary, for the purpose of receiving the overplus which the mess-bottles would not contain; but it so happened that it always left the tub with about a quart and a half-pint in it. When, however, it reached the cockpit, it and the contents became the exclusive property of the caterer, and, barring the half-pint, was generally safe under hatches in Tom's "private spirit-room" (i. e. under his jacket) ere the summons of the master-at-arms to "douse the glim, gentlemen," was heard.

It would be unfair to pass over the congenial elements by which Tom was at this time surrounded without a remark. One of the party, a thin-faced man with a purple nose, and a narrow pair of shoulders, over which hung a quantity of lank black hair, was decidedly the best dressed man present. The sparkles emanating from his usually languid black eye now told that "Saturday Night" had imparted its all-enlivening quality to his senses. He joined lustily in the chorus, and at the end of each stanza was observed to "drink deep" of the horn cup, which else was nervously clasped in his attenuated fingers. This was the captain's clerk, the only man of the mess who wore a shirt which had ever been designated white. He performed the office of vice-president; but fearing a summons from the captain, he evidently felt that he could not give full way to the carelessness and joy so marked in every other face. The right-hand supporter of Tom Armstrong, was the doctor's mate, who permitted Tom to call him "Saundy," but no one else—to all others he was "Doctor," or "Doctor Shane." The doctor's complexion was red, hair red, his temper fiery red, when he found any one on whom he could exert it; and at this moment he was "red-hot with drinking."

Tom had some difficulty in convincing the doctor which had the strongest arm. When he had done so, however, there was no further dispute; but to all those less strong than himself, he, the doctor, was a perfect tyrant. Now, Tom was an exceedingly good-tempered man, if left alone, and suffered to do as he liked; but he was quite absolute in his sway, and as often lent the weight of his arm to keep a youngster from a drubbing as to give one. On his left was sitting, not so demurely as was his was wont, poor "Boots," the youngster of the mess a fair-haired boy of about fifteen. The situation of boots in those days was one which it requires a short digression to elucidate.

Eight bells (noon) had struck—the dinner was on the table—poor boots was hungry enough to have eaten anything—salt junk, salt pork, pea-soup, dog's body, biscuit, duff—it was all the same at that moment; he had been keeping the forenoon watch, and those who know the effect of a four hours walk on

the maw of a youth can imagine *how* hungry he was. Yet, seated at the lower end of the table, and not daring in so despotic a company to complain, he, with a longing eye, watched the good things fast disappearing ere his turn approached. At length one after another was served, and his turn was coming. A piece of beef was handed him; his knife was ready, and so were his teeth, when, lo! ere the one or the other had time to commence operations, his ears were assailed with a hoarse sound proceeding from no less a personage than Tom. Tom called "Boy!" Now, whenever Tom called out without receiving an immediate answer, he used to ask something in the shape of a question, such as "Where's that," &c. I leave the reader to dispose of the *et ceteras* as he pleases. Suffice it to say, they signify oaths, rich and racy, and which at the present day are happily "rare."

The reader will no doubt thank me for allowing him this license, and, if he is a sailor, will most likely, as the old boat-swain would say, "know what I mean." But to proceed—in this case the boy was in the gallery; and Tom asked his customary question, "Where's that," &c. This question remained unanswered, boots being the next in rank, was summoned. "Jimmy," said Tom, in a voice as full of blandishment as his commanding tongue was capable of—"Jimmy, go and fetch me a pot of beer." In an instant the knife was dropped, the untasted morsel left, and with a heavy heart, though nimble step, he ascended the cockpit-ladder, carrying with him a tin can, in obedience to the order he had received. Beer was at this time issued as long as it lasted, a cask being broached on the main-deck, from which the crew obtained as much as they liked to drink. Here a long rank of men were waiting their turns, and poor boots, standing at the top of the ladder, beckoned one of the men to go and get the can filled. The man willingly obeyed for more reasons than one—he served himself as well as his officer. "Make way for an officer's pot," the officious tar roared out, and no one offering to dispute the claim, the cunning fellow took care to help himself and assist his friends ere he returned the "officer's pot" to the impatient half-starving boots.

Having returned to the cockpit with the beer, poor Jimmy would attempt to get through the tepid morsel before him, which he would hardly finish before the dinner would be removed, and he remain almost as hungry as ever, and often be obliged to fill up the chinks with soaked biscuit. Such then, after apologizing for this departure from "Saturday Night," was the fair-haired boy. Such was once "mamma's darling"—such the treatment or schooling endured by the aspirant for naval fame. If, on the contrary, the boy had attempted to sulk, and had not cheerfully complied with the commands of an "oldster," his case might have been much worse. Seven or eight others were ranged round the table, some a little better dressed, but generally much after the "Armstrong" style; their ages might have varied from twenty to thirty. To all the chorus was alike inspiring, and loud and continued were the sounds of applause as Tom finished it. "Long life to you, Tom;" "Health and song, Tom;" "Speedy promotion to you, old boy, and soon;" "Hurrah! for Saturday night;" these and many others were the compliments heaped upon Tom, and they appeared to have an unusual effect upon him, so much so, that he produced an extra bottle of grog, much to the delight of all hands; and pouring out for his own use a good stiff glass, proposed "Sweet-hearts and Wives, and may we soon be among them." This toast was as quickly responded to as given, and each one drank a bumper. They had hardly finished, when a young man, enveloped in a large rough coat, came rushing down the ladder, calling out all the way as he came along, "The Lizard Lights! The Lizard Lights! Hurrah, my boys, Old England for ever!" In an instant there was one general cheer fore and aft, for the men heard the report; and the sound, to the ear which has been so long a stranger to it, communicates such a thrill of delight, as to be known must be felt. If the party were before elevated, they were now ten times more so. The song and the glass were resumed as soon as each one had satisfied himself of the truth of the report, and circulated with increased celerity, until all the grog was pronounced expended. Tom's stock was not, however, quite out, for, after searching again, he found two

bottles of brandy, which in the unusual warmth of his heart he placed on the table. When taking to himself the "lion's share," it soon began to make an impression which his oldest mesmate had never before witnessed. His good humour increased in an unexampled degree, but it was becoming evident that as the song went round with the sun, so Tom's optics became wilder and wilder; his speech too became thicker, and, moreover, he seemed more than ever attached to his song, which he every minute introduced, beautifully diversified, for his powers of composition seemed to come to the aid of his memory; he could not, however, manage more than two lines.

"We'll drink, we'll drink!" Here he suited the action to the word; he half-filled his tumbler with brandy, when forgetting to put any water to it, he drank its contents, and like the dying swan, "fading in music," he sang—

"And Saturday night still comes,"—

Here a pause ensued, he lost his equilibrium, gave a heavy lurch, and rolled under the table. The doctor proceeded with a grave face to feel his pulse, when, with a look of much concern, he pronounced him D. D.

It next occurred to them that they should bury him, and after a short consultation as to which was the most fit and proper place, the point was decided. In line-of-battle ships, in those days, the gun-room was merely divided from the lower-deck by a rope netting, that place being only used occasionally as a school-room. At the after part, as now, were two cabins, one occupied by the gunner, and the other by the junior-lieutenant of the ship. There was an old sailor set apart from more active duty, on purpose to keep the gun-room clean, who was rated "Lady of the Gun-room;" and abaft all, on the starboard side of the stern-post, was a scuttle which led down into the wing transom of the ship, and formed a kind of stow-hole, to which the "Lady of the Gun-room" laid claim, and the place was commonly known as "My Lady's Hold." This, then, was the place on which all parties, immediately it was mentioned, fixed, and "Jimmy" was accordingly despatched to find out "her ladyship," in order to obtain the key of the padlock which secured the hatch bar. These preliminaries settled, a grating was procured, and old Tom, perfectly unconscious, was with great form stretched out at full length upon it. A tarpaulin was then brought and spread over him, when four of the party lifted him on their shoulders, and four others walked at each corner as pall-bearers, holding the tarpaulin, which served as a pall. The remainder followed playing the "dead march" with serapers and holystones; and in this style he was carried up the cockpit ladder, and after parading him round the lower deck, the procession walked into the gun-room, and setting the body down, they chanted over him, accompanied by the instruments before mentioned, a verse of "Saturday Night," lowered him into "My Lady's Hold," and replaced the hatch.

The party then returned to the cockpit, and recommenced their carouse; they broke open and ransacked every locker in search of the "stimulus," of which they found a sufficient quantity to render each of them, Boy of the Mess and all, so gloriously, or rather ingloriously oblivious, that it might have been said with much truth, they drank of the waters of Lethe; for on the following morning most of them were under the table, and had totally forgotten their frolic with poor old Tom Armstrong.

THE PENSIONER'S TALE.

"WELL, well," said an old weather-beaten pensioner to his comrades, as they sat under the shade of that noble asylum, Greenwich Hospital, telling tales of the past, of battles fought and won by the stout hearts and wooden walls of old England, "you remember Tom Wilson, who sailed his first voyage with me in his Majesty's frigate, the Dart, on a cruising expedition. Well, Tom, poor fellow! was pressed, and torn away to serve the king, leaving behind him one of the prettiest trim-built crafts as ever you clapped eyes on. I was present at the parting. Poor Mary wept, sighed, sobbed, and clung round him, he in vain trying to console her. At length they were gently separated, and ere long Wilson was on board the vessel which

he was doomed never to leave more. I was his only confidant. He kept himself (except when duty required him) totally apart from the rest of the crew, a continual melancholy shading his fine features. One night it was our turn to watch together, and then I heard from his own lips the story of his love. Mary had been brought up with him from infancy; they were slightly related, and her parents dying when she was quite young, she was taken and adopted by his parents; and thus, as they grew together, a natural affection sprung up between them, so deep, so true, so lasting, that death itself could only break the bonds. A day was fixed for their union, but war breaking out, he was dragged away from her as he was leaving the church, and they parted in the manner before described. Thus ended his short tale, which told more than any long yarn could. I consoled him, and from that moment we were sworn friends. I often shielded him from the taunts and insults of the crew, to whom he had rendered himself obnoxious by his reserved manner. What stung him most was that his courage was doubted. And oft have I heard him on the mid-watch, in the dead hour of the night, kissing the picture of his beloved Mary (which he carried constantly in his bosom), and praying for an action, that he might wipe the stains off his wounded honour. His prayer was at length heard. We were cruising near the Cape of Good Hope one hazy morning, when the man on the look-out gave intelligence of a strange sail in sight, which soon after proved to be a French frigate of superior force, carrying forty-two guns, and we but thirty-six. All hands were piped up, the bulk-heads stove in, the hatches knocked up, and the deck in a short time cleared for action. The enemy bore down, and in less than ten minutes the action commenced. It was a hard fight. The enemy fought vigorously, relying on their superior weight of metal. The contest had lasted about an hour, and was going rather in favour of our enemy, our topmasts being shot away, and splinters flying about in all directions, when the captain gave orders instantly to board. The grapples were thrown out, and we were soon lashed side to side. During the whole contest, Wilson and I had fought together. He fought with desperate courage, rushing into the midst of danger with a fearful and reckless energy. Just as the orders for boarding had been given, I was despatched by the captain to the cock-pit with a message to the first lieutenant, who had been wounded in the beginning of the onset. He inquired if he could possibly come on deck, as the danger was imminent. Snatching his wounded arm from the surgeon, who was dressing it, and seizing his sword, he rushed up the ladder and soon reached the quarter-deck, where a desperate struggle was now taking place, and all were taking an earnest part in the affray except Wilson, who had paused for a moment to kiss Mary's picture, to nerve him in this trying hour; and just as he was about raising it to his lips, the lieutenant approached, and striking him with the flat part of his sword, exclaimed, "How now, sir, coward! thinking of love still! To your post, sir, or the marines shall prick you on with the boarding pikes." Thus saying, he rushed into the thickest of the fight, and was followed instantly by the wrongly accused Wilson. The lieutenant had thrown himself on the enemy's deck—a pistol was raised to his breast—his fate seemed inevitable; when Wilson with one bound threw himself before him, and received the shot in his own bosom. I dashed forward to revenge him, cut the Frenchman down with one blow, and then stooped to see if the wound was mortal. It was. There he lay, cold and still, with his usual calm melancholy smile on his lips, and his hand tightly grasping the portrait, which I seized, let drop a tear, and hastened to my duty; and in half-an-hour victory declared for us. The lieutenant was deeply affected at his fate. His body was discovered, and decently consigned to the deep. The prize was secured, our decks washed down, and we set sail for England. We soon arrived in the Downs, and I set off to console poor Mary with the lieutenant's promise that she should be amply provided for. But bad news flies apace, so I found she had heard of his death—and I just arrived in time to see her laid in her grave.

ANY PORT IN A STORM.

A SEAMAN, named John Coombs, who was paid off from His Majesty's ship *Victor*, on the 20th of August, 1827, was, on the day following, married, under circumstances which attracted great attention amongst the *mobility*. He had, previously to his going to sea, paid his addresses to a young woman, who had plighted her troth, and vowed eternal constancy. Happy in the assurances of her love, which were oft repeated in her letters, Jack,

"When sailing o'er the midnight deep,"
thought but little

"Of all the rude dangers of crossing the ocean," occupied, as he was, with the image of his Susan, and with the joyous anticipations of a happy meeting, when the strong cable of Hymen, twisted into a lover's knot, might bind him, for good and all, to the girl of his heart. But, alas! "Frailty, thy name is woman;" on his return home, Jack found, to his utter dismay, that the "fickle faithless quean" had been for some time married to another. Surprise was followed by grief, and grief by anger, and Jack resolved to be revenged—but after a plan of his own. It never occurred to him to bring an action for breach of promise, or to call out his rival, or publish to the world the lady's letters, or to commit suicide, but he resolved to do worse—he vowed to marry! ay, to marry the first woman he should meet, willing to take him for better or worse. Full of this "dread intent," Jack sallied forth, and ere long he fell in with Miss Paul—not *Paul*, although she was the daughter of the grave-digger of Charles' Church. Not *appalled* by that circumstance, Jack challenged this little brig, and soon brought her to, and she consented to surrender on honourable terms. She was blooming sixteen, and she did not give herself *grave* airs, therefore Jack bore off his prize without much trouble, brought her to *Dock* for a refit, took out a bishop's warrant, and next morning towed her up, with white at the main, to Charles' Church, where she was pronounced his for ever. Intelligence of these doings having spread with the rapidity of woman's tongue, or the speed of a telegraphic or semaphoric dispatch, several hundred persons were assembled at the church-door to greet the happy couple; and various were the greetings, some, we should think, exceedingly *gritting* to the ears of the new married couple, for, although many cheered, yet many hooted and hissed. The interval of quietness brought with it reflection, and reflection told the young lady that she had been a *little* precipitate. "Young she was and sore afraid," and she declared she would not be Jack's wife. Jack, however, was not to be cheated thus of his *prize-money*, and insisted upon his bargain. The lady resisted and wept, and, when evening came, it was found necessary to use much persuasion to induce her to enter the bridal chamber; but, at length, smiling through her tears, like the sunset of a rainy day, she yielded to the advice of her friends and became loyal—that is, she complied with the injunctions of the *minister*, and gave up the *opposition*.

EXTRAORDINARY INSTANCE OF DEVOTION AND SELF-POSSESSION.

In the year 1820, Captain Hastings, then on a voyage between the Island of Madagascar and the Cape of Good Hope, was overtaken by a violent storm. The furious turmoil of the ocean—the mightiness of the surging waves—the blackness of the water—and the vivid effects of the lightning coming athwart the dark curtain of the heavens, he beheld with an intensity of feeling that almost entirely absorbed every consideration of personal safety. Having taken the necessary means for the security of his vessel, and anxious to contemplate the grandeur of the scene, he ordered himself to be lashed to an elevated part of his ship, that during the raging of the tempest, he might not only study, but actually sketch, the terrific appearance around him. Collected amidst the uproar of the elements, and regardless of danger, he produced a faithful and spirited drawing of a storm at sea, full of all the fury and sublimity of his subject, which was exhibited at the Royal Academy the following year, and attracted peculiar attention.

LOSS OF THE APOLLO.

THE Apollo frigate, commanded by Captain Dixon, sailed from the Cove of Cork on Monday, the 26th March, 1804, in company with his Majesty's ship Carysfort, and sixty-nine sail of merchant ships, under convoy for the West Indies. On the 27th they were out of sight of land, with a fair wind blowing a strong gale, and steering about W.S.W., which course they kept for the three following days, the wind remaining in the same quarter; but on the 31st the wind got more round to the westward, and moderate. On Sunday, the 1st of April, by an observation at noon, they were in latitude $40^{\circ} 51' N.$, longitude, by their account $12^{\circ} 29' W.$ At eight o'clock on Sunday evening the wind shifted to the S.W. blowing fresh, and their

course S.S.E. At ten o'clock they hauled up the mainsail and set the main-staysail, but a quarter of an hour after, the main-staysail split, on account of the sheet giving way, upon which all hands were called upon deck. At half-past ten, as the wind was blowing strong and threatening squally weather, they took in the fore-topsail and set the foresail. An hour afterwards the main-topsail split, when they furled it, as well as the main-sail. The ship was now under her foresail, main, and mizen storm staysails, with the wind blowing hard, and a heavy sea running.

On Monday, the 2nd April, at about half-past three in the morning, the ship struck the ground, to the utter astonishment of every one on board; and by the above reckoning, they then conjectured on some unknown shore. She continued to strike



LOSS OF THE APOLLO, CAPTAIN DIXON, APRIL 2ND, 1804.

the ground very heavily for several minutes, by which her bottom was materially damaged; and to add to their distresses, the water in the hold was fast increasing. The chain-pumps were rigged with the utmost dispatch, and the men set to work immediately to pump; but in about ten minutes she beat and drove over the shoal. On endeavouring to steer her, they found that the rudder had been carried away, and they then got before the wind. The men were kept continually labouring at the pumps, but from the quantity of water the vessel had shipped, there was every probability of her foundering, as she was filling and sinking very fast.

After running about five minutes, the ship struck the ground again, and with such tremendous shocks, that they were fearful she would instantly go to pieces; and she kept striking and driving farther on the sands, with the sea at the same time

making complete breaches over her. They immediately cut away the lanyards of the main and mizen-rigging, upon which the masts fell over, with a tremendous crash, on the larboard side, and the foremast went directly after. The ship then fell on the larboard side, with the gunwale under water. The violence with which she struck the ground, and the weight of the guns, those on the quarter-deck tearing away the bulwarks, soon made the ship a perfect wreck abaft, while only four or five guns could possibly be fired to alarm the convoy, and give notice of the danger. On her drifting the second time, the most pitiful cries were heard from everywhere between decks, many of the men despairing of any chance of being saved, giving themselves up to inevitable death without making even a struggle for rescue. Such was the awful nature of their situation, that those who were upon deck had the same risk of pe-

rishing as those who remained below, notwithstanding which many endeavoured to come upon deck, as in the cabins they were every instant in danger of having their legs broken by the chests which were floating about, and the bulk-heads giving way; and which, after much difficulty, they effected, after having been several times washed down the hatchway by the immense volumes of water incessantly pouring down. As the ship was still beating the ground very violently, it was necessary to cling to some part of the wreck to prevent being washed off by the surges, or hurled overboard by the repeated dreadful concussions. The people held fast by the larboard bulwark of the quarter-deck and in the main-chains, while the captain stood naked upon the cabin sky-light grating, holding on by the stump of the mizen-mast, and making use of every

exertion which could have been suggested to encourage men in such a perilous situation; and to add to their distresses, most of the officers and men were entirely naked, not having had time, such was the suddenness of the calamity, even to slip on a pair of trousers.

Their horrible situation became every moment more dangerous and critical, until the appearance of daylight, at about half-past four o'clock, discovered to them the land at the distance of about two cables' length; a long sandy beach, reaching to Cape Mondego, which was about three leagues to the southward of them. As the day advanced and the weather became clearer, they could distinguish between twenty and thirty sail of the convoy ashore, both to the northward and southward of them, and several of them complete wrecks. They were now certain,

from seeing the above-mentioned cape, that they were on the coast of Portugal, though, to their discredit as seamen, no person in the ship had the least idea of being near that coast; and the wind blowing very hard, and a great swell of the sea running mountains high, there was very little prospect of them being saved.

About eight o'clock, as there appeared every likelihood of the ship soon going to pieces, and as the afterpart was the lowest in the water, Captain Dixon ordered every person forward. Mr. Cook, the boatswain, had his thigh broken in endeavouring to get one of the boats over the side; and of six fine boats not one was saved, being all staved and washed over with the booms. Soon after the people had managed to get to the forepart of the ship, she parted at the gangways. The crew were therefore obliged to stow themselves in the fore-channels, and

from thence to the bowsprit end, to the number of two hundred and twenty; for out of two hundred and forty persons which were on board the vessel when she first struck, it was supposed that twenty had previously perished between decks and otherwise. Mr. Lawton, the gunner, was the first person who attempted to swim on shore, but was drowned; he was followed by Lieutenant Wilson, Mr. Runcie, surgeon, Mr. McCabe, surgeon's-mate, Mr. Stanley, master's-mate, and several men, who shared the same fate, in consequence of the sea breaking in enormous surges over them, though they were all excellent swimmers. About forty persons, however, had the good fortune to reach the shore, among whom were Lieutenant Harvey and Mr. Callam, master's-mate. On the Monday night their situation became truly horrid, many of the old men and boys perishing through hunger and fatigue, and constant exposure

to wet and cold, and also Mr. Proby and Mr. Hayes, midshipmen. Captain Dixon remained upon the bowsprit during the whole of this long and miserable night.

Tuesday morning presented to these hapless mariners no better prospect of being relieved from the jaws of death, as the wind had increased in violence, and the sea was much more turbulent than before. About the middle of the day their drooping spirits were somewhat raised, by seeing Lieutenant Harvey and Mr. Callam hoisting out a boat from one of the merchant ships, to come to the assistance of their distressed shipmates. Several times they attempted to launch her through the surf, but the boat being very heavy, and the sea on the beach acting so powerfully against them, they could not succeed in effecting their object, though they were assisted by nearly a hundred men of the merchant sailors and Portuguese peasants. Disappointed in their hopes of assistance from the shore, they now turned their attention to the construction of rafts from pieces of the wreck; but although several of them left the ship, not one soul reached the shore.

Towards the latter part of the day the wind shifted, and the current setting out, they were all driven out to sea, among whom was the captain, who seeing the increasing dangers of their situation, and anxious to save the remainder of the ship's company, went on the jib-boom, about three o'clock in the afternoon, with three seamen; and too sanguine of being able to get safe on shore, he ventured upon the spar, saying, as he jumped into the sea, "My lads, I'll save you all." In a few seconds he lost his hold of the spar, which he could not regain, and soon after he drifted out to sea, and perished. Such also was the fate of the three brave seamen who voluntarily accompanied him.

The loss of their gallant captain, who, until this time, had animated the drooping spirits of the almost lifeless crew, as well as the noble exertions of Lieutenant Harvey and Mr. Callam to launch the boat not having been successful, they began to despair, as every gleam of hope, which they had hitherto encouraged, now totally vanished; and they looked forward to certain death the ensuing night, not so much from cold, hunger, and fatigue, as from the expectations of the remaining part of the wreck going to pieces every moment. Had not the Apollo been a new and well-built ship, that small portion of her could not have resisted the waves, and stuck so well together, particularly as all the after-part, from the chess-tree, was gone, the starboard bow under water, and the fore-castle-deck nearly perpendicular, the weight of the guns hanging to the larboard bulwark, on the outside, which it was not prudent to cut away, as they afforded resting places for a considerable number of men, there being only the fore-channels and cathead where it was possible to live in, and about which were stowed upwards of one hundred and fifty men, it being impracticable to continue any longer on the head or upon the bowsprit, by reason of the breakers washing completely over those places.

The night drawing on, the wind increasing, with frequent showers of rain, the sea washing over them, and the momentary expectation that the fore-castle would give way, when they must all have perished together, afforded a spectacle truly deplorable, the bare recollection of which makes the mind shudder. The piercing cries of the people this dismal night, at every sea coming over them, and which happened every two minutes, was melancholy in the extreme, the water running from their heads down their bodies, and keeping them continually wet. This miserable night the remaining strength of every individual on board was exerted for his own personal safety. Several of these poor wretches were suffocated from their crowding so closely together in such a narrow compass, and the want of something to moisten their mouths. Some of these unfortunate beings drank salt water, others chewed leather, while many more chewed lead, from which they conceived they found relief.

In less than an hour from the time the ship first took the ground, all the provisions were under water, and the ship a wreck, so that it was impossible to procure any portion of them. After the most painful night that ever misery lengthened into ages, the daylight appearing, they observed Lieutenant Harvey and Mr. Callam again endeavouring to launch the boat;

several attempts were made without success, and a number of men belonging to the merchant ships were much bruised and hurt in assisting. During these attempts alternate hopes and fears pervaded the wretched minds of those upon the wreck; but in the course of the morning fifteen of them succeeded in getting on shore on pieces of the wreck.

About three o'clock in the afternoon of Wednesday, the 4th of April, they had the inexpressible gratification of seeing the long-expected boat launched through the surf, by the indefatigable exertions of the brave officers, assisted by the master of the merchant ships, and a number of Portuguese peasants, who were encouraged in their endeavours by Mr. Whitney, the British Consul from Figuera. All the crew then remaining on the wreck were brought safely on shore, with fervent praises and thanksgivings to the Almighty for their happy deliverance from a shipwreck which has scarcely ever had its parallel, and as soon as they stepped out of the boat, they found several persons whose humanity had prompted them to offer them sustenance; but, in too many instances, improperly, in spirits, which many avoided as much as possible. Some idea may be formed of the weakness to which they were reduced, when it is considered, that they had not received any nourishment from Sunday to Wednesday afternoon, and during that time were continually exposed to the fury of the watery element. After eating and drinking a little, they found themselves much weaker than before, which was probably occasioned by their having been so long without either; and some of the men died soon after getting on shore, from imprudently drinking too large a quantity of spirits. All the crew were in a very weak and exhausted state, the greater part of them being sadly bruised and wounded.

About thirty sail of merchantmen were at the same time wrecked on this dreadful beach. Some ships sunk with all their crews, and almost every ship lost from two to twelve men each; yet the situation of the remainder was not equally distressing with that of the crew of the frigate, as the merchant ships drawing a less draught of water, were mostly driven close on shore, and no person remained on board of them after the first morning. The masters of the merchant ships had tents upon the beach, and some provisions which they had saved from the wrecks. These they very generously distributed, and afforded every assistance to the crew of the Apollo. Thus was lost one of the finest frigates in the British navy, with sixteen of her crew. The number of lives which were lost in the merchant ships, was also very considerable. Dead bodies were every day floating ashore in large numbers, and pieces of wreck covered the beach for more than ten miles in extent.

This fatal and unprecedented calamity, is universally ascribed to the carelessness and inattention of the commodore, in not keeping a proper reckoning; and it is confidently asserted, that had it been dark one quarter of an hour longer, the whole convoy would certainly have shared the same fate.

VOYAGE AND DISASTERS OF H.M.S. PIQUE,

CAPTAIN ROUS, ON HER PASSAGE FROM QUEBEC TO ENGLAND, 1835.

His Majesty's ship the Pique, commanded by Captain Rous, and having on board his Excellency Lord Aylmer, ex-governor of the Canadas, together with Lady Aylmer, and the officers of his staff, left Quebec for England on the 17th of September, 1835, and aided by a light air, and the current of the river, the city was soon lost sight of. An excellent run was made through all the intricacies of the navigation, and on the 19th the ship was off the Gaspé shore in a dead calm. On the 20th the wind freshened up from the southward and westward, with the usual accompaniment of fog. On the following day, the 21st, the weather cleared, that is to say, comparatively; there might have been an horizon of five or six miles, something not frequent in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Captain Rous, foreseeing that there would be difficulty in weathering Cape Ray, the south-west extremity of the Island of Newfoundland, determined, after mature deliberation, on making the passage through the Straits of Belleisle, and the ship's course was accordingly altered. The Pique on the passage out had made a dead beat through this little-frequented strait, and sufficient knowledge of the features

of the coast had been acquired, during the operation, to cause a feeling of satisfaction to prevail, when it was known, that instead of contending with the heavy seas and boisterous winds of the south and west of Newfoundland, those on board were about to renew their acquaintance with a familiar channel.

For the information of those who may chance to be unacquainted with the geography of this part of the coast of North America, may be mentioned that the straits form a channel between the south shore of Labrador and the north coast of Newfoundland; the western extremity, or that which communicates with the Gulf of St. Lawrence, at its narrowest part, does not exceed twelve miles in width; the eastern, or Atlantic mouth, is much wider. Commander Bayfield has recently surveyed this channel, and much interesting information to mariners may be expected, when the result of his scientific labours shall be made public.

The breeze on Tuesday, the 22nd, was fresh and fair, the weather moderately clear, and before sunset the land was seen, and ascertained to be the island of St. John's, in a bay of the same name, on the Newfoundland shore; and in order to bring the ship clear of the Newfoundland coast, along which, at the western entrance of the strait, shoals and rocky islets lie scattered in dangerous profusion, the course was altered, and the Labrador shore neared. At this time it was discoverable that the fog was rising fast astern in a heavy bank, extending along the horizon to windward; and at ten the ship was completely shrouded in a mist no eye could penetrate, although half an hour before a practised person might have discerned land at a distance of two miles. No one who has not had personal experience of these shores can form an idea of the density, the absolute tangibility of a real Newfoundland particular fog. The wind was moderate, sail was shortened, and preparations for sounding were making, when, a little before half-past ten, breakers under the bow were simultaneously discovered by the look-out men forward, and the captain and master on the gangway. The helm was put a-port, but too late, and the ship struck hard, going at the time about eight knots. After a short space, her head having swung to the northward, she was backed off, but the tide unfortunately took her, the head sails filled, and she ran on again, broadside to the shore, striking fearfully; a boat was lowered, and the master went sounding, who found from four to five fathoms outside the ship.

At eleven, although there was a heavy sea up, yet things wore a most unpromising aspect; the "masts were nodding to their fall," and it seemed impossible the ship could long sustain the tremendous shocks she was momentarily receiving; and yet, with the masts buckling and writhing at every blow, the top-gallant and royal yards, with their masts, were sent down and struck with a coolness and presence of mind that reflects the highest credit on the officers and men aloft, who performed their duty under circumstances of infinite peril.

All this time there was no confusion, no disorganization; the voice of the captain was alone heard, and promptly obeyed. One hundred tons of water were started and pumped out, and the starboard after-guns and shot thrown overboard; the boats were hoisted out, and the stream-anchor laid out ahead, a little on the starboard bow; on this a heavy strain was heaved without effect. Various were the conjectures as to what part of the coast the ship was on; the general opinion was, that she had struck on either Green Island or Isle au Bois, two small islands on the gorge of the strait, near the Labrador shore; but so thick was the haze that nothing elucidative of her position could be discerned, save an indistinct line on which the breakers were fretting. At midnight, however, the sky cleared, and the land was made out rising over a rocky spit apparently parallel to the ship.

The situation of the Pique had now become serious; the wind was freshening, the leaks increasing, all efforts to get her off as yet unavailing, and she seemed to hold together by a miracle. How anxiously did the crew wish for the morning! Preceded by a brilliant aurora borealis, day at length dawned, and the ship was found to have struck on a low talus of loose granitic blocks, beyond which the land rose moderately high, and thickly set with dwarf pines. It was evident the lives of those on board might be saved, did the wind not increase to a

gale; but when landed, what was to become of nearly three hundred persons on that inhospitable coast, where winter reigns undisturbed for one half the year; where on the passage out in the month of August, the snow lay undissolved in the mountain hollows, without food, without fuel, without shelter, without raiment, the autumn considerably advanced; and should the boats be stove, no possible chance of escape? This was the dark side of the picture. On the other could be perceived the chance of saving the provisions in the ship, equal, with care, to four months' economical distribution. The probability of finding some sort of protection from the weather under the sheds erected by the cod fishers for the salting and curing their fish, which, assisted by the sails and materials saved from the wreck, might be converted into habitations capable of resisting the cold of winter. The dwarf pine would supply fuel; and, moreover, it was not so late in the year as to make it probable that the fishing chaloupes had abandoned the coast.

It was now apparent that the tide had made a flood; the kedge was carried out broad on the starboard-bow S.E. by S., the small bower-anchor suspended to the launch, the cable buoyed up by the remaining kedge to the extent of 100 fathoms, with infinite difficulty and exertion, and a heavy strain heaved. A little after seven the wind got slight hold of the land; the foresail was set. At eight Captain Rous sent the ship's company down to breakfast. At half-past eight the ship ground ahead a few feet, and struggled to free herself of the rocks, striking with a violence that it was apparent must bilge her ere long. The hands were turned up, and by dint of heaving, trimming her with the men on the bowsprit, and pitching over the two after larboard quarter-deck guns, she—(to use the well-chosen expression of the official letter)—"wormed herself out from her bed of rocks" at a quarter-past nine. The stream and bower cables were promptly cut, and, at eleven, the ship was anchored in a commodious bay, named Ance au Loup, about twelve miles eastward of the spot where she struck, which was on the west of the entrance of Forteau Bay. Seventeen inches of water was found to be made per hour, and, with the exception of the leak, and a slight obstruction to the motion of the rudder, the Pique appeared to have miraculously resisted her eleven hours beating on the rocks.

On the 24th she was under weigh at daylight, the straits were cleared, and a course shaped for England; breeze strong and fair. On the 25th the leaks increased to two feet per hour. One was got at in the junk-room, under the gunner's store-room, and some attempts made to stop it. The cut-water bolts were found driven up a foot or more: several icebergs were seen. On the 26th the wind was still fair, with a heavy N.W. swell. The foremast was discovered to work in the step, or rather, the step itself was loose.

On Sunday, the 27th, there was an increase in the leaks. To remedy this, if possible, by improving the ship's trim, and thereby rendering her less uneasy, the water was pumped from the fore into the main hold. The result was beneficial. The ship, with a press of canvass, was making rapid way through the water, when, between two and three, p.m., the rudder—no doubt previously injured—broke short off at the head, towed astern a few seconds, and then parted. The ship came right up to the wind—a severe trial for the tottering foremast. Sail was, however, shortened without any injury having been sustained.

The Pique was now in no pleasant predicament: a run of 1500 miles before her, without a rudder—making two feet of water an hour—the equinoctial gales in all their Atlantic fury hourly to be looked for, over and above her crippled mast!

At this time a brig hove in sight. Guns were fired, and signals of distress exhibited fore and aft; but, whether from accident or design, the strange sail made all sail, and left the Pique to her fate.

A new rudder, or more properly speaking, a substitute for one, was immediately commenced; a rude, undigested contrivance, to which the night was devoted by the carpenter and his crew.

The 28th found the ship's leaks not increased, the steerage contrivance complete, and it was accordingly shipped in the evening. Before noon another brig had been seen, to whom signals of distress were shown, and which was boarded, not for any assistance supposed capable to be rendered by a foreign mer-

chant vessel of 200 tons or less, but with the hope of being able to secure the safety of Lord and Lady Aylmer, and others, the passengers. The stranger proved to be himself in a sorry condition—old and leaky, bound to Marseilles, and resolute in not altering his course for England. The project was, therefore, abandoned.

On the 29th the temporary rudder, that had been loaded with a carronade and sundry pigs of ballast, in order to induce it to submerge, but which it contumaciously resisted, owing to the ship having fresh water, was cut away, and little regretted. By dint of perpetual attention and skilful seamanship, the ship was kept near her course by the sails.

Since the 24th, the officers, passengers, and ship's company had been sufficiently uncomfortable. The Pique's main-deck was of oak, within the traverse of the guns (that part of the deck had been leaky since her first cruise), and now with a flood of water poured on it from Massey's splendid pumps, with the scuppers small, and like angels' visits, "few and far between," the lower-deck became uninhabitable, although inhabited.

The morning of the 30th was ushered in by a heavy gale from the northward. An attempt was made to steer the ship by veering a cable out abaft. The barometer fell, and the wind and sea increased at noon. The ship had got near the wind, and the day was passed in vain efforts to place her head the right way: these proving unsuccessful, she was laid-to for the night, during which the leaks increased to thirty inches; and, to make her easier, the top-gallant-masts were sent on deck, the best bower cut away, two main-deck guns thrown overboard (making twenty-six), and all the weight cleared out from forward.

On Thursday, the 1st of October, the weather became more moderate; ship's head still W. and by N. No chance of reaching England on that course. Pakenham's rudder, on which the carpenter had been employed since the failure of its predecessor, was complete; yet the sea ran too high to attempt fixing it.

A brig was seen standing towards the ship; and on nearing, the weather having moderated, a boat was lowered, and a hawser sent on board of her, which parted in an attempt to wear the ship by it. She was, however, wore round at length, by sending the ship's company aft. The friendly-disposed brig proved to be the Suffrein, of St. Maloe, from Cape Rouge, in the Straits of Belleisle, in ballast, having men on board employed in the cod-fishery carried on by the French on the coasts of British America, to the injury of the commerce of the mother country.

On the 2nd, 3rd, 4th, and 5th, the ship was steered by the sails, assisted by the cable astern, and had run so far as to be within 500 miles of the Scilly Islands. On the morning of the 6th, when the wind being light, and so far to the eastward as to be foul, Pakenham's rudder was shipped, and found to answer. On the 8th the wind came from the N.W., and gradually increased to a storm.

On the night of the 9th, and morning of the 10th, when the temporary rudder was carried away, the ship came to the wind with her head to the westward. There was great room for anxiety at this time. The land not far distant—ship unmanageable—and no reliance to be placed on the chronometers, after the severe shaking they had experienced. At two, p.m., the gale had moderated, and she was kept in her course as best she might. Conscious, by observation and dead reckoning, even supposing the chronometers in error, that the Scilly Islands were to be passed, the night of the 10th was anxiously spent by all who knew the danger. It blew fresh from the N. on the 11th, and observation showed the ship to be in the latitude of Guernsey. At half-past seven, p.m., the Caskets light was seen, and at eight the ship was anchored off the island of Guernsey, in forty-one fathoms water, where she rode out the night. The next day, the 12th, at two, p.m., with a slant of wind, she got under weigh, and anchored at St. Helen's on the morning of the 13th, having run one thousand five hundred miles without a rudder!

To the admirable coolness and decision of Captain Rous, and the discipline displayed by his officers and ship's company,

ample testimony has been paid by competent judges; nor must it be omitted, that among the passengers, even those of the softer sex confronted terror without shrinking, and bore hardship without repining.

DANGERS OF THE MAELSTROM.

It was mid-day, and the sun shone with the feeble power of a Norway autumn, when his rays serve only to remind you of warmth, and fail to invigorate and cherish. Mr. Braceyard, the mate of the Island Lass, stood with folded arms beside the gangway gazing across the bay, in the direction of a little fishing town which was situate at its farthest extremity. In dress he was neat, in person clean, and his whole air bore testimony to his having known a better fortune. He was watching with interest a little boat that came towards them from the town as rapidly as the stalwart arms of two Norwegian sailors could impel it. As it approached nearer, he could discern the forms of the expected passengers; and now it came alongside the schooner, the men boarded their oars, and those in the boat prepared to come on deck.

The first who was helped up the side of the vessel was a beautiful creature, apparently of some three-and-twenty years of age. Her dark hair clustering down her cheeks, was pushed forward by the little bonnet, or hat, which fitted close to her head. Her eye, deep, dark, and full, beamed with the soul which spoke through it; while her elastic step as she trod the deck, her elegant figure, her commanding and dignified presence, won you to admiration, but checked you with reverence. There were few more fitted for manly love than Ellenore Macfarlane. She was followed by her youngest sister, Grace, a beauty of a different cast. She was shorter and of slighter make than her sister, and her timid and shrinking air formed a striking contrast with the dignified bearing of Ellenore. Their father was a noble figure, who carried in his air and face the stamp of gentleman. He was dressed in an antique coat, meant to be black, with threadbare breeches to match, and huge steel buckles; below these were a pair of grey woollen hose and unblackened shoes, also secured by immense buckles. The old family servant, Donald Brae, with his plaid oddly bundled upon his back, brought up the rear and the luggage.

After having inspected their berths, and with somewhat rueful countenances beheld the miserable accommodations afforded by the schooner for female passengers, the whole party returned to the deck and watched the preparations made by the sailors for their departure. The listless and nerveless behaviour of the crew soon caught the eye of the old man, who was himself something of a sailor; and he therefore moved forward with his daughters to the post of the mate, who was still stationed by one of the gangways, and asked the reason of this slackness and dulness at such a time.

"Sir," answered Mr. Braceyard, at the same time making a salute to the ladies that was far from ungraceful, "the captain is determined to sail upon this day of all others d'ye see, and the men don't like it—the same being on Friday; and in my mind (but that's nothing) I don't think it very well in the captain myself."

"What!" said Ellenore, "do you, yourself, then, lay any weight upon this common superstition?"

"Why, madam," replied the sailor, with a somewhat perplexed countenance, "upon the land, d'ye see, I care nothing for such yarns, but upon the blue water it is a very different sort of thing. You have seen a storm on shore, but you have not beheld a brisk gale at sea. Often have I stood leaning against the bulwarks when the night, lighted only by a flash of lightning, was as dark as the cockpit with an unsnuffed candle, while the sea broke in waterfalls over our bows, and the foam flew as high as the gallant yards, and the wind roared over the deep—ay! often have I stood there and looked up aloft, and seen things clustering round the mast as thick as a swarm of bees. Ah, ladies, you may laugh, but there are beings which live upon the waters, that are not known to shoremen."

Grace Macfarlane was about to ask him some question concerning the spirits of the deep, when the sailor suddenly roused himself from the fit of abstraction into which he had fallen, and

looking towards the shore, exclaimed, with a tone of interest, "Ha, here he comes at last, poor fellow!"

"Who is he?" asked the Scottish pastor.

The mate looked keenly at him before he replied, and then made answer, "Why they say on shore yonder, that he is an exile; but from where and for what cause matters nothing to Nicholas Braceyard. He has been living in this part of Norway for the last six weeks, and does not seem to have a friend in the world; and so, like me, he stands alone."

The boat which conveyed the exile was alongside. He slowly ascended the deck, and one of the boatmen brought after him a small portmanteau. He was a young man, apparently about five or six-and-twenty years of age, in height upwards of six feet, his figure stately and erect, and his countenance and deportment noble and dignified. His principal garment was a black cloak, lined with sable.

"Please you, sir," said the old mariner, advancing towards the captain, stroking down his hair, whilst the rest of the crew were all grouped round the foremost watching the effect of the embassy, "the men respectfully hope you will put off sailing till to-morrow. The Island Lass never did sail upon a Friday, and no good can come of it." Donald Beg, the Skye man, had had a vision, and he says—

"Curse you all," interrupted the rough captain, fiercely, "and doubly d—n Donald Beg! I will have the rascal put in irons if he has any more visions. Curse you all, I say," he continued, loud enough for the whole crew to hear him, "for a set of cowardly lubbers: if you have a mind to desert me and the vessel, go ashore with you, and be hanged. Have we not been kept here by the wind for a week; and is there not a good land breeze at last; and do you think I will wait here till it changes again? In the bracing of a yard, as it were, we shall reach the Orkneys, and then you may grumble as much as you like; but now hoist away and be d—d."

The men looked at each other with lowering faces, and muttering inarticulately, like the sullen moan of a rising storm, they dispersed to their respective duties.

The waning sun was shining over the waters as the Island Lass stood away towards the west. The rugged mountains of Norland were fast softening in the distance; and though the breeze was not of that steady character which sailors like, the good vessel continued to make rapid progress through the deep.

Hark! that low moaning sound aloft—it is the breeze sighing through the cordage—sure forerunner of a gale. And now there comes from the south a small black cloud, whose edge is fringed with silver. And now the whole horizon is thick with heavy clouds, that throng after their messenger. The wind comes cold and keen, and far ahead, stretching away into the darkness, runs a line of foam that approaches with the rapidity of a race-horse. "Put the ship about—in with every shred of canvass—and prepare to scud before the gale!"

It is an awful suspense to watch the storm approach, while every moment brings it nigher; to wait for the shock which you can only abide; and the bravest holds his breath "for a time," when the furious tempest strikes the poor ship, and sends her reeling beneath the wave to emerge again covered with foam, and trembling through all her timbers. And now she yields to the irresistible storm, and without a sail set, plunges her rapid passage through the seas, while the spray flashes above and around her in waterfalls.

The hurricane raged furiously, the thunder roared, the lightning flashed without intermission, and the ocean boiled around the good ship like a hell! The Island Lass, close-reefed, scudded before the wind in a direction exactly contrary to that it was intended she should pursue. Sea after sea continued to strike her heavily; and though she paused and trembled for a moment after every shock, yet she always resumed her career without having received any material damage. Captain M'Leary had done his duty like a man and a sailor, and he now stood watching how his vessel bore herself beneath her trials. The pastor and his daughters were gone below, but the exile remained upon deck, where he stood, partly sheltered by the mast from the waves which dashed over the vessel; his eye looked prouder as the storm waxed more boisterous, and over his countenance passed a smile of scorn and triumph, as a mountainous wave

swept over the ship, and carrying away with it the long-boat and a considerable portion of the bulwarks, threatened to annihilate the entire fabric upon which he stood. In the fore-castle stood a group of seamen holding on, as they might, and dripping with spray like water-fowl, and heeding it as little. Among them was Donald Beg, the Skye man, who, for the tenth time, narrated his vision, and informed his wondering auditors that its accomplishment was being gradually fulfilled.

It is day, but what a day! scarcely to be distinguished from the night. There is no sun to cheer and invigorate, and the dark storm rages with unabated fury. The crew of the Island Lass had been for several hours hard at work at the pumps; but their incessant exertion scarcely sufficed to keep the water under, and now they began to flag and despair. The foremast had gone by the board, and they were obliged to cut away its companion, so that nothing but the hull of the vessel remained. Over this poor relic of a vessel, lately so beautiful, the waves continued to dash with remorseless violence, inasmuch that the stout heart of the exile, who had remained upon deck during the whole night, and had been thoroughly drenched for the last ten hours, could endure it no longer. He disappeared through the hatches, went to his cot, flung off his clothes, and in a few minutes slept.

The storm had considerably abated towards the evening, the rain had ceased, and the thunder passed away, but the wind continued to impel the labouring hull of the Island Lass, at a rapid rate through the water. The skill of Mr. Braceyard, to whose management the captain entirely submitted the vessel, had contrived to stop the leak, either by inserting the foresail into it from the outside, or by some other ingenious device, with which his long experience had made him acquainted. The crew were now released from the pumps, but firmly impressed with the conviction that the storm, and their consequent peril, were entirely owing to the obstinacy of the captain in having set sail upon a Friday; and nothing but their instructive fear of the superiority and determined spirit of Braceyard, had kept them from open mutiny. Exhausted by the fatigues they had undertaken, they departed to their respective cots, while the Island Lass continued to drive through the water.

The second morning came; the heavens had lost their terrors, the sun rose cheerfully, and a few gay clouds only remained to flit across his course, and for a moment intercept his rays. The Island Lass still drifted in a northerly direction, and afforded the only trace of the late furious gale. One by one her crew appeared upon deck, and, with hope rebuoyed, stood prepared to execute any command that might be issued for the purpose of putting the vessel once more in sailing trim. Upon deck, too, having partaken of a hasty meal, again stood the Scottish pastor and his lovely daughters; hope and gratitude were beaming in their pale features and glistening eyes; and they looked up to Heaven and poured forth their silent thanks to Him who had protected them through the great peril of the tempest. Beside them stood Donald Brae, who imitated their actions and shared in their devotions. At a little distance, and apart from all, was the exile, stern, gloomy, and wrapped in the contemplation of his own private sorrows.

As the morning mist rolled back into the distance, several small islands were discovered ahead; and now the breeze, which had been long flagging, lulled into a calm; and soon a low continual hum, like that of an army of bees, which seemed to rise out of the stilled ocean, became audible to every ear. The mate, who was giving orders for the erection of a jury-mast, paused as he caught the sound, and bent forward his head in the attitude of strained attention. The boatswain stood still with one hand half upraised, whilst his countenance darkened with dismay, that was not often to be seen upon his rugged features. Not a word was spoken, every one held his breath, whilst he listened with an anxiety of eagerness that betokened the awe that was fast filling his heart. The sailors looked upon each other, and then upon the forlorn and helpless state of their ship, and a flash of wildness seemed to run from face to face.

"My God!" at length cried the boatswain, at the same time making two strides towards the spot where stood Mr. Braceyard—"it is the Moskoeström!"

The charm was broken. "The Moskoestrom! the Moskoestrom!" cried Ellenore and Grace. "The Moskoestrom!" echoed the crew.

"Away men!" shouted Braceyard, in a voice like a thunder-clap, "down to the hold! Bring up the spare sail, clear the deck, set up a spar for a mast—away!"

Away jumped the men in every direction; some fetched the sail, some prepared to rig the spar, and the carpenter laboured more strenuously than he had ever laboured before to prepare a hole in the deck to receive it. None were unemployed, save the exile, the pastor, and his daughters, and the captain, who stood helplessly looking on, with a surprised and vacant countenance that showed he had not recovered his faculties since the debauch in which he had indulged the previous night. The din of preparation drowned the stern hum of the distant whirlpool, and an hour passed away before the apparent confusion on deck once more died into silence. There was, however, an anxious pause when the new sail was stretched into the air, and the experienced sailors suffered themselves to be cheated with the hope that there was still breeze enough to make the good ship answer to her helm. But, alas! the heavy canvass refused to expand its folds, and not a breath of wind ruffled the dull surface of the sullen waters. They had not another hope; both the boats had been washed overboard during the storm, and the sailors looked upon each other in blank dismay, while they heard with awful distinctness the roar of the terrible Maelstrom, and saw the frowning rocks of Loffoden but too plainly visible on the right. It became evident to all, that the ship, borne along by the tide, was fast approaching the dreadful whirlpool. Whilst they stood thus looking upon one another in mute horror, a large Newfoundland dog, belonging to the captain, suddenly set up a wild dismal howl that pierced through the hearts of the hearers, and the animal ran yelping about the deck, with his tail between his legs, in a manner that plainly evinced his desire to escape from the fated vessel.

And now, as the roar of the Maelstrom waxed louder, there arose a wild cry from the fore-castle; it came from the Skye-man, Donald Beg: "I knew it, I knew it!" he shrieked. "There is the very mountain—there the very rock which I told you of! Oh, the accursed Friday! Oh, the damned, damned captain!"

Louder than the "allala" of the charging Greeks, wilder than the war-scream of the savage Mohawk, was the yell of the answering seamen. With one impulse they rushed in a body towards the poop of the vessel, and before the ill-fated captain was aware of their design, he was in the power of his infuriated crew. Only one man attempted his rescue—it was the exile. He sprang across the deck, and felled with a blow of his fist the most forward of the assailants; but in a moment he was surrounded, and held fast. It was now all over with Captain McLeary; he was hurried to the ship's side, and without a moment allowed for preparation, with all his many crimes unatoned for and unrepented of, he was hurled, struggling, screaming and blaspheming, into the sullen depths of the insatiable sea. He had but one friend in the world, and this friend was his dog, who did not desert his master in his last moments; but, leaping from the deck, swam to him, and seizing him by the collar of the jacket, endeavoured to pull him towards the vessel. For a long time they struggled together with the billows and death; but at last the arms of the sailor were thrown wildly, for a moment, into the air, and grasping his poor companion round the neck, they both together, with a bubbling groan, sunk down into the fathomless abyss.

The vessel continued slowly to approach the vortex, and the certainty of unavoidable death became every moment more overpowering and intense. The certainty of approaching death acted strangely upon the majority of the sailors. At first they stood together in a group, gazing gloomily upon one another; but as the roar of the whirlpool became louder and louder, and the conviction of inevitable destruction became stronger, they dispersed to various parts of the ship. Some went aside, and seemed engaged in earnest prayer; some hung down their heads, and, seated upon the deck, appeared sunk in dejection; while some went below, broke open the store-room, and drank madly of the spirits which they found; then rushing furiously

on deck, they raged like emancipated demons. They flung overboard the poor substitute for a mast and sail; and shouted, yelled, and laughed, and danced in hideous glee. But they could not drive away the knowledge that their end was at hand; and in a moment the thought would flash across their minds, blasting their maniacal revelry like the breath of the simoon. They then would stand still in the midst of their furious mirth, and weep, and wail, and beat their breasts in agony; while some would throw themselves upon the deck, and writhe and roll about in the height of despair.

It was a beautiful day; the sun shone forth without a cloud to dim his lustre, the waves sparkled beneath his influence, and the white plumage of a thousand busy sea-birds became more dazzling with his rays. The island of Moskoe was close at hand, and looked cheerful and inviting; but the Island Lass might not approach any nearer to its shores. The mate, who was seated upon the stump of the mast, looked to the neighbouring coast of Loffoden. Upon the shore, beneath the mountain of Helseggen, stood a group of people watching the doom of the helpless vessel, which glided on to her destiny, with all around so calm, so peaceful, and so beautiful, that it was almost impossible to conceive that death was anywhere within reach.

The ship went on faster and faster, she began to toss and roll uneasily in the angry rapids that now boiled around her; her race was nearly run. The prolonged suspense was intolerable. A pen of fire could not paint the agony that scared the souls of many of the wretched sailors; their fortitude had been wrought up to the highest pitch, and now it entirely gave way. Some gave vent to their anguish in loud and dismal yells, some stood with open mouth and fixed eyes, gazing upon the hell of waters before them, whilst cold drops of sweat started from the face and brows. The bravest and coolest could only breathe by gasps; and the bitterness of death, though in different degrees, was in the hearts of all.

The ship hurried on to her doom with mad impetuosity, swift as a flash of light. She is in the rapids—she is in the whirl of waters—round and round she goes, while her inmates catch hold of her bulwarks and of each other to steady themselves. And now her bowsprit is under the waves, and a wild shriek of despair rises unto the sky. The whirlpool, with greedy jaws, is sucking her under. The stern of the schooner was heaved high into the air before she went down for ever, and then disappeared, leaving no trace behind.

— "Each sent to his account
Unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown,
With all his imperfections on his head."

LOSS OF THE BRIG TYRREL.

THE following circumstantial account of one of the most dreadful shipwrecks on record, is given by T. Purnell, the chieftmate, and the only person who had the good fortune to escape.

On Sunday, June 28th, 1759, the brig Tyrrel, commanded by Captain Arthur Cochlan, sailed from New York to Sandy Hook, and there came to an anchor, to wait for the captain, who was coming down with a new boat, and some other articles. He came on board early the succeeding morning, and the boat was cleared, hoisted in, stowed, and lashed. At eight o'clock, a.m., they weighed anchor, sailed out of Sandy Hook, and the same day, at noon, took their departure from the High Land Never Sunk, and proceeded on their voyage to Antigua. As soon as they made sail, the captain ordered the boat to be cast loose, in order that she might be painted, together with rudder, oars, and tiller, which he undertook to do himself.

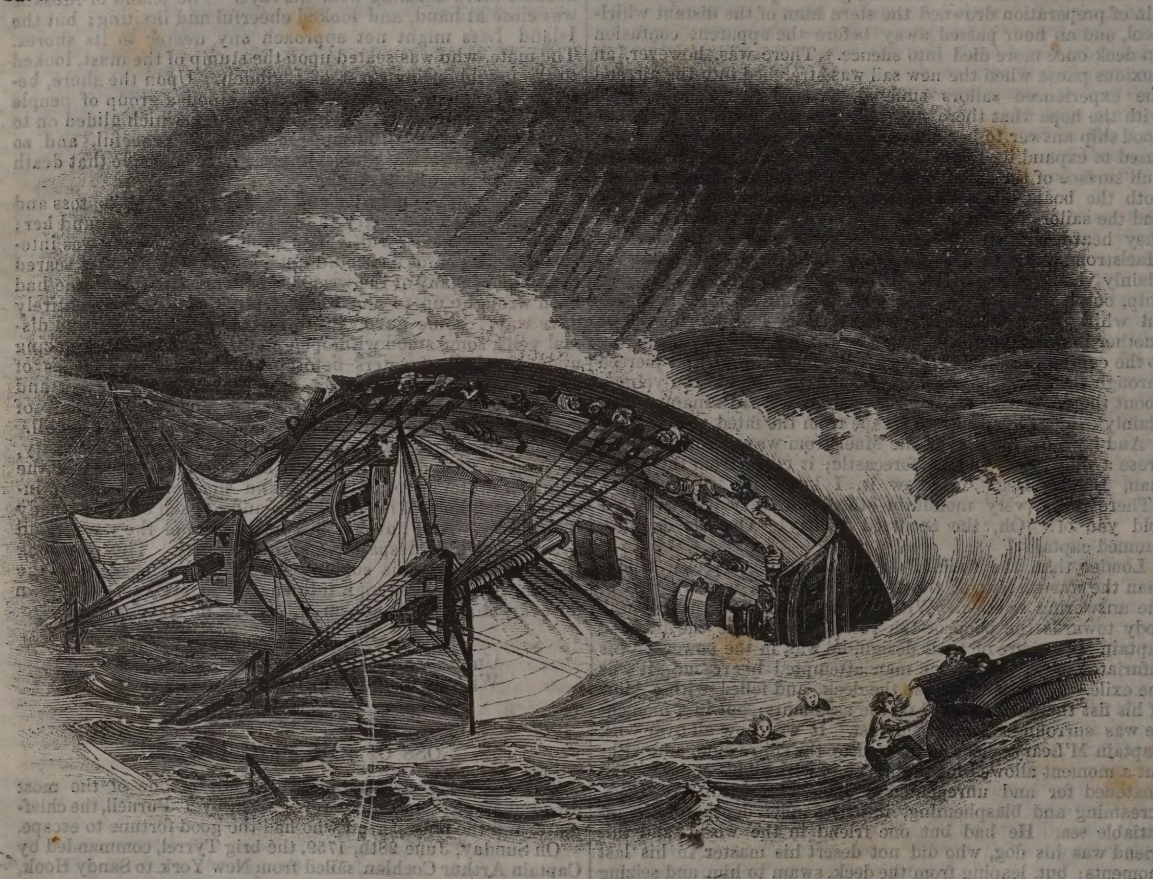
At four, p.m., they found the vessel made a little more water than usual; but as it did not cause any additional labour at the pumps, nothing further was thought of it. At eight the leak did not seem to increase; but at twelve it began to blow very hard in squalls, which threw the ship upon her broadside, and created an apprehension that she wanted more ballast; upon which the captain came on deck, it being the starboard watch, and ordered both topsails to be close reefed.

At four the following morning, the weather moderated, which enabled them to let out both reefs; and at eight it became still more moderate, when they made more sail, and set top-gallant-sails; but the weather being still thick and hazy no further observation was taken, except that the vessel made more water. The captain was chiefly employed in painting the boat, oars, rudder, and tiller.

On Monday, June 30, at four, p.m., the wind was at E.N.E.; it freshened very much, and blew so hard that the brig began to lie along in such a manner as created a general alarm. The captain was earnestly entreated to put back for New York, or steer for the Capes of Virginia. At eight they took in the top-gallant-sail, and close-reefed both topsails, still making more water; but afterwards, becoming more moderate, they made more sail.

On Tuesday, July 1, at four, a.m., it began to blow in squalls very hard: took in one reef in each topsail, and continued so until eight—the weather still thick and hazy, but no further observations.

The next day she continued to make still more water, but, as every watch pumped it out, this was not much regarded. At four, a.m., took in a second reef in each topsail—close-reefed both, and down top-gallant-yard—the gale still increasing. At four, p.m., the wind got round to N., and there appeared no likelihood of its abating. At eight the captain was well satisfied that she was very crank and short of ballast, and agreed to make for Bacon Island Road, in North Carolina; but in the very act of wearing her, a gust of wind suddenly laid her down on her beam-ends, and she never rose again. At this time Mr



LOSS OF THE BRIG TYRREL, OVERSET IN A GALE OF WIND, ON HER PASSAGE FROM NEW YORK TO ANTIGUA, JULY 1ST, 1759.

Purnell, the chief-mate, was lying in the cabin, with his clothes on, not having pulled them off since they left land; and being rolled out of his bed, which was on his chest, he managed, with great difficulty, to reach the round-house door, where the first salutation he met, was from the step-ladder that went from the quarter-deck to the poop, which knocked him against the companion; this proved a fortunate circumstance for those below, as by laying the ladder against the companion, it served him, and those who were in the steerage, as a conveyance to windward. Having transported the two after-guns forward, to bring her more by the head, in order to make her hold a better wind, they got through the aftermost gun-port on the quarter-deck; and being all on her broadside, everything moveable rolled to leeward: and as the vessel overset, so did the boat, and turned bottom upwards, her lashings having pre-

viously been cast loose by the captain's order; and having no other prospect of saving their lives but by the boat, Purnell, with two of the sailors and the cabin-boy, who were all excellent swimmers, plunged into the water, and, with great difficulty, righted her; but she was still full of water, and washing with the water's edge. They then made fast the end of the main-sheet to the ring in her stern-post; and those who were in the fore-chains sent down the end of the boom-tackle, to which they made the boat's painter fast, and lifted her a little out of the water, so that she swam two or three inches free. They then put the cabin-boy into her, and gave him a bucket, which happened at the time to float by, to bale her out as quick as he could; soon after a sailor got into her with another bucket, and in a very short time they got her free. They then put two long oars, that had had been stowed in the larboard quarter of

the Tyrel, into her, and pulled her round to windward; for as the wreck drifted, she made a dreadful appearance in the water: and Mr. Purnell and two of the crew put off from the wreck in search of the rudder, tiller, and oars, which, after a long time, they succeeded in picking up one after another. They then returned to their wretched companions, who were overjoyed to see them, having given them up for lost. By this time night drew on very fast, and they began to feel the effects of hunger; but while they were rowing, about half a peck of white biscuit, in a small cask, floated out of the round-house, but before they could get at it, it was so completely saturated with salt water, as to be almost in a fluid state. They found also about double the quantity of common ship-biscuit, likewise well soaked; and this was all the provisions they had. They could not get a drop of fresh water, neither could the carpenter get at his tools to scuttle her sides; for could this have been accomplished, they might have supplied themselves with plenty of provisions and water. By this time it was almost dark; and, having saved one compass, they determined to quit the wreck, and take their chance in the boat, which was nineteen feet six inches long, and six feet four inches broad—this was about nine o'clock, and very dark. They had run 360 miles, by their dead reckoning, in a S.E. by E. course. The number that sought refuge in the boat, which was very deep, was nineteen in all, with little hope that they should ever either see land, or long survive their calamitous disaster. The wind got round to westward, which was the course they wanted to steer; but it began to blow and rain so very hard, that they were obliged to keep the boat before the wind and sea, in order to keep her above water. Soon after they had left the dismal wreck, the boat shipped two heavy seas, one after the other, and fortunately there was not a third, or she must certainly have been swamped.

By sunrise the next morning, July 3, they judged that they had been running E.S.E., which was contrary to their wishes; but the wind dying away, the weather became very moderate. It was now proposed to make a sail of some frocks and trousers, but they had neither needles nor twine; one of the crew, however, had a needle in his knife, and another several fishing lines in his pocket, which were unlaid by some, while others were employed in ripping the frocks and trousers. By sunset they had provided a tolerable lug-sail; and having split one of the boat's thwarts, which was of yellow deal, with a large knife which one of the crew happened to have in his pocket, they made a yard, and lashed it together with the strands of the fore-top-gallant halliards, that had been thrown into the boat promiscuously. They also made a mast of one of the long oars, and set their sails with sheets and tacks made out of the strands of the top-gallant halliards, having the north star only for their guide, as the compass which they had brought with them was rendered useless, by one of the men having trodden on it. They had a tolerable good breeze all night; and the whole of the next day, July 4, the weather continued very moderate, and the people were in as good spirits as their dreadful situation would admit.

On Saturday, July 5, the wind and weather continued much about the same; and by the north star they knew that they were standing in for the land. The next day some of the men seemed rather fatigued, and began to drink salt water: the wind, they imagined, had got round to the southward, and they steered, as near as they could guess, by the north star, to the north-west quarter; but on the 7th, they found that the wind had got back to the northward, and blew very fresh. They got their oars out the greater part of the night; and the next day, the wind still dying away, the people laboured alternately at the oars without distinction. About noon the wind sprung up again, so that they lay by their oars, and steered as near as they could guess about N.N.W., continuing so until about eight or nine in the morning of July 9, when, by the coldness of the water, they all thought they were upon soundings. In general they were in very good spirits; the weather still thick and hazy; and they found, by the north star, that they had been steering about N. by W.

Thursday, July 10. By this time the people had drank so much salt water, that it began to have a visible effect upon their constitutions: the second mate had lost a considerable

share of his strength and spirits; and about noon the carpenter became delirious, his malady increasing every hour, till he became so violent that, about dusk he almost overset the boat, by attempting to throw himself overboard: as his strength, however, failed him, he became more manageable, and they succeeded in getting him to lie down in the middle of the boat among some of the people. Mr. Purnell drank once a little salt water, which he did not relish, but preferred his own urine, which he drank occasionally as he made it. Soon after sunset the second mate lost his speech. Mr. Purnell desired him to lean his head on him, and he died without a groan or a struggle on the 11th July, being the ninth day they were in the boat. A few minutes afterwards the carpenter breathed his last, almost in a similar manner. These melancholy scenes rendered the situation of the survivors more dreadful: it is impossible to describe their feelings—despair became general, and each man, in the sad spectacle before him, of the dead bodies of his companions, imagined his own dissolution was at hand. Their first impulse was prayer; and some in the Welch language, some in Irish, and others in English, fervently prayed to the Almighty for a speedy release from their sufferings: then, after a little deliberation, they stripped the dead bodies, and committed them to the deep.

The weather having become very mild, and almost calm, they turned to, cleaned the boat, and resolved to make their sail larger, out of the frocks and trousers of the two deceased men. Purnell got the captain to lie down with the rest of the people, excepting the boatswain and one man, who assisted in making the sail larger, which they completed by about six or seven o'clock in the afternoon, having made a shroud out of the boat's painter, which served as a shifting back-stay; Purnell also fixed his red flannel waistcoat at the mast-head, as a signal most likely to be seen. Soon after this, some of them observed a sloop at a great distance, coming, as they thought, from the land; this roused every man's spirits; they got out their oars, at which they laboured alternately, exerting all their remaining strength to come up with her; but night coming on, and the sloop getting a fresh breeze of wind, they lost sight of her, which occasioned a general consternation: but the appearance of the north star, which they kept on their starboard bow, gave them hopes that they stood in for the land. This night died one of the seamen, named William Wathing, at the age of sixty-four years, having been fifty years at sea: worn out with fatigue and hunger, he earnestly prayed to the last moment for a drop of water to cool his tongue. Early the next morning another seaman, named Hugh Williams, also died, and in the course of the day, another of the crew entirely exhausted.

Early in the morning of July 13, it began to blow very fresh, and increased so much that they were obliged to furl their sail, and keep their boat before the wind and sea, which drove them off soundings. In the evening the gunner died, being six that had perished since their disaster. The weather becoming now more moderate, and the wind in the S.W. quarter, they made sail, not one in the boat being able to row, and they ran all this night with a fine breeze.

The next morning, being July 14 they lost two more, and in the evening two others of the crew died. They were on soundings again, and concluded the wind had got round to the N.W. quarter. They stood in for land all this night, and early on the following morning two others died: the bodies of the dead were committed to the deep as soon as the breath had departed. The weather was now thick and hazy, and they were still certain that they were on soundings.

The cabin-boy was seldom required to do anything; and as his intellects at this time were very good, and his understanding clear, it was the opinion of Mr. Purnell that he might survive them all, but this he prudently kept to himself. The captain appeared likewise to be tolerably well, and to have kept up his spirits. On account of the haziness of the weather, they could not so well know how they steered by day as in the night time; for whenever the north star appeared, they endeavoured to keep it on the starboard bow, by which means they were certain of making the land some time or other. In the evening they lost two more of the crew, and also, before sunset, one named Thomas Philpot, an old and experienced seaman, and

very strong; he died rather convulsed, and having latterly lost the power of articulation, his meaning could not be comprehended: he was a native of Belfast, in Ireland, and had no family. The survivors found it a difficult task to heave the corpse overboard, as he was a very corpulent man.

The next morning, July 16, about six or seven o'clock, they stood in for the land, according to the best of their judgment, but the weather was still thick and hazy. Purnell now prevailed on the captain and boatswain to lie down in the fore part of the boat, to bring her more by the head, in order to make her hold a better wind. In the evening the cabin-boy, who had lately appeared so well, and of whom the mate had such hopes of his surviving them all, breathed his last, leaving behind him only the captain, the chief-mate, and the boatswain, of all the nineteen that left the wreck.

The next morning, July 17, Purnell asked his two companions if they thought they could eat any of the flesh of the poor cabin-boy, who had died the day previous, and they having expressed an inclination to try, and the body being quite cold, he cut a part of the inside of the thigh, just above the knee, and gave a piece to the captain and boatswain, reserving a small piece for himself; but their stomachs were so weak, from long protracted abstinence, that neither of them could swallow a morsel of it; the body was therefore consigned to the deep.

Early in the morning of the 18th, Mr. Purnell found both his companions dead and cold! Thus, on the sixteenth day of his exposure to the elements, left destitute and alone, in an open boat on the vast expanse of ocean, without food and without shelter, he began to think of his own dissolution. Though feeble, his understanding was still clear, and his spirits were as good as his forlorn and desolate situation could possibly admit. By the colour and coldness of the water he knew he could not be far from land, and still maintained hopes of making it. The weather continuing very foggy, he lay-to all this night, which was very dark, with the boat's head to the northward.

On the morning of the 9th it began to rain, but cleared up in the afternoon, and the wind died away; still he was convinced he was on soundings.

On the 20th, in the afternoon, he thought he saw land, and stood in for it; but the night coming on, and it being very dark, he lay-to, fearing he might get on some rocks and shoals.

On the 21st, the weather was very fine all the morning, but towards afternoon it became thick and hazy; his strength was now almost exhausted, though his spirits remained good, and he continued to drink his own water occasionally.

On the 22nd, he discovered some barnacles on the boat's rudder, very similar to the spawn of an oyster, which filled him with greater hopes of being near land. He unshipped the rudder, and scraping them off with his knife, found they were of a salt, fishy substance, and ate them; but he was now so weak, and the boat having a great motion, that he found it a difficult task to re-ship the rudder.

On July 23rd, at sunrise, he became so confident that he saw land, that his spirits were considerably heightened. In the middle of the day he got up, leaned his back against the mast, and receiving considerable warmth and succour from the sun, contrived to steer the boat in this position. The next day he saw, at a very great distance, some kind of sail, which he judged was coming from the land; but this he soon lost sight of. In the middle of the day he stood up as before, and received warmth from the sun, and stood on all night for the land.

Very early in the morning of the 25th, after drinking his morning draught, to his inexpressible joy, he saw, while the sun was rising, a sail, and when the sun was up, found she was a two-masted vessel: he was, however, considerably perplexed, not knowing what to do, as she was a great distance astern, and to leeward. In order to watch her motions better, he tacked about, and soon after this perceived she was on her starboard tack, which was the same he had been standing on for many hours. Seeing she approached him very fast, he lay-to for some time, till he believed she was within two miles from the boat, but still to leeward; he therefore thought it best to steer larger, when he found she was a top-sail schooner, nearing him very rapidly. He continued to edge down towards her, until he had brought her about two points under his lee

bow, having it in his power to spring his luff, or bear away. By this time she was within half a mile, and he saw some of her crew standing forwards on her deck, and waving for him to come under their lee-bow. At the distance of about two hundred yards they hove the schooner up in the wind, and kept her so until Purnell got alongside, when they threw him a rope, still keeping the schooner in the wind. They interrogated him very closely, as they imagined he belonged to a man-of-war, by the manner in which the boat and oars were painted, and that he had run away from one of his Majesty's ships at Halifax; consequently, if they should take him up, they would be liable to some punishment. They also thought they might expose themselves to some contagious disorder, as the bodies of the captain and boatswain were lying in the bottom of the boat, Purnell being too weak to throw them overboard; this kept him in suspense for some time. They told him they had made the land that morning from the mast-head, and that they were running along shore to Marvelhead, to which place they belonged, and where they expected to arrive the next morning. At last they told him he might come on board, which, as he could not do without assistance, the captain ordered two of his men to assist him; they conducted him aft on the quarter-deck, and left him resting against the companion. They were now for casting the boat adrift, but Purnell told them she was not above a month old, built at New York, and would well pay them for their trouble if they would hoist her in. To this they agreed, and having taken out the clothes that were left by the deceased, and thrown the two corpses overboard, they hoisted her in and made sail.

Being now on board, Purnell asked for a little water. Captain Castleman, who commanded the schooner, and had two sons on board, ordered one of them to bring him some, and thinking it too much, threw some of it away, and gave him the remainder, being the first fresh water he had tasted for twenty-three days. As he leaned against the companion all this time, he felt very cold, and begged to go below: they helped him down to the cabin, where they left him, leaning on the lockers, all hands being engaged in securing the boat. After this they made some soup for him, which he thought very good, but could eat but little; and, in consequence of his late draughts, he had broke out in many parts of his body, which put him in intense pain every time he stirred. They made a bed for him out of an old sail, and were very attentive. While they were at breakfast a squall came on, which called them all upon deck, and during their absence, Purnell took up a stone bottle, and without smelling or tasting it, but thinking it rum, took a hearty draught, and found it to be sweet oil.

They still ran along shore, with the land in sight, and were in great hopes of getting into port that night, but the wind dying away, they did not get in till about nine o'clock the next night. All this time Purnell remained like a child, some one or other always with him, to give him whatever he wished to eat and drink.

As soon as they came to anchor, Captain Castleman went on shore, and returned the next morning with the owner, John Picket, Esq. Soon after they got Purnell into a boat, and carried him on shore, as he was still so feeble that he was obliged to be supported by two men. Mr. Picket took a comfortable lodging, and hired a nurse to attend him; he was immediately put to bed, and in the course of the day was visited by every doctor in the town, who all gave him hopes of recovering, but that the stronger his constitution was, the longer time it would take to recover his strength; and though treated with every kindness and attention that humanity could dictate, it was three weeks before he was able to come down stairs. The nails of his fingers and toes withered to nothing, and it was many months before they began to grow again. The boat and oars were sold for ninety-five dollars, which paid all his expenses, and procured him a passage to Boston.

SHIPWRECK OF A CHINESE JUNK.

THE dark sullen waters of the Chinese sea never looked less friendless nor more portentous than on the morning of the 12th of January. Tempestuous weather, and the sea rising in mountains around and over the ship's side, hurled her rapidly on her passage homeward, when, suddenly, in lat. $11^{\circ} 11'$, a wreck was discovered to the westward. The order to shorten sail was as promptly obeyed as given, and the vessel was hauled towards what was discovered to be a Chinese junk without masts or rudder, having many persons on deck, vehemently imploring assistance. The exhibition of their joy, as they beheld our approach, was of the most wild and extravagant nature; but it was doomed to be transient. The violence of the elements driving the ship swiftly past the wreck, it became necessary to put her on the other tack—a manoeuvre which they construed into abandonment, and the air rung with the most agonizing shrieks of misery; hope appeared to have been rekindled at the eleventh hour, but to render despair more desperate and death more frightful.

The excitement on board was intense; a boat was immediately lowered, in which the hawser was placed, with a small line attached to it as a messenger, and was thrown to the wreck for the purpose of towing her to the ship; but this intention was frustrated by the breaking up the windlass to which it was fastened. The anxiety of these unfortunate people to quit their perilous position was so great, that it became dangerous to approach them; one man in a paroxysm of despair, jumped overboard after the hawser, as the windlass broke, in the vain hope of reaching the boat; he was an expert swimmer, but no human power could prevail against that sea—the furious ocean mocked his efforts—he rose and sunk upon the swelling billows until nature was exhausted: he was lost in sight of his companions in misfortune, and the persons sent to their aid, without any being able to afford him relief.

Fears were entertained for the boat and her crew, as seen from the ship, contending with the violence of the element in which she floated; and a moment of doubt passed the mind as to the expediency of permitting another attempt. It was only for a moment; the piercing cries borne upon the hollow blast fell upon the ear with terrific horror, that indecision seemed a crime; directions were then issued to keep the boat away, and a rope, with a bowling-knot at one end, was thrown to the junk, into which signs were made for each man to place himself, and then plunge into the water, whence he was dragged into the boat, and eventually, in like manner, to the ship. Thus were eighteen persons rescued from the very grasp of death at a moment when every ray of hope appeared to be utterly extinguished. Their gratitude was boundless; they almost worshipped the officers, the crew, and the vessel—prostrated themselves, kissed the feet of the former, and the very planks of the latter.

Now that they were lodged in safety, all hearts were interested about the gallant fellows who had behaved so humanely and so courageously. The short space which elapsed from the time they threw out the last man to be hauled into the ship, and that of getting up the boat, was a season of exquisite anxiety—every eye watched with intense feeling, but no one spoke a word—the stillness of death reigned through the decks. The fury of the elements had considerably increased, and their violence appeared resistless: the heavy sea rendered it dangerous and difficult to bring the boat alongside, a too sudden or too tardy approach would be equally destructive; but they were ultimately got on board in safety, and were welcomed with shouts of kindness from their shipmates, in whom their intrepidity excited enthusiastic admiration.

The greatest praise was due to the second officer, who had charge of the boat, and the four men with him, for the zeal and coolness with which they executed their arduous duty, upon a sea in which it appeared almost impossible to live; but for the salutary precautions, above-mentioned, she would probably have been swamped and all hands perished. The boat was, however, speedily made fast to the davits again, and the ship once more on her course.

With so large an addition to her numbers, it became a question of importance what was to be done with them. They were first visited by the surgeon, who prescribed water in sparing quantities, it appearing from signs which they made, that they had been eight days without any; and so great was their eagerness to obtain it, that several amongst them offered purses of dollars for a single draught; but the crew were strictly forbidden to accept anything from them; an order which, I have pleasure in stating, was strictly complied with.

They were Chinese Tartars, from some of the northern provinces, principally young men, of fine athletic forms and good features. Their chief, or commander, was a remarkably well-made man, about five and thirty, with piercing raven eyes, and generally handsome countenance. Neither he nor his companions understood any European language; nor we theirs. Yet there was an indefinable grace and interest about this man which gave a peculiar charm to his pantomimic gestures, to which his singular and very becoming style of loose dress, handsome turban, and abundant black glossy hair, did not a little contribute. His religious feeling confined him to beef only as his food; whilst to the others, that and swine's flesh, or whatever else was offered, was indifferent.

After being on board five days, we made Paulo Aor, in lat. $2^{\circ} 40' N.$, where they found one of their own countrymen, or, at any event, a person who could jabber with them; and an arrangement was entered into with the rajah to send them, at their own request, to Singapore, upon payment of a certain sum, and to maintain them until their arrival, whence they could proceed to their own land.

We took in water at this place, and so desirous were those simple-hearted people of testifying their gratitude, that they would not permit the men to carry it, but filled the casks themselves; and, at parting, knelt down and kissed each man's feet with the fervour of devotion. Here we separated from seventeen men who had been nine days at sea upon a miserable wreck, water-logged, without water to drink, and scarcely food to eat. One of them, an old man, died on the preceding evening from the effects of fatigue and exhaustion: the others, I doubt not, have long ere this time reached their homes, and taught their friends and children to bless the Englishmen and the English ship, which, under Providence, snatched them from a watery grave.

THE FAIRY OF THE SEA.

THERE'S a frigate on the waters, fit for battle, storm, or sun,
She dances like a life-boat, though she carries flag and gun;
I'm rich and blest while I can call that gallant craft my own,
I'm king of her; and Jove himself may keep his crown and throne;
She'll stem the billows, mountain high, or skim the moonlit spray,
She'll take a blow and face a foe like lion turned at bay,
Whate'er may try, she'll stand the test, the brave, the stanch,
The free.

She bears a name of stainless fame, the Fairy of the Sea,
The gale is up, she feels the breath, the petrel is behind,
She travels through the white foam like an arrow on the wind,
Softly, softly—hold her in—let her slacken in her pace,
She'll do the pilot's bidding with the greyhound's gentle grace,
The rocks are round her—what of that? she turns them like a swan;

There are boiling breakers near, but she is safely creeping on,
Hurrah! hurrah! she's clear again! More canvass, helm a-lee!
Away she bounds, like deer from hounds, the Fairy of the Sea,
I've met with life's rough-weather squalls, and run on shoals ashore;

All passed me under studding-sails, and friends were friends no more;

But when the storm-flood did its worst, and blanched the firmest crew,

No timber yaw'd, no cordage broke, my bark, my bark was true,
We've lived together closely bound too long to lightly part,
I love her like a living thing, she's anchor'd in my heart.

But death must come, and come he may, right welcome he shall be,
So that I sleep ten fathom deep in the Fairy of the Sea.

WHALE HUNTING.

One of our party of mids, who has since turned out a valuable and enterprising officer, took it into his head to make a trip in one of the whale-boats of the Bermuda fishery. Having ascertained the time of starting, he obtained leave to go on shore, and completely succeeded in his object by being present at the capture of a whale. The monster, however, led them a considerable dance off to sea, and it was long after the time appointed for his return when the youth made his appearance, delightfully perfumed with blubber, and with a glorious tale to tell of his day's adventure. This was voted by acclamation to be something like an expedition, and the youngster, of course, gained great credit for his spirit.

I was one of another party who, I suppose, being a little jealous of our companion's laurels, took the earliest opportunity of trying to signalise ourselves in a similar way. A monstrous whale was seen one morning playing about the Leander, in Murray's anchorage, at Bermuda, and of course far within the belt of reefs that fringed the roadstead on its eastern and northern sides. How this great fellow had got into such a scrape we could not conjecture. Possibly, in placing himself alongside of the rugged coral ledges to scrub off the incrustations of shell-fish which torment these monsters of the deep, he had gradually advanced too far; or, more probably, he may have set out in pursuit of some small fry, and before he was aware of it have threaded his way amongst this labyrinth of rocks, till escape was impossible. At all events, he now found himself in comparatively deep water, from eight to ten fathoms, without any visible means of retreat from his coral trap. All hands crowded into the rigging to see the whale floundering about, till at length some one proposed—rashly enough, certainly—to pay him a visit in one of the ship's boats, with no better implements, offensive or defensive, than a small harpoon, and the ordinary boat-hooks. These are light poles with a pike, not unlike a shepherd's crook, at the end of them, and not bad things for fishing up a turtle when caught napping, but slender reeds, in all conscience, against a fish forty or fifty feet long.

Away we went, however, in our wild-goose whale chase, without any precise idea as to what we were to do if we should come up with the game. When we got near the great leviathan, his aspect became more and more formidable; and it was necessary to think of some regular plan of attack, if any were to be made; as to defence, it may easily be imagined that was out of the question, for one whisk of his tail would have sent the cutter and her crew, boat-hooks and all, spinning over the fore and yard-arm of the flag ship. All eyes were now upon us, and after a pause, it was agreed unanimously that we should run right on board of him, and take our chance. So we rowed forward, but the whale, whose back was then just showing above the water, like a ship keel upwards, perhaps not approving of our looks, or possibly not seeing us, slipped down clean out of sight, leaving only a monstrous whirlpool of oily-looking water, in the vortex of which we continued whirling round for some time, like great ninnies as we were, and gaping about us. At this time we were not above half a ship's

length from the Leander, so that our disappointment caused considerable amusement on board, and the people came down laughing from the rigging, where they had been perched to see the grand fight between the whale and the young gentlemen.

As we were lying on our oars, and somewhat puzzled what to do next, we beheld one of the most extraordinary sights in the world—at least I do not remember to have seen many things which have surprised me so much, or made a deeper impression on my memory. Our friend, the whale, probably finding the water disagreeably shallow, for as I have said, it was not above fifty or sixty feet deep, or perhaps provoked at not being able to disentangle himself from the sharp coral reefs, or for some other reason of pleasure or of pain, suddenly made a spring out of the water. So complete was this enormous leap, that for an instant we saw him fairly up in the air, in a horizontal position, at a distance from the water not much short, I should think, of half his own breadth. His back, therefore, must have been at least twenty feet in perpendicular height over our heads. While in his progress upwards, there was in his spring some touch of the vivacity with which a trout or a salmon shoots out of the water, but he fell back again on the sea like a huge log thrown on its broadside, and with such a thundering crash as made all hands stare in astonishment, and the boldest hold his breath for a time. Total



demolition, indeed, must have been the inevitable fate of our party, had the whale taken his leap one minute sooner, for he would then have fallen plump on the boat. The waves caused by the explosion spread over half the anchorage; nor if the Leander herself had blown up, could the effects have extended much farther. As we rolled about in the cutter from side to side, we had time to balance the expediency of further proceedings against the tolerable chance of being smashed to atoms under the whale's belly at his next leap.

All idea of capturing him was now, of course, given up; if, indeed, any such frantic notion could have seriously entered our heads. But our curiosity was vehemently aroused to witness such another feat, and after lying on our oars for some time, we once more detected the whale's back at a little distance from us.

"Let us poke him up again," cried one of the party. "Agreed, agreed!" roared the others, and away we dashed in hopes of producing a repetition of this singular exploit. The whale, however, did not choose to exhibit any more, though we were often near him. At last he fairly boiled, and took the direction of the north rock, hoping to make his escape by the narrow passage, known only to the most experienced pilots of these intricate regions.

FRIENDS AT COURT.

A NAVAL officer begging Villiers, the celebrated witty Duke of Buckingham to employ his interest in his behalf at court added that he had nobody to depend upon except God and his Grace. "Then," said the duke, with a deprecatory shrug of the shoulders, "your condition is indeed desperate: believe me, you could not have named any two beings who have less interest at court."

LOSS OF THE SKYLARK.

THE following particulars relating to the late wreck of her Majesty's brig Skylark may be relied on as authentic, being an extract from the private letter of an eye-witness:—

"The Skylark, 2, Lieutenant Commander George Morris (1823), sailed from Plymouth on Thursday, April 24, with 68 supernumeraries on board for Portsmouth, which, together with her own crew, made about 110 men. She passed the Portland Lights on the morning of the 25th early; it soon after became very foggy. At a few minutes after ten o'clock, when the ship was going about four and a half knots, with top-gallant sails set, she struck; attempts were immediately made to put her about, but being between two ledges of rock she again struck, and would not go about. Attempts were then made to back her off, the hands were turned up, and every precaution and exertion used; all, however, was ineffectual. About eleven o'clock, a.m., the fog cleared off a little, and the ship was found to be within hail of the shore, and the people on board the brig could hear voices from the cliffs calling to them that a boat was coming to their assistance from the coast-guard station. One of the guns was then hoisted overboard, and an anchor dropped with a halser to it, to lighten her and haul her off; at this time the water started; the hands were immediately set to work at the pumps, and the boats were got out, but the tide, being on the ebb, soon left her with two feet of water under her bows, and three quarters of a fathom in her channels; aft there was a greater depth. She had run ashore on Coalpit Ledge, near Kimberage, a short distance to the eastward of the tower which stands on the eastward point of Yellow-bay. There was not much wind blowing at the time, but a tremendous surf setting in shore. The coast-guard boat above-named was nearing the brig under the guidance of Lieutenant Smith, when the brig's second gig (which had been got out to communicate with the shore), in which, besides the boat's crew, was the commander's son, a boy eleven years old, upset. Master Morris sank several times, and was on the point of sinking to rise no more alive, when one of the crew of the coast-guard boat, named Crawley, swam out to him and supported him until Lieutenant Smith, of the coast-guard, at the imminent risk of his own life, rushed in, and saved them all, and returned to the bay with them. The brig's cutter was then hoisted out, and filled with men, after immense difficulty, who were safely landed on the shore of the bay. Lieutenant Smith, having landed the commander's son and the boat's crew, returned, and went as near the brig as the breakers would admit, and put one of his men in the Skylark's 'dingy,' who directed two boys who were in her to put her alongside the lee-quarter of the brig. They did so, and took in six men, and put them on board the coast-guard boat, but Lieutenant Smith, observing the awkwardness of the boys in the dinky, put two more of his men in her, who went to and from the stranded brig in a most dextrous and intrepid manner, bringing each time as many of the brig's crew as the dinky could safely hold, and placing them on board the coast-guard vessel until it was full; when it pulled away with them for the bay. The tide having gone down, and the surf decreased in violence, the dinky was enabled to land her men on the ledge, which was but a stone's throw from the brig's bows, until nearly all were landed. A boat, the Bee, of Weymouth, then came alongside and took the rest of the crew and the master out. Commander Morris, having the gout in one of his legs, and having used almost superhuman exertions to save his ship, was quite exhausted when the last boat went alongside; so far, indeed, was his strength prostrated, that he was incapable of getting into the boat to save himself, and was thrown overboard, and picked up by the first gig. Lieutenant Smith had returned in the mean time, and advised the officers to send the cutter off to the wreck to endeavour to get some sails and spars wherewith to make tents for the men, as the tower was not large enough for them all to sleep in, and also to save as much from the wreck as possible, as it appeared most probable she would go entirely to pieces when the tide flowed, and offered to assist with his men and boat, which was thankfully accepted. Accordingly, every exertion was immediately used, and a great quantity of

of the sails, spars, provisions, and some of the officers' property, were got ashore. Commander Granby arrived from Swanage Bay in his tender, the Gertrude, in the after-part of the day (having received information by express from Lieutenant Smith respecting the wreck of the Skylark), and immediately took his boat to the brig and rendered all the assistance in his power. By ten o'clock at night, the wind still blowing fresh, the Gertrude had a great quantity of stores, arms, and some of the officers' goods on board, with which she got under weigh, and, after considerable danger and difficulty, cleared the ledges and safely got into Swanage Bay with them by twelve o'clock at night.

"The officers and crew were on Wednesday engaged in endeavouring to save all possible, and did not leave the place until the wreck had been cleared of everything of value."

LOSS OF THE FRANCIS SPAIGHT.

DECEMBER, 1836.

THE Francis Spaight, a fine vessel of 345 tons burthen laden with timber, sailed from St. John's, Newfoundland, on the 24th of November, 1836. The crew amounted to fourteen men, with the captain and mate, many of whom were indifferent hands. They were mostly Irish boatmen, trained on the Shannon—some from Kilrush, a few from the Tarbert, and one or two from Foynes. Nothing could be finer than the weather for the first eight or ten days of the voyage; but it afterwards came on to blow so hard, that they were obliged to drive before the wind under a mizen-topsail.

At three o'clock in the morning of December 3, an alarm was raised by a cry and confusion on deck. The vessel, it appeared, either steering wild, through the carelessness of the helmsman, or perhaps from her bad trim, suddenly broached-to, and lay like a log in the trough of the sea. The day had not dawned at the time; it was still very dark, and the waves broke so frightfully over her, that the captain or mate could not get the men to obey their directions; nor even when she was filling rapidly with water, could he get them to the pumps. In less than an hour she lay on her beam-ends, the greater part of her crew saving themselves by climbing on her side, and clinging to the rigging. Pat. Cusack and Pat. Behane, however, were drowned in the forecabin, and William Griffith, the mate, in the after cabin, into which he had gone accidentally only a few minutes before. The captain, and a man named Murville, now got to the fore and mainmasts, and cut them away; the mizen-topmast went with them over the side, and the ship almost immediately righted. As soon as she righted, being already filled with water, she settled down in the sea, and there was scarcely any portion of her to be seen, except the poop and bulwarks. No situation could be more hopeless or miserable than that of the unfortunate crew, standing ankle deep on the wreck, in the depth of a winter's night, and clinging in the darkness to whatever was nearest, as sea after sea rolled successively over them; but they knew not the full horror of their condition, until the dawn of morning, for which all were looking eastward with intense anxiety. They then discovered that their provisions had been washed overboard, and as the hold was filled by the sea, they had no means of coming at any fresh water. The gale continued unabated through the morning, and the dreadful swell every now and then swept over the decks, so that for safety, as well as for shelter, they gathered into the cabin under the poop. Even here, she was so deep with water, that a dry plank could not be found on which they might lay; their only rest was by standing close together, huddled up, and leaning against one another. At about ten o'clock in the forenoon, a vessel was suddenly descried to the westward, and for some time it was thought possible her course might be near them; but she stood far away beyond the reach of signal, and was soon out of sight. That day and the next passed away without the slightest change in the weather. On the third it began to moderate, during the whole of which period they remained standing in the cabin, leaning against one another, or against the ship's sides, unable to take rest or sleep.

Their greatest suffering was hunger, or rather a sinking at the stomach, and from thirst, neither of which had they any

conceivable means of allaying. There were fifteen hands alive, and of these, not one had tasted a morsel of food since the wreck; and for drink they had only three bottles of wine, which were found in the cabin: this was served out in wine-glasses at long intervals. There was some occasional rain, which they were not prepared at first for saving, getting but a scanty supply by holding the cover of a tureen under the mizen-mast. Horrible as this situation was, it was made yet worse by the conduct of the crew towards one another. As their sufferings increased, they lost all command of temper, and became cross and selfish in the extreme—such as were strong, securing a resting-place on the cabin-floor, and pushing aside those that were weak, to shift for themselves as they could in the wet and cold.

On the 19th of December, the sixteenth day since the wreck, and since they had tasted food, many of the men were gathering together in groups, and something seemed to be in agitation amongst them. The mystery was cleared up in the course of the day. When they all happened to be assembled in the cabin, the captain came off deck and seriously addressed them about their desperate condition. His opinion was, that one should suffer for the rest, and that lots should be drawn between the four boys, as they had no families, and could not be considered so great a loss to their friends as those who had wives and children depending on them. The lot having been cast, it fell upon a boy named O'Brien. The poor fellow heard the announcement without uttering a word. His face was very pale, but not a feature of it was changed. The men now told him he must prepare for death, and the captain said it was better it should be done by bleeding him in the arm; to which O'Brien made no objection. The captain then directed the cook, John Gorman, to do it, telling him it was his duty; but Gorman strenuously refused. He was, however, threatened with death himself by the men if he continued obstinate; and he at last consented. O'Brien then took off his jacket without waiting to be desired, and, after telling the crew, if any of them ever reached home, to tell his poor mother what had happened to him, bared his right arm. The cook cut his veins across twice with a small knife, but could bring no flow of blood, upon which there seemed much hesitation amongst the men as to what could be done. They were relieved by the boy himself, who immediately desired the cook to give him the knife, as he could not be looking at them putting him to pain. When he got the knife, and was about to cut the vein, the captain recommended him to try his left arm, which he accordingly did. He attempted to open the vein at the bend of the elbow, with the point of the knife, as a surgeon would, but, like the cook, he failed in bringing blood. A dead consternation now fell upon all; but in a minute or two the captain said, "This is all of no use; 'tis better to put him out of pain by at once bleeding him in the throat," and some of them said it was true. At this O'Brien, for the first time, looked terrified, and begged hard that they would not do so, but give him a little time. He said he was cold and weak, but if they would let him lie down and sleep for a little time, he would get warm, and then he should bleed freely. To this wish there was some expression of dissent from the men, and the captain shortly after said to them, "that it was useless leaving the boy this way in pain, 'twas best at once to lay hold of him, and let the cook cut his throat!" O'Brien, now, roused and driven to extremity, seemed working himself up for resistance, and declared he would not let them; the first man, he said, who laid hands on him, 'twould be worse for him; that he'd appear to him at another time—that he'd haunt him after death. The poor youth was, however, among so many, soon overcome, and the cook was once again called upon to put him to death. The horror-stricken man, over and over again endeavoured to summon up hardihood for the deed; but when he caught the boy's eye, his heart always failed him, and then he looked supplicatingly to the men again. Their cries and threats were, however, loud for death—he made a desperate effort—there was a short struggle, and O'Brien was no more!

As soon as this horrid act was perpetrated, the blood was served to the men; but a few of them, among whom was

Mahony, refused to partake of it. They afterwards laid open the body, and separated the limbs; the latter were hung over the stern, while a portion of the former was allotted for immediate use. Shocked, as for the sake of human nature it is to be hoped many were, at the scene they had just witnessed, a gnawing hunger came upon them all when they saw even this disgusting meal put out for them, and almost every one, even the unwilling boys, partook more or less of it. This was the evening of the 16th day. They ate again late at night, and some greedily; but the thirst, which was before at least endurable, now became craving, and, as there was no more blood, they slaked it with salt water. They then lay down to rest, but several were raving and talking wildly through the night; and in the morning the cook was observed to be quite insane—his eyes inflamed and glaring, and his speech rambling and incoherent; he threw his clothes about restlessly, and was often violent. His raving continued during the succeeding night, and in the morning, as his end seemed to be approaching, the veins of his neck were cut, and the blood drawn from him. This was the second death. On the night of that day Michael Behane was mad, and the boy George Burns on the following morning; they were both so violent that they were obliged to be tied by the crew, and the latter was eventually bled to death, like the cook, by cutting his throat. Michael Behane died unexpectedly, or he would have suffered the same fate. Next morning the captain came off deck, and feeling too weak and exhausted to keep a look out any longer, desired some one to take his place above. Harrington and Mahony went up very soon after: the latter thought he could distinguish a sail, and raised a shout of joy, upon which those below immediately came up. A ship was clearly discernible, and, apparently, holding her course towards them. Signals were hoisted with as much alacrity as the weakness of the survivors would allow; and when she approached, and was almost within hail, their apprehension of her passing by, like the former vessel, was so great, that they held up the hands and feet of O'Brien to excite commiseration.

"How did we long, as memory rose,

And our very heart-strings yearned

For a sight, or a sound from that dear land

To which our thoughts were turned;

As on the waves we spied a sail

In the distance, blue and clear;

And we fondly gazed on the stranger ship

As though our home was there."

The vessel proved to be the *Agenor*, an American. She put off a boat to their assistance, without any hesitation, although the weather was so rough at the time, and there seemed to be such an apprehension of its swamping, that the crew came out in their shirts. The survivors of the *Francis Spaight* were all at length safely got on board the American, where they were treated with the utmost kindness.

RELIGIOUS FEELING OF SAILORS.

OLD BENBOW, after many years' service, visited Shrewsbury, his native town, and on his arrival, proceeded to the house of his nativity, which was then occupied by people in no way related to him; yet he entered the house as if it had, walked up stairs, went into the room where he first drew breath, fell on his knees, and returned thanks to the great Disposer of Events, for his protection and support through his past eventful life.

HUMOROUS REPLY.

WHEN the late Earl Howe was captain of the *Magnanime*, during a cruise on the coast of France, a heavy gale of wind obliged him to come to an anchor. It was on a lee shore, and the night was extremely dark and tempestuous. After everything was made snug, the ship rode with two anchors a-head, depending wholly on her ground tackle. The captain, at this time, was laid up with the gout, and was reading in his cabin, when the lieutenant of the watch came abruptly in, and told his lordship, in a hurried manner, that the anchors came home. "They are very much in the right of it," answered the captain, coolly; "I don't know who would stay out in such a night as this."

A NAVAL EPITAPH.

Here peaceably beneath this old oak tree

Two sailors sleep

For years they wandered o'er the fickle sea

And braved the deep,

All fearlessly.

They heard the cannons roar in deadly fray

When Nelson lost his life, but won the day;

And France and Spain

Their banners humbled, and themselves distressed,

The British ensign candidly confessed.

Pride of the main—

Of flags the best!

But not alone amid the battle strife

A foe they've met—

The gale has seen them struggling for life,

Storm-staysails set,

And mischief rife,

When baffling leaks the carpenters provoked,

And pumps, by swallowing overmuch, got choked

'Mid heavy swell:

It might be said when'er she lurch'd a-lee,

So dropsical from suction would she be,

"All's well—all's well."

Malum in se.

Peace and old age at length brought promised rest;

They anchored here;

The turf lies lightly on the gallant breast

That ne'er knew fear

When danger pressed.

Now safe from raging storm or battle's din,

Their souls, redeemed by Him who knew no sin,

Find calm retreat.

And when all bodies, from the general wreck,

Are mustered by the angel of the cheque—

Their souls to meet—

First upon deck!

A SCENE AT SEA.

A CRY on deck awoke all in the cabins early on the succeeding morning. It was scarcely light, but a common excitement seized on every passenger, and ten minutes had not elapsed when Eve and her governess appeared in the hurricane house, the last two of those who came from below. Few questions had been asked, but all hurried on deck with their apprehensions awakened by the gale, increased to the sense of some positive and impending danger.

Nothing, however, was immediately apparent to justify all this sudden clamour. The gale continued, if anything, with increased power; the ocean was rolling over its cataracts of combing seas with which the ship was still racing, driven under the strain of a reefed forecourse, the only canvass that was set. Even with little sail the hull was glancing through the raging seas, or rather in their company, at a rate little short of ten miles in the hour.

Captain Truck was in the mizen-rigging, bare-headed every lock of hair he had blowing out like a pendant. Occasionally he signed to the man at the wheel which way to put the helm; for instead of sleeping, as many had supposed, he had been conning the ship for hours in the same situation. As Eve appeared, he was directing the attention of several of the gentlemen to some object astern, but a very few moments put all on deck in possession of the facts.

About a cable's length, on one of the quarters of the Mohawk, was a ship careering before the gale like themselves, though carrying more canvass, and consequently driving faster through the water. The sudden appearance of this vessel in the sombre light of the morning when objects were seen distinctly, but without the glare of day; the dark hull, relieved by a single narrow line of white paint, dotted with ports; the glossy hammock-cloths, and all those other coverings of dark glistening canvass which give to a cruiser an air of finish and

comfort, like that of a travelling-carriage; the symmetry of the spars, and the gracefulness of all the lines, whether of the hull or hamper, told all who knew anything of such subjects, that the stranger was a vessel of war. To this information Captain Truck added that it was their old pursuer, the Fame.

"She is corvette-built," said the master of the Mohawk, "and is obliged to carry more canvass than we, in order to keep out of the way of the seas; for if one of these big fellows should overtake her, and throw its crest into her waist, she would become like a man who has taken too much on a Saturday night, and with whom a second dose might settle the pursuer's books for ever."

Such in fact was the history of the sudden appearance of the ship. She had lain-to as long as possible, and on being driven to scud, carried close-reefed main-topsail, a show of canvass that urged her through the water about two knots to the hour faster than the rate of the packet. Necessarily following the same course, she overtook the latter just as the day began to dawn. The cry had arisen on her sudden discovery, and the moment had now arrived when she was about to come up, quite abreast of her late chase. The passage of the Fame, under such circumstances, was a grand, but thrilling thing. Her captain, too, was seen in the mizen-rigging of his ship, rocked by the gigantic billows over which the fabric was careering. He had a speaking-trumpet in his hand, as if still bent on his duty, in the midst of that awful warring of the elements. Captain Truck called for a trumpet in his turn, and, fearful of consequences, he waved it to the other to keep more aloof. The injunction was either misunderstood, the man-of-war's man was too much bent on his object, or the sea was too uncontrollable for such a purpose, the corvette driving up on a sea quite abeam of the packet, and in fearful proximity. The Englishman applied the trumpet, and words were heard amid the roaring of the winds. At that time, the white field of old Albion, with the St. George's cross, rode over the bulwarks, and by the time it had reached the gaff-end, the bunting was whipping in ribbons.

"Show 'em the gridiron!" growled Captain Truck through his trumpet, with its mouth turned in board.

As everything was ready, this order was instantly obeyed and the stripes of America were soon seen fluttering nearly in separate pieces. The two ships now ran a short distance in parallel lines, rolling from each other so heavily that the bright copper of the corvette was seen nearly to her keel. The Englishman, who seemed a portion of his ship, again tried his trumpet; the detached words of "lie by,"—"orders,"—"communicate," were caught by one or two, but the howling of the gale rendered all connection in the meaning impossible. The Englishman ceased his efforts to make himself heard, for the two ships were now rolling-to, and it appeared as if they would interlock their spars. There was an instant when Mr. Leach had his hand on the main-brace to let it go; but the Fame started away on a sea, like a horse that feels the spur, and, disobeying her helm, shot forward as if about to cross the Mohawk's forefoot.

A breathless instant followed, for all on board the two ships thought they must now inevitably come foul of each other, and this the more so, because the Mohawk took the impulse of the sea just as it was lost to the Fame, and seemed on the point of plunging directly into the stern of the latter. Even the seamen clenched the ropes around them convulsively, and the boldest held their breaths for a time. "The port, hard a-port, and be d—d to you!" of Captain Truck; and the "Starboard, starboard hard!" of the Englishman, were both distinctly audible to all in the two ships; for this was a moment in which seamen can speak louder than the tempest. The affrighted vessels seemed to recede together, and then they shot asunder in diverging lines, the Fame leading. All further attempts at a communication were instantly useless; the corvette being half a mile a-head in a quarter of an hour, rolling her yard-arms very near to the water.—Homeward Bound.

DREADFUL STEAM-BOAT DISASTER.

The *New York Sun* publishes the following particulars of the loss of the steam-boat *Swallow*, having on board 350 passengers:—"The steam-boat *Swallow*, having on board about 350 passengers, left Albany last Monday evening at six o'clock, for this city. When opposite Hudson, near Athens, she struck a rock and broke in two. All was consternation on board; the ladies were terribly alarmed and agitated, and many were for jumping overboard in efforts to reach the rock, or to save themselves in any way. The gentlemen endeavoured to prevent any of the ladies leaving the boat, considering all safe in clinging to the wreck. What rendered the scene more appalling was the total darkness of the night—the water coming up to the hurricane deck, and the ladies being drawn up through the skylights drenched in water. The heeling of the boat brought the fire of the furnaces in contact with the wood, and a lurid flame burst forth, lighting up at once, and adding to the horrors of the scene. Surrounded by fire and water, every effort was made by each person to provide for his own safety. The terror seemed to be at its highest when the boat broke in two, the water put out the fire, and the stern sank. At this critical moment the steam-boats *Express* and *Rochester*, came up, and immediately got out all their boats, to pick up those who were in the water, and save the residue who were clinging to the wreck—of these the *Rochester* took on board 150, and the *Express* 50. Many were known, however, to have reached Hudson and Athens, as boats were promptly dispatched from both places. The rock is well known and had the pilot kept in the channel the accident would not have occurred." We have received the following particulars from Mr. C. Pratt, of Covert, Seneca county, New York, who was a passenger in the *Swallow* at the time of the disaster:—"On going into the ladies' cabin after the vessel struck, he found it full of ladies, and seizing his two daughters, he rushed forward, in company with his grandson, leaving in the ladies' cabin two ladies named Coffin, who were in company with an aged lady from Troy, these being the only ladies whose names were known to his daughters. Passing to the forward deck, he was met by some one who told him to keep off the bows, as the boat was going down; and as he turned to get to the hurricane deck, with his daughters and grandson, he was met by a rush of water sweeping over the lower deck from the stern, and, turning round caught a glimpse of the two Misses Coffin behind him, but on gaining the upper-deck with his charge they were missing; search was made for their bodies on the lower deck and one of them recovered, but quite dead. The other could not be found. As the boat sank down, about 20 or 25, or more, took refuge in the state rooms, believing that they would be safe, but they were soon overwhelmed, some escaping on settees, chairs, and tables, and floating away, while a few gained the hurricane deck, but it is feared that several remained in the rooms and were drowned. Of those who floated off (about 15 or 20) two gentlemen and a lady were found clinging to a settee about a mile and a half below the wreck, all three alive, but greatly exhausted. They were taken to Athens. Of the others who tried to save themselves by similar means, nothing was known up to yesterday afternoon, and it is feared they have perished. Passengers saved:—204. The gentleman of Detroit, named Huest, having a bag containing 1500 dollars in gold, jumped overboard with the bag upon his arm, but was soon obliged to let it go. He was only saved by having fortunately grasped a narrow strip of board as he jumped."

DISASTROUS EVENT.

THE following impressive and disastrous story was related by the captain of a ship, in which the writer was a passenger from the United States to England:—

"As I was once sailing (said he) in a fine stout ship across the banks of Newfoundland, one of those fogs that prevail in those parts, rendered it impossible for us to see far a-head, even in the day-time; but at night, the weather was so thick that we could not distinguish any object at twice the length of the ship. I kept lights at the mast-head, and a constant watch

forward to look out for fishing-smacks, which are accustomed to lie at anchor on the banks. The wind was blowing a smacking breeze, and we were going at a great rate through the water—suddenly the watch gave the alarm of "a sail a-head!" it was scarcely uttered before we were upon her. She was a small schooner at anchor, with the broadside towards us. The crew were all asleep, and had neglected to hoist a light. We struck her just a-midships. The force, the size, and the weight of our vessel, bore her down below the waves; we passed over her, and were hurried on our course. As the crashing wreck was sinking beneath us, I had a glimpse of two or three half-naked wretches rushing from their cabin they just started from their beds to be swallowed by the waves. We heard their drowning cry mingling with the wind. The blast that bore it to our ears swept us out of all further hearing. I shall never forget that cry. It was some time before we could put the ship about, she was under such headway. We returned, as nearly as we could guess, to the place where the smack had anchored. We cruised about for several hours in the dense fog. We fired signal guns, and listened if we might hear the halloo of any survivors. But all was silent: we never saw or heard anything more of them."

ON THE LAUNCH OF THE VANGUARD, OF EIGHTY GUNS, AT PEMBROKE, AUGUST 25, 1835.

Away, bold ship!—'tis thine no more

In cradled stillness here to rest;

Away!—'tis time thou quitt'st this shore—

Thy home shall be the billows' breast.

For, like long-severed friends ye meet,

Disparting waves thy bed prepare;

And thou, so pleased the embrace to greet,

A woman's arm propels thee there.

Yet ere we part, a word—this land

Forget not as thy bounteous mother;

Guard her who nurtured thee—whose hand

Makes thee the awe of every other.

Then onward!—far as ocean flows,

Though storms be rife and surges sweep;

O'ercome what'er thy course oppose,

For thou and thine must rule the deep.

Where'er the weak require a friend,

Where force or fraud deserve a foe,

Where England tyrants' chains would rend,

Be there—the first to strike the blow.

Not conquest be thine aim—but right—

So freedom's friends in thee shall trust;

And foemen, while they feel thy might,

Confess that thou, if strong, art just.

And bear, as kindred bulwarks bore,

Untarnished still by foes or time,

That flag triumphant as of yore,

Unfurld and fear'd in every clime.

Wreath victory round the seaman's brow—

Rear future Nelson's from our isle,

Like him whose form adorns thy prow—

Thus did thy namesake at the Nile,

SELF-DEVOTION.

AFTER the mutiny at the *Nore*, in 1797, it was long before the fleet entirely recovered that sound discipline which had characterised the British navy. Partial eruptions frequently occurred on board the ships of the line. Among others, the *Marlborough* was particularly conspicuous for its turbulent spirit. The captain, finding all his efforts vain, repaired at once to the Admiralty, where his conduct not having given entire satisfaction, he was refused an audience. After repeated and fruitless solicitations, he drew his dirk in the waiting room, and plunging it into his breast, exclaimed, as he expired—"I have always done my duty!"

LOSS OF H.M.S. WAGER.

AN expedition on a great scale against the settlement of the Spaniards having been resolved on by the British government, six vessels of war and two store-ships sailed from England for South America, on the 18th of September, 1740, one of which was the Wager, the subject of the following narrative.

The Wager was an old East Indiaman, which was purchased and fitted out as a man-of-war for this occasion, and being used as a store-ship, was deeply laden with military and other stores for the use of the other ships, besides being encumbered with bale goods and other merchandize. For some reason the expedition was delayed beyond the proper time, and proper regard was not paid to the necessary requisites for a voyage round Cape Horn, in a vessel of her quality and condition. The crew consisted of

men pressed from long voyages and the land forces, of infirm and decrepid invalids from Chelsea Hospital, in despair at the prospect of such a long and arduous expedition.

On October 27th the Wager anchored in Funchal Road, in the island of Madeira, where they obtained a supply of water. On the 4th of November, Captain Kidd was removed to the Pearl, one of the squadron, and was succeeded by Captain Murray; but on the 17th of February, 1741, another change ensued by the death of Captain Kidd in the Pearl, who was succeeded by Captain Murray, and Captain Cheap had the command of the Wager.

On the 1st of April the commodore ordered the carpenter of the Wager on board the Gloucester, and during his absence they experienced a great deal of bad weather, and when near



LOSS OF HIS MAJESTY'S SHIP WAGER, CAPTAIN CHEAP, MAY 14, 1741.

the southernmost mouth of the Straits of Le Maire, a sudden shift of wind almost drove them on the rocks of Staten Island. They, however, contrived to weather them contrary to the expectations of the squadron, with whom they kept company for some time.

On the 8th of April the mizen-mast was carried away by the great roll of a hollow sea, which broke all the chain-plates to windward; and on the 12th there was a heavy gale with a great swell. At seven in the morning a sea broke over the ship, which carried the gunner over the wheel, bilged the cutter, and canted her off the sheets, bottom up, athwart the barge. The long-boat was also half-filled, when she was scuttled, and the cutter was recovered to her place. The spritsail-yard and jib-boom were got in for fear of endangering the bowsprit. The

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rigging was all gone, and broke fore and aft, and almost the whole of the crew were at this time sick.

The carpenter having returned on the 14th, the tempestuous weather and swell of the sea being previously too great and dangerous for boats, a cap was fitted on the stump of the mizen-mast, and a lower studdingsail-boom of forty feet got up. This, however, and patching up the rigging, proved only a temporary expedient; for on the 1st of May, after a consultation of the officers, it was resolved to cut away the best bower-anchor, as there was no possibility of securing it without putting the foremast in extreme danger, as all the shrouds and chain-plates were broke, and the ship in a crazy condition.

Thus shattered and disabled, the Wager lost sight of the squadron; and from an error in conjecture as to their situation,

there being no charts of that coast, and the weather being unfavourable for observation, they had the additional mortification to find themselves bearing for a lee-shore. It had been generally understood in the ship, that the place of rendezvous was the island of Juan Fernandez, to which, considering the condition she was in, the officers advised the captain to repair. A quantity of weeds and the flights of certain birds indicated their approach towards the land, and alarm began now to be excited for the danger of a lee-shore. The gunner informed the captain, that by his desire, he had calculated the longitude, and judged them to be sixty leagues from land; and then the captain told him that the place of rendezvous was the island of Socoro. The captain stated that he had no intention of coming to an anchor, but that he meant to stand off and on for twenty-

four hours; and if in that time he saw none of the squadron, he should then go to Juan Fernandez. "Sir," replied the gunner, "the ship is a perfect wreck, our mizen-mast gone, with the standing rigging fore and abaft, and all our people down, twelve only being fit for duty; it may therefore be dangerous to fall in with the land." The captain observed, it did not signify, as he was determined to obey his orders and go to the first place of rendezvous. It may here be necessary to observe, that the island of Socoro is in the neighbourhood of Baldivia, the capture of which place could not be effected without the junction of the Wager, which carried the naval and military stores. On the 13th the captain unfortunately fell and dislocated his shoulder, which confined him to his cabin; and at eight in the morning the straps of the fore-gear blocks breaking the fore-



yard came down, which was some time before it could be got up again, so many of the crew being disabled by sickness. At nine o'clock the carpenter going forward saw land from the fore-castle, and pointed it out to the lieutenant on deck, who would not believe it to be the case; till at length, when the fact would admit of no doubt, the gunner informed the captain, who immediately gave orders to swing the fore-yard up, to set the foresail, and wear the ship with her head to the southward. Every exertion was made to crowd her off the land, but from the wind being tempestuous, had now increased to a perfect hurricane and blowing right in upon shore, that every attempt from so small a number of hands was rendered utterly useless.

The night came on dreadful beyond description; during the first and middle watch it blew and rained tremendously, and in

throwing out the topsail to claw off the shore, they were blown from the yard. It was at the same time so extremely dark, that the people could not see the length of the ship.

On Thursday the 14th, at four in the morning, the ship came up with her head to the west, so that she was then standing off the shore; but in half-an-hour afterwards she struck abaft on a sunken rock.

The shock, though very great, so nearly resembled that of a heavy sea, such as they had often experienced in the preceding storms, that they took it for nothing else; they were, however, soon undeceived, by the ship striking a second time more violently than before, which laid her upon her beam-ends, the sea making a fair breach over her.

In this dreadful situation the vessel lay for some little time,

every one on board expecting the present moment to be his last; and numbers, who being in the last stage of the scurvy, unable to leave their hammocks, already drowned. Around them nothing was visible but breakers, till at length a mountainous sea threw her off the rock, upon which she immediately struck again and broke her tiller, so that they were obliged to steer with the main and fore sheets, easing off one and hauling aft the other as she came-to or fell off.

In this terrific crisis of their fate, to have observed the various modes by which this accumulation of horrors operated upon the different characters and dispositions of individuals, would have required an observer free of all impressions of his own danger. One man in particular, was seen stalking about the deck in the ravings of despair, and flourishing a cutlass about his head, called, himself king of the country, and struck at every one he came near, till his companions knocked him down, as a security against his violence. Some who had been reduced by long sickness and the scurvy, became bereaved of sensation, and were tossed to and fro upon the deck like inanimate logs; indeed so fearful were the foaming breakers all around, that one of the bravest men on board, dismayed at their threatening appearance, would have thrown himself over the rails of the quarter-deck had he not been prevented. There were, however, several instances of presence of mind that were truly heroic. The man at the helm kept his station when the rudder and tiller were gone; and on one of the officers asking him if the ship would steer, he steadily made a trial by the wheel, and then answered with the same respect and coolness as if the ship had been in perfect safety. Mr. Jones, the mate, who not only survived the wreck of the Wager, but afterwards that of the Litchfield, on the coast of Barbary, was not only himself undaunted at the threatening danger, but endeavoured to inspire the same confidence in others. "My friends," he said, "let us not be discouraged. Did you never see a ship among the breakers before? Come, lend a hand; here is a sheet, and here is a brace; lay hold. I don't doubt but that we may yet bring her near enough to land to save all our lives." This ready address contributed to keep up the spirits of the people who now went to work in earnest.

They now ran in between an opening of the rocks, steering by the sheets and braces, till providentially they stuck fast between two great rocks, the one to windward sheltering them in some measure from the violence of the sea. The mainmast and foremast were immediately cut by the board, and the sheet-anchor from the gunwale; but the ship continued beating so violently, that they had very little hopes of her holding long together.

The long-expected day at length broke on the horrors of this long night, and the weather clearing up for a few moments gave them a glimpse of the shore. Their only consideration now was to save their lives, as the land did not seem above a musket-shot off; it was, however, a work of some time to get out the boats, and the first that was launched over the gunwale, had so many leap into her, that she was almost overloaded. The captain sent the barge ashore, to see if the land was inhabited, but not returning so soon as expected the yawl was sent after her.

The captain being confined to his bed from the accident he had met, Mr. Byron, a midshipman, went down to him, and asked whether he would not go on shore, but he answered as he had done before, that he should be the last to leave the ship, and ordered Mr. Byron to assist in getting out the men as speedily as possible. The scene within the ship became suddenly changed; those who had exhibited the strongest signs of fear, conceiving themselves now out of immediate danger, grew riotous; they broke open every box they could reach, stove in the heads of the casks of wine and brandy as they were brought up from the hold, and got so completely intoxicated that several of them were drowned on board, and lay floating about the decks for several days afterwards.

As long as any liquor could be got at, the boatswain and several of the crew would not leave the ship. Captain Cheap allowed himself, therefore, to be assisted out of bed, put into the boat, and carried ashore along with the other officers; but the master, boatswain, gunner, and carpenter remained on board.

It would naturally be supposed that gaining the shore was the most desirable object to be attained by men thus on the point of perishing by shipwreck—yet, all things considered, it was doubtful whether those who landed were bettered by the exchange. Whichever way they turned their eyes a scene of horror and desolation presented itself; upon the one side the wreck, and with it all they had in the world to subsist upon, and a boisterous element presented a hideous prospect; while on the other, the bleak and barren aspect of the shore promised no other advantage than merely preservation from the sea.

In exerting themselves against impending evils, and searching for some shelter for their benumbed and almost helpless limbs, they discovered an Indian hut, in a wood, at a small distance from the beach, and into this, as many as possible, crowded themselves during the night, which was extremely tempestuous and rainy.

In this wretched hovel, a lieutenant of marines died during the night; and of those who took shelter under a tree for want of room in the hut, two also perished from the inclemency of the weather.

The calls of hunger, which had hitherto been quelled by more immediate dangers, in the morning became too importunate to be resisted. Many of them had fasted forty-eight hours, and several a much longer time; it therefore became necessary to examine what they had brought ashore. Only two or three pounds of biscuit dust had been saved, and those who had been sent out were only enabled to kill one seagull, and gather some wild celery; these were put into a pot, with a considerable quantity of water, and made into soup; but no sooner had they swallowed it than they were seized with a most painful sickness of the stomach, violent retchings, and other symptoms of being poisoned. This was attributed to the wild herbs; but upon examination, it was found that the biscuit dust, which was the sweepings of the bread-room, had been put into a tobacco bag, whose contents had mixed with the dust and proved a strong emetic.

About one hundred and forty had by this time got on shore, but some few still remained on the wreck, among whom was the boatswain. An officer was sent in the yawl to visit them and endeavour to prevail upon them to join the rest, but he found them in such disorder and disposition to mutiny, that he was obliged to abandon his purpose and return without them.

Those on shore were strongly induced to make a survey of the land, but apprehensive that the Indians might be in the vicinity, they limited their excursions, the ground being morassy and unpromising. The spot which they occupied was a bay formed by hilly promontories; that to the north, which they called Mount Misery, was so exceedingly steep that they were obliged to cut steps in it to enable them to ascend, as the proximity of the sea prevented them going round it.

The next night proved extremely tempestuous, and the sea running very high, threatened those who were on board with destruction from the ship parting asunder. They were then as solicitous to get ashore as they were before obstinate in rejecting assistance; and not finding the boat come to their relief the instant they expected it, they fired one of their quarter-deck guns at the hut. The ball passed just over the covering, and was distinctly heard by the captain and others who were within. Another attempt was therefore made to bring these inconsiderate people on shore, but owing to the violence of the sea the attempt proved abortive.

The people on board now became outrageous at the delay, and carrying their intemperance to excess, broke open chests and cabins for plunder, that must be useless to them; and so intent were they on pillage, that one man had evidently been murdered for his share of the spoil, as his corpse presented all the marks of strangulation. In the perpetration of these outrages, they did not forget to provide themselves with arms and ammunition, of which the officers were greatly in need; but of these they were soon deprived on coming ashore by the resolution of Captain Cheap and Lieutenant Hamilton, who held loaded pistols to their breasts.

Among the mutineers who had been left on board was the boatswain, and he instead of exerting the authority he had over the rest to restrain them as much as possible, was himself

a ringleader in the riot. This man came on shore, dressed up in laced clothes; but notwithstanding the figure he then made, Captain Cheap, by a well aimed blow with his cane, felled him to the ground. It was scarcely possible to refrain from laughter at the whimsical appearance which was made by these fellows, who, having rifled the chests of the officers' best suits, had put them on over their greasy trowsers, and dirty checked shirts. They were, however, soon stripped of their finery as they had before been obliged to resign their arms.

As the incessant rains and extreme cold rendered it necessary to obtain some more shelter than the hut afforded; the gunner, carpenter, and several more, turned the cutter keel upwards, and fixing it on props, it formed no despicable habitation. This allowed them more time to look after provisions, and they soon supplied themselves with sea-fowls, limpets, muscles, and other shell-fish in tolerable abundance; but, notwithstanding the utmost industry, the supply was far short of the necessities of so many. The wreck was, therefore, resorted to as frequently as possible, which at best formed only a precarious addition, and several officers always stood armed on the beach as the boats arrived to prevent the men embezzling what was brought.

In order to secure what had thus been obtained, Captain Cheap ordered a store-tent to be erected near his hut, from which nothing should be served unless in certain measure and proportions. The petty officers were appointed to watch the tent by night, which was a severe duty, considering their being engaged by day in search of food; but, notwithstanding their utmost vigilance, frequent robberies were committed on the stores; and one night when Mr. Byron had the watch he came unawares on a thief, and, presenting a pistol to his breast, compelled him to submit to be tied to a post until he had an opportunity of more effectually securing him.

The proportions that could be afforded were so small that, even with what they could find on the coast, many perished of hunger.

A boy, who had picked up the liver of one of the drowned men, could, with difficulty, be restrained from making a meal of it; while the shore was searched night and day, and those who were less fortunate than their neighbours, if they did not perish of hunger, were driven to the utmost extremity. It was only on the 25th of May that provisions began to be regularly served out from the store-tent, whereas the wreck took place on the 14th.

On the 20th of May, the long-boat was got out by cutting away the gunwale of the wreck, and several men were found drowned in it; the decks were also scuttled in order to get at the contents below. While engaged in these operations, three canoes with Indians came alongside the wreck, from around a point to the southward, but they could not be induced to enter into any intercourse with the people of the *Wager*, till having received presents of cloth and other things, they allowed themselves to be conducted to the captain, with whom they bartered for a dog or two, which those on shore roasted and ate. In a short time after their departure, they returned, bringing with them three sheep which it was thought they had brought from a distance, as there was no appearance of them in the surrounding country.

It was now ascertained that the place of the shipwreck was about ninety leagues to the northward of the western mouth of the Straits of Magellan, in latitude between 47° and 48° south. The Cordilleras could plainly be seen from it, and by two lagoons stretching north and south, it was supposed to be an island.

The difficulties which the crew laboured under, and the uncertainty of relief, soon caused their disobedience of conduct, which prevailed from the first, to break out into insubordination. Ten of the men deserted, and after rambling up and down the woods for some time without being able to advance, returned and settled about a league distant from the others; but being still resolved to get to the main land, they constructed a punt, and having converted part of one of the ship's masts into a canoe, they went away up the lagoon, with the exception of three or four of their number, and were never more heard of.

The separation of these people was not to be regretted, as they were a factious and desperate set of men, and there was great reason to believe that James Mitchell, one of them, had

perpetrated no less than two murders; and on the day of their desertion, they had actually plotted to blow up the captain in his hut, together with the surgeon, and Lieutenant Hamilton, of the *Marines*. One of them less wicked than the rest, had great difficulty in dissuading them from their purpose, and half a barrel of powder, together with the train, were found actually laid.

A circumstance occurred soon after, that tended to increase the dissatisfaction which already existed. Mr. Cozens, a midshipman, being in confinement for intoxication, behaved very disrespectful and insolent to the captain, and became exceedingly riotous. A day or two afterwards, he came to blows with the surgeon, who being the stronger man, tied his hands behind him and left him. This conduct was probably the effect of liquor, as, when sober, he was universally esteemed for good-nature. A short time after this, at the hour of serving provisions, on the 10th of June, Mr. Cozens was at the store-tent, and having lately had a quarrel with the purser, high words arose. The latter told him he was come to mutiny, and immediately discharged a pistol at his head, which would have shot him, had not the cooper canted up his arm at the instant. Lieutenant Hamilton hearing the report, ran out with a fire-lock, and calling the captain, told him Cozens was come to mutiny; the captain came running out, and without making any inquiries, shot him through the head. Cozens fell, and lay on the ground weltering in his blood; but he took Mr. Byron, and several others, by the hand, as if to bid them farewell.

The people who were alarmed by the noise of fire-arms, were extremely exasperated, when they learned the cause, as Cozens was beloved by all the men; and it was naturally expected, from the state of their minds, that something desperate would be attempted. The captain, therefore, addressed the people, and told them he was resolved to maintain his authority, which remained as much in force as ever, and then ordered them to return to their tents, with which they complied.

As the long-boat had been recovered from the wreck, it was judged expedient to enlarge her. She was therefore hauled up on the 18th of June, put on two blocks and sawed in two, and lengthened about twelve feet in the keel. All hands that could be spared from obtaining subsistence, were employed in assisting the carpenter in cutting and shaping timber. As the weather had lately been very tempestuous, a number of things were thrown on the shore, which parties were employed in collecting.

On the 25th, fifty Indians, men, women, and children, came in five canoes to settle with the *Wager's* people, and immediately began to build four wigwams. Their canoes were laden with seals, shell-fish, and four sheep; and their presence might have proved of great use: but the seamen being under little or no controul, endeavoured to seduce their wives, which gave them such offence that they departed in a fortnight, carrying everything along with them.

From the progress of the long-boat, the people now began to think of the course they should take in getting home; and having obtained Sir John Narborough's voyage from Captain Cheap, they thought the best way would be by the Straits of Magellan. The captain's opinion was different, as he planned going northwards, seizing a ship from the enemy, and joining the commodore of the squadron.

After the Indians had gone, the distresses of the people for want of food became almost insupportable. Their number originally one hundred and forty-five, had been reduced by famine to a hundred. Mr. Byron had built a small hut, fit to contain only himself and an Indian dog which he had found straying in the woods. At low water, he provided for himself by feeding on limpets along the shore, and the dog guarded his hut; but the general distress became now so urgent that a party came to the hut, telling Mr. Byron that they must eat his dog or starve; and in spite of his entreaties, took him away by force, and killed him. Mr. Byron thinking himself at any rate entitled to a share, sat down and eat with them. Three weeks after, recollecting the spot where the dog was killed, he went to it, and was glad to make a meal of the paws and skin, which he found thrown aside and rotten.

The calls of hunger became so pressing, that the men were

put to many shifts in endeavouring to satisfy it. Among the most ingenious of the expedients resorted to, one Phipps, a boatswain's mate, having got a water-puncheon, scuttled it, and then lashing two logs, one on each side, went out to sea in quest of subsistence. By this means he would frequently provide himself with wild-fowl when all the rest were starving. He was at last unfortunately overtaken by a heavy sea at a great distance from the shore, but being near a rock, he contrived to scramble to it. There he remained for two days with very little prospect of relief; till, fortunately, a boat which had gone out that way in quest of wild-fowl, discovered his signals and rescued him. But this accident did not discourage him; for soon after, having obtained an ox's hide used in sifting powder, he formed it into something like a canoe, with the assistance of some hoops, and made several successful voyages in it.

When the weather would permit, they seldom failed of getting some wild-fowl; but they were visited by almost incessant tempests, which were productive of disastrous consequences. On one occasion, Mr. Byron and two others, having gone on an excursion in a wretched punt of their own making, had no sooner landed on a high rock, than the punt was driven loose by a sudden squall, and had not one of the men jumped into the sea at the risk of his life, and swam to her, they must, in all probability have perished, as the rock was more than three leagues from the island.

The long-boat being nearly finished, a party of fourteen, consisting of Mr. Byron, Mr. Bulkley, Mr. Jones, the purser, and ten men, were sent out in a barge to reconnoitre the coast. In this expedition they had the usual bad weather, and on the third day, having landed in a fine bay, they pitched a bell-tent which they had brought with them, in the wood opposite to where the barge lay; but this not being large enough to contain them all, four of the men went to the end of the bay, about two miles distant from the tent, to occupy an old Indian wigwam which they had discovered. This they covered with sea-weed, and lighting a fire, laid themselves down in the hope to find a remedy for hunger in sleep; but they had not long composed themselves before one of them was disturbed by the blowing of some animal in his face, and on opening his eyes, what was his astonishment to see, by the glimmering of the fire, a large beast standing over him. He had presence of mind, however, to snatch a brand from the fire, which he thrust at the nose of the animal, which then made off. He awakened his companions, who were horror-struck at his recital; but such was their excessive drowsiness that they were soon asleep again, notwithstanding their dread of another visit. In the morning they traced the impression of the animal's foot, which was large, and provided with claws, and then proceeded, with considerable anxiety, towards their friends in the bell-tent, whom they found had been visited by the same unwelcome guest, which they had driven away by the same expedient.

The party returning to Wager's Island, found that six canoes of Indians had been there during their absence, and had brought some supplies of provisions with them. But the murmurings and dissatisfaction of the people had also in that interval increased to a great extent. They held frequent assemblies, which ended in a written declaration, on the 4th of August, that they considered the safest passage homeward by the straits of Magellan; and when they found that the captain would not alter his resolution, but insisted on the full exercise of his authority as before, they carried their mutinous designs to the utmost extremity, and resolved to deprive the captain of his command.

The people being in arms on the 28th of August, respecting the punishment of depredators upon the stores, gave three cheers while the captain was consulting with the officers, calling out for England, and sailing by the Straits of Magellan. The captain hearing the noise, came out from the tent, and was informed of their design to take the command from him, and bestow it on the lieutenant; on which he exclaimed, in an authoritative tone:—"Who is he that will take the command from me?" and turning to the lieutenant, said, "Is it you, sir?" but the lieutenant dismayed by the captain's aspect, and growing pale as ashes, answered, "No, sir!"

The mutineers then returned to the captain of marines, and informed him that the lieutenant had declined the command.

All order and discipline were now entirely at an end, and soon afterwards another device was adopted to wrest the command from the captain. They determined to seize him for having killed Cozens, the midshipman, and carry him a prisoner to England. Accordingly, their project was executed on the 9th of October, when, well aware of his resolution and intrepidity, they rushed into his tent in a body, surprised him in the morning in bed, and carried him, exposed to insult on the way, to the purser's tent.

The captain, a few days afterwards, sent for the gunner, and learning their intention of carrying him a prisoner to England, he said that he would rather be shot, and desired the gunner to ask the people to let him remain on the island. This they readily assented to; and Lieutenant Hamilton, of the marines, and the surgeon, consented to stay with him. The mutineers also allowed him an equal proportion of provisions, and the same for eight deserters, together with some arms and ammunition. They then conferred the command on Lieutenant Beans, and set sail on the 13th of October, in the long boat, cutter, and barge, to the number of eighty-one persons.

On running along the coast, they split the foresail of one of the boats, and in two days it was thought necessary to return to the wreck, and endeavour to recover some canvass. Mr. Byron had pre-determined to leave the mutineers; and, therefore, returned with those who were sent back in the barge. In the course of this excursion, a portion of the party declared the same intention of returning, and they were gladly received by Captain Cheap, on their arrival at the island.

As the captain was now relieved by the departure of the long-boat from the menaces and disturbance of an unruly crew, and his strength increased by the accession of so many, he determined to put into execution his plan of going to the northward; a message was therefore sent to the deserters, who had settled on the other side of the neighbouring lagoon, to obtain their consent to join in the undertaking. This they readily agreed to, and the number of persons in all amounted to twenty; but the only boats remaining to carry them were the barge and the yawl, both very crazy bottoms; the broad-side of the latter entirely out, and the former had suffered materially from the late bad weather. They, however, managed to patch them together, so as to be fit for a voyage.

In the height of their distress, when hunger, which seems to include and absorb every other species of misery, was most prevailing, they were once more cheered by the appearance of the friendly Indians; but as they had nothing left to barter with them, their stay was but of short duration.

A fine day, so unusual in that climate, enabled them to get off to the wreck, where they were fortunate enough to find three casks of beef, which was equally divided, and enabled them to recruit their lost health and strength.

On the 15th of December they left the island; Captain Cheap, the surgeon, Mr. Byron, and nine men, being in the barge; and Lieutenant Hamilton, Mr. Campbell, a midshipman, and six men in the yawl. They steered for a cape, or head-land, apparently about thirty leagues distant; but they had not been above two hours at sea before the wind shifted to the westward, and a heavy gale came on. The men were obliged to sit close together to windward to receive the seas on their backs, and soon after they were under the necessity of throwing everything, even their beef and grapnel, overboard to prevent the boats sinking. Night was approaching, and they were fast driving on a lee-shore, when the sea broke over them in such a frightful manner that they did not think it possible any boat could live. In this dreadful situation, expecting every instant to be dashed to pieces, those in the barge discovered an opening in the rocks, which they made, and found within a harbour as smooth as a mill-pond; and, to add to their joy, they found that the yawl had got there before them.

Here they passed the night without food or firing, and put to sea the following morning. After tugging all day, they reached a small swampy island, where bad weather confined

them several days. They then continued running along the coast, generally without anything to eat except sea-tangle, till at length they ate the shoes from their feet, which consists of raw seal-skin. Soon after this, the weather being extremely bad, and judging it to be Christmas-day, all hands went ashore except two, in each boat as boat-keepers. Mr. Byron was on this duty with another man, and the yawl lay between them and the shore at a grapnel, when overcome by fatigue, they fell asleep. At last, Mr. Byron was awakened by the excessive motion of the boat and roaring of breakers, and, at the same time, heard a shrieking of persons in distress; when looking out, he saw the yawl overset, and soon afterwards she disappeared. Dreading the same fate, he and his companion struggled to row the barge without the breakers, and then letting go the grapnel, they lay the whole of the day struggling with hunger and cold.

On the next day, the weather admitted of their going near the shore, when their companions threw them some seal's liver, which they devoured greedily; but after suffering severely from sickness, their whole skin peeled off from head to foot.

The yawl thus being lost, and the barge too small to carry off all the men, it was indispensable to leave four of them behind; but the fatigues and distresses they had endured, made it a matter of indifference to them whether to remain or take their chance in the boat. Four marines remained, to whom they gave arms, ammunition, and some necessaries. At parting they stood on the beach and gave them three cheers; a short time afterwards, they were seen helping one another over a hideous tract of rocks, and in all probability met a miserable end, as they were never afterwards heard of.

The rest of the adventurers rowing along, still made an attempt to double the cape in view; but a terrible sea was running, and the swell carried the barge in upon the breakers, that it was with the utmost difficulty they could get her off again, so that they found it impossible to double the cape; and after remaining all night, lying upon their oars, they resolved to return to Wager Island.

They were fortunate enough to kill some seals which served for stock, and then proceeded on their voyage; they arrived at the island, after having been out exactly two months on this fruitless expedition. One of the huts they found, to their surprise, was nailed up; and on breaking it open, they concluded from the iron-work collected within, that the Indians had been there. They had, however, little to expect from any further intercourse, as they had nothing left to barter with them.

They were once more driven to the greatest distress for want of food, as the supply of shell-fish was quite exhausted; and, as a last resource to alleviate the misery they endured, the sacrifice of one for the preservation of the remainder began to be talked about in whispers. Indeed they had so long been in the habit of eating their food raw, that many of them were little better than cannibals.

Happily this project was prevented being put into execution, by Lieutenant Hamilton finding some pieces of rotten beef, which he generously brought and distributed among his companions; and a few days afterwards a party of Indians came to the island in two canoes, and were not a little surprised to find them there again. Among them was a chief, or cacique, of the tribe of the *Chonos*, who live in the neighbourhood of Chiloe, an island on the west coast of America, and the southernmost settlement under the Spanish jurisdiction. He spoke the Spanish language, but with that savage accent, as to be almost unintelligible. Mr. Elliott, the surgeon, being master of a few Spanish words, contrived to explain that their intention was to reach some of the Spanish settlements, but were unacquainted with the safest way, or what track would afford subsistence during the journey; and promised that if the chief would conduct them in the barge, he should have it, and everything in it for his trouble, to which, after some persuasion, the cacique agreed. Accordingly having made the best preparation they could, they embarked on board the barge to the number of fifteen, including the cacique, whose name was Martin, and his servant, Emanuel.

On the second day the barge reached the bottom of a great bay, where their Indian guide had left his wife and two chil-

dren in a hut, and here they remained for two or three days, employed in searching along the coast for shell-fish, and then again embarked with the Indian's family. The cacique conducted them to a river where the current was so rapid, that after a hard struggle to get up, they were obliged to return. Exhausted with fatigue, one of the men dropped from his seat and died; and Mr. Byron, who had hitherto steered the boat, was obliged to take his oar. While thus engaged, John Bosman, who was considered the stoutest man among them, fell from his seat under the thwarts, where he lay for some time, breaking out into the most pathetic exclamations for some little sustenance to save him from dying. Captain Cheap had a large piece of boiled seal by him, and was the only one in possession of anything like a meal; but had become so familiarised with misery, and hardened with sufferings, that the dying man's entreaties were in vain. Mr. Byron, who sat next him, had about a half-a-dozen dried shell-fish in his pocket, one of which he put from time to time into the dying man's mouth; but this only served to prolong his sufferings, till death soon after released him. The men could not repress their indignation at the captain's neglect of the deceased, saying that he ought to be deserted for such savage conduct.

The cacique departed in the canoe along with his family in quest of seals, and the English employed the time, during his absence, in traversing the coast for shell-fish; but not being successful, they returned to the barge. Six of the men, and the Indian's servant, being a few paces in advance of the others, jumped into the barge and put off, leaving their unfortunate companions overwhelmed with astonishment at such treachery.

All the dangers they had hitherto experienced, seemed but light in comparison to the present unexpected blow; for independent of being thus betrayed, everything that could have contributed to save their lives, was carried away in the boat. The cacique, on his arrival, inquired first after the barge and his servant; and concluding from the unsatisfactory answers, that Emanuel had been murdered, he began to dread the same fate for himself and family. They assured him that his servant would return, which, fortunately, happened a few days afterwards; for the Indian contrived to make his escape from the barge on their landing some distance to the westward, and returned to them overland.

The cacique being thus deprived of his stipulated reward, another was substituted in a fowling-piece belonging to Mr. Byron, and some little articles of Captain Cheap's. As they were then on an island, it was arranged that the canoe should be hauled across to a bay on the other side, from whence the cacique should go in quest of some other Indians whom he expected to join him; but as the canoe was incapable of carrying more than four persons, he thought it advisable to take only Captain Cheap and Mr. Byron, and to leave his wife and children as hostages with their companions.

Mr. Byron had to assist in rowing the canoe, and after two days' hard labour they landed at night near six or seven wigwams, into one of which Captain Cheap was conducted by the cacique; but Mr. Byron was left to shift for himself. He ventured to creep into the next wigwam, on his hands and knees, for the doors of these buildings are too low to allow of any other kind of entrance. There he found two women, one of whom appeared to be very young, and very handsome for an Indian; the other, old and as frightful as it is possible to conceive anything in human shape to be. Having stared at him for some time, they went out, on which he sat himself down by the fire to warm himself, and dry the few rags he had on. The two women came in again soon after, chattering and laughing immoderately, till perceiving the cold and wet condition he was in, they seemed to have compassion on him, and the old woman fetched a quantity of wood for the fire, while the young one, rummaging in a corner of the wigwam, produced a fine large fish, of which he made a hearty meal, and then lay down to sleep.

All the men of the village, excepting one or two, were absent on an expedition, and till their return, which was shortly expected, Mr. Byron enjoyed the good fare provided him by his two hostesses. On the return of the men, the two women approached an elderly Indian man, of a remarkably stern and

forbidding appearance, which was evinced by the signs of dread apparent in them. He seemed to be a chief or cacique, and the two women proved to be his wives. His dissatisfaction was clearly shown after some conversation, and breaking out into a savage fury, he took the young woman in his arms, and brutally dashed her to the ground. Mr. Byron could not, without sincere regret, behold these injuries inflicted on his benefactress, and could hardly restrain his resentment; but, fearful of her meeting with fresh severity, and the apprehension of adding fuel to the flame, prevented him from interposing.

The cacique then carried Captain Cheap and Mr. Byron back to their companions, intimating that the Indians they saw would join them in a few days, when they should all set out, in a body, to the northward. They found Mr. Elliott, the surgeon, in a bad way, and Lieutenant Hamilton and Mr. Campbell almost starved, their only food being a sparing supply of eggs, brought up by the wife of the cacique, which she dealt out to them as haughtily as to slaves. Their condition was greatly relieved by the arrival of the Indians, and a more plentiful supply of provisions obtained, consisting both of birds and seals; yet their food was still served out very sparingly, through the caprice of the Indians and the arbitrary conduct of their own captain towards the men.

About the middle of March the Wager's people embarked with the Indians, no two of them being put into the same canoe. The oar fell to the lot of Mr. Campbell and Mr. Byron. Lieutenant Hamilton could not row, and Captain Cheap was out of the question. The surgeon lay at the bottom of the canoe in which he was put, and died the same day, as many had done before him, of absolute starvation.

After crossing a great bay, the canoes were emptied and carried over a small neck of land to a river, up which they rowed two or three days and then again landed. The canoes were taken to pieces, and each man and woman of the party, except Captain Cheap, had something to carry. Mr. Byron had a piece of wet, heavy canvass, with a bit of stinking seal wrapped in it, to carry for the captain. The way was through a thick wood and quagmire, often up to their knees, and stumps of trees in the water obstructing their progress and wounding their feet. Fatigued with his load, which was sufficient for a strong man in health on such a road, he was left behind by two Indians who accompanied him, and soon after, in his exertions to overtake them, he fell over a tree into a deep swamp, where he narrowly escaped drowning. Exhausted with the labour of extricating himself, he sat down under a tree, where he gave way to the most melancholy reflections; but, sensible that if he indulged in inactivity, all chance of rescue would be at an end, he marked a great tree, and depositing his burthen, hastened after his companions, with whom he came up in a few hours. Captain Cheap immediately began asking for his canvass, and on being told the disaster that had befallen Mr. Byron, instead of having compassion for his sufferings, there was nothing but grumbling for the loss of the canvass and putrid seal. Mr. Byron made no further remark, but after resting himself a little, walked back at least five miles to the tree where he had left the parcel, and returned just time enough to deliver it to his companions before they embarked with the Indians. He wanted to accompany them, but was told he must wait for some Indians who were to follow them; and they left him alone upon the beach without even a morsel of the stinking seal, about which he had suffered so much.

Night coming on, he retired into the woods, and worn out with fatigue, he fell asleep. As the day appeared, he discovered a wigwam in the woods, where he found five Indians, three men and two women, who gave him a small piece of seal; after a little rest, the whole of them departed in a canoe, and after rowing for two days, Mr. Byron joined his companions. From hence they journeyed northward; Mr. Byron, Mr. Campbell, and the servant only rowing, and having little to eat, they suffered most dreadfully. After working like galley-slaves all day, when they landed at night, instead of rest, they had often to walk miles to get a few shell-fish, and just as they had lighted a fire to dress them, they have been ordered into the boat again, and kept rowing all night, till they got into the

most horrible state from emaciation and disease, that it is possible for the imagination to conceive.

One day they fell in with about forty Indians, but the cacique on board the canoe did not seem to understand their language. They, however, made them comprehend that a ship had been upon the coast not long before, and that she had a red flag; this they afterwards understood to be the pink Anne.

As there was but one small canoe that intended to accompany them any longer, and that in which Mr. Hamilton was intended to proceed no farther northward, the cacique proposed to him to join his canoe, but this he refused, as the insolence of the Indian was to him insupportable, and rather chose to remain where he was; so they left him, and it was some months before they saw him again.

They got on by slow degrees to the northward, till at last they reached an island about thirty leagues to the southward of Chiloe, where they remained till a favourable opportunity should occur for crossing the bay. After a dangerous passage from the boisterous sea and insecurity of their frail bark, they landed upon the island of Chiloe, though in a part not inhabited. After remaining a day in the snow to recover themselves from their fatigue, they set off on their journey; and on the evening of the second day, to their great joy, they observed something that had the appearance of a house. This belonged to an acquaintance of the cacique, and, having made himself known, they brought down to them some fish and plenty of potatoes, upon which they made the most comfortable meal they had made for many long months; and as soon as it was over, they rowed about two miles farther, to a little village where they landed. Here they were kindly received by the inhabitants, who seemed to vie with each other in compassionate tenderness to these poor creatures; though it was midnight they went out and killed a sheep, of which they made broth, and baked a large cake of barley meal. After they had feasted till they could eat no longer, they went to sleep about the fire, which the Indians took good care to keep up.

Upon their first coming, a messenger had been despatched to the Spanish corregidor, at Castro, to inform him of their arrival; and at the end of three days the messenger returned with an order to the principal caciques, to carry them directly to a certain place where a party of soldiers should be ready to receive them. They embarked in the evening, and it was night before they reached the appointed spot. They were met by three or four officers, and a number of soldiers, with swords drawn, who surrounded them as if they had the most formidable enemy to take charge of, instead of three poor helpless wretches who, notwithstanding their good living amongst the Indians could hardly support themselves.

After remaining at Castro some time, under a state of military surveillance, not being allowed to go ten yards without a military attendant, they were sent on to Chaco, another Spanish settlement, where they underwent the same severe discipline; but had sometimes the honour of dining at the governor's table. Some time after they had been here, a ship arrived from Lima, which occasioned great joy amongst the inhabitants, as no ship had been there the year before, on account of the alarm of Lord Anson's squadron. The captain of her was an old man, well known upon the island, who had traded there once in two or three years, for thirty years past. He had a remarkably large head, and was commonly known by a nickname they had given him, of Cabugo de Toro, or Bull's-head; and not a week had elapsed after his arrival before he came to the governor, with a melancholy countenance, saying, that he had not slept a wink since he came into the harbour, as the governor was pleased to allow three English prisoners to walk about at liberty, whom he expected every minute would board his vessel and carry her away, although he said he had above thirty hands on board. The governor assured him that he would be answerable for them, but could not help laughing at the man, as all the people in the town did. Notwithstanding these assurances, he used the utmost despatch in disposing of his cargo, and put to sea again, not considering himself safe till he had lost sight of the island.

The governor carried the strangers on an annual tour which he made through the districts of his Government; the first

place he visited was Carelmapo, on the main, and from thence to Castro, where they enjoyed the same liberty which they had done at Chaco. After some little time, and visiting a few unimportant places, they returned to Chaco, when the governor informed them that a ship arrived annually from Lima, which they expected in December, and that they should be sent in her to Lima. This vessel arrived towards the middle of December, 1742; and on the 2nd of January, 1743, the officers embarked in her. She was a fine ship, deeply laden, inasmuch that the sea continually washed her decks; the captain was a Spaniard, quite ignorant of maritime affairs; the crew, all Indians and negroes, but the latter being slaves, were never suffered to go aloft, lest they should fall overboard, and the owners lose their value by the accident.

Having made the land near Valparaiso, a great western swell

hurried the ship in towards the shore; but a short time afterwards there sprang up a slight wind from the land, which contributed to bring them in in safety. The officers were carried ashore at Valparaiso, and put in the condemned hole in the fort, and a sentinel, with a fixed bayonet, posted at the door.

In a few days Captain Cheap and Lieutenant Hamilton were ordered up to St. Jago, as they were known to be officers by having saved their commissions; but Mr. Campbell and Mr. Byron were left in prison, where they were supplied with very scanty fare. However, the people of the place charitably supplied their wants, and even the sentinel who stood over them laid aside half his pay for their sustenance, though he had a wife and six children.

After they had been confined a few weeks, Mr. Byron and his companion were, by an order of the president, marched up



to St. Jago, the capital of Chili, ninety miles distant from Valparaiso, to which they were conducted by a muleteer, conveying large quantities of goods.

At St. Jago they were treated with hospitality and attention, and immediately after their arrival, Don Manuel de Guiros, an officer of Admiral Pizarro's squadron, generously offered them two thousand dollars, of which they accepted six hundred, upon condition that he would take their draft upon the English consul at Lisbon. With this sum they got themselves suitably equipped, and being on their parole, amused themselves as they chose about the city; and they had also liberty, on asking it, to make excursions into the country during ten or twelve days at a time.

After remaining here two years, during which time Mr. Campbell changed his religion, and left the other three, viz.,

Captain Cheap, Lieutenant Hamilton, and Mr. Byron, the governor informed them that a French ship, bound from Lima to Spain, had put into Valparaiso, and that they should embark in her. After taking leave of all their acquaintance at St. Jago, they set out for Valparaiso, having mules and a guide provided for them; and the first person they met on their entry into the town, was the poor soldier who had been so kind when they were imprisoned in the fort, and whom they made quite happy by an unexpected present for his kindness.

On December 20, 1744, they were embarked on board the Lys frigate, belonging to St. Malo, a ship of four hundred and twenty tons, sixteen guns, and sixty men. She had several passengers on board, Spaniards of distinction, and was then bound to Concepcion, in order to join three other French ships that were likewise bound home; but on account of the

southerly winds, were obliged to stand a long way to the westward, so that they did not make the bay of Conception till the 6th of January, 1745, when they anchored at Talca-guana, and there found the Louis Erasme, the Marquis d'Autin, and the Deliverance, the three French ships that they were to accompany.

On the 27th of January they sailed from Conception; but in eight days after the ship sprung a leak, forward, but so low that there was no possibility of stopping it without returning into port. They accordingly left the other ships and returned to Valparaiso, which, as it happened, proved a fortunate circumstance, as the other vessels were soon afterwards taken, which would most certainly have been the fate of the *Lys* had she not returned.

After the necessary repairs they put to sea again on the 1st of March, and made the island of Tobago on the 29th of June, and then shaped their course for Martinico; but not seeing it when they expected, they imputed their mistake to the currents, and concluded they were too much to the eastward, they accordingly steered S. W. by W., but having run this course about thirty leagues, and no land appearing, it was resolved to stand to the northward till they should gain the latitude of Porto Rico, which they made on the evening of the 4th of July.

It was now determined to go between the islands of Porto Rico and St. Domingo, for Cape François; after laying-to all night, in the morning they made sail along shore. About half-past ten they saw two sail to leeward, and soon afterwards observed that they were in chase of them, yet in a short time fell off; but the two ships had heard them so much that they could plainly make them out to be English men-of-war, the one a two-decker, the other a twenty-gun ship. The Frenchmen and Spaniards on board became so frightened, that they intended, when a breeze sprung up, to run the ship on shore; but recollecting the banditti that inhabited the coast, they resolved to take their chance and stand to the northward.

The breeze soon afterwards freshened, and the ships were fast nearing them, so that they expected nothing less than being taken. A fine moonlight ensued, and every moment they were in expectation of seeing the ships alongside; but they saw nothing of them during the night, and in the morning there was not a ship to be seen from the mast-head. Thus did these two cruisers lose one of the richest prizes by not chasing an hour or two longer. There were nearly two millions of dollars on board, besides a valuable cargo. On the 8th they were off Cape La Grange, and what is remarkable the French at Cape François told them that it was the only day they ever remembered since the war, that the Cape had been without one or two English privateers cruising off it.

They lay at the Cape till the end of August, when a French squadron of five men-of-war came in, commanded by Monsieur L'Etanducré, who were to convey a fleet of fifty merchantmen to France, and all sailed early in September. On the 8th they made the Cayo Grande, and the next day a Jamaica privateer hove in sight and kept to windward, resolving to pick up one or two of them in the night, if possible; when the French commodore ordered them all to keep as close as possible. This occasioned frequent accidents, to avoid which a fine ship of thirty guns, belonging to Marseilles, hauled somewhat to windward, a little out of the rest of the fleet. Monsieur L'Etanducré having observed this in the morning, ordered the frigate to send her captain on board of him, and then making a signal for all the convoy to close round him, he fired a gun and hoisted a red flag at the ensign staff. Immediately afterwards, the captain of the merchantman was run up to the main-yard-arm, and from thence ducked three times. He was then sent on board his ship again with orders to keep his colours flying the whole day, to distinguish him from the rest. The victim of this cruel treatment was said to be a young man of good family in the south of France; and as he also possessed great spirit, he would not fail to call Monsieur L'Etanducré to account when an opportunity should offer, and the affair made much noise in France afterwards.

On the 27th of October they made Cape Ortegal, and on the 31st came to an anchor in Brest Road. The *Lys* having

so valuable a cargo on board, was towed into the harbour next morning, and lashed alongside one of the men-of-war. The money she contained, amounting to two millions of dollars, was soon landed; and the officers and men being impatient to get on shore from whence they had been so many years absent, left no one on board except the three English prisoners, who were not suffered to leave the vessel, and a man or two to look after the ship.

The weather was extremely cold, was felt more severely as they had lately been used to hot climates, and were but thinly clad, and no fire or candle were allowed on board of any ship in the harbour for fear of accidents, and had not some of the officers belonging to the ship been kind enough to send them off some victuals every day, they might have starved, for Monsieur L'Etanducré never sent them even a message.

They had passed seven or eight days in this melancholy manner, when, one morning, a kind of row-galley came alongside with a number of English prisoners, belonging to two large privateers, which the French had taken. They were ordered into the same boat with them, and were then carried four leagues up the river to Landernaw, where they lived upon their parole, took the best lodgings they could get, and did very well for three months, when an order arrived from the court of Spain to allow them to return home by the first ship that offered.

Hearing that there was a Dutch ship at Morlaix ready to sail, they took horses and travelled to that town, where they had to wait six weeks before they had an opportunity of getting away. At last, they agreed with the master of a Dutch dogger to land them at Dover, and for which they paid him beforehand. When they had got down the river into the road, they were hailed by a French privateer that was ready to sail upon a cruise, with the threat of sinking him if the Dutchman offered to sail before him. This command he was forced to comply with, and lay three days in the road cursing the Frenchman, who, at the end of that time put to sea, leaving him at liberty to do the same.

They had a long uncomfortable passage, and before sunset on the ninth day, were in sight of Dover, when they reminded the Dutchman of his promise to land them there. He said he would; but instead of keeping his word, in the morning they were off the coast of France. They loudly complained of this piece of villany, and insisted upon his returning to land them; when an English man-of-war appeared to windward, and bore down upon them. She sent her boat on board with an officer, who informed Captain Cheap that the ship he came from was the Squirrel, commanded by Captain Masterson.

Captain Cheap, Lieutenant Hamilton, and Mr. Byron, went on board the Squirrel, and Captain Masterson immediately sent one of the cutters he had with him to land them at Dover, where they arrived that afternoon, and set off directly for Canterbury upon post-horses; but Captain Cheap was so tired by the time he got there, that he could proceed no further that night. The next morning he still found himself so much fatigued, that he could ride no longer; it was therefore agreed, that he and Mr. Hamilton should take a post-chaise, and that Mr. Byron should ride on horseback. But here an unfortunate difficulty presented itself; for upon sharing the little money they had, it was not found to be sufficient to pay the charges to London, and Mr. Byron's proportion fell so short, that it was, by calculation, bare enough to pay for horses, without a farthing for eating a morsel upon the road, or even to pay the turnpikes; but these he was obliged to defraud by riding as hard as he could through them all, not paying the least regard to the men who called out to stop him. The want of refreshment he bore as well as he could.

When Mr. Byron arrived at the Borough he took a coach and drove to Marlborough-street, where his friends lived when he left England; but, on his arrival, he found that the house was shut up. Having been absent for so many years, and not having heard in all that time a word from home, he knew not who was dead or who was living, or where to go next, or even how to pay the coachman, till recollecting a linen-draper's shop not far from where he was, at which his family used to deal, he ordered the coachman to drive there: he made himself

known, and the linen-draper paid the coachman. He then inquired after his family, and was told that his sister had been married to Lord Carlisle, and was at that time in Soho-square. He immediately walked to the house, and knocked at the door; but the porter not liking his appearance, which was half French and half Spanish, with the addition of a large pair of boots covered with dirt, was going to shut the door in his face, till Mr. Byron prevailed upon him to let him in.

It must be unnecessary to state, with what surprise and joy his sister received him. She immediately supplied him with money sufficient to appear like the rest of his countrymen, till which time he could not properly be said to have finished all the extraordinary scenes in which he had been involved, by a series of adventures, for the space of five years and upwards.

Some of those who abandoned Captain Cheap, and had pursued a different route through the Straits of Magellan, in the long-boat, had previously reached their native land; but the number of those who had this good fortune was comparatively small, and their distresses, for variety and duration, almost without a parallel.

THE SHIPWRECK OF THE HINDOSTAN.

EAST INDIAMAN, OFF MARGATE, JANUARY 11TH, 1803.

The Honourable the East India Company's ship Hindostan, of 1,248 tons, Edward Balston, Esq., commander, sailed from Gravesend, on her fourth voyage, on Sunday, the 2nd of January, 1803, with a light westerly breeze and brought-to in the Upper Hope. Here the ship's company received their river pay, and two month's wages in advance, as usual, and all the women were sent on shore.

On the 4th she sailed from thence with a foul wind, dropped anchor at various places for the tide, passed the Nore, and anchored with her best bower on Sunday, January the 9th, in a good berth, in the Queen's Channel, off the Wedge Sand, the wind blowing hard from the eastward. The wind continuing to increase, they the same evening sent down the top-gallant yards, and struck the top-gallant masts, after which the ship rode much easier.

On Monday, the 10th, they unstowed the sheet anchor, and cleared away the sheet cable, that it might be ready in case of any emergency. On Tuesday morning, between three and four o'clock, the ship parted from her best bower, and drifted with the ebb-tide towards the sand. They then cut loose the sheet-anchor with all possible expedition, and veered out about a cable and a half. She now appeared to ride secure, and the pilot entertained no apprehension for the safety of the ship, though she was very near the Wedge Sand, off Margate.

At four p.m., the pilot thought it necessary to get under weigh, for the purpose of placing the ship in a clearer berth, as the gale continued to increase in violence, and accordingly gave orders to heave in the cable. While the crew were engaged in this operation the ship struck. They now discovered that while the anchor had been coming home, the vessel had drifted faster than they had hove in the cable, and that she was a-ground on the Wedge Sand, in four fathoms and a half water, without a probability of removal.

The pilot instantly ordered the head sails to be loosed and set as fast as possible to pay her head off; this was accordingly done, but without producing the wished-for effect. At this moment the ship struck on the sand a second time, with such violence, that the fore-top-mast went over the lee side, and hung by the rigging. In the fall it struck a man overboard that was on the lee fore-yard-arm, and he was seen no more.

The captain, finding the ship in this desperate condition, striking on the sand, and the wind, which grew more and more furious, together with the tide forcing her still farther on the sand, ordered the boatswain to cut away the mizen-mast, and afterwards the main-mast likewise. Every effort, however, proved ineffectual, and it was found impossible to get her off.

Some of the men were then directed to start the water, and others stationed at the pumps. A large quantity of pigs of block-tin were got up from the hold, upon the orlop and gun-deck, for the purpose of being thrown overboard to lighten the vessel.

The ship, meanwhile, kept continually striking on the sand, the sea at the same time, dashing violently into her: in consequence of which the men in the hold found the water gain so fast upon them that they were obliged to quit it and come upon deck.

The anchors were then cut away from the bows, and every possible expedient was employed to lighten the ship, the pumps being kept going till they became so choked with sand that they could not work them any longer. Signal guns of distress were fired until no more dry powder could be procured. Being about eight miles distant from the nearest shore, and the wind blowing tremendously, the guns were not heard, though it afterwards appeared that the flashes had been seen. The company's yacht had before been at anchor at a little distance to windward, but when the storm became so furious she left the Hindostan, and did not return till the next morning.

About half-past eight o'clock it was discovered that the rudder was unshipped, and that the tiller was tearing up the gun-deck. The bulk-head of the cuddy, the galleries, and one of the gun-room ports were also stove in, but the carpenter nailed some plank over the port-hole to prevent the entrance of the water.

Finding all the exertions for the preservation of the ship unavailing, the crew attempted to get out the boats; but having only one mast standing, this proved a task of considerable difficulty. At length, by means of the fore-tackle and jigger, they contrived to hoist the pinnace, but she was swamped in getting her over the side, with one man in her, who was fortunately saved. The jolly-boat, that was hanging on the ship's stern, by some means or other broke loose and went adrift, but she was soon swamped. The yawl was then hoisted, but while the men were getting her over the side, she was dashed in two by a heavy sea, the fore part remaining suspended by the fore-yard tackle on the starboard side of the fore-castle.

The officers then directed two rafts to be constructed of the spars and booms, in the hope of being able to save some of their lives upon them. They placed the spars across the ship, and lashed them together as well as they were able, and placed the long-boat in such a situation as they thought would be most likely for her to be washed overboard with the rafts. The captain, officers, and men then got upon the rafts, sitting as close as possible to each other, and holding fast by the lashings; while others in the long-boat waited the arrival of some furious wave to launch them overboard. Having waited some time in this situation, several got off again; among these were the captain and the officers, excepting Mr. Hackett and Mr. Hammond, two young midshipmen, and Mr. Kent the captain's clerk. The two former had fastened themselves together on the raft, and held by a piece of the lashing. At length came the fatal wave, which washed the rafts overboard, together with about fifty or sixty of the crew. The long-boat was partly washed overboard at the same time, and hung upon the wreck.

Those who imagined they were seeking the means of safety now found they had only involved themselves in greater danger. The raft, when swept from the deck, rushed into the sea in a slanting direction, and one end of it sunk to a considerable depth.

Of those who had placed themselves on this part, some were overwhelmed for a time, others washed entirely away, and others dreadfully hurt by the spars and booms which beat against each other. The raft, too, became so entangled in the wreck of the main-mast as to preclude every hope of its being drifted to the shore. It was exposed to all the fury of the tempest, and the unhappy men who clung to it had no other resource than to abandon that on which a little before, they had placed their greatest reliance. They therefore sought to recover the wreck; the efforts of some were successful, but the strength of others was, by this time entirely exhausted.

The two young midshipmen, with Mr. Kent, and about sixteen of the crew, among whom was the captain's cook, were lost on this occasion; the others, by clinging to the spars, and swimming as well as they were able, regained the ship. John Newman, a quarter-master, and another, after remaining two hours on a part of the raft, were at last saved.

About half-past eleven o'clock the ship was under water,

excepting a small part of one side of the fore-castle. The captain, officers, and men were then obliged to repair to the fore-top, and into the fore-rigging, it being the only refuge they had left, as the whole of the fore-castle was at times under water; the waves frequently rising as high as two or three rattlings of the fore-rigging.

Meanwhile, the ship was continually striking on the sand, with such violence that the stumps of the main and mizen masts were frequently raised ten or fifteen feet from their steps; and what appears almost incredible is, that during the night she actually hove the stump of the mizen-mast completely overboard.

The fore-top-sail yard hanging down before the fore-sail, the captain and some others got upon it, to be a little screened from the severity of the weather; others hauled the main-top mast-staysail, which hung loose abaft the fore-mast, round the fore-shrouds, to shelter themselves as much as possible, expecting every moment that the fore-mast would go over.

In this critical situation they remained five or six hours, suffering the greatest hardships from the violence of the sea, and the inclemency of the weather, even the hair of their heads being clotted with icicles, when at length a boat, with lug-sails, came off from Margate to their assistance.

The flashes of the guns, fired on the evening, on which the Hindostan struck, had been observed on the shore to continue at uncertain intervals till ten o'clock. The supposition among the mariners at Margate was, that the Hindostan had stood in need of assistance from the Indian yacht, which was in attendance, and from her leaving off firing, that it had been afforded.

From the state of the wind and sea, it was impossible for any boats to put off from that harbour till twelve o'clock, when the Lord Nelson, manned with sixteen brave fellows, among whom was one of her owners, John Brothers, by whose solicitation principally they were induced to go, put off from the pier, at the hazard of their lives and the risk of their boat. They reached the ship soon after two in the morning, little expecting to find her in the distressing and deplorable situation which they then beheld, with only one mast standing, the greatest part of her hulk under water, and unaccompanied by the yacht which had attended her before dark.

They had hitherto supposed that the sloop had preserved the crew; but what were the feelings of these brave men, when, upon a nearer approach, they beheld the bows of the ship, and what rigging remained blackened with the bodies of the distressed sufferers; and when they came within hail, the cries of the unfortunate beings caused tears to bedew those faces which are not used to turn pale at the approach of death in the most terrific forms. It was about four o'clock before the boat could come near enough for the pilot, officers, and men to get on board, a few at a time: some catching hold of her shrouds as she approached, and others jumping into her from the fore-castle and cat-head. By these means about ninety of the ship's company got safely on board of the boat.

Some of the crew happening to mention that the ship's anchor had been cut away from the bows, the master of the boat was afraid to stay any longer near the wreck; he therefore hauled off to his anchor, where he lay till daylight, leaving on board the wreck about thirteen men, among whom was Mr. Turner, the second mate.

During the night, the company's yacht had picked up the Hindostan's jolly-boat, and approaching the wreck about half-past seven on Wednesday morning, she despatched the boat to the relief of those who had been left behind.

After taking three turns of these men to the Margate vessel, the remainder, being about nine or ten, with Mr. Turner, the second mate, were safely conveyed to the yacht.

Before their departure, the baker was found frozen to death in the fore-rigging, and the third officer's servant lifeless on the fore-castle. Many, through the severity of the weather, had their limbs frozen, and some were even deprived of their speech.

Mr. Turner was the last person that quitted the wreck. It was then about nine o'clock, and nearly low water. The water had left the upper deck, and the ship was severed into three

pieces; one parting being even with the mainmast, and the other behind the foremast.

The Margate boat then set sail for Whitstable, where she safely landed all the officers and men she had on board. The yacht proceeded with Mr. Turner, and the remainder of the crew to London.

Thus, out of 143 persons, on board at the time of the fatal accident, 129 were saved; the sufferers, therefore, were 14, most of whom were swept from the raft before the arrival of the boat. The captain, officers, and crew lost everything they had on board, as well as the passengers, who were waiting at Deal to join the ship; some of them were females, and were thus fortunately exempted from the dangers and hardships they would otherwise have had to encounter.

Among those who were missing was Mr. Clarke, a cadet and passenger for Madras, who was at first supposed to have perished when the raft was washed overboard. If this were the case, he must afterwards have regained the ship, for, on Sunday, the 22nd, his body was drawn up out of the hold by some boat-men of Whitstable, who were endeavouring to save what they could from the wreck. He was carried to Margate, and interred at that place by his brother.

The East India Company, with that liberality which it has been invariably distinguished, rewarded, with a present of five hundred guineas, the exertions of the brave men whose intrepidity preserved the lives of such a number of citizens to the community, to their families, and friends.

The value of the cargo of the Hindostan was estimated at seventy thousand pounds. She had on board about forty-five thousand ounces of silver bullion, being private property, on freight, and was completely stored for sea.

Soon after the wreck was abandoned, it went to pieces, but through the perseverance and indefatigable labours of the sailors from Margate and the neighbouring ports, a considerable part of the lading was recovered from the bottom of the deep, and, among the rest, about £11,900 worth of dollars, which were safely lodged in the hands of Messrs. Cobb, of Margate.

In this distressing narrative we are aroused from our feelings of sympathy for the unfortunate sufferers by admiration of the noble and daring conduct of their preservers; men who, although accustomed from their birth to know and calculate the danger of venturing in a slight vessel, upon the irritated bosom of this all-powerful element, yet dared its power and chanced eternity, every other feeling becoming absorbed in that of sympathy for their fellow-creatures in distress. It is by generous and noble acts like this that human nature is elevated, and glory and honour has been, in every portion of the globe, shed around the name of the British sailor.

DISCOVERY OF A YOUNG WOMAN SERVING AS A SAILOR ON BOARD THE ROBERT SMALL, EAST INDIAN.

EXTRACT of a letter from an officer of the Robert Small, dated in that ship, off the Cape of Good Hope, the 20th of October, 1839.

"A very singular case has been discovered on board our ship. We have detected a young lady in the person of a sailor who has done duty with our crew from the time we left the Thames until it was found that she belonged to the fair sex."

"Her name is Mary Ann Arnold. She is the daughter of the late Lieutenant Arnold, of the Royal Navy, who served in that capacity on board the Ganges and Prince Regent men-of-war. Being a man of dissolute habits, he lost his commission in consequence, after which he resided with his wife at Sheerness, where, by continuing his habits of dissipation, he and his family were reduced to great distress. By the intercession of some friends, Mr. Arnold was admitted a pensioner in Greenwich Hospital, in which asylum he died recently. During the latter interval, and after her husband's death, Mrs. Arnold lived at Sheerness, supporting herself and her children by manual labour until the summer of 1835, when, after great exertion in the harvest field, she was attacked by bilious fever and died, leaving her children totally unprovided for. Mrs. Arnold's furniture was sold to pay the expenses of her funeral, and some

charitable neighbours took the orphans into their house and supported them for a time.

"Mary Ann, the subject of the present statement, was ten years old when her mother died. Partly by labouring in the fields, and partly by going on errands, she at first supported herself, and contributed to the sustenance of her little sister, who was only eight months old when her mother died. Mary Ann next obtained permanent employment in a rope-factory at Sheerness, where she earned two shillings and sixpence a week. Going frequently in boats, and amongst the shipping, she found that boys of her age, who went to sea, earned more money, were better fed, 'thought more of,' and in every way in a superior condition to her; and upon this Mary Ann determined to renounce the petticoats, and to become a sailor. Borrowing an old jacket, trowsers, and shirt from a boy of her acquaintance, to whom she said she was going to have a lark in them, she took leave of the rope-factory and the owner of the clothes, without the ceremony of a farewell, and succeeded, to her great joy, in getting employment as a cabin-boy in the *Williams*, a Sunderland collier, then lying at Sheerness. Mary Ann was kindly treated, and she continued to do the miscellaneous hard work of a collier's cabin-boy, abow and abaft for two years and two months, to the satisfaction of six captains, who successively commanded the *Williams* during that period. A seventh captain came, and this time man and boy did not like each other, so Mary Ann for ever abandoned the coal-marine and its black-moor service, and on the 22nd of October, 1838, she entered as cabin-boy at Shields on board the brig *Anne*, bound for London and Quebec. She made several voyages in this vessel. Unfortunately, the *Anne* was wrecked off Blakeney, in the last equinoctial gales; but the captain and crew had the luck to escape, after enduring great hardships. Returning to Shields, Miss Arnold entered again as a cabin-boy in the *Choice*, bound for London, with stores for the Robert Small, East Indiaman, in which ship she next succeeded in getting an engagement as a sailor-boy the day before she sailed from London.

"She has well done her work as a strong, active boy, in this ship. I have seen Miss Arnold amongst the first aloft to reef the mizen top-gallant sail, during a heavy gale, in the Bay of Biscay. When we crossed the equator, she underwent the ceremony of tarring and shaving in its roughest form. On the 20th of September last, some of the crew expressed suspicions to Captain Scott that the boy Arnold was a girl.

"The captain upon this ordered the surgeon to examine the youngster. The surgeon did so, and declared that he was a girl. Miss Arnold then gave the foregoing history of herself. The captain, and all the passengers and crew, praised and pitied her. She was at once prevailed upon to abdicate the sailor's jacket and trowsers, and resume the clothes proper to her sex. She now appears a pretty bashful girl of fifteen years of age. The lady passengers have given her lots of presents. Her hair is already getting long, and I suppose she will soon think of ringlets. Captain Scott behaves in the kindest manner to her, and he has promised that she shall receive her pay just the same as if she were to continue to do a young mariner's duty during the whole passage out and home. Miss Arnold is, though rather bashful, considering the short time she has had to learn ladies' ways, like other heroes and heroines, capable of being drawn out. I frequently see her surrounded by applauding listeners, while she pitches a long yarn about 'the dangers of the sea.'

"Our heroine has two brothers, older than herself; one is boatswain of the Royal *Adelaide*, the other is carpenter on board the *Britannia*, stationed at Portsmouth. The latter, she says, knew that she had turned sailor, and he approved of the metamorphosis, when he saw her in the trust and occupation of cabin-boy on board the *Williams*."

DISCOVERY OF ICELAND, A.D. 900.

The following account of the discovery of Iceland is taken from the "Iceland Chronicles," as quoted by Dithmar Blefkens, in the description of his voyage in 1563.

"In the year of Christ 900, in the time of Alebrand, Bishop of Bremen, certain of the nobility of East Friesland, and of the

country of Bremen, desirous to discover strange countries towards the north, set sail from the Weser, and passing beyond the Orcaades, found this island almost in the skirts of Europe, yet habitable though full of snow, which they called Iceland, from the coldness and roughness thereof; and when they had sailed farther towards the north, about two hundred leagues, they found another island, which by contraries they called Greenland. Endeavouring to sail farther towards the north, through the frozen or congealed sea, being long hindered by the ice; at length, with great labour, getting out, they fell into whirlpools of the sea and thick darkness.

"In these whirlpools and darkness this fleet, one ship only excepted, perished. They were preserved, after long labours and perils, sailing through the Tartarian sea, came into a very hot country, and entering into a large bay, they went on shore upon the next land. And when the inhabitants had hid themselves in secret places, by reason of the great heat and scorching of the sun, they saw gold and other precious things set here and there without a guard. And when they had carried away as much as they would, and hastened to the ship they saw some persons pursue them with dogs of strange bigness; and one who was hindered, and laden with a prey that he could not escape, was torn in pieces by the dogs. The rest, after long sailing, shunning these whirlpools, arrived in Muscovy, thence by the Baltic sea returning into Bremen, they brought back these tidings to Alebrand, the bishop, with part of the prey."

RESCUE OF A BRIG AND THIRTEEN MEN FROM SHIPWRECK.

GALLANT CONDUCT OF THE COAST GUARD AT ST. ANDREWS.

WE have had several opportunities of remarking upon the prompt and successful efforts of Lieutenant Cox and his Coast Guard in rescuing vessels and men from death and destruction, or in assisting, as on a recent mournful occasion, to secure property and assist sufferers when a shipwreck has actually taken place; but on no occasion have the intrepidity and judicious conduct of this humane and highly meritorious officer been more signally and happily evinced than on Friday evening last. For many days a dreadful sea has been breaking upon our rocky and unapproachable coast, and even when the wind had, on the night of Thursday, shifted to the south-west, the rolling of the sea from the east was undiminished. Six vessels which were labouring all day in the bay, and now and then trying to take the harbour, were deterred by the heavy swell which rolled in the fairway from making the attempt. It was indeed, about one o'clock, a most magnificent scene, and witnessed by hundreds of spectators, the vessels lying-to, or slowly tacking, presenting their broadsides to the unbroken swell, and sinking alternatively so deep as to render their hulls altogether invisible, and then coming slowly and majestically into view, and tilting lightly aloft, as if in danger of being projected into the air—very much after the fashion of the sea fowl which rode the waves in miniature fashion at no great distance. At this period, and when the shore was one mass of fermenting turbulence, the life-boat was seen making its way most majestically through the ground swell, "taking the ruffian billows by the tops," and boldly bearding the overtopping and all but overwhelming surge, it was the undaunted lieutenant and his crew, with the addition of a few strong and fearless fishermen, resolved to save from a watery grave or themselves to perish in the noble attempt. A brig had been observed for a considerable time in the neighbourhood of the fatal Broach Bank, near the mouth of the Tay, manifestly in the greatest danger of striking, and consequently, with such a sea on, of going immediately to pieces, with the loss of all on board. Captain Cox saw and at once estimated the danger—knowing that, if the wind should shift (as, from the run of the waves, it was likely to do) towards the east, no power on earth would prevent the most fatal consequences. About four o'clock he and his brave crew were seen in the bay nearing the poor vessel, which, on account of the ebb-tide, was now every instant in danger of striking the bottom. Their approach, however, was not perceived by the captain or crew till they were close upon them, and the effect which the discovery had upon all on board

may be more correctly imagined than can be expressed. Life was now, in all human probability, secured, and this very feeling gave energy and effect to the efforts which followed to save property likewise. With great care, and no little risk, the ship was at last conducted into the pool, or deep water, and the life-boat lay alongside of her till the following morning. The vessel proved to be the *Isabella* and *Ann*, of Aberdeen, James Hutchinson master, with a cargo of coals from Shields to Dundee. She was quite new, of 227 tons register, and she was built for the West India trade. The crew amounted to twelve, exclusive of the son of one of the owners, who was on board as a passenger.

SAILOR BOY.

In a great storm at sea, when the ship's crew were all at prayers, a boy burst into a violent fit of laughter; being reproved for his ill-timed mirth, and asked the reason for it, "Why," said he, "I was laughing to think what a hissing the boatswain's red nose will make when it comes into the water."

REMARKABLE PRESERVATION OF JAMES ALMS FROM SHIPWRECK.

SEVERAL vessels having been wrecked on the coast of Comorandel, among the number was the *Namur* of 74 guns, in which Mr. Alms was midshipman, who himself has related the particulars of his wonderful preservation, in the following letter sent to England soon after his escape.

"Syren Frigate, near Madras, Sept. 22 and 23, 1749.

"We were at anchor in the *Namur*, in Fort St. David's Road, Thursday, April 12th, 1749: in the morning it blew fresh, wind at N. E.—at noon we veered away to a cable and a half, on the small bower—from one to four o'clock we were employed in setting up the lower rigging; hard gales and squally, with a very great sea. At six o'clock rode very well; at half an hour after, had four feet water in the hold. Immediately we cut the small bower cable, and stood to sea under our courses; our mate, who cut the cable, was up to his waist in water at the *bits* (a frame composed of two strong pieces of timber, fixed perpendicularly in the fore part of a ship, to fasten her cables to when she rides at anchor). At half past seven we had six feet water in the hold; when we hauled up our courses, and hove overboard most of our upper and all the quarterdeck guns to leeward: by three quarters after eight the water was up to our orlop gratings, and a great quantity between decks, so that the ship was water-logged. We now cut away all the masts, by which the ship was righted, and at the same time manned the pumps, baled, and soon perceived that we gained upon the ship, which put us in great spirits. A little after nine o'clock we sounded, and found ourselves in nine fathom water. The master called out to cut away the sheet anchor, which was done immediately; and we veered away to a little better than a cable—but before she came head to the sea, she parted at the chess-tree; by this time it blew a hurricane.

"You may easier conceive than I can describe, what a dismal, melancholy scene now presented itself.—The shrieking cries, lamentation, raving, despair, of above five hundred poor wretches verging on the brink of eternity! I had the presence of mind, however, to consider, that the God almighty was also God all merciful; with this comfortable reflection, and hope, that I had ever put my whole trust in him, I made a short prayer for his protection, and jumped overboard.

"The water at this time was up to the grating on the poop from whence I leaped.—The first thing I could grasp was a capstan bar, from which, in company with seven more, I got to the davit (a beam of timber, whereby the flukes of the anchor are hoisted to the top of the bow, without injuring the ship's sides as it ascends), but in less than an hour I had the melancholy sight to behold them all washed away, and myself remaining alone upon it, almost spent and worn out with fatigue. I had now been almost two hours in the water, when, to my unspeakable joy, I saw a large raft with many men driving towards me; when it came near I quitted the davit,

and with much difficulty swam to it, and by the assistance of one of our quarter-gunners I got upon it. The raft proved to be the *Namur's* booms: as soon as we were able we lashed the booms closer together, and fastened a plank across, and by this means made it as secure as we could. It was by this time one o'clock in the morning: soon afterwards the seas were so mountainous as to turn our machine upside down, but providentially with the loss of only one man. About four o'clock, a.m. we struck ground with the booms; and, in a short time, all that survived reached the shore. After having returned God thanks for his miraculous goodness towards us, we took each other by the hand, for it was not yet day, and trusting in the Divine Providence for protection, we walked forward to find some place to shelter us from the inclemency of the weather: the spot where we landed afforded nothing but sand. When we had wandered about for a whole hour, but to no manner of purpose, we returned back to the place where we had left the raft, and to our no small uneasiness perceived it gone. Daylight appeared soon afterwards, when we found ourselves on a sandy bank, a little to the southward of Porto Novo (which is on the western shore of the bay of Bengal, where the Dutch have a factory), and as there was a river running between us and the Dutch settlement, we were obliged to ford it; after which we soon arrived at Porto Novo, where we were received with much hospitality. From our first landing to our arrival at Porto Novo, we lost four of our companions; two at the place where we drove ashore, and two in crossing the river.

"After we had sufficiently refreshed ourselves at Porto Novo, the chief there was so obliging as to accommodate me with clothes, a house, and a guide to carry me to Fort St. David, on the west side of the Bay of Bengal, where I arrived about noon the day following, and immediately waited upon the admiral, who received me very kindly indeed; but so excessive was the concern of that great and good man for the loss of so many poor souls, that he could not find utterance for those questions he appeared desirous of asking me, concerning the particulars of our melancholy story. Until I reached Porto Novo, you beheld me shipwrecked, naked, and deprived of all the few valuables I possessed, and also some friends who perished in that abyss from which I was preserved, and yet the very source of my distress proved ultimately, through the blessing of God, the immediate cause of that advancement I had long anxiously expected. I must again repeat it, that the Dutch received, refreshed, and kindly conveyed me to my truly honourable patron, through whose kindness and humanity I am not only well clothed and comforted, but am also made lieutenant of the *Syren*, from which ship I date this letter.

"I am, &c.

"JAMES ALMS."

"P.S. There were only twenty-three of us saved from the wreck; twenty of whom came on shore on the booms."

WILLIAM AND NANCY.

"BILL NEVILLE was brought up in a country village, and loved his wife when only a little girl; and he went to sea, thinking to make his fortune for her sake. Well, he got to be master of a merchantman, and then they married. Who can describe the pleasures of that moment when their hands were spliced at the altar, and he hailed her as his own! But he was obliged to sail again.

"Oh!" said Nancy, 'should you never return?—what shall I do—where end my wretched days?'

"His heart was too full to speak; one hand clasped in hers, the other pointed to the broad expanse where the noon-day sun was shining in meridian splendour." It had a double meaning—Nancy felt it: 'There is a God, trust in him!' 'If not on earth, we meet in heaven!'

"Well, sir, eighteen months rolled away, during which, in due time, Nancy brought into the world a dear pledge of affection—a lovely-boy. But, oh the agony of the mother as every day dragged on without intelligence from William! When she looked at the sweet babe—was it indeed fatherless, and she a widow? You'll excuse my stopping, sir, but indeed I can't help it—I've shed tears over it many a time.

"Well, sir, eighteen months was turned when one morning Nancy arose to pour out her heart before her Maker, and weep over her sleeping child. The sun had just risen above the hills, when a noise in the little garden which fronted the cottage, alarmed her. She opened the casement, and, putting aside the woodbine, beheld—delightful, yet agonising sight—her dear, her long-mourned William, handcuffed between two soldiers, while others, with their side-arms drawn, seemed fearful of losing their prey! His face pale, and his emaciated body worn down with fatigue and sickness, his spirit seemed ready to quit its frail mansion, and was only kept to earth by union with his wife. Nancy forgot all, and clasped him in her arms; but the rattling of the irons pierced her soul. "I do not mean to condemn the policy, sir, but 'tis a cruel practice that of pressing." Ah! I well remember it—though I always served my king, God bless him! yet I have witnessed many an aching heart, and heard many a groan of agony.

"But to proceed: William was pressed: Nancy hastened into the cottage, and, wrapping the sleeping babe in its blanket, she prepared to accompany them. Cannot you picture to yourself the first glance which the wretched parent cast upon his child? Oh, it was a sad sweet joy, that wrung the soul? I shall pass by their meeting, their dear delight, their bitter anguish. If you can feel, it is already engraven on your heart. Suffice it to say, William had been shipwrecked on the African coast, and though he had lost the whole of his property, yet heaven had spared his life, and his the only one. Sickness came on him, and but for the humanity of a poor untutored negro, he might have breathed his last. She was black—she was a negro—but God searches the heart. He had procured, with some difficulty, a passage home; he set out, and walked many a weary mile, led on by love, and cheered by hope, till the roof of his cottage appeared in view. Here he sunk upon his knees, and poured forth his heart in trembling anxiety and fervent petition. A sailor can pray, sir, and it matters not so it be right, whether it is in a matted pew at church, or swinging like a cat at the mast-head. He arose, and with haster steps reached the wicket, when—but I dare not repeat the story—I've told you already he was pressed. Well, he was drafted on board of us, and his dear Nancy permitted to be with him.

"The evening before the action, she was sitting on the carriage of the bow-gun, with her baby cradled in her arms, and William by her side—they were viewing, with admiration and delight the beautiful scenery displayed by the sinking clouds in a thousand fantastic shapes, tinged with liquid gold, streaming from the setting sun, and caressing the little innocent, while all the parent kindled in their hearts.

"But hark! a hoarse voice is heard from the mast-head—all is hushed.

"*"Hullo!"* said the captain.

"*"A sail on the larboard bow, sir,"*

"*"What does she look like?"*

"*"I can but just see her, sir, but she looms large."*

"*"Mr. Banks,"* said the captain, *"take your glass aloft, and see if you can't make out what she is. Call the boatswain—turn the hands up—make sail."*

"In a moment all was bustle; the topmen were in their station, and every man employed; and in a few minutes every stitch of canvass was stretched upon the yards and booms. The officer that was sent aloft reported it to be a ship of the line, which looked like a foreigner.

"Every heart was now elate but Nancy's—it might be an enemy! Oh, that thought was dreadful! and as William conducted her below, the tears chased each other down her pale face, and the heavy sigh burst from her gentle bosom. William mildly reproved her, and again pointing to heaven, flew to his post.

"The stranger had hauled to the wind, fired a gun, and hoisted French colours. Up went ours with three cheers: and there's seldom a moment of greater pride to a British tar than when he displays the ensign of his country in presence of the enemy. Three cheers resounded through the ship, and broadside upon broadside shook her groaning timbers. Where was Nancy? William was first in every danger. Three times we boarded the foe, but were repulsed. Dreadful grew the

scene of blood, and horror through the darkening shades of coming night.

"No one bore the tidings of the fight to Nancy—save one, the poor sailor, whose shattered limb came to suffer amputation, or the wounded wretch to be dressed, at which she assisted with fortitude. Two hours had passed in this awful suspense and heart-rending anxiety, when a deep groan and piercing shriek from the lower-deck, convulsed her frame. She knew the voice, and snatching the infant in her arms, rushed to the spot. Soon she found the object of her search: his manly form mangled and shattered; that face once ruddy with the glow of health, now pale and convulsed; the blood streaming from his side and breast! He saw her too.

"*"Nancy!"* said he, and rising his feeble hand, pointing to heaven, it fell—and William was no more! Sinking on the lifeless body of her husband, Nancy fainted with her dear babe still in her arms! when, oh, mysterious Providence! at that very moment—while senseless and inanimate—at that very moment a ball entered through the vessel's side—it pierced her bosom!

"Need I tell the rest! They were pleasant and lovely in their lives, and in their death they were not divided."

Greenwich Hospital.

PIRACY AND MURDER ON BOARD THE SHIP VITTORIA, MAY, 1830.

A MOST atrocious act of the basest mutiny and murder took place at the above-mentioned period; a time when the world was at peace, and the ocean only ploughed by the keels of friends vying with each other in commerce, and being only honourable rivals in fair trade.

Our merchant vessels do not carry many men, in peace, as they hire labourers when in harbour to do the drudgery, and carry no more to sea than are sufficient to manage the sails and keep a look-out: in truth, they carry much too few, and many losses occur for want of hands, as the splitting of a top sail for want of hands to furl it, costs more than the wages of three men in a six months' voyage. The Vittoria appears to have been very weakly manned, and at Manilla they took on board six Spaniards, we presume, because they were to be had cheap, and Britons were left upon a lee-shore; for it is an undoubted fact, that there are always numbers of English sailors to be had at Manilla, where they congregate on account of the high wages given by the Spaniards to navigate their Acapulco ships, as they well know that Britons are the best and most steady seamen.

Captain Smith cleared out from Manilla to London, and he had not been long at sea ere the Spaniards began to be obstreperous, and refused to perform their duty; they were, however, brought to reason, and by threats of punishment, conducted themselves with assumed forbearance. They had contemplated their murderous intentions from the hour they first went on board, and had secretly provided themselves with stilettoes and short pistols. As to the captain of the vessel and the officers, they had no arms whatever, and only one gun on the quarter-deck for the purpose of making signals; and for that there was no shot, only a few cartridges. They resting in perfect safety when this dreadful conspiracy was going on, and Mr. Andrews, alone, had some suspicion of the Spaniards and their pretended propriety; which was all under the mask of deceit, and they were harbouring the most villanous designs.

In the dead of the night, when all the crew were asleep, except the man at the helm, the Spaniards stole upon deck quietly, and secured the crew as they were asleep, murdering three of them with their long Spanish knives, and wounding several others. They then burst open the captain's cabin-door, and stabbed him in his bed in about thirty places; and to secure their act, they also shot him with their pistols, and threw him on the cabin-floor.

The second mate and the carpenter were killed in their sleep, and thrown overboard in their beds. The chief mate, Mr. Andrews, they put in irons, and a consultation was held what was to be done with him; some were for instantly murdering him; but others knew that they could not navigate the ship without

his assistance, and they therefore, from necessity, released him, and compelled him to enter into all their plans. The steward was also spared: but it was agreed among them, that when they made the coast of California, they should murder Mr. Andrews and the rest of the crew, and then dispose of the vessel as well as they could; for there are Spanish merchants who will purchase any vessel, and encourage piracy on all sides.

They are under no control by the old Spanish government, and are as careless as the Arabs of the desert. This the Spaniards well knew, and thought to make a good bargain; but Mr. Andrews, who had got an inkling of the intentions of the pirates, consulted with the steward, and this they had many opportunities of doing, for the Spaniards got drunk almost every day.

On the eighth day after the murder of Captain Smith, the mate and steward put their plan into execution. They were well aware of their disparity in point of numbers; but it was life against life, and they knew that by remaining quiet, death would be their portion the moment that they came so near to the land that the pirates could carry the ship into a harbour, without the aid of navigation. Mr. Andrews got possession of a hatchet, and the steward of a knife; and the two principal leaders were struck dead by Mr. Andrews, and one of the others by the steward, who had a short struggle with him on deck, but succeeded in stabbing him to the heart, though he was himself desperately wounded: the remainder of the Spaniards were all secured by the crew, who had joined their officers, and the vessel was once more in the possession of her original crew. The mate, Mr. Andrews, made immediately for the French coast, where the mutineers were brought to trial before a French tribunal; and after a patient hearing they were all condemned to die. The sentence was soon put in execution, and they were put in chains and hung on gibbets as a warning to others.

Mr. Andrews made his voyage to London, and arrived in security; but the security was a painful one, when the loss of Captain Smith and the others of the crew was considered.

The Vittoria was insured at the Royal Exchange Office for £6,000, and they made a handsome present to Mr. Andrews, and also to the steward, and all the crew. Mr. Andrews has since been made a captain, and is a very young, but an experienced seaman, who must be a valuable servant to those who employ him. Great part of the ship's cargo belonged to the firm of Thornton and West, and was uninsured, so that they were indebted to the intrepid conduct of Mr. Andrews for the safety of their goods, and rewarded him accordingly.

Captain Smith left a wife and five children, and most of them left families. They had a good round sum of money collected for them, and the sailors who were on board, all got respectable employment on board of ships out of the port of London, and were much respected.

This ought to be a lesson to ship-owners not to send their ships to sea with so few hands; and, above all, not to engage foreigners where Englishmen are to be had, as one Englishman is worth three Spaniards or Portuguese, at any time; he is a better sailor, and more willing and able to work. But for the sake of a saving of some few shillings, they run the risk of losing not only their vessels but their lives. No blame could be attached to Captain Smith, who acted up to his given instructions, and contrary to his own opinions; for he complained to his mate, Mr. Andrews, previous to their leaving Manilla, that he was so restricted by the owners to the sum he was to give for wages, that he could not get Englishmen to enter at so low a rate, and must take Spaniards. The event was lamentable, and cost him his life; and for the saving of a few pounds, the owners were nearly losing the whole of their valuable property.

It may not be amiss to mention here, that a small schooner, commanded by a Mr. Jones, and belonging to Liverpool, went from the port of Manilla at the same time the Vittoria did. She had on board only three Englishmen, the captain, mate, and carpenter, and seven Spaniards. She was bound to Jamaica, and when off the Keys, the Spaniards rose and murdered the three Englishmen. They then shaped a course

for Peru, but were met on their passage by the Dryade, a British frigate, and one of the Spaniards impeached the others. Captain Dale took the schooner into Jamaica, and there the mutineers were tried, and all of them hanged. This is another melancholy instance of trusting to foreigners. These Spaniards, on islands, are much more ferocious than those in Old Spain, where they possess some sense of honour, and may be trusted to a certain extent.

The native of the Spanish West India islands are all of them pirates in boats, and live upon plundering each other, under the pretence of fishing the soil in Drogen, and have arms concealed in their holds. The vessels of the United States have suffered very severely by them, and now go all armed as security, for the Congress do not grant convoys unless they are paid by the merchants.

THE WAVE.

Mr being I take from the fountains that break

In the depths of the ocean sand,

And my form is curl'd through the liquid world, b'neath

To freshen the green dry land;

And the drops I fling from my watery wing,

As it mounts to meet the day,

Are gems from the hair of the sea-girls fair,

That rise on my shining way.

I glide with a smile o'er the coral pile,

By the ocean snake entwined,

And sweep in my track the whale's broad back,

With the scattered foam behind.

Then I sing for hours to leaves and flowers

That never beheld the moon;

But sprinkle their sheen of gold and green,

To thank my lingering tune.

The white cloud on high (the wave of the sky)

I choose for my shadowy bride;

And she comes sometimes from her shoreless climes,

And kisses my conscious tide.

But like all that's fair, in earth or air,

She dissolves in silent pain,

And weeps on my flood her silvery blood,

That gushes in sparkling rain.

FRAGMENT OF A LOG.

ABOUT six o'clock in the evening.—A good smart breeze all standing under the hurricane-house, and enjoying the washing of the spray over the fore part of the ship, when our amusement was interrupted by the cry of "a man overboard!" What an awful change came over our feelings—the poor fellow had been washed off the bowsprit, and came up again astern:—we thought we heard his screams for help through the gushing noise of the water:—we were sailing at the rate of nine knots an hour; the boat, the only one we had, was lashed at the top of the round-house, and would not have lived in such a sea. Three or four fenders were thrown overboard—every effort was used to put the ship aback—but the rate at which we seemed to fly from the struggling man was magical. The passengers who, but the minute before had been all careless gaiety, now, with convulsive features and strained eyes, watched the little diminishing speck which still floated on the large waves that heaved him up and down, now giving him to and now taking him from our sight. The women clambered into dangerous places, which at other times they would have shrunk from with fear, and waved their handkerchiefs to cheer him in his struggle; their eyes were fascinated to that small spot which assured us that a fellow creature was still buffeting in mortal agony for existence; still we sailed from him, and he could only now be seen at prolonged intervals.

"I think he's making for one of the fenders," said a man in the shrouds.

"Then he may be saved!" convulsively inquired one of the ladies.

"I hope so"—"God grant it,"—"God save him," was responded by voices husky with emotion.

"It's of no use," mournfully answered the man; "he's gone."

All eyes were fixed on the spot where he should be seen—but no one could say they saw him. Still all hope was not abandoned—we kept beating about until dark; we must have gone close to the spot at which the poor fellow sunk, for we saw again all the fenders which had been thrown overboard, and from which we had sailed away as we also distanced the poor lost man. All in vain. He was gone. While this was going on upon deck, the black man in the cabin below was calmly laying the tea-things—the click of the cups and saucers made me feel unpleasant.

Eight o'clock.—A dead calm—the storm had received its victim, and was appeased.

All hands—captain, crew, and passengers, gloomy and sad. The poor lost man was the sailor I saw taking his farewell kiss at Liverpool of his wife, to whom he had been married only a fortnight. The mate, on looking up his things to place them under the captain's care, found a sort of log-book which the poor fellow used to keep; money—memoranda—observations—and sums in the rule-of-three, were interspersed with scraps of poetry which he had copied out. The last line he had written was the title of the poem he had intended to copy—it was "The Mariner's Farewell."

SAILOR'S WIFE.

DURING an action of Admiral Rodney with the French, a woman assisted at one of the guns on the main-deck, and being asked by the admiral what she did there, she replied: "An't please your honour, my husband is sent down to the cock-pit wounded, and I am here to supply his place. Do you think your honour, I am afraid of the French?" After the action, Lord Rodney called her aft, told her she had been guilty of a breach of orders, by being on board, but rewarded her with ten guineas for so gallantly supplying the place of her husband.

ANECDOTE OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

DURING the passage of the commanders to Porto Ferrara, in 1724, to assemble the troops, and collect ordnance stores for the projected invasion of Corsica, the captain of the ship one night burst into the cabin where general Dundas, Sir James St. Clair, and Sir John Moore were lying, and exclaimed—"Rise, gentlemen, for the ship is driving on a lee-shore." He then passed into the inner cabin, and repeated the same alarming news to Lord Hood, adding that he feared the ship would soon strike. Moore, from the position of his cot, could see into Lord Hood's cabin, and he observed that his countenance was in no way discomposed. He saw him also carefully draw on one pair of worsted hose over another to protect his thin legs from the cold. This precaution tranquillized Moore, who being aware that a landsman could do nothing to avert the danger, remained in bed, and fell fast asleep. On awaking next morning, he learned that the ship had weathered the lee-shore.

THE DYING TAR.

The battle's o'er, the foe is fled,
The wounded sailor lifts his head,
And asks the chance of war;
"And is the glorious combat won?"
"I go with joy, my work is done!"
Exclaims the dying tar.

"But, brother messmates, ere we part,
Take this dear locket from my heart,

Tell Mary how I fell:

When she with sorrow hears my death,
Oh, say that with my parting breath

I bade my love farewell."

NAPOLEON AND THE SAILOR.

I LOVE contemplating, apart
From all his homicidal story,
The traits that soften to our heart
Napoleon's glory.

'Twas when his banners at Boulogne,
Armed in our island every freeman,
His navy chanced to capture one
Poor British seaman.

They suffer'd him, I know not how,
Unprison'd on the shore to roam;
And aye was bent his youthful brow
On Scotland's home.

His eye, methinks, pursued the flight
Of birds of Britain half way over,
With envy! they could reach the white,
Dear cliffs of Dover.

A stormy midnight watch he thought
Than this sojourn would have been dearer,
If but the storm his vessel brought
To England nearer.

At last when care had banished sleep,
He saw, one morning—dreaming—doting
An empty hog'shead on the deep
Come shoreward floating.

He hid it in a cove, and wrought
The live-long day, laborious lurking,
Until he launched a tiny boat
By mighty working.

Heaven help us! 'twas a thing beyond
Description; such a wretched wherry
Perhaps ne'er ventured on a pond,
Or cross'd a ferry.

For ploughing in the salt-sea field,
'Twould make the very boldest shudder;
Untarr'd, uncompass'd, and unkeel'd—
No sail! no rudder!

From neighbouring woods he interlaced
His sorry skiff with wattled willows,
And, thus equip'd he would have passed
The foaming billows.

The French guard caught him on a beach, dashed
His little cargo sorely jeering;
Till tidings of him came to reach
Napoleon's hearing.

With folded arms Napoleon stood,
Serene alike in peace or danger;
And in his wonted attitude
Addressed the stranger:—

"Rash youth! that would'st yon channel pass,
With twigs and stones so rudely fashioned,
Thy heart with some sweet English lass
Must be impassioned."

"I have no sweetheart," said the lad,
"But absent years from one another,
Great was the longing that I had
To see my mother."

"And so thou shalt," Napoleon said,
"You've both my favour justly won;
A noble mother must have bred
So brave a son."

He gave the tar a piece of gold;
And with a flag of truce commanded
He should be shipped to England old,
And safely landed.

Our sailor oft could scant'ly shift
To find a dinner plain and hearty;
But never changed the coin and gift
Of Bonaparte.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN DAMPIER.

This extraordinary man, whose whole life seems almost to have been spent in distant wanderings and adventures, was descended from a family of wealth and respectability, settled at East Coker, near Yeovil, in the county of Somersetshire, where his father was a farmer. He was born in the year 1652, and received a common day-school education; but his father dying when he was young, and his thoughts and inclinations excited probably by the exploits of the renowned Admiral Blake, he gave a decided preference to a maritime life, and went to sea as an apprentice to the master of a Weymouth ship. His first voyage was to France, in 1669, and his second to Newfoundland; but, disliking the rigour of that comfortless climate, he returned to his friends.

He soon became weary of home, and repairing to London, he embarked as foremast man on board the *John and Martha*, an Indiaman, in which he sailed direct for Java; and he greatly improved his nautical knowledge during the voyage. He arrived in England after an absence of little more than a year, and a short time previous to the attack made on the States' Smyrna fleet by Sir Robert Holmes, in 1672, which occasioned the second Dutch war; in consequence of which Dampier spent the remainder of that year with his brother George, who it seems had always treated him with affectionate kindness. In the ensuing year, however, he became tired of his indolence and entered the navy, although his ability as a mariner only procured him a berth before the mast.

The ship into which Dampier entered was the *Royal Prince*,



LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN WILLIAM DAMPIER.

a first-rate, of the burthen of fourteen hundred tons, carrying one hundred pieces of brass cannon, a compliment of seven hundred and fifty men, and bearing the flag of the gallant Sir Edward Spragge. He fought in two engagements against the fleet of De Ruyter and Van Tromp; but being taken suddenly ill on the 11th of August, he was put on board an hospital-ship, from whose decks he witnessed the battle, which destroyed the *Royal Prince* and proved fatal to his gallant commander. His strength not quickly returning, he passed a few months quietly ashore with his brother; and on recovering went out to Jamaica, where he accepted an offer made to him by a townsman, Col. Hellier, of East Coker, to assist in the management of one of his estates.

This employment, though sufficiently lucrative, was too fixed

and uniform for Dampier's roving genius; and finding himself clearly out of his element, he undertook some coasting trips round the Island, with a trader named Fishhook, in whose service he attentively studied, and made himself acquainted with all the ports and bays of Jamaica, their manufactures, and also the benefit of the land and sea winds.

He grew tired of this coasting navigation in about six months, and, therefore, shipped himself with a Captain Hudson, on board a ketch, bound to Campeachy, to load logwood, and sailed from Port Royal about the beginning of August, 1675. Having a fair wind they arrived at Triste, in the lagoon of Terminos, in a fortnight; when, having completed her lading, the ketch sailed for Jamaica: and, after escaping from the close pursuit of two Spanish cruisers, who would have made them slaves, striking

on the rocks off the Alacranes, encountering several severe gales by which she well-nigh foundered, and towards the end of the voyage nearly starving for want of provisions, she arrived at Negril, the westernmost point of Jamaica, after a passage of thirteen weeks. "And so," says Dampier, "ended this troublesome voyage;" in which they had obtained as much experience as if they had been sent out on a voyage of survey.

Dampier had seen among the logwood cutters at Campeachy Bay, a scene of independence—an adventurous mode of life, and a field for enterprise that perfectly suited his romantic disposition; no sooner, therefore, was he paid off from the unlucky ketch, than he provided himself with axes, knives, saws, and wedges, also a tent, a gun, and some ammunition, and made the best of his way to Triste Island, where he arrived in the spring

of 1676, and settled among nearly two hundred and seventy logwood cutters, chiefly English, and mostly reduced buccaneers and privateer's men, who were living at large, in a sort of republic, with no laws but their own will or caprice.

The English were at first unacquainted with the value of logwood, till the importance of this commodity was detected by a Captain James, who brought home to England a ship that he had taken, and sold the wood at a high price; though before he had valued it so little, that he used it for fire-wood during the passage. On his return to the West Indies, he sought out the place where it grew; the commerce rapidly increased, and logwood soon became worth £90, £100, or £110 per ton. At first the English run to parts of the coast where the Spaniards had cut and piled the wood for embarking, and there helped them-

selves with all the free license of buccaneers, till the number of troops sent to guard the posts rendered such descents hazardous. But by this time they knew the trees in their growing state, and searched the shores of the main till they discovered large groves of it—first at Cape Catoche, where they commenced cutting, and, after nearly clearing the grounds of that coast, in the creeks and mangrove lands around the great lagoon of Terminos, in the south-east quarter of the bay of Campeachy.

The manner of living of the logwood cutters, which was certainly not without its hardships, is admirably described by Dampier. Their abodes were log-huts, covered with palmeto leaves to defend them from the violent and soaking rains: they were erected close by creeks or inlets, for the benefit of the sea-breezes during the oppressive heats, and as near to the logwood

groves as possible, that they might not have to carry the heavy material far. As they exhausted the trees, they removed their huts to another grove. Their bedding was raised three feet and a half above the ground, on a wooden frame; four stakes or poles, rising above this frame, supported a light tent, "out of which there is no sleeping for mosquitoes." Another frame covered with earth served as a cooking-place, and for stools and chairs they used logs. During the wet season, the land where the logwood grows is so overflowed that they step from their beds into the water, perhaps two feet deep, and continue standing in the wet all day, till they go to bed again; but nevertheless account it the best season in the year for doing a good day's labour in.

For food they hunted the wild cattle, with which, and with

alligators, the savannahs of the country swarmed. "When they have killed a beef," says Dampier, "they cut it into four quarters, and, taking out the bones, each man makes a hole in the middle of his quarter, just big enough for his head to go through, then puts it on like a frock and trudges home; and if he chances to tire, he cuts off some of it and flings it away."

For flour, bread, and most other luxuries, they depended on the ships that visited them to purchase their logwood. The arrival of one of these vessels was a signal for the commencement of a scene of almost general riot and debauchery; and in a few days these uneducated, imprudent men would spend the earnings of months of hard labour in a dreadful and dangerous climate, where, moreover, they were constantly liable to be surprised by the Spaniards, who, with some reason, denied the legality of their settlement, and who treated them as pirates, and made slaves of those they took.

Yet Dampier remained among such dissolute associates for nearly three years, and escaped the moral contamination of their vices and excesses; he never relaxed into the improvidence around him, and, instead of expending his money in riot and ruin, he saved it for the better purpose of investment. In fact, the remuneration so equitably given to the really industrious, must have been the main inducement to bear with so hard a life, in so wild a place.

Dampier kept to his work of cutting logwood till he was suddenly incapacitated by "a hard, red, and angry swelling" in his right leg; this proved to be occasioned by the *jiggers*, or *echeques*—a sort of worm, or larva, giving the most severe pain, and frequently leading to amputation of the affected part, unless most carefully drawn out. After attempting to doctor himself, the unpleasant intruders were extracted by a negro, who received in compensation a white cock. The cure was effected by a powder rendered more efficacious by means of a supposed incantation.

Scarcely was he recovered from this mischance, when one of the most violent storms that ever was known in those parts reduced the whole community to great inconvenience, inasmuch that at last the forlorn and flooded woodmen were compelled to quit the place in their canoes, as the highest land near them was almost three feet under water; and of the four ships anchored at Triste, one drove out and floundered, another was forced into the woods, and one was thrown on a bank. Most of the provisions being spoiled, he was thus unexpectedly deprived of the means of continuing his labour; and not having a stock, like the old standards, with which to re-establish himself, Dampier was compelled to become a rover for nearly a year, cruising about the bay and its shores to seek a subsistence, in company with some small privateers, visiting all the rivers from Terminos to Alvarado, and making descents among the villages. At the latter place, with two barks, having each thirty men and four guns, they took the fort, and had ten or eleven killed or desperately wounded in the attack; but they were obliged to abandon it on the second day, by the unexpected appearance of seven sail of Spanish armadillos, with fourteen guns and between 400 and 500 men. This was a most unwelcome sight, for, though they obtained no solid booty, they had hampered their vessels with bullocks, poultry, maize, and salt-fish. Not a moment was to be lost—overboard went the lumber—sail was instantly made—and the buccaniers glided over the bar before the enemy, who could scarcely stem the current, had reached it. Having gained the open waters, they had now to engage with their formidable opponents; and, notwithstanding the odds of strength against them, ultimately made their escape.

The effects of the hurricane, which compelled the "brethren" to exchange the axe for the sword, having abated, the industrious occupation of woodmen was resumed. After labouring for some months, and becoming intimately acquainted with the nature of the trade, Dampier determined to return to England, for the purpose of obtaining everything requisite to carry on the business with the capital he had saved, and which seems to have been sufficient to start him advantageously.

With these intentions he quitted the bay of Campeachy, touched at Jamaica, and landed at London in the autumn of 1678.

He invested the money he had made as a logwood cutter in

English merchandise, and having completed his arrangements by the beginning of 1679, he again started as a passenger on board the Loyal Merchant, for the West Indies, in order to rejoin his companions in the woods of Yucatan. His venture of English merchandise, he disposed of at Port Royal, in order to stock himself with commodities for his proposed trade; but some maturer considerations induced him to relinquish his design of returning to the shores of Campeachy, and he remained the rest of the year at Jamaica.

While at Jamaica he exhibited a pleasing proof that a wandering wild life had not extinguished the local attachment, which is strikingly characteristic of a man of true feelings. Happening to hear that a person residing on the island had a small estate in Dorsetshire, near his native county of Somerset, and prudently assuring himself of the validity of the title, he purchased it, and forwarded the writings to England.

This business settled, our navigator left Jamaica for the Mosquito shore; but, the vessel having put into Negril Bay, found there Coxon, Sharp, Sawkins, and other privateers, mustered in great force. Seduced by the plausible and splendid prospects held out by the adventurers, every man on board the ship, except the master and Dampier, went and joined them; and, being thus left alone, he was persuaded to go with them too.

It must excite surprise to see how readily a man of a decent character, and of an enlightened mind, joins an association which, we fear, after all, was piratical. A short account of those bodies, and of the notions of right and wrong prevalent at the time, will somewhat diminish this astonishment, and is necessary to make out Dampier's curious history.

The Spaniards, who were the discoverers of America and the first European settlers in the West Indies, were actuated by a most jealous and illiberal spirit. Spain, indeed, considered the New World as treasure-trove, of which she was lawfully and exclusively the mistress. A bull of the Roman Church, granted by Pope Alexander VI., gave what was then esteemed as a sacred recognition of these exclusive rights, and the government of Spain determined that none but Spaniards should trade with, or land upon, the American continent and islands. Not all the power of Spain, comparatively great as it then was, nor all the cruelty exercised in support of her extravagant pretensions, could deter the enterprising mariners of France and England from attempting to share in the greatly-exaggerated wealth of the New World. To repress these intruders, the Spaniards employed armed ships, or *guarda-costas*, the commanders of which were instructed to take no prisoners! On the other hand, the English and French, to whom were soon joined many Dutchmen and some Portuguese, closely combined among themselves, treated every Spanish ship as an enemy, made descents on the coasts, ravaging the towns and settlements of the Spaniards, and repaid cruelty with cruelty. A continual warfare was thus established between Europeans in the West Indies, entirely independent of the governments of their respective countries.

When the court of Spain made formal complaints to the different governments of Europe, of which the adventurers in the West Indies were the natural subjects, the general answer received was, "that the men, against whom they complained, acted entirely on their own authority and responsibility, not as the subjects of any prince; and that the king of Spain was at liberty to proceed against them according to his pleasure." Far different, however, was the reply of our high-minded Queen Elizabeth. She said boldly, "that the Spaniards had drawn these inconveniences upon themselves by their severe and unjust dealings in their American commerce; for she did not understand why either her subjects, or those of any other European prince, should be debarred from traffic in the West Indies. That as she did not acknowledge the Spaniards to have any title by the donation of the Bishop of Rome, so she knew no right they had to any places other than those they were in actual possession of; for, that their having touched only here and there upon a coast, and given names to a few rivers or capes, were such insignificant things as could no ways entitle to a proprietary, further than in the parts where they actually settled and continued to inhabit."

Shortly after Christmas, 1679, the buccaneers, commanded by Captains Sawkins, Coxon, and Sharp, and accompanied by Dampier, Wafer, and several other men of decent conduct and honourable sentiments on all subjects unconnected "with the service," set off for the Spanish main.

The buccaneer's maxim of "No peace beyond the line," being duly acknowledged, their first expedition was against Porto Bello, a place which had scarcely revived from its sack by Sir Henry Morgan. Their design being successfully accomplished, they shared to the amount of one hundred and sixty pieces of eight a-man, which inspired them to the bold measure of crossing the Isthmus of Darien, to gather wealth in the South Seas.

On the 3rd of April, 1680, the buccaneers assembled to the amount of seven sail, at the Golden Island, an anchorage to the east of the Samballas group; and two days afterwards, having taken proper precautions for guarding the ships in the interim, they landed three hundred and thirty-one men, all or most of them armed with a fusil, a pistol, and hanger; and each man was provided with four cakes of bread, called dough-boys, besides implements and toys wherewith to gratify the natives, through whose country they had to pass. They were accompanied by a party of those Dariens who were the hereditary foes of the Spaniards; and some of the faithful, active, and intelligent Americans called Moskito Indians. On commencing their journey they were marshalled into divisions, with distinguishing flags, under their several commanders, Bartholomew Sharp taking the lead. After a march of nine days they arrived at the town of Santa Maria, which they easily took; but, as the Spaniards had received notice of their intended visit in time to send off most of their valuables, little booty or provisions were taken. Twenty-six Spaniards were killed and sixteen wounded in the assault, and many others were deliberately butchered in the woods, subsequent to the surrender, by the Indians.

After holding Santa Maria for three days, the buccaneers and their allies embarked in canoes and boats for the South Sea; having previously, in their summary way, deposed Sharp from the chief command, and elected Coxon in his stead.

On the 23rd of April they arrived in sight of the city of Panama, which they found too well prepared for them to attack. No sooner were they descried from the shore than three armed Spanish ships made towards them, two of which, after a fierce and sanguinary conflict, were carried by boarding, and the third saved herself by flight. The Spanish commander, with many of his people, fell; while of the buccaneers eighteen were killed and above thirty wounded, and among the latter was Captain Harris, mortally. The valour and skill of Capt. Sawkins contributed mainly to this victory; wherefore, on Coxon's returning to the North Sea in a "huff," he was unanimously chosen commander. He enjoyed this dignity but a few days, for, leading his men to the assault of a breast-work at Pueblo Nuevo, he was slain on the 23rd of May; and on his fall, Sharp, the next in command, was so disheartened that he ordered a retreat.

The death of Sawkins proved a serious blow to the buccaneers, it being followed by fresh discontents and defections, on account of the dislike in which Sharp was held by the followers of his predecessor. Those who remained with the re-elected chief now changed their course for the southward, touching at several islands, taking the coast town of Ylo, and burning the city of La Serena on the route. On Christmas-day they reached the isle of Juan Fernandez, where Bartholomew Sharp, who had always been unpopular with the ablest men, and had been chosen by but a small majority, was again formally deposed, and Captain Watling elected in his stead. Under his command an attempt was made to introduce regularity, and on the 9th of January, 1681, the Sabbath was observed for the first time since the death of Sawkins; "who once," says Ringrove, "threw the dice overboard, finding them in use on the said day."

On January 12th they were suddenly alarmed by the appearance of three Spanish men-of-war, and embarked in such a hurry, as to leave William, one of the Moskito Indians behind. Neither party being particularly anxious to

fight, the ships separated, and the rovers resumed their predatory attacks along the coast. At length they made an attempt upon the town of Arica, but were repulsed with a loss in killed and prisoners of twenty-eight men, and eighteen wounded. Among the slain were Captain Watling, the boatswain, both quarter-masters, and some of the best hands.

Disheartened by this severe miscarriage, the band of marauders retired to the Isle Plata, where dissensions now broke out amongst them. One party was for re-electing Capt. Sharp, who had ingratiated himself with the meaner sort, as commander-in-chief, whilst another, thinking him deficient in courage and enterprise, would not sail under his orders. Dampier, Wafer, and some of the best men were of the party adverse to Sharp, whose faction, being the most numerous, kept the ship and remained in the South Sea; and on the 17th of April, 1681, Dampier and his hardy companions quitted the ship with the launch and a couple of canoes, one of which had been sawn in half, and was now patched up again for the occasion, and made for the Isthmus of Darien, which they were determined to recross. The party consisted of forty-four white men, two Moskito Indians, and a Spanish Indian, all well armed; and they had five black slaves taken in the South Seas, who fell to their share. They had about twenty-six pounds weight of chocolate rubbed up with sugar, and as much flour as they could conveniently stow away. All things being prepared, in order to deter the weak or inactive from engaging in so perilous an enterprise, they now entered into a mutual compact, that, if any man faltered on the journey he should be shot by his comrades, as but one man falling into the hands of the enraged enemy must betray the others to certain destruction.

As they approached the Isthmus, the buccaneers discovered that the Spaniards were on the look-out for them, having three men-of-war cruising off the coast, and some hundreds of soldiers posted at different stations along shore. Though several times in extreme danger, they continued to elude their implacable foes, and land in safety at the mouth of a river in the bay of St. Michael, where, taking out all their effects, they sunk the boats, that no traces might be seen of them. On the 1st of May they began their march over a country difficult from pathless forests, torrents, rivers, and rude mountains, and directed themselves to the north-east by pocket compasses. On the evening of the second day, when they had already become fatigued and dispirited, they fell in with an Indian, who, for the reward of a hatchet, conducted them to a native capable of putting them into the proper course. When, however, they had arrived at his dwelling, and explained their wishes, he behaved with a sullenness which the impatient buccaneers could scarcely brook, though this was neither a time nor a place to be angry with the Indians. The moment was critical. They used every endeavour, and had recourse to every means which they thought likely to propitiate his good-will, but he continued obdurate, and replied in angry tones. It was not their policy to irritate or injure him, and yet it was absolutely necessary to secure him as their guide, either by threats or bribes. Neither the temptation of axes, dollars, beads, nor knives would operate upon the churlish Darien, and they began to suspect that he was desirous of handing them over to the Spaniards; when one of the seamen, pulling out a sky-coloured petticoat from his bag, threw it over the lady of the house, who was so exceedingly delighted with the gift, that she immediately began to talk to her husband, and soon wheeled him into a better humour; and he now not only gave them information, but provided them with a conductor.

Thus reinforced under the powerful influence of petticoat interest, the hardy adventurers resumed their journey. During the greater part of the route the rain fell in torrents, and, by swelling the streams, frequently compelled them to stop. At one of their halts made to dry their clothes, fire-arms, and ammunition, Dampier informs us that the surgeon, Mr. Wafer, came to a sad disaster; as he was drying his powder, a careless fellow passed by with his pipe lighted, and set fire to the powder, which blew up, and scorched his knee, and reduced him to that condition that he was not able to march; wherefore they allowed him a slave to carry his

things, being all of them the more concerned at his accident, because liable themselves every moment to misfortune, and none to look after them but him.

The poor surgeon contrived to keep up with the party for some four or five days longer; but then the slaves ran away, and the negro appointed to attend on him, absconded with his medicine chest, clothes, &c. Not being able to proceed farther through rivers and woods, he took leave of his companions, and remained with the Darien Indians. Richard Jopson, an accomplished Greek scholar, who had served an apprenticeship to a druggist in London, and three sailors, incapable of proceeding, also remained with the surgeon. As he had no means of alleviating the anguish of his wound, he put himself in the hands of the natives, who undertook his cure, and effected it in twenty days, by daily applying some herbs which they first chewed in their mouths to the consistency of a paste, and putting it on a plantain leaf, and laying it upon the sore.

In other respects, however, the Indians were not so kind; only throwing them unripe plantains for food. This incivility increased as time went on, without the return of the Indians of their tribe, who had gone with Dampier and the main body of the buccaniers as guides. They suspected their friends had met with foul play; and at length, as there was still no news of them, the savages determined to sacrifice their guests. One morning they prepared a great pile of wood, and told Wafer that he and his companions must expect to be burned on it when the sun went down, if the guides were not returned.

In this horrid suspense, when they thought their doom inevitable, Lacenta, the king or chief of the Indians, happened to pass that way, and dissuaded the enraged people from their cruel purpose. The Englishmen were then sent under the escort of two of the Indians, towards the northern coast of the Isthmus, where they might find their comrades, or obtain some means of leaving the country. For three days they marched through incessant rains accompanied by terrific lightning: the country was swamped; they had nothing to eat but a little dry maize, and when this was expended on the third day, the Indians ran off and abandoned them in the wilderness. They had now no food; but on the fifth day they found some maccaw-trees, the berries of which afforded a trifling nourishment. Their only guide was a pocket compass, and they lost their way among forests, mountains, rivers, floods, and torrents, the rain never ceasing. After eight days of wandering, being completely bewildered, they concluded it best to follow the track of a peccary, hoping it might lead them to some plantation or potatoe field, which the wild hogs frequent for food. The track, indeed, led them to an old plantation, in sight of a new one, which proved to be close to the Indian village where they had been threatened with burning, and whence they had set out so many days before.

On reaching the huts of the Indians, Wafer swooned from long fasting and fatigue; but the disposition of those people had undergone a very advantageous change. Their brethren, the guides, had not only returned safely from the coast to which they had accompanied the buccaniers, but were delighted with the kind treatment and handsome presents they had received for their services. Accordingly they treated Wafer and his companions with extreme kindness, entertained them hospitably for seven days, and then gave them a proper escort and provisions, that they might reach the northern coast.

After marching for six days they arrived at the residence of the merciful Lacenta. This chief insisted that they should not proceed farther during the rainy season, which still continued; and as, after such long delays, they had little hope of finding their comrades on the coast, the Englishmen the more willingly resigned themselves to a residence among savages.

In a short time the surgical ability of Lionel Wafer exalted him to honours. One of the chief's wives fell sick, and bleeding was prescribed. Wafer volunteered to bleed the lady, and Lacenta consented that he should perform the operation; but after the incision made by the lancet, when that chief saw the blood spout out in a stream, instead of falling drop by drop, as it did in their method, he laid hold of his lance, and swore by his tooth (the most solemn of their oaths,) that if his wife

did otherwise than well, he would have the doctor's heart's blood.

It was soon seen, however, that the stranger's mode of bleeding was every way better than their own; and when, after her venesection and a little repose, his wife had recovered from her fever, Lacenta came, and, before all his train, bowed, and kissed the surgeon's hand.

We must now return to Dampier and the buccaniers, who, on the twenty-third day of their daring expedition, procured canoes to carry them down the river Conception to the sea-side; and they soon after arrived at La Sound's Key, one of the Samballas islands, a known resort of the rovers. Here the weary wanderers embarked on board a French cruiser, commanded by Captain Tristian, and, seduced by example, remained with him.

Thus was completed one of the boldest undertakings ever ventured upon by so small a number of men; and as they generously loaded their Indian guides with knives, scissors, hatchets, and toys, which they purchased for the purpose out of a privateer, it had the happiest effects on the condition of the party left behind with Lionel Wafer. The exhaustion which resulted from the fatigue undergone by the travellers may be estimated by the fact, that, in crossing a river where the current ran very strong, George Gayny, who carried his fortune of 300 dollars on his back, was swept away and drowned; and, fond as his comrades were of lucre, on finding the corpse in a creek, with its lading, they would not burden themselves with the money. Yet, in the midst of all this labour, Dampier's mind supported his frame, and he still contrived to describe the material occurrences. On commencing this arduous journey, he displayed a happy forethought for the preservation of the narrative which he had written up to that period. Foreseeing a necessity of frequently wading through rivers, he took care before he left the ship to provide himself with a large joint of bamboo, which he stopped at both ends, closing it with wax, so as to keep out the water; in which he preserved his journal and other writings from being wet.

The French vessel in which Dampier and his companions embarked, having beamed, was moved over to Springer's Key, another of the Samballas group, where eight sail more, containing upwards of 500 men, were lying; having gathered together for the purpose of making another descent upon Panama. The arrival of isthmus travellers, however, created great commotion, for nothing had been heard of them since the departure of Captain Coxon, a year before. No sooner had Tristian anchored than all the buccaneer commanders, among the foremost of whom was Coxon himself, repaired on board to greet the sojourners, and all hands were overjoyed to see them. After numerous inquiries, the relation of the fatigues and inconveniences they had undergone disheartened the listeners from their design, and the assault of other places was taken into consideration. Dampier and his friends were now placed with a Captain Archenbo, because all the other ships were overmanned; but our hardy fellows quickly conceived such a dislike to their foreign shipmates, that they prevailed on Captain Wright to fit and arm a prize tartan for them to cruise in. Thus accommodated, the companions sailed from place to place in quest of provisions, being so distressed as to depend upon manatees, or seacows, parrots, gulls, boobies, monkeys, and warree.

The barks of Captain Wright and Yanky now stood to the eastward, and, passing before Carthagea, had a fair view of Madre-Popa, a monastery of incredible wealth, and famous for the rich offerings continually made there to the Virgin.

Shortly afterwards, they had a smart engagement with, and captured, a ship of twelve guns and forty men, who had all good small arms; and she was well laden with sugar, tobacco, and marmalade. Although these commodities were not exactly what the rovers craved, she was a valuable prize, and the vessel herself a desirable object for cruising in; whence she proved a source of contention, both captains claiming her; but at last it was determined in favour of Yanky, who took possession. This occasioned a change throughout; for Wright, losing the prize-ship, burned his own bark, and took command of the larger one vacated by Yanky; and Dampier's vessel being sold

to a Jamaica trader, he engaged with Captain Wright. After these arrangements they made sail for Curagoa, in hopes of disposing of the cargo they had obtained; and, having arrived there, Wright waited on the Dutch governor to make him the first offer; but the cautious magnate declined admitting them into the port, on account of his connexion with the Spaniards; yet, if they would go to St. Thomas, which is an island and free-port belonging to the Danes, and a sanctuary for privateers, he would send a ship with such goods as they wanted, and money to buy the sugar. The terms of the conscientious Dutchmen were not acceded to, and the rovers sailed in quest of another market, to the isles east of Curagoa.

The rovers remained some time at Aves, during which they careened their vessels. In the beginning of February, 1682, they went to the isles of La Rocca, where they landed their ordnance, built a breastwork, and erected a house for the reception of their goods and provisions. While thus prepared for defence, a French man-of-war, of thirty-six guns, came through the keys, and bought ten tons of their sugar; on which occasion Dampier was very kindly welcomed both by the captain and his lieutenant, who was a cavalier of Malta; and they both offered him great encouragement in France, if he would go with them; but he designed to continue with those of his own nation.

Having got what water they could obtain here, the cruisers left La Rocca in April, after which they took several prizes on the Spanish main; but, not being able to dispose of their cargoes, they divided the spoil and separated. Dampier, and nineteen others, took one of the captured barks, and with their share of the plunder sailed for Virginia, where they arrived in July, 1682.

Among those who accompanied Dampier in his journey across the Isthmus, and in his subsequent cruises along the Spanish main, was Mr. John Cook: he was a man of good sense and capacity, whatever might be his notions upon the questions of right and wrong. He had acted as quarter-master under Captain Yanky, which, being the second place in the ship, according to the laws of the buccaneers, entitled him to command the first prize worthy of converting into a cruiser. In virtue of this enactment, Cook obtained an excellent Spanish ship; but it happened that there were then present some French privateers having legal commissions, and their commanders could not brook that men who sailed without lawful authority should possess a finer vessel than any belonging to themselves; they therefore took an opportunity of seizing the Englishmen, and, having plundered them of their arms and goods, turned them ashore at Isla Vacca, on the south of St. Domingo. A fellow-feeling for his old friends induced Captain Tristian, who was also probably short of hands, to ship ten of the marooned men, among whom were Cook, and a buccaneer, afterwards of greater note, named Edward Davis. Tristian then sailed to Petit Guaves, where, being one day on shore, with many of his men, the English party, in revenge for the late spoilation, overpowered the rest of the crew, and made themselves masters of the ship. Putting the Frenchmen ashore in their turn, they weighed, and sailing close under Vacca, before the alarm could be given, collected and embarked the remainder of their old company. Being now sufficiently strong to set up for themselves, they resolved to make prize of whatever came in their way; accordingly two French ships were quickly taken, one laden with wine, and the other of considerable force. Having thus fairly cheated Tristian out of his vessel, and committed open piracy on the French commerce, they considered it unsafe to remain in that neighbourhood; and therefore made sail for the Capes of Virginia, where they arrived, with their prizes, in April, 1683.

Whether repairing to the Chesapeake was a preconcerted plan to meet their former shipmates is not noticed, but Dampier and his associates readily joined the new adventurers; and as Cook must have been apprehensive of having raised a hornet's nest in the West Indies, he proclaimed his intention of sailing round South America, to cruise on the coasts of Chili and Peru. After selling two of their vessels, together with the wines and other prize goods, they purchased provisions, stores, and every requisite for equipping the principal ship for the arduous enter-

prise. From the occurrence at Isla Vacca, they named her the *Revenge*. She mounted eighteen guns, and their crew soon amounted to seventy men, who were bound by certain restrictions, on account of the length of the projected voyage; the most remarkable was that enjoining temperance and sobriety. Such were the men who engaged on an expedition which, in point of variety and interest, has never been surpassed; and all proper arrangements having been duly made, they bade farewell to Virginia, on the 23rd of August, 1683.

Before they had well cleared the land, and while still in the Virginian waters, they commenced operations by bringing a Dutchman to, and took six casks of Canary out of him, with some victuals and linen, telling him, they might as well rob him as he the king, he being bound to rob the king of his duties. They then stood for St. Jago, in the hope of picking up a more desirable ship than that in which they were sailing; and upon approaching it, before they came into the harbour, they saw from the topmast-head, a ship at anchor in the road; she proved to be a Dutch vessel, and one of their great East Indianmen of fifty guns, and about four hundred men. Most of whom were got on shore; but, seeing a strong ship standing in toward the road, they instantly repaired all on board, clapping a spring upon the cable, heaving her broadside to them, struck out her lower ports, and presently, running out her lower tier of guns, was ready to receive them. The sight of two rows of teeth, however, was sufficient, and the pirates bore up and regained the sea, after the Hollander had opened her fire upon them. Thus disappointed, they made over for the Coast of Guinea, where being under the land, they came to an anchor at the mouth of Sierra Leone river. As soon as the day broke they saw a ship pass by them to the west, and their anchor being almost up, they got it up in great haste, making sail after her.

The tide of ebb being done, the Dane got in to an anchor. The English agent went on board of her, with the captain of a Brandenburg ship that lay by her, and the Brandenburg agent. The English agent, seeing the buccaneers without, sent his boat to know whether they were a company's ship, or an interloper; the messenger telling them if they were a company's ship they should fire and he would come aboard. Being willing to get him out of that ship, they fired a gun; but he did not come out of the ship. They kept the other two men of the agent's aboard, and sailed into the river. Cowley then caused about thirty men to go down below, having their arms by them, and when he stamped on deck to come up and enter her. Keeping with him upon the deck about eighteen men; he ordered the quarter-master, when he called to put the helm a-port, to put the helm a-starboard, and the boatmen to let go the anchor, and four men ready to lash them together, with a guard by them for their security, and the rest, all hands, to enter. The Dane having some jealousy of us, was clear; but they had her aboard on her bow, and her fore-topsail yard, being squared with the braces fast, took the bolt-rope of the pirates fore-topsail, so that their ship swung along her side, the anchor not holding.

When they were made masters of that ship, they went and secured the ship of the Duke of Brandenburg, a ship of ten guns, for fear of their doing them damage, sending all the prisoners ashore, except the officers, giving them victuals, until they had made the other ship fit for sailing from thence, putting as much of the goods as they could aboard the Brandenburg ship for the captain of the Dane, till they would have no more; and having got what water-casks they could, they weighed from Sierra Leone river about the middle of November.

On the buccaneers returning to La Sound's Key two guns were fired for the Indians of the Main to come on board, in order to obtain tidings of the five men left among the Dariens. Those persons having actually arrived, the signal was immediately answered by their repairing to their old associates. It appeared that Mr. Wafer had been kindly entertained by the chief of the country, who, in admiration of his surgical ability, had offered him his daughter in marriage, refusing nothing save the liberty of going away; and all the natives vied in attention and kindness to the whole party. At length he obtained permission to depart,

under pretext of going in search of English sporting dogs for the copper-coloured Nimrod, whose own kennel consisted of dogs that would hardly run by sight or by scent—they were sad curs. Wafer had been painted by the women, and went about in the costume and ornaments of the affectionate savages.

After a most fatiguing journey, Wafer and his comrades reached the Atlantic shores of the Isthmus of Darien; but there were no English or friendly ships on the coast, and they found themselves still obliged to abide among the Indians. At day-break of the tenth day after their arrival on the coast, the anxious Englishmen heard a gun at sea, and presently another was fired. The Indians, well knowing these signals, went off in their canoes, taking Wafer and his friends with them.

The four seamen, not having been honoured like the surgeon, were presently recognised and heartily welcomed by their old shipmates. But Wafer, sat awhile, cringing upon his hams among the Indians, after their fashion, painted as they were, and all naked but only about the waist, and with his nose-piece hanging over his mouth. He was willing to try if they knew him in this disguise, and it was the better part of an hour before one, looking more narrowly upon him, cried out, "Why! here's our doctor!" and they all congratulated his arrival.

The buccaneers were now highly delighted, and exultingly named their fine new vessel the *Bachelor's Delight*. Directing their course across the Atlantic, they fell in with the Falkland islands.

Dampier was very averse to passing through the Straits of Magellan; he was well acquainted with the delays and danger attendant thereon, even when a vessel was well found, and the crew skilful, expert, and completely disciplined; but he was apprehensive that their men, being privateers, and so more wilful and less under command, would not be found ready at a minute's call, to work the ground tackling; and, unless they were thus active and obedient, he knew the passage could not be made without risk. He therefore endeavoured to dissuade Captain Cook from this design, but in vain. They made the attempt, but, meeting with contrary winds, they were compelled to give it up, and go round by Cape Horn. On the 6th of February they fell in with the Straits of Le Maire, where opposing tides made such a short cockling sea as to toss about the *Bachelor's Delight* like an egg-shell.

Soon after they entered the South Seas, they met with an English ship, the *Nicholas*, of London, commanded by Captain Eaton, and as they were both destined for Juan Fernandez, they sailed there together. This ship was fitted out as a trader, but mounted twenty-six guns, and was in reality a buccaneer.

On the 23rd of March they anchored in Cumberland Bay, and, being anxious to ascertain the fate of the Moskito Indian left behind, when Watling escaped from Juan Fernandez three years before, Dampier and a few of William's old friends, together with a Moskito-man named Robin, jumped into a canoe and made for the shore. As they neared the beach they had the satisfaction to see William standing ready to welcome them. How great was the delight of the poor solitary when Robin leaped from the boat, and, running up to him, fell flat on his face at his feet; William raised up his countryman, embraced him, and in turn, prostrated himself at Robin's feet, who lifted him up also. The first burst of feeling over, they retired to his hut, where they found ample refreshment provided; for, having seen the ships in the offing, and, from their manœuvring, believing them to be English, he had killed three goats, which he dressed with vegetables, in readiness to treat his friends on their landing.

At the time this Indian was abandoned to utter solitude, he had with him his gun and knife, and a small quantity of powder and shot. When these were spent he ingeniously contrived, by notching his knife, to saw the barrel of his gun into small pieces; and of these he made harpoons, lances, hooks, and a long knife. In order to accomplish this, he first heated the pieces in a fire which he kindled by striking his gun-flint against a bit of iron, hammered them with stones,

sawed them into shape with his jagged knife, and ground them to an edge by long labour: thus furnished with implements for fishing and the chase, he readily supplied himself with food, having nothing else to do; and dwelt in a hut about half-a-mile from the sea, which was lined with goat-skins. The Spaniards knew that he had been left upon the island, and had frequently endeavoured to discover his retreat; but he had always contrived to elude their search.

This island is described as particularly healthy, and possessing numerous advantages; the hills were partly savannah and partly woodland, intersected by pleasant valleys. The sea around it abounded in fish, and the seals were so plentiful that it was remarked, there were always thousands, possibly millions, of them, either sitting on the bays or going and coming in the sea. The sea-lion was also very numerous; it is shaped like a seal, but is six times as large, with "great goggle eyes," and teeth the bigness of a man's thumb, of which dice were made by Sharp's men.

The ships remained at anchor sixteen days, when, having refreshed their companies and completed their water, they weighed and stood over for South America, which they generally coasted at the distance of twelve or fourteen leagues, lest they should be despoiled from the high land. Nothing particular occurred till the 3rd of May, when they captured a vessel bound to Lima, laden with timber, by which they learned that the Spaniards were aware of their arrival, and had been making active preparations for their reception.

The consorts continued their cruise, touching at various islands, but without any signal success. Indeed it became sufficiently evident, from the information they had obtained, that, while the alarm respecting them continued, either the Spaniards would send no vessels to sea, or they would be sent so well protected as not to fall into their hands; the towns also, they were apprehensive, would present formidable obstacles to a successful attack; but, as they could not be idle, and were not easily daunted, they determined upon an expedition against one of them. Many places were suggested, but at last Truxillo was pitched upon as the most important, and therefore the likeliest to make them a successful voyage, if they could conquer it; but, while arranging their plan, three sail were caught sight of, pursued and captured. They proved to contain flour and quince marmalade; and in one they found an immense image of the Virgin Mary, curiously carved in wood, but unfortunately upon the rumour of English adventures being in the vicinity, the vessel had previously landed what would have pleased them much better, viz., no less a sum than 800,000 pieces of eight. From the prisoners thus taken they learned that the inhabitants of Truxillo were fortifying their port, therefore the design against it was abandoned; and, finding that the whole coast of Peru was in alarm, the buccaneers determined to go with their prizes, first to the Galapagos islands, and afterwards to the coast of New Spain.

On the 31st of May they arrived at the then little-known group of the Galapagos, where they remained for ten days, during which they deposited a large portion of their prize-flour against future necessity. As plenty of salt was found here, much assistance was afforded to their refreshment; and though the isles were mostly destitute of fresh water and vegetables, pigeons, flamingos, guanoes, turtles, and enormous terrapins, all of the most delicious quality, abounded; so that the place was well adapted for buccaneer resort.

The rovers were now induced by the advice of an Indian prisoner, a native of the place, who promised them a rich harvest in plunder, to sail for Ria Lexa, a town on the coast of Guatemala. Having overshot the isle of Cocos, where they intended to make another deposit of flour, they fell in with the main land at Cape Blanco, the west point of the Gulf of Nicoya, in the beginning of July; when, on nearing the shore, Captain John Cook, who had been taken ill at Juan Fernandez, expired. On the loss of this commander, Edward Davis, the quarter-master, was unanimously elected to succeed, and a capital choice it proved; for, of all the buccaneer chiefs, he was one of the most popular, evincing courage without rashness, and moderation, prudence, and ability, of no common order.

Having anchored his ships before a brook of running water, in a bay called Caldera, about a league within Cape Blanco, the first concern of the new commander was to honour the memory of his predecessor by interring his remains on shore; and the next day having observed some cattle grazing near the shore, Davis despatched a couple of boats with a party to procure a supply of fresh meat—an object of no small moment to men who had tasted no sort of flesh since leaving the Galapagos. Under the guidance of one of the Indians whom they had captured at the burial of Cook, they were conducted to a pen in a large savannah, where they found many fat bulls and cows feeding, which some of the sailors were for attacking immediately, while others insisted upon

waiting till morning, and then to kill as many as they needed. On this difference of opinion, Dampier and eleven more thought proper to return on board that night. Hearing nothing of their companions next day, at four p.m., a canoe was sent to look for them; when they found their comrades on a small rock half a mile from the shore, whither they had waded to escape from forty or fifty Spaniards, who had burned their boat, which ought to have been kept afloat. They gained the rock at half ebb tide, and having remained there seven hours, were standing up to their waists in water with the tide still flowing, so that they must have perished in another hour, if they had not been rescued.

From Caldera Bay they directed their course for Ria



LIONEL WATER DISCOVERED BY DAMPIER AND HIS ASSOCIATES.

Lexa; and when they arrived there, Dampier and others pushed off for the shore: but the Spaniards apprehensive of an attack, had erected a guard-house, in which men were placed to be constantly on the watch night and day, with horses always in readiness; and, as soon as they perceived the ships, they set off full speed for the town. As they had got the start of our adventurers, at least three hours, they thought it best to defer their design till another time, since their object was surprise and plunder, and not fighting against great odds; accordingly they steered for the gulf of Amapalla, intending there to carreen their ships. As it was necessary to procure the aid of some natives for this business, it was resolved, when they neared the gulf, that Davis himself should proceed in the boats to obtain them. He landed at the island of Mangera, where a great number of Indians, with a friar among them, were on the shore; the Indians ran

off and escaped, but the friar, stumbling, fell into Captain Davis's hands, and with him a couple of boys.

Whatever might be the terror of the friar, on being so unexpectedly captured, Davis assured him that his only object was to procure the assistance of the natives in carreening the ships. From the information gained, they then made for Amapalla island. On coming near they were hailed from the shore to demand who they were, and what were their objects? To which Davis replied that he and his men were Biscayners in quest of pirates, and that their business in the gulf was to carreen. This account was satisfactory; the secretary warmly welcomed them, and the buccaneers, with the friar at their head, marched up the hill to the church, which was the usual place of public assembly, whether for duty or pastime. Aware of this custom, Davis intended, when the unsuspecting people were all in the sacred edifice,

to shut the doors upon them, announce his calling, and dictate the terms upon which they were to maintain friendship and mutual assistance; but the project was frustrated. It happened that a buccaneer being impatient at the leisurely movement of the inhabitants, rudely attempted to hasten their way by pushing one of them into the church before him; but the native, being frightened, ran off, and the rest, taking the alarm, immediately followed him; so that Davis, who was ignorant of the cause, was surprised to see only himself and the friar left. Nor was this the worst; for some of the English immediately fired, and among other injury committed, the poor secretary was slain.

Notwithstanding this serious rupture, the cacique of the Indians became reconciled to Davis, and afterwards rendered material assistance in directing the ships to proper anchorage for refitting and obtaining supplies of refreshment and water.

The Bachelor's Delight and the Nicholas here broke off consorship, and determined to try their fortune separately—a resolution carried by an unreasonable claim of Davis's crew, who, having the stouter and better ship, would not consent that Eaton's men should share equally with themselves in the captures. This measure being decided upon, and both ships ready for sea, Captain Eaton embarked four hundred packs of the prize flour, and sailed out of the gulf on the 2nd September, 1684.

On the 2nd of October, while lying at the Isle Plata, Captain Swan, in the Cygnet, joined company. He had been fitted out by reputable merchants of London, for a trading voyage, under a license from the Lord High Admiral; but meeting with a company of buccaneers, who had crossed the Isthmus to seek a ship, his men compelled him to receive them on board, to which he yielded, in despair of being able to execute the purpose of his equipment, from the hostility with which the Spaniards treated him at Baldivia. To accommodate the ship for her new vocation, the finer goods with which she was laden were sold to every freebooter who would purchase, various bulky commodities were thrown overboard, and the iron-bars were kept for ballast. In lieu of these sacrifices, it was agreed that ten shares of all booty should be set aside for the owners. Thus the Cygnet mounted sixteen guns, and had 140 men; and Swan quickly proved himself as eager a rover as the best of them, not only in their martial undertakings, but in their habits of life.

The 2nd of November, in the evening, they sent away 110 men to Paíta, where they landed at six o'clock on the following morning, about four miles to the southward of the town; and after a short struggle, without the loss of a single man, took possession of it: but they found it emptied both of money and goods, from precautions adopted by order of the viceroy. For the ransom of the town they required a supply of provisions, which not being complied with, they set it on fire, and quitted the place. Their next attempt was upon Guayaquil, but in this failed from mismanagement; they seized a bark with cloth, and three others laden with one thousand negroes of whom they selected forty to perform the laborious work of their ships, and turned the remainder on shore.

The year 1685 opened by their intercepting a packet-boat, containing intelligence from the president of Panama that the armada had arrived from old Spain, and desiring the late fleet to hasten its departure from Lima. This joyful intelligence determined them to run for the Pearl islands, in order to intercept so precious a prize.

They brought up at Taboga, a pretty islet in front of Panama, which is styled the garden of that city, where an attempt to set their vessels on fire was made by a fellow who committed an outrage at the Canary Isles, and who was now in the Spanish service; but through vigilance and good fortune they escaped by cutting their cables. The following morning, while regaining their anchors, they were thrown into consternation at seeing a large fleet of canoes full of men advancing towards them. These proved to be rovers, who had travelled over the Isthmus of Darien. There were two hundred French, and eighty English, commanded by a Captain Grognet. The Englishmen joined themselves to the Bache-

lor's Delight and the Cygnet, and the Frenchmen were ordered to man the prize. Shortly after this, another large party who had travelled over the same road were received on board, so that by a fortuitous train of incidents their force was augmented, in an hour of extreme need, to 960 men, in two ships mounting great guns, and eight smaller vessels with fire-arms.

For several weeks the freebooting squadron lay nearly opposite Panama, till at length, on the 28th of May, the Spanish fleet, upon which their whole attention had been concentrated, hove in sight. From precise information which they afterwards obtained from prisoners, it consisted of fourteen sail, besides several periagos, rowing with twelve or fourteen oars a-piece. Six sail were large ships; the admiral, forty-eight guns, four hundred and fifty men; the vice-admiral, forty guns, four hundred men; the rear-admiral, thirty-six guns, three hundred and sixty men; a ship of twenty-four guns, and three hundred men; another of eight guns, two hundred men; two large brulots, six vessels with small arms, having eight hundred men, besides two or three hundred in the row-boats. Such was the formidable array of that object for which the rovers had so impatiently waited.

But this disparity did not daunt the courage of the gallant Davis, who, unacquainted with the fact of the Spanish admiral having prudently landed the treasure before seeking the fight, resolved to acquire wealth and the dominion of the South Seas, by close combat and boarding. He therefore resolutely bore down upon the advancing foe, and exchanged broadsides, till night coming on he forbore further engagement, as, from Swan not acting up to his orders, and Grognet sheering off without coming into action at all, he was deprived of the support of his most able ships.

From an unpardonable neglect on the part of the buccaneers, the Spaniards gained the weather-gage in the night, by the simple stratagem of sending a false light to decoy their adversaries to leeward; the loss of which point was fatal to the method of attack proposed by Davis, since it enabled the enemy to choose his own distance. Such being the case, all hopes of conquest vanished with the returning dawn, and they sought self-preservation. The Spanish ships now became the assailants, steering for them under full sail. There was no alternative for the rovers but to make off, and a running skirmish was maintained till the evening; when, having been chased completely round the bay of Panama, they anchored at the very place they had quitted in the morning.

The buccaneers' hopes of enriching themselves by the plate fleet having ended in smoke, and the dreams of the prodigious sea-traffic of these coasts being annihilated, they resolved to try what the land would afford. Among other descents, it was planned to secure the port of Ria Lexa, and from thence march inland to assault Leon, a place described by an early English writer as the "Paradise of the Indies." On the 9th of August, Captain Davis, with five hundred and thirty men, in thirty-one canoes, quitted the ship about eight leagues from the shore. In the course of the day and following night they encountered several of those heavy and sudden tornadoes, which are common in tropical climates; but escaping from these dangerous squalls, which had nearly proved fatal to their expedition, they landed at daybreak; when Dampier being left with a party of sixty men to guard the canoes, the remainder marched for Leon in separate divisions; and at three in the afternoon, Captain Townley, who led the van with only eighty men, entered the city. He was briskly charged by about two hundred cavalry, who all retreated on seeing two or three of their number fall; and this example was followed by five hundred infantry, leaving quiet possession to Townley and his little band.

Their endeavours to procure 300,000 pieces of eight, and as much provision as would subsist 1000 men for four months, as a ransom for the city, proving ineffectual, they set it on fire, and withdrew their men to Ria Lexa, where they remained a week; when some of their destructive crew set fire to that place likewise, and embarked leaving it burning.

After this expedition no object of enterprise occurred to the confederacy of sufficient magnitude to induce them to

keep together in such large force; therefore Captains Davis and Swan thought it meet to break off consortsip; the former being resolved to revisit the coast of Peru, in quest of adventures, and the latter feeling inclined to go farther to the northward, previous to returning by a western course over the Pacific. The fraternity therefore parted company by general consent; and as Dampier, whose thirst of knowledge was insatiable, wished to obtain a more intimate cognizance of the Mexican shores, and was inclined to go to the East Indies, he determined to leave Davis, and accompany Captain Swan.

Captain Swan continued to cruise on the coast of Mexico; but without any occurrence of material importance till the 16th of February, 1686, when a descent was made upon Santa Pecaque, in order to procure provisions. They now learned from a prisoner that 1000 men-at-arms were marching upon them from Santiago. On this the captain wished his people to proceed together, in regular order, with what they could carry; but they refused to obey him till all the provisions were embarked, and persisted in continuing their occupation without any extra precaution. They, however, paid dearly for their reckless hardihood, as they were suddenly attacked by the Spaniards and the whole of one division killed.

This disheartening misfortune determined Swan to quit the coast with his diminished company; he therefore sailed with the intention of gaining the South Cape of California, there to clean his ship for her lengthy voyage across the Pacific; but adverse winds drove him to the desolate isles of Tres Marias. While they lay here, the scheme for returning by the great western route was unfolded to the crew; but there was some difficulty in persuading the ignorant sailors to consent to this, for having never heard of such a route to that part of the world, they thought it impracticable. The science of Dampier (who was enraptured at the prospect of so new and long a voyage), and the eloquence of Captain Swan and others of the officers, triumphed, however, over the ignorance of the men; and the Indian voyage being determined upon, they made sail for some uninhabited islands off the Californian coast, where they careened their ships.

On the 31st of March, 1686, these daring mariners set out from Cape Corrientes to traverse the vast, and then very imperfectly known Pacific Ocean; till at length, after a run of fifty days, when the people were half-starved and mutinous, they opportunely made Guahan, one of the Ladrone islands. A friendly intercourse was soon established, and continued to be kept up between Swan and the Spanish governor, notwithstanding the latter was well aware of the profession of his visitors, he being as little able to withstand an attack, as the ships, under existing circumstances, were little inclined to make one. While a brisk trade was going on, and provisions and refreshments were being procured in abundance, the Acapulco galleon arrived in sight of the island, and would probably have been captured, but for the governor giving her timely advice of the danger, by means of a flying proa.

After staying twelve days at this island, the hardy adventurers shaped their course for the Philippine Islands, among which they arrived on the 21st of June, and where they remained, chiefly at Mindano, till the 14th of January. This place had so many attractions, that six or eight of the buccanniers ran away, resolved to stay there; and as Captain Swan lived constantly ashore, showing little disposition for future enterprise, and as the mariners were suspicious of his projects, they seized the ship and sailed away without him.

The ship was now in the hands of "a mad crew,"—who seem to have proceeded from place to place, chiefly between the promontory of Malacca, Cochin China, China, and the Philippines, as their random necessities prompted them; sometimes rioting in luxuries, at others subsisting on a small portion of rice, and nearly reduced to a state of starvation; in all which vicissitudes the inquiries of our zealous navigator were continued with ardent constancy.

From the vigilance of the new captain, who was fearful of any one getting away who could inform against him, Dampier was unable to effect his escape from this unruly crew, till they had cruised in this manner for nearly seventeen months; when,

after considerable altercation, he was beached at the Isle of Nicobar, in company with two Englishmen and five prisoners, on the 6th of May, 1688.

They went in a canoe to the east side of the island, and thence, on the 15th of May, 1688, being eight individuals crowded in a small and fragile boat, they intrepidly started for Acheen in Sumatra, with no other guide or means than the experience of Dampier, and his pocket compass.

On the 18th of May the appearance of the sky was alarming. The wind and sea rose to an enormous height—while thunder, lightning, and rain, combined to render the night the most dreadful one he had ever experienced. The tempest at length abated, and the boat reached Sumatra; but the whole party were in such a state of exhaustion, from their hardships and fatigue, that they were unable to manage it without assistance. Two of the party sunk under their sufferings, and the rest were conveyed, by the friendly Malays among whom they had fallen, to Acheen, where Dampier thought to end his wanderings in the grave. But his constitution rallied; and with returning strength he made various voyages to Tonquin, Malacca, Madras, and other places; and, whether in sickness or in health, assiduously continued to acquire knowledge and keep up his journals. After escaping many dangers, he at length arrived at Bencoolen, where he was well received, and appointed master-gunner of the fort there; till anxiously waiting for an opportunity to return to England, he succeeded in getting on board the *Defence*, an Indiaman, on the 2nd of January, 1691, abandoning all his property, save his manuscripts. The *Defence* sailed from the Cape of Good Hope, and, after touching at St. Helena, arrived in the Downs without meeting with any remarkable occurrence, on the 16th of September, 1691.

His first occupation was the compiling and publication of his "Voyage round the World," and afterwards of a supplement, entitled "Voyages and Descriptions," to which was appended an elaborate discourse on meteorology. The intrinsic merits of his work, the charm of the narrative, and the unostentatious yet strongly perspicuous style, were at once acknowledged by the public; and it, moreover, brought him under the notice of government. He was appointed commander of the *Roebuck*, of twelve guns and fifty men, by commission dated the 26th of July, 1698.

The *Roebuck* sailed from the Downs, with a fair wind, on the 14th of January, 1699. She proceeded by Teneriffe and Brazil to the Cape of Good Hope, and from thence to New Holland, where considerable progress was made in exploring its coasts. Captain Dampier's zeal for fulfilling his instructions was soon thwarted, being compelled to bear away for the island of Timor, in consequence of his people being terribly affected with the scurvy. Having recruited the crew, and careened his ship, he left Timor, and arrived off New Guinea on the 1st of January, 1700. Here he made a considerable number of discoveries, particularly of a large island which he called New Britain; and on the strait between it and New Guinea, his own name has since been deservedly bestowed. He intended to have examined these tracts thoroughly, but was prevented by the foul and inefficient state of his ship, the fewness of his home-sick crew, and the danger of continuing, in these circumstances, among unknown rocks and shoals during the eastern monsoon, which was approaching. He therefore resolved to direct his course for Batavia, where he arrived on the 3rd of July.

The *Roebuck* rode before Batavia till the 17th of October, when, being refitted and supplied, she took advantage of the proper season for making the passage, and sailed for Europe. Nothing particular occurred till the 21st of February, 1701, when they came in sight of the island of Ascension. On the day after, the ship sprung a dangerous leak, which increased so rapidly and violently, that in a short time the chain-pumps could not free her. At length, by great and unremitting exertions of pumping and baling, the water was got under, and the place of the leak ascertained. It soon became evident that the disaster was now so incurable, that their whole attention was directed to keeping her afloat till daylight. Early on the following morning Captain Dampier stood for the bay, and an-

chored there. Every measure to remedy the accident was immediately put into execution. These were, unhappily, all fruitless; for after ripping the ceiling near the leak, in order to get at it within board, the plank was discovered to be so rotten, that it broke away. It was now too evident that if they remained on board they would perish, and that nothing was left for Dampier to do in this distressed situation but to endeavour, if possible, to save the lives of his people. The pumping and baling were continued unremittingly to keep the vessel afloat during the night, and the boats were hoisted out, although it was dark, that if she gave any indications of foundering at her anchor the crew might be rescued. When day broke they endeavoured to run in shore, but the land wind baffled their intention. The case was critical, as it was momentarily expected that the *Roeback* would go down. At length, in the afternoon, on the springing up of the sea-breeze, they managed to bring the vessel into three-and-a-half fathoms water, where they secured her. The greatest exertions were now made to save such articles as were more immediately necessary for future existence and preservation: the seamen's chests and bedding were got safe to land upon a raft, and all the sails were unbent and carried on shore for the purpose of being converted into tents.

Captain Dampier remained on board the sinking ship till the very last. He had to regret the loss of many of his books and papers, and a collection of shells gathered in New Holland. The plants he contrived to save, and they were afterwards placed in the hands of the ingenious Dr. Woodward.

The condition of the party was more fortunate than that which generally falls to the lot of shipwrecked seamen. They had saved most of their property, and were tolerably housed: the island abounded with turtle, goats, land-crabs, and tropical birds, and the air was exceedingly wholesome. To add still further to their satisfaction, they discovered a spring of excellent water, about eight miles distant from the bay where they landed.

In this state the shipwrecked company remained about five weeks, when they were relieved from their anxiety by the arrival of three English men-of-war, and an Indianan, on the 3rd of April. Captain Dampier immediately embarked on board the *Anglesea*, of 48 guns, with the greater part of his people, the remainder being accommodated in the other ships.

On the breaking out of the war of the Spanish succession, Captain Dampier was induced to accept the command of a couple of privateers, the *St. George*, of 26 guns and 120 men, and the *Cinque Ports* galley, of 16 guns and 63 men, which were intended to cruise in the South sea, on the compact—"no prey no pay." The outfit being brought to a close, the privateers quitted their moorings on the 11th of September, and stood out to sea.

Having touched at Madeira, the privateers stood for the Cape de Verd Islands, and on the 7th of October, anchored at Port Praya, in St. Jago, where, after tarrying a week, the ships sailed for the coast of Brazil; and on the 19th of November anchored at St. Ann's, from whence they moved to Isla Grande, in order to procure wood and water. Here Captain Pickering died, and was buried with respectful ceremony at the watering-place; being succeeded in the command of the *Cinque Ports* by Thomas Stradling, his lieutenant.

The voyage was rife of quarrel and dispute to an extraordinary degree, much of which may be imputed to the shameful principle of "no purchase, no pay," by which the crew were not entitled to wages, and much to the irritation resulting from successive dissensions. Scarcely was a reconciliation effected, when a strange sail hove in sight of Cumberland Bay, to which both ships gave chase. She proved to be a French cruiser of 400 tons burthen, and thirty guns, and after a running fight, in which both ships suffered considerably, they parted.

This was, in all respects, a most unlucky occurrence, since a necessary consequence of the unsuccessful encounter would be, the announcement of the arrival of a pair of English privateers in the South sea. They again stood for Juan Fernandez, and regained sight of that noted resort of buccaneers on the 3rd of March, 1704, when they despatched two large ships, which were soon made out to be French, and necessary for them to avoid.

They therefore stood from the island, and made sail for the coast of Peru.

Arriving before Lima, the privateers had the mortification to see the Frenchman they had lately engaged, in company with another vessel, enter the port of Callao. It being then unsafe to remain in that neighbourhood, they stood to the northward, and took a couple of prizes, laden with sundries, and a good sum of money. Dampier dismissed both these vessels, after taking their boats and as much of their cargoes as suited his present occasions.

On the 28th of April, the privateers attempted to surprise the town of Santa Maria, in the Bay of Panama. After a wet and stormy night in the boats, Dampier and Stradling, with one hundred and two armed men, entered the river, when one of the sailors imprudently firing at a canoe which approached them, created an alarm, and they were ultimately obliged to retreat, with the loss of one of their party killed, and several wounded by shot from ambushes. They regained their ships at Point Garachina on the 6th of May. Fortune very unexpectedly favoured them, for at midnight a ship of 550 tons, without any suspicion of an enemy being on the coast, anchored close to them, and was immediately made a prize of. She proved to be deeply laden with flour, sugar, wine, brandy, salt, and about thirty tons of quince marmalade, besides many bales of linen and woollen cloths. Both the English vessels fully victualled themselves from the cargo, after which she was dismissed.

The two commanders now determined to part company, and cruise independently of each other; on which occasion liberty was given to both the crews severally to choose their ship, and five men changed.

While beating to the southward, on the 7th of June, the *St. George* took a vessel of about one hundred tons burden, laden with dry provisions, and some wrought silks. The *St. George* now steered to the northward, to try the Mexican shores, and look out for the Manila galleon.

On the 6th of December, a sail was descried, which, being chased, proved to be the long-expected galleon. An action ensued, but her superiority compelled Dampier to sheer off to save his vessel from sinking; and the galleon pursued her course without further molestation.

The crew were now busily occupied in refitting the *St. George* as well as they could. The carpenter applied tallow and charcoal to the shot-hole, not daring, as he said, to drive in a nail, for fear of making matters worse. Having by such means put himself in an apparent state of efficiency, Dampier stood again for the coast of Peru, with a courage that must command admiration; for here was a crazy tub, with a complement of twenty-eight men and boys, about to wage war upon a whole nation; yet, in spite of these disadvantages, he and his small band surprised and plundered Puna, and afterwards hovered on the coast till their coffin-ship was no longer able to keep the sea. At length they removed into a little brigantine which they had taken from the Spaniards, and left the old *St. George* riding at her anchor among the isles of Lobos de la Mar. They then sailed across the Pacific Ocean to the East Indies in their cockle-shell of a craft, and arrived at the Dutch settlements, where, Dampier having no commission to show them, the authorities seized his vessel and goods, and detained him a prisoner for some time.

Previous to the return of our intrepid navigator at the close of 1707, a company of Bristol merchants had plotted a cruise against the Spaniards, and the Duke and Duchess, privateers, were accordingly fitted out; the command of the former, a ship of 30 guns and 183 men, was given to Captain Woodes Rogers; and of the latter, which carried 26 guns and 121 men, to Captain Courtney. On such an occasion, the co-operation of a man who had been three times to the South Seas, and twice round the world, was most desirable; and arrangements were made by which Dampier consented to embark in the quality of pilot, and also as one of the council by which the affairs of the two ships were to be directed.

Several prizes were captured in the waters of Peru; and at Guayaquil, where Dampier commanded the artillery and reserve, they obtained plunder to the value of £21,000, and 27,000

dollars as a ransom for the town. "They afterwards stood" for California, and fell in with a Manilla ship, richly laden with merchandise, and £12,000 in gold and silver; and after a brisk action, in which Captain Rogers was wounded in the mouth, she surrendered.

They now turned their thoughts homeward, after a cruise which was successful on the whole. Having made all the requisite arrangements, they quitted Porto Seguro with their prize, and keeping the usual track of the galleons, they reached Guahan on the 10th of March, 1710, where, hoisting Spanish colours, they procured provisions and refreshments in abundance. Having amply supplied their wants, and made equitable returns for what they had received, the ships made sail to the westward, visited Bouton, Batavia, and the Cape of Good Hope; at which last place they waited for the benefit of convoy. At length, returning to Europe by the "north about" passage, they anchored in the Texel in July, 1711, and arrived in the Thames on the 14th of October.

The voyage of the Duke and Duchess, was the last in which our illustrious navigator ever engaged. He died in the parish of St. Stephen, Coleman-street, London, in the month of March, 1715, new style, in the 63rd year of his age.

His will bears date the 29th November, 1714.—"I, Captain William Dampier, of London, mariner, being diseased and weak of body, but of sound and perfect mind (praised be God therefore), considering that whereas nothing is more certain than man's death, yet, that nothing is more uncertain than the time of man's dissolution, do make this my last will and testament," &c. He then leaves all his goods and household stuffs to his dear cousin, Grace Mercer, of London, spinster. Then, disposing of his remaining property—be it in the hands of Captain Newton, of Eagle-court, Strand, or be it in the hands of Thomas Jones, of London—divided into ten parts. One tenth he leaves to his brother George Dampier, of Porton, near Bridport, Dorset, Gent., and the remaining nine-tenths to his cousin Grace Mercer, whom he appoints executrix; from which disposition of his property, it seems that he had become a widower.

PRESENTATION OF AN ADDRESS BY THE OLD VETERAN.

"MAY it please your Majesty, Mr. Breeze, of your Majesty's Royal Navy, with an address from the seamen at Plymouth," said the Admiralty Lord, displaying the old seaman in full figure.

"Breeze, Breeze?" said the King, giving Joe one of his peculiarly shrewd looks; "what ship, eh? what ship?"

"The Roaring Boreas, an't please yer Majesty's honour," responded Joe, laughingly, and giving first a knowing twist to his club tail, and, secondly, a characteristic hitch to his silk tights.

"What? what?" uttered the King—"Roaring what?—Oh, ay—Boreas—Boreas—a Breeze in the Roaring Boreas, eh? What rank, what rank? steady Breeze, I hope, but what rank?" when observing the silver chain and call round the veteran's neck, he added, "Oh, I see, I see—boatswain, eh? boatswain—boatswain Breeze; handsome call—blow it well, Mr. Breeze, eh?" and the good-humoured monarch laughed.

"God bless your honour's Majesty!" answered Joe, touching the forelock of his silvery hair, and making a scrape with his foot and a bend with his head that threw his enormous tail over his shoulder, "I ar'n't a bo'sun, seeing as I never had the honour of sporting a warrant whilst under the pennant; but I've served your Majesty man and boy five-and-forty years, and ud be ready to sarve yer Majesty again whensomever you should be pleased to ax me. Though, for the matter o' that, your Majesty, I strive to do my best, even out of commission, as Billy Pitt there—I humbly axes honour's pardon—I means Muster Billy Pitt, can testify."

"Good, good—very good!" said the easily-pleased Monarch; "Mr. Breeze and Billy Pitt! But—but—the address—the address." Observing Joe was again about to speak, he added, "What—what!—stay—stay!—the address—read the address."

This Joe did with a very good grace, giving the words their proper emphasis, to the infinite delight and gratification of the good-tempered King, who had a strong regard for his navy, and of Mr. Pitt, who had in some measure apprised his Majesty of the veteran's claims to consideration.

"The seamen of the fleet at Plymouth, eh?" said the King, when the veteran had ceased reading the document; "and signed too—signed by—let me see—let me see—"

"Upwards of four thousand, an't please yer Majesty," responded Joe, again twitching his tail behind him, "all hearty souls, and ready to fight the devil, if so be as he should hoist the tri-colour ensign."

"Hush, hush!" returned the King, "never, never call names. But tell them, Mr. Breeze, tell the seamen I receive their congratulations with pleasure, and am gratified by their expressions of attachment; it shall ever be my study to watch over and promote their welfare, as much as they have manifested a determination to defend their king and country."

In the excitement of this narration, which had induced him to throw himself into attitude, Joe's tail had again, somehow or other, swung bodily over his shoulder, and looked like a swivel on the present.

"Siege of Gibraltar, eh?" said the King; "siege of Gibraltar; grand tail; wonderful tail;—kneel down, Mr. Breeze;—eh, Pitt, eh?"

The minister bowed with stiff formality.

"There—kneel, kneel, kneel!—kneel down, Mr. Breeze!—Joseph, isn't it, eh?—isn't it, Joe—Joseph, eh?—Joseph Breeze, kneel down."

The words, "grand tail," "wonderful tail," Joe had promptly applied to his tale of Gibraltar and the call, and it tended to gratify the old tar's self-love; but to kneel in his silk tights was another matter—it amounted to almost impossibility—and the repeated commands of the sovereign still urging him, he exclaimed, "Well, then, I'm —" the rest was stoppered, for the eye of his royal master was still upon him, and he felt rebuked before he uttered the oath.

"But it's all in regard o' these here consarns, yer Majesty," said he, somewhat abashed at the predicament in which he was placed. "They would brace me sharp up, though I knew it was going free before yer Majesty, I should be; and now here I am, worse off nor a marine in purser's slops—hard up, jammed like Jackson. Howsomever, here goes for a bend, anyhow, as I hopes yer Majesty's honour and glory is a going to giv me a blessing;" and down he dropped upon both hands and knees, ultimately raising himself upon the latter, whilst the ripping of seams, the cracking of stitches, and the chattering of the main stuff itself, gave evident testimony that there was something "rotten in the state of Denmark."

The monarch having received a sword from the hands of an attendant, held it over the veteran's head, and then applying the flat part pretty smartly to his shoulders, he uttered, "Arise, Sir Joseph Breeze; there, there, there—get up, man, get up—rise, rise; I've knighted you, and you are now Sir Joseph; get up. Now, now; go, go," said the King; "tell the sailors, tell them not to mutiny again, but to be good lads, and beat the French."

"Then I'm d—d if I don't," returned Joe, so overpowered by his emotions, as to forget the anointed presence in which he stood.

"Mustn't swear, never swear," said his Majesty, in a tone half reproof, half remonstrance; "Bible says, 'Swear not at all' read, read the Bible. Go, now go;" and turning to the Admiralty Lord who had introduced the veteran, he added, "Take, take, take him away. Never swear, bad habit, swearing, meant honestly enough; large tail, monstrous tail. There, there, good-bye, sailor, good-bye!"

"God Almighty bless yer Majesty!" responded Joe, with a schoolboy expression of contrition on his countenance. "I owns to the slapsis lingo, and is heartily ashamed on it."

DISTRESSING ACCOUNT OF THE VOYAGE OF THE
SCHOONER, LITTLE PATTY.

REENMAN GREER, MASTER.

With a Melancholy Relation of her Foundering in the Gulf, and the Sufferings of her unfortunate Crew, in the year 1806.

THE following condensed account of this truly calamitous voyage is furnished by one of the passengers of the schooner:—

“Left Charleston Bar, bound to St. Mary’s, the 26th of July. On the 27th, being headed by the wind off Tybee, put into Cockspar for a harbour—lay there until the 7th of August, wind favouring, put to sea. At eleven o’clock same evening was overtaken by a severe squall from the north, which carried away the top and fore-sails; afterwards, the wind being variable, endeavoured to proceed under the remaining sails, until Tuesday the 12th; the winds heading, and finding ourselves unable to beat to the south, and the schooner taking in more water than usual, called a general council, and thought it advisable to put back to Savannah—got into harbour the same evening; next day, the 4th, got the vessel up to the town, and immediately employed some carpenters to overhaul and repair her. After being thoroughly repaired and pronounced seaworthy, we put to sea again on Monday the 18th, winds fair but light, we proceeded on until the 21st, with our port full in view, we considered our voyage nearly at its close. While indulging these pleasing ideas, the wind sprang up from N.W. and blew hard; we endeavoured to hold our course beating on and off, in hopes soon to experience a favourable change; wind increasing, and by twelve at night might be termed a gale. Our vessel labouring hard, sprang a leak; and in order to ease her, at two a.m. bore away before the wind; the passengers and crew indefatigably employed at the pump and baling, the leak overbalancing our efforts. In order to lighten her, the masts were cut away by the board, the anchors and cables dropped, the camboose thrown away, and every other heavy article that could be come at; we continued every possible effort to free her, until about one p.m., when finding the water more than five feet in the hold, and all hands being exhausted, we gave her up. We then indulged hopes, that although she must fill, she would not sink, having but few heavy articles of cargo. Under this impression, we prepared provisions, water, clothes, and bedding on the quarter-deck; also quadrants, compasses, books, charts, &c. that would be likely to aid us, or render our situation comfortable, lashing many of the articles fast, as we expected at best to be severely washed by the sea, we had the precaution to prepare the boat in the best possible manner, as a last, though dreadful resource—the gale severe and the sea tremendous, being then about the middle of the gulf.

“About four o’clock came the horrid hour—a most distressing and terrific moment!! Death seemed to have extended his all-devouring jaws, ready to inclose us in eternal night! Our vessel had filled much sooner than we expected, and was sinking. The shrieks of females, the confusion and danger of all, with the violence of the seas, that were continually breaking over us, presented, perhaps the most solemn and distressing scene ever beheld by mortals. One man had been stationed in the boat, and was continually employed in baling to keep her afloat. When the schooner filled, two old ladies, nearly eighty years of age, lost their holds, and were by every sea washed about the decks; one, however, soon went overboard, but was so fortunate as to be drove directly against the painter of the boat, which she firmly seized, and was drawn on board by the seamen. About the same time a young lady Miss M. Osborne, was by a violent wave washed overboard. Mr. Curtice, a passenger, beheld her at this moment, seized a rope’s end, and sprang overboard, caught her by the gown, and restored her again to the deck, and advised her to lay hold of the quarter rail until he could procure a rope. While he was in the act of getting a lanyard, another tremendous billow swept across the deck, carrying away the binnacle, which struck violently against him, knocked him off his feet, and in its destruction, swept three persons overboard, Mrs. Greer, the captain’s wife, with her son, and the unfortunate Miss Osborne. Mrs. Greer, though overboard, did not lose her hold, and soon recovered; her little son

held fast by her clothes; every possible exertion was made to save the fair Maria, but alas! was made in vain. Her mild looks seemed to solicit assistance, but all our efforts failed—no earthly power could save her. She at length, as if resigned to her fate, extended her arms to Heaven, and seemed to smile even in death. All the others (seventeen in number) with difficulty succeeded in getting into the boat; took in two small dogs and a cat that came alongside; we lost all oars but one, which served to keep the boat direct before the sea, being destitute of a rudder. The names of the persons thus escaped, were Mrs. Parris, of St. Mary’s; Mrs. Dunham, of Charleston; Mrs. Greer, wife of the captain; and Miss Eliza Blew, of St. Mary’s; Captain Greer and son; Captain John Clarke, of Connecticut, who served as mate; Amos Arnold and Daniel Smith, both of the above place; Hance Patterson, a Dane; and John Curtice, of New York, a passenger; and six blacks—all stowed away in a small boat, with strict orders not to move, except the helmsman and balers: had two buckets, which were in almost continual use, the sea breaking violently over us. In this manner we rode out the storm, during a tedious night; at day-light the wind abated, the sea growing more moderate.

“Having taken little or no nourishment during the gale, and being very much fatigued, we needed refreshment; overhauled our stores; found them to consist of a gallon and a half of water, one bottle of gin, one ditto wine, and twelve or thirteen pounds of raw pork; this was the whole amount on which we had to subsist. In this deplorable situation, we found ourselves to the east of the gulf, far from any succour from land, and out of the tract most frequented by mariners. Saturday, got an easterly wind, which we endeavoured to improve by hoisting a small blanket for a sail to drift us back towards the American coast. On the 24th, 25th, 26th, and 27th, the winds were mostly from the eastward. In the afternoon of the 27th of August, saw a distant sail—joy brightened in every countenance; we hoisted and waved red and white handkerchiefs to attract their attention towards us, and although the sail was at the distance of several miles, gave repeated shouts in the hope they might possibly hear; but to our inexpressible grief and disappointment she neither saw nor heard us; and as her course took her from us, we gradually lost sight of our hoped-for relief.

“At evening, the wind grew high, during the night had rained, caught some water by means of our blanket, handkerchiefs, &c., though rendered very brackish by the salt spray, answered us a very valuable purpose. At two o’clock, 28th, wind changed, blew up a tremendous swell and cross sea; it was with the greatest difficulty we kept above water. In the evening moderate, moon shone, wind favouring, we again steered westward. While recrossing the gulf had severe squalls, in some of which we were enabled to catch some water, though not enough to allay our thirst, afforded us a very necessary relief. On the 29th, weather extremely warm, no shelter from the scorching rays; no room to stretch our weary limbs; heat, abstinence, and fatigue began to overpower our debilitated frames—now parched with the piercing beams of the sun, next wet with salt spray, and chilled with cold night air, no water. The 30th, calm, towards the middle of the day extremely warm, no water to cool even our parched lips, some of our crew fainting. At two o’clock, p.m., saw a sail; all efforts to get to her vain; those who were sick grew more discouraged, and those who wished to keep up their own and comrades’ spirits, had no resource but to call their attention to the wonderful escapes they had already experienced, and the favours and all-sufficiency of that Providence, already so abundantly manifest, and to excite them to remember they were in the hands of that God, who disposed of all things rightly, and was incapable of error. Sunday, nothing remarkable, wind at east. Monday morning, at one o’clock, being 1st of September, Mr. John Clark, yielded up this life, while his head was supported, and eyes closed by Mr. Curtice: the unhappy crew viewing this ghastly spectacle as an example which, without providential relief, they must all soon follow.—Next morning, calm, keep the corpse till twelve o’clock, the wind increasing, and the weather threatening, we then consigned him to his watery home; while in the act of burying him, a little negro girl expired; we cast her into the sea. At four we had a shower, caught some water; after the shower the

wind increased; the sea grew rough, and by sun-set might be termed a boisterous gale; all hands stationed, without liberty to move, except those selected for the helm and brackets; the prohibition was unnecessary, as several of the crew were unable to rise; the storm increased, fully equal to any we had before experienced; the night was dark, no glimmering of light, but what was reflected by the breaking of the fiery billows; our little bark kept above the surface, now mounting in an almost perpendicular direction high in air, now plunging headlong almost to the earth; the sea bursting over our heads, frequently filling our boat at a single dash. Hands all exhausted, and were it not the last effort for preserving life, could not have performed their offices. Thus passed on this dread, gloomy time, until about three o'clock, a.m., at which time the bright empress of the night burst forth her radiance, dispelling the sable curtain, by which she had been so deeply enshrouded, shooting forth her rays in the mildest lustre, the wind fast abating; about fifteen minutes after we were thus illuminated, as if the all-protecting hand of omnipotence had predetermined it, as a singular instance whereby to manifest his power—just at the expiration of all earthly hope, extended his saving arm; in this case the rays broke suddenly forth, and immediately appeared a sail in view; close at hand; welcome sight! when we were both mounted on the seas, could distinguish her to be a brig bearing towards us.

"Never had we seen a sight so hopeful, or even so needful. The brig was lying to not far to leeward; we soon drifted down within hail; at the fourth hail was answered by her crew—joyful sound! it was then our hearts bounded with joy!—Then was made manifest the outstretched hand of God! Even those who lay helpless in the boat, exerted their weak lungs in joyful exclamations. The brig's men were attentive to our safety; we dropped under her stern, and after several attempts, with considerable difficulty caught a tow-ropes, and notwithstanding the extreme roughness of the sea, and the deep rolling of the brig, were soon conveyed safely on board, except an unlucky blow which Miss Blew received from an oar in the hands of a seaman, while endeavouring to bear off the boat to prevent her staving against the brig. This fortunate circumstance took place between four and five o'clock on Tuesday morning, 2nd of September. Found the brig to be the Polly, Captain S. Hubble."

"To Captain Hubble's humanity and attention, as well as that of his crew, were greatly indebted, yet notwithstanding all their kind attentions, and every possible human aid, meagre death continued its ravages. At two o'clock the same day, H. Paterson, seaman, departed this life, and several others were ill. On Wednesday, the 3rd, at one o'clock, Mrs. Parris, yielded up her spirit to the God that gave it. The remainder of the crew soon recovered."

CONJUGAL AFFECTION OF A FRENCH FEMALE.

THE following affecting account of the heroism and affection of a French female, we extract from the Log of a foremast man.

Whilst we were engaging the combined fleets of France and Spain, at the battle of Trafalgar, a French ship caught fire, the crew of which made every effort to escape from the flames, and as

"Britons fight but to conquer, and conquer to save."

our frigates and schooners, which had been lying off during the battle, sent their boats to endeavour to save as many lives as possible. Amongst those who were thus preserved from a watery grave was a young French woman, who was brought on board our ship in a state of complete nakedness. Although it was in the heat of the battle, yet she received every assistance which at that time was in our power; and her distress of mind was soothed as well as we could, until the officers got to their chests, and from whence they supplied her with needles and thread, to convert sheets into chemises, and curtains from their coats, to make somewhat of a gown, and other garments, so that by degrees she was made as comfortable as circumstances would admit; for we all tried who could be most kind to her; and as the history of this adventurer may acquire some interest from the account she gave of it, the following is the statement as collected from herself:—

The combined fleets had received orders to proceed from Cadiz, where they lay, to make an attack upon and capture the British fleet; for, from their superior force they were confident of success, and elated at the same time with the idea, that it would be but an easy task. That no impediment might be in the way, all the females were ordered to go on shore; she was married, and could not endure the thought of quitting her husband; she was resolved, therefore, to share his glory or his death. No time was lost in carrying her plan into execution; for having rigged herself out in a suit of sailor's clothes, thus disguised she entered on board in the same ship with him, as a seaman.

In this state she remained, doing duty, during the engagement, when, whilst fighting by the side of her husband, a ball killed him on the spot. On seeing him fall dead, the conflict was too great; nature displayed itself, and through excess of grief she betrayed her sex.

To add to the distresses which the discovery occasioned, an alarm was now spread that the ship was on fire; she seemed to care very little about it: life to her was not desirable, whilst all hands were employed in the endeavour to check the progress of the flames. This seemed to be impossible, and it became necessary to think of the means of escape; for the fire raged with great fury, and there was every probability that, in a few minutes, the ship would be blown into the air, as the fire was fast approaching the powder magazines.

The resolution to take to the water being now unavoidable the men commenced to undress themselves; in this dreadful situation she was strongly urged to do the same, to make every effort for self-preservation, and it being the only chance she could possibly have of saving her life. After some entreaty, persuasion, and remonstrance, she summoned up sufficient resolution, and prepared herself to endure the agonizing alternative, for the only choice, which her unfortunate case presented, was, either to strip, or perish in the flames.

She was then lowered into the ocean by a rope from the taffrail, the lead of which was melting at the time; and whilst letting her down, some of it dropped and burned the back of her neck. On reaching the water, one of her shipmates, who was a good swimmer, staid by her side, and supported her until she was picked up by a boat belonging to the Pickle schooner, and brought on board the ship she was then in.

Her name was Jeannette, of French Flanders, and she remained with us until our arrival at Gibraltar, when, a cartel took her to a Spanish port. On leaving our ship, her heart seemed overwhelmed with gratitude; she shed abundance of tears, and could only now and then, with a deep sigh, exclaim, "*Les bons Anglois.*"

SHIPWRECK OF CAPTAIN GEORGE ROBERTS,

IN THE YEAR 1721.

NUMEROUS are the disasters to which mariners are exposed, and the fortitude with which many of them have undergone the most mournful reverses of fortune, teaches an useful lesson of patience and resignation; and shows what man is capable of acting or suffering.

Captain Roberts, who had been bred to the sea, in the year 1721, entered into a contract with several merchants of London to sail to Virginia, and there to load with a cargo for the Guinea trade. Having purchased slaves to the amount of his investments, he was to proceed with them either to Barbadoes or Virginia, as he found most likely to be conducive to the interests of his employers; and having disposed of his live freight, he was to load with the produce of the country, for the London market. This was a complex and tedious enterprise, and fortune forbade that it should be more than partially accomplished. Captain Roberts indeed reached Virginia, and purchased a sloop and suitable cargo, with which he steered towards the Cape de Verd islands; but here calamities and distress overtook him.

Near St. Nicholas, one of those islands, he fell into the hands of pirates, and finding him a man of spirit and integrity, they anxiously strove to unite him in the same nefarious confederacy. These attempts he steadily resisted; but

his unhappy situation rendered it necessary to conform more than he seems to have liked with their humours and prejudices. One of the commanders among the pirates treated him with much indulgence, probably from a wish to draw him into his lure. By the interest of this person he was to be allowed to go on board his own ship, and to be supplied with some necessaries; but unfortunately refusing to drink the Pretender's health, which surely had not been a very venial offence, circumstanced as he was, one of the piratical captains threatened to shoot him through the head; and after having insulted him in the most inhuman manner, barbarously forced him on board his own vessel at midnight, without provisions, water, or sails, and with only two boys to assist in the navigation, one of whom was not more than eight years of age. He was not even allowed a light, and his ship being leaky, darkness was doubly horrible.

That men of the most abandoned characters should so far forget what humanity is due to their fellow men, as to expose any one to almost certain destruction, merely on account of a foolish toast, may excite the astonishment of the reflecting; nor perhaps shall we wonder much less at the romantic resolution of Captain Roberts, who braved death rather than submit to an insignificant form. Sullen obstinacy is sometimes dignified with the title of heroic constancy, and many have been esteemed martyrs in a good cause, who only felt sacrifices to their own perverse disposition, or unsubmitting tempers.

Thus abandoned to his fate, and with a mind composed and resigned, Captain Roberts first set about pumping his vessel, by the assistance of the elder boy. Having pretty well gained on the water, daylight appeared, when he saw the full extent of his miserable situation. The unfeeling wretches who had turned him adrift, had left him scarcely anything to support life. On rummaging the vessel, he found only a few crumbs of bread, ten gallons of rum, a little rice, and some flour, with two gallons of water.

With much labour he patched up a sail in three days time, during which space himself and his two youthful companions fed on raw flour and rice, drinking nothing but rum. But the heat of the climate, and the fatigues to which they were exposed, rendering this kind of food unwholesome, they made cakes of dough with the little water they had left; but this operation exhausted their stock; they soon felt the extremes of drought, which spirits could not assuage.

Providence now favoured them with a plentiful shower of rain, with which they quenched their thirst, and saved about a gallon over.

Small as their stock of provisions was, they husbanded it with so much care, that with the addition of a shark which they caught, it lasted them for three weeks. When famine began to stare them in the face, they had the good fortune to discover the Isle of St. Anthony; but before they could reach the landing-place, darkness had set in, and they determined to wait in anxious expectation of the day. Thirst, however, was so pressing, that the elder boy solicited permission to go on shore for a little water in a small boat, and to return directly.

No sooner was he gone than Captain Roberts, worn out with fatigue, was taken ill, and retiring to his cabin, insensibly dropped asleep. At midnight he waked, and running on deck, to his extreme distress found the ship almost out of sight of land. Astonished and afflicted at this misfortune, he began to lose all hopes of recovering the shore without the assistance of his companion; and to aggravate his misery, the ship was making water very fast, and the anchor was out, which he had not strength to haul up.

The danger of sinking being most imminent, he applied himself to the pump, and in a few hours sucked it dry. His next labour was to heave the anchor on board, and in this, too, he succeeded beyond his first hopes. Parched with thirst, and without a drop of water, he now endeavoured to regain the island, and at last cast anchor in a sandy bay.

The same evening, some negroes came to his assistance, bringing with them a very seasonable supply of water. This raised his drooping spirits; and by the help of these poor people, who had been engaged by the boy on shore, he at-

tempted to steer the ship into the port of Paraghesi. In the night, the main-sail split, which so daunted the negroes, that they instantly took to their boat, leaving Mr. Roberts in a more forlorn situation than ever.

Next day, while he was exerting himself to steer the vessel to land, he heard the voices of some people in the hold; and found three negroes, who had been left dead drunk by their companions, from applying themselves too freely to the rum, and were now just recovering their senses. These people giving themselves up for lost, when they discovered their situation, at first would render him no assistance; but on a little reflection, and finding they were near St. John's, they began to labour for their preservation. One of them pretended to know the harbour; but when he approached the shore, he was utterly at a loss, and insisted on running the vessel on the rocks.

In this dilemma, Captain Roberts threatened to despatch the first person who should attempt this desperate deed, on which the pretended pilot leaped overboard and swam to land. Soon after the captain hauled in so close to Punto de Sal, that he could almost leap on shore, and in this situation the other negroes left him.

That evening, the moon shone bright, and Captain Roberts saw several of the natives on the rocks, who next morning swam to the ship, and congratulated Captain Roberts on his arrival, and offered him any assistance in their power, if he would go on shore, where they had made a large fire to welcome him. Unfortunately he could not swim, and for the present was obliged to remain on board; but the natives made his situation more comfortable by bringing him fish and other provisions.

The succeeding day the weather looked threatening, and Mr. Roberts was justly afraid of being driven out to sea. The negroes kindly interested themselves in his preservation, and after trying in vain to fasten a rope to the rocks, offered to swim with him and his boy to land. Unwilling, however, to quit the ship while a hope remained of saving her, he resolved to persevere; but next day in spite of all his efforts, the storm drove her on the rocks, which pierced her bottom. The water now rising rapidly, the affrighted negroes left him; but as soon as the storm abated, returned and swam off with the boy. The captain now consented to leave the vessel, when two of them, taking him by the arms, bid him be of good courage, for St. Anthony would protect him. However, they had not proceeded half way, when a surge parted one of his assistants, and had not a third instantly supplied his place, this unhappy man must have been lost. At last he reached the land, and soon saw his vessel part asunder, while the natives employed themselves in swimming backwards and forwards to the wreck, to save what articles they could.

Thus was the captain happily rescued from a boisterous sea, and the attentions of the natives were exerted to dissipate all reflections on his still distressing situation. The negroes then took him to the fire to warm him and dry his clothes, and expressed their admiration of his fortitude and perseverance.

The governor too, hearing of his misfortunes, sent the most humane offers of assistance, and he was now well supplied with milk and fruit. But with all the alleviations of humanity, not only the perils he had just escaped, but his present situation, filled him with awe and apprehension. He was now fixed on a shelf of rocks, under the covert of others which impended over his head. These rose to an amazing height, and it was not without great danger that the friendly natives descended such frightful precipices to his assistance, which it was impossible for him to climb; and as he could not swim, as they did, to a landing place, his immediate prospects were those only of prolonged misery.

In this place, Mr. Roberts and his boy had continued for several days, still visited by the natives, who exerted themselves with increasing benevolence to relieve him. Among those who now came off to him was a man who, to his surprise, addressed him in English. On inquiry what could bring him here, he said his name was Franklin, that he was a native of Wales, and having been some time detained by

pirates, had found means to escape, and to reach this island.

The conversation of Franklin gave Captain Roberts much consolation; and he indulged the hopes of having the only boat belonging to the island sent round to take him off; but as it did not arrive at the expected time, he became impatient, and resolved to attempt to climb the rocks, by the assistance of the friendly natives.

With extreme difficulty he ascended half-way up the first rock, some hundred feet, when looking down his head grew giddy with the horrid view, and, had he not been supported, he must have been dashed to pieces, by falling to the bottom. At last he reached the first landing place; from thence he proceeded about three quarters of a mile in a narrow path, open towards the sea, and sometimes found it so contracted as barely to allow him footing. His guides, however, assisted him with poles across the most difficult places; but at last they came to an ascent almost perpendicular, when two of the negroes striking a crag, to try if it was fixed, a huge fragment tumbled over them, and from the noise it raised, Roberts expected that the cliffs above would instantly fall upon them, and involve them in undistinguished ruin.

When this alarm was over, they concerted measures for farther operations; and finding it impossible for Roberts to climb the remaining space, his guides descended with him in an oblique direction, to the bottom, without any accident. The fatigue he had undergone threw him into a fever, which lasted near a month; but still he had the happiness to experience the unwearied assiduities of the natives; and on his recovery found the boat ready to receive him, and safely reached the harbour.

Unable to walk or support himself, he was fastened upon the governor's horse, and in that state was conducted to his house. This gentleman, in a manner honourable to his feelings, sympathised with Captain Roberts' distresses, and after some time, he was invited to take up his residence with the son of a former governor, who received him with the pleasure of a friend. Meanwhile the natives continued their attentions, and daily supplied him with various presents. As soon as Roberts was able to walk abroad, he returned, the visits of these kind people, and amused himself in joining their hunting parties. That the breed of wild goats may not be destroyed, no one is allowed to hunt without the governor's consent, and this is one of the principal privileges he enjoys.

With the mildest disposition and most benovolent intentions, the natives appeared to be the most ignorant and superstitious. They had a negro priest who officiated among them, but his learning and understanding were nearly on a level with those of his flock.

St. John's Island, where Captain Roberts landed, is situated in 15° 25' north latitude, and is very high and rocky. It produced amazing quantities of saltpetre in several natural caverns, where it hangs like icicles, or forms a crust like hoar frost.

By the favour of the governor, Captain Roberts set about building a boat to carry him thence, and having saved several of the materials from the vessel which was wrecked, the business was carried on with spirit. The idea of visiting his native land inspired Roberts with resolution to persevere in this arduous undertaking, and his operations were well seconded by the friendship and attachment of the islanders. It is impossible to do adequate justice to their general conduct and zealous good services in favour of our countryman; and though shipwrecked in such a situation, where he was cut off from all hopes of deliverance, except by his own endeavours, must have been painful enough, yet it appears he could not have been more fortunate than in falling into the hands of such a gentle and benovolent race of men.

The boat being completed in the best manner that circumstances would allow, and supplied with an adequate stock of provisions, Roberts devoted a few days to make his thankful acknowledgments to the natives, who desired no other reward but his favourable report of them to his countrymen; and having taken his leave, he embarked with his boy, two negro mariners, who belonged to St. Nicholas, and three

of these islanders; Franklin choosing to remain in his present situation.

The evening after they sailed, they came to St. Phillip's, and landing next morning, were courteously received. Here they fell in with a person who had the title of Proanador, of St. John's, who wanted to go to that island. The boat being found inconvenient for a voyage of any length, this gentleman proposed to Captain Roberts to return with him to St. John's, and to carry with them some artificers, who would soon equip his little vessel in a more commodious manner. This offer was very grateful, and as several other persons wished to visit that island, Captain Roberts accommodated them with a passage, for which he received an adequate recompense.

The same day that they weighed from St. Phillip's they reached St. John's, to the great satisfaction of all the passengers and crew, some of whom being unaccustomed to nautical expeditions, plumed themselves not a little on the voyage they had made.

The natives showed our countryman the same humane and friendly attention as before; and by the assistance of the carpenters they had brought from St. Phillip's, the boat was considerably improved, and much better adapted for any navigation.

Having carried back the artificers, Captain Roberts sailed to St. Jago, and continued trading for some time among the different islands, carrying provisions to Mayo, and loading back with salt; till at length, being at St. Nicholas, his boat was staved to pieces on the rock, while himself and crew were on shore. The inhabitants, however, at St. John's, gave him the most convincing proofs of their beneficence, and purchased the broken fragments of his boat for twelve dollars.

Once more reduced to the necessity of attempting some new expedient, or of remaining where he was, the prospects of our author began to brighten before he could come to any decisive resolution of his own. An English vessel arrived, commanded by Captain Harfoot, who intended to trade among these islands for clothes, and then proceed to Barbadoes. This officer finding Captain Roberts likely to promote the objects of commerce which he had in view, made overtures to him for entering into the scheme, a proposal which was gladly accepted.

They visited Bona Viste, Mayo, and St. Jago. In the harbour of Port Praya, in the latter island, they found an English vessel from Guinea, freighted by Portuguese merchants. She had lost the greater part of her crew, and having still a voyage to Lisbon to perform, her captain was anxious to engage the service of Roberts; and the hope of his finding the way to England much earlier than he could otherwise have done, prevailed on him to detach himself from Captain Harfoot, and embrace the present offer.

Having embarked in this ship, they had scarcely left St. Jago, when the most dangerous leaks were discovered; and as the trade winds would not permit them to return to the Cape Verd Islands, they had no alternative but to bear away for Barbadoes, which island they at length reached on Christmas-day, 1724.

At this place the ship was completely repaired, and after a stay of three months in that island, they again directed their course to Lisbon, when Captain Roberts eagerly seized the first opportunity of obtaining a passage to London, which he reached in June, 1725, after an uniform series of distresses and disappointments during the period of four years.

NEW ARRIVALS AT BATH.

A HUMOROUS tar of the name of Jack Simpson, of the Dreadnought, went to Bath, with his "she messmate," and had their names inserted in the journals of the pump-room, as new arrivals to drink the waters.

On his return, Jack brought the newspaper with him, and the ship's barber read the article aloud on the main-deck, to the no small merriment of "a crowded house," astonished at his abstemious habits.

DESTRUCTION OF THE DROITS DE L'HOMME.

The action which was fought between the *Droits de l'Homme*, a large French two-decker, and two British frigates, under the command of Sir Edward Pellew, and Captain Robert Reynolds, on the 13th of January, 1797, was one of the most remarkable in naval history, both from the singularity of its circumstances, and the appalling nature of its result.

The *Droits de l'Homme*, commanded by Commodore (cic devant Baron) La Crosse, belonged to the expedition which was intended for the invasion of Ireland, in 1796; but which, after reaching Bantry Bay, was prevented from landing, and driven off the coast by gales. The *Droits de l'Homme* afterwards proceeded to the Shannon. She was the flag-ship of Rear-admiral Bouvet; but this officer embarked in a frigate.

General Humbert, who commanded one of the expeditions to Ireland, in 1789, had taken his passage in her. On the morning of the action, she had arrived within twenty-five leagues of Bellisle, and as the weather appeared threatening, she stood to the southward, fearing to approach nearer to the shore.

Lord Exmouth, then Sir Edward Pellew, having put to sea with the *Indefatigable* and *Amazon*, in the supposition that the enemy had gone to the southward, cruised off Capes Ortugal and Finisterre, until the 11th of January. Returning towards the Channel, on the 13th, at a little past noon, the ships being about fifty leagues south-west of Ushant, and the wind blowing hard from the westward, with thick weather, a large ship was discovered in the north-west steering under



DESTRUCTION OF THE DROITS DE L'HOMME, COMMODORE LA CROSSE, JANUARY 13TH, 1797.

an easy sail, towards the coast of France. Chase was instantly given.

The wind had now increased to a gale, and the sea was fast rising. At half-past four, the enemy carried away her fore and main-topmasts, in a heavy squall. About six, the *Indefatigable* came up with her, and having shortened sail to close-reefed topsails, poured in a broadside as she crossed her stern. The enemy returned it from some of the upper-deck guns, and by showers of musketry from the troops, of whom there were nearly a thousand on board. The action continued to be well supported, on both sides, till shortly after seven, when the *Indefatigable* unavoidably shot ahead. At this moment the *Amazon* appeared, and gallantly supplied her place; but the eagerness of Captain Reynolds to second his

friend, had brought him up under a press of sail, when, after a well-sustained and close fire for a short time, he also went ahead. The enemy made an ineffectual attempt to board the *Indefatigable*, and kept up a constant and heavy fire of musketry till the end of the action.

Shortly after eight o'clock, as soon as Sir Edward Pellew had replaced some of the disabled rigging, and brought his ship under proper sail, and the *Amazon* having reduced hers, they commenced a second attack, placing themselves, after some raking broadsides, upon each quarter, often within pistol-shot. The ships were now engaged in a running fight, with a heavy sea, until about twenty minutes past four in the morning; at which time the moon opening rather brighter than before, Lieutenant Bell, who was quartered on the fore-

castle, and who had kept the ship's reckoning during the night, discovered land, which he had scarcely reported to Sir Edward Pellew, before the breakers were seen. Immediately, the *Indefatigable* stood to the southward, after making the night signal of danger to the *Amazon*, which, with equal promptitude, wore to the northward. The enemy, who did not yet see the danger, thought they had beaten off the frigates, and poured a broadside into the *Indefatigable*, the most destructive she had yet received. Seven shot struck her hull, the three lower masts were wounded, and the larboard main-topmast-shrouds were all cut away. It required extraordinary activity and coolness to save the topmast, the loss of which, at that time, would have made that of the ship inevitable. Under the direction of Mr. Gaze, who immediately sprang

aloft, the captain of the main-top cut away the topgallant-yard; while Mr. Thompson, acting-master, got up the end of a hawser, which he clinched around the mast-head. Thus they saved the main-topmast, and prevented the mainmast itself from being sprung. Mr. Gaze, who received a master's warrant a few weeks after, continued with Lord Exmouth to the last day of his command. He was master of the fleet in the Mediterranean, and it was he who carried the *Queen Charlotte*, in such admirable style, to her position at Algiers.

None at that time knew how desperate was their situation. The ships were in the bay of Audierne, close in with the surf, with the wind blowing a heavy gale dead on the shore, a tremendous sea rolling in. The *Indefatigable* had four feet of water in her hold, and her safety depended on her wounded

spars and damaged rigging bearing the press of sail she was obliged to carry; while the crew, thus summoned to renewed exertion, were already quite worn out by fatigue. The fate of the other ships was certain, for the *Amazon* had all her principal sails disabled, and the *Droits de l'Homme* was unmanageable.

The *Indefatigable* continued standing to the southward; but before daylight they again saw breakers upon the lee-bow. The ship was immediately wore in eighteen fathoms, and she stood to the northward. Not knowing exactly upon what part of the coast they were, the lingering approach of daylight was most anxiously looked for. About half-past six, land was again seen close ahead on the weather-bow. Returning to the southward, she passed the *Droits de l'Homme*,

lying on her broadside in the surf, a tremendous sea beating over her, at the distance of about a mile, but without the possibility of giving the smallest assistance to their gallant but unfortunate opponent. Her own situation was almost hopeless; and Sir Edward Pellew himself was deeply affected, when, all having been done which seamanship could accomplish, he could only commit to a merciful Providence, the lives of his gallant crew. "The miserable fate," says Sir Edwards, "of those on board the *Droits de l'Homme*, was, perhaps, the more sincerely lamented by us from the apprehension of suffering a similar misfortune."

Sir Edward Pellew was now able to ascertain his situation, and their fate depended upon the possible chance of weathering the Penmark rocks. By the uncommon exertions of her

fatigued and exhausted crew, in making all the sail they could set, the *Indefatigable*, at eleven o'clock, with six feet water in her hold, passed about three-quarters of a mile to windward of the *Pennmarks*; enabling her officers and men, after a day and night of incessant exertion, and about ten hours' fighting, at length to rest from their toil, and to bless God for their deliverance.

The fate of the *Amazon* was not so fortunate. She struck the ground about ten minutes after she ceased firing. Her crew displayed the most admirable discipline. From half-past five until nine o'clock, they were employed in making rafts, and not a man was lost, or attempted to leave the ship, except six, who stole away the cutter from the stern, and were drowned. Captain Reynolds and his officers remained by the ship until they had safely landed, first, the wounded, and afterwards every man of the crew. Of course, having landed in an enemy's country, they were made prisoners, but they were treated well, and exchanged not many months afterwards.

The *Droits de l'Homme* saw the land soon after the frigates hauled off, and after hopeless attempts, first to avoid it, and afterwards to anchor, she struck the ground almost at the same moment the *Amazon* did. The mainmast went overboard at the second shock; the foremast and bowsprit had fallen a few moments before, in her attempt to keep off the land. When the danger was first seen, the crew gave an alarm to the English prisoners below, of whom there were fifty-five, the crew and passengers of a letter-of-marque which the *Droits de l'Homme* had taken a few days before: "Poor English, come up quickly, we are all lost!" Presently the ship struck on a bank of sand, nearly opposite the town of Plouzenec. Cries of dismay were now heard from every part. Signals of distress were fired, and several guns were hoisted overboard. Many of the people were soon washed away by the waves which broke incessantly over her. At daylight, the shore was seen covered with spectators, but they could afford no assistance. In the mean time, the stern was beaten in by the sea, and no provisions or water could afterwards be obtained.

At low water, an attempt was made to reach the shore; but two boats, which were brought alongside, drifted away, and were dashed to pieces on the rocks. A small raft was constructed to carry a hawser to the shore, by the aid of which it was hoped that preparations might be completed for safely landing the people. A few sailors having embarked on it, the rope was gradually slackened to allow it to drift to land; but some of these people being washed away, the rest became alarmed, cast off the hawser, and saved themselves. After a second unsuccessful attempt with a raft, a petty officer attached a cord to his body, and tried to swim on shore; but he was soon exhausted, and would have perished, but that he was hauled back to the ship.

On the second day, at low water, an English captain and eight other prisoners launched a small boat, and landed safely. Their success justly restored confidence to the multitude, proving, as it did, how easily all might be saved, if proper means were adopted.

Perishing with cold, and thirst, and hunger, for the ship, her stern now broken away, no longer afforded shelter from the waves, and they had tasted nothing since the ship struck, the unhappy crew saw the third day arise upon their miseries. Still the gale continued, and there was no prospect of relief from the shore. It was now determined to construct a large raft, and first, to send away the surviving wounded, with the women and children, in a boat which remained. But as soon as she was brought alongside, there was a general rush, and about a hundred and twenty threw themselves into her. Their weight carried down the boat; next moment an enormous wave broke upon them, and when the sea became smoother, their corpses were seen floating all around. An officer, Adjutant-general Renier, attempted to swim ashore. He plunged into the sea, and was lost.

"Already nine hundred had perished," says Lieutenant Pipon, an officer of the 63rd regiment, who was on board a prisoner, "when the fourth night came with renewed terrors. Weak, distracted, and wanting everything, we envied

the fate of those whose lifeless corpses no longer needed sustenance. The sense of hunger was already lost, but a parching thirst consumed our vitals. Recourse was had to wine and salt water, which only increased the want. Half a hoghead of vinegar floated up, and each had a wine-glass half full. This gave a momentary relief, yet soon left us again in the same state of dreadful thirst. Almost at the last gasp, every one was dying with misery; the ship, which was now one-third shattered away from the stern, scarcely afforded a grasp to hold by, to the exhausted and hopeless survivors. The fourth day brought with it a more serene sky, and the sea seemed to subside; but to behold, from fore and aft, the dying in all directions, was a sight too shocking for the feeling mind to endure. Almost lost to a sense of humanity, we no longer looked with pity on those who were the speedy forerunners of our own fate, and a consultation took place to sacrifice some one to be food for the remainder. The die was going to be cast, when the welcome sight of a man-of-war brig renewed our hopes. A cutter speedily followed, and both anchored at a short distance from the wreck. Then they sent their boats to us, and my means of large rafts, about a hundred and fifty, of near four hundred who attempted it, were saved by the brig that evening. Three hundred and eighty were left to endure another night of misery, when, dreadful to relate, above one-half were found dead next morning."

Commodore La Crosse, General Humbert, and three British infantry officers, prisoners, remained in the wreck till the fifth morning, and all survived. The prisoners were treated with the utmost kindness; and in consideration for their sufferings, and the help they had afforded in saving many lives, a cartel was fitted up by order of the French government to send them home, without ransom or exchange. They arrived at Plymouth, on the 7th of March following. The admiralty awarded head-money to the frigates for the destruction of the *Droits de l'Homme*. As there were no means of knowing her compliment with certainty, Sir Edward wrote to Commodore La Crosse, to request the information, telling him that it was the practice of his government to award a certain sum for every man belonging to an enemy's armed vessel, taken or destroyed. The commodore answered, that the *Droits de l'Homme* had been neither taken nor destroyed, but that the ships had fought like three dogs, till they all fell over the cliff together. Her crew, with the troops, he said, was six hundred men.

The gallant captain of the *Amazon*, Captain Reynolds, was soon after exchanged, tried by a court-martial for the loss of the frigate, most honourably acquitted, and appointed to another ship. He perished at length by a not less distressing shipwreck. At the end of 1811, being then a rear-admiral, he was returning from the Baltic, in the *St. George*, a ship not calculated to remain so long on such a station. After having received much damage in a former gale, she was wrecked on Christmas-day, as well as the *Defence*, which attended her, and only eighteen men were saved from the two line-of-battle ships. Rear-admiral Reynolds and his captain remained at their post till they sunk under the northern winter, when, stretched on the quarter-deck, and hand-in-hand, they were frozen to death.

In this gallant action, which commenced at a quarter before six, p.m., and lasted (excepting at short intervals) until four, a.m., the sea was so high, that the people in both ships were up to their middles in water on the main-deck. Some of the guns on board the *Indefatigable* broke their breechings four times over; others drew the ring-bolts from the sides; and many, from getting wet, were repeatedly drawn immediately after loading.

The loss sustained on board the *Indefatigable*, was only nineteen wounded—among the number was Mr. Thompson, the first-lieutenant. Twelve of the others had wounds of no great consequence, consisting chiefly of violent contusions from splinters. The *Amazon* had three men killed, and fifteen badly wounded.

More than a hundred of the enemy were killed in the action. From the crowded state of the decks of the *Droits de l'Homme*, and the unprecedented length of the engage-

ment, her loss might have been expected to be more; but the darkness, the heavy gale, and the consequent motion of the ships, necessarily made the firing slow and uncertain. On board the Indefatigable nobody was killed.

We have derived part of the above description from Osler's admirable life of Lord Exmouth; and seldom, perhaps never, has an officer been placed in similarly distressing circumstances, as his lordship was on the trying occasion above narrated.

After ten hours' hard fighting, to be partially deprived of the advantages and honours of such heroic exertions, by an enemy over which man has no control, was mortifying.

THE LOVER AT SEA.

BY W. LAW GANE.

"None but the brave deserve the fair."

HUNDREDS of delighted spectators crowded the shores of the noble estuary formed by the junction of the Orwell and the Stour, where their united waters fall into the ocean, after forming a boundary between Essex and Suffolk. The banner of Britain floated victorious in the breeze: again had her ocean sons forced the foe to own that Britannia reigns supreme on her watery domain. Slowly and majestically the Drake frigate glided along the harbour, followed in her wake by the Daphne, a French seventy-four. The guns of Landguard fort thundered forth a salute to honour the heroes of the Drake, and were responded to by the batteries on the opposite heights. The bells of the churches rang merry peals, and joy and triumph beamed on every countenance.

The ships soon reached the anchoring ground, and proudly the heart of the patriot throbbed at the sight of his country's glory; he beheld her ensign waving triumphant over that of her ancient enemy, and felt a delight in reflecting that, so long as her wooden walls stand, so long may she defy the world. May they exist for ever! to guard our sea-circled land, to protect our commerce, to defend our rights! but may no foe in future dare their vengeance; may their triumphs be those of peace and humanity, and may the banners of freemen float united on the gale, and together bear to the remotest corners of the world the blessings they themselves enjoy—civilization to the savage! liberty to the slave!—But to our story. The Drake was commanded by Captain Gardiner, a young and rather mad-brained officer; but withal, one of the brightest ornaments of England's gallant navy, and who would expect, or even wish to see the straight-laced rhapsodist, or the dreamy philosopher in a sailor? Sailors are sailors; and they are not so good but they might be better, nor so *bad* but they might be a great deal worse.

Great attention would naturally be shown to the young captain and his brave officers and crew at Harwich and the neighbouring places: balls and dinners followed each other in rapid succession, and everything was done to make their stay agreeable. They often visited Landguard fort, at that time under the command of General North, and were always kindly received by the eccentric old governor. Frequently they strolled along the charming beach that surrounds the fort in every direction, and on one of these occasions they observed on the extreme part of the coast, a female collecting shells. The captain, who was in advance of his comrades, proceeded towards her alone; she did not perceive him until he stood close by her side; she started, and appeared rather alarmed at being surprised in so lonely a situation by a stranger. She answered to the captain's salutation with a bow and a blush, and collecting together her shells, hastily returned towards the garrison.

Shall we attempt to describe what the captain felt at this moment, for the lady was young and very beautiful? He felt as almost every one has, doubtless, at some period of their lives. His sensations were those of a warm susceptible young fellow, who glances suddenly on an unknown, but lovely countenance; in such a moment our feelings are too delightful to admit of description; we experience a buoyancy of spirit which puts us in good humour with every thing around us, and we anxiously endeavour to catch a second glance: if the coy maiden renders this difficult, on we walk, cursing bonnets great and small, and hoping their inventor was hanged. The

ensuing night we may probably dream of the beautiful unknown, but this is generally as long as our fickle, treacherous emotions live—the next day we behold a fresh fair face, and the former is forgotten.

The impression made on Captain Gardiner was rather stronger and more durable. He returned to his ship in an unusually serious mood, and got well rallied; he retired, however, to his cabin to read Werter, and to muse upon the sweet damsel, who, if met under similar circumstances by a poet, would doubtlessly have been mistaken for a sea-nymph: the captain hoped she was something more tangible; at all events he resolved to attempt an elucidation of the mystery.

Behold the gay captain, transformed to a very demure, lover-like sort of person, preparing to accept an invitation from General North to dine at the fort.

The boatswain has piped up the crew of the barge, and they are waiting alongside for the captain. At last he came, jumped into the boat, and in a few minutes was landed on the beach a little way below the fort.

No sooner was he gone, than the coxswain, having hitched up his trousers, and adjusted sundry other matters, turned to the man of the after oar, and ejaculated, with astonishment in his looks—"Oh Lord!" He took time to consider what should come next, and continued—"Well, shiver my ribs, if the skipper ar'n't turned out dandy-rigged." Jack Seagull, I've been to sea, as they say, ever since I was hatched, but if that there warn't the wonderfulest sight as ever I see'd, I'm blowed."—"Yes, yes;" answered Jack Seagull, who seemed to have taken the matter deeply into consideration, "'twas as the grim-faced old domino said at the Portsmouth theatre, 'most prodigious!' Why coxswain, them there things he had on in the place of trousers, seemed blank spank new, and my eyes, they were made of dainty white silk, and came down as no lower nor my knee, and I thinks as how they were braced round with red ribbon, which hung down his legs like Bill Toplin's love-locks."

An arch-looking rogue in the bow of the boat now put in his opinion. "I'll tell you as how I think the commodore is patterning after them d—mounseers we gave such a drubbing to t'other day: only think of them bright shiners in his shoes! I hope as how he didn't find any of his fine rigging stowed away in the Daphne's lockers."

This unjust insinuation on their commander put a stop to the conversation, and not another word was spoken on their way back to the ship. We are in utter ignorance of the cause which induced Captain Gardiner to dress in a manner which appeared so unusual to him. He perhaps supposed that he should meet the unknown lady at the general's table. Be that as it may, his garb afforded matter for speculation to the whole crew of the Drake.

The captain was welcomed in a very friendly manner by the governor, who, in a few minutes led him into the dining-room: a part of the company was already assembled, but the object of his wishes was not there, and he began to fear that his hopes would be disappointed. His suspense, however, was soon ended; the general desired a servant to inform Miss Ellen that dinner waited, and almost immediately Ellen came, and with no little emotion the captain beheld in her the lady, who, to tell the truth, held possession of his heart. She was introduced as the daughter and only child of the general. Miss Ellen appeared strangely confused at the captain's salutation; she blushed and could scarcely speak, but in this she was not singular, for Captain Gardiner was fully as mute and embarrassed as herself; however, in the hurry of seating and preparing for dinner, this passed unobserved, save to one of the guests, who fixed his attention on the young lady in a manner that bespoke him to be interested in her conduct, and, at which he by no means appeared pleased. The clatter of knives and forks admonishes us to pause, and while the process of mastication is going on, we will attempt a brief sketch of the gentleman who so peculiarly honoured Miss Ellen with his attention.

Mr. Vampem (such was his name) stood about four feet ten inches in height; he was tolerably well made, except about the shoulders, which projected rather higher than his ears,

and the legs, which, when not in motion, formed a perfect O. His face was certainly not one of the most beautiful—we mean, to ordinary observers: flat, with a profusion of flesh and bone; small sunken eyes; a nose almost hidden between mountain cheeks, but its loss amply compensated in a most capacious mouth; altogether, his countenance bore a striking resemblance to that of an Esquimaux, and we must not forget to add that, for its further adornment, it was most liberally marked with the small-pox. His calling was the occupation which St. Crispin patronizes, he was moreover a captain in the local volunteers, and a suitor for the hand of Miss North, and strange to say, was favourably received as such by her father.

The dinner being over, the ladies retired from the table. The general and Mr. Vampem followed their example. After the glass had circulated for a time among the gentlemen who remained, a ramble round the garrison was proposed, and that the ladies should be invited to accompany them. This was acceded to, and the captain had the good fortune to obtain Ellen for a companion. They soon contrived to escape beyond the observation of their friends, and it was a very little time before, with all the bluntness of the sailor, that the captain declared to Ellen the emotions of his heart, the passion she had inspired him with, and in short, acted his part so well, that he soon obtained a confession from her to the effect that she did not regard him with indifference. He threw himself on his knees, and passionately implored her immediately to become his. The sweet Ellen gently chided his violence, and commanded him to rise, reminding him that they were strangers to each other, and adding, that he should certainly ask her father's consent before he desired her to take so important a step. She, however, informed him that she did not think he would obtain it, her father being so strangely prepossessed in favour of Mr. Vampem, but she declared her determination to sacrifice everything, even her life, rather than become the wife of a person she so utterly detested, and scrupled not to say, that if her father was found to be obstinately bent on thwarting her happiness she would not remain inexorable to his wishes. This perfectly satisfied the gallant sailor, and he promised to be entirely guided by Ellen, who appeared to possess as much discretion as beauty.

Almost unconscious whither they rambled, the lovers found themselves in the burial ground of the garrison. They approached a newly made grave, and the captain observed a tear to start from the eye of his companion. He affectionately inquired the cause of her sorrow: "In this grave," she said, "rests the remains of a friend—of an estimable and accomplished gentleman: but a few days since and he was in the prime of life, in health and happiness. He was united to an amiable, and now heart-broken lady, whom he tenderly loved, and every comfort the world could bestow was theirs. Alas! a domestic affliction came to disturb their happiness; for a moment his head acknowledged not the guidance of his heart! his error was soon discovered; but his honour was too sensitive to permit him to bear the reproaches and sneers of the world, and in a paroxysm of grief, he raised his hand against his life. Wonder not that I mourn his untimely fate; I was honoured with the friendship of himself and his amiable lady—Heaven have mercy upon his noble soul."

Turning from the captain to hide the tears which freely flowed, she beheld Mr. Vampem standing by her side, and her father at a distance hobbling towards them. She did not speak, but had nearly fallen to the ground, overcome with surprise and alarm at the sudden appearance of this hated individual.

The captain was silent, but cast a stern glance on the heroic Mr. Vampem, who was the only one that appeared not to have lost the use of his tongue. He ejaculated—"Impious girl! to dare to invoke heaven to have mercy upon the soul of the suicide. Is it not written, 'Cursed are all they that commit murder?' my exhortations are quite lost on you! you are viler than the heathen—more wicked than the worshippers of stocks and stones."

In order to explain the motives for this extraordinary speech, we must relate that, Mr. Vampem affected great saintliness, and farther, he entertained a rancorous hatred against

the unfortunate gentleman we have been alluding to, and this because he had found it impossible to blind him to his real character and qualifications. Ellen was not like a certain description of persons, who, the more they are abused, the higher their admiration rises for the person who deals out the foul language: she started from Mr. Vampem with terror and disgust, and the captain, who had with difficulty restrained his rage during the delivery of the above gentlemanly and lover-like harangue, when he saw Mr. Vampem pursuing the terrified girl, stepped between them, exclaiming,—"Unfeeling wretch! hideous monster! sheer off, or prepare to sail on your last cruise," and seizing him by the collar, laid him in an instant upon his back, sprawling like a turtle. By this time the governor had come up, and just in time to save his protégée from the further vengeance of the captain.

It would be difficult to say which of the three gentlemen appeared most enraged. Mr. Vampem certainly did not challenge Captain Gardiner, but he invoked other powers to do the business which he himself feared to take in hand; nor did the general, though such a job would have been more in his way: after growling for some time, to the same tune as his friend, he seized hold of poor Ellen, and hurried her home, declaring she should not again see daylight until she had repented of her evil ways, and resolved to amend.

Captain Gardiner was not altogether displeased at this apparently untoward circumstance, though it absolutely precluded the possibility of his gaining the good-will of the general; but for this he cared little, resting perfectly satisfied on the promise of his beloved Ellen, and hoping the adventure might be turned to his advantage by hastening the consummation of his hopes. He returned to his ship, meditating how at the same time to punish his rival and to gain the object of his love.

After being some time on board, having had time to cool and to reflect, the captain remembered hearing, in the course of conversation at the general's table, that Mr. Vampem had to go over to Harwich in the course of the evening on some business of importance. He resolved to take advantage of this, and as soon as it became dark, a gang of men was summoned to accompany him on shore. He gave his instructions to the midshipman, and they started from the ship. Arrived in the town, the men were placed in concealment about the house where it was known Mr. Vampem was sojourning, and the captain took a station from which he commanded a view of the neighbourhood. They had not long to wait; the little gentleman soon made his appearance, supported on the right and left by two portly dames, between whom the brave soldier was scarcely to be seen. The captain gave the signal, and in an instant the group was surrounded by the tars. The women screamed lustily enough; Mr. Vampem informed the sailors of his rank, and bawled loudly for the assistance of men and spirits, but no attention was paid either to his rank or to his calls: no one came to his aid, those who had not lost the use of their legs, flying as fast as they could, well knowing that a press-gang is not to be trifled with. The poor gentleman, left to their tender mercies, had violent hands laid on him, and despite his prayers and tears, he was borne to the boat, and in a short time safely stowed away in the hold of the *Sharper*, a schooner sailing as a tender to the *Drake*. Here for a short time we beg to leave him, being well assured that there is no danger of his escaping beyond our observation.

This exploit so far concluded, Captain Gardiner returned on board, and sat down to write a note to Miss North, and resolved to attempt its delivery himself. He knew that the men belonging to the frigate were treated with great respect, and not only by the male portion of the population, but that, to be "one of the *Drake's*," was a sure passport to the good graces of the girls; ay, and many a heart these brave boys bore away with them when they sailed: he believed he could make this prepossession subservient to his purpose, and assuming the uniform of a gunner, he went on shore. He soon found himself seated in the most distinguished seat in the servants' hall at the general's house, and by the side of the fair Lucy Curler, Miss Ellen's own servant. This was exactly

what he sought, and after singing two or three sea ditties (the general had retired to bed), and saying a few sweet things, he reigned supreme in the heart of gentle Mistress Curlier. He failed not to take advantage of this, and rising, apparently with the intention of going, Lucy, as he expected, opposed his intention, and fondly implored him not to hurry away. He appeared to hesitate; she followed him to the door, and in a manner too tender to be told, sought to detain him. He yielded, but on one condition only; he had, he said, been intrusted with a letter for Miss North from a gentleman on board, and if she would deliver it, he would stay as long as she pleased; and at the same time he slipped two or three gold pieces into her hand. The combined power of love and money was irresistible; she took the letter and delivered it immediately.

With astonishment, but we cannot say with displeasure, Miss North read the following epistle:—
 "Dearest Madam,
 "After what has occurred, I feel that it would be mere folly to think of soliciting your father's consent for the fulfilment of my dearest hopes. I can only rely upon the promise you so recently made me, and trust you will not hesitate to bear me company on the voyage of life. Our acquaintance, I confess, is of a very short standing; but what of that? If an unknown ship, under friendly colours, hove in sight on the eve of an engagement, should I, because I had never seen her before, refuse the aid she brought me? No! our efforts would be united, and the poor devil, our enemy, would soon down with his bunting. In this manner unite with me; the citadel of matrimony is in sight, together let us bear down upon it, and we shall find no difficulty in storming the place. I will have the ship clear, and every arrangement made for action, and will be under your window to-morrow night with a ladder, to receive your orders, and to tow you within gun-shot. I rely upon your coming; and am confident, although we have not been a great while within hail, that we shall manage to sail very comfortably together to the end of our cruise."

"Yours truly, and for ever,
 "H. M. S. Drake. "THOMAS GARDINER."

Long the lady hesitated what course to pursue; she could not conceal from herself that she loved Captain Gardiner, but the step he urged her to take was of such paramount importance, that she dreaded to comply with his request. The conflict between fear and affection, duty and inclination, raged long and violently; but the heart was too powerful to be restrained by the judgment, and the latter force soon effected a retreat, leaving the heart undisputed master of the field. She wrote the following answer:—

"Sir.—Relying on your honour (though well aware I shall be justly condemned for my imprudent conduct), I cannot deny your prayer. In placing all that is dear to me in your power, oh! may I receive at your hands the reward of my unbounded confidence and affection. Yours, &c.
 "ELLEN NORTH."

She immediately despatched this to the captain, who, to the evident regret of Mistress Curlier, broke his promise by instantly hastening on board to read his letter, to meditate upon his happiness, and to arrange for its completion.

In this interval we can, perhaps, find time to give a short account of the adventures of the unfortunate Mr. Vampem. The schooner, to which he was forcibly conveyed, was under orders to sail next day, and as soon as daylight appeared, she weighed, and stood out of the harbour. In vain did the poor man strenuously protest against this treatment; he even so far lost sight of charity, as to threaten the officers with his future vengeance. They contented themselves with stating that his detention for a short time was necessary for the good of his Majesty's service, and promised to make his stay with them as agreeable as wind and weather would permit, a condition, in truth, which was not very likely to be enviable; for there was every appearance of a violent gale, and the schooner would not have sailed, had not intelligence arrived that a privateer was lurking off Lowestoft, and scarcely had they arrived abreast of Orfordness, before they had quite as much

wind as they could bear under close-reefed topsails. This by no means agreed with Mr. Vampem; he soon began to feel yawnish, then squeamish, and in half an hour was in that enviable condition, that he would have given all he possessed to any one who had been humane enough to have tossed him overboard.

About noon, the gale increased to a perfect hurricane; the sails were torn from the yards, and not a stitch of canvass could be made to stand against the storm. Thus, entirely at the mercy of the winds, the *Sharper* drifted along, and was soon in considerable danger, for a few miles to leeward were the Gunfleet Sands, which they were fast approaching, and must inevitably have struck on them, had not the weather slightly moderated.

Poor Mr. Vampem knew nothing of the narrow escape which he had had from death. As the weather became finer, he crept from his cabin, more dead than alive, a perfect picture of misery; we verily believe he would have resigned even Miss North to have been allowed to escape to *terra firma*.

Lieut. M'Donnell, the commander of the schooner, did not fail to take advantage of the poor prisoner's situation, and after bestowing a great deal of condolence, thus addressed him:—"I trust, sir, the little excursion we have taken you, may be productive of good both to your health and happiness; it would, perhaps, have been more in accordance with the rules of politeness, had we asked your consent prior to taking you;—time would not admit of it. But to come to the point, you must naturally wish to be ashore in such weather as this?"

"Indeed I do!" cried Mr. Vampem, interrupting the lieutenant, "I would not hesitate to give you my blessing and forgiveness. Oh! I would give you everything you desire would you safely convey me thither."

"To do this, good sir, is impossible at the present moment"—here the voice of the officer was drowned in the groans of the poor man—"but if you comply with a request which I am about to make, it shall be done as speedily as possible."

Mr. Vampem, seemed struck with some frightful idea: he howled out in a voice of dismay and horror—"Mercy, sir, have mercy—remember!"

"Hold! hold!" cried the commander, "you surely are mad; do you think I am going to cast you into the sea to propitiate the elements? No such thing. To cut the matter short, will you swear to take no manner of notice of this frolic after you get on shore? if so, you shall be there to-morrow evening at the farthest."

Mr. Vampem, though with some reluctance, accepted the terms offered, as he would much worse, had they promised to terminate his captivity, and a few minutes sufficed to sign and seal the bargain. Scarcely, however, had this been got over, when the man in the fore-top gave notice that he saw a strange sail a-head, at anchor. The glasses were immediately in requisition, and it was soon seen she was the very vessel they were seeking—a large corvette, mounting twenty eighteen-pounders.

They were within two miles of the privateer before she was completely under weigh, the crew of the gallant little schooner carrying on her all the sail she could bear that they might be able to exchange a few compliments with the Frenchman before it became dark. Everything was prepared for action in a few minutes,—hammocks up, guns charged, and the standard of Britain proudly wooing the breeze, smiling defiance on the giant enemy.

Poor Mr. Vampem wondered much at the cause of the deafening uproar which had prevailed for the last hour or two; but being within gun-shot, a broadside from the schooner, instantly responded to by the superior metal of the enemy, gave him to understand what was going on. Terror mastered his sea-sickness, and starting up in his hammock, he pitched out, and fortunately, fell on his head, and lay insensibly until the action had concluded.

After mutually giving and receiving a few broadsides, the privateer, not liking the *Sharper's* method of doing business, sheered off, and escaped in the darkness, leaving two fine brigs, which she had captured a day or two before.

Mr. Vampem, with the aid of the surgeon, was restored to

animation, and nothing material happened to him until the next morning, when he was safely landed at Southwold, and left to find his way home in the best manner he could.

The time appointed by Captain Gardiner for his adventure having arrived, he went on shore, taking with him half a dozen men on whom he could place reliance. All-powerful gold had gained from the general's gardener the key of one of the garden gates, which fortunately opened upon the beach, and not more than fifty yards from the sea. A few minutes before twelve, it was cautiously unlocked by the captain, who proceeded towards the governor's house, two men following him with a ladder, the others keeping watch, prepared to act in case of a surprise. The coast being quite clear, after taking a survey of the house, the ladder was placed against Miss North's window; the captain gently tapped against the glass; it was soon opened:—"Dear Ellen," he cried, "I wait; everything is arranged, and in a very few hours you will be my own."

Miss North was excessively agitated; she almost repented the promise she had given, and dreaded to venture on the perilous undertaking; but a flood of tears came to her relief, and without saying a word, she descended the ladder. On their way to the boat, the lovers had too much to think upon to indulge in conversation; they soon reached the frigate, and those who were to accompany them, the chaplain of the frigate and two officers, having got into the boat, they proceeded to their destination. They were landed at Shotley-le-fry, a small village on the Suffolk shore, and two carriages being in waiting, they galloped off to Holbrook, another village four or five miles distant. Having arrived there, the captain and one of his companions hastened to a small cottage near the road, and knocking loudly at the door, a head head was thrust out of a chamber window, and the cause of the uproar angrily demanded. The captain answered that they were a party come to view the church, and commanded him instantly to produce the keys: the poor man was sorely alarmed, and, much against his will, threw the keys from the window. They now made the best of their way to the church, and having let themselves in, locked the door, and proceeded to the altar. Bridesmaids were dispensed with, and an old tar, who had weathered the gales of sixty years, had the honour of giving the fair Ellen away. The chaplain immediately commenced reading the service, a license having been procured the previous day; he had not, however, proceeded far in his task, when a most alarming tumult was heard outside the church; but this did not hinder them from proceeding. It appeared, the moment the poor old clerk had given up the keys, he became excessively alarmed at what he had done, and moved at the reproaches of his spouse, he ran from house to house, rousing the cottagers with his doleful cries, and imploring them, if they valued the *safety of the church*, to come to his aid, for he believed it to be in imminent danger. The poor people, as much alarmed as their ecclesiastical officer, hastened to render him all the assistance they could; dress was scarcely thought of in this moment of peril, and many started from their beds, and so went forth.

A truly ludicrous group assembled around the church, knocking and clamouring for admittance; but those inside taking no notice of their importunity, their patience was quite exhausted, and they clambered up to the windows, and were forcing an entrance through them at the moment the ceremony concluded: seeing how harmlessly the intruders were occupied, they became calmer, and a small quantity of money distributed among them to drink the bride's health, sent them quietly home—the major part to dress.

Everything being thus far arranged, and the old clerk who, now understood the matter, having produced the books, the customary entries were made, and after satisfying the old man, who most humbly apologised for his conduct, and with all the dignity of office complimented the bride and bridegroom, the parties entered their carriages, and drove to Ipswich, where they breakfasted, and about the middle of the day embarked on the Orwell to return. After a delightful sail of three hours down that beautiful river, the runaways again found themselves alongside the frigate.

At this moment the gentle Ellen felt more distressed than at any former period of the day; the excitement had sustained her spirits, but the thought of having to meet her father after what had taken place, very powerfully affected her. She felt, however, that the moment must come, and yielding to the intreaties of the captain, it was determined to hasten it as much as possible. Behold then, the fugitives on their way to the fort, both wishing the intended interview well over: they soon entered the house of the general, but it was long before he could be prevailed on to see them: yielding, at last to the entreaties of his daughter, he came.

At his appearance, Ellen shrank to the arms of her husband, almost overcome with fear; but recovering, like dutiful children the pair approached him, implored his blessing and forgiveness, and promised never to do the like again.

For a considerable time he remained deaf to their prayers. His sorrow had been intense; to say that he grieved at his daughter's flight, would be to convey but a faint picture of his actual condition; with all his foibles she was the darling of his soul, and her absence had nearly driven him mad; had she not soon returned, it would doubtless have deprived him of his senses.

Affection like this could not long be restrained; he raised them from the ground, and tenderly embraced the pair, assuring them of his entire forgiveness, and was giving them some seasonable exhortations, when he was interrupted by Mr. Vampem, who burst into the room, half dead with fatigue and vexation. We may feel assured that the scene which met his view did not tend to his relief. The truth now first flashed on his mind, for he had been at a loss to discover the motive for his detention; he began bitterly to lament, and reviled the poor captain in a most merciless manner, for, though love was unknown to the good man, he sorely grieved at losing the snug inheritance of Miss North: Captain Gardiner, up to this moment, was not aware that she possessed either a shilling or an acre. The general was filled with astonishment, and his daughter with mirth, at Mr. Vampem's narration, but the former interrupted him by saying, "On this subject we will commune in private," and led him out of the room, though evidently against his will. So far, all was settled; the general, by his future conduct, ratified his forgiveness, and became extremely fond of his son-in-law. Poor Mr. Vampem, however, took the matter much to heart; in his despair, a few months afterwards, he threw up his military command, and ever after stuck to his too-often forsaken lapstone. When we bade the parties farewell, the captain and his bride were being conducted to their room by the smiling Lucy Curler.

A SAILOR'S FROLIC.

IN Greenland, as in other places, the destruction of a vessel liberates its mariners from subordination; and, from the impossibility of saving any part of its stores for the owners, they are considered legitimate objects for plunder. The men, therefore, who had escaped from this lost bark began to rifle her of whatever they considered valuable, soon as they perceived she was fixed by the ice, so as to render boarding her free from danger. Those who were prudent selected such articles as might render them welcome to the captain of a neighbouring whaler, in which they intended to seek refuge. Some were seen traversing the intermediate floes with coils of rope round their necks; others were provided with as many pieces of pork as they could carry. Nautical instruments, rolls of canvass, rounds of hung beef, cheeses, hams, and in short every object which might prove an acceptable offering to the skipper, were borne off by different parties, and procured the admittance requested, without the usual grumbling from that potentate, at the inconvenience, and even risk, of shipping more men while he was beset, and obliged to put his former messes upon short allowance.

Two of the crew of the cast-away vessel, however, seemed to care very little for the reception they might have met with upon applying for passage to the more fortunate ship. They engaged themselves in rolling the rum-punchen out of the store-room to the main hatch, after which they fixed a tackle to it, and by slow degrees, as it was three-fourths

empty, hove it upon deck, and from thence swung it over the rough trees to the ice. Here, having landed it, they placed it upright beside a hummock, which shielded them slightly from the wind, and beat in its head to get more readily at its contents.

They then called upon their busy shipmates to join them, and stand by the good creature while it lasted, vowing they should never want liquor while there remained a drop, and that, when it was out, the best thing they could all do would be to go "tail up for old Greenland," through the flaw, one after another, like seals. This proposal, made by men rather more under the influence of rum than reason, was received with but little cordiality. Most of the stragglers, however, had sagacity enough to acquiesce till they had imbibed the spirituous arguments of their comrades pretty liberally; they then dropped off by degrees, and left their jovial partners, in search of more comfortable quarters.

Jack and Tom, being at length left alone, perceived themselves stationed one on each side of the rum-puncheon, not a human being within hail, and a desolate field of ice stretched round them on every side. The lasts of their guests had endeavoured to prevail upon his comrades to accompany him to the ship, offering a share of his spoils in order to render them less objectionable visitors; but, true to their resolutions, they had rejected his persuasions with scorn, and he now could be seen afar off, travelling over flats of snow and hummocks of ice, on his way to the strange vessel, which lay at a great distance from their wreck. For some time after his departure the two sailors amused themselves with dipping their pannikins into the puncheon and drawing out bumpers, which they crowned with the healths of their favourite lasses, and with various effusions of nautical melody. At length, the warmth they had acquired from the energy of their exertions in heaving out the cask, yielded perceptibly to the influence of a brisk gale, which had been for some time sweeping the ice with increasing violence, and, though the liquor they swallowed would have been sufficient under other circumstances to throw them into a burning fever, its powers sunk before the intense force of the Arctic blast.

One of the sailors experienced this loss of heat more quickly than his companion, and felt his age leaking out most wofully. He gazed for a short time at the refugee traversing the distant floe, then turned to his mate with blue looks, and shirking his shoulders, and, twisting up his trousers by the waistband, exclaimed,

"Blow me, Jack! here we stands, like the Lion and Unicorn over the door of the King's Arms, at Hull, facing all weathers, just to get fellows to drink, and arter all, you see, they sneak off without paying their shot! But I say, Jack, I am getting dreadfully cold, and don't half relish the idea of going tail up into the flaw. By the time the rum is out, I shall be frozen as stiff as a poker."

"As for that, Tom, we shall have bailed out the cask, and then if you ben't able to heave a flipper, why I'll hold you, my boy, as far as your hole, and pitch you in head foremost myself; so don't let that consarn you."

Tom, who was a cunning fellow, at length persuaded his friend, that if they performed the feat out of sight of the vessel, their acquaintances would say they never did it at all!

"Oh, never mind that, just now, interrupted Tom, "but, do you take me on your shoulders, as you kindly promised, for we've little time to lose."

"Did I kindly promise?" cried Jack, astounded at this assertion, yet not quite convinced of its fallacy, for he felt his ideas, both of the past and the present, less free from confusion than was desirable.

"That you sartainly did," replied Tom, boldly, for, as he observed, there was no time to be lost if he meant to be saved.

"Then I'll not break my word—that's as sartain," returned Jack, immediately advancing to assist his companion to get upon the hummock, from whence he might transfe himself to his back. "But," continued he, "you must promise to let me go tail up first."

"That," replied Tom, without any hesitation, "I do so-

lemnly promise," and the contracting parties moved off towards the ship, beset on the other side of the floe.

After a long staggering and reeling march over the ice, the sailors became visible from the deck of the vessel, in the shape of an unknown body moving through a slight shower of sleet, which eddied in the wind. As they first appeared, rising over the ridges, and sinking into the concealed furrows that crossed their path, some of the seamen on the look-out took them for a strange monster making his way towards the ship; while others cried out, that an enormous bear, running away with a man in its fore paws, like an ape, was in sight. All hands turned out to behold the wonderful and fearful spectacle, and guns and whale lances were prepared for an encounter; but at length it grew evident that the terrible animal was a compound of two cast-away mariners, toiling across the floe. There was Tom on the shoulders of Jack, rolling and heaving about like a porpoise in a storm. The assembled crew cheered the luckless pair with shouts, and bawled out with ludicrous exhortations to them to steady their helm, brace their yards up tight, strike their top-gallant mast, and so forth, according to the fancies of their speakers, and the actions of the parties in distress; and, in proportion as the difficulties of Jack were augmented by the increasing torpor of his burden, and his own weariness, the mirth of the beholders grew more obstreperous and high. During this erratic pilgrimage, however, Jack persevered in upholding his comrade, and in getting forward by hit and by wit, and by hook and by crook, and by every way possible and almost impossible, with the laudable determination of accomplishing his supposed promise.

At their commencement, these rebukes were just audible to Tom, who, taking them for the growls of a bear, roused himself up occasionally, and exhorted Jack to browse away like a jolly tar, but, after a little while, the soporific influence of the cold deadened his ears to all the animadversions and execrations of his friend; and, instead of returning answers, he continued to drop his head from side to side, perfectly unconscious of his situation.

Nothing, however, could provoke Tom to speak, or induce him to refrain from dropping his head as before; and this contumelious conduct worked Jack into such a fury, that he began to run forward that he might more quickly enjoy the pleasure of pummeling his insolent rider before the whole ship's company. The admiring crew, beholding this new prank of the stray couple (for poor Tom now swung most terribly out of balance), set up a loud jesting shout, while Jack, still more exasperated by the outcry, hurried furiously along, thinking himself an object of derision, for allowing himself to be ridden like a Shetland pony. Many a hair's-breadth escape he made over hills and hummocks, and many an unmeasurable sprawl threatened to bring him on his face, but he surmounted every difficulty, and was in full career towards the ship's side, when a wide chasm in the ice appeared before him.

He stopped suddenly short on the brink of this gulf, for it was too broad to leap; but his burden, actuated by the jerk it received, pitched forward over his head, and disappeared beneath the floe. Jack hesitated for a moment, as if he waited to see his comrade rise again to the surface, then swore a violent oath, and exclaimed—

"If that's the way he sarves me, arter all this trouble, I'll be smothered if I'll go to old Davy along with such a rascal! Do you know," continued he, addressing the crew that now gathered around him, "he promised most solemnly he would let me go tail up first, if I would bring him to your ship here, and, besides, he knew I wanted to lick him, and yet you see he has bilked out of both, as well as riding me like a night-hag. I'll not go tail up at all, that I am posity, 'specially arter such a trashey, loosey, parjurious varmint!"

SUFFERINGS OF SIX DESERTERS.

ON Dec. 12, 1799, a court of inquiry was held at St. Helena, before Captain Desfontain, president, Lieut. B. Hodson, and Ensign Young, when the following extraordinary and affecting narrative of the sufferings of six deserters from the ar-

tillery of the island of St. Helena, was made to them on oath, by John Brown, one of the survivors:—

"In June, 1799, I belonged to the first company of artillery, in this garrison, and on the 10th of that month, about half an hour before parade time, M'Kinnon, gunner and orderly of the second company, asked me if I was willing to go with him on board of an American ship, called the Columbia, Captain Henry Lelar, the only ship then in the roads. After some conversation I agreed, and met him, about seven o'clock, at the play-house, where I found one M'Quin, of Major Seale's company, another man, called Brighthouse, another named Parr, and the sixth, Matthew Conway.

"Parr was a good seaman, and said he would take us to the island of Ascension, or lie off the harbour till the Colum-

bia could weigh anchor and come out. We wen down about eight o'clock to the West Rock, where the American boat, manned with three seamen, was waiting for us, and took us alongside the Columbia. We went on board; Parr went down into the cabin, and we changed our clothes, after having been on board half an hour.

"Brighthouse and Conway proposed to cut a wha'e-boat out of the harbour, to prevent the Columbia from being suspected. This they accomplished, taking in her a coil of rope, five oars, and a large stone by which she was moored.

"We observed lanterns passing on the line towards the Sea-gate, and hearing a noise, thought we were missed and sought for. We immediately embarked in the whale-boat, with about twenty-five pounds of bread in a bag, and a small



SUFFERINGS OF SIX DESERTERS FROM THE ISLAND OF ST. HELENA, IN A WHALE-BOT.

keg of water, supposed to contain three gallons, and one quadrant, given to us by the commanding officer of the Columbia.

"We then left the ship, pulling with two oars only, to get ahead of her. The boat was half full of water, and we had nothing to bale it out. In this condition we rode out to sea, and lay off the island at a great distance, in hourly expectation of the American ship taking us up.

"About twelve o'clock the second day, no ship appearing, by Parr's advice we bore away, steering N. by W., and then N.N.W. for the island of Ascension, using our handkerchiefs as substitutes for sails. We met with a gale of wind, which continued two days; the weather then became very fine, and we supposed we had run about ten miles an hour. M'Kinnon kept a reckoning with pen, ink, and paper, with which, together with maps and charts, we were supplied by the Columbia.

"We continued our course till about the 18th in the morning, when we saw a number of birds, but no land. About twelve that day, Parr said he was sure we must be past the island, accounting it to be eight hundred miles from St. Helena. Each of us then took off our shirts, and with them we made a small spritsail, lacing our jackets and trousers at the waistband to keep us warm; and then altering our course to W. by N., thinking to make Rio de Janeiro, on the American coast. Provisions running very short, we allowed ourselves only one ounce of bread, and two mouthfuls of water for twenty-four hours.

"On the 25th all our provisions were expended. On the 27th M'Quin put a piece of bamboo in his mouth to chew, and we all followed his example. On the night of that day it was my turn to steer the boat, and recollecting to have read of persons in our situation eating their shoes, I cut a piece off one of mine; but being soaked with salt water, I

was obliged to spit it out, and take the inside sole, of which I ate a part, and distributed the remainder to the rest; but we found no benefit from it.

"On the 1st of July Parr caught a dolphin, with a gaff that had been left in the boat. We all fell on our knees, and thanked God for his goodness to us. We tore up the fish, and hung it to dry; about four we ate part of it, which agreed with us pretty well. On this fish we subsisted till the 4th; about eleven o'clock, when finding the whole consumed, Parr, Brighthouse, Conway, and myself, proposed to scuttle the boat, and let her go down, to put us out of our misery; the other two objected, observing, that God, who had made man, always found him something to eat.

"On the 5th, about eleven, M'Kinnon proposed that it would be better to cast lots for one of us to die, in order to save the rest, to which we consented. William Parr, being seized two days before with the spotted fever, was excluded. He wrote the numbers, and put them into a hat. We drew them out blindfolded, and put them in our pockets. Parr then asked whose lot it was to die; none of us knowing what number we had in our pocket, it was agreed that number five should die, and the lots being unfolded, M'Kinnon's was the fatal number.

"We had concluded that he on whom the lot fell should bleed himself to death, for which purpose we had provided ourselves with sharpened nails, which we got from the boat. With one of these M'Kinnon cut himself in three places; in his foot, hand, and wrist; and praying to God to forgive his sins, he died in about a quarter of an hour.

"Before he was quite cold, Brighthouse, with one of the nails, cut a piece of flesh off his thigh, and hung it up, leaving his body in the boat. About three hours afterwards we all ate of it, but only in a very small quantity. We dipped the body every two hours in the sea to preserve it. Parr having found a piece of slate in the bottom of the boat, he sharpened it on the large stone, and with it cut another piece off the thigh, which lasted us till the 8th; when it being my watch, and observing the water, about break of day, to change colour, I called the rest, thinking that we were near the shore, but saw no land, it being not quite daylight.

"As soon as day appeared, we discovered land right ahead, and steered towards it. About eight in the morning we were close to the shore. There being a heavy surf, we endeavoured to turn the boat's head to it, but, being very weak, we were unable. Soon afterwards the boat upset. Parr, Conway, and myself got on shore, but M'Quin and Brighthouse were drowned.

"We discovered a small hut on the beach, in which were an Indian and his mother, who spoke Portuguese; and I understanding that language, learned that there was a village, about three miles distant, called Belmont. The Indian went to the village, with the information that the French had landed; and in about two hours the governor of the village, a clergyman, and several armed men, took Conway and Parr, tied them by their hands and feet, and slinging them on a bamboo stick, conveyed them to the village, I being very weak, remained in the hut some time, but was afterwards taken.

"On our telling them we were English, we were immediately released, and three hammocks provided, in which we were taken to the governor's house, who resigned to us his own bed, and gave us milk and rice to eat; but as we had taken no food for a considerable time, we were jaw-locked, and continued so till the 23rd. During this time our host wrote to the governor of St. Salvador, who sent a schooner to Porto Seguto, to take us to St. Salvador. We were conducted on horseback to Porto Seguto, passing through Santa Cruz, where we remained about ten days. We afterwards embarked; and on our arrival at St. Salvador, Parr, on being questioned by the governor, told him, that our ship had foundered at sea, and that we had saved ourselves in the boat; that the ship's name was the Sally, of Liverpool, that she belonged to his father, and was last from Cape Corse Castle, on the coast of Africa, to touch at Ascension for turtle, and then bound for Jamaica. Parr likewise said that he was the captain.

"We remained at St. Salvador about thirteen days, during which time the inhabitants made up a subscription of £200 each man. We then embarked in the Maria, a Portuguese ship, for Lisbon; Parr as mate, Conway as boatswain's mate, and myself, being sickly, as a passenger. In thirteen days we arrived at Rio de Janeiro. Parr and Conway sailed for Lisbon, and I was left in the hospital.

"In about three months, Captain Elphinstone, of the Diamond, pressed me into his Majesty's service, giving me the choice of remaining in that station, or to proceed to the admiral at the Cape. I preferred the latter, and was put, with seven suspected deserters, on board the Ann, a Botany Bay ship, in irons, with the convicts. When I arrived at the Cape, I was put on board the Lancaster, of sixty-four guns. I never entered, but at length received my discharge; since which I engaged in the Duke of Clarence, as a seaman. I was determined to surrender myself the first opportunity, in order to relate my sufferings to the men of this garrison, and to deter others from attempting so mad a scheme."

This is, perhaps, one of the most extraordinary accounts upon record, and shows, in a forcible manner, the folly of attempting such enterprises without any corresponding incentive.

A GALLANT CHASE.

We were within a few days of our destination, and were rolling down the trades, when, at six in the morning, a strange sail was discovered on our starboard quarter, apparently in chase of us; we immediately hauled to the wind. This manœuvre disenchanted the golden visions of the stranger, and finding us likely to prove an awkward customer, he likewise hauled upon a bow-line. The chase now began. The lower yards of the pursued (evidently a man-of-war brig) could only be seen from the main-top; but her manœuvres, and the cut of her sails, at once announced her nation. As the sun rose in the heavens, the wind increased, and we had already gained considerably on the chase, when she was under the necessity of reefing in consequence of the strong squalls and fiery trade wind. This was just the weather in which the old Pompee shone to the greatest advantage, and we hailed the increasing gusts with pleasure. All hands were kept upon deck ready to shorten sail at an instant's notice. The brig being to windward was a certain guide to us as to the strength of the squalls, and we were prepared to act accordingly. By noon we had her hull up from the deck; she carried on most nobly; her spars bent like bows before she yielded to the blast. As soon as her topsails were observed coming down, every man was on the alert; and the instant the squall struck us, the topgallant-sails were furled, and the topsails down in a trice. The moment its force was expended, up they flew to the mast heads, and the upper sails were again expanded to the breeze. It was one of the most beautiful and soul-stirring chases it has been my fortune to witness.

The little craft was clearly overpressed; not the vantage ground of a hair's breadth was lost on our side. In one of the heavy squalls her lee main-top-sheet was carried away and the sail fluttered in ribbons. We made sure of our prey—"She is ours to a certainty,"—when that certainty vanished by the smartness of the Frenchman, who, in double-quick time, bent another main-top-sail. The Pompee's men had scarcely taken in another reef, when our skillful foe was observed sheeting home, and hoisting away again. It required no great sagacity to discover that her commander was a practically good seaman, who knew full well how to manage his dashing little barks. In a short time away went both his fore-top-sail sheets. "She cannot escape now—it is impossible."—"By heavens! he has secured his canvass this time. There, he is hauling home his sheets again."—"Well done—gallantly done, Johnny Crapaud; the devil favours his own offspring."—"Blow, good breezes, blow," (the wind was beginning to lull). Shake out a reef of the topsails."

And now the fears of losing the brig began to assume a palpable form, as she was observed to hold her own. No

sooner were our men laid out upon the topsail-yards, than the brig's men appeared to be occupied with the like duty. "He is determined to give us a run for it!" "Blow breezes, blow," was again heard murmuring around; and, by way of coaxing the airs of heaven, the master and first lieutenant were whistling to the wind, in tune something similar to that adopted by ostlers to their horses. All our whistling and coaxings failed in propitiating the wind deities. The sun declined, the wind dropped, and the Frenchman remained upon the gaining side; there was no moon, and the distance too great between us to admit of the hope of keeping him in sight when night should close in. The ship was kept wrapt full to get on her beam, as affording us the best chance of seeing her with the night-glasses. Not a vestige of the chase could be discovered an hour after sunset. A further pursuit was considered both hopeless and unprofitable by the disappointed officers.

We expected the hammocks to be piped down, and the ship to be kept on her course again; but Captain C— had acquired too much experience of our cunning adversary's shiftings and doublings to resign, prematurely, a quarry in every way worth our attention. The plan he pursued displayed the sound judgment that always guided his conduct in cases of difficulty and uncertainty, at once inspiring hope, security, and confidence, in those around him. He noted the spot where he had first fallen in with the brig, and her precise situation, when last seen; and concluded that the wary Frenchman would stand on under all sail till nine o'clock, then tack, and bear up before the wind to take his original position. Accordingly, at the hour he expected the chase to tack, we went aboard, and shortened sail to the topsails. The wind had previously fallen to a light breeze. In due time we edged away to meet him, on the supposed line of his course. All hands were ready stationed to make sail in an instant; the main-deck guns were cleared away; officers and men were peering in all directions, endeavouring to penetrate the darkness that surrounded the vessel. Meanwhile the captain, who had retired for a few minutes to consult the chart, upon which he had marked the expected point of meeting, returned to the quarter-deck. "Keep a sharp look-out on the weather bow," said he; and turning round to the officers, added, "if my conjectures are correct, we ought to be close on board of her."

"Take the night-glass forward, Mr. B—, and keep sweeping the horizon about four points on the bow."

"Ay, ay, sir."—But before the officer had reached the fore-castle, the welcome cry of a strange sail to windward was heard from the cat-head. In an instant the outlines of her extended canvass were visible, standing forth in strong relief from the dark back-ground of a mass of vapoury clouds. The top-gallant sails and foresails were speedily set, and the *Pompee* in a line with the stranger. The enemy was thus brought immediately under the muzzle of our guns. At the first shot he prudently let fly every tack and sheet, and hove to; we were equally expeditious, and both vessels were laying so close, that every attempt on the part of the brig to escape would have subjected her to certain destruction. The first boat brought on board the captain, who was minus an arm by our countrymen on a former occasion. The prize was a fine man-of-war brig *Le Pylade*, carrying sixteen thirty-two-pound carronades, and one hundred and nine men. She had run successfully the whole of the war, had just left Martinique, and was an excellent sailer, of which qualification we had incontestible proof. She had afforded us a chase that might have inspired and interested the most fastidious amateur in these matters. Both vessels were so admirably managed, the possible loss and probable advantages so nicely balanced on both sides, that I do not think either of them could be said to win upon the other in point of skill during the whole of the morning's manoeuvres. Stratagem eventually favoured us, and the neat finale to the pursuit was sagaciously planned and successfully executed.

The under-writers at Lloyd's had paid dearly for the various depredations of this industrious little brig. The poor Frenchman, it appeared, did not perceive us till we were actually alongside of him, and the whistling of the shot be-

tween his masts dispelled his dreams of security. At the very moment they fell into our power, they were congratulating themselves upon their escape. On looking over a log-book belonging to one of the officers, in which his hopes and fears during the day had been carefully registered, I observed that at five o'clock, when the wind had fallen and the brig appeared to have rather gained upon us, the Frenchman had written down, "Dieu merci, nous ne serons pas pris aujourd'hui. Adieu, Jean Boull—adieu, ros bif!"

CAPTURE OF THE BIRD GALLEY, BY PIRATES.

CAPTAIN SNEELGRAVE commanded the Bird galley, of London, in the year 1718, bound to Holland for a cargo, and from thence to a coast of Africa. He was detained at Helvoetsluys until the 10th of December, where, with other vessels, he was driven high and dry on shore in a violent storm, and left embedded in the sand, but received no material damage. Peasants were hired to dig a canal for the ship to the water, and she was made ready for sea again about the end of January.

The vessel now set sail, but a second gale coming on forced the captain into Spithead, from whence, on sailing again, the ship was driven seventy leagues to westward of the Lizard, and they were forced to lay by under a reefed mainsail for twenty-four hours. At length the gale subsided, and they pursued their voyage, with the loss only of their figure-head. They met with squalls, and were in the end forced to run for Kinsale in Ireland. In that port they refitted, and then had a fine run to the river of Sierra Leone. Here the misfortunes of Captain Snelgrave began; for the ship fell into the hands of pirates, who were at anchor in the river, three in number. They had captured ten English vessels.

It was about eight o'clock in the evening, when a boat was heard rowing towards the ship. In consequence of the sound of the oars, the first mate was ordered to send twenty men, armed, upon deck, to be prepared, in case the strange boat should prove an enemy. The second mate hailed, and was answered, "The Two Friends, of Barbadoes, Captain Elliott." They were hailed a second time, and replied, they were from America; and this was accompanied with a volley of small arms. Captain Snelgrave now called upon the mate to fire, which was not done; that officer reporting that the crew refused, to the captain's great astonishment. It was afterwards discovered that the mate had prevented the men from firing, having himself been in the interest of the pirates.

The boat naturally came alongside the ship unopposed. The pirates boarded the vessel, and fired several guns into the steerage, by which a sailor was mortally wounded. The people now called out for quarter, which was granted. The chief of the pirates then demanded how Captain Snelgrave dared ordered his men to fire upon them. He replied, he had thought it his duty to defend his ship, if his crew would have fought. Upon this the pirate presented a pistol at his breast, which he was just able to parry before it went off, and the ball passed between his side and arm. The villain then struck at him with the butt end of the pistol, which knocked him down upon his knees. Quickly recovering himself, the captain ran upon deck. There he encountered the boatswain of the pirates, a desperate character, who cut at him with a broadsword, declaring no quarter should be given him, because he had offered to defend his vessel. Captain Snelgrave evaded the blow by stooping below the quarter-deck rail, which it cut into an inch deep, and the sword broke. The fellow then took a pistol, and was going to beat out the captain's brains, but was prevented by the remonstrances of his crew. The pirates then turned upon the crew, whom they cut and maimed in a terrible manner. The chief pirates next came upon deck, and ordered the hands of Snelgrave's crew to be tied, telling the captain his life was safe, if none of his own crew complained against him. This the captain did not fear they would do, as he had given them no reason to do so. The pirates now fired several volleys of small arms, as a rejoicing at the capture of a prize.

The pirate captain ordered them to dress a quantity of the victuals on board the prize. The heads of the fowls, ducks,

geese, and turkeys, were cut off, and the wing feathers drawn out, but the ruffians would not wait for plucking them. They flung them in that state into a great furnace, designed for cooking the meals of 500 negroes, when the ship had taken in her cargo. Several Westphalia hams were added, and a large sow with young emboweled. The ship's cook was then commanded to boil them all directly.

Leave was obtained for the surgeon to dress the wounded men; and the quarter-master sending to know what was the hour by Captain Snelgrave's watch, he sent it, saying, it was a very good going watch, gold cased. The pirate held it up by the chain, and then laying it on the deck, gave it a kick, remarking it was a very good football. On this one of his crew took it up, saying he would put it in the common chest, to be sold before the mast; such was the wanton humour of men case-hardened in every species of vice.

Captain Snelgrave was now taken on board the pirate ship, where he was now asked about the quality of his ship, and her rate of sailing. He replied, that she sailed well. They told him she would make a fine pirate man-of-war.

The captain's situation was by no means an agreeable one, even under these circumstances, as ferocious men are generally capricious. He now fared very hard, enduring great fatigue with patience, and submitting resignedly to the Almighty will.

Soon after the captain was on board the pirate ship, a tall man, well armed, came up to him, and told him his name was Jack Griffin, one of his old school-fellows. Upon Captain Snelgrave appearing not to recollect him, he mentioned many pranks of their youth together. He said, he was forced into the pirate service: he had been chief mate of a Bristol vessel. He declared he was forced to act as master of the pirate. The crew he described as most atrocious miscreants. Griffin, who was well armed, promised to watch over the captain's safety, as the pirates would soon get intoxicated with the liquors on board their prize.

Griffin now obtained a bowl of punch, and led the way to the cabin, where a carpet was spread to sit upon, as the pirate ship was always kept clear for action. They sat down cross-legged, and Cocklyn, the chief or captain, drank Snelgrave's health, saying, his crew had spoken well of him. The pirate then gave the health of James III., meaning the Pretender, which seemed to indicate that he was one of the worthy adherents of the fallen dynasty. A hammock was slung for Captain Snelgrave at night, by the intercession of Griffin; but the pirates "lay rough," as they styled it, because their vessels, as already observed, were always cleared for action, their chief not being allowed a bed, but faring as the rest did. Having at length got into his hammock, the captain could not sleep for the oaths and horrible imprecations around him.

Griffin, true to his promise of guarding his old school-fellow while asleep, kept near the captain's hammock, sword in hand, to protect him from insults. Towards morning, while the pirates were carousing on deck, the boatswain came towards the hammock in a state of intoxication, swearing that he would slice the captain for ordering the crew to fire, dragged him from his hammock, and would, no doubt, have executed his savage threat, if it had not been for Griffin, who, as he pressed forward to stab him, cut at the fellow with his sword; and, after a sharp struggle, succeeded in beating him off. At length the wretches fell asleep, and Snelgrave was no longer molested. Griffin the next day complained of the boatswain's conduct, and he was threatened with a whipping. However, Snelgrave wisely pleaded for him, by saying he was in liquor.

That day ten of Captain Snelgrave's men, and the first mate, entered with the pirates. To this man Jones, the non-resistance of the crew of the galley was justly ascribed, he having prevented them from taking the arms out of the chests.

The following morning they ransacked Snelgrave's ship, throwing quantities of goods overboard, of which they could make no use. By the evening, they had in this manner wasted the cargo to the extent of three or four thousand pounds in value. They were anxious only for the money and

articles of clothing. Remonstrance on this waste would have been dangerous, as the pirates had not forgiven Snelgrave for desiring his men to fire into their boat.

All this time Captain Snelgrave was in the pirate vessel. It happened, that there resided at Sierra Leone a Captain Glynn, who, although he had suffered by pirates, was on good terms with them, and yet kept his hands free from their guilt. He was intimate with two other pirate captains in the river, one of whom, named Davis, kept his crew under strict discipline. Glynn and Davis went into the vessel in which Snelgrave was, and remonstrated on the ill-usage pursued towards him. In consequence, he was permitted to go on board his own ship, where the havoc was irreparable. His escrutoires were broken open, and robbed of their contents. Books, utterly useless to the pirates, were taken out of the chests and flung overboard.

The captain had now the chagrin of sitting down in his own cabin, and seeing all around treated with his liquors, and other good things from his private stores, which set the pirates in excellent humour. A quarrel, however, arose, and the pirates were going on board their own ships to prepare for action with each other. They were with difficulty prevented by the interposition of their captive.

Captain Snelgrave had a second time a narrow escape from the boatswain, who flashed a pistol at him, which luckily missed fire; but the pirate carpenter taking the prisoner's part, beat the fellow so severely as almost to kill him. The boatswain having been sent on board his own ship, Captain Snelgrave slept undisturbed. The next day he had the mortification to see the waste of property resumed. Nothing could more strongly picture the conduct of the lawless banditti, than what was exhibited at this time. Half hogshheads of claret and brandy were hoisted on deck, the heads knocked in, and cans and bowls dipped into them, until the depredators were satisfied; and then they threw the contents at each others by bucketsful. When what was on deck was thus emptied, they hoisted up more; and in the evening washed the deck with what remained in the casks. They demolished the bottled liquors by striking off the necks with their cutlasses. In a short time the waste was so great, that only a little French brandy remained of all the ship's stock. The stores of sugar, butter, and cheese, were also soon gone in this scene of mad riot. Some of them stumbling over a bundle of the captain's necessities, which the chief pirate had allowed him to secure, it was flung overboard, "because it lay in the way."

One of the pirates observing a packet in which was a black suit of clothes belonging to the captain, would see what was in it, and took up the things, together with a good hat and wig which were with them. Captain Snelgrave in vain told him he was allowed to have them. The fellow struck him with the flat of his sword, and cautioned him never to dispute a pirate's will, signifying, he might take his life for it. The pirate then put on the clothes, and in half-an-hour afterwards took them off and threw them overboard, his comrades having drenched him with buckets of claret. This man, named Kennedy, ended his career at Execution Dock.

Soon after Captain Snelgrave obtained leave to go on shore, to the house of Captain Glynn, where the three pirate captains received him with civility, and promised they would do all in their power to obtain his necessities for him. He was so much in want, that he was obliged to borrow a shirt from Captain Glynn, having been three days without a change in that burning climate. On the following day the captains went on board with their prisoner, and one of them persuaded Cocklyn to address the pirate crew in his behalf. The result was, that they agreed to give Captain Snelgrave a ship which they intended to quit, together with what remained of his cargo; and they proposed also to add a large quantity of goods from other prizes, which were of no use to them. This was a delicate thing to accept, as the goods were the property of others; and, by the interposition of Davis, the pirate captain, Snelgrave was allowed to decline the offer. One of the pirate vessels, which they intended to abandon, was then placed alongside Captain Snelgrave's ship: a considerable portion of the cargo was saved, and hoisted into it by

some of his own crew; but his private adventure, consisting of cloths, liquors, and fine goods, were destroyed. Pieces of fine holland had been opened upon the deck, on which the pirates had lain down half drunk. Buckets of claret thrown over them in this state stained the linen, and then it was flung into the sea.

Captain Snelgrave now got leave to sleep in a ship commanded by Captain Elliot of Barbadoes, and had leave to go on shore when he pleased. On board that ship he slept four nights, until the vessel given him was laden. During this period, the pirate who had fired at him when his ship was first boarded, was attacked with fever, and desired to see him alone, and implored forgiveness. Some of his comrades then came in to ask him how he did, and he ordered his boy to give Captain Snelgrave the key of his necessities, and let him take what he choose; which the captain did not hesitate to do, as he stood so much in need of them.

This man fell into a delirium the same night, and died before the morning, cursing God his Maker in such a frightful manner, that it affected several of the pirates who were yet novices in that mode of life; and they came privately, in consequence, to obtain Captain Snelgrave's advice how they should get out of their evil course. A proclamation of pardon had been issued to all pirates who surrendered before the 1st of July, 1719, and the captain advised them to embrace the pardon so tendered.

Three laced coats among the plunder having given origin to a dispute, during which Captain Snelgrave was threatened by one of the pirates named Williams, that he should be cut to pieces, a singular instance of vanity was exhibited, in his following the advice of Captain Elliot, and addressing the fellow as "captain," a thing so gratifying to the scoundrel, that the flattery made him a friend, and he sent Captain Snelgrave a keg of wine.

A French ship having come into the river, was captured and run on shore. In the meantime, Captain Snelgrave landed his cargo from the ship into which it had been shifted; and the pirates made him dine with them, to commemorate their fitting out his own vessel as a freebooter, on which they broke their glasses and fired the guns. They called her the Windham Galley. She had two flush decks. The scuttle of the powder-room happened to be open, when some cartridges near the aftermost guns took fire. The danger was imminent, for in a room under there was stowed twenty thousand pounds weight of gunpowder.

The pirates at this time burned the *Rising Sun*, the ship they quitted to go on board the *Bird* galley. Snelgrave now requested Captain Davis to obtain for him his liberty. Davis accordingly interfered, and eventually succeeded.

Captain Davis insisting on Snelgrave going to sup with him it would have been unwise not to obey. In the midst of supper, about eight in the evening, a cry of fire was heard on board. The crew were the greater part of them drunk, and there were more than fifty prisoners on board at the time. Great confusion prevailed, and the more sober part of the people on board only thought of getting off in the boats. The guns were fired to oblige them to return, for the flames increased rapidly. There were thirty thousand pounds weight of gunpowder now below, and the fire was making a-head in the hold. One fellow, who was very active amid the universal confusion, put his head up the hatchway, and called for blankets and water, which, he declared, if not brought directly, the ship must blow up. Captain Snelgrave caught up all the blankets and rugs which he could find, and this bold fellow placed them against the bulk-head of the powder-room. Water was poured on them from buckets to prevent the fire from catching. The night was dark, the crew drunk, and no hope of mastering the fire seemed to remain; to spring into the water was certain death, from the sharks hovering around the vessel. Captain Snelgrave therefore took a quarter-deck grating, and lowered it with a rope, hoping to get away upon that, as several persons had got into the boats again, and gone off with them. While the captain was thus meditating his escape he heard a shout from the main-deck, "For a brave blast to go to hell with." On which, some of the newly entered pirates near him be-

lieving the ship must blow up in a few minutes, lamented their entering on that vile course of life, with bitter exclamations against the old offenders on the main-deck. Fifty of the crew got on the bowsprit and spritsail yard, in the vain hope that they might escape destruction there. All was panic and confusion. A man named Taylor, and fifteen more, laboured to subdue the flames in the hold until they succeeded; and never flinched, though they were all terribly burned. A negro, it appeared had gone to draw rum with a candle, and set the spirits on fire, together with those in a second cask close by; fortunately, twenty other casks of rum near, and as many of tar and pitch, escaped, or the vessel could not have been saved. The services of Captain Snelgrave gained him the good will of the pirates. They sent him word when the necessities were to be sold before the mast, and many of them bought things which had belonged to him and returned them. He speedily got to the shore with his purchases, and was advised now to escape into the woods until the pirates sailed, which he did not fail to do. When they had left Sierra Leone, he returned to Captain Glynn's, freighted a vessel with all the plundered goods which he could get back, and set sail for Bristol, with six masters of ships whose vessels had been destroyed, and no less than sixty passengers, where he arrived August 1, 1719.

A RECOLLECTION OF THE HERO OF TRAFALGAR WHEN MIDSHIPMAN.

(From the *Fortunes of Frank Fairfield*).

THE young officer returned to his ship, and the next day she was sailing down the Thames, and Nelson (who had commanded the admiral's tender at Chatham, and gained a complete knowledge of both rivers), pointed out to his messmate the various shoals and sands, and the marks for clearing, them, the entire distance from Woolwich to the Downs. This alone, in one of his age, showed that he was no ordinary character, for the navigation was extremely intricate and dangerous, and the pilot declared that Nelson was perfectly correct. They remained one night in the Downs, and then proceeded to Portsmouth, where having received final orders, the "Seahorse" ran out through the Needles' passage (so named from a range of sharp-pointed rocks, that extend some distance into the sea, from the westernmost extreme of the Isle of Wight), and made all sail down Channel.

As the evening advanced, the weather became thick and misty, so that it was impossible to see the length of half a cable from the ship. The wind was fair and steady, and the frigate was going at the rate of seven miles an hour, with the water as smooth as a mill-pond. The two friends (Nelson and Fairfield) contrived to be appointed to keep watch together, under one of the finest old seamen in the service,—Mr. Weatherwise, the master. He had been brought up in a rough school; was well acquainted with the taste of "tarred gingerbread;" (that is, had been often beaten with a tarry rope), and had been thrashed from childhood into almost manhood, by a stern and severe commander, engaged in the slave trade. Still he had persevered, till he was made mate of a West Indiaman, but the ship being wrecked, he was picked up in the streets of Plymouth, by a press-gang, and conveyed on board a man-of-war, where he served before the mast. His good conduct and seaman-like qualities, caught the attention of his noble captain, Viscount Howe (who afterwards became the celebrated Admiral Earl Howe), and as he never allowed merit to go unrewarded, Weatherwise was raised to the quarter-deck; and went through the usual gradations, till he was appointed master of the frigate they were then in. He was partial to the lads, and had more than once or twice assisted them in their attempts to learn their duty.

It was the first watch (that is, from before eight in the evening till midnight) and, as I said before, very hazy. The master had charge of the deck, and as a mark of favour the two young watchmates were suffered to walk by his side, whilst he related to them many circumstances in his early life, connected with the atrocious dealers in human flesh—

the slavers. He was telling them of "a young negress, who was a mother, and had an infant with her, of which she seemed very fond, but her condition preyed so bitterly upon her spirits, that she either could not or would not dance, when ordered to do so for the purpose of exercising her limbs. The whip was applied to her bare back, but she continued resolute, and crouched on the deck, holding the infant in her arms, without uttering a word. The captain, a hard-hearted man, by way of arousing her, as well as punishing her, ordered the child to be taken from her, which was accordingly done, and it had the instantaneous effect of calling her energies into action; she struggled for her baby like a tigress, and though repeatedly struck down, again sprang upon her assailants, and with loud shrieks, tried to tear the poor little thing from the cruel men who had deprived her of it. But even a mother's strength was nothing compared with that of her persecutors. The child was carried away, and the young female throwing herself violently down, beat her head against the deck till the blood ran in streams down her black skin, from the injuries she inflicted upon herself."

"It must have been a distressing sight, sir," said Frank (Fairfield), shuddering, as fancy contemplated the picture; "I cannot think how men's hearts can be so devoid of humanity."

"There is but little feeling in a slave-ship," observed Mr. Weatherwise; "self-interest does much, but humanity is an unknown article among the stores of a slaver. It was indeed a pitiable spectacle; and there, poor creature, she was suffered to lay, bleeding and insensible," as the captain said "the loss of blood would serve to tame her, and while she was unable to move, she could do herself no harm." At last she began to revive, and then iron shackles were put upon her hands, and upon her legs, and her wrists and ankles drawn close together. At first she was very desperate, but after a time grew more composed and quiet; but it was only considered the artifice of a nigger—and a cunning set of beings they are, I can assure you. Well, it was only considered to be an artifice; and there they kept her through a long dreary night, without a soul to speak or to say a word of comfort to her, for the rest of the niggers were locked up below. She asked for water, but no one would give it to her; and all this punishment was inflicted because she refused to dance."

"But was it not a strange and unnatural thing, sir, to try and force a poor unhappy negress to dance, especially in the situation in which she was placed?" asked Frank; while Nelson, though somewhat agitated, did not utter a word.

"It was not for their own pleasure that they danced," answered Mr. Weatherwise; "but when they first got to sea, they were always terribly sullen, and moped like idiots, refusing to eat their food, even with the lash laid across their shoulders; many would have starved themselves to death, or lost the use of their limbs through inactivity and cramp; and as money was to be made of them, means were resorted to that prevented them from becoming unsaleable. It was with this intention that the whips were got up, and the unfortunate wretches made to skip about in wild antics. Some captains were more brutal than others; ours was a monster, for he took pleasure in tormenting his victims."

"I wish I had him here now," exclaimed young Nelson, as he clenched his fist, and stamped his foot; "I would, if it was in my power, make him feel the sufferings himself that he has inflicted upon others."

"He is enduring greater torments," muttered the master; "at least, my ideas of retribution lead me to think so. He is dead, young gentleman—scratched off the muster-book of life by his own hand; for the next voyage after I left the ship the niggers mutinied, and gained possession. The mates and crew were killed by the exasperated blacks; but the captain, fearing to fall into their merciless power, fired a pistol-ball through his own head, and died with murderous guilt upon his soul. What hope, then, could there be for him?"

For three or four minutes not another word was spoken, and each seemed absorbed in his own painful meditations; till at length Frank broke the silence by inquiring what had become of the negress of whom he had been speaking.

"Oh, ay!" returned the master; "general matters had drawn away my thoughts from that particular object, but I will tell you. Let me see: I said she had been kept lashed almost neck and heels together for the whole of a dismal night, and her moans were distressing to hear, only there were very few who cared anything about them,—they were accustomed to the thing; and yet I think there was not one amongst the ship's company who would have behaved in the same manner to a dumb animal! Unlimited and irresponsible authority is at all times dangerous, even in the hands of good men; how much more, then, is it so, when exercised by tyrants; and it is a melancholy fact, my young friends, that men are more ready to oppress their fellow creatures than to inflict injury upon animals. As for the poor black girl, she had done no hurt or wrong; but, torn from her quiet home by marauders, and perhaps her only protector, the father of her child, slain (for he was not on board), she was sold to an agent on the coast, and shipped with others, to be sent to a place where they imagined they would be fattened and then killed for a feast. It was no matter of surprise that horror and despair took possession of their minds. Whether she really entertained this supposition or not, I cannot take upon myself to say, but I have known it in many, many instances; at all events, if the Creator had given her reasoning faculties and feelings,—and it would be presumption to say that one so wise and good had withheld them—then, however ignorant, her soul must have been wrung with anguish; for I need not tell you the difference between even a hut with a plot of garden ground, where nature was spontaneously distributing the simple necessities to support existence, and the wide expanse of the rough and pathless ocean that had never before been tried. She had suffered, and was still suffering, injustice and cruelty. What will not a mother do for her child? and her infant had been wrested from her! Well, young men, I told you that she grew more satisfied, and at length appeared to be cheerful, and it puzzled me, ay, pained my heart, to see that a woman could so soon forget the babe that she was suckling; even older heads than mine were deceived by it, and after some hours' confinement, she was released, and ate her allowance with avidity; but she happened to hear her infant cry, and then she got restless again, and by signs promised to do all that was required, if they would but restore it; she even capered on the deck to show her willingness. 'I thought so,' said the captain; 'we've tamed her at last—she's cowed enough now—you may give her the brat, and let's see how she will behave.' I myself took the child to her, and she looked so gratefully in my face, as she clasped it to her bosom, that even I, Tom Weatherwise, hardened by such scenes, and the kicks and cuffs I got from every one, I could not help pumping water into my eyes, for which I got a crack on the side of the head—but from use, that was nothing to me; and I couldn't help feeling pleased to see her fondle the poor little naked innocent. She sat upon the deck, humming over it a low, mournful tune, that was like the sighing of the wind mingling with the moaning of the waves; and thus she continued for a couple of hours, when suddenly springing up, at a moment when nobody was near to her, she got upon the bulwark, and before any soul could prevent it, she pressed the infant closely to her, and dashed into the waves. The ship was running six knots (miles), and before they could shorten sail and bring her to, the sea had closed for ever over the mother and the child. Never shall I forget—"

"Sail, ho!" uttered young Nelson, in a subdued voice, glad to interrupt the narrative, whilst Frank's eyes were dimmed with tears.

"Where, where?" demanded the master, equally pleased to have his attention drawn to other objects.

"On the larboard (left-hand) beam, sir," answered the young officer, eagerly; "there she is—looming large in the fog, and almost within hail." He ran and fetched the master's glass, and presented it to him.

Mr. Weatherwise looked intently at the stranger, whilst the two young midshipmen noiselessly aroused the watch, every man taking his proper station.

"It is a large lugger," said the master; "port the helm a little; if she is an enemy we must decoy her. Clear away the guns on the larboard side. Keep a bright eye upon her, Mr. Nelson, whilst I go down and report to the captain. Be smart with the guns, Mr. Fairfield, but make no noise. Have the signal lanterns ready, but do not hoist them."

Mr. Weatherwise descended to the cabin, but his absence did not occupy more than three or four minutes, when he again appeared on deck, and once more steadily directed his glass towards the stranger, so as to ascertain that she was running nearly on the same course as the frigate, which they either did not see, or else intended to approach with caution. Every eye was upon the alert—every ear was open—the utmost vigilance prevailed. Frank had got the larboard guns cast loose, and was now occupied with the watch in loosing the opposite ones. The "Seahorse" pretended to widen the distance between them, the master well knowing that if it was an English lugger she would keep on her way, but if a French privateer (as he strongly suspected), they would, in the gloom, take the frigate for a merchant ship. As well as time would admit, some of the men were employed in disguising the "Seahorse," by means of painted canvass that was usually spread over the seamen's hammocks. Young Nelson was very active in effecting this, and, in fact, from the moment the stranger was supposed to be an enemy, he was all excitement, whilst Frank coolly, but effectually, saw that his own duty was fulfilled.

A few minutes brought Captain Farmer upon the quarter-deck. His look at the lugger was but momentary, and without hesitation he declared her to be an enemy, and ordered every soul to be sent up from below by the quarter-masters and the boatswain's-mates, as quietly as possible. The officers were also called, and in a very brief interval every one was at his post. The stranger kept edging stealthily towards the frigate till she got within hail, when Captain Farmer bellowed through his speaking-trumpet, "Ho, the lugger ahoy! from whence came you?"

"The 'Adventure,' of Jersey," replied a voice, in good English; "bound to the Cove of Cork."

"That tale will not do for me," muttered Captain Farmer; "starboard the helm, and close him. Mind how you steer, my man, and stand by there fore and aft to trim sails."

"The lugger is hauling to the wind, sir," said young Nelson, who was keenly intent upon her movements; "shall we give her a gun, sir?"

The captain looked at the stranger for a moment, and then answered, "Be all ready for firing! brace round the yards! starboard the helm!"

Now, whether Nelson had misunderstood the captain's orders, or, with that promptitude for which he was afterwards so famous, he took the responsibility upon himself, certain it is, that he called to Frank, and uttered, in a low tone, "That fellow will hug to windward of us in no time, unless we can wing him; and, after all, if we miss, it is only a few pounds of iron thrown away. Point that next gun, Fairfield; take a steady aim, and when I sing out 'fire,' let fly; it is our only chance."

Frank did as he was bid. Nelson gave the word; the two guns went off with nearly one report, and whilst the smoke was still clinging to the surface of the water, Captain Farmer demanded who it was that dared to fire without his orders.

"It was I, sir," answered Nelson, boldly; "I thought—"

"Thought," repeated the captain, interrupting the finish of the sentence, "who gave you liberty to think, sir? Come aft here directly."

"I'm in for it, Fairfield," said the youth: "do you hold your tongue, and nobody will bring your name in. Never mind; I would do it again, if it was yet to be done."

"But I shall insist on taking my share of the blame," responded Frank, "though I thought you had orders;" and the youths went aft together.

"You may have hit a friend, Mr. Nelson," exclaimed the captain, angrily; "perhaps sacrificed the lives of fellow-countrymen. I am commander here, sir, and—"

Before he had time to finish, "bang, bang," went the guns of

the lugger. There was a crash aloft, and over went the frigate's foretop-gallant mast, with its sails knocked away by the shot. The smoke had now, however, somewhat cleared off, and one of the men shouted, "Her main-lug is down, sir."

"I did that," said Nelson; "and now she will be our own. We shall get out of the scrape this time, anyhow, Fairfield." And they did so, for the captain saw the advantage which it gave him, and was too generous to be severe. The lugger put away before the wind again, but the frigate was too close for her to escape. Several shots were exchanged, with but little effect, till, in about an hour's time, the "Seahorse" got fairly alongside, and at the first threat of sinking her, she hailed that they surrendered. It was a fine French privateer, from St. Maloes, carrying twelve guns and one hundred and twenty men, had quitted her port the day previous, but had captured nothing. Captain Farmer took out the prisoners, bore up for Plymouth with his prize, and having landed the Frenchmen, and placed the privateer under the charge of the port-admiral, he again proceeded to sea.

From that moment young Nelson was treated with great consideration by the captain, and became the pride of the ship's company. But he would not take all the credit to himself; Frank shared his honours, and the friends became more strongly attached than ever. It is true, that something like jealousy arose amongst the other officers, who declared that Nelson deserved punishment for disobedience; nor did he deny the conclusion, but contented himself by observing, that no one was fit for the service of his country if he would not run any risk to capture an enemy. The only notice that Captain Farmer took of the delinquency, was to separate Frank and Nelson from being watchmates, to the vexation of Mr. Weatherwise, who, however, did not, on that account, relax his efforts to give them good instruction.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE OCCURRENCES ON BOARD OF THE FRANCIS AND MARY,

LOST IN HER PASSAGE FROM ST. JOHN'S, FEBRUARY, 1825.

On the 18th of January 1825, the Francis and Mary sailed from St. John's, laden with timber, and on the 5th of February was overtaken by a hard gale: shipped a heavy sea, which carried away the long boat, companion, and tiller; unshipped the rudder, the best bower chain, and washed a man overboard, who was afterwards saved. Another heavy sea struck us, which stove in our stern. We cut away our foremast, and both bower anchors, to keep the ship to the wind. We got the master's wife and a female passenger up, whilst we were clearing away below, and lightening the ship. At daylight we found Patrick Cooney hanging by his legs to the catharpins, dead, from fatigue, and committed his body to the deep.

Feb. 6th, we saw a strange sail standing towards us, and made signal of distress—stranger spoke to us, and remained in company twenty-four hours, but gave us no assistance, making an excuse that the sea was running too high. The next day we saw a brig to leeward, and made the signal of distress, upon which she bore up and showed American colours. Spoke to us, and asked how long we had been in that situation, and what we intended to do—if we intended to leave the ship? We replied we did. He then asked us if we had any rigging! and we answered yes; but night coming on, and it blowing hard, we saw no more of her. About the 11th we saw a large ship to the northward, but did not speak to her. At this time all our provisions were out, and we suffered much from hunger, having received no nourishment for nine days!

On the 21st, James Clarke, a seaman, died, and after reading prayers we committed his body to the deep. We were at this time on half a gill of water a day, and suffered much from hunger. On the 22nd, John Wilson, a seaman, died, and we preserved his body, cut it up in quarters, and hung them up. From this time to the 6th of March, six seamen perished from hunger. Also James Frier, who was working his passage home, under a promise of marriage to the female passenger, who attended on the master's wife; and who, when she heard of Frier's death, gave a loud shriek, then snatching a cup from the mate, cut her late intended husband's throat, and drank

his blood, insisting that she had the greatest right to it, and allowed him to drink one cup to her two!

On the 7th of March, his Majesty's ship *Blonde* hove in sight, and came to our relief.

Words are quite inadequate to express our feelings, as well as those which Lord Byron and our deliverers must evidently have possessed, when they found they had come to rescue six of their fellow-creatures, two of which were females, from a most awful, lingering, but certain death. It came on to blow, during the night, a fresh gale; which would, no doubt, have swept us all overboard. Lieutenant Gambier came in the ship's cutter to bring us from the wreck, and observed to us, "You have yet, I perceive fresh meat," to which we were compelled to reply—"No, sir, it is a part of a man, one of our unfortunate crew! It was our intention to have put ourselves on an allowance, even of this food, this evening, had not you come to our relief."

The master's wife, who underwent all the most horrid sufferings which the human understanding can imagine, bore them much better than could possibly be expected. She was, though much emaciated, a respectable and good-looking woman—about twenty-five years of age, and the mother of a fine healthy stout boy. But what must have been the extremity of want to which she was driven, when she eat the brains of one of the apprentices, saying it was the most delicious thing she ever tasted; and it is still more melancholy to relate, that the person whose brains she was forced by hunger to eat, had been three times wrecked before, but was providentially picked up by a vessel, after being two and twenty days waterlogged; but, in the present instance, he perished, and then became food for his remaining shipmates!

Ann Saunders, the other female, had more strength in her calamity than most of the men: she performed the duty of cutting up and cleaning the dead bodies, keeping two knives in her money jacket; and when the breath was announced to have flown, she would sharpen her knives, bleed the deceased in the neck, drink his blood, and eat him up as usual.

THE SAILOR.

THE sailor sighs as sinks his native shore,
As all its lessening turrets bluely fade;
He climbs the mast to feast his eyes once more,
And busy fancy lends her aid.
Ah! now each dear, domestic scene he knew,
Recall'd and cherish'd in a foreign clime,
Charms with the magic of a moonlight view,
Its colours mellow'd, not impaired by time.
True as the needle, homeward points his heart,
Thro' all the horrors of the stormy main;
This the last wish that would with life depart,
To meet the smile of her he loves again.
Her gentle spirit, lightly hovering o'er,
Attends his little bark from pole to pole;
And, when the beating billows round him roar,
Whispers sweet hope, to soothe his troubled soul.
But lo, at last he comes with crowded sail!
See, o'er the cliff what eager figures bend;
And hark, what mingled murmurs swell the gale!
In each he hears the welcome of a friend.
'Tis she, 'tis she herself! she waves her hand!
Soon is the anchor cast, the canvass fur'd;
Soon thro' the whitening surge he springs to land,
And clasps the maid he singles from the world.

A SAILOR'S FUNERAL.

VERY shortly after poor Jack dies, he is prepared for his deep sea grave by his messmates, who, with the assistance of the sail-maker, and in the presence of the master-at-arms, sew him up in his hammock; and having placed a couple of cannon-shot at his feet, they rest the body (which now not a little resembles an Egyptian mummy) on a spare grating. Some portion of the bedding and clothes are always made up in the pack-

age—apparently to prevent the form being too much seen. It is then carried aft, and being placed across the after-hatchway, the union-jack is placed over all. Sometimes it is placed between two of the guns, under the half-deck: but generally, it is laid where I have mentioned, just abaft the mainmast. I should have mentioned before, that as soon as the surgeon's ineffectual professional offices are at an end, he walks to the quarter-deck, and reports to the officer of the watch that one of his patients has just expired. At whatever hour of the day or night this occurs, the captain is immediately made acquainted with the circumstance.

Next day, generally about eleven o'clock, the bell, on which the half-hours are struck, is tolled for the funeral, and all who choose to be present assemble on the gangways, booms, and round the mainmast, while the fore-part of the quarter-deck is occupied by the officers. While the people are repairing to the quarter-deck, in obedience to the summons of the bell, the grating on which the body is placed, being lifted from the main-deck by the messmates of the man who has died, is made to rest on the lee-gangway. The stanchions for the main-ropes of the side are unshipped, and an opening made at the after-end of the hammock netting, sufficiently large to allow a free passage. The body is still covered by the flag already mentioned, with the feet projecting a little over the gunwale, while the messmates of the deceased arrange themselves on each side. A rope, which is kept out of sight in these arrangements, is then made fast to the grating, for the purpose of hauling it aboard again when the awful ceremony is ended. When all is ready, the chaplain, if there be one on board, or, if not, the captain, or any of the officers he may direct to officiate, appears on the quarter-deck and commences the beautiful service which, though but too familiar to most ears, I have observed, never fails to rivet the attention even of the rudest and least reflecting. The land-service for the burial of the dead contains the following words: "Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God, of his great mercy, to take unto himself the soul of our dear brother here departed, we therefore commit his body to the ground; earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust; in sure and certain hope," &c. Every one, I am sure, who has attended the funeral of a friend—and whom will this not include?—must recollect the solemnity of that stage of the ceremony where, as the above words are pronounced, there are cast into the grave three successive portions of earth, which, falling on the coffin, send up a hollow, mournful sound, resembling no other that I know. In the burial service at sea, the part quoted above is varied in the following very striking and solemn manner: "Forasmuch," &c.—"we therefore commit his body to the deep, to be turned into corruption, looking for the resurrection of the body, when the sea shall give up her dead, and the life of the world to come," &c. At the commencement of this part of the service, one of the seamen stoops down, and disengages the flag from the remains of his late shipmate, while the others, at the words "we commit his body to the deep," project the grating right into the sea. The body being loaded with shot at one end, glances off the grating, plunges at once into the ocean, and—

In a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into its depths, with bubbling groan,
Without a grave uncoffin'd, and unknown.

JACK AT TRAFALGAR.

A veteran at the battle of Trafalgar, who was actively employed at one of the guns on the quarter-deck of the *Britannia*, had his leg shot off below the knee, and observed to an officer, who was ordering him to be conveyed to the cock-pit, "That's but a shilling touch; an inch higher and I should have had my eighteen-pence for it;" alluding by this to the scale of pensions allowed for wounds, which, of course, increase according to their severity. The same hearty fellow, as they were lifting him on a brother tar's shoulders, said to one of his friends, "Bob, take a look for my leg, and give me the silver buckle out of my shoe; I'll do as much for you, please God, some other time."

THE SHARK.

A FEW days before leaving the station at Cape Coast, the Redwing lost one of her seamen, in a most melancholy and affecting manner. The man had been working hard in the fore-hold, and, being very dirty, lowered himself down on the cable, under the bows, to wash himself: while thus employed, a large shark attacked him, and before he could get out of the water, seized him by the lower part of the belly, and tore great part of his entrails out. Notwithstanding this, the man succeeded in disengaging himself from the monster, and regaining the cable; but before assistance could be procured, the shark returned and took him down. He was again seen to rise with him at a short distance, evidently endeavouring to bear away his prey from the numberless others, who, at-

tracted by the blood, had gathered round the spot, and were all eager to have a share in the spoil. Several of these destructive creatures followed the ship for many days after.

LOSS OF H. M. S. BRAZEN.

"The labouring hull already seems half filled
With waters, through an hundred leaks distilled,
As in a dropsy, wallowing with her freight,
Half-drowned she lies, a dead inactive weight!
Thus, drenched by every wave, her riven deck,
Stripped and defenceless, floats a naked wreck."

IN the evening of January 25, 1800, the wind blew very strong from the south-west, accompanied with heavy rains,



LOSS OF THE BRAZEN, CAPTAIN HANSON, JANUARY 26, 1800.

and the violence of the storm increased so much during the night, that it was soon a complete hurricane.

On the 26th, at six in the morning, an alarm was given at Newhaven, on the coast of Sussex, that a large ship, which was supposed to be a man-of-war, was on shore under the cliffs, about a mile to the westward of that place. An express was immediately despatched to Captain Sproule, of the royal navy, at Brighton, who commanded on that part of the coast; and several people instantly repaired to the place, below the cliffs, near which the ship was said to lay. Day had not yet dawned, and the violence of the wind and rain increased and prolonged the gloom; but it was not difficult to discover the fatal spot, for the cries of the wretched mariners, who screamed aloud for help, were distinctly heard above the incessant roar of the conflicting elements. Unfor-

tunately, just as the vessel struck, the flood-tide was making, and rose so fast while the people were under the cliffs, that they were soon obliged to return without being able to render any assistance. They now dragged to the top of the cliffs two machines, constructed with swing cranes, to hang over the precipice, and a rope reeved in them, to which is suspended a large cage capable of containing three men: these were in readiness to be used when the tide had flowed so high as to prevent any one from passing round the points of the rocks that projected far into the sea. At daybreak, they could see the ship at about half a mile distance from the shore, but her masts were gone, and she lay, to all appearance, a total wreck. Many of the crew, however, were still hanging to those parts that were most out of the water.

They soon discovered that some of the men were struggling

with the waves, and had a chance of being able to reach the shore, upon which two men upon the cliff gallantly jumped into the cage, and were let down a precipice of nearly three hundred feet, perpendicular, for the noble purpose of endeavouring to rescue from the waves those who floated. One man drifted to shore apparently unhurt; but as the two brave fellows were advancing to his assistance, part of a loose sail was thrown over him by a wave, which carried him out to sea, and he rose no more! Another, more fortunate, came to shore on a caronade gun-slide: the men caught hold of him, and placing him in the cage, he was, with themselves, safely drawn upon the cliff. On reaching the top, he appeared in strong convulsions, but soon recovered sufficiently to inform his deliverers that the wreck they saw was the Brazen, sloop

of war, commanded by Captain James Hanson: and it is a circumstance which cannot be regarded otherwise than extraordinary, that this man, who could not swim, was saved, while the most expert swimmers in the ship were drowned.

The sea now broke nearly fifty feet up the cliffs, so that no further attempt could be made to afford them any relief. The anxious spectators could only lament the fate of the sufferers, while they beheld, in silent anguish, that two or three men were yet alive on the wreck, without the slightest chance of escaping the fate of their companions; and, notwithstanding the howling of the wind, and the loud breaking of the sea, their screams for assistance could be distinctly heard.

By this time the wreck had drifted nearer in the shore, and one man was seen to survive, lashed to the stump of the foremast,

every wave which washed over him, covering him many feet deep, and only giving him time to breathe between wave and wave, until about two in the afternoon, when he sunk down totally exhausted and lifeless.

About three o'clock, the ebbing of the tide enabled the people on shore to get under the cliff, opposite to the remains of the vessel, but little could now be saved. The shore was strewn for miles with the wreck of this ill-fated vessel. Ninety-five of the bodies of the crew, which floated ashore, were decently interred at Newhaven, by direction of the Lords of the Admiralty; and a handsome stone monument, or pillar, commemorative of the melancholy event, was erected near the grave which contained their remains, at the expense of Captain Hanson's family, from a very appropriate design by Mr. Henry Rhodes, architect.

The following are the Inscriptions on this Monument:

NO. 1.
SACRED
TO THE MEMORY
OF
CAPTAIN JAMES HANSON,
The officers and company of His Majesty's ship
BRAZEN; who were wrecked in a violent storm
Under the Cliff,
Bearing from this place S.W.
At five o'clock, A.M., Jan. 26, 1800.
One of the crew only surviving to tell the melancholy tale.

By this fatal event
The country, alas! was deprived of 103
brave defenders,

At a time when it

Most required their assistance:

The remains of many of them were interred
near to this spot,

By direction of

The Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty.

"The waters saw Thee; O God!"

NO. II.

The Brazen had been ordered to protect

this part of the coast from the insolent attacks of the enemy;

And, in the evening preceding this sad catastrophe,

Had detained a foreign vessel,

Which

Was put under the care of the master's-mate, a midshipman,
eight seamen, and two marines;

Who were thereby saved from the fate of
their companions.

NO. III.

Names of the officers lost.

James Hanson, Esq., Commander.

James Cook, John Dembry, Lieutenants.

Archibald Ingram, Master.

Patrick Venables, James Hanwell, Midshipmen.

John Braugh, Purser.

Robert Still, Surgeon.

Thomas Whitfield, Boatswain.

Robert Alder Yawle, Gunner.

John Teague, Carpenter.

NO. IV.

The stories of

CAPTAIN HANSON

Caused this monument to be erected,

As a mark of their esteem for a deserving officer,

And a valuable friend:

It was the will of Heaven

To preserve him

During a four years' voyage of danger and difficulty,

Round the world;

On discoveries

With Captain Vancouver,

In the years 1791, 1792, 1793, and 1794,

But to take him from us

When he thought himself secure.

"The voice of the Lord is upon the waters."

THE SHRIFT ON THE RAFT.

(From Ainsworth's Magazine.)

THE terrible storm which ravaged the coast of Norway on the 12th of October, 1715, was remembered in that country long after the hand of time and the industry of man had obliterated the marks of its fury. As sudden as it was tremendous, it arose after several weeks of settled weather, and having wrought more havoc in a few hours than ordinary tempests effect in days, it subsided with corresponding rapidity, leaving upon the minds of the peasants who witnessed its terrors a singular impression with regard to its origin. For years, the herdsman of that rugged land, and the sailor of that dangerous sea, believed that the dreadful storm, which had swept away sheep and shepherd amid the ruin of house and fold, and had dashed the largest craft upon the rocks that received the shattered fishing-boats, was caused by a sudden exertion among the demons of the Pole, who, forbidden by the mandate of Heaven to enter earth while it shall move in its appointed orbit, are perpetually labouring to disturb its charmed circle, that they may rush in to havoc by land and wave.

Strange tales are still told of the events of that fatal day, and of the night which ensued; and the following legend, relating to one of the voyagers who suffered in the storm, bears some evidence of the feeling with which the Norwegians regarded so terrible a visitation; a feeling in which is

mingled some vague recollection of the time when Norway itself was one of the most unfortunate of the stakes in the game played by the great continental powers.

The tempest was rapidly subsiding as dusk drew on, but the cessation of the violent turmoil brought no comfort to the scanty crew of the ill-fated ship *Drontheim*, which had sailed from the port of that name on the preceding day, and had met the wrath of the storm in full career. She had been bound for France; but at the time we speak of, she was a helpless and naked hull, drifting whither the caprice of the wind, which seemed to blow from all points of the compass at once, chose to hurry her. She was now making her rapid but involuntary course northwards; but to the few human beings who yet clung to her decks, the state of her shattered sides, through which the water was forcing its way at twenty wounds, left it a matter of hideous unconcern where they might meet the certain fate which awaited them. It was obvious that many minutes could not elapse before the vessel and all she contained should be sucked into the troubled abyss on which she yet floated. Her smaller boats had long since been carried away by a burst of the storm, which, hurling three or four monster waves across her deck, had swept every moveable thing from its surface, including more than a third of the wretched crew. In the next moment, one of terrified madness, the survivors had crowded the long boat, which had scarcely touched the foaming billows ere it was swamped, and went down with every soul it bore. Not a dozen men remained on the fated vessel, when the sudden and horrible change in motion which announced the foundering of a ship, took place. She ceased to make way; the violent agitation which had for hours rendered it nearly impossible to stand upon her deck was exchanged for a sullen lurch, followed by a second and third; and then the hideous roar of the waters rushing in on every hand, told the frantic crew that all was over. Amid the loud and agonized prayers of a few, and the blasphemous ravings of the rest, the waves of the Northern Sea closed over the *Drontheim* for ever.

As the vortex caused by the sinking of the vessel disappeared, one man alone was struggling in the water in the energy of despair. His rich dress rather encumbered his movements, but he was in the prime of manhood, and a practised swimmer, and was putting forth his full strength, in the hope of finding some relic of the ship on which to float for the chance of life. But his hope waxed fainter with his limbs, for the gathering dusk was rapidly reducing his chance of discovering any object around him, and the waves still ran too high and angrily to allow him a chance of endurance much longer. He still swam, but his despair was almost total when he discerned a dark body at a few yards' distance. He struck vigorously forward, and, to his inexpressible relief, discovered that it was a small raft, on which a human body was lying. A succession of violent strokes, now animated by renewed hope, brought him to its side, and, in a moment or two, the Count de Burigny was clinging to the buoyant mass.

When he had somewhat recovered breath, his next effort was to mount upon the raft itself; but, as he made the attempt, the figure which already occupied it, arose to a sitting posture, and gently repulsed him. Before he could speak, it addressed him in a pleasing voice, which, however, was piercing enough to make itself distinctly heard amid the dashing waters:—

"Stay, my son, you are welcome to all the support my raft will afford you, but for both of us to mount would entail destruction on both."

"Father," gasped the Count, "whoever you may be, you will surely assist me in saving my life."

"Truly son," returned the other voice, "you apply for relief at a most unseasonable time. But I am bound at least to succour you with my advice; and I therefore advise you to swim for some rocks which are distant about a quarter of a league, in the direction in which I am pointing. They are always above water, and in the morning you will certainly be discovered by some vessel."

"Thanks, father," replied the Count; "but I would rather cling here, with the certainty of being safe for the moment

than again risk my life in a struggle with the waves, for a chance of reaching some rocks I may not be able to climb."

"Such is the wisdom of man!" said the other, "ever confident in the present, ever distrustful of the future. But I tell you, my son, that yon rocks are easily accessible, and that if you strike away now you are safe."

"Safe or not, father, I remain here; and I therefore entreat you, if you have the means, to steer us in search of this same rocky platform,—we shall then have the satisfaction of being saved together."

"I am on my own course, my son, and I advise you not to keep my company," said the other voice. The words induced the Count to examine his companion as closely as possible, but the fast falling twilight only enabled him to discern a figure in a priest's robe, the hood of which effectually shrouded the features of the wearer.

"You speak strangely, father," said the Count; "but I hold my intention, fervently wishing I had something easier to hold, for my fingers are numbed, and this wood is slippery."

"I have warned you, my son; but if you insist on remaining, I will do what I can to aid you."

The figure seemed engaged with its dress for a moment. The next, a small, but intensely bright red light appeared by its side, suddenly illuminating the raft, the two speakers, and the surrounding waters, with a lustre which seemed supernatural. As soon as the count could recover from the effect upon his eyes, he eagerly scrutinized the face of the other, who had thrown back his hood, and was fixing a little lamp containing the light into the wood of the raft. The features were calm and regular, and the tonsure on the head added to their dignified character. The stranger was clearly a priest, but his dress offered no aid in the discovery of his rank or country, even to the experienced eye of the Count de Burigny.

"I repeat it, my son, I exhort you to save yourself by swimming, and you are still in time to do so. But, since you are obstinate, this cord will afford you the assistance you desire."

"Thanks, father," said the count, as the priest, gradually creeping towards him, drew the rope, which he had taken from his own waist, under the arms of the former, and attaching one end to a ring in the woodwork, passed the cord several times around the body of the count, and at length secured him so effectually to the raft, that he floated without the least necessity for exertion. The priest then regained his seat in the centre, and for some minutes they were silent. The count was the first to speak.

"I did not see you, father, among us in the unfortunate Drontheim," he said.

"I remained below, at prayer, my son, until tarrying became presumption; I then hurled this raft upon the billows, and departed upon my mission."

"Again you speak mysteriously, father. Might one know what the mission may be which keeps a man on a raft, in the middle of the ocean, as calm as if he were at vespers in his own church?"

The priest smiled. "You forget, my son, that virtue is always tranquil in the hour of trial; and you forget, too, a very important difference in our situations."

"By no means," said the count; "I am aware that I am chilling in the water, while you are apparently at ease, in a cloak against which I see the water strike in vain. I would suggest to you that the virtue you speak of could give a nobler proof of its efficacy, were we to change places for an hour."

"Nay, my son, that idea is selfish and unworthy. I impose a penance upon you for having entertained it, and enjoin you to walk for one hour, fasting, upon the ensuing morning."

"I pray that I may do so," said De Burigny; "and I entreat you to double the penance, if you can thereby double the chance of my performing it."

"Jest not, my son; but remember that you are still in a situation of great danger: a wave may dash your head against

this raft, or may snap the cord which holds you to it, and in either case your own is desperate. It would rather become you to make a confession, and receive absolution while you may."

"I have no objection, father, the less that I have nothing else to do; but I give you fair warning that you will have to wait for your dues till we reach land."

"Hard-hearted, careless scoffer! what if that should not be so certain?"

"Then so much the better for the confessor, father," said the count, whose natural audacity did not desert him even in that hour."

"And how much for the penitent son?" asked the priest, sternly. "But proceed, and that your wretched soul may come the sooner to peace, I will save you the narration of a life of crime, by apprising you that I know you."

"By your mode of describing my history, I think you do," said the other. "I need not tell you, then, that I am the Count Guillaume de Burigny, a faithful servant of his Most Christian Majesty—"

"A faithless husband to a broken-hearted wife—a traitorous friend to a trusting associate—and a treacherous envoy to a betrayed people. You need not. I know the libertinism which ended in a murder committed, if not by your own hand, by your orders, and the object with which you have fled the scene of your guilt. I know that the Count de Burigny, having consummated a career of profligacy by a dastardly crime, which has banished him from France, has sought to purchase pardon for the ruin of a family, by intriguing for the ruin of a nation."

"Ha!" exclaimed the count; "you are aware of my errand to Norway?"

"Ay," said the priest, "the sword of Sweden, whose blow already hurtles in the air, is less terrible to the Norwegians, than is the poison of France which you were sent to mix. This time, however, the cup shall be dashed from your hand. You laugh."

"I do," said the count; "though, heaven knows, this is no place for mirth. You, who have such unexceptionable information upon these matters, are doubtless aware that the cup you speak of is mixed."

"And in a woman's hand, that it may be presented. The Count de Burigny thinks he can safely return to his master, while his beautiful daughter remains to enforce, by blandishment and smile, the dark lesson he has tried to teach. How, if she, too, have left Norway?"

A shudder ran through the count's frame, and all the recklessness of tone had left his voice, as he replied—

"Eugenia—tell me, father, in pity—what know you of Eugenia? I left her in Bergen, in safe watching and charge, though her work was somewhat bold. Nay, speak—whatever else I am, I am her father—you do not know—you cannot have heard aught of her?"

"Nay," said the priest; "I merely asked what Count de Burigny's next intrigue would be, should he hear that a noble and maidenly disposition had been revolted by the task he had given it, and that a daughter had silently left Bergen, and, following in the footsteps of her father, had secretly embarked—"

"Not in the Drontheim—not in the accursed Drontheim, father?" screamed rather than exclaimed the count.

The priest made no reply, but pointed to the water. A sudden and wondrous change had taken place upon its surface. In lieu of the foaming and dashing billows, the sea had become calm as a mountain lake. The roar of the waves was hushed, but in its stead had arisen a low, droning, and distant sound, which brought with it a fear the mind owned, but could not explain. The raft had hitherto been carried swiftly along, but its speed was now increasing tenfold. The consternation of the count became evident, but to all his exclamations the priest gave no answer. That strange droning sound grew gradually louder, but the ear struggled in vain to discover how it was composed. Still the raft hurried on with lightning speed. Darkness was all around it, save the bright red gleam of the priest's lamp.

Suddenly, the thought of his daughter recrossed the count's brain. He gasped—for the swiftness of their course now rendered speaking difficult—

"Father! I implore you, what know you of Eugenia?"

Once more the priest pointed silently to the water, and as the count's eye followed the motion, he beheld a form whirling by his side in a current, the intense fierceness of which rendered its surface smooth as glass. There was the corpse of a pale and beautiful girl, lovely even in death. Long and golden locks clustered around her neck and shoulders, but the locks were wet and tangled, and the alabaster skin was becoming blue with exposure to the water. The eyes were closed—it was well they were so. That form was following the raft, but the increasing velocity of the latter left the corpse behind in a moment; that moment had sufficed for a father to recognize his daughter. He uttered no word, but gazed steadily at the priest.

The terrible and indescribable sound had now increased to a roar, which would have rendered the voice inaudible at the shortest distance. The speed of the raft was now terrific; yet it neither swerved nor swayed, and the priest sat unmoved, returning the stupified gaze of the count! Suddenly one side of the raft became depressed, and in that position it continued its furious career. The roar had now become more hideous than any noise which can be conceived, and yet it was of a nature that baffled the ear. The priest rose slowly to his feet, and preserving his balance, apparently unconscious of the frightful slope of the hurrying raft, he leaned to De Burigny, and in a low tone, which, in spite of the horrible noise around, carried the full meaning of its words to the count's understanding, said—

"WE ARE IN THE MAELSTROM!"

They were indeed in that dreadful whirlpool—the most awful abyss which disfigures the face of creation. That hideous roar, so strange and so appalling, was the sound of the waters which whirl and rage in the unfathomable gulf. Louder and louder still it waxed, until the ear could bear no addition to the noise, and faster and faster flew the raft, but every instant it went deeper down the vortex. The wretched De Burigny struggled with the cord which held him to the raft, and sought to break from it in vain. The link which he had demanded when exertion would have saved him, was now the means of dragging him more surely to destruction. For one instant he looked upwards, and, to his horror, beheld the red light of the lamp, reflected on a sloping wall of raging water, rising a hundred yards above him, down the side of which he was hurrying to an abyss on which he dared give no glance. Then his eye turned to the raft—there was no one upon it; but in the maddening agony of that moment De Burigny heard, accompanied by a hellish laugh, the words—"The priest's dues for thy shrift are paid!" The next instant, the cords gave way, the raft shot violently forwards, and De Burigny was alone—in the Maelstrom.

THE ROYAL REEFER AND BOB CLEWLINES.

It was on one of those December days, when the wind, blowing from the northward, acts almost like a razor on the surface of the skin, and when accompanied by small sharp rain, a mixture of cold and damp produces a chilling effect upon the frame and spirits, that a *Ci-devant* midshipman, his hands in his pockets, and

"Whistling as he went for want of thought,"

crossed London-bridge, which at that time was an asylum to the footsore, the pauper, and the weary at heart. The day had fallen, and everything looked dull and dreary; the foot-path was encumbered with mud, and porters carrying weights, as well as other busy passengers, were jostling each other to obtain a footing on the dirty pavement: a fellow heavy laden came in contact with the *royal-reefer** so powerfully, that he took a lee-lurch, and got foul of one of the seats in the arches. "Avast there; luff up; you lubberly rigged son of a gun," cried middy, "couldn't you hail ship before you were aboard

of us?" The fellow, however, waddled on; but the midddy had to turn about in order to regain his course, when suddenly he beheld a middle aged figure, perishing with cold, a red night-cap on, an old jacket and trousers, a pair of shoes in rags attached to his legs with a rope's end; no shirt, no stockings, nor any other attire; the face was climate-struck, it had braved the equator and the pole, the battle and the breeze, the scorching heat and the petrifying cold—it was, as might be expected, thin, and moreover, almost lost in a profusion of hair on each cheek, so that it would be difficult for the oldest acquaintance to recognise the features after long absence: nature had made the lips to smile, the eyes to beam in kindness, the fine high forehead to command respect; but time and hardships, disease and disappointment, had quenched the fire of the organ of sight and intelligence, the mirror of the soul,—had prematurely furrowed that front of English high spirit and candour, and had taught the lips to fall in dejection and the treasured silence of woe: upon the whole, the figure had something fierce in it, but it was truly manly; the warrior's arms were folded together, and his face, bent towards the ground, was still half up-turned, and seemed to say to rich merchants and venders passing by on foot and in carriages, "There ye are, ye liars upon beds of down, ye feeders upon the poor man's toils; often have you slept secure, and safely enjoyed your wealth, whilst poor Jack rode out the gale, hung on the rigging betwixt life and death, and endured the storm which held him every moment betwixt the chance of clinging to a fragment of the wreck and sinking into eternity: but, now the war is over, smart-money paid for a sharp wound, and neglect and oblivion are the seaman's portion." The expression of his face and eyes seem to speak thus; indeed, it spoke volumes; but its mute appeal was lost on the worldlings, who brushed by him, and who, bent on love of gain, scarcely were aware that their fellow-man was starving by their side, too feeble, and too much an outcast to work, yet too proud to beg: the midddy's heart, however was of that texture that it leant towards a brother-sailor, meet him where it might, and he naturally looked round at poor Jack on his beam-ends; the prince had but one penny in his pocket, and that the plaintive voice of a blind woman had drawn, as if by magic, from its deepest recess. What was to be done?—for he should like to have taken this wreck of a man-of-war into tow. The reflection caused him to examine more closely the shivering seaman, when a small scar, occasioned by a splinter, on the bridge of the nose, brought to his remembrance Bob Clewlines, who had served in the same ship; the tar recognised him also; but so far from making himself known to him, he hid his face in his hand: the reefer however, was resolved to bring him to. "What, Bob Clewlines?" cried he, "do I not hail an old shipmate in you, a quartermaster on board the—, the bravest heart of oak, the best reefer, and the merriest steersman of the whole ship's crew; and," said he audibly, that every one passing might hear and value fallen courage and fidelity, "and as prime a seaman as ever trimmed a sail, or served a gun; why what has broke up your old hulk this way?" The man could not find utterance; remembrance of unrequited services and other associations checked him. The midddy stretched out his hand, which the broken hearted sailor ventured not to take. "Come, Bob," cried the other, "no subordination now: we are all equals on life's quarter-deck, and when my fellow sufferers, he rises a peg in my estimation. Why?—because some unfeeling lubbers slight him. Come tip us your fin. Your hand may be dirty, but your soul is as kind as a new sail in a sunny day. I will show it against any lord's in the land. Come. heave-a-head; follow me old tarry breeches; I will soon set your timbers and rigging to rights; you shall have an entire refit. Come, bear a hand; set all your canvass; it's all in ribands, I see, and shivers in the wind; but I will keep out wind and weather for you."

Thus saying, he walked proudly with the poor tar, astern of him, until he came to a slop-shop, near Wellclose-square: it was a Jew's shop. "Here, Moses," said the midddy, who detected the Israelite's bending looks of disdain and mistrust on the poor man, as if he considered the contents of his shop

* King William, when he was a midshipman.

in danger: "come, Moses, a regular built outrig for this gentleman," laying great stress on the word Gentleman.

This was pitching it strong, but his heart was carrying royals, skyscrapers, moonrakers, and his pulse was sailing at the rate of ten knots an hour at least, so elate was he to serve a brave man in distress, and above all a son of the ocean: "come, let us have everything good, and spic and span new."

"Pray, shair, who's to pay?" says the son of Israel.

"Myself," replied the midshipman.

"O, your honour, that's right."

The poor fellow retired to a back room, and in a little time returned, clad from head to foot, and with two changes of linen, and a pair of shoes, by the midshipman's order, tied up in a handkerchief under his arm.

Bob Clewlines looked with a blush on his old clothes; and at this moment an almost naked boy passed by: the midshipman duly appreciated and truly interpreted one look of the tar.

"Bob, I say, heave that overboard, and let the poor boy pick it up; one good turn deserves another."

The payment was the next. "Three pounds fifteen. Is that the lowest, Mr. Moses?"

"O yesh; I don't gain five shillings by the whole deal."

"Well, then, do you take the case of my gold watch, and weigh it, and give me the produce of it."

"Let ush see: it's vary pretty, but not vary heavy; it's all fashion, you see; indeed, it's a great pity to part the vatch and the caish; vatches are a drug now, or else I'd buy it; but just to oblige you, I'll see what I can give you."

"Don't trouble yourself, Mosey; just do as you are bid; you take the outside case, and I'll keep the vatch."

"I shall lend you four pounds upon it," resumed the Israelite; and you may depend upon my honour to return it to you, when you bringsh me da monish."

"No, you won't Mosey; you'll do just what I bid you."

"It vill spoil the vatch," again replied Moses.

"Not a bit, she must work without her jacket, as my friend has often done in all weathers. I shall sell the outside case to serve a shipmate in distress; but the vatch was left me by a dear friend, so I shall keep her; a metal case will do as well for a little time, and when fortune's breeze springs up again, the case will be altered."

"Vel, shair, you shall be obeyed; five pounds five shillings is just the price of the weight; there's the money."

"Good morning, Master Moses; but do you, Clewlines, set sail again; I want to get you into port, it is only what I owe you. Were you not the kindest creature to me in the world when I was confined to my berth with the yellow fever, and not expected to live a day! Come, come, you must take your cargo in, you must be victualled as well as refitted. I have got a chalk at a house near this, another shipmate who is set up in business in the public line; call for what you want, and and here's some loose change to stow in your pocket until something turns up."

Poor Bob got a good dinner, and a snug hammock that night; and shortly afterwards he obtained a berth in an Indian, and is now doing well.

The royal reefer's heart bounded with joy at performing this noble action, to recover which he put himself on short allowance.

THE PEARL FISHER.

ONE of the most interesting, and apparently most feasible projects of 1825, was the company for pearl fishing off the coast of South America. It was long known that the pearl-oyster was to be found there; but the poverty of the fishers, and the general ignorance of the people, strongly favoured the idea, that European ingenuity might sweep the bottoms of the bays, harbours, and creeks where the oysters lay, and carry to the European market the gathered treasures of many an age. Accordingly, a vessel was fitted out, equipped with all the modern improvements for catching those little bright ornaments of the ears and bosoms of the fair. It was put under the command of Lieutenant Hardy, an intelligent officer, well acquainted with the navigation, and despatched on its errand for this new phi-

losopher's stone, hidden in the bosom of the deep. But how many things are to be considered to gain any one point in this world? The principal instrument on which the whole enterprise depended was a diving-bell of the most complete construction. One thing, and one alone, had been omitted in the calculation—the nature of the ground on which the oysters were to be looked for. It seems to have been taken for granted, that it was a sort of subaqueous bowling-green, or billiard-table. It is possible that no one thought of asking the question.

The vessel reached the coast: the diving-bell was let down, and returned with the report that the bottom, instead of being the smooth bed of sand on which the pearls lay in heaps, was a succession of pointed rocks and deep clefts, where the animal hid itself—and where a diving-bell was of little more use than a balloon. The experiment was made over and over again, with the perseverance of the British sailor, but the oysters would not be found; the machine could do nothing in the midst of those dells and caverns, swept, too, by the currents of the heady ocean; and the expedition was finally abandoned, producing as its only fruits a book by the officer in command, a very spirited and amusing production. Lieutenant Hardy, in the course of his adventures, became acquainted with the native pearl-divers, some of whose exploits he narrates; some of those, too, being instances of remarkable intrepidity.

One of those divers had plunged into eleven fathoms, in the expectation of finding some peculiarly fine pearls. He was pursuing his search, when seeing the water suddenly darken, he looked up, and to his horror beheld at some distance above him a huge shark, leisurely surveying all his movements, and evidently intending to make a prize of him. The diver made a dart forward towards a rock, where he thought that he might elude the eye of the monster, and then spring up to the surface; but the shark shook his tail, and followed quietly, but with the same evident determination to eat him the moment he rose. As under water time is everything, and the diver had only to choose between being eaten alive and being suffocated, the thought suddenly came into his mind to puzzle his pursuer, by a contrivance in which, whether he remembered it then or not, the cuttle-fish has the merit of originality. He threw himself upon the ground, and with the stick which all divers carry, began to muddy the water. A cloud of mire rose between him and the shark; he instantly struck out under cover of the cloud, and when he thought that he had cleared his enemy, shot up to the surface. By great luck, he rose in the midst of the fishing-boats. The people, accustomed to perils of this kind, saw that he must have been in danger, and commenced splashing with their oars and shouting, to drive the shark away; they succeeded so far as to save their companion, and the diver was taken on board, almost dying from the dreadful exertion of remaining so long under water, if his heroism disdained to acknowledge the alarm.

GERMAN BOAT SONG.

ABOARD! aboard! The toll is paid,
By sunset must Coblentz be made;
The sturdy oars again are plied,
Down the rapid stream we glide;
Ober-Wesel looms in sight,
And lofty Schonberg's castled height;
Still the less'ning Pfalz is seen,
Gleaming o'er the waters green.

Like a noble vessel there,
Spreading all its snowy wings,
To woo the breezes light and fair,
Now a rocky headland flings
Its giant form between us—gone—
Are towers and town, and, lo!—a glen
Opens before us—lovely and lone,
As a wizard's breath, our bark hath blown thence
A thousand miles from the haunts of men!

THE FATAL ELOPEMENT.

It was on a cool morning in November, that, having taken my gun on my shoulder, put my spy-glass in my pocket, and whistled out my dogs, I left my own house, situated on a bank overhanging the ocean, and began a walk in quest of game, along one of the most rugged coasts on the mainland of Scotland. I continued, mile after mile, till having filled my game bag, I began to reflect that it must be dark ere I could again reach my own fireside. My worthy housekeeper, too, would probably experience more alarm on so unwonted an occurrence, than even the delight of unpacking my well-filled bag could repay her for, though this was in general an occupation of absorbing interest. And, indeed, I began to wish that I had not rambled so far; for, as I retraced my steps, I perceived all those portentous sights and sounds, which from a long residence near the sea, I knew full well were the sure indications of a heavy storm. The sun was slanting his sickly setting beams from amidst murky clouds on the dark and sullen waters, when I espied a vessel like a dim speck in the distant horizon. On looking at her through my glass, I saw that she was a large merchant brig, apparently heavy laden, and labouring on her course towards a little harbour, two or three miles from my residence. The clouds were fast gathering into a lowering gloom. The sea-birds rose from the rocks with harsh and boding screams, and winged their flight landward—the tide was moving onward, and the waves rolled with a heavy swell, far beyond the usual tide-mark,—a sort of drowsy sound arose from them in hollow cadence—the sea became more dusky and indistinct, and I looked in vain for the vessel. The wind suddenly swept along the ocean, and doleful and melancholy sounds were echoed back from the rocks and caverns, while the storm seemed to be mustering up its powers of destruction. All was black and terrific. I again looked for the ship, but it was now too dark to perceive her. Soon the tempest waxed more and more wrathful—the surges rushed upon the shore with headlong fury, seeming in their thundering incursions, to make the firm earth to tremble; and as I looked upon the boiling deep, and heard the fierce winds contending with it in its bleak domain, a presentiment seized me that she would never more reach a haven.

All was now utter darkness. A furious shower of hail and sleet was coming fast on the wings of the tempest, and I hurried into the house. My dogs, glad to escape from such a night, had got there before me, and my housekeeper, who had aired for me a change of garments, and placed my slippers and a bottle of Fowler's best ale at the fire, was anxiously expecting my arrival. I was tired with my long walk, and tried to take half an hour's nap; but there was no sleep in my eyes. I tried to read, but could not fix my attention. I tried to think on a thousand subjects, but there was one that would keep the lead in spite of me—and that was the ship. I rose, and, going into a room that overlooked the sea, I threw up the sash of the window. All was impenetrable darkness, except the line of white foam at the bottom of the bank, left by the furious waves which broke over it, each higher than the last; while the howling of the wind, the deafening bursts of the sea upon the land, the loud peals of thunder, and the vivid flashes of lightning which continually darted across the wide expanse of sky, showing all the terrors of the scene, told that the storm was still more hideous, and more fiercely raging than before. I was about to shut down the window, when I heard, mingling with the hoarse tones of the blast, shrill and discordant cries, as of human beings, in distress. Buttoning on a rough great-coat, and a pair of thick boots and gaiters, I directed my man-servant to accoutre himself in a similar manner. When this was accomplished, taking the large stable-lantern with us, we descended the bank. The tide was now receding, and the tempest was somewhat abated. The wind was not so high as it had been, the clouds were moving faster, and the moon, newly risen, was making an ineffectual attempt to show herself. The sea was swelling proudly, as if indignant at being foiled in her attempt to overmaster the land, and though slowly retreating, like a brave but vanquished foe, was dealing her parting strokes with unabated fury.

The little bay was divided by a large rock, which rose on

the edge of the common sea-mark, and by a small burn which ran into the sea at its side. This little brook formed a barrier between one side of the bay and the other. It was to this place that I directed my steps; for if there had been scathe, I felt assured it was on the other side of the burn, for there the rocks were most dangerous, and it was from that quarter I had heard the cries. The water of the rivulet ran deep in its channel; and as the lantern was held up, and I saw that it would take me above the middle, I paused for an instant on the brink. My servant, George, was a stout fellow, who did not mind a good drenching, and, holding the lantern above the water, he dashed through it, and shouted out, "A wreck! a wreck!" My fears were confirmed, and I passed the burn, and followed him to where the gravel and the grass were covered with garments of all descriptions.

The moon now peeped forth from among the heavy clouds. We climbed a rock which again divided the bay from the other part of the coast, and there lay beneath us, keel upwards, the huge dark hull of the fated vessel. We descended quickly, and, while searching for her hapless crew, shouted loudly, that if any still remained alive, they might know that help was nigh. It was in vain; no answer was returned; and as the sea had not retired far enough for us to approach the ship, we began to ascend the bank, and had proceeded but a few steps, when we saw a man stretched at the foot of it. The upper part of his body was naked, and we perceived the blood oozing from a wound in his left side. Finding him insensible, we placed him out of the reach of the surf, and by rubbing his limbs, and putting the dry parts of our great-coats about his shoulders, we succeeded in restoring his circulation; but his speech was so incoherent, that we could learn nothing about the wreck. He constantly affirmed that he was the only one left—that all, all had perished; and raved wildly about Jessy and her screams; and when we attempted to move him farther up the bank, till George procured assistance, he expressed his determination to remain where he was, and die with Jessy; but whether this person, who had met with a watery grave, was his wife, his sister, or his sweetheart, it was impossible to guess. He was, however, in no condition to resist; and when George and some men arrived, he was carried into the house. He was put under my housekeeper's care, who dressed his wound, wrapped him in blankets, and having administered some stimulating liquid, kept him quiet, till nature found a short relief in sleep.

In the morning, the beach presented a most appalling picture of desolation. The tide had been at the full, and left behind it, along the shore, clothes, bedding, barrels, chests, masts, cordage, and dead bodies. The latter were put into carts, and removed to the village church, there to remain till their interment.

In the mean time, my good old dame had learned much of the story of her unhappy patient. The vessel had been loaded with slates, on the east coast of Scotland, and was bound for Newcastle. The poor young man was a sailor, a native of the town from whence the vessel had come. He had saved a little money, and had returned to ask the consent of Jessy's parents to her becoming his wife, which was refused. But William had long since won his way to her heart. She loved him passionately, and she could not see him depart again without her. They were to be married as soon as they reached Newcastle; and all would be forgiven when she wrote and told them how happy she was.

On the following morning, the body of Jessy floated ashore, and two women immediately proceeded to wrap it in a white cotton dress. She appeared not more than eighteen, of middle size and delicate form—her eyes were closed, and she looked transcendently beautiful even in death. As I stood gazing at this innocent young creature, I turned round, and beheld the wretched William approaching, with all the haste his stiffened wound and bruises would allow of. As soon as he reached the body, he threw himself by her side, and kissed her lips and cheek, while his heart seemed as if it would burst his throbbing breast. By the time the coffin arrived, the first violent paroxysm of grief had subsided, and he stood quietly by while she was lifted into it. I directed the body to be taken to my house,

but this, however, to my surprise, he opposed, and entreated that it might be carried to the church, and that the lid might not be screwed down. I was surprised at his rejecting my offer, from the idea that he would wish to watch it till it was hid from his sight in the grave. I, however, soon understood his motive; for no entreaties could move him from following her to the church, and remaining there two nights, where he gave full vent to his grief, which he could not restrain. The interment of the bodies took place on the second day from that on which Jessy was found; and they were buried in a retired part of the churchyard, set apart for the friendless drowned. William entreated that Jessy might not be buried there, and through my interest, she was buried in a picturesque corner of the churchyard, beneath a weeping birch, which hung its boughs tenderly over the spot.

The lover supported the head of the coffin, as the representative of those who should have been there, for there was no parent, brother or sister, kindred or friend, save himself, to mourn the fate of her who had been cut down as a flower of the field; and when I looked upon him, as the coffin was lowered into the earth, I saw his was a sorrow which would not soon pass away; and when I again marked his care-worn countenance, I feared that the foundation of a dangerous illness was laid, by his fastings, watchings, and, above all, his overpowering grief. Having this impression upon my mind, I would have had him remain at my house for some time before he returned home, but no persuasions were of any avail. "Let me reach the house of her parents," he said, "and let me hear them say they forgive her, and that is all in this world that I care for." He accordingly departed, almost immediately.

Eight months after, he returned, worn to a shadow; while the bright colour that flushed his cheek, and the brilliance of his dark eyes, full of an unearthly expression, showed that consumption had marked him for its victim. During his absence, nothing had been able to withdraw his attention from the grave of his Jessy; and he had returned, to fulfil his only wish—to be laid by her side. His end rapidly approached; and in a few days his soul went to that merciful Being in whom he trusted, while his mortal remains were laid beside his Jessy.

A SHIP'S CARPENTER.

"SEND for the carpenter," said Leatherlungs, addressing the mate of the watch.

The messenger was despatched for Mr. Maul. Maul, according to the *cognoscenti* of the cockpit (and the denizens of the orlop are seldom in error in matters not immediately connected with the ship's way), was a character—a fish of the first water. In his vocation, he loved to labour, and to labour hard, to work himself, and to work others. He was also a mechanic of all work—for to him all work was alike. Not that he was a jack of all trades: Maul was master of many. Sometimes he might be seen in the skids, performing the part of "top-sawyer," sawing with might and main the heel of an "expended top-mast," or converting a yard-arm piece into "inch or two-inch" of "cappenbar" plank. At other times, repairing a midshipman's quadrant; making a model for a jury-mast; chalking out a "copper" for the ward-room wine; turning a spare wooden leg for the ship's cook; caulking a leak over the captain's cot; vengering a writing-desk for the first lieutenant; or welding, in conjunction with the blacksmith, a heated hoop at the armourer's forge. Of the discipline of his crew he was particularly proud; and, *certainly*, compelled, as we are, to chronicle truth, the "carpenter's crew" was the only portion of the ship's crew at all approximating to anything like an orderly state. At work, Maul never permitted his men to talk. "Words," he was wont to say, "were the adverse winds of work;" and, to prove the truth of this, his favourite "*saw*" he never took tool in hand that he began not to whistle like a thrush. In official intercourse, Maul was provokingly sparing of speech. Questions "on service" invariably met with brief replies, it being contrary to the carpenter's creed to be too explicit or over communicative on mechanical matters. Already was "Chips" in the presence of his superior.

"Mr. Maul," said Leatherlungs, still standing on the gangway, "is the paint of the first cutter yet dry?"

"No, sir."

"How's that?" asked the lieutenant, not a little solicitous for the fate of a favourite green he had been "green enough" to purchase for the public service at his own expense; for Sir Montague, as Leatherlungs was wont to complain, "never launched out a penny on paint." To commemorate his recent marriage, the baronet had, to be sure, contributed the severe sum of thirty shillings to regild and re-touch some portion of the figure-head, which the carver had intended should represent some female form.

"Not yet dry?" repeated Leatherlungs.

"Won't set, sir."

"Why not?"

"'Cause it won't, sir."

"Why won't it?"

"Paint, sir, 's taken a parverse turn."

"Perhaps," said Leatherlungs, "you omitted to insert the proper quantity of drier?"

"No, I didn't, sir."

"Why, how much did you put in?"

"Enough, sir."

"Then, why the devil, sir," said the first-lieutenant, petulantly, "why the devil don't the paint dry?"

"It sulks, sir."

"Sulks?" echoed Leatherlungs.

"Yes, sir, vardigrease often sulks, looks blue, and turns every colour but the colour it ought."

"Was all the rum inserted which I sent you by the ward-room steward?"

"Yes sir."

"Sure of that?" said Leatherlungs, casting at Chips an incredulous leer.

"Sartin, sir."

"Sure it wasn't drained off?"

"Sartin, sir."

"How do you know?"

"Tasted it, sir."

"How did it taste?"

"Rummish, sir."

"Rummish, indeed! You're a rum fellow, Mr. Maul," said Leatherlungs, half-jocularly. "Come, down with you, and tell the sergeant of marines to clap a sentry over the cutter on the quarter; and let him have the strictest orders that nobody goes near the boat till the paint is thoroughly set."

"Ay, ay, sir," said Maul, descending the gangway ladder more than ever convinced that brevity was the soul of wit.

THE FLOATING BEACON.

Why art thou thus, thou lonely bark,

The last on the darkling sea?

Why are thy sails to the night wind spread?

And why shines the light on thee?

Why art thou here, thou lonely bark,

When the other ships are gone?

I deemed thee away with those to-day,

But still thou art sailing alone.

There came a voice from the lonely bark,

Or mine own thoughts answered to me;

Spread is my sail to the midnight gale,

And my light shines lone on the sea;

For my watch is by the shoal and the sand,

And the rock that is hidden by night,

And many a mariner kneels at home,

And blesses the beacon light,

Is not my light like that holier light

That heaven sheds over life's path,

Thought not of, prized not in stillness and shine,

But welcomed in darkness and wrath.

THE INDIAN AND HER CHILD.

An Indian woman and her child, who was about seven years old, were travelling along the beach to a camp a few miles distant. The boy observed some wild grapes growing upon the top of the bank, and expressed such a strong desire to obtain them, that his mother, seeing a ravine at a little distance, by which she thought she could gain the head of the precipice, resolved to gratify him. Having desired him to remain where he was, she ascended the steep, and was allured much farther into the woods than she at first intended.

In the meantime, the wind began to blow vehemently, but the boy wandered carelessly along the beach, seeking for shells, till the rapid rise of the lake rendered it impossible for him to return to the spot where he had been left by his mother. He immediately began to cry aloud, and she, being on her return, heard him, but instead of descending the ravine, hastened to the edge of the precipice, from the bottom of which the noise seemed to proceed. On looking down, she beheld her son struggling with the waves, and vainly endeavouring to climb up the bank, which was fifty feet perpendicular height, and very slippery.

There being no possibility of rendering him assistance, she was on the point of throwing herself down the steep, when she saw him catch hold of a tree that had fallen into the lake, and mount one of its most projecting branches. He sat astride upon this, almost beyond the reach of the surges, while she continued watching him in an agony of grief, hesitating whether she should endeavour to find her way to the camp, and procure assistance, or remain near her boy. However, evening was now about to close, and as she could not proceed in the woods in the dark, she resolved at least to wait till the moon rose. She sat on the top of the precipice a whole hour, and during the time occasionally ascertained that her son was alive, by hearing his cries amidst the roaring of the waves; but when the moon appeared, he was not to be seen. She now felt convinced that he was drowned, and, giving way to utter despair, threw herself on the turf.

Presently she heard a feeble voice cry (in Indian), "Mamma, I'm here, come and help me." She started up, and saw her boy scrambling upon the edge of the bank—she sprang forward to catch his hand, but the ground by which he held giving way, he was precipitated into the lake, and perished among the rushing billows.



LOSS OF THE AMERICAN SHIP HERCULES, CAPTAIN BENJAMIN STOUT, ON THE COAST OF CAFFRARIA, JUNE 16TH, 1796.

LOSS OF THE HERCULES.

It was the intention of Captain Stout to take in a private freight for Hamburg; but not having found one to answer his expectations, he chartered his ship to the English East India Company, who were then busily employed in shipping rice for England; and news being received in India that the

failure of the harvest in Great Britain was likely to produce a famine, the most active exertions were made in India to supply the markets at home with rice, and he received on board upwards of nine thousand bags, with orders to proceed to London with every possible despatch. The crew, having been engaged in India, consisted of Americans, Dutch, Portuguese, Danes, Swedes, but chiefly Lascars, amounting in the whole to

about sixty-four persons; and the necessary arrangements having been completed, the *Hercules* sailed from Sagar Roads, on March 17th, 1796.

Nothing of moment occurred during the voyage, till the 1st of June, when they reached the latitude of 35° S., and 28° $40'$ E. longitude. It then began to blow a gale from the westward, which obliged them to lay-to under their mizen staysail for about six days, during which time the gale continued to increase progressively, until the 7th, when the contentions of the winds and sea presented a scene of horror of which maritime history has few examples. Captain Stout observes, that although bred to the sea from his earliest life, all he had ever seen, or heard, or read of, could give him no adequate idea of the sublime effects produced by the raging violence of the elements, and which, at that tremendous hour, seemed to threaten even Nature herself with dissolution; the ship at one instant raised on mountains of water, was in the next precipitated into an abyss, where she only waited till the coming sea raised her again into the clouds. The perpetual war echoing through the void produced such an awful sensation in the minds of even the most experienced seamen, that many of them were stupefied with fear; while those less accustomed to the dangers of the sea, by their shriekings and exclamations, only added to the scene of misery.

The terrors of the day could only be surpassed by those of the night, when it is impossible for man to describe or imagination to conceive a scene of more transcendent and complicated horror; and as if to fill up the measure of their calamities, a sudden shift of wind, about midnight, threw the vessel into the trough of the sea—it struck her aft, tore away the rudder, started the stern-post, and shattered the whole of her stern frame. The pumps were immediately sounded, and in a few minutes there was four feet of water in the hold; a gang was ordered to the pumps, and the remainder were employed in getting rice out of the run of the ship, and throwing it overboard, to enable them, if possible, to get at the leak. After three or four hundred bags had been thrown into the sea, the principal leak was discovered, through which the water was pouring with astonishing rapidity. In order, therefore, to decrease the influx of water as much as possible, sheets, jackets, shirts, and bales of muslin, with anything of the like description they could lay their hands on, were hastily thrust into the aperture; and had not these exertions been attended with some success, the ship must certainly have gone down, although the pumps discharged upwards of fifty tons of water an hour. As the day advanced, the weather began to moderate, at which time they were about two hundred miles from the eastern coast of Africa. Every exertion was made to keep the ship afloat, the men working incessantly at the pumps.

On the 9th, although the violence of the tempest was considerably abated, yet the swell of the sea was tremendous. The long-boat was ordered out; but the captain having reason to suspect that some of the crew would endeavour to make off with her, directed the second-mate and three seamen to take possession of her, providing them with arms, and giving them express orders to shoot the first man who attempted to board her without his permission; with instructions also to keep astern, and stick by the ship until they came to an anchor.

The men having taken their stations in the boat, a raft was made of all the large spars, which, when lashed together, measured about thirty-five feet in length, and fifteen feet in breadth. The captain, apprehending that the ship would not be able to make the land, and being convinced that in case of her going down all hands could not be received on board of the long-boat, determined to spare no means that presented even a chance of saving the whole of their lives.

When the second-mate was preparing to take the command of the long-boat, the carpenter addressed the captain in a respectful manner, and earnestly entreated him to leave the ship; on being reprimanded for not attending to the pumps, he burst into tears, and declared that the whole of the stern-frame was so shook and loosened, that he expected every hour she would go down. The miserable appearance and affecting tone of voice of this man considerably increased the terrors of the crew; but the captain resolutely declared it to be his

unalterable determination to perform his duty, and remain in the ship, until his own observations convinced him that all hopes of saving her were at an end. The carpenter repeated his solicitations, but he was ordered to his post, and assured that unless he made every exertion to encourage the crew in their duty at the pumps, he should be thrown into the sea. He retired, and exerted himself afterwards with a manly perseverance.

No sooner was the carpenter gone, than the captain was addressed on the same subject by many of the sailors, some of whom were so clamorous that he was very nearly going to extremes with them: this shows the caution which should be exercised by those who are entrusted with the command, in listening to the opinions of their people in time of danger, who are generally for quitting the ship, and taking to boats, and rafts constructed of masts, yards, spars, or whatever timbers they can lash together; and sentiments and prejudices on these occasions differing so widely, it is not to be expected that there should be anything but confusion and misfortune.

A crew, such as composed that of the *Hercules*, consisting of people of various nations, require from their commander a peculiar attention. It may happen, that by humouring their religious prejudices at a particular moment, an essential service may be obtained, which the following anecdote will tend to illustrate.

At a time when the tempest raged with extreme violence, and most of the crew were below labouring at the pumps, the captain observed one of the *Lascars* coming up the gangway with a handkerchief in his hand, who, on being questioned as to what he was about, answered, in a tone of voice that discovered a perfect confidence in the measure he proposed, that he was going to make an offering to his God. "This handkerchief," said he, "contains a quantity of rice, and all the rupees I am worth; suffer me to lash it to the mizen-top, and rely upon it, sir, we shall all be saved." The captain was about to order him back to the pumps; but recollecting that by so doing he might throw both him and his countrymen into despondency, he acquiesced. The *Lascar* thanked him, and he soon beheld this child of prejudice mount the tottering ladder and fearlessly ascend to the dizzy top, without exhibiting any apprehension. He lashed the handkerchief to the mizen-topmast-head, regardless of all danger, and descended to the deck in safety. Confident now that his God was their friend, he communicated the joyful tidings, that he had done his duty, to his companions below; all the *Lascars* seemed transported with joy, embraced their virtuous companion, and laboured at the pumps with an alacrity and perseverance as if they had encountered neither apprehension nor fatigue. To their unceasing exertions on this occasion, may be attributed, in a great measure, the preservation of the people.

The shift of wind which threw the ship into the trough of the sea, was fortunately but of short duration, not continuing above a quarter of an hour; had it lasted many minutes longer, she must have been torn to pieces. The wind, however, came round to its former quarter, and gradually moderated.

After the long boat had been given over to the care of the second-mate, and the raft completed, the captain held a consultation with his officers, who were all decidedly of opinion that it was impossible to save the ship; and that the only chance of preserving their lives, was to make for the land, and run her on shore; which was no sooner communicated to the people, than they seemed to work with renovated spirits; and this disposition was kept up by assuring them, that they would soon be in sight of land, and that by constantly keeping the pumps going, the ship would be kept afloat until they reached the shore.

The ship for sometime had been unmanageable, frequently standing with her head from the land, and which all their efforts could not prevent; the captain got a rudder made out of the topmast, and fixed in the place of one they had lost, but it proved of little use, without the help of the long-boat, which he ordered therefore to be hauled athwart her stern; and this, with great difficulty, served to get her head towards

the shore, the wind being variable from the eastward. A cable could have been got out, that might have answered tolerably well to steer the ship, but they could not spare the crew from the pumps to assist in rousing-in of the tackle and guise, as occasion might require.

On the evening of the 15th they discovered land, at about six leagues distance; and all on board expressed their joy in loud shouts and acclamations, the ship still nearing the shore, with five feet of water in her hold.

On the morning of the 16th, being about two miles from the land, and the wind westward, the captain ordered the anchor to be let go, that a last effort might be made to stop the leaks, and, if possible, save the ship; but her stern was so shattered, that, after a consultation, it was resolved to run the ship on shore, as they were threatened by another gale, and no time was to be lost. The captain ordered his second mate to come on board, and delivered into his custody the ship's register, and all papers of consequence; and after providing him and his three men with water and provisions, ordered him into the boat again, with instructions to keep in the offing, and that after they had run the ship on shore, he might seek for some inlet to run in with safety; they also desired him to look out for signals, which might be thrown out from the shore to direct his course. The mate promised faithfully to obey his instructions, and then returned to the boat.

They were now on the coast of Caffraria, within a few leagues where the river Infanta discharges itself into the sea. A dreadful crisis approached, and they resolved to meet it with becoming fortitude; the captain, therefore, gave directions to set the headsail, to heave the spring well taut, in order to get her head well towards the shore, and then to cut the cable and the spring, which was performed with the greatest promptitude! and after running within about half a mile from the shore, she struck on a cluster of rocks. The swell at this moment was tremendous; and, from the ship plunging so violently, it was almost impossible for the men to hold on. In this situation she remained about three or four minutes, when a sea took her over the rocks, and carried her about a cable's length nearer the shore, where she again struck, and kept heaving in with a tremendous surf, that every moment made a breach over her.

The raft having given way from her lashings, and the spars carried to a considerable distance, they lost all hope from that quarter, till one of the crew, a black, plunged into the waves, and, by exertions which appeared more than human, gained and seated himself on the raft; but he had scarcely been ten minutes in that situation, when the raft was turned over, and the man completely enveloped in the sea. In a few minutes, however, they perceived him in his former situation again. He endured a similar misfortune, and a third succeeded; but still the courageous black buffeted the waves, and gained the raft, until, at length, after suffering two hours of fatigue, which it was believed no human being could possibly endure, he drifted on land, where great numbers of the natives, who had kindled several fires, appeared, mostly clothed in skins, armed with spears, and accompanied by a number of dogs. Immediately on his landing, he was seized by a party of them, and conducted behind some sand-hills, which hid him from their view.

Twelve of the crew now launched themselves on different spars, and whatever pieces of timber they could find, and, braving all difficulties, gained the shore; but no sooner had they landed, than the natives seized them, and conducted them also behind the sand-hills; and as it was impossible for those on board to discover what they were about, and observing several parties of natives unaccompanied by any of those who had landed, they naturally conceived that they had been massacred, and that a similar fate awaited the whole of them. Those who remained on board were obliged to shelter themselves in the fore-castle, as there was no other part where they could remain in a place of security, the sea making completely over her.

During the whole of the night there was nothing but suspense and apprehension: some were of opinion that it would

be more advisable patiently to resign themselves to a watery element, to endure a few struggles, and then life to be no more, rather than to be tortured by the savages, or perhaps thrown into the fires that they had seen on shore; while others entertained different sentiments, and were for making the shore in as compact a body as possible. "We shall then," said they, "attack the savages with stones, or whatever else we can find." But this was overruled as impracticable, as there was no possibility of six men keeping together; and, if by some miracle they could get on shore without being divided, the natives could, with their spears, destroy them in a moment. In such consultations was spent the whole of this miserable night; and as the next sun was to light them to their fate, they dreaded his approach to the horizon.

As soon as morning appeared they looked towards the shore, but not an individual was to be seen. Distraction was visible in every countenance, and what death to choose the principal consideration; but who can describe the delirium of ecstasy which succeeded, when they observed the people who had landed the day before, making towards the shore, and beckoning them to land.

In a few minutes every spar and piece of timber that could be procured was afloat, some occupied by two people, and others by more, according to the size. The captain speedily stripped off his shirt, put on a short jacket, and wrapped round his waist a shawl, in the corner of which he put a gold watch. He then seized a spar, and launched into the sea, where for nearly three-quarters of an hour he preserved his hold, and drifted towards the shore, sometimes cast so near as to touch the rocks with his feet, and then hurried away to a considerable distance; again he was precipitated forwards, and in a moment afterwards carried off by the returning sea. At length a sudden jerk, occasioned by the swell, strained both his arms, and compelled him to quit the spar, while a wave that was rolling rapidly towards the shore, bore him along, and in a few moments left him senseless on the sands, from whence he was rescued by the crew, who conveyed him to a place of security.

The first subject of his inquiry was, naturally, the fate of his men, when he had the heartfelt pleasure of beholding all of them around him excepting those in the long-boat, and one man who perished. He then addressed himself to the natives, among whom there was fortunately a Hottentot present, who had lived with the Dutch farmers, and could speak their language, and the third-mate being a Dutchman, these two served as interpreters.

The spot where the Hercules was wrecked, was at no great distance from the spot where the Grosvenor was lost in 1792, and the captain consequently inquired whether any of the natives recollected such a catastrophe, to which most answered in the affirmative; and ascending one of the sand-hills, pointed to the spot. After obtaining every possible information on this melancholy subject, they employed themselves during the remainder of the day in assisting the natives to save whatever came on shore. The natives sought with persevering diligence for iron, burning it out of the wood. At night they retired, and the crew taking shelter under a sand-hill, appointed part of their numbers to watch while the others tried to repose round a fire. To sleep, however, was impossible; their bodies were on one side heated by the fire, while on the other they were so severely chilled by the intense cold, that the pain was almost insupportable.

Day at length appeared, and the Caffres returned in greater numbers. After having partaken of a repast from a bullock, which the Caffre chief had brought with him, and which they devoured in lumps singed by the fire, part of the crew proceeded to the shore where they saw the long-boat at a considerable distance. The ship was dividing very fast, and the gale increasing, many things were cast on shore which the Caffres were indefatigable in procuring. In the general search on the shore, one of the natives picked up the ship's compass, and not knowing what it was, though pleased with its formation, he took it to the chief, who instantly took it to pieces, and after contemplating the various parts, took the

copper in which it hung and suspended it from his neck, with which he seemed to be highly gratified.

Towards evening, the captain addressed the chief on the subject of their departure, and requested a guide to conduct them through the deserts to the first Christian settlement. The Caffre paused for a moment, and then very coolly replied, "When I consider that matter, you shall be made acquainted with my determination." This made them rather uneasy as to their probable fate, which was increased by seeing them consulting together in parties, and using gestures that might be unfavourably interpreted. Towards the night, the crew were again left to rest under the sand-hills, as before, and where they were again tortured by the cold wind and clouds of sand.

On the first appearance of the sun, they mounted the most elevated of the sand-hills to look out for the long boat, but they could not discover her in any direction. Shortly afterwards they perceived the Caffres approaching, most of them with assaghays in their hands, while the others were furnished with clubs. Many of them were decorated with ostrich feathers, and the chief wore a leopard skin fastened with a pair of knee-buckles, which the captain had given him the day before. They saluted the crew in the most friendly manner, and were accompanied by them to the beach; where the wind, having increased during the night, had thrown several parts of the ship on shore. Not a word passed during the day about the departure of the crew, and the natives retired as usual upon the approach of night. The crew were so fatigued by all being employed to gather wood, that after procuring a sufficient quantity they stretched themselves on the ground, and, in spite of the wind, sand, and cold, slept soundly until the morning.

On the next appearance of day, they again looked out for the long-boat, but she was nowhere to be seen, nor did they ever hear of her again.

The Caffres did not make their appearance this morning until two hours after sunrise. Captain Stout then informed the chief that he intended to take his departure on the following day, and begged that a guide might be appointed for them. "I shall furnish you with two," replied the chief; which was delivered with so much frankness that completely removed all their former suspicions. It was also agreed, very much to their satisfaction, that the Hottentot who had served as an interpreter, should accompany them through the desert.

After making the necessary preparations for their journey, by cutting up another bullock which the chief had presented to them, and which occupied a whole day in dressing, for provision when travelling, they passed another night in less apprehension than before.

On the following morning, the 23rd of June, they took their departure, with every expression of regret from the hospitable chief who had so far materially assisted them. The guides were intelligent men, and gave them to understand that they must on no account travel early, as the wild beasts rose with the sun, and then ranged the deserts in quest of their prey;

notwithstanding, with cautious advice, the people were so desirous of getting on, that they grew uneasy. The guides, however, could not be induced to quit the fires until about nine o'clock, at which time they all proceeded in good spirits.

Not more than three or four of the party were at this time provided with shoes. They had many hundred miles to travel over unknown countries, to ascend mountains of stupendous elevation, penetrate woods, traverse deserts, ford rivers; and yet they were to combat all these difficulties barefooted, not having saved above four pairs of shoes, and those in sad condition.

After travelling for two or three days through a delightful country, from which they could only occasionally obtain fresh water, and escaping the numerous wild beasts which infest the country at night, by the large fires which they kept up, they arrived suddenly at the abode of a horde of Caffres that were distinguished by their own countrymen as a bad tribe.

Having proceeded but a very short way, they were stopped by twelve Caffre men, clothed with leopard skins, and armed with spears. Their guides, alarmed at the appearance of these savages, immediately ran to the bed of the river, which was dry, and having reached the opposite shore, ascended an adjoining mountain with the greatest precipitation. The savages brandished their spears, and appeared by their gestures to menace the destruction of the crew who refusing to part with any of their supply of provisions, instantly proceeded to the river, and crossed it in pursuit of their guides, whom they found standing on the summit of the mountain.

One of the crew had a knife which was slung over his shoulder. A Caffre, perceiving this, made a snatch at the handle, but the owner resisting it, he lost his hold. This so enraged the savage, that he lifted his assaghai with the intention of destroying the object of his resentment. At the moment he stood in this attitude, a more finished picture of horror could scarcely be conceived. The savage wore a leopard's skin; his black countenance was bedaubed with red ochre; his eyes glittering with rage, appeared as if starting from their sockets; his mouth expanded, and his teeth gnashing and grinning with all the fury of a demon. He was however diverted from his purpose, and dropped the fearful weapon he had raised with so bloody an intent.

When they came up, the guides expressed the utmost satisfaction at their escape, and gave them a terrible description of the people they had just left; assuring them that had not the remainder of the horde been out hunting at the time, not a man of them would have survived.

They were so long occupied in observing the beauties of the surrounding country from the top of the mountain, that it was late before they descended. They immediately set to work to cut wood, not only for fuel, but to form a fence or barricade against the wild animals during the night. It was fortunate they did so, as, from the number of elephants passing to and fro almost every moment, they would in all pro-



bability have been trampled to death by these monstrous animals; from which, however, they had the good fortune to escape.

During the next day they travelled about thirty-five miles, and passed the night at the skirt of a small forest which provided them with fuel and a temporary defence as before. In the morning they again set out, but some of them were so worn out with fatigue, that it was thought advisable for those who could travel, to get forward and provide a place where wood and water might be had. The captain was of this party; and all those who remained behind might find their way, he ordered the Caffre guides to set fire to the long grass, to serve during the night as a point of direction. He was also in expectation of their coming up before the morning, but was sadly disappointed. They remained stationary until the morning, and then went on.

Not one of the people that had been left behind appeared in the morning; but the guides were of opinion that they would reach a Christian settlement in the course of the day, and thereby be enabled to send assistance to their companions in the desert. They were, however, obliged to pass the night in a farm-house that had been deserted for some time, in hourly expectation of an attack from the Boschmen; but their own misfortunes were forgotten, and their only consideration during the night, was for their unhappy mess-mates whom they never expected to see again.

About an hour after sunrise they departed to pursue their journey, their numbers so reduced by excessive fatigue, that out of sixty that left the beach where they were wrecked, thirty-six had been left behind. They travelled without a single halt for three hours, when to their almost inconceivable joy, they saw a Hottentot attending a flock of sheep.

Upon their approaching him, he at first seemed alarmed; but perceiving they were mostly whites and unarmed, he stopped until they came up, and upon the request of Captain Stout, directed them to the proprietor of the nearest settlement, who, he said, was a good man, and lived within three hours distance. Their spirits were revived and their strength renewed by this pleasing intelligence, and they set off in high glee till at length they arrived at the house of Jan du Pliesies.

After the alarm occasioned by their first appearance had subsided, the captain told the story of their melancholy disaster, and implored assistance for the relief of the unhappy people who were left behind; to which appeal no time was lost in responding. Du Pliesies' two sons immediately went off in a waggon drawn by eight oxen, with orders to travel all night; while their liberal host had a sheep killed for their entertainment.

Before they had finished their breakfast, on the following morning, their humane benefactor despatched messengers to his neighbours, desiring their assistance to convey the crew to the Cape. Several of them behaved with the greatest liberality, stating, that such as were desirous of remaining in the country until they had perfectly recovered, should be accommodated at their houses, and that they would convey them to the Cape on the first opportunity. Their conversation was interrupted by a Hottentot servant running into the house, declaring the waggon was in sight. All ran to meet it, and the captain had the heartfelt consolation of seeing twenty-three of his unfortunate people, chiefly Lascars, laying down in the vehicle. Du Pliesies' two sons stated that they found them near a wood, perfectly resigned to their fate, having given up all hopes of relief. The preceding day thirteen of their companions had separated from them, but where they had strayed to, they had not the slightest idea. Those poor fellows, after enduring for a long time the most unexampled miseries, all arrived safely at the Cape.

They took their departure from the hospitable mansion of the benevolent Du Pliesies on the morning of the 2nd of July, in a large waggon with two sets of oxen of eight each, and two or three Hottentot servants as drivers. After journeying about thirty-five miles, they reached the second farm in perfect security. The owner, whose name was Cornelius Engelbrocks, they found to be also a beneficent character, who entertained them during the night, and in the morning

generously presented them with nine sheep, regretting that he could not let them have a morsel of bread, as it was a luxury he seldom or never enjoyed.

The four or five succeeding days they travelled from house to house, at all of which they were received with the same disinterested hospitality; and had such plenty of venison at the houses where they stopped, that in six days their stock of nine sheep was only diminished to three.

From the 8th to the 17th of June, their journey was not interrupted by any disagreeable occurrence; on the last-mentioned day they separated, and the captain took with him his chief and third mates, together with one or two more who were solicitous to accompany him. The country, as they advanced, increased in population, and the farm-houses were in several places not more than two hours distance from each other.

On the 22d they arrived at Zwellingdam, and proceeded to the house of the landor, or chief man of the place; his settlement consisted of about sixteen or eighteen houses, surrounded by a delightful country, and producing grain, vegetables, and fruits of almost every description. This gentleman gave them a very hospitable reception, and the next morning furnished the captain with a horse and a guide to conduct them to his brother-in-law at the Cape; he also gave them a very kind letter to his friend, General Craig, commander-in-chief, requesting he would do them every kindness in his power, which he would acknowledge as an obligation conferred upon himself.

They arrived at the settlement of Johannas Brinch, at Stellen Bush, on the fourth day, after travelling a highly-cultivated country. On their arrival, the captain waited on Mr. Brinch, whose reception, he says, can never be mentioned but in terms of the most fervent gratitude and esteem.

Here they remained two days under the roof of this liberal and benevolent gentleman. On the following morning he provided them with a horse and a guide. Their journey was but short, as they arrived the same evening at the Cape in tolerable health and spirits, though very much weakened in constitution.

"HOME, SWEET HOME!"

When the fleet put into the Cove of Cork, I found myself within a few miles of my father's house. You may suppose that the anchor had hardly kissed the mud, before I went to the first lieutenant, and asked leave to go on shore. Now the first lieutenant was not in the sweetest of tempers, seeing as how the captain had been hauling him over the coals for not carrying on the duty according to his satisfaction. So he answered me very gruffly, that I should not leave the ship.

"O bother!" said I to myself, "this will never do."

So I walked to the captain, and touching my hat, reminded him that I had a father and mother, and a pretty sprinkling of brothers and sisters, who were dying to see me, and that I hoped that he would give me leave.

"Ax the first lieutenant," said he, turning away.

"I have, sir," replied I, "and he says that the devil a bit shall I put my foot on shore."

"Then you have misbehaved yourself," said the captain.

"Not a bit of it, Captain Willis," replied I; "it's the first lieutenant who has misbehaved."

"How, sir?" answered he, in an angry tone.

"Why, sir, didn't he misbehave just now, in not carrying on the duty according to your will and pleasure? and didn't you sarge him out just as he deserved—and ar'n't that the reason why I'm not to go on shore? You see, your honour, it's all true as I said; and the first lieutenant has misbehaved, and not I. I hope you will allow me to go on shore, Captain, God bless you! and make some allowance for my parental feelings towards the arthers of my existence."

"Have you any fault to find with Mr. O'Brien?" said the captain to the first lieutenant, as he came aft.

"No more than I have with midshipmen in general; but I believe it is not the custom for officers to ask leave to go on shore before the sails are furled and yards squared."

"Very true," replied the captain; "therefore Mr. O'Brien, you must wait until the watch is called, and then, if you ask the first lieutenant, I have no doubt but you will have leave granted to you to go and see your friends."

"Thank'e kindly, sir," replied I; and I hoped that the yards and sails would be finished off as soon as possible, for my heart was in my mouth, and I felt that if I had been kept much longer, it would have flown on shore before me.

I thought myself very clever in this business, but I was never a greater fool in my life: for there was no such hurry to have gone on shore, and the first lieutenant never forgave me for appealing to the captain—but of that by-and-by, and all in good time. At last I obtained a grumbling assent to my going on shore, and off I went like a sky-rocket. Being in a desperate hurry, I hired a jaunting car to take me to my father's house.

"Is it the O'Brien of Ballyhinch that you mean?" inquired the spalpeen who drove the horse.

"Sure it is," replied I; "and how is he and all the noble family of the O'Brien's?"

"All well enough, bating the boy Tim, who caught a bit of a confusion in his head the other night at the fair, and now lies at home in bed quite insensible to mate or drink; but the doctors give hopes of recovery, as all the O'Briens are known to have such thick heads."

"What do you mane by that, bad manners to you?" said I; "but poor Tim—how did it happen—was there a fight?"

"Not much of a fight—only a bit of a skrummage, three crowner's inquests, no more."

"But you are not going the straight road, you thief," said I, seeing that he had turned off to the left.

"I've my reasons for that, your honour," replied he; "I always turn away from the Castle out of principle—I lost a friend there, and it makes me melancholy."

"How came that for to happen?"

"All by accident, your honour; they hung my poor brother Patrick there, because he was a bad hand at arithmetic."

"He should have gone to a better school then," said I.

"I've an idea that it was a bad school that he was brought up in," replied he, with a sigh. "He was a cattle-dealer, your honour, and one day, somehow or another, he'd a cow too much—all for not knowing how to count, your honour, bad luck to his schoolmaster!"

"All that may be very true," said I, "and pace be to his soul? but I don't see why you are to drag me, that's in such a hurry, two miles out of my way out of principle."

"Is your honour in a hurry to get home? Then I'll be thinking they'll not be in a hurry to see you."

"And who told you that my name was O'Brien, you baste? and do you dare to say that my friends won't be glad to see me?"

"Plase your honour, it's all an idea of mine—so say no more about it. Only this I know; Father M'Grath, who gives me absolution, told me the other day that I ought to pay him, and not run in debt, and then run away like Terence O'Brien, who went away without paying for his shirts, and his shoes, and his stockings, nor anything else, and who would live to be hanged, as sure as St. Patrick swam over the Liffey with his head under his arm."

"Bad luck to that Father M'Grath," cried I; "devil burn me, but I'll be revenged upon him."

By that time we had arrived at the door of my father's house. I paid the rapparee, and in I popped. There was my father and mother, and all my brothers and sisters (bating Tim, who was in bed sure enough, and died next day), and that baste Father M'Grath to boot. When my mother saw me, she ran to me and hugged me as she wept on my neck, and then she wiped her eyes, and sat down again; but nobody else said "How d'ye do," or opened their mouths to me. I said to myself, "Sure there's some trifling mistake here," but I held my tongue.

At last they all opened their mouths with a vengeance. My father commenced—"Arn't you ashamed on yourself, Terence O'Brien?"

"Arn't you ashamed on yourself, Terence O'Brien?" cried Father M'Grath,

"Arn't you ashamed on yourself?" cried out all my brothers and sisters in full chorus, whilst my poor mother put her apron to her eyes and said nothing.

"The devil a bit for myself, but very much ashamed for you all," replied I, "to treat me in this manner. What's the meaning of all this?"

"Haven't they seized my two cows to pay for your tog-gery, you spalpeen?" cried my father.

"Haven't they taken the hay to pay for your shoes and stockings?" cried Father M'Grath.

"Haven't they taken the pig to pay for that ugly hat of yours?" cried my eldest sister.

"And haven't they taken my hens to pay for that dirk of yours?" cried another.

"And all our best furniture to pay for your white shirts and black cravats!" cried Murdock my brother.

"And haven't we been starved to death ever since?" cried they all.

"Och hone!" said my mother.

"The devil they have!" said I, when they'd all done. "Sure I'm sorry enough, but it's no fault of mine. Father, didn't you send me to say?"

"Yes, you rapparee; but didn't you promise—or didn't I promise for you, which is all one and the same thing—that you'd pay it all back with your prize-money—and where is it? answer that, Terence O'Brien."

"Where is it, father? I'll tell you—it's where next Christmas is—coming, but not come yet."

"Spake to him, Father M'Grath," said my father.

"Is not that a lie of yours, Terence O'Brien, that you're after telling now?" said Father M'Grath. "Give me the money."

"It's no lie, Father M'Grath; if it pleased you to die to-morrow, the devil of a shilling have I to jingle on your tomb-stone for good luck, bating those three or four, which you may divide between you," and I threw them on the floor.

"Terence O'Brien," said Father M'Grath, "it's absolution that you'll be wanting to-morrow, after all your sins and enormities; and the devil a bit shall you have, take that now."

"Father M'Grath," replied I, very angrily, "it's no absolution that I'll want from you, any how, take that now."

"Then you have had your share of heaven; for I'll keep you out of it, you wicked monster," said Father M'Grath, "take that now."

"If it's no better than a midshipman's berth," replied I, "I'd just as soon stay out; but I'll creep in in spite of you, take that now, Father M'Grath."

"And who's to save your soul, and send you to heaven, if I don't, you wicked wretch? but I'll see you d—d first, so take that now, Terence O'Brien."

"Then I'll turn Protestant, and d—n the Pope, take that now, Father M'Grath."

At this last broadside of mine, my father and all my brothers and sisters raised a cry of horror, and my mother burst into tears. Father M'Grath seized hold of the pot of holy water, and dipping in the little whisk, began to sprinkle the room, saying a Latin prayer, while they all went on squalling at me. At last, my father seized the stool, which he had been seated upon, and threw it at my head. I dodged, and it knocked down Father M'Grath, who had just walked behind me in full song. I knew that it was all over after that, so I sprung over his carcase, and gained the door.

"Good morning to ye all, and better manners to you next time we meet," cried I, and off I set as fast as I could for the ship.

I was melancholy enough as I walked back, and thought of what had passed, "I need not have been in such a confounded hurry," said I to myself, "to ask leave, thereby affronting the first lieutenant;" and I was very sorry for what I had said to the priest, for my conscience thumped me very hard at having even pretended that I'd turn Protestant, which I never intended to do, nor ever will, but live and die a good Catholic, as all my posterity have done before me, and, as I trust, all my ancestors will for generations to come. Well, I arrived on board, and the first lieutenant was very

savage. I hoped he would get over it, but he never did; and he continued to treat me so ill, that I determined to quit the ship, which I did as soon as we arrived in Cawsand Bay. The captain allowed me to go, for I told him the whole truth of the matter, and he saw that it was true; so he recommended me to the captain of a jackass frigate, who was in want of midshipmen.

"What do you mean by a jackass frigate?" inquired I.

"I mean one of your twenty-eight gun ships, so called, because there is as much difference between them and a real frigate, like the one we are sailing in, as there is between a donkey and a race-horse." Well, the ship was no sooner brought down to the dockyard to have her ballast taken in, than our captain came down to her—a little, thin, spare man, but a man of weight nevertheless, for he brought a great pair of scales with him, and weighed everything that was put on board. I forget his real name, but the sailors christened him Captain Avoirdupois. He had a large book, in which he inserted the weight of the ballast, and of the shot, water, provisions, coals, standing and running rigging, cables, and everything else. Then he weighed all the men, and all the midshipmen, and all the midshipmen's chests, and all the officers, with everything belonging to them: lastly, he weighed himself, which did not add much to the sum total. I don't exactly know what this was for; but he was always talking about centres of gravity, displacement of fluid, and Lord knows what. I believe it was to find out the longitude, somehow or other, but I didn't remain long enough in her to know the end of it; for one day I brought on board a pair of new boots, which I forgot to report, that they might be put into the scales which swung on the gangway; and whether the captain thought that they would sink his ship, or for what, I cannot tell, but he ordered me to quit her immediately—so there I was adrift again. I packed up my traps, and went on shore, putting on my new boots out of spite, and trod into all the mud and mire I could meet, and walked up and down from Plymouth to Dock until I was tired, as a punishment to them, until I wore the scoundrels out in a fortnight.

One day I was in the dockyard, looking at a two-decker in the basin, just brought forward for service, and I inquired who was to be the captain. They told me that his name was O'Connor. Then he's a countryman of mine, thought I, and I'll try my luck. So I called at Goud's Hotel, where he was lodging, and requested to speak with him. I was admitted, and told him, with my best bow, that I had come as a volunteer for his ship, and that my name was O'Brien. As it happened he had some vacancies, and liking my brogue, he asked me in what ships I had served. I told him, and also my reasons for quitting my last, which was, because I was turned out of it. I explained the story of the boots, and he made inquiries, and found that it was all true, and then he gave me a vacancy as master's mate. We were ordered to South America; and the trade-winds took us there in a jiffy. I liked my captain and officers very much: and what was better, we took some good prizes. But somehow or other I never had the luck to remain long in one ship, and that by no fault of mine; at least, not in this instance.

All went on as smooth as possible, until one day the captain took us on shore to a ball, at one of the peaceable districts. We had a very merry night of it; but as luck would have it, I had the morning watch to keep, and see the decks cleaned; and as I never neglected my duty, I set off about three o'clock in the morning, just at break of day, to go on board of the ship. I was walking along the sands, thinking of the pretty girl that I'd been dancing with, and had got about half way to the ship, when three reparaes of Spanish soldiers came from behind a rock, and attacked me with their swords and bayonets. I had only my dirk, but I was not to be run through for nothing, so I fought them as long as I could. I finished one fellow, but at last they finished me; for a bayonet passed through my body, and I forgot all about it. Well, it appears, for I can only say to the best of my knowledge and belief, that after they had killed me, they stripped me naked, and buried me in the sand, carrying away with them the body of their comrade. So there I was—dead and buried.

"But, O'Brien," said I—

Whist—hold your tongue—you've not heard the end of it. Well, I had been buried about an hour, but not very deep, it appears, for they were in too great a hurry—when a fisherman and his daughter, came along the beach, on their way to the boat, and the daughter, God bless her! did me the favour to tread upon my nose. It was clear that she had never trod upon an Irishman's nose before, for it surprised her, and she looked down to see what was there, and did not seeing any thing, she tried it again with her foot, and then she scraped off the sand, and discovered my pretty face. I was quite warm and still breathing, for the sand had stopped the blood, and prevented my bleeding to death. The fisherman pulled me out, and took me on his back to the house where the captain and officers were still dancing. When he brought me in, there was a great cry from the ladies, not because I was murdered, for they are used to it in those countries, but because I was naked which they considered a much more serious affair. I was put to bed, and a boat despatched on board for our doctor; and in a few hours I was able to speak, and tell them how it happened. But I was too ill to move when the ship sailed, which she was obliged to do in a day or two afterwards; so the captain made out my discharge, and left me there. The family were French, and I remained with them for six months, before I could obtain a passage home, during which I learnt their language, and a very fair allowance of Spanish to boot. When I arrived in England, I found that the prizes had been sold, and that the money was ready for distribution. I produced my certificate, and received £167 for my share. So it's come at last, thought I.

I never had such a handful of money in my life; but I hope I shall again very soon. I spread it out on the table as soon as I got home, and looked at it, and then I said to myself, "Now, Terence O'Brien, will you keep this money to yourself, or send it home?" Then I thought of Father M'Grath, and the stool that was thrown at my head, and I was very near sweeping it all back into my pocket. But then I thought of my mother, and of the cows, and the pig, and the furniture, all gone; and of my brothers and sisters wanting praties, and I made a vow that I'd send every farthing of it to them, after which Father M'Grath would no longer think of not giving me absolution. So I sent them every doit, only reserving for myself the pay which I had received, amounting to about thirty pounds, and I never felt more happy in my life than when it was safe in the post-office, and fairly out of my hands. I wrote a bit of a letter to my father at the time, which was to this purpose—

"HONOURED FATHER,

"Since our last pleasant meeting, at which you threw the stool at my head, missing the pigeon and hitting the crow, I have been dead and buried, but am now quite well thank God, and want no absolution from Father M'Grath, bad luck to him. And what's more to the point, I have just received a batch of prize-money, the first I have handled since I have served his Majesty, and every farthing of which I now send to you, that you may get back your old cows, and the pig, and all the rest of the articles seized to pay for my fitting out, so never again ask me whether I am not ashamed of myself; more shame to you for abusing a dutiful son like myself, who went to sea at your bidding, and has never had a real good potato down his throat ever since. I'm a true O'Brien, tell my mother, and don't mane to turn Protestant, but uphold the religion of my country; although the devil may take Father M'Grath and his holy water to boot. I shan't come and see you, as perhaps you may have another stool ready for my head, and may take better aim next time; so no more at present from your affectionate son,

"TERENCE O'BRIEN."

About three weeks afterwards I received a letter from my father, telling me that I was a real O'Brien, and that if any one dared hint to the contrary, he would break every bone in his body; that I should have the best stool in the house next time I came, not for my head, but for my tail; that Father M'Grath, sent me his blessing, and had given me absolution for all I had done, or should do for the next ten years to

come; that my mother had cried with joy at my dutiful behaviour; and that all my brothers and sisters (bating Tim, who had died the day after I left them), wished me good luck, and plenty more prize-money to send home to them. This was all very pleasant; and I had nothing left on my mind but to get another ship; so I went to the port-admiral, and told him how it was that I had left my last; and he said, "that being dead and buried was quite sufficient reason for any one leaving his ship, and that he would procure me another, now that I had came to life again." I was sent on board of the guard-ship, where I remained about ten days, and then was sent round to join this frigate—and so my story's ended; and there's eight bells striking—so the watch is ended too; jump down, Peter, and call Robinson, and tell him that I'll trouble him to forget to go to sleep again as he did last time, and leave me here kicking my heels, contrary to the rules and regulations of the service.

Peter Simple, by Captain Marryatt.

THE TARTAR'S TAILS.

(From the "Jolly Boat.")

THERE was a bustling of feet upon the deck above, and a boy came down to inform Mr. Wildgust that the Commander was coming alongside. The cabin was cleared in an instant, Pearson took his station at the gangway, his shrill pipe sounded cheerily on the night breeze; the side boys with their lanterns were in attendance, and the boat having swept up to her proper position, Lieutenant Bullfit, the Commander of her Majesty's Ship Mercury, ascended, and was saluted by his subordinates. He was a short, stout, burly man, the very essence of good humour, but rather consequential in his manner, offering at times a strange contrast to his usually excellent flow of animal spirits; a worthy officer, an excellent seaman, and a kind hearted man. Bullfit possessed most of the qualifications which a man-of-war's man love, for he was by no means deficient in preserving discipline.

"I'm glad to see every one generally attentive Mr. Wildgust," said the lieutenant, stiffly walking aft on the quarter-deck, "it shows, sir, it shows—"

"The benefit of example, sir," responded the mate, taking up the clue, "allow me, sir, to introduce to your notice three respectable gentlemen whom I have captured," and he waved his hand towards the Tartars who stood grinning between the guns.

"Ha, ha,—I see, I see, Wildgust," said the lieutenant, at once coming down from the high stilts, "prisoners, eh?—and it seems you have taken them bag and baggage," both officers laughed. "Make your report, sir—make your report."

This Wildgust did, relating every circumstance to prove that the fellows were kidnapping; and Pearson and Jack Moberly corroborated the facts. Bullfit ordered the Tartars to be taken below, and well looked after, and he would do summary execution on them the next morning. The night passed away—and about the middle of the next forenoon, the hands were turned up to witness punishment. Every one guessed the object, as speculations were rife as to the real intentions of Lieutenant Bullfit. These, however, were in a great measure ended, when the crew found that a large block, covered with red baize, was placed upon the fore-castle; and by the side of it, with his shirt sleeves tucked up to his shoulders, and his bright, heavy cleaver in his hand, stood the ship's butcher, resting his instrument on the block, and leaning upon it. The officers and crew were assembled—one of the prisoners was brought up, and placed to hear his sentence, which Mr. Bullfit pronounced in some unknown tongue—his motions, however, clearly defining, by his pointing first at the Tartar's cocoa-nut, then at the block, and lastly to the axe, that the fellow was to be decapitated. Scarcely any one had credited that the Commander would carry matters so far, but the energy and solemnity of his manner left no doubt amongst the people, that he designed to deal out the extreme of vengeance; and not a few

shuddered at the thoughts of witnessing a deed of blood, perpetrated in the moment of cool and calm deliberation. As for the Tartar, his terror nearly deprived him of every power except that of his lungs; for when he saw the deadly preparation, he roared most lustily, and, falling on his knees, earnestly implored for his life. But his entreaties were in vain; three or four stout fellows laid hold of him, and in an instant he was prostrate, and held fast, with his neck upon the block.

"Do your duty, my man, and do it well!" exclaimed Mr. Bullfit to the butcher, who thereupon stood over against the prisoner, flourishing his bright cleaver above his head. It was a moment of thrilling horror amongst the crew—and some, in the generosity of their hearts, were half prepared to rush forward and rescue the unhappy criminal—but rigid discipline restrained them, and they stood impatiently awaiting the result. Nor had they long to remain. The butcher still flourished his upraised cleaver—excitement was getting more intense, when the sonorous voice of the Commander was heard to thunder forth—"Strike!" There was a moment of suspense—down came the shining blade—a groan of anguish burst from the crew—down came the blade, and cut off the Tartar's tail—the head having been shined round, at the precise moment, to effect this object. The tars smoked the fun, and laughed heartily, whilst the prisoner was removed out of sight; some red paint and sawdust were rubbed on a piece of old canvas near the block, and the next captive was summoned, who, on perceiving the arrangements, and beholding what he supposed to be the blood of his companion, roared most lustily; he was served in the same way as the first, and placed by himself apart. The third came up, doggedly determined—he did not utter a word, and never flinched, when his neck was laid in due order; but, nevertheless, he was in no small degree gratified, when he found that only his tail was off, and not his head.

A boat was manned, the prisoners were put into it, and their meeting again, when each supposed the other dead, was truly ridiculous.

SONG OF THE MERMAID.

Quit, oh, quit the realms of earth,

And upper air,

Where spleenful mortals, from their birth,

Are slaves to care;

And gently sink into the waters

Calm and green,

To share with ocean's happy daughters

Their lives serene.

Take my hand, and downward glide,

Downward through the lucid tide.

Come unto our coral bowers

Of cool green light,

Where we braid our locks with flowers

With sea-flowers bright.

There each floating sister laves

Her beauties blooming,

Lull'd by the echo of the waves

Above her booming.

Take my hand, and downward glide,

Downward through the lucid tide.

Let my bosom, as we sink,

Become thy pillow;

And when once beneath the brink,

We cleave the billow,

Thou'lt taste the joys that to the sea

Have been allotted,

And all the pains of earth shall be

From memory blotted,

Take my hand, and downward glide,

Downward through the lucid tide.

DESTRUCTION OF THE PRINCE.

On February 19th, 1752, the *Prince*, a French East India-man, commanded by Captain M. Morin, sailed from Port L'Orient, on an outward-bound voyage; but soon afterwards a sudden shift of wind drove her on a sand bank, where she was exposed to imminent danger, and the ship heeled so much, that the mouths of the guns lay in the sea. By lightening the ship, however, accompanied with continued and laborious exertions, she floated with the rise of the tide, and being again carried into port was completely unladen, and underwent a thorough repair.

On the 10th of June they resumed the voyage with a favourable wind, and which for several weeks seemed to promise every success that could be desired.

Nothing particular occurred during the voyage till the 26th of July, when they were in $8^{\circ} 30'$ south lat., and 5° west longitude from Paris. At this time, M. de la Fond, one of the lieutenants of the ship, at the moment of taking an observation, was informed by a seaman, that smoke was issuing from the main hatchway. The first lieutenant, who had the keys of the hold, immediately ordered all the hatchways to be opened, in order to ascertain the truth.

The dreadful fact was too soon apparent to every one on deck, and while the captain hastened from the great cabin where he sat at dinner, Lieutenant de la Fond ordered some sails to be dipped into the sea, and the hatches to be covered with them, in order, if possible, to prevent the access of air, and thus to stifle the fire. He had also intended, as a more effectual remedy, to let in the water between the decks to the depth of



BURNING OF THE PRINCE, CAPTAIN M. MORIN, JULY 26TH, 1752.

about twelve inches; but clouds of smoke issued from the crevices of the hatchways, and the flames were gaining on them more and more by degrees.

In the meantime, the captain ordered sixty or eighty of the soldiers under arms to maintain the necessary discipline, and restrain any disorder or confusion which might probably ensue from such a disastrous calamity; and in this he was ably supported by their excellent commander, M. de la Fouche, who exhibited uncommon fortitude and great presence of mind on the occasion.

All hands were now busily employed in procuring water; all the buckets were filled, the pumps plied, and pipes introduced from them to the hold; but in spite of all their efforts incessantly applied, the rapid progress of the devouring ele-

ment completely baffled all their exertions to subdue it, and augmented the general consternation.

As the yawl was then lying in the way of the people, so as to retard their exertions, it was hoisted out by the order of the captain; and the boatswain, accompanied by three of the seamen, took possession of it. As they were in want of oars, these were quickly supplied by three men, who leaped overboard with them; and although they were desired by those in the ship to return, they only answered, that they wanted a rudder, and desired a rope to be thrown out to them. The progress of the flames, however, soon showing them their only alternative for safety, they withdrew from the burning ship, and she, from the effect of a breeze springing up, passed by.

The utmost activity still prevailed on board the vessel, and

the courage and resolution of the people seemed to be augmented by the increased difficulty of escape. The master boldly went down into the hold, where the intense heat compelled him to return immediately, and had not a large quantity of water been dashed over him, he must have been very severely scorched. Immediately after this, the flames burst with great violence from the main hatchway.

The danger became now so imminent, that the captain ordered the boats to be hoisted out, while dread and consternation enfeebled and appalled the most intrepid. The long-boat had been secured at a certain height, and was about to be put over the ship's side, when, unfortunately, the fire ran up the mainmast and caught the tackle, the consequence of which was, that the boat fell down on the guns bottom upwards, and it was in vain to think of getting her righted.

It now became too evident that the calamity was beyond the reach of human power to remedy it, and nothing but the mercy of the Almighty could effectually interpose between them and destruction. Consternation was universally disseminated among the people; nothing but sighs and groans, and shrieks, that rend the air, resounded throughout the vessel; and even the animals that were on board, as if sensible of the impending danger, uttered the most dreadful cries. The certainty of perishing by either fire or water was anticipated by every human being, and each raised his hands and heart towards an Almighty Providence, in humble, but fervent prayer for mercy.

The chaplain, who was then on the quarter-deck, gave the people general absolution from their sins; and then repaired to the quarter-gallery to extend it yet further to those miserable

wretches, who, in vain hopes of safety, had already committed themselves to the waves. What a horrible spectacle now presented itself! The only object was self-preservation; each was occupied in throwing overboard whatever promised the most slender chance of escape; yards, spars, hencoops, and every thing that was within reach, was hastily seized in the agony of despair, and thus hopelessly employed.

The most dreadful confusion now prevailed. Some wildly leaped into the sea, in anticipation of that death which was about to overwhelm them; others, more successful, swam to fragments of the wreck; while the shrouds, yards, and ropes, along the side of the vessel, were covered with the crew, crowding upon them, and hanging there as if hesitating which alternative of destruction to choose, equally imminent, and equally terrible.

Among the numerous instances of individual distress and mental and bodily anguish, a father was seen to snatch his son from the flames; and, after folding him to his breast, to throw him into the sea, where he himself speedily followed, and they perished in each other's embrace.

In the meantime, Lieutenant de la Fond ordered the helm to be shifted, upon which the ship heeled to larboard, and thereby afforded a temporary preservation, while the flames raged along the starboard side from stem to stern, with unabated fury.

Until this moment, the mind of Lieutenant de la Fond had been engrossed by nothing but adopting every means to preserve the ship; but now, however, the horrors of impending destruction were too apparent to every one. This fortitude, notwithstanding, through the goodness of heaven, never for-

sook him: on looking around, he found himself alone on the deck, and he retired to the round house. There he met M. de la Fouché, who regarded the approach of death with the same heroism which, in India, had gained him so much celebrity. "My brother and friend," he cried, "farewell!" "Whither are you going?" asked Lieutenant de la Fond; "To comfort my friend, the captain," he replied.

M. Morin, who commanded this unfortunate vessel, was overwhelmed with grief for the melancholy state of his female relatives who were passengers with him. He had persuaded them to commit themselves to the waves on hencoops, while some of the seamen swimming with one hand, endeavoured to support them with the other.

The floating masts and yards were covered with men struggling with the watery element which environed them, and many of them now perished by the balls which were discharged from the guns when heated by the fire, and thus presenting a third means of destruction to augment the horrors which surrounded them. While anguish pierced the heart of Lieutenant de la Fond, he withdrew his eyes from the sea; and a moment after reaching the starboard gallery, he saw the flames bursting with frightful noise through the windows of the round house and of the great cabin. As the fire now approached so near, that it seemed every instant ready to consume him, and considering it in vain to attempt the further preservation of the ship, or the lives of his fellow sufferers, he thought it his duty, in this dreadful condition, to save himself, if possible, yet a few hours, that these might be devoted to Heaven.

Having stripped off his clothes, he intended to slip down a yard, one end of which dipped in the water: but it was so covered with miserable beings, shrinking from death, and clinging in the last gasp of mortal agony, that he tumbled over them and fell into the sea. There a drowning soldier caught hold of him: Lieutenant de la Fond made every exertion to disengage himself, but all his efforts were in vain; and though he allowed himself to sink below the surface, yet the soldier did not quit his grasp. The lieutenant plunged down a second time, but he was still firmly held by the man who was now incapable of considering that his death, instead of proving of service to him, would rather hasten his own. At length, after struggling for a considerable time, and swallowing a large quantity of water, the soldier's strength failed, and sensible that Lieutenant de la Fond was sinking a third time, he dreaded being carried down along with him, and loosened his grasp, which was no sooner done, than to avoid a repetition, the lieutenant dived below the surface, and rose at a distance from the place.

This incident rendered him more cautious for the future; he even avoided the dead bodies, which were now so numerous, that to make a free passage, he was compelled to push them aside with one hand, while he kept himself floating with the other, and his mind all the time impressed with the apprehension, that each of them was a person who would seize him and involve him in his own destruction: but his strength soon beginning to fail, he was satisfied of the necessity of some respite to his arduous toil, and soon after fell in with the part of ensign staff, and put his arm through a noose in the rope to secure it. In this manner he swam some little time as well as he could, till perceiving a yard at hand, he seized it by one hand; but observing at the other extremity a young man, who seemed scarcely able to support himself, he quickly abandoned so slight an aid, and one which seemed incapable of contributing in any degree to his preservation. Soon after leaving this, he got sight of the spritsail-yard, but so covered with people, that he durst not attempt to take a place among them without first asking permission, which, however, they cheerfully granted. Some of them were quite naked, others had nothing on except their shirts, and the pity they expressed at the situation of Lieutenant de la Fond, and his sense of their misfortunes, exposed his feelings to a severe trial.

Neither Captain Morin nor M. de la Fouché were known to have quitted the ship, and were most probably overwhelmed in that dreadful catastrophe by which she was de-

stroyed. The spectacle that was now exhibited on all sides was of the most dismal description, and sufficient to have dismayed the stoutest courage; the mainmast, which had the lower part consumed by the fire, had been precipitated overboard, killing some by its fall, and affording to others a temporary refuge. Lieutenant de la Fond now observed it covered with people, and driven about at the mercy of the waves. At the same time, he observed two seamen buoyed up by a hencoop and some planks, and desired them to swim to him with the latter. They did so, accompanied by more of their comrades, and each taking a plank, which they used instead of oars, they and he paddled along upon the yard, until they gained those who had secured themselves upon the mainmast. So many changes of situation only presented to him new spectacles of horror.

At this time the chaplain was on the mast, and from him Lieutenant de la Fond received absolution. There were also two young ladies there, whose piety and resignation were truly consolatory; they were the only survivors of six, their companions having perished in the flames or in the sea. Eighty persons had found refuge on the mainmast, who were constantly exposed to destruction from the repeated discharges of the guns as the flames reached them. In this awful situation, the chaplain, by his discourse and example, taught the duty of resignation, till he lost his hold of the mast, and dropped into the sea. Lieutenant de la Fond lifted him up, but he entreated him to let him go; "for," said he, "I am already half drowned, and it is only protracting my sufferings." "No, my friend," the lieutenant answered, "when my strength is exhausted, but not till then, we will perish together!" and in his pious company he calmly awaited death. After a lapse of three hours, one of the ladies fell from the mast and perished; but she was too far off him to receive any assistance from the lieutenant.

After all hope of deliverance had been so long deferred as to be beyond expectation, the lieutenant, to his great joy, observed the yawl close at hand, and immediately requested to be allowed to participate in their fate. His skill and abilities were too necessary for their preservation for them to refuse his solicitation, and they permitted him to come on board provided he could swim from the mast to join them, as they did not choose to undergo the risk, by approaching the mast, of being swamped by the rest of the survivors. The lieutenant, summoning all his courage, succeeded in reaching the yawl; and the pilot and master, whom he had left on the mast, following his example, were seen and taken in.

The flames still continued to rage, with unabated fury, and as the yawl was endangered by being within half a league of her, she stood a little to windward. The fire soon after this reached the magazine, which immediately exploded; but to describe the terrific effect of it, is almost impossible. A thick heavy cloud interrupted the light of the sun, and amidst the dreadful blackness nothing could be seen but pieces of burning timber thrown into the air, and threatening to overwhelm with destruction the numbers of miserable wretches still struggling in the agonies of death. Nor were the party in the yawl free from danger, as it was not improbable that some of the burning fragments might reach them and precipitate their frail support to the bottom. The Almighty, however, in his mercy preserved them from this calamity; but what must have been their feelings at witnessing the horrid spectacle which the surface of the sea presented, covered for a considerable distance with pieces of wreck, and intermingled with the mangled bodies of their unhappy shipmates, who had perished, and some half consumed, who still retained enough of life to be sensible of the accumulated horrors which were overwhelming them.

Lieutenant de la Fond proposed that they should approach the wreck, in the hope of picking up provisions or articles of use to them, as they were totally devoid of every thing, and exposed to the hazard of a death even more horrible than that which their companions had suffered. They found several barrels which they expected might contain something to relieve their necessities, but what was their mortification on ascertaining that they were part of the powder which had been thrown overboard during the conflagration.

Before night set in, they fortunately discovered a flask of brandy, about fifteen pounds of salt pork, a piece of scarlet cloth, twenty yards of linen, a dozen pipe-staves, and a small quantity of cordage; but they durst not venture to retain their present situation during the night, as they were endangered by the fragments of wreck from which they could not disengage themselves. They therefore rowed away as quickly as possible, bestowing all their care on the management of the yawl.

The whole of them now began to labour with the greatest assiduity to put the boat into proper trim, and everything which could be converted into use was employed; the lining of the boat was torn up for the sake of the planks and nails: fortunately a seaman had two needles, and the linen which they found afforded plenty of thread; the piece of scarlet cloth was converted into a sail, an oar was erected for a mast, and a plank served for a rudder. The equipment of the boat was soon completed, as well as circumstances would allow, notwithstanding the darkness of the night; but a great difficulty remained, for they were without charts or instruments, and being nearly two hundred leagues from land, they knew not which way to steer. Resigning themselves therefore to the Almighty, they fervently prayed for his direction to guide them.

At length their sail was hoisted, and a favourable breeze springing up, Lieutenant de la Fond, and the few survivors of that numerous crew, who were in the yawl, were wafted from amidst the bodies of their miserable shipmates.

Eight days and nights were these hapless adventurers exposed in an open boat to the scorching heat of the sun by day, and intense cold by night, before they discovered land; their throats parched with intense thirst. They received a temporary relief from a slight shower falling on the sixth, which they endeavoured to catch in their mouths and in their hands. They also sucked the sail which was wetted with the rain; but it had previously been so drenched with sea-water, that it imparted the bitterness of the salt to the fresh water. They did not, however, complain at the slightness of the shower, as had it been heavier it might, in all probability, have lulled the wind, in the continuance of which rested their only hope of safety.

In order to ascertain as nearly as possible the proper course they should steer, they made daily observations of the rising and setting of the sun and moon; and the position of the stars at night pointed out how they should steer. Their sustenance in the meanwhile consisted of a small piece of pork, once in twenty-four hours; and this they were obliged to relinquish on the fourth day, from the heat and irritation which it occasioned in their bodies. Their beverage was a glass of brandy taken at intervals; but this only inflamed their stomachs without in any degree assuaging the thirst, which it almost tended to produce. Abundance of flying fish was seen, but the impossibility of catching them only augmented the pain they already endured, though they endeavoured to reconcile themselves to the scanty pittance which they possessed. Still the uncertainty of their destiny, their miserable supply of sustenance, and the turbulence of the ocean, all contributed to deprive them of repose which they so much needed, and almost plunged them into despair. Under such an accumulation of sufferings, it was nothing but a feeble ray of hope which preserved them.

On the eighth night Lieutenant de la Fond had the helm, where he remained for above ten hours, praying to be relieved from their distressed situation, till at length, exhausted by fatigue and privation, he sunk down completely helpless. His miserable companions were equally exhausted by the sufferings they had undergone, and the whole of them now began to be overwhelmed in despair of finding relief.

At last when the united calamities of hunger, thirst, fatigue, and misery, predicted speedy annihilation to these unfortunate few, on the dawn of Wednesday, August 3rd, 1752, to their unspeakable joy, they saw the distant land. None but those who have experienced the horrors of such a situation, can form an adequate idea of the change which was produced. Their strength was renovated, and they were aroused to take the necessary precautions against being drifted away by the

current, in which they succeeded, and thus reached the coast of Brazil in 6° S. lat., and landed in Tresson Bay.

Their first object on setting foot on the shore was to return their most fervent thanks to the Almighty for his gracious and merciful protection of them under such an accumulation of dangers. They prostrated themselves on the ground, and then in the wild transports of their unbounded joy at their deliverance, rolled among the sand.

In appearance, they were the most frightful objects imaginable, nothing human characterised them which did not announce their misfortunes in glaring colours. Some were quite naked, others had only shirts quite rotten and torn to rags. Lieutenant de la Fond had fastened a piece of the scarlet cloth round his waist, in order to give him the appearance of being at the head of his companions. Although thus rescued from imminent danger, they had still to contend with hunger and thirst, and were ignorant whether they should meet men endowed with humanity or not in that region.

While they were deliberating on the course they should pursue, they were accosted by about fifty Portuguese of the settlement, who advanced and inquired the cause of their presence. Their misfortunes were soon explained, and the recital of them proved a claim upon their hospitality. The Portuguese men deeply affected by the account they gave, congratulated themselves that it had fallen to their lot to relieve the strangers, and speedily led them to their dwellings. On their way the seamen were highly rejoiced at the sight of a river, into which they threw themselves, and plunging about in the water drank copious draughts of it to allay their thirst. They afterwards found frequent bathing to be one of the best restoratives of health, and to which all of them resorted.

They were met by the chief man of the place, who conducted Lieutenant de la Fond and his companions to his house, which was situate about half a league distant from the spot where they had landed. He generously supplied them with linen shirts and trousers, and boiled some fish for them, the water of which they relished as delicious broth. Though sleep was as necessary as this frugal fare after their fatigue, yet, having learned that there was a church dedicated to St. Michael within the distance of half a league, they would not rest till they had repaired thither to render thanks to heaven for their miraculous preservation. The badness of the road fatigued them so much, that they were compelled to rest in the village where it stood, and there the narrative of their misfortunes added to the piety which they exhibited, attracted the notice of the inhabitants, that each was striving to be the first to minister something to their necessities. After remaining a short time to refresh themselves, they returned to their kind host, who, at night, generously contributed another repast of fish. Something, however, more invigorating being required by people who had endured so much, they purchased an ox with the quantity of brandy that had been saved from the wreck.

Paraibo was distant about fifteen leagues, and to reach this place they had to travel barefoot with very little chance of finding any provisions on the way; and consequently, they smoke dried their little store, and added some flour to it. They started on their journey in three days' time; and under an escort of soldiers advanced seven leagues the first day, when they were hospitably received by a person who lived on the road, and they passed the night in his house. On the following evening a sergeant and twenty nine men arrived to conduct them to the commandant of the fortress, who gave them a very friendly reception, afforded them supplies, and provided a boat to carry them to Paraibo, which they reached about midnight, where a Portuguese captain attended to present them to the governor, from whom they experienced the most hospitable attentions. Being anxious to reach Pernambuco, where a Portuguese fleet was daily expected to sail for Europe, the governor, after they had stayed three days, ordered a corporal to conduct the party to that port; but at this time Lieutenant de la Fond was so cruelly wounded in the feet through his great fatigues, that he was scarcely able to stand, and on that account was charitably supplied with a horse.

They arrived at Pernambuco in four days, where the lieutenant met with the utmost consideration and attention from different naval and military officers who were there, and he and all his companions had a passage provided for them in the fleet.

They sailed from Pernambuco on the 5th of October, and reached Lisbon in safety on the 17th of December, from thence Lieutenant de la Fond procured a passage to Morlaix, where, having rested a few days to recruit his strength, he repaired to Port L'Orient with his health greatly injured by the dreadful miseries he had undergone, and reduced to a state of poverty, having, after twenty-eight years hard service, lost all he had in the world.

By this deplorable catastrophe, nearly three hundred persons lost their lives.

A GALLEY STORY.

"WHAT! your *Traffiggar* tar? That breed's gone by, my bo'; few are now seen in the sarvis. Your present race are another set o' men altogether, as different, ay, as beer and bilge-water; they're all for *larning* now, and yet there's not one in a thousand as larns his trade; and what's worse nor all, they're all a *larning* from the sogers to rig as lubberly as lobsters. Why I was aboard of a crack craft t'other day, a *stationer* too, three years in commission, as came to be paid off at Portsmouth, and I'm blessed if every fellow, fore and aft at divisions ('twas Sunday, you know, and the ship's company were rigged in their best mustering togs); well, may I never see light, if every chap as toed a line on her deck from stem to stern, hadn't his body braced up with a pair o' *braces* crossing his shoulders for all the world like a galloot on guard.

"Now I speaks as I knows, and knows what I speaks; for you see I was a *Traffiggar* chap myself. Did you ever hear of the *Le Bellisle*? Did you ever hear of *Billy-go-tight*, her skipper? Did you ever hear of her losing her sticks under an infernal fire, and *Billy-go-tight* singing out like a soger—'No, I won't strike—not I—no, never not I!' and Billy being then brought up with a round turn by the captain o' the fore-most quarter-deck gun, turning round and saying to the skipper—'There's no one a' *aving* you, sir!' Well, I've seed that, I've seed myself surrounded with sharks, when 'twas almost a mortal impossibility to escape the jaws of *Port-royal-Tom*; yet I say, I'd sooner see all them there things over and over again, nor it ever should be said Bill Thompson was seen with *braces*, or, more properly speaking, *toppin-lifts*, *topping-up* his trousers: I'm blow'd if I wouldn't rather take three dozen with the thief's-cat. Then, again, your peace-trained tars are all such chaps for holding on the dibs. In my time, when rousing out the rhino, a fellow never looked to see if he pulled from his pocket a shilling or a guinea. Paying for a pint o' purl, a glass o' grog, or a coachee or guard a *travelling*, a fellow stood as good chance of gettin' the one as t'other."

"But then you see, Bill," said one of his auditors, "then, you see, men are beginning to get more 'sperience, to larn more the vally o' things, and to consider themselves as much 'a part o' the people' as now other people do in the world."

"*People*!" returned Thompson indignantly, "I like to see the fellow as dare call me a 'part o' the people,' *Pd* people him! That's your shore-going gammon, your infernal *larning* as capsize your brain till it boils over like a pitch-kettle, and sets fire to all afloat. Is it because you can prate in a pot-house, you're to call yourself 'part o' the people,' and think yourself as big as Burdett or a bishop? no, no, larn your trade; larn to keep your trousers taut in the *seat*, to curse a steamer, and puddin' an anchor, and then, instead o' callin' yourself 'part o' the people,' perhaps you may pass for a bit of a tar."

"Well, but Bill, d'ye mean to say that the present race o' seamen are not just as good men as before *Traffiggar*."

"I does; I means to say they haven't the mind as they had; they doesn't think the same way (*that is, they thinks too much*); and more, they're not by one-half as active aloft as we were in the war: chaps now reefin' topsails crawl out by the foot-ropes, and you now never see a weather-earin'-man fling himself out by the to'-gallant-studdin'-sail haliards."

"Yes, but Bill, perhaps in your day the men were smaller and lighter built."

"Smaller! not a bit of it; I've seen men at a weather-earin' as big as a bullock. No, no, my bo', they were big enough—they'd both blood and bone in 'em, but not so much beef in their heels as the topmen you now see afloat."

"Well, for my part, I likes a light hand aloft."

"Mind ye, I doesn't say," continued Thompson, "that your small men aboard are not mostly the best. They're certainly more active aloft, stow better below, and have far better chance in action than a fellow as taut as a topmast; and yet, a double-fisted fellow tells well rousing aboard a tack, or hauling aft a sheet; and what's better nor all, they're less conceited, and oftener far better tempered nor chaps not half their height."

"Well, I dun know, Bill; I'm not a small man myself," said one of the assembled group; "I'm not a small man, nor yet what you calls a large un, for at the back o' the Pint, they says I'm just what ye calls the reg'lar size; but somehow or other, your undersiz'd fellows always do best in the world, for go where you will, you'll always find a little fellow making up to a lass double his length to give him a lift in life. We'd a chap in the old *Andrew-Mack*, not four feet five at furthest, and I'm bless'd if he was n't spliced to a craft as long as a sky-sail-pole; he was what they calls a reg'lar built dwarf, but he was as broad on the beam as the biggest aboard. He was captain o' the mizen-top, and well they knew it, the boys abaft, for he'd an infernal tyrannical temper. His wife was quite the reverse; a better-hearted cretur never slept under a gun. See them at North-corner or Mutton-cove on liberty together, and you'd see what care she'd take o' her Tom—her 'Tom-tit' as he was christened aboard. Tom liked his drop, but the fellow was so short, 'twould get to his noddle an hour sooner nor a common-sized man. There he'd drop as drunk as a lord—lay in the mud and mire, till his rib (long Kate as we called her) would coil him clean up in her apron, bundle the litte beast on her back, and take him abroad in a waterman's boat; and yet, for the care of her Tom, the short-bodied, bandy-legged beggar, would hide poor Kate by the hour."

"D—n your dwarfs?" interrupted Thompson. "Were you ever in a ship with a giant aboard—one o' the ship's company, you know—a fellow reg'larly borne on the books; 'cause, you see, I sarved in a ship with a giant aboard."

"What! a reg'lar-built giant?"

"Ay, a reg'lar-built giant; a fellow as stood six feet ten in his stockin'-feet, nor a better-built man was never seed for his size—no deck ever seed his equal. Poor Bill!—Bill Muddock—for he kept his name from first to last, knowing 'twas never no use fixin' on a purser's, for go where he would, his bulk would *blow* him. Bill was a Scotchman—a Glasgow man bred and born—and a better seaman or truer tar never commanded craft—for once Bill had the charge of one of his own. But Bill was something like myself, seldom backed by luck, and was more oftener down nor up in the world. We sarved together in the *F—*—frigate. That was the craft for cap'ring kites. Let's see, we used to get ring-tails, water-sails, studden-sails without studden-sails, sky-scrappers, moon-rakers, star-gazers, and heaven-disturbers; never ship could carry such a cloud of canvass. And as for the skipper, 'twas hard to say on which he'd carry longest—his sail or his sermon—for sure as Sunday came, there was strike out for a sermon three times a day; and as sartin as Monday would follow, there was crack on the kites from daylight till dark. Yet the skipper was a plucky chap, and a man as knowed well his work; and I'll say that for him, he never was a man as spared himself. Report a strange sail in sight, and he was the first at the mast-head, glass in hand; and what's more, blow high, blow low, there he'd stick till he made her clearly and cleverly out. I've seen his glass fixed to his eye, resting on the cross-trees, for more, ay, more nor six hours on a stretch. What d'ye think o' that! a skipper of a frigate acting look-out-man aloft under a six hours' sun! As sure as a hauline-line came down for the captain's grub (for his dinner went reg'larly aloft in a hand-basket), so sure you'd hear a hubbub below. The 'twix-decks had it in a crack—

'A prise! my bosc,' now you'd hear fore and aft—'the skipper's grub's gone aloft.' But he wasn't a man as liked his lickor—six-water-grog was strong, to what we used to call his 'look-out-aloft swizzle'; but take him on one tack as well as the t'other, and he was a smart little man: Bill and he, to be sure, had sometimes a bit of a breeze, though when we laid at Cork, and company com'd to the skipper, Bill was the man as amused the ladies. Whenever Bill seed a boat-ful o' muslin pulling off to the ship, and the whip (chair-tackle for hoisting ladies on board) getting ready for the ladies, down he'd dive, off with his muzzle-lashing, and on deck in a crack in his best must'ring rig; for as sure as dinner was done in the cabin, the skipper would send for Bill, and make some sham-Abraham excuse about the water bein' bad, or the likes o' that, just for the purpose o' givin' the ladies a treat in showin' 'em a giant.

"But though Bill was a scholar, he wasn't a man as took to the trash of tracts as was sent aboard by some o' the skipper's *she* Methody parsons. Nor could Bill always bring his Bible to book whenever we went to divisions, for you know, at three bells every forenoon, there was beat to divisions and muster Prayer-books and Bibles. As for myself, in the Bible bisness I managed the matter very well, and moreover, with the skipper I was a bit of a fancy-man; for you see my Bible (as captain o' the mess) was always kivered in baize, nor never was opened, you know, nor pawed by tarry paw; there wasn't, no, not as much as the sign of a soil to be seen inside or out. The skipper reg'larly overhauled the books himself, and one morn, going round at divisions, I says to myself, 'Come this is too bad, by Joe!—here's my Bible been bag'd in baize for three years and upwards, and the skipper's never once *noticed* the kelter she's in; so here's try him on a wind,' says I to myself. 'Here she is, sir,' says I, pulling out the book from my green-baize bag, just as he comes to my elbow; 'here she is, sir, just as *clean*, you see, as if she'd com'd bran-new out o' the mint.' 'That's a *good* man,' says the skipper, givin' me a friendly tap on the shoulder—'that's a *good* man—come down to my cabin,' says he, 'as soon as divisions are over.' Well as soon as the drums beat retreat, you may well suppose I wasn't long divin' down to get my drop; but when I enters the cabin, there wasn't, no, not the sign of a glass to be seen. There was the skipper alone at the table, fumbling a newland (a bank-note) in his fist, and seemin' as shy o' me as I was of him. 'Come here, my man,' says he, 'come here, Thompson, you're a very *good* man,' says he; 'take this,' says he, shoving a five-pound newland into my fist; 'take this, and recollect,' says he, 'I give it for preservin' so well the Word o' God.' Well, you may be sure after this, the Bible sees less daylight nor ever; and there wasn't a fellow, fore and aft, even Murdock himself, as didn't bag his book in baize.

"Howsomever, to try back to Bill—poor Murdock! I think I now sees him on his beam-ends, trying to take a caulk (a nap on the deck) in the bay below—I think I sees him lying at full-length, looking, for all the world, like a South Sea whale, sleeping on the sarfs. Poor Bill! I think I never seed his like. He did his duty as captain o' the hold, for 'twould never have done to've let a two-ton fellow like Bill aloft; moreover, he was a capital hand in the hold. Why he'd take a butt o' water on his knees, and sup out o' the bung-hole easier, ay, by far, easier nor I could out of a beaker. But poor Bill had a crack in his head—a wound in his pate, as got him in many a scrape: it made him reg'larly mad whenever he drank; but keep him from lickor, and there wasn't his fellow afloat. A nicer mannered man never Sallyport seed, and a prettier spoken chap never entered a top. Though big and bulky as a bullock, his voice was as mild as milk, and no foot afloat trod lighter the deck, big as he was. Keep him from drink, and, he'd sing a stave 'ould win, ay, the first lady in the land; sober the skipper himself wasn't better behaved; he hadn't the heart to hurt a fly; he'd take off his hat to the smallest reefer aboard, and as for the young gemmen, they'd a-gone to h—ll for Bill. I'm blest if he didn't live more in the midshipman's berth nor ever he did in his own. Bill could amuse both man and boy; he was as much a child as

any child in the ship, and sartinly more of a *man* nor any ten together. He could converse with the best aboard, but, though a monster in a mob, I never heard that he called himself '*port o' the people*.' But he was a scholar; he know'd figures well, the rule-o'-three better; could hail a foreigner (and that too when the skipper couldn't) in any tongue; no matter, Dutch, or Algebra, or even Maltese; he could make himself understood in any lingo, that is, he could ax 'em 'where they were from?' and 'where bound?' and the likes o' that. He could spin, too, a capital yarn. He was shipwreck'd twice, once as mate and once as master; and such a chap at *chequers* I never seed in my day. In short, Bill was a man in a million; but with all that, Bill was the devil in drink; one glass more nor his allowance, and stand clear fore and aft. 'Twasn't the *frigate*, nor yet any *three*-deck'd ship in the sarvis as could hold him, once poor Bill had his beer aboard. I've seen him, ay, I may say, more than twenty times, clear the bower, main-deck, and folksel. There you'd see midshipmen, marines, every blue-jacket below, tumbling up the hatchways, and flying from Bill, as if, for all the world, a thund'ring Senegal tiger had been reg'larly turned adrift on the deck. A topmaul had better fall on your pate than his fist; and once catch a fellow in his flipper, and he'd fling him from side to side, or stem to stern, making no more of a middle-sized man nor a middle-sized man would make of a cat. The sing out, '*Murdock adrift!*' was worse afloat nor the cry of '*Murder!*' ashore. The sick and lame, and chaps as couldn't bend their backs with the 'bago, would fling themselves out o' their hammocks, and fly upon deck, clear of his clutches. You'd sometimes see the bow-prit reg'larly lined with men, and the riggin' swarming wi' fellows scuddin' from Murdock's grip; the officers never, never could quiet him. 'Twas worth more nor the best o' their commissions was worth to make the trial, for they know'd to a man they might as well try to capsize St. Paul's, as try to level Bill in his beer. In these here fits a frightful sight never was seed: he'd foam and froth at the mouth, tear his hair, and gnash his teeth in a terrible way; and yet, poor Bill! how soon I've seed him *calmed* by a cap. The sight of a petticoat would *tame* him in the turn of a quid. The weakest girl aboard had nothing to do but to face him full in front, and down like lightning, on all-fours, poor Bill would drop, clinging to the lass's petticoats, and licking her feet for all the world like a lady's lap-dog, though I'm blest but he look'd a precious sight more like a dancing elephant."

"What! d'ye mean to say, interrogated the last interlocutor, 'that a lass like Bet Bowles could manage a monster like Murdock?'

"Yes, I does; a child (providing she was a *she* child) could manage him easier, ay, nor a party o' marines under ball and bagnet—once caught up by the cap, and all was calm in a crack—the fire in his eye and froth of his mouth (as soon as the girl swabbed with her apron the foam from his bows) was lost in the sudden lull, and in less than a minute there wasn't no,—no, not so much as a ripple o' rage to be seen on his phiz.

"Well, after the lull o' the lickor, there wasn't to be seen a more down-in-the-mouth man for a month; why, the old Royal Billy herself (Royal William), said to be one hundred years old when broken up; the Billy buffetin' about the Bay of Biscay in a breeze, wouldn't a-felt more shook and shattered, more pulled to pieces, nor poor Bill 'oud be after coming out of his heavy nor-westers; not a limb could be lift for a week; he'd shake like a leaf; and the sight of an officer would set him a tremblin' worse, ay worse nor a fellow in a Flushing fit. 'D—n that infernal age; d—n the Dutch and their dirty dikes; I'll never be the man as I was.' But mind ye, it wasn't the dread o' the cat as made Big Bill afraid of an officer; for I'm sartin and sure the skipper would sooner a-seized up himself, nor ever 'ave brought poor Bill to the gratin'. No, no, 'twasn't the thought o' the gratin' as galled him, but 'twas the thought of offending mortal in lickor; you'd sometimes see him backin' and filling and boxing about a bit of a boy, a reefer not twelve years old, afore he'd go up to the child, to 'hope he didn't offend him in his fit. 'I

wouldn't,' he'd say, 'I wouldn't, young gemman, offend you, no, not for a butt o' beer, much more hurt a hair o' your head; and then he'd take and tug the fore locks as was left on his pate, and curse th' unfortinet crack on his scone, as made him,' he'd say, 'made him worse and wickeder nor a baited bull;' he'd write to the skipper, to the first lieutenant, to the mate o' the-grog-tub, and to all the gemmen as had weight in the ship to 'mollify;' yes, that was the word, to 'mollify,' as he called it, 'the mischief he made.' He'd lay down the law as nat'ral as life, argufy the matter in a manner that would soften the heart of a hangman—and mind ye, there was never nothing like snivelling—no double allowance of *larning*—no sayin' a-one thing as unsaid the t'other, and usin' words as went for nothing—for ten, let's see, was it ten?—no, for six days he took his reg'lar bob on the book never to touch the taste of lickor, not as much as the dew of a drop lit on his lip; yes, for six days, he suffered that tortur. One time at Port-royal, on a Patrick-day, he goes reg'larly aft, and axes permission to be clapt in the bilboes—'Please sir,' says he, turning as red as a soger's coat as he faces the first-lefteenant, 'please sir,' says he, 'I axes your pardon, I hope no offence; but if so be,' says Bill, 'it's all the same to you, sir, I'll be glad if you'll class me for four-and-twenty hours in irons.' 'In irons!—what for?' says the first-lefteenant. 'What for?' says *Sprinkle-and-seab*, for that was his name with Bobby below. 'What for?' says Bill, heavin' a bashful glance at the first-lefteenant; for, you see, Bill was ashamed to say for *why*. 'Yes, what for?' again says *Sprinkle-and-seab*. 'Well,' says Big Bill, 'if you must—must, sir, know for *why*—to be moored out of mischief's way; for, you know, sir,' says Bill, 'I darn't, darn't trust the drop.' Well, seeing Bill was bent on the bilboes, in course, *Sprinkle-and-seab* sends for the master-t-arms, and orders poor Bill both legs in limbo. But Bill was the boy for a brush in the boats; one time we'd a cuttin'-out job in the bay, 'twasn't in the *F*—frigate, for Bill and me, and the first twenty-five on her books were drafted together into the *Saucy-go-where-she-will*—the lee *L*—, she was the ship for the bout. Crappo's craft was a brig—an armed brig, anchored off the Isle of Jew (Isle Dieu), tho' I never afore heard of a Jew who had been found in France. Well, she was lying all a taunto, royal yards across, and moored head and stern close under a six-gun battery. As soon as the fun was fixed, and the word '*volunteer*,' gets wind below, in course Big Bill must make his way aft to clap down his name for the fray. Then see Bill comin' aft, scratching his pate, with a smile on his mug as seemed to say, 'here I am, more nor a barge's crew in myself,' was better, ay, better by half nor a reg'lar built play. At first he dodges about the bits afore he takes courage to face the lefteenant; one Smith was first-lefteenant, a very good man in his way, but he hadn't the manners o' Bill. He'd a shore-going, sneerin' manner of callin' a man as Bill could never abide. 'Well, *Mister* Murdock!' says Smith. 'What do you want?' says Smith. Well, this *mistering* the man was near the capsize of Bill, it fairly floored him, and no wonder, for where's the tar in togs as likes to be *mistered*—why, 'tisn't worse to be called '*Part o' the people*.' 'Well,' says Smith, in a mockin' manner, 'so you *Mister* Murdock, you must come aft to give in your name.' Well, this *youing* the man was worse to poor Bill nor calling him *Mister*. 'I hopes, sir,' says Bill, 'I only comes aft like a man.' 'A man,' says the first-lefteenant, 'a precious sight more like a monster! Besides, Mr. Murdock,' says Smith, 'you're *nothing*, you know, when sober, and drunk, your courage is *Dutch*!' Big as he was, a child would 'ave floored him; poor Bill! To touch his pluck was more nor the man could stand; his mouth as was playful and cheerful afore, felt tant and stiff, and his lips were glued together; his eyes seemed fairly to fill, but he disdained to drop a drop; he knew well he was a man, and knew well he was *more* nor a man; he looked like a fellow as felt 'twas better to feel within nor to show what he felt without, so Bill bolted it all till the skipper comes up to look at the list. 'I hopes no offence, sir,' says Bill, brightening up at the sight of the skipper, and a ring of good humour again breakin' round his mouth, for you soon could see what Bill was bent on; 'I axes your pardon,' says he to the skipper, 'I'm sorry to

say, sir, sorry to say, Mr. Smith won't let me go, he thinks me too *sober*, and says, 'I'm nothing unless I've my beer aboard.' 'Well, no more you *are*, sir,' says Smith, snapping at Bill, 'no more you *are*, and you *know* it.' 'Very well, sir,' says Bill, 'if that be the case, just give me an *extra* allowance, and I'm blow'd,' says Bill, thumping his fist on the capstan, 'if another soul in the ship need be sent!' 'No, no,' says the skipper, trying to smother a smile, 'no, no, my man,' (for a man was a man with the skipper, and he never, no never, *mistered* a man); 'no, no,' says he, 'we want you for better work, your day's to come as well as my own, go below, my man, go below,' says the skipper, trying to comfort Bill. Well, Bill goes below; but seed he was not the whole day long, he kept outstight in the hold, refused his dinner, refused his supper, and, as we all atwix-decks a-thought, took the thing too much to heart, entirely too much.

'Well, the time drew nigh—the boats were manned and armed—each man with a white stripe on his left flipper to mark him from Crappo's crew—all was ready; the thing was managed in a manner of silence never afore seed or since—hands were shook to be sure, but more was said by a squeeze, more *felt* by a fist nor ever was said or *felt* by any of your palav'ring parliament chaps. Well, the word 'shove off!' was given—the oars all muffled, and away slipt the boats out o' sight like craft as were sliding in slush. The jolly was the last that left, for she was the hospital-boat, and the doctor's mate, one Mullins, an Irish chap, was the only officer in her. The doctor was ordered to keep out of fire, and to do no more nor dress the wounded and patch their pates. Well, when the jolly shoved-off, there wasn't a breath to be heard aboard, nor as much as the glimmer of light to be seen in the ship; a church-yard at night was never so still, never so dumb and dark.

'Twas exactly one bell after twelve when the jolly shoves off—the bell didn't strike in course, but the glass was turned. Yes, 'twas exactly one bell, for I had it from old Jack Martin, the quarter-master o' the watch at the time; exactly one bell, when they hears a thund'ring of a row in the jolly. She'd hardly gone twice her own length when they hears the bowman singing out like a fellow as was fairly mazed, 'Halloa! halloa! what the h—ll have we *here*? a thund'ring grampus by G—d! my wig, the boat's capsized!' 'Silence, silence,' says the skipper, not more in the dark nor this in the boat. 'Oh, for shame! for shame! Mr. Mullins,' says the skipper, singing out to the doctor's mate, 'for shame, sir, making such a shocking noise at a moment like *this*!' for Martin said often, the skipper was in a terrible takin'. 'Pull away, sir, pull away!' 'By heaven!' says the skipper, for he never swore by never nothing but heaven; 'if you're in sight another second, I'll try you by a court-martial for cowardly conduct!' Jack Martin often and often repeated the skipper's identical words. Well, you know this here court-martial threat was quite enough to put Pat Mullins on his mettle, not that he disliked a fray, for the fellow liked fun as well as the best, so the jolly was off from the ship in a crack.

'Well, no sooner we in the barge, pinnace, and cutter pulls up alongside of the brig, nor we gets, one and all, a dose as sends us all staggering astarn. Empty bottles was heaved at our heads, cold shot thrown into the boats, and the fire of musketry Crappo kept up was the most infernallest fire as ever was seed; we made three attempts, twice on the starboard side, and once on the larboard, each time the boats were beat back. Well, just as we intended to try a fourth, we hears Mr. Smith sing out, 'What boat's *that*?' and the answer we hears was, '*Dutch*—courage my bo!—I'll show you the way!' 'Big Bill! Big Bill, by the Lord!' was the cry in the boats. 'Hurrah! hurrah! Big Bill aboard, and she's ours!' And soon Big Bill was aboard, and if he didn't soon clear her decks, there's never no snakes in Virginny. 'Jabble, jabble,' you'd hear Crappo cry. 'Jabble,' you know, means devil in English, and a-course the French thought the *devil* himself was adrift. She soon was ours, and no sooner she was, nor Bill comes aft to the first-lefteenant and says, 'Mr. Smith,' says he, 'I think for a *sober* man I've not done amiss.'

'Well, but Bill, how did he get in the boat?' interrupted one of Thompson's auditors, impatient to come at the sequel.

"How did he get in the boat? why you may depend he hadn't side-ropes goin' over the side, nor he wasn't whipped in by the lady's chair; no, no, he did this tho'—lowered himself over the bows of the ship, and swam quietly off to the jolly. It was then as they thought in the jolly they'd grappled a grampus—come, spell oh;—the watch is out."

LOSS OF THE BROTHERS AND SISTERS,

CAPTAIN J. COULSON, FEBRUARY 8, 1821.

On the 8th of February, 1821, the sloop *Brothers and Sisters*, of Boston, J. Coulson, master, and Mr. Hornbuckle, owner, suddenly went down in seven fathoms water, abreast of Ingoldmells, at four o'clock in the morning, and was totally lost. Whether the vessel sprung an instantaneous leak by striking upon a sunken rock, or whether her bottom was entirely forced out by the unusual pressure of her cargo of cliff-stone, has not been ascertained. It is well known that the shipwrecked mariner, when returning to the port to which he belongs, is apt to console himself for all his sufferings by anticipating the endearments of home. This consolation, however, Captain Coulson had not. His wife and two children had been for some time the companions of his voyage and the inmates of his cabin, where the eldest child was at the moment of the alarm being given; and so sudden was the sinking of the vessel, that it could not be brought up. The other infant was in the arms of its mother, who, at the moment she came out of the cabin, was, together with the object of her fondest care, instantly swept away by an overwhelming surge, and sunk in the deep to rise no more! When the crew perceived that the vessel was about to sink, they jumped into the boat, which then went down, together with the sloop. Yet, shielded still by providential care, they were all restored from the depths of the sea; for the boat, being loose, rose with them again; so that they were enabled to lash it to the mast, and by that means preserved from being buried by the waves. Our duty to the public compels us to state, that, while in this dreadful situation, solaced by the hope of decrying some friendly sail, they were bitterly tantalized by some Cromer men, who approached in their cobbles very near the vessel, and then, unlike the good Samaritan of old, unfeelingly passed by on the other side, and left them to their fate. In this disastrous situation they remained nine hours, when, about one o'clock, the crew of a fishing-boat, belonging to Scarborough, on its return from Boston, kindly tendered their aid, landed Captain Coulson, his mate, and a boy, on the neighbouring shore, and supplied them with money to purchase provisions on their way to Boston, where they arrived on Friday. Since the inherent benevolence of true-born British tars will not allow them to abandon a brother sailor in distress, we wish we could mention the names of these men, whose humanity deserves the tribute of praise. They, however, will find their reward in their own breasts.

DESTRUCTION OF THE PERSEVERANCE,

AND MURDER OF CAPTAIN JOHNSTONE, HIS OFFICERS, AND CREW, IN 1805.

The *Perseverance* sailed from Penang on the 19th April, in company with two other ships, and his Majesty's brig *Albatross*, bound to Pegue; and in three days they parted company. Between ten and eleven o'clock on the night of the third day, the gunner, a Manilla man, and four Manilla seacunnies, went on deck, and knocked down and murdered Mr. Baker, the chief mate. They afterwards went to the cabin of Mr. Mathewson, the second officer, and murdered him also.

Captain Johnstone, being awakened by the noise, came to the cuddy door, armed with a hanger, at the moment that the villains were about to enter, and slightly wounded one of them, but was quickly overpowered and disarmed; he then came on the quarter-deck, begging for mercy. Alas! mercy was unknown to such sanguinary wretches! for the instant that the gunner had promised to spare him, one of the villains came behind, and struck him on the back of the head with some weapon that felled him to the ground, when another severed his head from his body with a hatchet.

The next object of their murderous attack was an American passenger, who came on deck, and whom they instantly killed; they next went below, and murdered Mr. Garey, the third officer, and Mr. Palmer, a gentleman of Calcutta, passenger for Pegue. The lascars, who were on board, they ordered to remain quiet, and go down into the hold, which the poor men readily obeyed. The only person whose life they spared at this time, was an Armenian gentleman, named Gregory Joahnes, from whose account this narrative is taken.

They next proceeded to break open and plunder Captain Johnstone's trunks, in which they found nearly 1000 dollars, and about 700 dollars which were the property of the officers and passengers; they then hoisted out the yawl, and put into it the money and other valuable articles, and ordered into her the only persons whom they chose to save, which were Mr. Joahnes, the old serang, Captain Johnstone's butler, a Malay girl, and two lascars: when, as if to fill up the measure of their infamy, they set fire to the ship, and abandoned her, leaving the wretched lascars, who had been confined in the hold, to perish in the flames. The next morning Mr. Joahnes says he saw the ship all in flames, and by the following morning she had disappeared.

The yawl proceeded for the nearest land, which was supposed to be Brothers Island, or Pulo Lancury, and reached it in three days. Here Mr. Joahnes escaped by hiding himself in the jungle; and after suffering extreme hunger and distress, he obtained a passage, in a fishing prow, to Quedah. The king of Quedah received him with great kindness and humanity, and finally sent him to Penang, where he arrived on the 27th of May, with fervent gratitude to the Almighty disposer of events, who had thus so signally rescued him from such an unheard-of scene of brutal butchery.

THE GALLANT ENGLISH TAR.

There's one whose fearless courage yet has never fail'd in fight,
Who guards with zeal our country's weal, our freedom, and our right;
But though his strong and ready arm spreads havoc in its blow,
Cry "Quarter!" and that arm will be the first to spare his foe.
He recks not though proud glory's shout may be the knell of death,
The triumph won without a sigh he yields his parting breath,
He's Britain's boast and claims a toast! "In peace, my boys, or war,
Here's to the brave upon the wave, the gallant English tar."

Let but the sons of want come nigh, and tell their tale to him,
He'll chide their eyes for weeping while his own are growing dim.
"Cheer up," he cries, "we all must meet the storm as well as calm"—
But turning on his heel Jack slips the guineas in their palm.
He'll hear no long oration, but tell you every man
Is born to act a brother's part, and do what good he can.
He's Britain's boast and claims a toast! "In peace, my boys, or war,
Here's to the brave upon the wave, the gallant English tar."

The dark blue jacket that enfolds the sailor's manly breast,
Bear more of real honour than the star and ermine vest.
The tithe of folly in his head may wake the landsman's mirth,
But nature proudly owns him as her child of sterling worth.
His heart is warm, his hand is true, his word is frank and free,
And though he plays the ass on shore, he's lion of the sea.
He's Britain's boast and claims a toast! "In peace, my boys, or war,
Here's to the brave upon the wave the gallant English tar."

LOSS OF H.M.S. NAUTILUS, CAPTAIN PALMER, JANUARY 5, 1807.

In consequence of a misunderstanding having arisen between the government of Great Britain and the Ottoman Porte, a powerful squadron was ordered to proceed to Constantinople, for the purpose of enforcing compliance with the terms proposed. The object, however, proved abortive; and the expedition terminated in a way which did not tend to enhance the reputation of Great Britain.

Sir Thomas Louis, who was commander of the squadron sent to the Dardanelles, having despatches of great importance to send to England, entrusted them to Captain Palmer of the Nautilus; and the vessel got under weigh on the 3rd

of January, 1807. A fresh breeze from N. E., carried her rapidly out of the Hellespont, and soon after she passed the island of Tenedos, off the north end of which two vessels of war were seen. They hoisted Turkish colours, and in return the Nautilus displayed

"The flag that's braved a thousand years,

The battle and the breeze."

In the course of the day they came in sight of many of the islands abounding in the Greek Archipelago, and in the evening approached the island of Negropont, lying in 38° 30' north lat., and 24° 8' east long., where the navigation became more intricate, from the great number of small islands, and from the narrow entrance between Negropont and the island of Andros.



LOSS OF THE NAUTILUS, CAPTAIN PALMER, JANUARY 5, 1807.

The wind still continued to blow fresh, and as night was approaching, with the appearance of being dark and squally, the pilot, who was a Greek, wished to lie-to till morning which was done; and the vessel continued her course at daybreak. They steered for Falconera, in the track so beautifully described by Falconer in his inimitable poem, and made that and the island of Anti Milo in the evening; but they could not see the extensive island of Milo, which is about fifteen miles farther off, on account of the thick and hazy weather which prevailed.

As the pilot had not been beyond the present position of the Nautilus, and declared his ignorance of the farther bearings, he relinquished his charge, which was resumed by the captain. Every possible attention was paid to the navigation; and Captain Palmer having seen Falconera so

plainly, and being anxious to fulfil his mission as expeditiously as possible, resolved to stand on during the night. He made himself confident of clearing the Archipelago before morning, and he pricked the course himself, from the chart, which was to be steered by the vessel, and which he pointed out to his coxswain, George Smith, of whose ability he entertained the highest opinion. He then had his bed prepared, as he had not had his clothes off for the three preceding nights, and scarcely any sleep from the time they left the Dardanelles.

The night that followed was extremely dark, the horizon repeatedly lighted up with vivid flashes, which only inspired the captain with greater confidence, as he thought it would enable them to see much better at intervals, so that in the event of the ship approaching any land, the danger would be discovered in sufficient time for them to avoid it.

The wind still continued to increase, and though the ship carried but little sail, she went at the rate of nine miles an hour, being assisted by a lofty following sea; which, with the brilliancy of the lightning, made the night particularly awful. At half-past two in the morning high land was distinguished, which those who saw it believed to be the island of Cerigotto, and therefore thought all was safe, and that the danger had been left behind. The ship's course was altered to pass the island, and she continued on her course until half-past four, at the changing of the watch, when the dull monotony of the night was suddenly interrupted by the cry of the man on the look-out, "Breakers ahead!" and instantly the vessel struck with a most tremendous crash. The shock was so violent that the people were thrown from their beds, and on coming upon deck were obliged to cling to the cordage. Everything was now thrown into confusion, and all was hurry and alarm; the crew hastened upon deck, which they had scarcely reached, when the ladders below them gave way, and indeed left many persons struggling in the water, which already rushed into the under part of the ship. The captain, it appeared, had not gone to bed, and immediately came upon deck when the *Nautilus* struck; when, having examined her situation, he immediately went round, accompanied by his second-lieutenant, Mr. Nesbitt, and endeavoured to quiet the apprehensions of the people. He then returned to his cabin, and burnt all his papers and private signals. In the meantime each returning sea lifted up the ship, and then dashed her against the rocks with irresistible force; and in a short time the crew were obliged to resort to the rigging, where they remained for more than an hour, exposed to the fury of the surges, which were incessantly breaking over them. Dismayed at the distresses they endured, they broke out in the most passionate exclamations, lamenting for their wives, their children, and their kindred. The night was so dark and the weather so hazy, that the rocks could be seen at only a very small distance, and that only two minutes before the ship struck.

The lightning had by this time entirely ceased, and the night was so intensely dark, that the people could not see the length of the ship from them; their only hope rested in the falling of the main-mast, which they trusted would reach a small rock which they discovered very near them. About half-an-hour before day-break the main-mast gave way, and providentially fell towards the rock, whereby they were enabled to gain the land.

The struggles and confusion consequent upon this occurrence may be conceived, but cannot be described: several of the crew were drowned. One man had his arm broken, and several were cruelly lacerated; but Captain Palmer refused to quit his station as long as any individual remained on board: and not until the whole of his people had gained the rock, did he make any exertion to save himself. At that time, in consequence of his remaining by the wreck, he had received considerable personal injury, and must inevitably have perished, had not some of the seamen ventured to his assistance, through a most tremendous sea. The boats were staved in pieces, though several of the people endeavoured to haul in the jolly-boat; but this they could not succeed in accomplishing.

The hull of the vessel being to windward of them, sheltered the shipwrecked crew a long time from the beating of the surf; but as she broke up, their situation became every moment more perilous, till at last they found that they should be obliged to abandon the small portion of rock which they had reached, and wade to another, which appeared somewhat larger. By carefully watching the breaking of the seas, the first-lieutenant succeeded in reaching the larger rock in safety, and the rest resolved to follow his example; but scarcely was this resolution formed and attempted to be put into execution, than the people encountered an immense quantity of loose spars, which were immediately washed into the channel they had to cross. Necessity, however, would admit of no alternative but to attempt the passage, when many were severely wounded; and they suffered more in this undertaking than in gaining the first rock from the ship. The want of shoes was particularly felt, as the sharp rocks tore their feet in a dreadful manner, and many of them had their legs covered with blood.

The appearance of daylight only served to disclose the horrors by which these unfortunate creatures were surrounded. The sea was covered with the wreck of their ill-fated vessel: many of their unhappy companions were seen floating away on spars and pieces of the wreck; and the dead and dying were mingled together without a possibility of the survivors being able to afford assistance to any that might still be rescued. Two short hours had been productive of all this misery—the ship destroyed, and her crew reduced to a state of wretchedness and despair. Their wild and affrighted looks exhibited the dreadful sensations by which they were agitated; but on being recalled to a sense of their real condition, they had nothing left but resignation to the will of Heaven.

They now discovered that they had been cast away on a coral rock, almost level with the water, about three or four hundred yards long and two hundred broad. They were at least twelve miles from the nearest islands, which were afterwards found to be those of Cerigotto and Pera, on the north end of Candia. At this time it was reported that several men had escaped in a small boat; and although the fact was true, the uncertainty of her fate induced those on the rock to confide in being relieved by any vessel accidentally passing in sight of a signal of distress they had hoisted on a long pole.

The weather had been extremely cold, so much so, that the day preceding the wreck, the ice had lain on the deck; and to resist its inclemency a fire was kindled by means of a knife and flint, preserved in one of the sailor's pockets, and some damp powder from a small barrel which was washed ashore. They next constructed a small tent with pieces of old canvass, boards, and such things as could be got from the wreck; and were thus enabled to dry the few clothes they had saved. But notwithstanding this slight alleviation, they passed a long and comfortless night, though partly consoled with the hope that their fire might be seen in the dark, and taken for a signal of distress.

When the ship first struck, a small whale-boat was hanging over the quarter, into which an officer, George Smith, the coxswain, and nine men immediately got, and happily escaped. After rowing three or four leagues against a high sea, and the wind blowing hard, they reached the island of Pera. This proved to be scarcely a mile in circumference, and containing nothing but a few sheep and goats belonging to the inhabitants of Cerigo, who came in the summer months to fetch away their young. They could find no rain water, except a little in the hole of a rock, and that was barely sufficient, though used most sparingly. Having observed the fire before-mentioned during the night, they conjectured that some of their shipmates might have been saved, for until then they considered their destruction inevitable. Impressed with this opinion, the coxswain proposed again hazarding themselves in the boat for their relief; and although some feeble objections were raised to it, he continued resolute to his purpose, and persuaded four others to accompany him.

About nine o'clock on the morning of Tuesday, the second day of the shipwreck, those on the rock descried the approach of the little whale-boat; all uttered an exclamation of joy. The surprise of the coxswain and his crew to find so many of their shipmates still surviving, is not to be described. The surf ran so high as to endanger the safety of the boat, and several of the people imprudently endeavoured to get into it. The coxswain tried to persuade Captain Palmer to come to him, but he steadily refused, saying, "No, Smith, save your unfortunate shipmates, never mind me." After some little consultation, he desired him to take the Greek pilot on board, and make the best of his way to Cerigotto, where the pilot said there were some families of fishermen, who would, doubtless, relieve their necessities.

But it appeared as if heaven had decreed the destruction of this unfortunate crew; for soon after the boat departed, the wind began to increase, and dark clouds gathering around, excited the apprehensions of those left behind, of a frightful storm. In two hours it commenced with the greatest fury, and the waves rising considerably, soon destroyed their fire. The rock was nearly covered with water, and the men were compelled to fly to the highest part for refuge, which was the only

place that could afford any shelter. There nearly ninety people passed a night of horror and dismay, and were only prevented from being swept away by the surf, which every moment broke over them, by a small rope fastened round the summit of the rock, and holding on by each other.

The fatigues they had previously undergone, added to what they now endured, proved too overpowering for many, who soon became delirious; their strength was exhausted, and they could hold on no longer. Their afflictions were still further aggravated by the dread that each succeeding wave would sweep them all into oblivion. They were but ill-prepared to meet the terrible effects of famine; their strength enfeebled, their bodies unsheltered, and in despair of all hope of relief. Nor were they less alarmed for the fate of the boat. The storm came on before she could have reached the island, and on her safety their own depended. The scene which daylight presented was, however, still more deplorable; the survivors beheld the bodies of their departed shipmates, and some still in the agonies of death. Those surviving, altogether exhausted from the sea breaking over them all night, and the inclemency of the weather; which was such, that many of them, among whom was the carpenter, perished from excessive cold.

They had now to witness an instance of cold-blooded inhumanity, which must leave an eternal stain of infamy on those who merit the reproach. Soon after daybreak they discovered a vessel with all sail set before the wind, steering directly for the rock. They made every possible signal of distress which their feeble condition would permit, and were at last gratified at seeing the vessel heave-to, and the boat hoisted out. Their joy, as may be imagined, was extreme, for nothing short of immediate relief could be anticipated; and they hastily made preparations for rafts to carry them through the surf, in the full confidence that the boat was provided with relief for their necessities. On her nearer approach, to within pistol-shot, they observed her full of men, dressed as Europeans, who, to their horror and disappointment, gazed at them a few minutes, and then rowed back to their ship. The galling cruelty of this barbarous proceeding was heightened by observing the strange vessel employed the whole day in taking up the floating remains of that vessel which had so lately borne them.

It would surely excite little compassion to learn that the abandoned wretches who could be guilty of such unfeeling brutality, had suffered the just retribution which such inhuman conduct merited. That creatures in the form of men, and apparently Europeans, could wantonly take advantage of misery, instead of relieving it, will scarcely seem credible at the present day.

After this cruel disappointment, and bestowing an anathema which the barbarity of the strangers well deserved, they turned their thoughts during the day towards the return of the boat; but in this, also, they were disappointed, which confirmed their apprehension that she had been lost. They now began to yield to despondency, and had before them only the gloomy prospect of inevitable destruction. Thirst became intolerable, and in spite of being warned against it by the instances of its terrible effects, some of them, in desperation, resorted to salt water. Their miserable companions had soon melancholy experience of its consequences; in a few hours raging madness followed, and exhausted nature could struggle no longer.

Another awful night was to be passed; yet the weather being considerably more moderate, the sufferers had continued hopes that it would be less disastrous than the one preceding; and to preserve themselves from the cold they crowded close together, and covered themselves with the few remaining rags. But the ravings of those who had drank salt water were truly horrible; all endeavours to quiet them were ineffectual, and the power of sleep lost its influence. At midnight they were unexpectedly hailed by the crew of the whale-boat; but the urgent want of those on the rock was water, which they cried out to their shipmates for, though in vain. Eastern vessels only could have been procured, and these would not bear being conveyed through the surf. The coxswain then said that they should be taken off by a fishing

vessel in the morning, and with this assurance they were obliged to be content.

They now anxiously looked forward to the morning; and for the first time since the wreck, the sun cheered them with his rays. Still the fourth morning came, and no tidings either of the boat or fishing-vessel. The anxiety of the people increased, for inevitable death from famine was staring them in the face. What were they to do for self-preservation? The misery and hunger which they endured was excessive, and though aware of those means by which mariners in similar circumstances had protracted life, yet they viewed them with disgust. Still when they had no alternative, they considered their urgent necessities afforded them some excuse. Offering a prayer to heaven for forgiveness of the sinful act, they selected a young man who had died the preceding night, and ventured to appease their hunger with human flesh.

Whether their disgusting repast afforded them any relief or not is uncertain, for, towards evening, death made fearful havoc among them, and many brave men drooped under their accumulated hardships. Among these were the captain and first-lieutenant; two meritorious officers; and the sullen silence now preserved by the survivors showed the state of their feelings. Captain Palmer was in the twenty-sixth year of his age, and amidst his endeavours to comfort those under his command, his personal injuries were borne with patience and resignation, and not even a murmur escaped his lips. His virtuous life was prematurely closed by the overwhelming severity of the lamentable calamity in which he had shared.

During the course of another tedious night, many suggested the possibility of constructing a raft, which could carry the survivors to Cerigotto; and the wind being favourable might enable them to reach that island. As this seemed preferable to remaining on the rock to perish by hunger and thirst, they prepared, at daylight, to put their plan into execution. A number of the larger spars were lashed together, and sanguine hopes of success were entertained. The moment of launching the raft at length arrived, but it was only to distress the people with new disappointments; for a few moments sufficed for the destruction of a work on which the strongest of the party had been occupied for hours. This unexpected failure made several of them still more desperate, and five resolved to trust themselves on a few small spars, slightly lashed together, and on which they had scarcely room to stand. Bidding adieu to their companions, they launched out into the sea, when they were speedily carried along by the strong currents, and vanished for ever from their sight.

The same afternoon they were again rejoiced by the sight of the whale-boat, and the coxswain told them he had experienced great difficulty in prevailing on the Greek fishermen of Cerigotto to venture into the boats, from their dread of the weather. Neither would they permit him to rescue them unless accompanied by themselves. He regretted the sufferings of his comrades, and his not being able to relieve them; but encouraged them with the hope, if the weather remained fine, that the next day the boats might come. While the coxswain was speaking, twelve or fourteen men imprudently plunged into the sea, and very nearly reached the boat. Two, indeed, got so far that they were taken in, one was drowned and the remainder providentially got back to the rock. Those who had thus escaped, could not but be envied by their companions, while they reproached the indiscretion of those who, had they reached the boat, would, without doubt, have sunk her, and have thus consigned the whole to irremediable destruction.

Their thoughts were wholly occupied on these passing incidents, contemplating their forlorn condition, and judging this to be the last day of their existence, when suddenly from the lowest ebb of despair, they became elated with the most extravagant joy, as the approach of the boats was unexpectedly announced. Copious draughts of water refreshed their languid bodies; and never before did they know the blessing which the possession of water could afford; it was to them more delicious and valuable than the finest wines.

Anxious preparations were now made to depart from a place which had been fatal to so many unhappy sufferers. Of one hundred and twenty-two persons who were on board the *Nautilus* when she struck, fifty-eight had perished. It was supposed that eighteen were drowned at the moment of the catastrophe, one in attempting to reach the boat, five were lost on the small raft, and thirty-four died of famine. About fifty now embarked in four small fishing-vessels, and were landed the same evening at the island of Cerigotto, making altogether sixty-four individuals who were saved including those who escaped in the whale-boat. They had passed six days upon the rock, during which time they had not received any subsistence, excepting from the human flesh in which they had participated.

The survivors landed at a small creek in the island of Cerigotto, from whence they had to go a considerable distance before reaching the dwellings of their friends. Their first care was to send to the island of Pera, for the master's mate and his companions, who had been left behind when the whale-boat came down to the rock. It was found that they had exhausted all the fresh water, and had lived upon the sheep and goats which they caught among the rocks, and drank their blood. All this time they had been in a state of the greatest anxiety for the safety of those who had left them in the boat.

Though the Greeks were unable to aid the seamen in the cure of their wounds, they treated them with great care and hospitality; but medical assistance being important from the pain which the sufferers endured, and having nothing to bind up their wounds but their shirts, which they tore into bandages, they were eager to reach Cerigo. The island of Cerigotto, where they had landed, was a dependency on the other; in size about fifteen miles by ten, of a barren, unproductive soil, and that but little cultivated. It was inhabited by twelve or fourteen families of Greek fishermen, who, as the pilot said, were in a state of extreme poverty, living in huts built of clay and straw, and subsisting on bread made of boiled pease and flour, with occasionally a bit of kid; but they made a liquor from corn which had an agreeable flavour, and being a strong spirit, was eagerly swallowed by the sailors.

Cerigo is about twenty-five miles distant, and there they were told an English consul resided. Eleven days, however, elapsed before they could leave Cerigotto, from the difficulty of persuading the Greeks to venture to sea in their frail barks during the tempestuous weather. The wind at last proving fair, and the sea being smooth, they bade a grateful adieu to the kind families who had sheltered them, and who were so tenderly affected by their distresses, that they shed tears of regret on their departure. They reached Cerigo in about seven hours, and were received with open arms. Immediately on their arrival they were met by the English vice consul, Signor Manuel Caluci, a native of the island, who devoted his house, bed, credit, and whole attention to their service; and the survivors unite in declaring their inability to express the obligations under which they were laid by his hospitality. The governor, commandant, bishop, and principal people all showed them equal kindness, care, and friendship, and exerted themselves to render the time agreeable, inasmuch that it was with no little regret these shipwrecked mariners thought of quitting these generous islanders.

After remaining about three weeks, they were informed that a Russian ship of war lay at anchor off the Morea, which was distant about twelve leagues; and immediately sent letters to her commanding officer, narrating their misfortunes, and soliciting a passage to Corfu. The master of the *Nautilus* determining to make most of the opportunity, took a boat to reach the Russian vessel; but was unfortunately blown upon the rocks during a heavy gale of wind, and very narrowly escaped perishing, while the boat was dashed to pieces. However, after great difficulty, he got to the ship, and at length succeeded in procuring the desired passage for himself and his companions to Corfu. To accommodate them, the Russian commander came down to Cerigo, and anchored at a small port called St. Nicholas, at the eastern extremity of the island.

On February 5, the English embarked on board the Russian

ship; but owing to contrary winds, they did not sail before the 15th, when they bade farewell to their generous friends. They next touched at Zante, a small island abounding in currants and olives; the oil from the latter of which constitutes the chief riches of the people. After remaining there four days, they sailed for Corfu, where they arrived on the 2nd of March, 1807, nearly two months after the date of their shipwreck.

FAMINE ON BOARD THE DOLPHIN SLOOP, IN THE YEAR 1759,

And the remarkable preservation of eight persons, who had been one hundred and fifteen days without food.

The account of this remarkable famine is given as follows, by Captain Bradshaw, commander of the *Andalusia*, in a letter dated Halifax, April 30, 1759:—

"On the 27th of February, about two o'clock in the afternoon, we saw a vessel without masts, about three miles to leeward of us, and immediately bore down to see what she was; I found it to be the *Dolphin* sloop, Captain Baron, from the Canaries, bound to New York; they had been from the Canaries ever since Sept. 11, 165 days, 115 of which they had nothing to eat. I sent my boat on board to see what condition they were in; my people called to me and told me they were helpless and starving, and desired to know whether I would take them on board. I ordered my people to put them in the boat, and bring them on board, which accordingly they did. When they came alongside our ship, we were obliged to haul them up with ropes, they were so very weak: there were the captain and seven others, but such poor, miserable creatures sure never were seen, had it been a week longer they must all have died. When I came to examine the captain and the people, they told me, that they had not any provisions for upwards of three months before they saw me; they had eaten their dog, their cats, and all their shoes, and, in short, everything that was eatable on board. On the 10th of January they all agreed to cast lots for their lives, which accordingly they did; the shortest lot was to die, the next shortest to be the executioner. The lot fell upon Anthony Gallatia, a Spanish gentleman, a passenger; they shot him through the head, which they cut off and threw overboard; they then took out his bowels and ate them, and afterwards ate all the remaining parts of his body, which lasted but a very short time. The captain told me they were for casting lots a second time, but it happened very luckily that he bethought himself of a pair of breeches, which he had lined with leather; he soon found them, took out the lining, and cut off, for each man's share, a piece of about an inch and a half square, for the day's allowance; that with the grass that grew upon the deck was all the support they had for about twenty days before I met with them: the grass was in some places four or five inches high. The captain brought on board the remaining part of the leather lining, which I have got, and a piece of the same that was in the allowance of one man for the day. No words in my power to express, are sufficient to describe the truly deplorable and wretched condition these poor unfortunate sufferers were in when I met with them."

A similar famine was endured by the crew of the Spanish ship *Asia*. During Lord Anson's voyage round the world, the Spaniards fitted out a squadron of ships (to traverse the views and enterprises of the English vessels), one of which, the admiral's ship, named the *Asia*, of sixty-six guns, when off Cape Horn, was reduced to such infinite distress, that after every kind of sustenance had failed, the sailors gave four dollars a piece for every rat that could be caught; and some little time previous to this, a sailor, who died on board, had his death concealed by his brother, who, during that time, lay in the same hammock with the corpse, only to receive the dead man's allowance of provisions. In this shocking situation, they were alarmed (if their horrors were capable of augmentation) by the discovery of a conspiracy among the marines, which was to massacre the officers and the crew of the ship, that they might satisfy their hunger by eating their bodies. But their designs were discovered, by means of one of the conspirators and three of the ring-

leaders were put to death. At length, by the complicated misfortunes of sickness, fatigue, and hunger, which could not be alleviated until too late, the greatest part of the ship's company died a lingering and painful death; so that, when the ship arrived at the River de la Plata, out of nearly seven hundred men, only about fifty were remaining alive, and scarcely able to crawl for want of nourishment.

PERILS OF THE WHALE FISHERY.

WHAT is the time requisite for capturing a whale? In answer to this question, Mr. Scoresby states, that he has seen a whale despatched in fifteen minutes, and others alive, after severe treatment, at the end of fifty hours. Much depends on the conduct of the animal itself—much on the activity of the whaler—and much, also, on the nature of the situation and weather. He states, that the average time does not exceed an hour. As bearing on this point, and exhibiting the surprising vigour of the mysticetus whale, we shall here introduce anecdotes related by Mr. Scoresby. In 1817, the Royal Bounty, of Leith, fell in with whales at a distance from land and ice, there being at the same time a brisk breeze and clear weather. The boats were manned and sent in pursuit. After a chase of five hours, one of the boats struck a whale about four, A. M. The captain followed in the ship, and though for a time he lost sight of them, yet he again descried a boat at eight, A. M., with a signal displayed of being fast. Some time after he observed another boat approach the fish, a second harpoon struck, and a new signal displayed. As, however, the fish drew the two boats away with considerable speed, it was mid-day before any assistance could reach them. Two more harpoons were then struck; but such was the vigour of the whale, that, though it constantly dragged through the water from four to six boats, together with the length of nearly a thousand feet of line to each, yet it pursued its course nearly as fast as a boat could row; and such was the terror it manifested on the approach of its enemies, that whenever a boat passed beyond its tail it invariably dived.

All endeavours, therefore, to lance it were in vain. The crews of the loose boats, being unable to keep pace with the fish, moored themselves to the fast boats, and for some hours afterwards all hands were constrained to sit idle, waiting for some relaxation in the speed of the whale. Its general course had been to windward, but its changing enabled the ship, which had previously been at a great distance, to join the boats at eight, P. M.

The vessel took one of the fast lines on board, with the view of retarding its progress. The sails were lowered and furling, but after supporting the ship for a few minutes, head to wind, the harpoon lost its hold. The whale immediately set off to windward with increased speed, and for three hours the ship could not again approach it. Another line was then taken on board, but immediately broke. A fifth harpoon had previously been struck, but its line was speedily cut. Various schemes for arresting the speed of the fish were then resorted to, which occupied close attention for nearly twelve hours; but its velocity was still such that the master, who had himself proceeded to the attack, was unable to approach suffi-

ciently near to strike a harpoon. After a long chase, however, he succeeded in getting hold of one of the fast lines, and attached another line to it. The fish then fortunately turned towards the ship.

At four, P. M., thirty six hours after it was struck, the ship again joined the boats, when, by a successful manœuvre, they secured two of the fast lines on board. The wind was blowing a moderately brisk breeze, and the sails were lowered; but notwithstanding the resistance a ship thus situated must necessarily have offered, she was towed by the fish directly to windward, with a velocity of two knots during an hour, and then, though the whale must have been greatly exhausted it beat the water with its fins and tail in so tremendous a way, that the sea around was in a continual foam, and the most hardy of the sailors scarcely dared to approach it. At length, about eight P. M., after forty hours of almost incessant exertion, this formidable enemy was slain.

A large whale became the subject of a general chase on the 23rd of June. Being myself in the first boat which approached the fish, I struck my harpoon at arm's length, by which we fortunately evaded a blow which appeared to be aimed at the boat. Another boat then advanced, and another harpoon was struck, but not with the same result; for the stroke was immediately returned by a tremendous blow from the fish's tail. The boat was sunk by the shock, and at the same time whirled round with such velocity, that the boat-steerer was precipitated into the water on the side next to the fish, and carried down to a considerable depth by its tail. After a minute or so, he arose to the surface, and was taken up along with his companions into another boat. Some boats of the Aimwell, on the 26th of May, being in pursuit of whales, harpooned one. When struck, this individual only dived for a moment, and then rose again beneath the boat, struck it in the most vicious manner with its tail and fins, stove, upset it, and then disappeared.

The crew, seven in number, got on the bottom of the boat; but the unequal action of the lines, which remained entangled with the boat, rolled it over occasionally, and thus plunged the crew repeatedly into the sea. Four of them, after each immersion, recovered themselves and clung to it; but the other three were drowned before assistance could arrive. The four men being rescued, the attack on the whale was continued, and two more harpoons were struck. But the whale irritated instead of being enervated by its wounds, recommenced its furious attack. The sea was in foams; its tail and fins were in awful play; and, in a short time, harpoon after harpoon drew out, and the fish escaped.

AN INCIDENT AT SEA.

By the Author of "THE KUZILBASH."

AMONG the common occurrences of life, there are few, perhaps, more calculated to interest and animate the mind of a spectator, than the sight of a numerous fleet of gallant vessels, leaving port to proceed upon a distant voyage. But, exclusive of the more elevated feelings which are naturally called forth by reflecting on the spirit and intelligence which are embarked in these noble machines, to bear the name, the riches, and the power of Britain, to the uttermost parts of the globe, the scene



teems with objects of more than ordinary interest. The shore is all astir with hurry and bustle; crowds are seen running from different quarters, all to the same point; groups, equipped for their voyages, throng to the quays or beach, attended by their relatives and friends, who proffer or receive those words of encouragement or comfort, which the party with the strongest nerves never fails to pour into the dull ear of grief. Then may be heard the cheerful, hearty well-wishings of those who, having often successfully braved the winds and waves, think but of the anticipated success and speedy return of those who are departing; the hurried, half-articulated blessings of others, whose fears are all awake to the perils of the mighty deep; the ill-suppressed sobs that choke the half-uttered farewells of some who feel that they are perhaps looking for the last time on those who are their hope, their joy, their everything in life. These, and all the various workings of grief, misery, and despair, may be viewed in close and striking contrast with indifference and recklessness, with gaiety and rejoicing, in full as many and as widely diversified forms. The keen observer may note the downcast, tearful eye—the quivering lip—the fervent, speechless grasp of hands that may never again be joined together; the quick, irregular step of those who have already uttered that heart-breaking word “adieu!” and who hurry from the spot, but still linger to gaze upon the bark which holds the objects of their care. He may trace all this amid the bustle of business and the eagerness of adventure, which characterize others of the multitude, or the idle curiosity or cold indifference which mark the common herd.

But the bustle at length decreases—the throng diminishes. The numerous boats, with their heads directed seaward, which dot the surface of the waters, proclaim that the partings are past—that the adventurers have departed. The groups, now more rarely scattered over the beach, quit it one after another; and retiring to the heights above, gaze on the receding skiffs. The movement, which has diminished on shore, may now be seen commencing and increasing among the stately ships that ride upon the blue waves, full in view of the spectators. The busy sound of human multitudes comes mellowed by distance across the waters; sheet after sheet of canvass drops, as it were by magic, from the long yards, and rises fluttering and spreading along the tall spars of each vessel, until, after a few rapid manœuvres among its complicated machinery, the sails gradually fill, and the ship, yielding gracefully to the influence of the breeze, begins to “walk the waters like a thing of life,” rejoicing, as it were, in her own element.

But, observe yon lofty vessel, anchored far outside of all the rest, conspicuous for the peculiar squareness of her yards, the tautness of her taper masts, and above all, for her long, low, dark hull, with its rakish-looking tier of red ports, scarcely rising above the water, like the half-disclosed teeth of a serpent. The blue-peter at the fore, and the loose fore-topsail, are of themselves sufficient to proclaim her the commodore of the convoy, and one of his Majesty's largest and most dashing frigates, even if her seaward station—protecting, as it were, her charge—the signal-flags, which every now and then ascend, like party-coloured birds, to the several points of her masts and rigging, with the sheets of flame and roar of thunder which occasionally issue from her red ports, should have failed to convey that information to her beholders.

At length the last lagging ship has passed to seaward, and the small boats are once more seen returning to the shore. Another combination of flags now appears on the masts of the frigate; another flash issues from her bow, and her topsails are loosed and sheeted home. In an instant more, down full courses and top-gallantsails, staysails are run up, and royals set; and, in the twinkling of an eye, the noble vessel, like an eagle in full swoop, is seen passing the ships of her convoy, as if they were at anchor; until, having shot far ahead of the foremost, she furls topsail and top-gallantsail, hauls her mainsail up, and, with her three topsails, foresail, jib, and spanker, holds on her course; while, with all the canvass they can pack, her more heavy-sailing charge can scarce keep way with their gallant commodore, but press onward in his wake, like a flock of wild-fowl following their sagacious leader.

A week had elapsed since the frigate and her convoy had left the port of L—; and the wind, which was fair as the heart of seaman could desire, had gradually increased from a pleasant breeze to a hard dry gale; but where is the sailor that does not love the breeze, rude though it be, which wafts him swiftly to his desired port? The weather was hazy; and the few fleecy clouds which drifted across the grey sky, were quickly lost in the dense atmosphere which shrouded every object near the horizon. During the day the ships of the convoy were scattered over a wide expanse of sea; and even the utmost exertions of the commodore were not always successful in collecting them around him within a moderate distance, at nightfall. A close order would not have been desirable, for such was the indistinctness of vision by night—not from the darkness, but the haze—that the best look-out might have proved insufficient to guard against accidents, and to keep the vessels of the fleet from running each other down, in the swiftness of their course, before they could be aware of each other's vicinity. In the evening, therefore, as one after another fell into their respective stations, on either quarter of the commodore, each vessel took in what canvass she could spare—all, except some wretched tubs, which embraced this opportunity of crowding every stitch, to make up the way they had lost during the day; while the stag-like frigate was often forced to furl every inch of canvass, that she might not run out of sight of her charge before the light of morning should render it safe for her to leave-to, and wait for their coming up.

The eighth evening had closed in, on board the frigate, with an increase of wind and sea. Every thing had been made snug for the night; the royal and top-gallant yards were sent on deck; the masts themselves were struck, and every sail was carefully handed; only the goosewings of the main-topsail were occasionally loosened between the squalls, to keep the ship free from the danger of being run foul of by any of the convoy. The log in these squalls would sometimes indicate a rate of eleven knots. The sea foamed and boiled around the ship's broad bows, in whirlpools of brilliant light, while she careered along under the influence of a heavy following sea which struck her alternately on each quarter; and she rolled until the points of her reduced masts described the greater portion of a semicircle in the heavens, and her long yard-arms returned dripping with brine. Every now and then the crest of a huge wave, taking advantage, as it were, of her recumbent position, would break upon her black side, and curling over her quarter or waist, wash the decks clean fore and aft, drenching every thing upon them; while the timbers and straining-tackles of the heavy guns creaked and groaned with the constant and irregular tension.

“A stiff bit of a breeze, this same, my boys,” said young Bill Thomas, as he entered the starboard berth,* about two bells after the first watch had been set, wringing the brine off his rough sea-cap, and handing it, along with his dripping watch-coat, to the boy of his mess. “I take it, some of the old ladies at home are praying for us about this time.”

“There's a fresh hand at the bellows too, just now, I think,” observed another of the youths of the berth; “and the old hooker feels it. How she does groan and crack again.”

“Aye and how she lurches too,” rejoined Thomas: “By the L—d, she took in a sea amid-ships just now, that put the whole main-deck adrift, and set her a-staggering like old Smithers, when he's a cloth or two in the wind. Egad, I have taken a bucketfull on board myself, I think.”

“Staggering, by the hokey, it set more a-staggering than you, or the old hooker either; it sent little Jem, there—confound him—into the lee scuppers, with a good can of stiff grog he was handing to me.”

“Ah, Dick, that was a loss, faith; but that don't signify. By Jove, I must qualify this sea-water a little—my stomach is like an ice-house. Here you son of a sea-cook, take these wet duds forward, and shake the water out of them, and get me a dry jacket; and here, my boy—hand us the stuff. Come, don't be so stingy: now, up with it—there, that's something like.

* The quarters of the midshipmen and master's mates on board a frigate as the cockpit is on board a line-of-battle ship.

"Here's to the ship that goes—the wind that blows," but *avast*, we've enough of that already."

"And pray, what lark might you have been after upon deck, Master Thomas?" interrogated young Ned Connolly, as he just finished a hand at cribbage, which he had been playing with some others of the mess, by the light of the purser's lantern, which hung in a corner of the berth. "Hav'n't you enough of bad weather in your own watch? I'll be bound you was after no good now."

"Why, faith, I can't say much for the good, Ned, and little more for the evil, if you will call fun out of its right name. I was talking a bit with old Gillows: he's down in the mouth, you know, about his wife; and I was spinning a yarn to rouse him up, and make him laugh; but it would'n't do: the fool still throws up his eyes like a duck in thunder, and heaves such savage sighs! I told him to belay, for we had more wind than we knew what to do with already; but he's too hard up just now for a joke; so I went and saw the log hove, and was just coming down, when that confounded sea struck her amid-ships and soused me all over."

"And you deserved it all, Bill, for bothering a poor fellow, who had so much to vex him as old Gillows has already. But what is she going?"

"Eleven knots, by the hokey, and under bare poles too—not a rag upon her: she does spin along, to be sure!"

"And how does the night look?"

"Devilish bad, I think—as black in the face as a blacksmith, —can't see a ship's length on either side for haze; and the sea rising, if any thing, and like a sheet of fiery foam all round. I saw old quarter-master Sims shoving his muzzle to windward, and grinning and snuffing as if he smelt mischief."

"Then mischief there will be, or my name's not Ned Connolly; but let us see—I'll take a turn on deck myself, and bring you my report." With these words he left the berth, to which he was never to return.

Ned Connolly was a jolly master's-mate, on board the good frigate *D—*, a prime favourite with all his messmates; a chief leader in all their amusements and innocent larks (for in no others would he be concerned); the very glass and mirror in which the "young gentlemen" * of the *D—* did fashion their deportment; in short, the life and soul of the starboard berth. No one could sing a song or tell a story like Ned Connolly; his wit and humour were inexhaustible; and for compounding a bowl of punch, or dressing a good hot devil, when the where-withal was to be had, or for helping to discuss such good things when made, there was not his equal in the ship.

But Ned Connolly had other and more valuable qualities. He was an excellent seaman; zealous and active in the discharge of his duty; of an open and generous disposition; a warm-hearted friend, and a dutiful, affectionate son. He was, too, "the only son of his mother, and she was a widow." That mother had daughters, it is true, but this was her only boy—"her beautiful, her brave!"—the image of his gallant father, who had fallen, fighting the battles of his country—under God, her only earthly support. Out of the wretched pittance of the pay to which he was entitled, he still contrived to save a trifle, to add to her comforts; and all his little prize-money was devoted to the same pious purpose. His exemplary conduct had not passed unobserved by his officers, and at this very time he was among the first on the admiral's private list, to be made lieutenant as soon as possible, after arriving at his destined station; this hope was his comfort—that step the height of his ambition for the time. Vain hopes—never was he doomed to reach that station. Never was his fond mother again to clasp her son to her heart.

The frigate was now at every lurch rolling her gun-wales under water, and dipping her main-yard-arms on either side; while ever and anon, in spite of the helmsman's skill, heavy seas would curl over her quarters, and sweep her decks. Such of the watch as were not actively employed, had sought what shelter they could find from the soaking spray; and sat passing the time with tough stories, or singing rude sea-songs: those

on the look-out alone were to be seen at their several stations, gazing heedfully through the murky air, to guard against mischance. The officer of the watch paced the privileged platform of the quarter-deck, or occasionally held on by the capstern, as a fresh fit of rolling rendered his walk too hazardous to be continued; now addressing a question or an order to the quarter-master, and now casting upwards a keen, inquisitive glance, to see that all was right over-head, or to scan the aspect of the heavens.

Suddenly the quarter-master, in the waist, was startled by a piercing shriek, which seemed to issue from the sea itself; it was almost immediately repeated, and the second time he could trace it with certainty to the mizen-chains.

"A-baft, there, aboy!" shouted he; "a man overboard, in the larboard mizen-chains there!" and he jumped aft himself, while the look-out on the larboard quarter ran also to the point indicated, from whence the cries still echoed, when the voice of the sufferer was not quenched by the wash of a fresh sea.

"Holloa, there, keep a good heart!"—"hold on, my lad, we'll soon have hold of you!"—"whereabouts are you?" exclaimed the men, as each strove to gain sight of the poor fellow: but it was too late—no human eye could see, no arm could reach him.

"Oh, God help me! I'm gone," uttered the voice, in half-choked accents, as the driving seas forced him from his hold.

"By heaven! it is Ned Connolly! Lay hold of him, ye lubbers!" exclaimed the lieutenant.

"A boat! Oh, God, a boat!" shrieked the despairing lad, as he whirled past them. They were his last words—the ship was bounding forward like a race-horse in full speed. Another faint and distant cry was borne upon the blast, and sounded like a knell upon the ear of the bystanders, and they heard no more.

"Starboard your helm! starboard! *D—*—n! hard! a-starboard, will ye," shouted the lieutenant. "Bring her to the wind—we're not to let the poor fellow go in this way. Holloa, there! main-top-men, bear a-hand; clear away that boat on the quarter."

By this time the ship, reeling till she fell almost on her beam ends, came up to the wind with a mighty sweep; but miles were traversed in her speed, from the spot where the poor fellow had lost his hold, before her way could be stopped. The rumour, too, had now spread below, and his companions, from the starboard berth, came hurrying upon deck. Gallant and daring, but rash as they were brave, they heeded not the danger—they looked not on the raging sea—they thought not of the space to be traversed against a furious wind—of the impossibility of seeing an object in the water, through darkness, mist, and spray: they only thought of saving their messmate—their friend; he whom they loved like a brother. They sprang into the boat, in a moment, to the number of five or six, and fierce demands for oars and rudder were mingled with cries of "cast loose, men; cast loose, and lower away—lower away, and be d—d to ye—the poor fellow will be gone." But the top-men and quarter-master, more experienced and less excited than the young midshipman, perceived the full peril, or rather the certainty of destruction, in an attempt which must be fruitless; and they were slowly and reluctantly obeying these repeated and peremptory orders, when the voice of the captain was heard, in tones of grave authority, rising above the tumult and roar of the winds.

"Keep all fast, men—keep all fast there, I say: what—are ye mad? Would ye wantonly add to this night's loss? What boat could live a moment in that sea? What hands could pull her to windward a single fathom, if she floated? Secure the boat, men, and return to your station. Lieutenant G., said he, addressing the officer of the watch, as soon as the men had left the quarter-deck, "this attempt should not have been permitted; I reckoned upon you, as an officer of trust and experience. On duty, sir, feeling should never overpower the judgment; and who, in the exercise of his judgment, would have committed the lives of men to the mercy of such a sea? Young men, the motives of your thoughtless conduct excuse you from my censure; but let the peril you have so narrowly escaped be a lesson for the future; learn to distinguish between the resolute courage which befits a man, and the blind fool-hardihood

* The midshipmen are usually termed "the young gentlemen," on board a man-of-war.

which fruitlessly exposes the lives of others with our own: if ye seek to become officers, this is a point of the first importance. No one of you can regret the fate of young Connolly more than I do, but the hand of God was plainly in the matter; and were ye to strive against His might? Return to your duties or your berths. Mr. G. get the ship before the wind again, and keep your regular course."

The frigate once more pursued her rapid way; and on the morrow, poor Connolly's sea-chest, and his little property, were brought up, according to custom, to be examined and inventoried; as is frequently the case on such occasions, an auction was made of such articles of common use as were not likely to be valued by his mother and sisters, the produce of which was held for their behoof. At this sale, each of his messmates purchased some little memorial of their unfortunate comrade, without paying much attention to the price they gave; for they knew well how much it would be needed, and yet how poorly the whole amount, were it ten times as great, could compensate for the loss so irreparable. Their good-will did not stop here: a collection was set on foot, to which every one contributed his mite; and the officers of the ship, desirous of testifying their regard for the deceased, added each what he could spare, for the benefit of the bereaved widow.

Many a glance was directed at the vacant seat of poor Connolly, as the young men assembled at the usual hour at their scanty meals—their customary mirth was clouded; and much, and most sincere regret, was expressed for the loss of so true-hearted a messmate. But the next day his seat was occupied by some other member of the mess; allusions to their lost friend were less frequent; other events occurred, and afforded fresh topics of conversation; and in less than a week, the name of Connolly ceased to be mentioned: he had passed as it seems from their memories, as he had from their presence—like a bubble on the current of human life, which dances gaily and sparkles for a while, then bursts; and is seen no more.

EXTRACT FROM THE LOG-BOOK OF THE BRIG FRANCES,

COMMANDED BY JACOB DRUMMOND, FROM ST. JAGO DE LA
CURA TO PHILADELPHIA.

JULY 31, 1821, Cape Antonio bearing N. about six miles distant; at four, P.M., saw a small sail standing from under the land. At six, P.M., she was sweeping toward us, apparently full of men; judging her to be a piratical vessel, kept away W.S.W., and made all sail to escape. At dark, the chase gaining fast upon us, was nearly astern, and commenced firing. We continued our course until the shot fell thick around us. At four, P.M., hove-to; when she immediately hailed, and ordered our boat on board, which was sent with three men, who were detained on board, and the boat returned full of armed people, who immediately jumped on deck, armed with blunderbusses, cutlasses, and pistols, took possession of the brig, and drove all hands below, cutting and maiming every one within their reach.

They then proceeded to put the brig about, and put in for the land; in doing which, the mate and one man were called up from below to assist in working her, they standing over them with cutlasses, and uttering the most horrid imprecations. Two men armed now went down into the cabin, where Captain Drummond and a passenger were confined, and presenting pistols to their breasts, demanded an immediate delivery of all their money, watches, and apparel on board, on pain of immediate death; and accompanied the threat with severe strokes, and a menace that, in the event of anything being found concealed, a general massacre should take place.

Under this impression and well convinced, from the desperate appearance of the men, that it would be carried into immediate execution; added to which, we overheard their intention of running the brig on shore; we deemed it expedient, for the safety of our lives, and the preservation of the vessel and cargo, to deliver up everything demanded, consisting of four trunks and one chest, containing wearing apparel, &c. to the value of one thousand dollars; cash in dol-

lars, doubloons, and guineas, value of eight hundred dollars; four valuable gold and silver watches, with chains, seals, &c. value of five hundred dollars; also a writing-desk and its contents, a spy-glass, double-barrelled gun, three pistols, a sword, all the clothing, bed and bedding, one complete set of colours, stock of wines, cabin furniture, and cooking utensils, leaving us nothing but the clothes on our back.

This vessel appeared to be a large open boat, black, with two white streaks, two spritsails, squaresail, and jib, the tack of the jib coming down to the stem; the foresail much larger than the mainsail, much resembling a large Havannah passage-boat, and full of men, apparently of all nations, but of the most ferocious and diabolical class. She was full of goods, doubtless plundered from other vessels, as they acknowledged having overhauled a vessel the day before. At eleven P.M., after stripping us to the skin in search of more money, left us, and made for the land in a state of considerable intoxication, with a threat of again returning to massacre every soul, and this we considered highly probable. We immediately took possession of the brig again, tacked, and stood off—saw them no more.

PUNISHMENT ON BOARD OF A MAN-OF-WAR.

WITH a sound that made the flesh of many a stout heart creep, the first lash of nine simultaneous strokes fell on the topman's back, whizzing through the strong breeze that filled the sails of the frigate, and urged her dashing on her course; but beyond the sighing of the night wind through the straining rigging, and the mournful plashing of the water thrown off by her bows, not another sound seemed to be produced by this wanton exhibition of torture. For the stoicism with which it was borne, the sufferer might almost have been deemed some flesh-coloured piece of marble, saving that as the arm of the scourger was raised to repeat the blow there gradually stole over the seaman's honest shoulders the blue livid lines streaked with blood, where the kindred colours of the lantern light fell strongly terrible and bright. "One!" said the master-at-arms, in a deep-bell-like tone, well fitted to knell forth the number of those unjust stripes. No other voice was heard. The seamen seemed to gaze on the unusual spectacle with awe, and the officers with a mixture of surprise, concern, anger, and impotence. But other human sound was there none. "Whiz!" flew the second lash, and a second number of similar lines were scored on the back of the unfortunate fellow, intersecting at every angle and curve those already so direfully written there. "Two!" said the master-at-arms—a third, a fourth, a fifth, a sixth fell—and so on, till the dozen was complete, and the blood slowly trickled down Herbert's back from points more severely wounded than the rest, stood congealed by the cold air in others, which had more escaped the repeated cutting of the last; still not a sound escaped him. He could not even have been noticed to breathe, much less sigh; nor was Indian chief ever more motionless under the tomahawk of a fellow-savage. It was as if his indomitable soul disdained to give the slightest proof that the unjust infliction could at all reach the mind, however it might disport its wantonness on the enslaved body. As soon as the twelfth lash was complete, the master-at-arms moved a step towards the captain, and touching his hat, reported, "One dozen, sir?" "Step forward another boatswain's mate," was the captain's reply. The man who had just given the last dozen resigned his position to a brother executioner. The arm of the successor was already raised to begin the second dozen, when the captain again demanded, "Will you tell me now, sir, who threw that marling-spike out of your top?" "I would if I could, sir," replied Herbert, in a coarse husky voice. "Do your duty, boatswain's mate," said the captain, cutting off by this order any further explanation in this matter. Another dozen followed, and again the same question was put with the same reply. A fresh boatswain's mate, and another dozen was inflicted. Still, though barely able to articulate the denial, Herbert still protested his utter ignorance of the whole affair. After thus receiving these four dozen lashes, he was cast off, and allowed to retire below upon the doctor's hand.

LOSS OF THE FRANCIS AND CHARLOTTE.

Of all the perils of the great deep recorded in these pages, there are perhaps few of such striking interest, or in which the lives of several hundreds of our fellow-creatures were so long in imminent peril, as in the shipwreck of a division of the 78th regiment, on their return from Java, in 1816.

This division was doomed to encounter a more than ordinary share of the perils of the deep. It first embarked on board the Princess Charlotte, and sailed from Samarang Roads for Calcutta on the 18th of September, 1816; but the following day, at three, p.m., that vessel struck on a sunken rock, and carried away her rudder. The boats on being hoisted out, were found so leaky as to be useless, and a raft was formed to hold the troops, in the expectation of her beating to pieces in

the course of the night; but, luckily, before it became necessary to commit themselves to it, the vessel swung off the rock, and was with great difficulty carried into Batavia Roads on the second day after she grounded. On being inspected there she was found to have suffered too much damage to proceed on her voyage, and the troops were therefore removed to the Francis and Charlotte, a vessel of seven hundred tons, commanded by Captain Acres. Some time afterwards, when the Princess Charlotte was undergoing repair at Calcutta, a piece of rock, about half a ton weight, was found to have lodged near her keel, during the time she was ashore; and yet in this state had she, subsequently to this disaster, been again employed to carry troops from Java to Bengal, and had encountered two gales of wind off the Sand Heads.

Had this piece of rock fallen out, which it is next to a miracle



LOSS OF THE SHIP FRANCIS AND CHARLOTTE, CAPTAIN ACRES, NOVEMBER 5, 1816.

it did not, she must have instantly have foundered with all on board. To such frail chances have the lives of our gallant soldiers been too often entrusted.

This ill-fated division, however, a second time set sail for Calcutta on the 29th of September, and enjoyed a pleasant and prosperous voyage till the 5th of November, when, about half-past two in the morning, a drummer of the regiment came from the fore-castle and reported to the officer on watch that he saw the rocks a-head. The vessel was then going before a moderate breeze at the rate of four or five knots an hour. The alarm was immediately given, and she was put about; but while in stays the current carried her rapidly towards the rocks, and she struck on a sunken reef.

At this time there were upwards of five hundred and forty

souls on board, and the boats were scarcely sufficient to hold a fifth part of that number. It soon became evident from the way in which the vessel was striking, that she was not likely to keep together long; and the water having already made rapid progress in her hold, there was obviously no chance of her ever floating again. As yet they were uncertain on what part of the coast she had struck; but when morning dawned the island of Preparis was recognised on the larboard quarter, distant from twelve or thirteen miles; and they found that she had struck on one of the sunken reefs which surround it, and render it so much dreaded by navigators in those seas.

As soon as the land was descried, it became obvious that the only chance of safety rested in the boats being able to

carry off the troops by successive detachments from the wreck; but this of course depended on the weather continuing moderate, and the vessel not going to pieces in the meantime—a prospect by no means likely to be realised. However, though death in all probability awaited those who were obliged to remain, no selfish feeling was animated by the soldiers to secure their own safety at the expense of the more helpless portion of the community. The sick men, with the women and children, were first put into the long boat and cutter, along with as many of the soldiers as she could carry, under the care of Captain McQueen and Mr. Brown, the assistant-surgeon. It was at first no easy matter to get the women to trust themselves to the boats; and it was fortunate that in this emergency the lady of the commanding officer, Mrs. McPherson, possessed sufficient fortitude to set the example by going first into the

boat, on which the rest gained confidence and followed her. In the hurry of starting very few oars could be found, and neither the masts nor sails of the boat could be got out of the hold. At five o'clock, a.m., these two boats set off for the island; the jolly-boat had been stove against the side of the ship, and went down, so that the gig was the only one remaining with those on board the vessel.

As the ship beat very violently, and the sea instantly broke through her ports, and over her upper deck, the foremast, with all sail set, was cut away, and fell over the starboard bow, carrying with it the maintop-mast and mizen-top-gallantmast. When the advance of day lighted up the horrors of their situation, the scene appeared terrific, beyond description. Nothing was visible but breakers and rocks around them in every direction, lashed by a rapid foaming current, which swept every-

thing before it. About fifty yards from the stern, a small rock jutting above the water, appeared the only spot capable of affording temporary relief, in case of the vessel going to pieces before the boats could return, an event which her frail state hourly rendered more probable. With a view of establishing a communication between this rock and the vessel, and thereby placing a portion of the men in greater security, the gig was sent with a rope, which was made fast to the rock, and bound round the mizenmast.

By this time, to their great disappointment and distress, they could see that the boats which had left them, instead of nearing the island, were drifting to leeward, the crews being exhausted with pulling against the strong current which was setting from the shore. The gig was accordingly despatched after the long-

boat, with a sail which had been procured for her out of the hold, and by the aid of which they could observe her at length nearing to the island. During the absence of the gig, some of the men were employed in making a raft from such spars and yards as could be procured, and others in saving bags of rice and biscuit out of the gun-room, so long as the state of the vessel admitted of their exertions. About one hundred men were removed from the vessel to the rock; but as it would hold no more at high water, it occurred to them, that if the vessel went to pieces before the boats could return, many more might be saved by tying rafts to the rock; and as, from the strength of the current, it was found absolutely impracticable to work the one they had prepared, it was made fast there, and connected with the vessel by several strong ropes: and another

raft was also commenced with the same view on the larboard side.

After the gig returned, the long-boat and cutter, which they had previously seen nearing the island, were suddenly lost sight of, and they became much alarmed lest the boats had been lost in the surf when attempting to land. As their sole hopes of rescue rested on their return, the anxiety of their situation can be easier conceived than expressed. To remove the suspense under which they were all suffering, Captain Acres determined to go on shore in the gig, and Major M'Pherson, at the earnest entreaty of the rest, accompanied him. At sunset they left, taking with them about fifteen men, and the remainder were left, in all about three hundred souls, in a vessel of which every timber was giving evident symptoms of breaking up, and rendering it barely possible that, in the absence of rough seas or boisterous weather, they would see the morrow's dawn.

As night set in, the dreariness of their situation was enough to quail the hearts even of the boldest, still the soldiers in general behaved well. A few there were, no doubt, who, in the vain hope of drowning care, and hiding from themselves the horrors of their impending fate, sought refuge in intoxication, of which the means readily presented themselves between decks; and two or three of them in this state proved disobedient and disorderly, conceiving that the approach of death levelled all ranks and distinctions; but the general mass of the soldiers exhibited the most praiseworthy conduct, and, unappalled by the boiling surge which every moment threatened to engulf them in its eddies, continued in their labours of preparing another raft, and saving as much of the provisions as possible from the wreck. The Lascars for several hours had been of no use whatever. They had stowed themselves away in the forecabin, and were busy plundering and drinking.

As the tide rose the men on the rock could not keep their footing, and the waves breaking over it, swept several of them into eternity. Small pieces of rope were therefore sent to them with directions to fasten themselves to the rock, and after that precaution accidents became less frequent. Lest the vessel should go to pieces in the night, they became anxious to get back the raft from the rock, in order that it might take off as many as possible; but in endeavouring to haul it up against the current, which was running at the rate of five or six knots an hour, two of the ropes broke, and the attempt had to be abandoned, as there was but one left to connect it with the vessel.

When the second raft was completed, another attempt was made to haul up the other alongside of it; but it was found impracticable, after the attempt was persevered in for a couple of hours, during which the sea was beating constantly over the party employed; and when the ship rolled on her starboard side she raised the raft on which they were nearly out of the water, and as she rolled over on the other side, buried them in the waves. This working speedily loosened the spars, and all hands were therefore set to work to lash them together, and endeavour to make the raft firm.

There cannot be a more wretched situation imagined than during their exertions on this raft, buffeted by the waves, which broke over them in huge masses at every alternate roll of the vessel, bruised by the boxes, trunks, &c., which were constantly washing out of the port-holes, and obliged to exert themselves to secure and keep together the only frail support they had to trust to, though their footing was so insecure that every moment they were in danger of being swept into the current, or dashed to pieces against the side of the vessel. During this period of eventful exertion, when one by one their fellow-sufferers were swept off by the merciless ocean, the cool and determined demeanour of some was strikingly contrasted with the noisy clamour of others; and in general those who were the most profligate in their habits, were now the loudest in their prayers and lamentations. One of the subalterns on the raft, who was by no means noted on former occasions, either for the fervour of his belief or the ardency of his worship, was so zealous in his supplications to the Almighty for relief, on this occasion, as to induce a smile, even amid the awful nature of the scene around them.

At high water the ship was striking tremendously, owing to

the great body of water in her hold, and as the only hope of keeping her together, it was determined to cut away her mainmast; but the Lascar carpenter could not be found, and they were afraid, unless properly done, it might, in falling, carry away the poop, which was the only place they had to shelter them. However, to keep the vessel from breaking up, they were necessitated to run every risk, and having cut the weather mizen-rigging, a few blows of the hatchet sent the mast over the starboard side, luckily without injuring the vessel. The ship was much easier in consequence, and wearied with their exertions, some of them endeavoured to snatch a little sleep in the mizen larboard chains. While in this situation, they fortunately overheard one of the men who had been left to take care of the raft, propose to his comrades to cut it loose and make the best of their way from the wreck, as it would only hold a few of them with safety when the ship broke up. The idea of being thus abandoned to their fate was quite sufficient to banish all thought of sleep, even fatigued as they were; and to prevent the possibility of so treacherous a proposition being adopted, all the men on the raft were immediately ordered on board.

Often in their anxiety did they cast their eyes towards the island, for it required little reflection to convince them that unless their comrades had been successful in effecting a landing, all their exertions would only tend to prolong a miserable existence for a day or two, but could in no way secure their ultimate safety; and from the boats having been lost sight of so long, and there being no indications of any of them having reached the island, the most gloomy forebodings began to be entertained, both for the fate of those in the boats, and their own. At length, to their inexpressible joy, about four o'clock in the morning, a light was seen on shore, and soon after another, at a little distance from the first, which they conjectured was a signal of their safe arrival, and a lantern was hung out by those on board at the mainmast-head in answer to it.

As day broke they perceived the long-boat under sail, with the cutter in tow, coming towards the vessel, and at length began to entertain some hope of being rescued from the perilous situation in which they had passed the last twenty-seven hours, expecting every moment to be their last. The two boats, however could only carry one hundred and ten of their number, so that the rest had to be left to encounter similar dangers for another night or two; their only safety depending on the continuance of moderate weather, and the ship holding together till then. Still, with this manifest danger before them, was the disembarking party arranged, without any selfish anxiety being manifested by one portion of the soldiers to secure their safety at the expense of the others.

It may easily be supposed, notwithstanding their chance of escaping the perils of the deep, the situation of the party in the boats, was by no means enviable. They had not a drop of fresh water, and, after being exhausted by the exertions of the preceeding night, had to pull against a strong current, a distance of upwards of fifteen miles, exposed to the burning rays of a tropical sun. It was after a day of great fatigue and suffering they landed on the *Preparis* at about four, p.m., where they received the welcome intelligence that fresh water had been found in abundance about a mile from the landing-place, with which they quenched their thirst in copious libations, and ate some shell-fish which had been prepared for them by the ladies, knowing they would be acceptable after the privations they had experienced on the wreck.

About two hours after they landed, a ship was seen to the eastward, standing direct for the island. Every face beamed with joy, for they now thought their relief certain. As darkness set in they collected wood, made a large fire on the top of the highest hill, and hoisted the union-jack there to attract her notice. They laid down to sleep on the sandy beach, near high-water mark, confident that at daylight she would send her boats to rescue them. But when morning broke she was nowhere to be seen, and must have stood away from the island during the night, notwithstanding their signal.

In the course of the night the gig had landed, with an officer and fourteen men from the wreck, who luckily succeeded in bringing off with them some bags of rice and biscuit, which were of great service in their present famished condition.

The island of the Preparis, on which they had been cast, lies about sixty miles from the mouth of the Rangoon river, its length is about three miles, and circumference about eight; it is covered with wood and jungle, and on the south side is a sheet of fresh water, wherein they shot some ducks. At first they were very tame, but after experiencing a few shots, they became wild. They also shot a few sand-larks on the beach, and saw many baboons, but as they were very large and formidable, and they had but one fowling-piece, and no shot large enough to make any impression on them, they judged it prudent to let them alone. A variety of shell-fish was found by searching among the rocks; the smaller kinds were palatable, but the larger were so exceedingly coarse and oily as to sicken many of them, who had been for some time without food.

Seeing that there was no prospect of relief otherwise, it was determined, so soon as all the men were taken from the wreck, and a proper set of sails could be made, to send the long-boat to Rangoon, the nearest port for assistance. Meantime the commanding officer assembled the men, encouraged them to hope for the best, to be obedient to orders, and never in any situation forget their duty and their discipline. Their supply of provisions was inspected, and they were put on the wretched allowance of half-a-biscuit, and half-an-ounce of beef or pork a-day. All shared alike, however, and they endeavoured to eke out this small pittance of food by wandering about in search of such shell-fish, and other resources, as the island afforded.

The weather still continued very moderate, and the long-boat succeeded in bringing off another party of the men from the wreck. Luckily the island lay directly in the track of vessels bound to Rangoon, or coming from the eastward to Calcutta, and they all continued tolerably cheerful in the expectation of another ship again heaving in sight, for which they kept a sharp look-out; nor were they disappointed. About eight, a.m., on the following morning, a vessel was seen to the south-east, which proved to be the Po, from Madras. The captain observing their signal, sent his boat to the wreck, and carried twenty-seven men on board. She continued off the island all day, but in the evening they lost sight of her; and afterwards found that in a second attempt to bring off the sufferers from the wreck, the jolly-boat was swamped from the rush they made into it, and two men perished. The first mate, who commanded her, escaped, but was left on the wreck. This accident and the dread of being surprised by rough weather on so dangerous a lee-shore, probably induced the captain to abandon the attempt of rescuing any more of the party, and to make the best of his way to the nearest port for further assistance. In the morning, to their great disappointment, the vessel had disappeared.

On the following day, however, a ship was seen in the offing, which was supposed to be the same, and they sent off the second-mate in the cutter, who found her to be, not the Po, as they supposed, but the Prince Blucher, bound from China to Bengal. On learning their situation, the captain immediately stood in towards the scene of the shipwreck, and employed his boats in taking the remainder of the men from the rock, on which they had now been exposed for five days, in a situation the most perilous which can well be conceived, the waves at high water, almost covering the narrow ledge on which they were crowded; and even in that moderate weather, scarce a tide passed without some of them being swept off by the current. Had the weather been boisterous, or the tide have risen higher than usual, their destruction must have been certain.

During all this period they had not a morsel of food, but the raw flesh of a cow which drifted to them from the wreck; and most of them, from the accident having taken place in the middle of the night, were exposed almost in a state of nudity to the burning rays of the sun. They were all much cut and bruised by being frequently dashed against the rocks; but from the fortunate precaution adopted of tying themselves to the rock whenever that was practicable, only nine men were washed away out of 110 who landed on it: the rest, in a state of great exhaustion, were carried on board the Blucher, where they received every kindness and attention which humanity could dictate from Captain Wetherall, who commanded her.

Towards evening they lost sight of the ship, and from the

conduct of the two other captains, they began to be uneasy lest this one also should desert them. As night came on they collected large quantities of wood, and kept a fire burning as a signal. Though the Blucher had been obliged, in order to keep off the island, to come to anchor hull down, yet she fired guns during the night in answer to their signals, and cheered them with the assurance that, though unseen, she was still near them. As soon as morning dawned she sent two boats on shore with supplies of mutton, biscuit, beer, and wine; a most acceptable present, it may be supposed, to persons in their famished state. Major M'Pherson and Doctor Brown, with the officers' ladies and children, pulled off in the Blucher's boat at eleven, a.m., and those who were left behind amused themselves by cooking and eating the provisions sent them from the ship; and the amplitude of their meal, which was prolonged for several hours, with the joyous anticipation of getting away from the island next day, put them all in high spirits; every dismal thought fled, and their previous sufferings and privations were forgotten.

Notwithstanding their deliverance was to all appearance so near, many of the poor fellows were doomed yet to encounter a long period of anxiety and privation. By five, p.m., the Blucher's boats had returned. The long-boat was then loaded with sick men, women, and children; and in order that the other boats might make more rapid progress, it was arranged that the officers and men intended for embarkation should walk to the extreme point of the island, which was nearest the vessel, and be taken in there. On their arrival, however, they had the mortification to find that the ship, in consequence of having dragged her anchor and being very nearly on the rocks, had been obliged to get under weigh, and stand out from the shore. It was, consequently, not judged expedient to attempt the embarkation that night, and the boats returned to the landing-place without taking them on board.

At six o'clock the next morning they saw the ship at a great distance to the eastward. The men, women, and children were again embarked in the boats, and in about an hour they started, three of the boats towing the long-boat; but as the sea was running very high, they made but little progress, particularly those in the cutter, which contained fourteen men, eight women, and nine children. Many of the men were sickly, and could not pull, and they had but five oars. By eleven o'clock they had weathered the eastern extremity of the island, when all the other boats were able to make sail towards the ship, which made frequent tacks towards them, and picked them up; but there being no sail in the cutter, a strong wind and tide against them, and the men exhausted with pulling, they speedily drifted to leeward among the rocks and shoals, where the ship could not approach them, and their situation every hour became more critical, as the wind was rising rapidly, and the sea breaking over them so as to require constant baling to keep the boat afloat; and there was not a drop of fresh water on board to refresh the men, who were panting and worn out by excessive exertion. The women and children, too, were in a most melancholy state; nor was it possible to keep them from drinking the salt water, though it tended rather to increase than allay their sufferings. About six o'clock they had neared the ship a little, and all of them being very much exhausted by their exertions, they hoisted a handkerchief as a signal of distress, in the hope she would send boats to their assistance; but as it unfortunately happened, she was at this time dragging her anchors, and in danger of running on the rocks, so that instead of affording assistance, they had the disappointment of seeing her set sail, and stand away from the shore. When she had got clear of this danger, she shove-to, and as night was fast setting in, and a heavy sea rising, they mustered all their energies to reach her; but when they had considerably lessened the distance, she was again under the necessity of making sail, and standing away to avoid the rocks.

Darkness had now set in, and she was soon lost to their sight; the gale was increasing, and the sea beating over them with redoubled fury. Their signal fire was now seen burning on the island, and several of the men, in despair of reaching the vessel, and of the boat living in such a sea, proposed steering for the island in the direction of the fire; but this was

firmly opposed, as there was but one safe landing-place in the island, it was by no means likely they would be able to make it in the dark; and even if they did, it was only accessible when the weather was fine and the water smooth; consequently, in such a gale as then blew, it could not be attempted but with the certainty of destruction. It was therefore determined to follow the ship and keep to sea, as their only chance of safety: and fortunate it was that they did so; for about eight o'clock the Blucher hoisted a light and sent a boat to their assistance, which soon brought them alongside, and they all got safe on board, dreadfully exhausted, as may be supposed, with pulling a heavy cutter from seven in the morning, without a drop of water or a morsel of food. All their sufferings were now, however, forgot; the humanity and attention shown by Captain Wetherall soon revived them; and the women, who, an hour or two before, had been most furious in their desire to return to the island, at all hazards, were now loud in their expressions of gratitude that their original course had so fortunately been maintained.

Their dangers were not, however, as yet at an end. There were still about ninety Europeans and sixty Lascars on the island, whom Captain Wetherall was determined, if possible, to bring off with him; but towards midnight the gale increased, one of the long-boats astern was stove, and had to be cut adrift, and one of the Lascars perished in her. Towards morning the weather moderated, and the vessel again stood for the island; but at eight, p.m., another heavy gale came on, accompanied with thunder and lightning. The ship was carried rapidly towards the breakers, and it was only by a press of sail they were enabled to clear them. In doing so, however, several of the sails were blown into ribands; the foremast sprung, another of the boats lost, and they were obliged to cut away one of their bower-anchors, which broke loose from the lashing. The vessel was very light, and as the sea broke very heavily over her, apprehensions were entertained that she would go over on her beam ends. The Lascar seamen became terrified and were of no earthly use; and but for the exertions of the soldiers on board she would have been inevitably lost. Owing to the damaged state of the vessel, it was not judged safe to remain any longer off so dangerous a lee-shore in such tempestuous weather, and they were therefore reluctantly compelled to give up the prospect of rescuing their comrades in misfortune, and steer directly for Bengal.

They arrived there in nine days, and immediately forwarded a despatch to government announcing their shipwreck, the sufferings they had undergone, and the necessity for immediate relief to those that had been left behind. Lord Hastings ordered two Company's cruisers to proceed instantly to the island to bring them off, and with proper supplies of provisions and clothing for their use. They were found, on the thirty-sixth day after the shipwreck, in a very weak state. Latterly there had been no shell-fish procurable, and the men were too much exhausted to search for them at low water with their usual diligence. They were desponding, too, of all hopes of relief, from the apprehension that the Blucher had perished during the gale, and that they would be left to die of starvation. Several of them were in so exhausted a state that they expired shortly after being taken on board the cruisers, and the sudden change of diet from privation to plenty, proved fatal to many others.

From the quantity of yards, masts, boxes, &c., which were found on the sea shore at various parts of the island, it would appear that many ships must have been wrecked upon its dangerous coast, though probably none of the sufferers had the same good fortune in escaping from it. In order to provide a supply of food for any who might encounter a similar misfortune, the cruisers left a few goats, geese, and fowls on the island, which may probably increase, and afford the means of sustenance to future sufferers. In remembrance of the event a pole was stuck up at the landing-place, on which a bottle was fastened, containing a piece of parchment with the names of the sufferers interred on the island, the date of the shipwreck, and final departure. The total number on board the Francis and Charlotte at the time of her shipwreck was as follows:—

Officers, non-commissioned officers, soldiers, camp-followers, &c.	390
Lascars, forming the crew	110
Soldiers' wives, children, &c.	40

540

The precise number who perished cannot be accurately stated from memory; but considering their perilous situation, it was much fewer than might have been expected. The vessel luckily did not go to pieces till the sixth day after the wreck, when the men were all removed; and had not the weather been remarkably moderate, during that period, she could not have held together many hours, in which case the greater number of those on board must inevitably have perished.

The following is a list of the officers and their families who were shipwrecked on this occasion; the large proportion since deceased of men who were then in the vigour of life, shows what rapid inroads the mortality of twenty years makes in a small circle of military friends, when exposed to the dangers of their profession:—Major M'Pherson, commanding; Captain M'Queen (since dead); Lieut. M'Rae; Lieut. M'Leod, (since dead); Lieut. Brodie (since dead); Lieut. M'Kenzie (since dead); Lieut. M'Queen (since dead); Lieut. M'Crummen; Lieut. Smith (since dead); Assistant-Surgeon Brown (since dead); Mrs. M'Pherson; Mrs. Brown and child (since dead); Mrs. M'Queen and two children (since dead). This last-mentioned lady, though rescued in this instance, was ultimately doomed to a watery grave, having been lost, with her two children, in the Wemyss smack on the coast of Norfolk.

This island of Preparis had nearly occasioned the shipwreck of another corps. In 1826 the East India Company's ship Ernaad, having on board the 45th Foot, and a number of camp-followers, amounting in all to nearly 800 souls, struck on one of the outer shoals of that island, when on her way from Rangoon to Martaban, and it was only by the greatest exertions that she was got off, and succeeded in reaching the neighbouring port of Amherst Town. Strange to say, Lieut. Smith, one of those who had been formerly wrecked on the island in the 78th, was then on board as Lieutenant in the 45th, and thus narrowly escaped being cast away a second time on the same island in that remote quarter of the globe.

MIKE O'BUCKLEY.

"I be one of those sailors who think 'tis no lie,
That for every Wherefore of life there's a Why;
That, be fortune's strange weather a calm or a squall,
Our berth's, good or bad, are chalk'd out for us all."

WHY as for the matter o'that, what tar is there who doubts it? Every man must have his station, whether he is rigged in the gingerbread gear of lord high admiral, and has his thousands per hang-em, or only obliged to make a shift with a single purser's shirt. What does it signify as long as he does his duty to his country, and stretches out a fin to relieve a friend in distress? We can't all be kings and commodores, and so what's the use of grumbling? 'cause as Jack says—

"If you're a signior, and I'm a signior—
Then who's to pull the boat ashore?"

Who, indeed? Now, d'ye see, I have been in a little boat all my life, going to leeward like smoke; for fortune, like a pig with its starn greased, always slipped through my fingers, and adversity took me slap aback, stand upon what tack I would. But don't think I mean to snivel or whine about it—Lord love you, no; where's the good on't? I might bawl a long while before anybody would jam my mouth with a twopenny loaf, and pipe my eye for a month without getting a bit of 'baccy for my pipe. No, no; old Ben arn't the boy to up-helm at every squall, when, by keeping his luff, he can weather it, as our parson used to tell us—(I dearly loved to hear him overhaul a power of lingo about the Hit-tights and the Cannon-its, and the story of Johnny swallowing the whale)—he used to say, says he, "My men, let Truth take the helm, Prudence trim your sails, and, with the compass of Honesty, enlightened by the lamp of Religion, hard indeed must be that gale, and horribly

dark that night, in which Providence ceases to protect you. Your hulls may be wrecked, and your timbers shattered; but the immortal passenger within must and shall be safely landed in the haven of eternal rest." To be sure, some people float along the stream of time without encountering a single peril. They find it all plain sailing, and never have any occasion to take in a single reef, while others are constantly struggling against the squalls of distress, scarcely able to keep to windward off a lee-shore. This often puzzles me, seeing, d'ye mind me, that the same gracious Providence watches for all. But, mayhap, it's right enough, for I ain't much skilled in the matter; and as for preaching about it, why that's out of my latitude altogether.

Some are born great, others achieve greatness; and I remember one poor fellow of an Irishman who wanted to be great in a hurry. I belonged to the guard-ship at that time lying at Plymouth, and the impressed men and volunteers used to be sent aboard for the regulating captains to dispose of. Well, one day when the new hands were all mustered aft, and the boatswain's mate stood ready with his clasp-knife to dock off the tails of the long-togged coats, and convert 'em into jackets. Among the rest was Mr. Michael O'Buckley, a tall, well-made raw Emeralder, who had never seen a ship before in his life, but had been tempted to enter the service through the promises of a man belonging to the gang.

"Well, my lad," says one of the captains to a respectably dressed young man in deep mourning, and whose face exhibited strong marks of sorrow, occasionally reddened by hectic glows of indignation, "well my lad, and where did you come from?"

"From the grave of a parent," replied the man, in a sunken, hollow tone.

"What profession are you?" inquired the officer.

"A seaman," rejoined the man again.

"Ha, ha!" cried another captain, as well known for his inhumanity as his aversion to the smell of powder and the whistling of shot—"ha, ha! I see how it is: so you've been cruising ashore, and got pressed, eh, and now want, with that methodical countenance, to make us believe you're a saint? But it won't do, young man, it won't do. There, you may walk forward: I'll see that you are taken care of, depend upon it."

"Stop, stop a minute, my lord," said the third regulating officer, a venerable old gentleman, whose very look displayed the benevolence of his heart. "Come here, my man, how came you in this awkward situation?"

The taunts and harshness of the second captain had shed a deadly paleness upon the poor fellow's features; but when the voice of the third sounded on his ears, he felt it thrill to his heart, and the tears started to his eyes.

"Ha! how came you in limbo, eh! my friend? Captain—must hear all about it, and a plausible tale we shall have, no doubt. For my part, I don't see any necessity for being bored with long stories, only to excite compassion; and I hope you will not be long, Captain—, before you have done with him. Only see the number of wretches we have to examine."

"As for exciting compassion, my lord," rejoined the hoary veteran, with a look of contempt, "I am afraid every attempt upon you would be ineffectual."

"What!" cried his lordship, starting up in a passion, and strutting like a turkey-cock; "what, sir, do you apply that to me? Zounds, sir—"

"Come, come, lord—," said the third captain, with the utmost composure, "sit down, sit down: I'm not to be frightened at my time of life by the explosion of a pinch of gun-powder. Fuzzle and smoke have no effect upon me. Attend to your duty now; we can talk of this afterwards."

"There, don't be alarmed, my man," turning to the seaman; "no one shall injure you here while I have power to prevent it. You say you came from the grave of a parent: explain what you mean."

He bowed, and with tremulous agitation began:—"My history, sir, is brief; but 'tis full of anguish."

"Prithce, my good fellow, don't get sentimental," said his lordship, affectedly, and taking a pinch of snuff: "let's have the history by all means, as it will please Captain—; but pray leave out the anguish."

"Would to heaven I could, sir!" replied the man in a voice which made his lordship start; "then, however high my gratitude might be raised by kindness, my spirit wouldn't be wounded by cruelty and oppression particularly."

Here he stopped, for his lordship jumped up, and aimed a blow at the seaman's head.

During the above conversation it was curious to watch the looks of Michael O'Buckley, who seemed intent upon all that passed, yet apparently without being able to comprehend what it was about. Every now and then he would mutter to himself, "Och hone! och hone!" but when he saw the speaking trumpet upraised and the blow about falling, he sprang forward, caught his lordship round the middle, and lifting him over his head, roared out, "Och, by the powers, if you spake a word, I'll brake every bone in your skin, jewel. Blood and oouns, ye coward, d'ye call that fair play to strike a man in the face behind his back?"

The confusion and astonishment which prevailed on this sudden operation of Mike's it is impossible to describe; while his lordship, pale and trembling, elevated eight feet from the deck, dreaded a total annihilation.

"Do spake a word, jewel, and its down I have you. Arrah bad luck to your mother's son."

The marines who were exercising on the poop now came down, and advanced towards the Irishman.

"Arrah stand back: och have at your heart, darling. If you advance, I'll spit him on your skewers."

"Come, come, my man," said the third captain, "do you know what you are about?"

"Fait, and I do, ould gentleman," replied Mike, "by token"—here he stopped short, with a look expressive of abhorrence and disgust, and setting his lordship down on the deck, he gave him a kick behind, exclaiming, "Get out o'dat, ye devil's-skin, do." Away slunk the crest-fallen hero, and Mike was in an instant surrounded and secured.

As soon as his lordship saw that the enemy was boarded, he lunged out his sword, and swore a deadly oath that he'd sacrifice him on the spot.

"Och! botheration, let me get at him!" cried Mike, throwing aside, like children, the marines who held him; "tunder and turf, let me come at him." The tall athletic figure of the Irishman, free from bondage, decided the matter at once.

Away flew his lordship down the companion-hatch, making but one step all the way, and running into the first cabin he came near. The door was instantly locked; but observing his boat alongside, he jumped out at the port, and shoved off for his own ship.

Order being again restored, Mike quietly submitted himself, and stood among the rest, between two marines with drawn bayonets.

"Now, young man," said the venerable old captain, (who no doubt enjoyed the frolic) let me hear what you have to say."

"I scarcely know, sir, what to say: no doubt my fate is sealed. My father, sir, was a master in the navy, and I was the only child of a doting mother;—both are now at rest for ever. My father lost his life on the 1st of June, in the—, seventy-four, under Lord Howe; and my poor mother was reduced to comparative poverty. At a proper age I went to sea in the merchant service, and in a few years was made mate. I now experienced happiness, for my surviving parent, with her pension and my wages, was enabled once more to enjoy not only the necessities, but a few of the luxuries of life. Every prospect was cheerful, and I looked forward with the hope of obtaining a command, until one evening, having landed to pay her a visit, I had just reached the door, when a party of men from the—"

At this moment a lieutenant, who had come on board for orders, looked him full in the face, and then, turning to the regulating captains, exclaimed, "Gentlemen, this man is a deserter from the—frigate; his name is George Davis."

"'Tis alas, too true," said George, mournfully, and hanging down his head; when, seeming suddenly to recollect himself, he uttered, with firmness, "No, sir, I'm no deserter, and I shall leave my cause to the generosity and justice of my country; yes, to that country my father died to defend. When I was

torn from my mother's door, without even the gloomy satisfaction of bidding her farewell, 'twas against my inclination and I was forced on board the frigate, which sailed immediately for the West Indies; nor was it till my arrival there that an opportunity occurred for informing her of my situation. After three years absence we returned, and the first intelligence I heard was that she who gave me being lay at the point of death. I had fondly pictured to myself the pleasure of meeting her in health and with the prize money I had gained, endeavouring to smooth her passage to the tomb. She was dying, and I hastily entreated leave of absence to bid her a final adieu, and perform sad last offices of a son. 'Twas denied me—I had been pressed, and might run away. In vain I urged, implored, and protested; 'twas, indeed, in vain. Goaded almost to madness, in a desperate moment I went overboard, and swam ashore. At midnight, I entered my mother's solitary dwelling, closed her dying eyes, and followed her to the grave. Returning back from this mournful scene, the gang took hold of me, and I am here."

This affecting little narrative operated very powerfully upon all who heard it, but more particularly on Mike, who kept mumbling to himself, "Och, by the powers, and d'ye hear that now? Faith, and its enough to crack the heart of a stone, agra!" while every muscle of his face underwent twenty different changes.

"You may stand on one side," said the senior regulating captain; "and now bring the prisoner aft."

"Pray, sir, where did you come from?" inquired he, as soon as Mike stood before him.

"Is it meself that you mane?" replied Mike. "Why, then, your honour, never a word of a lie will I tell you; its from dare little Ireland I com'd; for a spalpeen tould me, if I entered, I'd be sure to be made a captain directly, or at laste a leftenant of sea-dragoons. Bad luck to his phiz-hoggyme, for I suppose there's no captainship for me."

"Are you aware of what you have committed?"

"Och! don't mention it. I'd be proud to do the same any day."

The captain smiled. "What is your name?"

"Is it me name that you'r wanting? fait, den, you'll be troubled to get it: Michael O'Buckley don't tell his name to everybody: and sorrow the word you'll get from me, jewel."

"I don't know what your opinion may be, my man; but I can only tell that you are in a fair way to be hanged."

"Hanged!" said Mike, with the utmost unconcern: "Och! botheration, and I've no call to it, any how; but if your honour's worship says so, why I suppose it's as good as done."

Finding they could make nothing of him, poor Mike was sent down to the aft cock-pit, to be put in irons. As soon as the bilboes were prepared, he was requested to sit down, which was immediately complied with.

"Now," says the master at arms, "put your legs into this shackle."

"Divil a shackle you'll make of it, honey," replied Mike; "and if you arn't off, out o'dat, fait, but I'll make you skip like a billy goat."

However, Pat was overpowered by numbers, and his legs secured. In the heat of his passion, Lord——would have written for a court martial; but knowing there was a something which he did not wish to be publicly exposed, he contented himself with witnessing the punishment of poor Mike at the gangway. Four dozen was his portion which he took without flinching, merely turning round now and then with an ejaculation of "Och! by the powers!"

George Davis, for the same reason was not tried; and, by the intercession of the humane old captain, was drafted into his own ship where he continued, universally esteemed, till the attack upon Copenhagen in 1807, when he died the death of his father, in the service of his country.

PROVING THE QUALITY.

AFTER Jack had dined in the cabin, he followed his messmates, Jolliffe and Gascoigne, down into the midshipman's berth.

"I say, Easy," observed Gascoigne, "you are a devilish free

and easy sort of a fellow, to tell the captain that you considered yourself as great a man as he was."

"I beg your pardon," replied Jack, "I did not argue individually; but generally, upon the principles of the rights of man."

"Well," replied Gascoigne, "it's the first time I ever heard a middy do such a bold thing; take care your rights of man don't get you into the wrong box—there's no arguing on board of a man-of-war. The captain took it amazingly easy, but you'd better not broach that subject too often."

"Gascoigne gives you very good advice, Mr. Easy," observed Jolliffe; "allowing that your ideas are correct, which it appears to me they are not, or at least impossible to be acted upon, there is such a thing as prudence, and however much this question may be canvassed on shore, in his Majesty's service it is not only dangerous in itself, but will be very prejudicial to you."

"Man is a free agent," replied Easy.

"I'll be shot, if a midshipman is," replied Gascoigne, laughing, "and that you'll soon find."

"And yet it was with the expectation of finding that equality that I was induced to come to sea."

"On the first of April, I presume," replied Gascoigne. "But are you really serious?"

Hereupon Jack entered into a long argument, to which Jolliffe, and Gascoigne listened without interruption, and Mesty with admiration—at the end of it Gascoigne laughed heartily, and Jolliffe sighed.

"From whence did you learn all this?" inquired Jolliffe.

"From my father, who is a great philosopher, and has constantly upheld these opinions."

"And did your father wish you to go to sea?"

"No, he was opposed to it," replied Jack; "but of course he could not combat my rights and free will."

"Mr. Easy, as a friend," replied Jolliffe, "I request that you would as much as possible keep your opinions to yourself; I shall have an opportunity of talking to you on the subject, and will then explain to you my reasons."

As soon as Mr. Jolliffe had ceased, down came Mr. Vigers and O'Conner, who had heard the news of Jack's heresy.

"You do not know Mr. Vigers and Mr. O'Conner," said Jolliffe to Easy.

Jack, who was the essence of politeness, rose and bowed, at which the others took their seats, without returning the salutation. Vigers had, from what he had heard and now seen of Easy, thought that he had somebody else to play upon, and without ceremony he commenced.

"So, my chap, you are come on board to raise a mutiny here with your equality?—you came off scot free at the captain's table; but it won't do, I can tell you, even in the midshipman's berth: some must knock under, and you are one of them."

"If sir," replied Easy, "you mean by knock under, that I must submit, I can assure you that you are mistaken. Upon the same principle that I would never play the tyrant to those weaker than myself, so will I resent any oppression if attempted."

"Damme, but he's a regular sea lawyer already: however my boy, we'll soon put your mettle to the proof."

"Am I then to infer that I am not on an equality with my messmates?" replied Jack, looking at Jolliffe. The latter was about to answer him, but Vigers interrupted.

"Yes, you are on an equality as far as this, that you have an equal right to the berth, if you are not knocked out of it for insolence to your masters; that you have an equal share to pay for the things purchased for the mess, and an equal right to have your share, provided you are not told to hold your tongue. The fact is, you have an equal right with every one else, to do as you can, get what you can, and say what you can, always provided that you can do it; for here the weakest goes to the wall, and that is midshipman's berth equality. Now, do you understand all that; or will you wait for a practical illustration?"

"I am then to infer that the equality here is as much destroyed as it even will be among savages, where the strong oppress the weak, and the only law is club law—in fact, much the same as it is at a public or large school on shore?"

"I suspect you are right for once. You were at a public school: how did they treat you there?"

"As you propose treating people here, 'the weakest went to the wall.'"

"Well, then, a nod's as good as a wink to a blind horse: that's all, my hearty," said Vigors.

But the hands being turned up, "Shorten sail" put an end to the altercation for the present.

As our hero had not yet received orders to go to his duty, he remained below, with Mesty.

"By de powers, Massa Easy, but I lub you with my hole soul," said Mesty. "By Jasus, you really tark fine, Massa Easy; dat Mr. Vigor—neber care for him, wouldn't you lik him—and sure you would," continued the black, feeling the muscle of Jack's arm. "By de soul of my fader, I'd bet my week's allowance on you any how. Nebber be 'fraid, Massa Easy."

"I ain not afraid," replied Jack: "I've thrashed bigger fellows than he;" and Jack's assertion was true. Mr. Bonnycastle never interfered in a fair fight, and took no notice of black eyes, provided the lessons were well said. Jack had fought and fought again, until he was a very good bruiser, and although not so tall as Vigors, he was much better built for fighting. A knowing Westminster boy would have bet his half-crown upon Jack, had he seen him and his anticipated adversary.

The constant battles which Jack was obliged to fight at school, had been brought forward by Jack against his father's arguments in favour of equality, but they had been overruled by Mr. Easy's pointing out that the combats of boys had nothing to do with the rights of man.

As soon as the watch was called, Vigors, O'Conner, Gossett, and Gascoigne, came down into the berth. Vigors, who was the strongest in the berth, except Jolliffe, had successively had his superiority acknowledged, and, when on deck, he had talked of Easy's impertinence, and his intention of bringing him to his senses. The others, therefore, came down to see the fun.

"Well, Mr. Easy," observed Vigors, as he came into the berth, "you take after your name, at all events; I suppose you intend to eat the king's provision, and do nothing."

Jack's mettle was already up.

"You will oblige me, sir, by minding your own business," replied Jack.

"You impudent blackguard, if you say another word, I'll give you a good thrashing, and knock some of your equality out of you."

"Indeed," replied Jack, who almost fancied himself back at Bonnycastle's; "we'll try that."

Whereupon Jack very coolly divested himself of his upper garments, neckerchief, and shirt, much to the surprise of Mr. Vigors, who little contemplated such a proof of decision and confidence, and still more to the delight of the other midshipmen, who would have forfeited a week's allowance to see Vigors well thrashed. Vigors, however, knew that he had gone too far to retreat: he there prepared for action; and, when ready, the whole party went out into the steerage to settle the business.

Vigors had gained his assumed authority more by bullying than fighting; others had submitted to him without a sufficient trial; Jack, on the contrary, had won his way up in school by hard and scientific combat: the result, therefore, may easily be imagined. In less than a quarter of an hour Vigors, beaten dead, with his eyes closed, and three teeth out, gave in; while Jack, after a basin of water, looked as fresh as ever, with the exception of a few trifling scratches.

The news of this victory was soon through the ship; and before Jack had resumed his clothes, it had been told confidentially by Sawbridge to the captain.

"So soon?" said Captain Wilson, laughing; "I expected that a midshipman's berth would do wonders; but I did not expect this yet awhile. This victory is the first severe blow to Mr. Easy's equality, and will be more valuable than twenty defeats. Let him now go to his duty: he will soon find his level."—*Midshipman Easy.*

A CRISIS AT SEA.

ALL hands were called; the main-topsail was hauled up not without much difficulty, and then Captain Truck reluctantly gave the order to haul down the mizen-staysail, to put the helm hard up, and to help the ship round with the yards. This is at all times a critical change, for the vessel is exposed to the ravages of any sea, larger than common, that may happen to strike her as she lies with her broadside to its force. To accomplish it, therefore, Captain Truck went up a few ratlins in the fore-rigging (he was too nice a calculator to offer even a surface as small as his own body to the wind in the after-shrouds), whence he looked out to windward for a lull, and a moment when the ocean had fewer billows than common of the larger and more dangerous kinds. At the desired instant he signed with his hand, and the wheel was shifted from hard-down to hard-up. This is always a breathless moment in a ship, for, as none can foresee the result, it resembles the entrance of an hostile battery. A dozen men may be swept away in an instant, or the ship herself driven over on her side. At first the movement of the ship was sluggish, and such as ill, suited the eagerness of the crew. Then her pitching ceased and she settled into the enormous trough bodily, or the whole fabric sunk, as it were, never to rise again. So low did she fall, that the foresail gave a tremendous flap; one that shook the hull and spars from stem to stern. As she rose on the next surge, happily its foaming crest slid beneath her, and the tall masts rolled heavily to windward. Recovering her equilibrium, the ship started through the brine, and as the succeeding roller came on, she was urging a-head fast. Still the sea struck her abeam, forcing her bodily to leeward, and heaving the lower yard-arms into the ocean. Tuns of water fell on her decks, with the dull sound of the clod on the coffin. At this grand moment, old Jack Truck, who was standing in the rigging, dripping with the spray that had washed over him, with a naked head, and his grey hair glistening, shouted like a Sten-tor, "Haul in your fore-braces, boys! away with the yard like a fiddle-stick!" Every nerve was strained; the unwilling yards, pressed upon by an almost irresistible column of air, yielded slowly, and as the sail met the gale more perpendicularly, or at right angles to its surface, it dragged the vast hull through the sea with a power equal to that of a steam-engine. Ere another sea could follow, the Montauk was glancing through the ocean at a furious rate; and though offering her quarter to the billows, their force was now so much diminished by her own velocity, as to deprive them of their principal danger.—*Homeward Bound.*

THE MARINER.

Soft glides the sea,
Bounding and free
Dance the blue waves as they rush on the shore;
O'er vale and height
Gleams the moon bright,
Gaily the mariner plies the swift oar,
Singing awhile—"Ere the sun lights the main,
Land of my birth, I shall reach thee again!"

Night wears away,
Sullen and grey
Frowns the dark sky o'er the wild, restless deep;
Lightning's red flash,
Thunder's loud crash,
Now quiver and peal. Go, mariner, weep!
Haply, I deem, though the sun lights the main,
Its rays to thy land shall not guide thee again!

Tempests are fled,
Morning hath shed
Light from her eye, and balm from her breath;
All things rejoice—
Where is the voice
Of the mariner now?—It is silent in death!
The vessel went down ere the sun lit the main,
And he trod not the land of his fathers again!

LOSS OF THE MEXICO, CAPTAIN WINSLOW,

OCTOBER 30, 1836.

The barque *Mexico*, Captain Winslow, sailed from Liverpool on the 26th October, 1836, having on board a crew consisting of twelve men, and one hundred and four passengers. She made for the Highland Lights on Saturday night, at eleven o'clock, and on Sunday morning was off the Bar, with thirty or more square-rigged vessels, all having signals flying for pilots, but not a pilot was there in sight.

The *Mexico* continued standing off and on the Hook till midnight; and at dark she, and the whole fleet of ships, displayed lanterns from their yards for pilots: still no pilots came. At midnight the wind increased to a violent gale from the north-west; the barque was no longer able to hold

to windward, and was blown off at the distance of some fifty miles. At this time six of the crew were badly frost-bitten; and the captain, mate, and two seamen, were all that were left to work the ship.

On Monday morning, standing in shore, they made the southern end of the Woodlands, when she was wore round, and head to the north, under a close-reefed main-topstail reefed foresail, two-reefed trysails, and fore-staysail.

At four o'clock the next morning the mate took a cast of the lead, and reported that he had fifteen fathoms water. Supposing from the soundings, as laid down in the chart, that with this depth of water he could still stand on two hours longer with safety, the captain gave orders to that effect; and was the more induced to do it, as the crew were in so disabled a state, and the weather so intensely cold, that it



LOSS OF THE MEXICO, CAPTAIN WINSLOW, OCTOBER 30, 1836.

was impossible for any one to remain on deck longer than half-an-hour at a time. This event has shown that the information given by the mate, as to the depth of water, was incorrect; his error probably arose from the lead-line being frozen stiff at the time it was cast.

Fifteen minutes afterwards the ship struck the bottom, twenty-six miles east of Sandy Hook, at Hampstead Beach, and not more than a cable's length from the shore. For one hour and three-quarters she continued thumping heavily without making any water; the sea, however, breaking continually over her. Her rudder was now knocked off, and the captain ordered the mainmast to be cut away. The boats were then cleared, the long-boat hoisted out, and veered away under her bows with a stout hawser, for the purpose of

filling it with passengers, letting it drift within reach of the people who crowded the beach, then hauling her back again, and thus saving the unfortunate people on board; but this intention was frustrated by the parting of the hawser, which snapped like a thread, as soon as the boat was exposed to the heaving surf. The yawl was next got alongside, and stove to pieces almost instantly. At seven o'clock the ship bilged, and filled with water. Orders followed to cut away the foremast, and that every soul on board should come on deck. In inexpressible agony they thus remained until four o'clock in the afternoon, when a boat was launched from the beach, and succeeded in getting under the bowsprit of the wreck. The boat took off Captain Winslow and seven men, and succeeded in reaching the shore with them in safety. The attempt was

attended with such imminent danger that none could be induced to repeat it. And now the horrors of the scene was indescribable. Already had the sufferings of the unhappy beings been such as to surpass belief. From the moment of the disaster they had hung round the captain, covered in their blankets thick set with ice, imploring his assistance, and asking if hope was still left to them. When they perceived that no further help came from the land, their piercing shrieks were distinctly heard at a considerable distance, and continued through the night, until they one by one perished. The next morning the bodies of many of the unhappy creatures were seen lashed to different parts of the wreck, imbedded in ice. None, it is believed, were drowned, but all frozen to death.

Of the one hundred and four passengers, two-thirds were women and children.

An eye-witness thus describes the appalling scene after the wreck:—

"On reaching Hampstead I concluded to go somewhat off the road to look at the place where the ship was cast away. In half-an-hour we came to Lott's Tavern. Some four or five miles this side of the beach were the ship lay—and here in its barn had been deposited the bodies of the ill-fated passengers which had been thrown upon the shore. I went out to the barn. The doors were open; and such a scene as presented itself to my view, I certainly never could have contemplated. It was a dreadful—a frightful scene of horror.

"Forty or fifty bodies, of all ages and sexes, were lying promiscuously before me, over the floor, all frozen, and as solid as marble—and all, except a few, in the very dress in which they perished. Some with their hands clenched, as if for warmth; and almost every one with an arm crooked and bent, as it would be in clinging to the rigging.

"There were scattered about among the number four or five beautiful little girls, from six to sixteen years of age, their cheeks and lips as red as roses, with their calm blue eyes open and looking you in the face, as if they would speak.

"I could hardly realise that they were dead. I touched their cheeks, and they were frozen as hard as a solid rock, and not the least indentation could be made by my pressure of the hand. I could perceive a resemblance to each other, and supposed them to be the daughters of a passenger, named Pepper, who perished, together with his wife and family.

"On the arms of some were to be seen the impression of the rope which they had clung to—the mark of the twist deeply sunk into the flesh. I saw one poor negro sailor, a tall man, with his head thrown back, his lips parted, and his now sightless eyeballs turned upwards, and his arms crossed over his breast, as if imploring heaven for aid. This poor fellow evidently had been frozen while in the act of fervent prayer.

"One female had a rope tied to her leg, which had bound her to the rigging; and another little fellow had been crying, and thus frozen, with the muscles of the face just as we see children when crying. There was a brother and sister dashed upon the beach, locked in each other's arms; but they had been separated in the barn. All the men had their lips firmly compressed together, and with the most agonizing expression on their countenance I ever beheld.

"A little girl had raised herself on tiptoe, and thus was frozen just in that position. It was an awful sight, and such a picture of horror was before me that I became unconsciously fixed to the spot, and found myself trying to suppress my ordinary breathing, lest I should disturb the repose of those around me. I was aroused from the reverie by the entrance of a man, a coroner.

"As I was about to leave, my attention became directed to a girl, who I afterwards learned had come that morning from the city to search for her sister. She had sent for her to come over from England, and had received intelligence that she was in this ship. She came into the barn, and the second body she saw was that of her sister. She gave way to such a burst of impassioned grief and anguish that I could not behold her without sharing in her feelings. She threw herself upon the cold and icy face and neck of the lifeless body, and thus with her arms around her, remained wailing, moaning, and sobbing, till

I came away; and when some distance off, I could hear her calling her by name in the most frantic manner.

"So little time, it appears, had they to prepare for their fate, that I perceived a bunch of keys and a half eaten cake fall from the bosom of a girl whom the coroner was removing. The cake appeared as if part of it had just been bitten, and hastily thrust into her bosom, and round her neck was a ribbon, with a pair of scissors suspended.

"To observe the stout, rugged sailors, too, whose iron frames could endure so much hardship, here they lay—masses of ice. Such scenes show us, indeed, how powerless and feeble are all human efforts, when contending against the storms and tempests which sweep with resistless violence over the face of the deep. And yet the vessel was so near the shore, that the shrieks and moans of the poor creatures were heard through that bitter, dreadful night; till, towards morning, the last groan died away, and all was hushed in death, and the murmur of the raging billows was all the sound that then met the ear.

"After the storm, the wreck was approached, and here and there were seen columns, pillars of ice, which were formed on the frozen bodies, as the sea broke over them."

SHIPWRECK OF THE GENEROUS FRIENDS.

FROM THE ACCOUNT OF JOSEPH PINTO, SUPPOSED TO BE THE ONLY EUROPEAN BELONGING TO THE SHIP THAT WAS SAVED.

IN November, 1801, the Generous Friends sailed from Macao, steered S. W. by S. for two days, and about ten o'clock at night the ship struck on a reef among high breakers. Next morning it was observed that there was a high sand-bank at a small distance from the wreck, to which the crew waded at low water, leaving Captain Porter, who, with six Manilla sea-cunnies, remained on the wreck during the day and night succeeding the misfortune. In the night one of the sea-cunnies proposed to the other five to put Captain Porter to death, but they would not consent to it; and next morning the captain reached the sand-bank at the same time as the sanguinary sea-cunny; and though the former, who was acquainted with the circumstance, mentioned it to the officers, no steps were taken to bring the villain to punishment.

This sea-cunny afterwards went back to the wreck, and with the other five, who had provided themselves with arms, kept possession of it, and would not suffer any person to approach them. Previous to this, some articles of provision and wine had been taken from the wreck to the sand-bank, but no water had been procured. Upon digging in the most elevated part of the sand-bank, nothing was found but salt water. After remaining some days in this situation, destitute of water, the captain, his officers, and crew, prepared to force their way on board; and on perceiving this, the sea-cunnies put off on a raft they had already prepared alongside, with provisions, necessaries, and some treasure, which they had taken from the wreck.

About fourteen days from the time of the misfortune, two rafts having been prepared, Captain Porter, the passengers, officers, and a greater part of the ship's company left the bank, attended by the jolly-boat, which had been repaired; the long-boat having been staved, when the ship struck. Just at the time Captain Porter left the sand-bank, on which remained about forty of the crew, among whom was the narrator, Pinto, an Italian, a large Chinese boat was seen standing towards the wreck. The jolly-boat went nearly alongside, and returned towards the raft where Captain Porter was, when the two rafts and jolly-boat, with the chief officer on board the latter, steered away to the westward before the wind; the jolly-boat seemed to be about two miles ahead of the raft, when the people on the bank lost sight of them at sunset. About eight o'clock that night it set in to blow strong from the N. E., with dark weather and rain.

Soon after the Chinese boat arrived at the bank, several others came and loaded the boats with the cargo of the wreck, after which they burned the upper works to get the iron. When ready to leave the place, the greatest part of the boat's crew came on shore on the sand-bank, several of them being armed with cleavers, for breaking up wood, and others with

weapons. When they had examined and numbered the Lascars and Sepoys, they proposed to take five at a time to their boats; but the Sepoys appeared distrustful of their intentions, and refused to go with them in small numbers. Some of the latter being a little intoxicated with wine, of which a small quantity remained on the sand-bank, seized two of the small boats belonging to the Chinese, and hauled them on shore. Upon this all the Chinese left the bank, went on board their vessels, and made towards the wreck. The Sepoys followed them in the two boats they had seized, some of them having side arms, and others bludgeons. When they got alongside of the large boats, the Chinese rushed from the boats in numbers upon the Sepoys, and, binding them hand and foot, threw them into the water. In this affair about twelve Sepoys were either killed or drowned.

During the time the Chinese boats had been loading from the wreck, they had daily sent a scanty allowance of rice and water to the Lascars and Sepoys on the sand-bank, but after the affray with the Sepoys, they discontinued this practice. Having nothing left on the bank but a little wine, the latter were reduced to despair, and, as a last resource, constructed a small raft, on which about ten of them attempted to reach the Chinese boats. But the current setting strong to the southward, the raft was carried past the boats, and driven out to sea; and several of the people upon it were observed by those on the sand bank to be washed away before it was carried out of their sight.

The number of those left on the bank was now reduced to eighteen men, who were nearly perishing for want of water and provisions. The narrator and another attempted, at low water, to approach the Chinese boats, by wading on the reef towards the wreck, which they at length reached, almost exhausted with fatigue and hunger. From the wreck they beckoned to the people in the boats to anchor near it, and at last a small sampham was sent towards them. The narrator made signs, desiring to be taken on board the boats to obtain provisions and water. The Chinese in the sampham inquired by the same method, how many people remained on the sand bank, having observed the loss of the people on the raft the day before. The Italian counted on his fingers the number eighteen. The Chinese then sent boiled rice and water to them, and dividing the Lascars into six divisions, took three into each boat.

When in the boats, the narrator saw several of the bars of gold and dollars which the Chinese got from the wreck. He judged they must have remained about three months on the bank, but saw no appearance of any other wreck besides that of the Generous Friends, excepting a few pieces, excepting a few pieces of plank that had been long in the water, and were washed in small fragments upon the sand.

They at length left the bank, with a N.E. wind. In one day they reached three low islands, one of which was composed of sand and stones, the other two were covered with shrubs, and one of them contained good water. Here they remained about a month; the Chinese, in the day-time, employed themselves in fishing. Pinto observes, that the first boat which arrived at the wreck of the Generous Friends kept possession the whole time, and the other boats that loaded from the wreck were obliged to purchase that indulgence from the first, they remained complete masters during the whole of the time. These freebooters, it appears, have established rules to regulate their depredations on wrecks; the first boat on board having sole command, with the privilege of employing what boats they please to assist in securing the wreck of any vessel.

While at these islands, the boats' crews observed a junk sunk on a part of the reef they were surrounded by.

One of the Chinese spoke a little of the Malay language, and made the people belonging to the Generous Friends understand that the boats could not take them any farther, but that they must go away in small samphams, which were provided for that purpose. Accordingly, the narrator and eight Lascars were put into one, and seven Lascars into another, with water, provision, and a sail, and were assured that they would reach Hainan in one day. Being compelled to comply, they quitted the islands, and kept the boat right

before the wind, steering towards the place of the setting sun, and taking notice of the stars by night.

The wind continued easterly from the time they left the island till they arrived on the coast of Cochin-China which was nine days. They landed at a fort, where a mandarin was stationed, and were treated with hospitality. After remaining there some time, they were sent to Dunay, the capital of Cochin-China, in small boats, each having three men to navigate it. On this passage to the capital they were employed a month, steering close along shore in the day-time, and spending the night in some creek or bay, where they obtained such supplies of water and provision as they wanted. From Cochin-China the narrator got on board the Maria, a Portuguese ship, bound to Macao.

The person who gave this account had been several years in India, spoke English, and seemed an intelligent man. His narrative differed considerably from that given by two Lascars who were examined separately. These two Lascars were in the other sampham, and reached the coast of Cochin-China in eleven days, by chance, not knowing how to direct the vessel, but merely keeping right before the wind. The two Lascars being apparently very ignorant, much more dependence ought to be placed on the narrative of the European. The Lascars stated that they saw two wrecks, besides that of their own ship, whereas the European positively declared, that, excepting the sunk junk, no wreck whatever was seen but that of the Generous Friends.

NED DAVENPORT AND ANNA.

ONE of the best and sweetest hopes of a tar is, that, in every hour of danger and of difficulty, "the same gracious Providence watches for all." But there, I am't a going to give you a long rignmarole for a pro-log. No, no; I'll just tell you the story as I've heard it fifty times with my own ears on board the old "Marmaid," commanded by Captain Malcolm, for d'ye see Jem Gantline knew all about it, and many a midnight he's kept us awake by telling it.

It was one beautiful morning in June (says Jem), and the sun was just taking his look-out aloft, that Ned Davenport quitted his native village to become a lonely wanderer upon the wide world, determined to stifle recollection among the busy scenes of life, or amidst the tumult and wild roar of warfare. Yet, on passing through the churchyard, he stopped to shed one last tribute on the grave of his parents. He looked on the surrounding lands and spacious farm which once had been their property, and thought of the time when, overwhelmed with accumulated distress, they had descended to their long home in anguish and poverty. He turned from this to catch a distant view of the stately mansion which contained all that was dear and precious to him in existence; and a sweet girl she was too (Jem would say), for I remembers her, messmates, like a lovely flower blooming on the breast of spring. But, when poor Ned was left destitute; all intercourse was forbidden between them, and the hearts that had throbb'd together from infancy were cruelly torn from each other:—but I lie, messmates, I lie; nothing on earth can separate the hearts that truly love. Howsoever, they parted without the hope of meeting again on the shores of time. Oh, who can paint the sorrows of his soul as he lay prostrate on the grassy mound, and poured forth the anguish of his spirit? I cannot do it justice, messmates, for my scuppers overflow whenever I think of it. That name, that endearing name, he had first learned to lisp in early infancy, "My mother!" burst from his lips, and then he prayed to Heaven for mercy. Mercy was near,—a kindly voice, mild as the gentle breeze on the shores of the Mediterranean instilled the balm of consolation on his wounded mind, and directed him to look up to that wise unerring Being who feeds the young ravens when they cry. 'Twas the curate of the village, who had been passing the night by the humble pallet of a dying cottager, administering the last offices of humanity, and encouraging the departed spirit ere it took its flight to the realms of everlasting rest. He was returning to his little home when he heard the petition for mercy, and, as the servant of that Power to whom it was addressed, he soothed the sufferer's

anguish, calmed the inward tempest of his mind, and they parted—the curate to his modest mansion, and Ned—ay, Ned, to brave the dangers, to feel the contumely of that world to which he was a stranger.

The father of Anna had risen from comparative obscurity to wealth and honours: he was what they call a privy gownseller. I don't know what it is, but they tell me it was something near the king, and so he had no time to devote to his daughter, whose mother died in giving her birth; and the sweet girl grew like a mountain rose-bud, luxuriantly wild, till poor Ned's parents, feeling for her situation, loved and cherished her as their own; and thus was formed that deep, strong, deathless passion, which distance could not shake or time dissolve. I know what love is, messmates, for in my younger days I—but there it's over now, it's over—yet I love to think about it too. She heard of Edward's departure, and struggled with her agony; but the generous man who had softened the sorrows of the youth performed the same kind office for the sinking maid. Her principal gratification was to wander to the lone churchyard, and, sitting on the cold grave-stone near the resting-place of her early friends, she would recall the visions of her childhood, and commune with her own sad heart. Now, messmates,

you shall hear in what manner she kept her vows of truth and constancy; but, poor thing, she couldn't help it. It was one still calm evening that a gallant little 20-gun ship lay under easy sail in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, to protect the commerce of our country from the attacks of the enemy. Five weeks had already passed on that enchanting station; many of you know it, messmates, no doubt, and our cruise (for I was in her) had been particularly fortunate in making captures and reprisals. The week after we were to report into port for stores and provisions. Well, d'ye see, the hands were turned up to skylark, and every soul hurried upon deck to enjoy the sport. The captain and officers assembled abaft, and shared among themselves in the amusement; but in all their athletic exercises, no one could be found fore and aft to equal the junior lieutenant. This young man had risen solely by merit to the quarter-deck; and his bravery in several actions had recommended him so powerfully to his commander, whose life he had once preserved at the imminent risk of his own, that he adopted him as his son, and obtained him a commission in his own name, for Captain Malcolm himself had come in at the hawse-holes, and had no relations that he knew of in the world. Young Malcolm was beloved, ay, almost idolized, by every man aboard. He was the smart seaman, the brave officer, and without departing from the strict line of duty, he conciliated the esteem and regard of all the men. His face, bronzed by a tropical sun, was seamed with honourable scars, that made him appear much older than he really was. His figure was remarkably neat and trim, firm-built and powerful, and he tried to copy his benefactor in every pursuit.

A match against time had just been made from the deck to the mast-head and down again, and the lieutenant was laying

his hand upon the truck, when, casting his eye round the horizon, he shouted "A sail, a sail, upon the lee beam!"

All was instantly hushed.

"Turn the hands up—make sail!" cried the captain. "Keep her away, boys! Square the after-yards! Stations, men, stations! Masthead there!"

"Sir!"

"Look out when she's right ahead!"

"Ay, ay, sir; starboard a little—there, steady, so, steady!"

In a few minutes every stitch of canvass that would draw a breath of wind was spread and trimmed. We had just light sufficient to make out that the stranger was a large ship, when darkness obscured all farther observation. The breeze freshened, and the officers crowded on the fore-castle to look out for the chase. Eight bells came, and we began to fear that we had missed the stranger.

The captain had just given directions to alter the course, when a marine sung out, "I've got her, sir, I've got her!"

"Got who?" inquired the lieutenant.

"Got her, sir; got the ship," replied the sodger.

"Where, where?" said the captain running aft.

"Here, sir! here, in the starboard waist."

"That's right, my lad, hold her fast," exclaimed a midshipman, while the sail was shortened and the ship hauled to the wind.

We were sufficiently close to discover that the stranger was a heavy frigate, and, as our night signals were unanswered, concluded she was an enemy.

"Give him a shot," cried the captain! it was instantly returned by a whole broadside that laid several of our best men lifeless on the deck, and the action commenced with daring bravery. Well, d'ye see, we kept at it for about two hours when the frigate's



fire began to slacken, and shortly after ceased.

"Sail trimmers to the weather braces," cried the captain. "Boarders on the starboard quarter! Stand by to heave all aback, and, Malcolm, be ready to lead the men."

All this was obeyed; but, just as we got with our yard-arms touching, the enemy poured in a tremendous fire, and Captain Malcolm, with his second lieutenant fell. It would be impossible to describe the sensations of horror which this event occasioned. The young officer ran and raised his generous friend. He was yet living, though the tide seemed ebbing fast; but his poor messmate was a corpse.

"Leave me, Malcolm; leave me, brave lad," faintly articulated the captain; and, pointing to the colours added, "'Tis the flag of England—do your duty. Take her and I die content."

At this moment one of the young midshipmen came to young Malcolm, and told him the first lieutenant talked of striking. Rage and indignation shook his frame. The captain had been carried below senseless, and the command devolved upon the senior officer—that officer, who was about to disgrace himself for ever. The first lieutenant was giving his directions to haul down the colours and the light, when Malcolm rushed aft. Here he found the boatswain standing by the ensign halliards, with his pistol cocked, swearing he would shoot the first man

that offered to touch them. The commanding officer drew his sword, and was in the act of making a thrust, when a shot very unceremoniously walked off with his head, and the sole charge now rested upon Malcolm, who fought the ship with heroic intrepidity, determined not to surrender till every hope was lost. The carpenter appeared, and reported that we were making so much water, that she could not hold out another half-hour. This was appalling news; yet, rousing all the energies of his mind, he called to the master to lay him aboard the frigate. In a few minutes the young officer, followed by his brave crew, were upon the enemy's deck, and the conflict became terrible. In vain we swept away our foes, others instantly supplied their places, and, though our numbers were fast diminishing, yet our hearts were unsubdued.

Twenty minutes had elapsed in hard fighting, when the master, carpenter, and surgeon, were seen on our own decks carrying in their arms our beloved commander—the ship was sinking. This sight operated like enchantment on the men, a wild shout of desperation resounded, and in a few minutes more the frigate was our own. Scarcely had Malcolm received the Dutch captain's sword (for she was a Dutch frigate, laden with specie for the Cape), scarcely had the three officers with their dying burden been assisted on board, than our gallant little bark went down.

In a few hours afterwards our brave captain breathed his last, and we bore up for England, where we anchored in Plymouth Sound, in about eight days' time. The young hero landed, and was ordered by the commander-in-chief to carry his own despatches to the metropolis; at the same time receiving letters of introduction to a nobleman in a high official station. On his arrival he drove immediately to the house and it happened that a large party of nobility were assembled to a sheave-o, as they call it. Now I tell you all this, messmates, for a fact; because, d'ye see, I was with him to take care of his colours and baggage, having sailed with him when he was a youngster, and first taught him his duty as a seaman; but no matter for that: his lordship left the company, and entered the room where Malcolm was waiting to receive him; but when their eyes met, the young officer staggered back upon a chair, and turned as pale as ashes. Recovering, however, he apologised for his behaviour, and attributed it to the effects of his unhealed wounds.

The Dutch captain's sword and the frigate's colours were displayed, and while the lieutenant took some refreshment, Lord N—— returned to the drawing-room and related the particulars. All were desirous to see the intrepid young tar immediately; but his lordship promised to introduce him the following day, as he had no doubt that Malcolm required rest. Among the party were several members of the cabinet—that's a strong box, I believe, messmates,—and every one of the gemmen belonging to it carries a gold key in his pocket, but I ain't sure; howsomever, next morning some of 'em got telling our good old king about it, and he expressed a wish to see the officer.

Malcolm of course was introduced, and appeared before his majesty with his right arm bound round with a black bandage, his left suspended in a sling, while his curly hair, hanging over his forehead, scarcely concealed the covering of a deep wound.

"Make, make, make him a captain," said old George; "shall be a captain, shall be a captain—he deserves it—good officer, brave officer—shall be a captain;" and Malcolm obtained a commission for post rank.

On the same evening he dined with his lordship, but on entering the room his embarrassment and agitation were excessive, as the ladies crowded round, and were almost ready to embrace him. Lord N—— led him first to his daughter, and Anna (for 'twas she, messmates, 'twas she) received him with all the natural warmth and goodness of her heart. I saw it all, for they would drag me up too. I never was so daunted in my life; for all the beautiful creatures said such kind things, I was ready to pipe my eye. I dare say I looked foolish enough, for I scratched my head, shucked up my trousers, and twirled my hat, till at last I dashed my quid into the fire, and offered to kiss 'em. My eyes, how they run! all but a sweet little cherub, who put her arms round my neck, and then—

there don't laugh, messmates, 'twas the sweetest buss I ever had in my life—and says she, "If the brave defenders of our country do not merit our gratitude, what does?"

To see Anna, and not love her, was impossible; and what's a sailor without a sweetheart, eh? Why he's like a ship without stays, and so Malcolm fell in love. When we were alone, he used to talk all manner of things, but I couldn't understand him. Anna's affections, however, were still fixed on him, whom she feared was lost to her for ever. 'Twas true, she felt pleased in the captain's company, for he was so widely different from the airy flutterers that continually buzzed in her ear; but love—oh no, she had sworn never to love but one.

On the following week after our arrival, his lordship proposed returning to his country seat, and we were invited to accompany him; but Malcolm candidly told him the state of his heart, and his lordship with equal candour, related the story of her early attachment and continued fidelity "that, though the captain was unexceptionable, yet he had promised never again to importune his daughter." A circumstance occurred which detained Lord N—— another week in town, during which time the captain passed every spare moment with his beloved Anna, till she became alarmed at his attentions, and yet an indescribable emotion prevented her from checking them. His conduct was so delicate, his manners so engaging, that he appeared to anticipate her wishes with such winning kindness, blended with a marked respect, as excited a deeper interest in her heart than she liked to confess even to herself. Well, d'ye see, at last we commenced our journey early one morning, and the next afternoon arrived at the family seat. After partaking of a sumptuous dinner, his lordship withdrew to arrange some affairs with his steward.

The captain took a stroll in the park, while Anna hastened to her old friend, the curate, who had been prevented by the gout from attending their arrival. After passing some time with that excellent man, she promised to return on the morrow with the captain, and took her leave.

One other duty yet remained—the visit to the lonely churchyard. The shades of evening began to fall heavier and heavier on the landscape, but Anna was superior to fear. Advancing with a light step towards the hallowed spot, what was her surprise and agony to see a man kneeling by the grave in the attitude of prayer! She bounded forward. "It is he—it is he—Edward, my Edward!" and she sunk senseless in the arms of Captain Malcolm, who sprang from the grassy tomb, and caught her to his heart. Yes, it was Edward, her own Edward, that held her to his breast, changed in all but that affection which could never change. He called her his Anna, moistened her lips with kisses, and, as she slowly recovered, heard her sweet voice acknowledge him. The poor lad, who had once implored the mercy of Heaven on that spot, when cast abandoned like a weed upon the ocean, was now—yet, why need I repeat it? Ned Davenport and Captain Malcolm were one. Together they retraced their steps to the curate's cottage, where they poured forth the fulness of their hearts in gratitude and praise. Lord N—— heard their tale, joined their hands, and blessed them.

There, messmates, it's a tough yarn, but 'tis all true, you may depend on't; and some other time I'll tell you all about the wedding, when I got groggy for joy; but it's my next look-out, and so I'll just shut my eyes for the next five minutes, to keep 'em warm.

Here Jem would close his story and his papers together; and, if it only excites the same interest in the minds of my readers as it did upon us, why then, d'ye see I'm satisfied to my heart's content.

MY COURTSHIP.

BY A MARINE.

I HAVE the honour to be one of that class of amphibious animals called in his Majesty's service sea-soldiers; that is to say, I have the honour to hold a commission in the noble, ancient, and most jolly body of the Royal Marines. I am by profession, therefore, as well as by nature, a miscellaneous individual; and circumstances have more than once thrown me into situations where the desire to support the credit of the

cloth, added to my own stock of cheerful impudence, have carried me through, in spite of difficulties which would have appalled another man. I had the misfortune to be employed on board one of the ships of the inner squadron in the Douro during the siege of Oporto. I do not say misfortune out of any disrespect to the commodore, or to the captain under whose command I was immediately placed, or to my brother officers, for a more generous, convivial set of fellows could not be got together; but I speak of the place, and of the people, and of the few opportunities which were afforded to me of showing off a handsome uniform, and, I must say, rather a well-made person, which it enclosed. Besides, I was kept on hard duty; and though there were some pretty women who appeared on Sunday during the cessations, of the usual shower of shells from the Miguelite camp, yet there were so many competitors for their smiles, that I really could not take the trouble of making myself as amiable as I otherwise should, and, as I flatter myself, I could. Don Pedro, the emperor, who now sleeps with his fathers, and whose heart is deposited in the cathedral of Oporto, was then without the society of his imperial and beautiful wife; and, whether it was to set a good example to his court, or to prevent his mind from dwelling on the absence of his true love, he was one of the most active of my rivals, and I protest there was not a pretty face in the whole town that he had not the pleasure of paying his addresses to.

Then there was the Count Villa Flor, and several other martial grandees; not to speak of the generals and colonels of regiments, and the well-built and well-whiskered officers of the British and French Legion, and the captains and the lieutenants of our squadron. I run over this list just to show what difficulties I had to contend with; and that if I did not turn the head of the whole town, there was a numerous list of operative love-makers who shared the market with me.

About this time the senior captain of the squadron determined to establish a signal-station to communicate with the ships of his Britannic Majesty outside the bar; and, no fitting place being found on the Pedreiro side of the river, an application was made to General San Martha, who commanded for the Miguelites, for permission to erect a post on the left bank which permission was most liberally granted.

We had not been long established at this fort, when the batteries which the Miguelites had established at the mouth of the river began to do their work in good earnest, and so effectually to close the bar, that not only was the usual supply of provisions cut off, but strong fears were entertained that the city would be reduced by famine to capitulate. There was an abundance of salt fish, and a superfluity of port wine; but even the best fare will tire on repetition, and you may be assured that salt fish for breakfast, dinner, and supper was not very acceptable either to the officers and men. Our commodore, with the foresight that distinguishes a British officer, had provided for the coming difficulty; and had arranged with the Miguelite general for an abundant supply of fresh provisions, meat, poultry, and vegetables, for all the ships' crews, on the distinct understanding, that no part of it was to be passed over to the besieged city. The squadron, therefore, lived in abundance, while the garrison was half-starved. The private families of the town also began to suffer, and the beauty of many of the most admired sensibly to diminish; salt fish and port wine did not in combination make a healthy chyle: and I could observe that the ladies more carefully than before, wrapped their dark long cloaks about them, to hide the ravages which short commons was daily making in the plumpness of their persons.

The most beautiful maiden at Oporto, was a Spanish girl called Carolina. Her father had died some months before the present period, leaving Carolina exposed to all the privations of a besieged town, and to the temptations of a profligate and military court. I never saw a more lovely creature; her eyes were as dark as night, and her cheeks glowed with a warmth unknown in the cold complexions of the north. Poor Carolina was as good as she was beautiful; and though the emperor and all the gay cavaliers of the camp were ready to throw themselves at her feet, she behaved with a discretion which won her the good opinion of the whole army, not to speak of the fleet, where such remarkable virtue could be fully estimated.

I among the rest of the inflammable multitude had been struck with the magic charms of the angelic Carolina, and devoted every moment of the occasional leave of absence which I procured, to promenading up and down before her window, in the hope of catching a glance of her beautiful eyes. I was as much in love with her as a marine could be, and my hopeless passion became so well known that it was a standing joke at the mess-table, and our wicked wag of a commodore, who I fancied was a little caught himself, never failed to inquire if I had taken my usual walk, and met with the same good fortune.

You can easily imagine my delight when I heard that a scarcity was making such rapid progress in the city, and when I found that even the emperor's table was limited to the ordinary rations of salt fish, black bread, and port wine. I will own that my heart leaped for joy when I ascertained from an emissary employed to watch the house of Carolina that she too was experiencing the pangs of want, and that with her scanty means she was unable to procure the common necessities for her sustenance.

The Miguelites faithfully performed their engagement; and day after day the regular supplies of beef, poultry, vegetables, and fruit came in. The commodore of course respected the contract that he had entered into; and though the emperor made several advances to his favour, and though he was openly solicited on his behalf by various officers of the staff, he refused to allow a pound of meat to be carried into the city.

I therefore set about purloining a capital fowl; and when I had secured it, in defiance of the jealous watch of the steward, I crammed it into my pocket, and asking leave to go on shore, started about the close of day to try whether hunger, which breaks through stone walls would open the oak door of the charming Carolina. I soon found myself in the well-known quarter, and before the house that contained my love; and, after reconnoitring for an instant to see that the emperor or his staff were not in the way, ran up to the first landing, where she lived, and pulled the little bell-string which hung at the door. In an instant I heard the pretty feet tapping along the passage, and the soft voice of Carolina herself exclaiming "Who is there?"

"It is I, a British officer, and a friend of yours," I replied; "I want particularly to speak to you."

"Sir," said Carolina, "I have not the honor of your acquaintance."

"It is true, *senorita*; but I come to serve you, and my good intentions will excuse the absence of ceremony."

"Sir, I must wish you a good day: I cannot accept a service from strangers; I have not asked you for any."

"Stay, beautiful Carolina," I exclaimed; "I adore you."

"Sir, I have the honour to wish you good evening."

"Stay, angelic vision: I am an officer of Marines?"

"What have I to do with the Marines?"

"I come to devote myself to you."

"Sir,—really sir, you carry the joke too far; I must dispense with your unseasonable visit. I have again the honour to wish you good evening."

Carolina was about to close the little slide of the door through which this brief conversation had been carried on, when, growing desperate with vexation, I held the slide open with one hand, while with the other I pulled the fowl from my pocket, and held it dangling before her face. Oh! if you had seen her look!—her eyes were fixed as Hamlet's when he sees his father's ghost, her mouth opened, and two little rivulets of water ran down at each side, as when an alderman gets the first odour of a well-kept haunch.

"*Senorita*," said I, eager to take advantage of the favourable impression the vision of the fowl had made on my beloved; "this bird is a proof of the warm interest which I take in your welfare. I have heard that you were suffering from the severe affliction that has fallen on this city; and, though I risk my character and the safety of his Britannic Majesty's fleet by bringing into Oporto any part of the provision allotted for the crews I could not resist the impulse of stealing the bird, which I now have the honor to lay at your feet."

"*Senor*," said she, "I will accept the fowl, and cannot but feel obliged by the interest you have taken in my welfare."

Good night, señor; it is getting late: I am certain you are anxious to return to your ship." With these words she shut the little slide of the door, and I remained in the passage, gazing with astonishment, confounded with delight, and wondering at the new recipe I had invented for making love. I awaited for some time, hoping that the little wicket would be again opened; but Carolina, I presume, was too much occupied with the present I had made her to think of returning to bid me a second farewell; and I descended the staircase, charmed beyond expression with the result of my stratagem.

I kept, of course, my recipe for making love a profound secret; but I did not venture to put it again into operation for two or three days. I made, however, the accustomed regular survey of the street in which Carolina resided, and watched with much interest for the reception given to my rivals. I cannot express the delight with which I witnessed them all, one after the other, refused admittance to her house. "She is picking the bones of the fowl," thought I; "that is a much better employment than listening to their stupid declarations. I must take care to keep my mistress in good humour, and to improve the favourable opinion she has already formed of me."

I therefore watched my opportunity; secured a duck out of the next basket of poultry, and hastened on the wings of love to lay my treasure at her feet. No sooner did my trembling hand pull the bell-cord, and my eager voice announce my name, than I heard her gentle step in the passage, and soon the little slide of the door was opened, and I felt my heart leap to my mouth as I beheld her beautiful eye beaming me with undisguised satisfaction. To ensure my welcome, and to save the dear creature from the pangs of expectation, I produced the duck, swinging it to and fro before the wicket, as a nurse does a pretty toy that she offers to the longing wishes of the child. Carolina smiled her sweetest smile; and, when I pushed in the prize, she returned me thanks in so endearing a manner that I lost all command of my reason, and poured out upon the staircase a volume of protestations of eternal love which might have served for the whole ship's company. From that hour my affair was done. Carolina could not resist the voice of truth, and the tender proofs of esteem which I alone had the power to offer. She refused to admit me then, but promised to consult her aunt on the propriety of receiving my visits; and that, if the discreet matron permitted it, she would be too happy in my acquaintance. I entreated the dear girl not to delay my happiness, and I fixed the following Thursday for the formidable interview with the aunt.

I lay the whole of the next night awake, thinking over the present which would be most acceptable to the old lady. I finally resolved to purloin a small leg of lamb, which I observed hung up in the steward's pantry; and, in order to make room for it in my pocket, I cut a great hole in the bottom, so that the handle of the leg would hang down, while the thicker part prevented it from slipping through. Armed with my leg, I asked leave to go to Oporto, and received with joy the accustomed friendly nod. I soon landed at the arsenal, and mounted the long hill which led into the town, holding myself as straight as possible, so that the exuberance of my pocket should not be perceived. Unfortunately for me, a score of hungry dogs, which infest all Portuguese towns, were holding a council-of-war at the quay when I stepped on shore; and one of them, getting scent of the end of the leg of mutton which hung through the hole, in my pocket, gave a hint to the rest of the contraband which was going on, and I soon had the whole train after me, sniffing at my tail, and making snaps at the tempting morsel. I would have stopped to pick up a stone, which is the only way of frightening a Portuguese street dog; but I was afraid to disarrange the perpendicular, recollecting that, as I bent down, the end of the leg of lamb would be visible. I therefore bore the annoyance as well as I could, kicking out behind from time to time when my friends were most troublesome.

The next day, when I went on board ship to make the usual report to the captain, I found that a court of inquiry was going on into the disappearance of the very leg of lamb which I had feloniously purloined. The steward had reported the accident to the purveyor of the mess, and he had

called a council-of-war, who thought fit to make an official report to the skipper! so that the readers will readily imagine the agony of my feelings when I was asked to join the board, and to assist in the investigation. Fortunately for me, one of the aides-de-camp of the emperor had that morning come on board to request of the captain some provision for the imperial table, protesting that Don Pedro and his staff had nothing better than salt fish for rations; which request the captain was compelled, by a strict sense of duty, to refuse; and everybody set it down as certain, the instant the circumstance was brought to mind, that it was the aide-de-camp who stole the lamb. He had come wrapped up in his cloak, which was a circumstance fatal to his character; and it was agreed by the whole conclave that the gentleman with the gold-laced hat and large cloak had been the thief. I blushed up to the eyes at the consciousness of my guilt, and the dishonourable part I was playing in allowing an innocent person to be wronged for my misdeed; but I recollected that the young man was one of the party who ridiculed me the day before in the presence of Carolina, and wounded vanity made me disregard the twitchings of conscience.

Afraid of the consequences in case a discovery should take place, I kept quiet for nearly a week together, until a little note, written in a cramped hand, was brought for me to the signal station, from which I found by the confession of the aunt that Carolina was in despair at not seeing me again, and that she was very ill from a salt-fish diet. I was conscience-stricken at the consequences of my neglect, and determined not to lose a moment in carrying provisions to my starving beauty; so, running to a basket that had just been brought in from the Miguelite market to be passed on board the Commodore, I seized a turkey-poult, feathers and all, and thrust it into the same coat-pocket which had been enlarged to hold the leg of lamb. I asked and received leave to go on shore, and pushed as fast as four oars could impel me to the usual landing-place near the old nunnery. I saw some of the idle dogs basking in the sun, but did not heed their presence, so filled was I with the idea of my Carolina; and, jumping out of the boat, I ran along the quay, totally unconscious of the sneers that my presence excited. At last, when I got to the open rope-walk where the market is usually held, the number of my canine assailants became increased; and one of them, bolder than the rest, making a sudden snap at the head of the young turkey, which hung down through the fatal hole in my pocket, dragged its long neck to view, and exposed my shame to the assembled multitude. A crowd immediately gathered round me, and a score of other dogs began to contest the prize with him that held the head of the turkey in his mouth. I was in despair, and drew my sword to rid me of the cursed assailants; when, on the instant, as if to overwhelm me with disgrace, the captain of the ship to which I belonged forced his way through the crowd, and, laying his hand on my arm, told me to consider myself under arrest.

The turkey-poult had by this time been torn from my pocket by the perseverance of my tormentors. It was pulled from one to the other on the ground; while the hungry citizens endeavoured to save its mangled remains, and a running fight was kept up between them and the dogs, which under other circumstances would have been highly amusing. My heart was heavy, and I was incapable of enjoying the most palpable joke. I walked slowly to the quay side, threw myself into the first boat that offered, went on board my ship, gave up my sword to the senior officer, was placed under a formal arrest, and told to prepare myself for a court of inquiry. I must say that I felt more for poor Carolina than I did for myself; and I could not help expressing my anxiety on her account to one of my brother officers who came to condole with me on my situation. The false friend, I was told afterwards, profited by the hint; and, instead of committing himself as I did, he hired a little cottage at the Miguelite side of the river, under cover of the guns of the fleet, where he placed Carolina and her aunt, and soon taught them to forget me. The worst of the affair was, that General Santa Martha sent in a formal complaint to the consul and the commodore of the squadron, and threatened

to stop the usual supply of provisions for the ships' use. A long correspondence took place on the subject, which may be found now in the records of the Foreign Office. I am glad to say, for the credit of the service, that the affair was hushed up in the end, and the Miguelites consented to give us the required rations. I was made the victim of that arrangement, and was glad to retire from the service on half-pay, to escape being ignominiously dismissed by a court-martial. I now live a miserable example of the doctrine of expediency. I entertain a horror of young turkeys and of dogs, and would be gladly informed of some land where neither of those odious creatures are to be met with.—*Bentley's Miscellany*.

AN ADVENTURE AT SEA.

It is a most difficult task for any person to conceive the sensation produced by the ominous words, "*a man overboard*." How much more difficult then must be the attempt to describe it?

In the month of June, 1834, the M—— East Indiaman, 1400 tons, commanded by Captain T—— sailed from London, bound for Calcutta, embarking at Northfleet a detachment, consisting of 8 officers, and 286 rank and file, belonging to H.M. regiment, exclusive of women and children, in addition to which there were already on board between 30 and 40 cabin passengers, mixing with the ship's officers and crew, a total of about 500 souls.

The troops were destined for Madras, which port we reached on the morning of the 1st October following, and on the commanding officer reporting his arrival in the proper quarter, it was confidently anticipated that our disembarkation would take place the same evening; however, such was not the case, for it unfortunately happened that the regiment (which was stationed at Masulipatam at the period of our leaving England) had suffered to such an extent from the unhealthiness of that climate, as to be reduced to a mere skeleton, so that the Indian Government had deemed it necessary to order its immediate removal from thence to Moulmein, a town situate on the frontier of the Burman Empire, and the few who still survived, sailed for the latter place on the 8th of the preceding month (September) which left us perfectly at a loss to conceive how we should ultimately be disposed of; but as a great portion of the cargo was shipped from Madras, together with several of the passengers, some days necessarily transpired in conveying the baggage and merchandise ashore, during which time the government authorities were negotiating with Captain T—— for carrying the detachment direct to the head-quarters of the corps, by which means we were saved the trouble and inconvenience of disembarking from the M—— and re-embarking on board some other vessel.

An agreement was finally entered into, by which the captain undertook to convey us thither at the rate of about £3 per head, so after completing all arrangements at Madras we sailed on the morning of the 10th. The weather was extremely unsettled, being the monsoon; continually raining—very hazy—one moment a perfect calm and the next blowing a hurricane; in fact, I believe we had but one fine day during our passage across the Bay of Bengal. To the best of my knowledge it was on the 16th of the same month—one of those beautiful mornings that are to be seen only in tropical climates, not a cloud was visible—a strong breeze blowing—the sea running very high; but as the wind was now favourable, and the ship going at least ten knots an hour, every soul on board appeared busily engaged, and good humour prevailed around. The ship's officers were pacing the poop with instruments in their hands, occasionally stopping for the purpose of making their observations; the passengers both ladies and gentlemen, whom the fineness of the day had induced to venture on deck, were promenading the quarter-deck; the ship's company and soldiers were actively engaged in hanging their wet clothing (which had been saturated for days from the effects of heavy rains and a boisterous sea) in the shrouds and various parts of the rigging; and the meridian being obtained, the words were given, "Strike Eight Bells," and "Pipe to Dinner" then followed the shrill whistles of the boatswain and his mates, and in quick

succession all hands disappeared as if by magic; the ship's company and troops repaired to their berths waiting the arrival of the cooks and orderlies, who had gone to the "cabouse" for the "salt-junk and duff" belonging to their various messes, while a majority of the ladies and gentlemen, with the officers, retired to the "cuddy" for refreshments.

The men had just finished their repast and partaken of their "grog;" some were lying about the decks, others had gone "for'ard" to smoke their pipes; the cooks and orderlies were washing up and stowing away their "mess-kids, &c." when the fearful cry "*a man overboard*" was reiterated from stern to stern. In a moment the deck was indiscriminately crowded by men, women, and children; fifty different orders emanated from the various officers, and were as promptly obeyed—the "life-buoy" cut adrift—the ship hove to—one of the boats lowered from the "davits," and on a cry of "*Volunteers for the boat*" being raised—such is the noble and generous bearing of British seamen—that a simultaneous rush "*aft*" was made by the whole crew, each one struggling as though for his life to pass through the crowd, preceding him in order that he might prove instrumental in rescuing a shipmate from a watery grave.

In the twinkling of an eye the fourth-mate and ten or a dozen hands were in the cutter, and it is my firm conviction that she would have been swamped by numbers alongside had they not instantly shoved her off, so determined were they all to risk their own lives in attempting to save that of the unfortunate wretch whom they were doomed never to behold again.

No sooner had the boat quitted the ship than the greatest fears were entertained for the safety of those daring and noble-hearted fellows, as the sea was running too high for their frail bark, and nothing short of saving human life would have warranted such an undertaking, but, still on she bounded, gliding over each successive wave, like an Aquatic bird, in the direction of the life-buoy, which had been cut away from the stern the moment the alarm was given, to enable the poor creature, in the event of his rising to the surface and being able to reach it, until more effectual assistance arrived, every now and then disappearing from our view for two or three minutes together. The most breathless anxiety pervaded every soul on board, and many were the fervent prayers offered up to the Almighty not only for *their* preservation, but that their exertions might be crowned with success.

The fore, main, and mizen shrouds and tops were literally covered with human beings, straining their eyeballs in the direction the boat had taken, to catch the first glimpse of her and proclaim the welcome news that she still braved the dangers by which she was surrounded. Once she disappeared for an unusual length of time, which gave rise to the most alarming apprehensions and conjectures. One would exclaim, "Oh! she must have sank;" another said, "She has certainly capsized, otherwise we should have seen them again ere this;" a third cried out, "Oh! I'm afraid they have all gone to the bottom;" and a fourth intimated his fears that we should never behold any of them again. Such were the expressions consequent upon their alarm, and when at last she was descried manfully struggling with the all-devouring element, a deafening shout of applause arose from every part of the ship.

After scouring the surface of the ocean in every direction around the spot where the life-buoy floated, and feeling convinced that any further efforts would be useless as well as dangerous, with heavy hearts they proceeded to pick up the buoy, and turned the head of their boat towards the ship. Her return was watched with the same intense interest as her departure, and as she neared the M——, any one might comprehend, from the sorrow depicted in the countenance of every individual on board her, that their search had proved unavailing. Thus, after being exposed to the dangers of a tempestuous sea for upwards of an hour in a small boat, they were reluctantly compelled to abandon their most praiseworthy exertions; their minds solely absorbed by the melancholy circumstance which had deprived them of their shipmate, without considering for one moment the perils they had endured in attempting to rescue him from the boundless deep.

The unfortunate man was, on that fatal day, "Cook of the

mess," whose duty it was to receive from the ship's steward an allowance of provisions in proportion to the number of men comprising the mess to which he belonged, take the meat to the "caboose," carry the same to his messmates when cooked, and after dinner to clear away the "kids and platters." It appears that he took a bucket, with a loose rope fastened to it, for the purpose of drawing some water from the sea to wash up with. He did not go on deck, which is customary in bad weather, but went to the third or fourth port on the lee side, and passing the other end of the rope several times round his arm, he dropped the bucket into the sea. As soon as the line became "taut," the bucket immediately filled, the weight of which, combined with the ship's rapid progress through the water, dragged him through the port into the sea. The

calamity was so sudden that he had not sufficient time to cast the rope from his arm. An instantaneous outcry was raised by those who witnessed the catastrophe, but he was never seen afterwards.

CAPT. ROSS'S VOYAGE IN SEARCH OF THE MISSING WHALERS.

In the latter part of 1835, the most painful anxiety and deep feelings of sympathy were manifested for the fate and sufferings of the crews of eleven of the ships engaged in the whale-fishing at Davis's Straits, whose protracted absence caused fearful apprehensions for their safety, and were eventually the occasion of a general subscription throughout



NARRATIVE OF CAPTAIN JAMES CLARK ROSS'S VOYAGE, IN THE COVE, IN SEARCH OF THE MISSING WHALERS, IN 1836.

the country, to defray the expense of an expedition equipped with the hope of rescuing the sufferers from their dreadful situation.

The eleven missing vessels were, the William Torr, of Hull; Jane, of Hull; Viewforth, of Kirkcaldy; Middleton, of Aberdeen, supposed to be frozen in the land ice of the west coast of Baffin's Bay, in about latitude 67° N.; the Duncombe, Abram, Harmony, and Dordon, of Hull; Norfolk, of Berwick; Grenville Bay, of Newcastle; and Lady Jane, of Newcastle.

Captain James Clark Ross, R.N., whose experience, gained during six successive voyages of discovery to the arctic regions, well fitted him for the service, having expressed his belief that it was possible to afford relief, and having volunteered to take the command of any expedition the admiralty

might be pleased to send, was despatched to Hull, where his arrival was greeted with the warmest demonstrations of joy and gratitude. The Hull merchants, with the liberality for which they were eminently distinguished, offered to hire and equip any vessel belonging to the port which the captain should consider best adapted to the service, on condition that the admiralty would put on board the necessary provisions and stores, and place her under naval discipline, so conducive to the maintenance of order, and so essential to the success of enterprises of so desperate a character.

After a careful examination of the ships in the harbour, the Cove, of 380 tons, belonging to Messrs. Spivey and Cooper, was selected, and Captain Ross hoisted his pennant on board of her on the 21st of December.

During the interval of time occupied in equipping the Cove

two of the absent ships, the *Harmony* and *Duncombe*, of Hull, arrived in England. The information derived from the masters of those vessels confirmed the accounts previously received, viz., that four of the ships, namely, the *William Torr*, *Jane*, *Viewforth*, and *Middleton*, were frozen in the land ice of the west coast, and that the other four which had been in company with these two vessels were still beset in the pack, and drifting with it to the southward. The eleventh vessel, the *Dordon*, had been wrecked, and her crew received on board the other ships.

In the meantime the admiralty engaged to fortify two bomb-vessels, the *Erebus* and *Terror*, with the greatest possible despatch; and these were to be sent out to Captain Ross, to enable him to cross the main body of the middle ice, and thus

effectually to relieve the crews of the four ships reported to be frozen in the land ice; but circumstances eventually occurred, which rendered the co-operation of these vessels unnecessary, and the Cove was left to accomplish the objects of the voyage alone.

The Cove sailed from Hull on the 5th of January, 1836, and on the morning of the 9th arrived off the Pentland Frith. From a fishing-boat that came alongside, they were told of the arrival of the *Norfolk*, one of the missing ships, on the 2nd instant, at Stromness. The wind and tide being against them, they stood in and anchored in Long Hope Harbour, when Lieutenant Inman was immediately despatched to Stromness to ascertain the truth of the statement, and to obtain the latest information respecting the other ships.

Soon after their arrival a gale came on from the S.W., but abated considerably on the following day; and the wind having changed during the night to the N.E., they weighed on the morning of the 11th, and passing through Hoy Sound, got fairly into the Atlantic Ocean before night.

On the 14th, when in latitude 61° N. and longitude 6° W., they were surprised to see two very large icebergs. A sight so novel within 200 miles of our own shores excited much interest amongst them, as such a circumstance as icebergs so near to England had never before been known. One of these masses could not have been less than seventy feet high, and more than a mile in diameter; the other was higher, but much less extensive.

The weather now experienced can scarcely be conceived but by those who had to encounter it. The rapid succession

of violent westerly gales opposed such obstacles to their advance, as to require the most unflinching perseverance and activity in the officers and crew to contend against them. Gale rose after gale in quick succession, and each seemed to increase in fury and duration; but by carefully availing themselves of every change in the direction of the wind, and spreading all the canvass the ship would bear as the gales abated, they made considerable progress; and by the 24th they had gained the meridian of Iceland in latitude $59\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ N. In the evening of that day a violent storm arose and continued throughout the whole of the five following days. About noon of the 28th it appeared to have gained its height. The sea rose in most tremendous waves, whilst the overpowering impulse with which they advanced, threatened every instant to overwhelm their little bark.

The ship, however, rode most beautifully—the wonder and admiration of all on board—until about five, p.m., when a tremendous sea struck her on the starboard bow, carrying away the bowsprit, gammoning, head-knees, bulwarks, &c., besides doing other material damage. Those who were below flew instantly to the deck, supposing from the violence of the shock, that the ship had struck against an iceberg or on a rock, whilst the general consternation was increased by a cry that the “ship’s bows were stove in, and that she was going down.”

The panic was but momentary: the captain, accompanied by the first lieutenant, went forward to ascertain the extent of damage done, and the best means of proceeding. Most providentially, before the gale came on, he had ordered the fore-runners and tackles to be set up as an additional security; and thus the foremast, and probably all the other masts, were saved; but failing in the support, from the bowsprit having gone, it still tottered, and threatening, every plunge the ship gave, to go over the side, it was necessary to get the ship before the sea in order to get it properly secured, and the wreck and rigging of the bowsprit saved. But this was an evolution of the greatest difficulty, and pregnant with the greatest danger. The captain and master, in the main rigging, anxiously watched the most suitable time, and every heart throbbed with anxiety when, after the captain had given the order to “put the helm a-weather,” and the goose-wings of the foresail were loosed, the main-staysail set, and the mizen-trysail hauled down, the ship gradually began to pay off. She again stopped as she got broadside to the sea. This was the time of greatest danger; it was, however, but of a moment’s duration. All was ready to cut away the mizen-mast had it been necessary, but the ship gathering some headway, she again obeyed the impulse of the helm just at the moment when a tremendous wave was seen approaching, which, had it struck her on the broadside, must have completely annihilated the vessel. Before it could reach them the wind had got abaft the beam, the close-reefed main-top-sail was let fall and seated home, and the reefed foresail set. The damage sustained about the bows proved to be much less than was at first apprehended. One iron knee was found to be broken, two beams and fastening-knees in the forehold were loosened, covering-board split, and the deck-ends and several trenails started.

All hands were immediately set to work to secure the foremast, and endeavour to save all the rigging and spars that were in danger from the loss of the bowsprit; and these exertions were continued until the crew, worn out with fatigue, had effectually secured all, as well as the darkness of the night would permit.

A disaster of this nature could not fail to damp the spirits of all on board. To repair the damage at sea was impossible. To return was inevitably necessary, and all sail that the ship could carry was pressed upon her, so that as little time might be lost as possible in resuming their original object.

On the 30th the gale abated, and the officers and crew were employed in securing the masts, and preparing a jury bowsprit, which was put in its place and rigged on the afternoon of the 1st of February. On the 3rd the island of St. Kilda was seen, and on the morning of the 5th we anchored in the harbour of Stromness.

All the shipwrights that could be found were immediately set to work to repair the damage, and by the following Saturday all was completed, and the ship again ready to proceed to sea as soon as the wind and weather permitted. At eleven, p.m., the *Jane*, of Hull, one of the four ships that were reported to be frozen in the land ice of the west coast, arrived and anchored in the roads. In the afternoon the *Viewforth* arrived, and anchored in the harbour alongside. The scene of misery that presented itself on going on board that vessel is quite beyond all description. Her crew originally consisted of upwards of fifty men and twenty-seven of the Middleton’s amounting in all to eighty-four souls. Of these fourteen had died of scurvy, and from the severity of the cold. Many were lying in the last stage of that disease, several never having moved from their beds for three or four months—a

mass of living putridity, their beds rotting beneath from the accumulated filth. The stench was perfectly insupportable, and the whole scene the most appalling and overpowering. Only seven of all on board were able to do duty; and but a few days more at sea, and probably not one on board would have survived. The horrible appearance of the crew so alarmed the inhabitants, that none would receive them into their houses; and had not Captain Ross taken the responsibility upon himself of hiring a large empty house, and fitting it up as a temporary hospital for their reception, it appeared probable they would have been left to die in their misery.

Before the *Cove* sailed, they had the satisfaction to hear that the *Abram*, of Hull, another whaler, had arrived safe, so that the *Lady Jane*, of Newcastle, and the *William Torr*, of Hull, were the only two vessels now missing.

On the 24th of February they stood out to sea, and had fair weather and moderate wind until the 4th of March, at which time they had again reached 30° west longitude, where their difficulties again commenced. The wind changed to the west, and continued to blow violently, with but little intermission for the following twenty-three days, so that at the end of that time, although every possible exertion had been made, and a heavy press of canvass carried whenever it was practicable to do so, they had only advanced about one hundred miles in the desired direction.

After encountering a severity of weather which it has perhaps never been the fate of any ship to have before experienced, the *Cove* arrived at the edge of the ice at 11 a.m., on the 7th April, in about latitude 54° N., and longitude 54° W., being very near the spot where the *Abram* had escaped from the pack; and where it might be expected that, had the other two vessels drifted down in a similar manner, they might hope to fall in with them.

The wind was blowing directly towards the ice, and the snow falling heavily at the time: their approach to the pack was indicated by the temperature of the sea falling from 38° to 29°; and on the fog and snow clearing away, it was seen at the distance of about three miles, extending right across the ship’s bows as far as the eye could discern. It was extremely closely packed together by the late heavy easterly gales.

The whole day was passed in carefully examining the pack, and, before dark, in getting out from amongst the heavy loose ice, which they always found lying several miles off its edge, and from which the ship, notwithstanding the greatest care and attention, frequently received very violent shocks. There were many days that, owing to the thick fogs and snowy weather, they were unable to approach the pack; but the most trying occasions were those in which the easterly gales came on whilst they were at the pack edge. One of these, which occurred on the 27th of April, may be considered the most violent and trying gale, in every respect, that they had experienced.

In the afternoon of that day, whilst engaged in their examination, the wind suddenly shifted to the north-east, and increased so quickly to a gale, that in less than three hours their sail was reduced to a close-reefed main-top-sail and storm-staysails. When darkness closed upon them it was blowing a perfect hurricane; and with the pack under their lee at a distance of only four or five miles, they seemed to have but little chance of escape. The sea rose in mountains over the devoted bark; each successive wave threatening their destruction. The necessity of carrying the storm, fore, and mizen-staysail, in addition to the close-reefed main-top-sail, so buried the vessel, that her lee fore-yard-arm was frequently immersed several feet in the ocean, while the darkness of the night, and the thick spray-drift, that froze as it flew along, prevented their seeing fifty yards before them.

The storm continued with unabated fury until Sunday. Heavy seas had broken over the vessel, and swept away her lee-bulwarks and many articles from the deck; and the hurricane blew with such violence that the main-top-sail, the only sail they had set, was expected every instant to be torn to pieces. Never was daylight looked for with such painful anxiety; and when it came they could see little more than before for the thick falling snow. The ship appeared to be one mass of ice, even to her topmast head; the smallest ropes were

enveloped with the frozen spray of the seas that had broken over them, until their size was increased to that of a stream-cable; and on the lower rigging and backstays the ice had accumulated, and increased the top weight so much, that the vessel lurched so heavily as to threaten destruction to the masts they were intended to support. In the afternoon the gale somewhat abated, and all hands were employed in relieving the masts by breaking the ice off the shrouds and rigging. The sea was, however, still running very high, and this was not accomplished without much danger.

At ten the sea had sufficiently subsided to admit of their setting the close-reefed foresail; and the gale having changed three points more to the northward, all apprehensions of falling down upon the pack were removed; and the next morning they were again enabled to resume the examination of the ice.

On the 15th of May they boarded the *Undaunted*, of Kirkcaldy, and received intelligence of the safe arrival of the *Lady Jane*. In the evening the *Undaunted* parted company, directing her course to the north, whilst the *Cove* stood to the west, to continue their examination of the pack, which they had now completed to the north as far as the 60th degree—a distance of about 400 miles.

On the evening of the 27th, they had arrived in latitude 65°, when they were obliged to discontinue the examination for the purpose of repairing to Holsteinburg. At nine, p.m., soundings were obtained in 210 fathoms, rock and coral. It was hazy at the time, with small snow falling, so that they could not see to any distance. The captain, when he left the deck at four in the morning, told the officer of the watch, Lieutenant Ommany, that if it became clear, he would see the tops of some mountains at the distance of ninety miles. At six in the morning they were seen bearing N.E. at that distance.

On the 30th, the high land about Holsteinburg was in sight; and the ship being becalmed, Lieutenant Crozier was despatched in a boat to that place, in order to communicate our approach to the captains of the bombs, the *Erebus* and *Terror* which were expected at that place. During the day they were visited by the Esquimaux, who are in the habit of trafficking with the whaleships as they pass to the northward every year to their fishing ground. From them they learned that there were no ships in the harbour.

It was not until the evening of the following day that they could reach the harbour, where they anchored at 10 p.m. Lieutenant Crozier joined them a few hours before, and confirmed the unwelcome intelligence they had already heard. For many weeks they had looked anxiously forward to the happiness of receiving tidings from their friends in England, so that the disappointment at not finding the bombs here was severely felt by all.

During their stay here they were treated with the greatest friendship and hospitality by the Danish Governor and other Danes residing at this colony. One of their principal objects in coming to this place, was to ascertain if any of the crew of the *William Torr* had landed upon any part of the coast; but they were at once assured that no stranger could have landed without their knowing it, as they had frequent communications both to the north and south, and no such event had been noticed in the letters they had recently received.

The colony of Holsteinburg is situated at the termination of a small creek, at the extreme point of the north shore of a wide and very extensive fiord or inlet, in lat. 66° 56' 32" N., and long. 53° 34' 28" W. The harbour is spacious and well protected by numerous islets, which, together with the dangerous extensive reef that lies to the N.W. of it, and the numbers of concealed rocks to the south, render the approach very difficult and hazardous for those unacquainted with the proper entrance. In tolerably moderate weather, the Esquimaux immediately come off to any ship they see approaching; and most of them understand sufficiently well the points of danger to act as pilots.

On the morning of the 13th June, they took leave of their kind friends, the Danes, and proceeded to sea. Favoured by a strong southerly wind, they made rapid progress to the north, keeping close along the shore, whose lofty snow-

covered mountains, deeply intersected by numerous valleys and inlets, presented a novel and imposing scene. They reached the south edge of the Riscof reef at 10 p.m., but here few bergs were to be seen; the sea had risen as the gale increased, and broke over these grounded masses in a truly awful manner. As they approached the northern edge of the reef, soon after midnight, the numbers and magnitude of the bergs greatly increased, so that at last there appeared to the inexperienced eye no passage for the ship to pass through, but one seemingly unbroken line of breakers extended across our path as far as the eye could reach. Some of these ice mountains must have been above two hundred feet high; and their varied figures, slowly emerging from the foaming breakers that occasionally broke over their summits, presented a spectacle as appalling as magnificent. The captain and master steered, as under all sail she seemed to fly through the narrow passage between the bergs, impelled by the strong breeze and heavy following sea: and now that the passage was effected, they had but little wind, and perfectly smooth water. Several broken-up streams of heavy ice had collected amongst the bergs, and the main pack was seen at a distance of only two or three miles to the westward.

As they advanced they found the ice much closer to the land, and their progress amongst it more intricate and difficult. After boring through several heavy streams, they again got into clear water; and before noon the *Whale Islands* were in sight at the distance of eight or nine miles. The wind having shifted to the eastward, they were unable to beat up to the anchorage before 11 p.m., at which time they moored in a very snug harbour with hawsers to the shore. A ship was seen in the offing, and Lieutenant Ommany and Mr. Humphrey were despatched in a boat to board her. She proved to be the *Lord Gambier*, whaler; and now, for the first time, they learned that no other ship was coming out, and that despatches had been sent by some of the whale ships, ordering them to return to England. It was supposed that these despatches had been landed at Lively, a Danish settlement on the south extreme of Disco Island, distant about twenty miles, where the governor-in-chief of the northern colonies, Major Fasting, resided. Lieutenant Inman was immediately despatched in a boat to that place; but, owing to bad weather, did not return until the evening of the 18th, bringing with him some private letters that had been left in Major Fasting's charge by Mr. Dring, master of the *Swan*, of Hull, but no official letters were amongst them.

On the next day two other ships, the *eclipse* and *Clarendon*, came off the harbour, and were boarded by the *Cove's* boats. From these vessels they learned that all the official letters were on board the *Lady Jane*, of Newcastle, which vessel was in sight at a considerable distance, and a boat was immediately sent to her. She returned early next morning, bringing the admiralty orders. In the course of the day seven or eight sail hove-to off the harbour; and the masters came on board to pay their respects to the captain. Of these, five of them had commanded ships that were amongst the eleven missing vessels when the expedition was fitted out. Each of them brought on board some contribution to their now exhausted stores—fresh beef, and many other luxuries, of which but few who have not felt the want can possibly understand how duly to appreciate the value, were brought on board as presents to the captain and officers.

A fine quarter of beef, which had been carefully preserved by Captain Taylor, of the *Grenville Bay*, for Captain Ross was issued as extra allowance on the following day to the ship's company; and a portion of the potatoes were also served out; so that the crew also shared in the generosity of their friends.

They were told that some other ships which were with the fleet of whalers, off Four Island Point, had also official letters on board for Captain Ross. It was also rumoured that the *Bon Accord*, Parker, had passed the wreck of a vessel off Cape Farewell, the south extremity of Greenland, with yellow mast-heads; and it was said that the mast-heads of the *William Torr* were painted with that unusual colour. All these circumstances determined Captain Ross to proceed with the ship to the northward, to acquire all the information he could, be-

fore he finally determined to return to England, as the admiralty had given him considerable discretionary power to act according to circumstances. All hands were kept hard at work preparing for sea—mending sails and repairing the bulwarks that had been washed away in the heavy gales. All being completed, they unmoored on the evening of the 26th, and sailed the following day.

The main body of the ice being closely packed against the west shore of Disco Island, obliged them to make their way to the northward, by the intricate and almost unknown passage of the Waygatz Strait, formed by the east side of Disco and the mainland of Greenland. On leaving Whalefish Islands, they stood to the north-eastward; but being much hindered by frequent calms and thick foggy weather, they did not gain the southern entrance of the strait until the morning of the 30th of June.

The land on either side of this remarkable strait rises abruptly to the height of 700 or 800 feet, and in some places to upwards of 1,000 feet; the Greenland shore is in many parts precipitous, and the coast in general very deeply intersected by numerous rivers and ravines. The upper part of the cliffs presents many picturesque and most extraordinary appearances, caused by the projection of grotesquely-formed pinnacles of rock through the perennial snows that clothe the summits of the hills. Beyond these, far to the eastward, lofty snow-covered mountains extend as far as the eye can discern, and attain the height of several thousand feet above the level of the ocean.

The breadth of the strait varies from nine or ten to about twenty miles, and the depth of water is great, excepting in one part near the middle, where some dangerous rocks lie off a considerable distance from the Greenland shore, and where an extensive mud-bank is formed at the mouth of a large river. From some Esquimaux who came off to them in their canoes, they learned that abundance of reindeer and game were to be found along the banks of this river; but being favoured by a light southerly wind and beautifully clear weather, they pursued their course to the northward.

In the course of the day they passed many bergs of large size, and several broken-up streams of ice. Towards midnight the wind gradually freshened up; and at two, a.m., on the 1st of July, it blew a strong gale. Soon after that time a great body of ice was observed from the mast-head, extending from shore to shore, threatening to impede their farther progress; but as the gale was blowing directly upon it, with much sea running, it would have been in vain to attempt to beat off; they therefore continued rapidly to approach it, though under reduced sail. When near its margin they found it more open than it had at first appeared, and clear water being seen beyond, they bored through without much difficulty.

The north entrance of the strait was passed at seven, a.m., whilst scudding before a strong southerly gale under double-reefed topsails and foresail; and at ten, having rove their way through the multitude of bergs that lay aground on an extensive bank to the northward of the strait, a ship was seen bearing down to them before a strong northerly breeze, which shortly after reduced them to close-reefed topsails and foresail. The ship proved to be the *Swan*, of Hull, Captain Dring, belonging to Messrs. Spivey and Cooper, the owners also of the *Cove*.

In the evening they reached Four Island Point, where they found about fifty sail of ships fast to grounded masses of ice, to the southward of the point, which served to protect them from the pressure of the pack, when driven in by westerly winds. Their boats were immediately despatched in-shore to the whalers to collect letters and every information that could be obtained: whilst in the *Cove* they stood to the northward, for the purpose of ascertaining the present state of the ice. Just at this time the pack was closely pressed against the point, by the strong northwest breeze that they had been contending against the whole day; but falling little wind towards midnight, it slowly moved off and left a channel sufficiently wide to enable them to pass the whole of the whalers, who still remained snugly moored to the southward of the point, excepting only the *Swan*, which vessel accompanied them.

At two, a.m., of the 2nd, they were about ten miles to the northward of Four Island Point, and could see that there was

much open water in the large inlet called Jacob's Bight, which they might have easily gained; but the wind was gradually dying away, and the change of tide already bringing the ice down again upon the point, would probably have prevented their return to the south for some time, had they not bore away before the light air that still aided them, but which entirely subsided to a perfect calm as soon as it had carried them again down amongst the ships to the southward of the point.

It continued calm for some hours, and the whalers, believing that by towing the ships they might get round the point, cast off and made the attempt; but the opportunity had been neglected, and nearly all shortly again returned and made fast to the bergs. On a light air springing up from the northward, Captain Ross hoisted the ensign and fired a gun as a parting signal, and several of the ships sent their boats with letters for England. The *Cove* then bore away with the intention of repassing the Waygatz Strait, but a thick fog coming on soon after, it was not possible to make that difficult passage; so they stood in-shore, and made fast to a grounded berg near to the north entrance of the strait, to await more favourable weather.

On the 10th the fog cleared away, and from the mast-head they could see nearly all the ships they had parted with on the 2nd, still fast to the grounded bergs to the southward of Four Island Point. They cast off at ten, a.m., but the wind was so extremely light and variable, that it was necessary to keep all the boats ahead towing to prevent their being driven against the numerous and very large bergs that lay aground at the north entrance of Waygatz Strait, the current setting through amongst them, at times too strong for the vessel to stem it, and at others in such whirls and eddies as to render her almost unmanageable. The mast-heads of the ship sank into insignificance by the side of these lofty icy pinnacles, some of which must have even exceeded fifty feet above the average elevation of the berg. A mass of ice exceeding 2000 feet in thickness, and 10,000 feet in circumference, may be spoken of in intelligible terms, but the mind cannot possibly understand it from a mere verbal statement. It must be seen to be duly estimated. The loftiest precipice of Great Britain does not much exceed 1000 feet in height, and some of its most celebrated mountains would hardly bear comparison with many of these ice islands.

On the 11th of July, at noon, they again reached the Whalefish Islands, and a boat was sent on shore with despatches. On leaving Whalefish Islands they stood directly to the westward, and made the pack edge considerably to the northward of the spot where the *William Torr* was last seen; and here they again commenced a most careful and tedious—because hopeless—examination, pushing the ship as far into the main body of the ice, and again standing out to near its margin, as frequently as the weather permitted. In the course of their progress they met with, and received letters for England from the *Resolution*, *Eclipse*, and *Commerce* whalers, which were endeavouring to effect a passage across to the western shore in about the latitude of the arctic circle; a barrier of very heavy and extensive floes, lying at a distance of about fifty miles from the shore, so closely united as to form almost a solid body, had hitherto frustrated their best exertions; and their prospect at this time of an early passage was by no means promising, although the pack continued to drift in a body to the south. They had been very unsuccessful also in the pursuit of whales, as but very few had been seen by them, owing, as they stated, to their having got into what is termed the West Water, and therefore beyond the reach of their pursuers who were now struggling hard to follow them to their well-known haunts.

Their examination was much impeded, and rendered most difficult and anxious by the thick fogs that prevailed, and the almost continual heavy south-easterly swell that rolled in upon the margin of the ice, whilst the light winds which now generally obtained had not sufficient power upon the heavy-sailing ship to keep her under command; on many occasions, from these causes combined, their situation was equally, if not more critical and dangerous, than during the heavy gales of the

winter season. On these occasions they felt the utter loneliness and sense of abandonment in their one solitary vessel, exposed to such perilous circumstances.

Again favoured by a commanding breeze, the ship was made to enter the pack, regardless now of the heavy breaking surf at its margin. This once passed, they were soon in smooth water, and all their efforts were directed to penetrate, if possible, to the shore, which was occasionally seen as the fog and haze cleared away; but in this they were as frequently defeated by the closely-packed masses that still formed an impenetrable barrier at the distance of about fifty miles from the land.

They had examined the pack as low down as latitude 58° N. by the last week in July, with that degree of care, notwithstanding the extremely unfavourable weather, that it was impossible any longer to entertain the smallest hope of meeting with any of the unfortunate crew of the William Torr and on the 30th, a more favourable opportunity presenting itself, they succeeded at last in penetrating to the shore; and after threading their way amongst numberless islets and rocks that lie off this coast, and render the navigation so very difficult—but in which they were much assisted by the heavy masses of ice that had grounded on the concealed, and therefore most dangerous, shoals and rocks, pointing out to them the places to be avoided—they anchored in the Bay of Okkak, in latitude $57\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ N.

The missionaries of the society of *Unitas Fratrum*, who were the only European residents here, received them with the warmth of friendship and affection peculiar to those excellent people. They were much grieved to find that they could learn no account of those of whom they were in search: their last and only hope was now completely destroyed by the assurance of these people, that it was utterly impossible for the ship to have passed near the shore, or any part of her crew to have landed on it, without having been seen by some of the widely-dispersed Esquimaux inhabitants, who would have instantly acquainted the missionaries with any such occurrence; and from the frequent communications that had passed between the settlements, both to the north and south, it was quite evident that none of the crew of the ship could by any possibility have reached that shore.

It was nevertheless most gratifying to them that they had been enabled so effectually to complete their examination of the pack. All that it was possible to accomplish for the unfortunate crew of the William Torr had been done to the utmost; and they could now only console themselves with the hope that the ship might possibly have returned to England during their absence.

Preparations were therefore immediately made for their homeward voyage, as further delay upon this coast could only be productive of great additional and unnecessary expense, without the most distant chance of the smallest benefit resulting from it.

During their brief stay at this place they had a good opportunity of judging of the greatly-improved moral condition of the Esquimaux inhabitants, from the introduction of Christianity amongst them.

Okkak derives its name from the long, projecting, tongue-shaped peninsula on which it is situated—"Okkak," in the Esquimaux language, meaning *tongue*. It was the northernmost point of the land granted to the society of *Unitas Fratrum*, in 1770, for the purpose of converting the heathen inhabitants; but since that period a still further extension of country has been granted, and their northernmost settlement now is Hebron, about sixty miles from Okkak.

The missionaries have establishments at four different places along this coast, about eighty miles distant from each other, and between which constant communication is kept up, summer and winter. There are, altogether, thirty-four European residents, and 920 Esquimaux inhabitants, being more than four times the number of natives that were at these places on the first arrival of missionaries amongst them.

The few days that they remained here were fully occupied in completing their stock of water, and making other necessary preparations for a homeward voyage. The past winter had been one of unusual severity, so much so, indeed, that the Esquimaux, being unable to venture out in pursuit of

game, were reduced to the necessity of eating their boots, and some of them their skin garments, to sustain life; and many were saved from starvation by a judicious, though of course scanty, supply of provisions from the stores of the missionaries. The harbour was much encumbered with ice on their first arrival, but cleared away sufficiently to enable Captain Ross to make a survey, whilst Mr. Mapleton, the second master, sounded all over it. The usual observations for the determination of the exact position of the settlement were taken, and the magnetic experiments completed by the afternoon of the 3d of August. The results were as follows: lat. $57^{\circ} 32' 40''$ N.; long. $61^{\circ} 55' 51''$ W.; dip, $81^{\circ} 33'$ N.; variation, $39^{\circ} 31'$ W.

On that evening they took leave of their kind and excellent friends, with feelings of regret that their acquaintance had been of so short duration; and early next morning, being favoured with clear weather and a fine commanding breeze, they weighed, and made all sail out of the harbour. They passed Saddle Island at noon, and finding the ice much dispersed, had but little difficulty in making their way through it to the open sea, which was seen from the mast-head before dark.

By daylight the next morning they were again in clear water; the land was still in sight, although at a great distance, and some few icebergs were occasionally met with until the afternoon of the 7th of August, when they finally took leave of the ice.

Their passage across the Atlantic was unattended by any occurrence worth noting, except, perhaps, the continuance of strong favourable gales, which carried them so rapidly homewards, that soon after noon of the 17th they passed a few miles to the northward, though not in sight of Rockal.

It is very remarkable, that just at this time the Antilles of Greenock, on her way home from the Mediterranean, and in lat. $45^{\circ} 11'$ N., and long. $13^{\circ} 79'$ W., picked up a large oil-cask, branded "William Torr," and which afterwards proved to be a new cask that had been put on board the vessel, immediately before her departure from England on her truly unfortunate voyage. It was much rubbed, and covered with sea-weed and barnacles; leaving no doubt that the vessel had been dashed to pieces whilst coming out of the pack, and that the melancholy event must have happened many months before. Several other of her casks have since been picked up at sea—but too fully confirming the sad anticipations of the lamentable fate of her unfortunate crew.

Whilst scudding before a strong gale, Cape Wrath was seen at daylight on the morning of the 19th. As the day advanced the gale increased to a violent storm, but the tide fortunately being also favourable, they passed through the Pentland Frith at noon, having been only a fortnight in crossing the Atlantic.

On the 23rd they steered into the mouth of the Humber, to land despatches for the admiralty, and anchored next day in Yarmouth Roads. On the 31st of August they arrived at Hull, and on the 26th of September the ship's company were paid off. On that day Captain Ross assembled all hands on the quarter-deck, and publicly expressed his thanks to the officers, for the cordial, zealous, and able support they had afforded him on many trying occasions; and to the ship's company, for their activity, obedience, and general good conduct during the voyage. He then read a letter from the admiralty, expressing their lordships' satisfaction at the zeal and judgment displayed by him, in the execution of the service confided to him, and at the activity and good conduct of the officers and crew under his command. The crew expressed their gratification by three hearty cheers! and the pennant being hauled down, the Cove was again delivered over to her owners.

SHRIVING A SEAMAN.

"What's the matter, Muster Lawrence?" inquired Dunaney, observing the chaplain suddenly rise from his chair. "I'm certain that none of my patients are in need of spiritual comfort."

"Possibly not," returned Lawrence; "but I always make it a point to comply promptly with the summons of the sick."

At the suggestion of Dunaney, the parson resumed his seat

till a servant was despatched to bring Mr. Bolus back to the ward-room.

"What's the matter with your eye, sir?" asked Dunanney on the re-entry of the disfigured pillman.

"Potter, sir," muttered the miserable Bolus

"And your mooth, too?"

"Potter, sir."

"And who sent ye, sir, for Muster Lawrence?"

"Potter, sir."

"Potter! Potter! What's the fellow pottering about?"

"He says he's dying, sir."

"Who?"

"Potter, sir."

"The scoundrel! *Dying*, indeed!"

"Perhaps, doctor," interrupted the parson, "he's only *dying* to see me."

"No, no, Muster Lawrence, I can't sooffer ye to be tormented by such a soorly, fool-moothered, mutinous pest."

"Deuced good man," exclaimed Leatherlungs, accompanying his blunt remark with a corresponding thump upon the table.

"Capital leadsman," observed the master, following in the leader's wake.

"Keeps his boat in excellent order. He may growl," said the junior lieutenant; "but growl-an'-go was always a good dog."

The chaplain had already entered the sick asylum. The loblolly-boy led him to the hammock of the "dying man," at the side of which had been already dropped a canvass screen. Placing a stool for the reverend gentleman, Bolus retired.

"I axes yer pardon, sir," said Paul, "for dragging ye so far for'ard in such a head-sea; I does indeed, Mr. Lawrence; but ye may depend on it, sir, there's never another parson in the sarvus as I sent for 'sides yourself," he added, offering to his pastor an awkward tender of his heated hand. "Rather warm," said Lawrence, replacing the hand of the patient gently in his hammock. "Still," added the chaplain, "there appears to be little of fever hanging about you." "Ah, sir, a heavier thing nor fever o' a hangin' *here*," sighed Paul, raising his huge, brown, weather-beaten hand to his broad brow. "Oh! come," said Lawrence, cheerfully, "to-morrow I hope we shall find you another man."

"Another man, indeed," reiterated Paul, despondingly. "In course, Mr. Lawrence, ye knows what they calls a reef-p'int as hangs below the yard when the sail's furled? Ye knows what I means, does n't ye, sir?" The chaplain nodded assent. "Well, then, that's the *man*, sir, as you'll find me to-morrow." "Nonsense, nonsense, man, you mustn't indulge this depression of spirits." "I doesn't, sir, but I well knows I could meet my fate the firmer, could I only lighten a little o' this terrible load aloft." "Well, unburthen your mind to me," said Lawrence consolingly. "Possibly we may manage to *lighten* a little of your load." The look which followed these few consolatory words would have puzzled even the pencil of the inimitable George Cruikshank. For several seconds, the starting eyes of the penitent seemed to search the very soul of his spiritual pastor; when, at length, letting loose the sluiceways of his full feeling, he emphatically exclaimed—"Bless yer comfort-talkin' tongue! I well know ye was never the man to refuse a helpin' hand to a feller-creter in trouble; I was sartin ye wasn't. Ah, Mr. Lawrence," he added, with increased emphasis, "there isn't a man nor a boy aboard, no, not even a *soger* in the ship, as wouldn't go—go *by*—."

"No expletives, Potter," exclaimed Lawrence, with uplifted hand, cutting short the fervid deliverance of Paul's adjuration. "I expect you will now," added the chaplain, "reveal to me, without any reserve, every circumstance connected with your troubles. Conceal nothing. Consider me your best friend." For a few minutes, Potter, who had already raised himself erect in his hammock, seemed absorbed in thought. His head hung downwards; whilst his fiddling fingers were in active, though apparently unconscious, operation, plucking small particles of wool from his upper blanket. At length, turning to Lawrence, he exclaimed—"Well, sir, if I must reveal all, without any pre-serve, I thinks I can't do better than begin with the lightest first." "Please yourself, Potter; but pray proceed." "Well, then, first an' foremost, sir," proceeded Paul, "I wishes to ax ye, sir, if ye thinks as the heavin' a contrary cat over-board

much of a crime?" "Cruelty to animals," responded the parson, endeavouring to suppress a smile, "I have ever deprecated. Indeed, I look upon it as very hard-hearted and heinous offence." "There it is, Mr. Lawrence. No one knows the tortur' it brings to my mind at night. Isometimes thinks I feels the cretur's claws clingin' to my hot head, an' every now an' again as if she was scrapin' and scratchin' a hole in my burnin' brain." "But pray, Potter," asked Lawrence, "what reason can you possibly assign for the commission of so cruel an act?" "Well, I tell ye, sir. I b'longs to the Phee-aton frigate at the time. She was a fancy ship, Mr. Lawrence—a reg'lar flyer. She'd think nothin' o' knockin' ye off eleven on a bowlin'. She was a man o' war, Mr. Lawrence. A man was a man in she. Every one know'd his work; and them as *worked* us know'd the business of all aboard—."

"But the cat's business?" interrupted Lawrence. "I'm coming to that, sir." "Well, sir," continued Paul, "we was comin' from foreign at the time. Was ye ever at the Cape, Mr. Lawrence?" "No, never." "Well, sir, we was comin' from *there* at the time; and just as we closes the chops o' the channel, we was catched with just such another bad-gerin' breeze as this here thund'rin' easterly wind. We was six upon four at the time, and terribly short o' water. The people below 'gins to growl, and look black one on the t'other, an' the watch on the deck hauls only half their strength, and works with a heavy heart. For twelve days an' thirteen nights, the wind keeps stiff and steady in the same parvarse, provokin' p'int. In course, every one seed as a spell had got hold o' the ship. Some set it down to the score o' this, others to the score o' that. At last, sir, a young feller o' the name o' Forbes, detarmines the thing in another way. Fred was second captain o' the folksel in the starboard watch; a finer young feller ye never seed. He stood six foot two in his stockin' feet. He 'minds me much o' you, Mr. Lawrence. In course, he hadn't the manners, or larnin', or winnin' way o' *you* sir; but he was a chap as feered nothin' in life, an' the word o' Fred was the will of all aboard. Well, sir, on the twelfth night, just as they relieves the first watch, up comes Fred on the folksel. 'Still,' said Fred, lookin' to wind'ard, an' butt'nin' his monkey athaut his chest, 'still this beggarly breeze! Ah! says he, 'that thund'rin' parlevoo puss is the cause on it all. Yes,' says he, shakin' his head, 'Crappo's cat's a-spittin' her spite; for ye see, Mr. Lawrence, 'twas an *enemy's* cat: we gets her out of a prize, a brig as we captures homeward bound from the Isle of France. 'Come, Paul,' says Fred, fixin' on me to lend him a fist; 'come down with me,' says he, 'I'll soon settle her hash.' Well, in course, sir, 'thout ever givin' the thing as much as the turn of a thought (an' more's the pity I didn't), down we dives together, bread bag in hand, to the heart o' the hawser-tier. There was Crappo's cat (for the ship's corporal lends us his light) kiled in a round kile, an' sound asleep, in the very identical spot as Fred said she was sure to be. Well, sir, the moment Fred gets a grip at her neck she flashes her eyes—spits fire faster nor forked light'nin'—sticks her tail on end, an' strikes out with her four claws in the savagest way ever I seed with brutal beast. Howsomever, sir, we soon bundles her into the bag, brings her on deck, claps a shot in the sack, ties up the muzzle, and sends her w' three hearty heaves flyin' over the lee-cat-head, five or six fathoms to looard o' the ship. There, now, Mr. Lawrence, ye has the whole o' the truth, as far as consarns the cat," concluded Paul, turning to the parson, who had already risen from his seat with his face hidden in his handkerchief.

THE OLD WRECKER.

A TALE.

RETURNING from the Mediterranean, a few years since, about the autumnal equinox, we had reached the British Channel, where our vessel was compelled to beat about for some days, in consequence of thick fogs. At last a brisk breeze sprang up, clearing the atmosphere in its progress, when we discovered a dangerous shore on our lee bow, at the distance of half a mile: our captain immediately ordered the ship *about*, and, as night was approaching, with appearance of storm, the greatest care and vigilance became necessary. To our tars this

was all a matter of course; but to a landsman like myself, the scene was truly alarming.

To sleep appeared impossible under such circumstances; I therefore determined on sitting up. Our chief mate, a Cornishman, and an old sailor, being during his watch, full of direful tales, I was compelled to listen to many a tale of hair-breadth escapes, storms, and shipwrecks, which would elsewhere have been much more entertaining. One was so striking, that I afterwards committed it to paper—it was as follows:

Towards the close of the sixteenth century, a horrid custom still prevailed in some parts of Cornwall, of luring vessels to destruction, in stormy weather, by fastening a lantern to a horse's head, and leading it about on the top of the cliffs, that the bewildered mariner, mistaking it for the light of a vessel, and consequently not apprehending land in that direction, might be induced to shape his course thither; till the foaming breakers gave too late warning of his fate, and the vessel became the prey of a set of ruthless barbarians called "wreckers;" who, to legalize their plunder, frequently murdered those who had escaped drowning, and then called the wreck a "God-send."

In a hovel, on the craggy shore of a deep and dangerous bay, dwelt one of these wretches; an old and hardened desperado, who united in himself the fisherman, smuggler, and wrecker; but to his depraved mind the two latter were the favorite professions, and such was the confidence of his companions, in his experience on these occasions, that he was usually leader, nor did he ever fail in his office. His wife, too, encouraged him in his deeds of iniquity, and sometimes aided him in his exploits. Shocked at the wickedness of his parents, their only son had long since fled his home, and sought a more honourable course of life on board a West Indian trader.

It was at a period when a long and profitless summer had nearly passed away, that Terloggan, like the vulture, ever watchful for his prey, was more than usually observant of the signs of the heavens; nor was any one more capable than himself of tracing the most distant indications of tempest. Nature had several months worn a placid and, to honest minds, a delighted aspect: the soft and azure sky had beautifully tinted the transparent sea, and the expanding waves swept with low murmurings along the sands of the deep bay, in mild and stately majesty, playfully casting up their white foamy margins, gently splashing the feet of the craggy rocks. Not more hateful were the beams of the orb of day to Satan, as described by our poet, than was this quiescent state of nature to Terloggan's dark mind: in his impatience he cursed the protracted summer, and hailed the approaching season as more congenial to his interest. At length he saw, with savage delight, the sun sink in angry red beneath the horizon; he heard with exulting feelings, the hollow murmuring of the wind, and beheld the blackening waves rising in angry roar, lashing the lofty rocks with the ascending spray. As the night advanced in chaotic darkness, the horrors of the tempest increased; and the long and loud blast of the contending elements seemed to overawe any mind but Terloggan's. "Now's the time, boy," said the old hag, his wife; "go thy ways out 'pon the cleaves,—there's death in the wind." Terloggan speedily equipped himself, and ascended the steep promontory at the entrance of the bay; the lantern was displayed in the usual manner, and he soon observed a light at sea, as if in answer to his own signal, which caused the old demon to rejoice in anticipation of speedy success. The light evidently approached nearer, and ere an hour had elapsed, the white close-reefed sails of the vessel could be discerned through the darkness, and the uproarious cry on board, at the discovery of their danger, could be distinctly heard. Signal guns of distress were fired—the loud commands, "All hands on deck," and "About ship," were uttered in a wild despairing tone: every exertion was made to carry into effect the salutary orders; but, alas! the redeeming moment was passed, the vessel was completely embayed, no strength could avert her impending fate. In a few moments, the tremendous crash, the heart-rending, but fruitless cries for help, announced the horrid catastrophe; and the last flashing signal-gun gave a momentary view too shocking to be described. Alas, it was indeed a piteous scene that

followed: the stranded vessel, thrown with reiterated blows against the rugged rocks, soon parted; the broken waves were dashing over her hull with relentless fury, bearing to the shore the scattered cargo, broken pieces of the wreck, and the tattered rigging; while the mingled cries of the drowning and the despairing, with the terrific roar of the striving elements, seemed like Nature's last expiring hour.

There was one, however, in whose eyes such a scene was joyous—in whose ears such sounds were melody—and that was Terloggan. He impatiently waited till the storm had somewhat moderated, and when silence indicated that death had done its work, he descended the well-known cliffs to grasp his prey. Unmoved by the horrid spectacle, he stood awhile and gazed with fiend-like pleasure on the rich booty that lay around him, (for the rising moon now shot forth her light) as if at a loss where to begin his work; but to his surprise and momentary dismay, there was yet one living soul on board, who, should he survive, would bar the wrecker's claim. To dispatch this unfortunate, was his immediate object; then scrambling over the rocks, as if to save him from destruction, he becomes his murderer. He rifled the pockets of his victim, took a ring from his finger, and then, laden with the most portable articles of plunder, bent his footsteps homewards. "Well, feyther, what luck?" exclaimed the old woman, as he entered. "Never better," replied Terloggan; "look, zee manther," pointing to his plunder. He then describes the success that had attended his stratagem—not even withholding the particulars of the murder: after which he displayed some pieces of foreign gold coin, and the ring belonging to the murdered man. As he held the ring near the light, he recognised its form and certain marks on it: he started back, his countenance fell, and he quickly passed it to his wife. She too well knew from whose hand it must have been taken, and no sooner examined it than she exclaimed, "Plaise God, thee'st murdered our son Tom! Oh, my son—my poor dear son!" and sunk on the floor, rolling about in frantic ravings. Terloggan endeavoured to master his feelings, and chid the old woman's hasty conclusion; although he was himself secretly stung to the heart, and but too apprehensive of the dreadful deed he had committed. He lay on his bed, however, and tossed to and fro till morning, when, with the dawn of day, he walked forth to ascertain if he had really been the destroyer of his child. He reached the spot where he had left the body, and soon as his eyes lighted on the countenance, he beheld his only son. Who can describe the deep remorse that now stung his soul—who can point the horror that now pervaded even Terloggan's hitherto callous heart. He returned to his hovel, and having related the doleful news, fled the face of man for ever. For several days and nights he was known to wander among the rocks. Many, who accidentally passed near him, shuddered to behold his horror-struck countenance, and to hear his wild ravings of despair. There was, indeed, a tempest in his soul, black and horrible, the transcript of what he had so lately witnessed: and the dreadful forebodings of his conscience, as to futurity, forbade him to call the grave a hiding place. Thus overwhelmed by despair, and hurried to self-destruction, his mangled body was found dashed to pieces among the rocks, and was buried in the sands, not far from the spot where he had perpetrated his last deed of blood. For a considerable period, the fishermen and smugglers—some of whom had been his companions in iniquity—would feel a chill of horror in passing near the spot, and observed a melancholy silence; while their superstitious fears often traced in the hollow murmurings of the winds and waves, the doleful cries of the murdered son, and the despairing groans of the remorse-stung father.

GENEROSITY.

When Admiral Keppel was in a close engagement with a French ship, and the vessel appeared likely to sink, he gave orders to cease firing. The French, in return for this act of generosity, poured in a smart fire. A broadside or two, however, from the English put them in the most imminent danger, and they struck; upon which boats were sent to their relief by Admiral Keppel, who saved the Frenchmen from perishing, while their ship sank to the bottom.

EXTRAORDINARY EFFECT OF THE EARTH-QUAKE AT LIMA, IN 1828, ON H.M.S. VOLAGE.

At half-past seven o'clock on the morning of the 30th of March, a light cloud passed over the ship; at which moment the noise usually attendant on earthquakes in that country, resembling heavy distant thunder was heard. The ship was violently agitated; and, to use the words of the narrator, felt as if placed on trucks, and dragged rapidly over a pavement of loose stones. The water around "hissed as if hot iron was immersed in it;" immense quantities of air bubbles rose to the surface, the gas from which was offensive. Numbers of fish came up dead alongside. The sea, before calm and clear, was now strongly agitated and turbid; and the ship rolled about two streaks, say fourteen inches each way. A cry of "There goes the town!" called the attention of the crew towards it. A cloud of dust, raised by the agitation of the earth and the fall of the houses, covered the town from view, whilst the tower of the garrison chapel, the only object visible above the dust, rocked for a few seconds, and then fell through the roof; and from the high rock at the north end of the island of St. Lorenzo, a slab, supposed thirty feet thick, separated from the top to the bottom of the cliff, and fell with a tremendous noise into the sea. The wharf, or pier, was cracked three parts across, showing a chasm of eighteen inches wide; the chronometers on shore, except those in the pocket, and most of the clocks stopped, whilst the rates of chronometers afloat were in many instances altered. The Volage's chain-

cables were lying on a soft muddy bottom in thirty-six feet of water; and, on heaving up the best bower-anchor to examine it, the cable thereof was found to have been strongly acted on, at thirteen fathoms from the anchor, and twenty-five from the ship. On washing the mud from it, the links, which were made of the best cylinder wrought iron, about two inches in diameter, appeared to have undergone partial fusion for a considerable extent. The metal seemed to run out in grooves of three or four inches long, and three-eighths of an inch diameter, and had formed (in some cases at the ends of these grooves, and in others at the middle of them,) small spherical lumps or nodules, which, upon scrubbing the cable to cleanse it, fell on the deck. The other cable was not injured, nor was any similar occurrence heard of amongst the numerous vessels then lying in the bay. The part of the chain so injured was condemned, on the vessel's being paid off at Portsmouth, and is now in the sail-field of the dock-yard.

Hark! his strong voice the dismal silence breaks,
Mad Chaos from the chains of death awakes;
Loud and more loud, the rolling peals enlarge,
And blue on deck the fiery tides discharge:
There all aghast the shivering wretches stood,
While chill suspense and fear congeal'd their blood;
Wide bursts in dazzling sheets the livid flame,
And dread concussion rends th' ethereal frame.
Sick earth convulsive groans from shore to shore,
And Nature, shuddering, feels the horrid roar.



VOYAGE IN SEARCH OF THE SURVIVORS OF THE CHARLES EATON,

VOYAGE IN SEARCH OF THE SURVIVORS OF THE CHARLES EATON.

On the 3rd of June, 1836, the *Isabella*, colonial schooner, Mr. C. M. Lewis, commander, left Sydney, New South Wales, in search of the unfortunate survivors of the crew of the *Charles Eaton*, and on the morning of the 19th, was anchored off the north side of Murray's Island. As soon as the vessel was secured, the attention of the crew was directed to the shore, on the beach of which a group of Indians were collected, showing signals of peace, by extending their arms, and displaying gestures similar to the natives of the Main; and among them was plainly distinguished a naked white man. The Indians were preparing to launch their canoes; and as there existed some doubts as to the real disposition of these islanders, every preparation of defence was made on board the schooner; but that the natives might not be deterred from visiting the vessel, the loaded guns were run in, and one half of the crew concealed below, in readiness to repel any attack. To the westward, a canoe was observed under sail.

It was not long before four canoes came off, each of which contained sixteen men. On their approach, they began to make signs of friendship, by rubbing the hand over the abdomen, and calling out in loud voices, "poud, poud," (peace, peace). Their object was to trade; and for that purpose they had brought tortoise-shell, cocoa-nuts, and other trifles; which, as they approached the ship, they held up, calling out "tooree," and "toollick," meaning iron tools, such as knives and axes. It was, however, pretended, by signs, that they were not understood, in the hope that they would bring off the white man to interpret for them; at the same time, some axes were displayed, the sight of which made the Indians so anxious to possess them, that although they might have easily been induced to give up their nearest relations in exchange, yet they showed great reluctance to produce the white man; and it was not until they found that trade would not be allowed, that they sent a canoe to the shore, which returned in an hour with him; but he was not permitted to come on board until some axes were given in exchange. Upon interrogating him, Mr. Lewis was very much gratified to find that he was one of the unfortunate crew of the *Charles Eaton*, his name being John Ireland.

Deferring any further inquiries for the present, Mr. Lewis gave the crew permission to trade with the Indians, upon which, an active barter commenced, and was carried on with great briskness, and in the most friendly manner. The first present which was given them, was some empty glass bottles, which they call "tarpoor," on which a few lines, explaining the particulars and intention of the schooner's visit had been scratched, in order that, should any white people be on the island, they might be informed of the means of escape which was now open to them. Ireland informed Mr. Lewis that he had been treated with great kindness by the Indians generally; but pointed out one in particular, whose name was Duppar, to whom he was indebted for his life and protection, and from whom he had received every parental kindness. A favourable opportunity was therefore afforded of rewarding him for his humanity. He was invited on board, clothed in "fine linen," and loaded with presents, which put the old man in high spirits.

Ireland now informed Mr. Lewis, that the youngest son of Capt. D'Oyley was also on shore. Upon applying to the Indians to go for him, they said he was on the other side of the island, and could not be produced that night, but promised that they would bring him on board in the morning. Fearing, however, that their reluctance to part with the child might induce them to conceal him, all bartering was ordered to be suspended until he was given up; soon after which, the canoes left the vessel, and returned to the shore.

Mr. Lewis had now an opportunity of obtaining from Ireland, the account of the loss of the *Charles Eaton*; but found great difficulty in understanding him; for the boy had forgotten his native tongue, and mixed the Murray Island language so much with his own, that he was at first scarcely intelligible. The following is Ireland's melancholy tale.

On the 15th of August, 1834, on the passage from Sydney to

Canton, the *Charles Eaton* was wrecked on a coral reef, close to Torres Straits. The captain and crew amounted to twenty-six, and the passengers were Captain and Mrs. D'Oyley, and their two children and servant girl, and a young gentleman from Ireland. The vessel went to pieces, and two rafts were constructed, on one of which the master, the surgeon, Captain and Mrs. D'Oyley, their children and nurse, a native of India, Mr. Armstrong, passengers, and two seamen, left them in the night. Those that remained then made another raft of the vessel's top-masts, lashed together with coil rope, and made a sail out of some cloth, which formed a part of her cargo. It took seven days before it was completed, when they launched off, and went with the tide.

After being two days and nights upon the raft, up to their waists in water, and having partaken of very little food, they passed an island, and then saw several more a-head. Soon afterwards a canoe was perceived paddling towards them, containing ten or twelve Indians, who, as they approached, stood up, and extended their arms, to show they had no weapons, and were inclined to be friendly. On reaching the raft the Indians got upon it, and conducted themselves very peaceably; and after a short time proposed that they should leave the raft and go into the canoe, which they at first hesitated to do, until Thomas Ching, a midshipman, said he would go, as he should then have a better chance of getting to England; upon which they all consented, and embarked in the canoe. Before they left, the Indians searched the raft very narrowly for iron implements, but only found a few hoops, which they collected and took with them. They were landed on a small island, called Boydan by the natives, who accompanied them round the island in search of food and water, but they were so exhausted with fatigue and hunger that they threw themselves down on the beach in despair; for it was evident, from the ferocious bearing and conduct of the savages, who stood around the party, grinning and laughing in the most hideous manner, that they were exulting in anticipation of their murderous intentions. In this dreadful state of suspense, Mr. Claer, the first officer, addressing his companions, recommended them to be resigned to their fate, and read to them, in a most impressive manner, several prayers from a book which he had brought from the wreck; after which, commending themselves to the protection of the Almighty, worn out by severe exhaustion, they soon fell asleep. But it was to them the sleep of death. For no sooner had they composed themselves, than, as Ireland describes, he was roused by a shout and a noise, and upon looking up, saw the Indians murdering his companions by dashing their brains out with clubs. The last who met his fate was Mr. Claer, who in the attempt to make his escape to the canoe, was overtaken by his pursuers, and immediately despatched by a blow on the head.

Ireland and another boy named Sexton, were now all who were left alive. The former thus describes his deliverance.

"An Indian came to me with a carving knife to cut my throat; but I grasped the blade of the knife in my right hand, and held it fast, struggling for my life. The Indian then threw me down, and, placing his knee on my breast, tried to wrench the blade out of my hand, but I still retained it, although one of my fingers was cut to the bone. At last I succeeded in getting uppermost, when I let him go, and ran into the sea, and swam out; but being much exhausted, and the only chance of my life being to return to the shore, I landed again, fully expecting to be knocked on the head. The same Indian then came up with an infuriated gesture, and shot me in the right breast with an arrow; and then, in a most unaccountable manner, suddenly became quite calm, and led or dragged me to a little distance, and offered me some fish and water, which I was unable to partake of.

"Whilst struggling with the Indian I observed Sexton, who was held by another of the savages, bite a piece of his arm out; but after that knew nothing of him, until I found his life had been spared in a manner similar to my own.

"At a short distance off, making the most hideous yells, the other savages were dancing round a large fire, before which were placed in a row, the heads of their victims, whilst their decapitated bodies were washing in the surf on the beach, from

which they soon disappeared, having, probably, been washed away by the tide. Sexton and I were then placed in charge of two natives, who covered us with the sail of the canoe—a sort of mat—but paid no attention to my wound which had been bleeding profusely.”

Upon Ireland being asked the reason why their lives were spared, he answered that he has frequently seen the Indians recover themselves in a moment from a violent paroxysm of fury; and he attributes their safety to a circumstance of this nature. The savages, he said, ate the eyes and cheeks of his shipmates in his presence.

The next day the Indians collected all the heads; and, embarking, removed to another island where the native women lived, which they called Pullan. On landing there, Ireland saw Captain D'Oyley's two children, George and William, and the ship's Newfoundland dog, called Porlland. George appeared to be about seven or eight years old, and the other was no more than thirteen or fourteen months old. The eldest told Ireland that the black men had killed his father and mother, and all, except him and his brother. The natives then took them into the open huts, and he saw parts of Mrs. D'Oyley's dress and the steward's watch there.

The number of Indians collected amounted to about sixty; they were merely residing on the island during the fishing season, for their home, as it afterwards turned out, was at a considerable distance off. Their principal subsistence was turtle and small fish, which they caught with hook and line, and shell fish, which abound on the reefs. The island of Pullan is covered with low trees and underwood, and the soil is sandy. In the centre of it is a spring, which supplied the whole party with sufficient water for their consumption. Upon a voyage the natives carry their water in bamboo joints and cocoa-nut shells, as do the Malays.

After remaining at Pullan two months, the Indians separated. One party, taking Ireland and the infant D'Oyley with them, embarked in a canoe, and after half-a-day's sail, reached another islet to the northward, where they remained a day and a night on a sandy beach, and the next morning proceeded and reached another islet, low and bushy, where they remained a fortnight. They then proceeded to the northward, calling on their way at different islands, and remaining as long as they supplied food, until they reached Darnley's Island, which they called Aroob, where, for the first time, Ireland says he met with kind treatment. After a fortnight they again embarked, and returning they came to an island, called Sir-reb (understood to be Marsden's Island), situate near Aureed, where the voyage ended.

“After we were there a few days,” says Ireland, “two ships in company approached very near, and the natives were running backwards and forwards with great curiosity, and they sent us up into the bush along with the women. William D'Oyley used to cry, and they tied him to a tree, and beat him with a bamboo, and they struck at me for trying to prevent them from ill-treating the child. Soon after we had been on this island, but I do not know how long, for I lost all idea of keeping count, Duppar, and Pamoy, his wife, natives of Murray's Island, came over to us on the sands, and purchased us, William D'Oyley and me, for a branch of bananas each, and we went along with our new purchasers, and the other sailor boy and George D'Oyley were taken away by the natives that sold us. At Murray's Island we were treated much better than at the other islands. The natives had small gardens, and grew yams and cocoa-nut trees, and plantains. When I got acquainted with the language, I learned from the natives we were with, that those we had quitted had murdered the other sailor boy and George D'Oyley.”

Duppar, who, it appears, upon hearing that there were two white boys in captivity at Aureed, had embarked in a canoe with his wife, and went for the express purpose of obtaining them by barter, gave little D'Oyley to a native, named Oby, to take care of; a charge of which he faithfully acquitted himself, and both Oby and his adopted child soon became very fond of each other, for, as the child was a mere infant, he soon forgot his mother, and naturally attached himself to his nurse. When at Aureed the Indians had named Ireland, Wak, and

little D'Oyley they called Hass—names which they retained at Murray's Island, and by which they are doubtless known all over the Archipelago.

Ireland lived in the same hut with Duppar and his family; his employment was to cultivate a plantation of yams, and, during the season, to assist in taking turtle and shell-fish. On one occasion he accompanied them on an excursion towards New Guinea, where they went for the purpose of barter and trade, which they frequently did, to obtain bows and arrows, canoes and feathers, for which they gave in return shells, and which, from their scarcity, the New Guinea people prize very much; but as Duppar was fearful the New Guinea people would steal or murder him, he was left at Darnley's Island, in charge of Agge, an Indian, until their return. Duppar and his friends, however, were not long away; for, having stopped at an island called Jarmuth (Campbell's Island), to pass the night, one of the islanders attempted to take away by force, from one of the visitors, his moco moco (a sort of bandage worn round the calves of the legs, made of the bark of bamboo), upon which a quarrel ensued, in which the Murray Islanders used their bows and arrows, and wounded several, one being shot through the body. The Jarmuth people then retreated to their huts, and the others embarked; but instead of going to New Guinea, returned to Darnley's Island, where, in a few days, they received a message from Jarmuth, offering peace; which, however, they would not accept, nor did they afterwards make friends.

“After I had been some time on the island,” continued Ireland, “the ship *Mangles* came in sight and anchored. I went over, along with several of the natives, in one of the canoes, and we dropped under the stern of the vessel. A rope was thrown down into the canoe, but having sprained my wrist a few days before, I was unable to get up by it, and I asked the crew to lower the boat for me, and I would get in. The captain and officers then lowered the starboard cutter, and put into it several cutlasses, swords, and pistols. The sight of these frightened the natives, who thought that they meant to kill me and themselves, and they let go the rope, and paddled towards shore. The boat drew a few strokes after us, but soon turned back. A few hours after the captain rowed to the beach, and one of the sailors showed him the boy, and motioned him to come to them, and he also motioned to them to approach him, but they appeared afraid of each other, and the boat left the beach, soon after which the vessel sailed off.” This concluded Ireland's statement.

Next morning, the 20th of June, at seven o'clock, five canoes came off to the schooner to trade; but as they did not bring the child, no communication was allowed to be held with them. As Mr. Lewis had now the advantage of Ireland's interpreting his wishes, no mistake or misunderstanding could occur in communicating with them. It was evident they were very reluctant to give the child up, and yet they coveted the “toolick” and “toores” so much, that he had great hopes of effecting his object without resorting to force. After waiting for some time without any appearance of their sending for the child, he began to insist upon their giving him up; and opening the ports, ran the guns out, and made a demonstration of using force, which had the desired effect. The natives saw he was in earnest, and accordingly sent a canoe ashore to bring the child off. It returned in a short time, with a message that he was on the other side of the island, but should be given up if he would give “toores” for him, which was, of course, immediately assented to; but then they wanted the payment to be made in advance. As it was evident from the confidence they placed in Mr. Lewis, and the example that had been shown by the payment that was made for Ireland, and the rewards that were afterwards given to Duppar, that the Indians had no intention of completing their part of the bargain, but merely wanted to obtain the “toolick,” he refused to comply with their proposal, and repeated his orders to stop trade.

Shortly after this, upon looking towards the shore, a group of about one hundred Indians, evidently in deep consultation, were seen seated on a hill; and among them a little white child, perfectly naked, playing with others of the same size.

After two or three hours the group began to move down towards the shore, and at four o'clock the child, surrounded by the natives, was brought to the beach in the arms of a young Indian, who seemed by his kissing him to be very sorrowful at the idea of giving him up. He, however, embarked in a canoe, and brought him alongside. The child was frightened, and cried very much at the idea of leaving his sable friend, whose neck he clung round, and pointed to the shore. Oby, however, brought his little charge on board, and descended into the cabin, where Mr. Lewis satisfied him with presents, and dressed him in clothes, at which he evinced no small delight. The bargain having now been completed, the canoes were permitted to come alongside, and the people to trade. They had not, however, much to dispose of: a few yams and cocoanuts, a small quantity of tortoise-shells, bows, arrows, figzigs, and shells, were all they possessed.

Towards evening the canoes returned to the shore, but left Oby and Duppar on board; both of whom, particularly the former, who sobbed very much, were disconsolate at the idea of parting with their favourites. Before leaving the vessel's side, the Indians pressed Mr. Lewis to visit them on shore next day, which he promised to do.

He accordingly landed the following morning, and was immediately surrounded by upwards of one hundred Indians, who expressed great delight at the meeting, by hugging and caressing him, and shaking hands; but in order to prevent surprise, two boats were ordered to lie off on their oars, and be prepared with their arms should any hostility be shown. This movement, however, appeared to frighten the women and children so much, that they ran away to their huts; and it was some time before they mustered sufficient courage to approach. At last they were persuaded by the men, who were evidently amused by their timidity; and an old fat lady gradually drew near and took Mr. Lewis's hand, and held it in one of hers, scratching the palm with the fingers of the other. Confidence being thus restored, the women and children



MUTINY PUNISHED.

As soon as the ship had been hauled to the wind, Jack's ship's company began to think that there was nothing to do except to make merry, so they brought up some earthen jars full of wine, and emptied them so fast that they were soon asleep on the deck, with the exception of the man at the helm, who, instead of thirty-two could clearly make out sixty-four points in the compass, and of course was able to steer with a much greater nicety. Fortunately, the weather was fine, for when the man at the helm had steered till he could see no more, and requested to be released, he found that his shipmates were so overpowered, that it was impossible to wake them. He kicked them one by one most unmercifully in the ribs, but it was of no use; under these circumstances, he did as they did; that is, lay down with them, and in ten minutes it would have taken as much kicking to awake him as he gave his shipmates.

When they were presented with handkerchiefs and toys, which seemed to delight them very much. After remaining two hours with those friendly Indians, Mr. Lewis embarked, with a view of examining the depth of water between the Islands.

Next morning, June 22nd, understanding that there was a water hole near the W. S. W. end of the island, eight casks were sent on shore to be filled. The well was about one hundred yards from the beach, but it only contained enough to fill one cask, and that was so muddy as to be unfit for use. It appears that the island is very deficient in water, and what they use is collected in the wet season in holes, and the valves of the "chama gigas" under the trees. The "chama gigas" is an enormous bivalved shell, the fish of which alone has

frequently been found to weigh upwards of three hundred weight: so that it would take the united strength of three or four men to move the shell when it contains its inhabitant. The valves may perhaps contain as much as three or four gallons of water. For drink the natives use principally the milk of the young cocoanut.

Whilst filling the cask with water, one of the Indians, an ugly fellow, without a nose or mouth (these having been eaten away by a cancerous complaint, which appears to be very prevalent amongst

them), took the opportunity of stealing a cask, and concealing it in the scrub at some distance: it was, however discovered, upon which the thief and his companions scampered off for fear of punishment, for the party was well armed. The Isabella's people afterwards had several opportunities of witnessing their thievish propensities, particularly for any iron tool.

On the ship's return to Sydney, the child, D'Oyley, was taken charge of by Mrs. Slade, a lady who knew Captain D'Oyley's family. It was with great regret that Ireland parted with the poor child he had been with so long. He had used the utmost exertions to save him upon many occasions, and he had no doubt, he said, that but for him he would have been killed.

In the mean time the ship had it all her own way, and not knowing where she was to go, she went round and round the compass during the best part of the night. Mesty had been down with Jack examining the cabin, and in the captain's state-room they had found fourteen thousand dollars in bags; of this they determined not to tell the men, but locked up the money and everything else of value, and took out the key. They then sat down at the cabin table, and it was no matter of surprise, after having been up all the night before, that Jack laid his head on the table and fell fast asleep. Mesty kept his eyes open for some time, but at last his head sank down upon his chest, and he also slumbered. Thus about one o'clock in the morning, there was not a very good watch kept on board of the Nostra Senora del Carmen.

About four o'clock in the morning, Mesty tumbled forward, and he hit his head against the table, which roused him up.

"By de mass, I tink I almost fall asleep," cried he, and he went to the cabin window, which had been left open, and found that there was a strong breeze blowing in. "By de Lord, de wind hab come mofe aft, why not tell me?" So saying, he went on deck, where he found no one at the helm; every one drunk, and the ship with her yards braced up running before the wind. Mesty growled, but there was no time to lose; the top-sails only were set, these he lowered down, and then put the helm a lee, and lashed it, while he went down to call our hero to his assistance.

"This nebber do, Massa Easy: we all go to devil together—dam drunken dogs—I freshen um up any how." So Mesty drew some buckets of water, with which he soused the ship's company, who then appeared to be recovering their senses.

"By heavens!" says Jack, "but this is contrary to the 'articles of war'; I shall read them to them."

"I tell what better ting, Massa Easy; me go lock up all de wine, and sarve out so much, and no more. I go do it at once 'fore they wake up."

Mesty soon returned, with the keys of the provision room tied to his bandana.

"Now," says he, "they not get drunk again in a hurry."

A few more buckets of water soon brought the men to their senses; they again stood on their legs, and gradually recovered themselves.

As soon as the sails were trimmed, the men came aft, and proposed, that if they could find anchorage, they should run into it. Jack consulted with Mesty, who thought it advisable to agree to the proposal. The coxswain offered to go in the boat and examine: and with four men he set off, and in about an hour returned, stating that there was plenty of water, and it was as smooth as a mill-pond, and land-locked on every side. As they could not weigh the bower anchor, they bent the kedje, and running in without accident, came to in a small bay. The sails were furled, and everything put in order by the seamen, who then took the boat and pulled on shore.

"They might as well have asked leave," thought Jack. In an hour they returned, and, after a short discussion, came aft to our hero, in a body.

The coxswain was spokesman. He said that they had had hard work, and required now to have some rest; that there were provisions on board for three months, so that there could not be any hurry; that they had found they could pitch a tent very well on shore, and live there for a short time, and that as there was no harm in getting drunk on shore, they expected that they might be allowed to take provisions and plenty of wine with them; and that the men had desired him to ask leave, because they were determined to go, whether or no. Jack was about to answer with the hand-spike; but perceiving that the men had all put on their cutlasses, and had their pistols at their belts, he thought proper to consult Mesty, who perceiving that resistance was in vain, advised Jack to submit, observing, that the sooner all the wine was gone the better. Mesty then gave them the keys of the provision hatch, and told them, with a grin to help themselves. The men then informed our hero that he and Mesty should stay on board, and take care of the ship for them.

As soon as they had thrown a spare sail into the boat, with some spars to make a tent, and some bedding, they went down below, hoisted up two pipes of wine out of three, a bag or two of biscuits, arms and ammunition, and as much of the salt provisions as they thought they might require. The boat being full, they shoved off, with three cheers of derision. Jack was sensible to the compliment: he stood at the gangway, took off his hat, and made them a polite bow.

As soon as they were gone Mesty grinned with his sharp-filied teeth, and looking at our hero, said,—"I tink I made um pay for all dis—stop a little; by de piper as played before Moses, but our turn come by-and-by."

A narrow piece of salt pork had been left at the gangway; Jack, without thinking, tossed it overboard; being almost all fat it sank very gradually; Jack watched it as it disappeared, so did Mesty, both full of thought, when they perceived a dark object rising under it: it was a ground shark, who took it into his maw, sank down, and disappeared.

"What was that?" said Jack.

"That ground shark, Massa Easy, worst shark of all, you nebber see him till you feel him." And Mesty's eyes sparkled with pleasure.

During the day, the men on shore were seen to work hard, before they abandoned themselves to the sensual gratification of intemperance. The tent was pitched, the fire was lighted, and all the articles taken on shore rolled up and stowed away in their places; they were seen to sit down and dine, for they were within hail of the ship, and then one of the casks of wine was spiled. The evening closed, and all was noise and revelry on shore; and as they danced and sung, and tossed off the cans of wine by the light of the fire, as they hallooed and screamed, and became more and more intoxicated, Mesty turned to Jack with his bitter smile, and only said, "Stop a little."

At last the noise grew fainter, the fire died away, and gradually all was silent.

"Now, Massa Easy, please you come aft and lower down little boat; take your pistols and then we go on shore and bring off the cutter; they all asleep now."

Our hero and Mesty went into the boat and shoved off, pulling gently on shore; the men were in a state of intoxication, so as not to be able to move, much less to hear. They cast off the cutter, towed her on board, and made her fast astern.

"Now, sar, we may go to bed; to-morrow morning you will see."

Mesty was up at daylight, and Jack soon followed him, they watched the party on shore. At last, just as Jack had done breakfast, one or two made their appearance, and walked down to the beach, to where the boat had been made fast; and they walked along the rocks until they were abreast of the ship.

"Ship ahoy!"

"Halloo," replied Mesty.

"Bring the boat ashore directly, with a beaker of water."

"I shall not send the boat," replied Jack.

"You won't—won't you?—then your doom is sealed," replied the coxswain, and walked up to the tent with the others. In a short time all the seamen turned out of the tent, bringing with them four muskets, which they had taken on shore with them. They then came down abreast of the ship, and the coxswain again hailed, and asked if they would bring the boat ashore.

"You must say no, sar," said Mesty.

The plan of the mutineers had been seen by the wily negro; it was to swim off to the boats which were riding astern and to fire at him or Jack, if they attempted to defend them. Some of the men examined their priming and held the muskets at their hips all ready, with the muzzles towards the ship, while the coxswain and two men were throwing off their clothes.

"Stop, for God's sake stop!" cried Jack, "the harbour is full of sharks."

"Do you think to frighten us with ground sharks?" replied the coxswain, "keep under cover, my lad; Jack, give him a shot to prove we are in earnest, and every time he or that nigger show their heads, give them another, my lads."

"For God's sake, don't attempt to swim," said Jack, in an agony. "I will try some means to give you water."

"Too late now, you're doomed;" and the coxswain sprang off the rock into the sea, and was followed by two other men: at the same moment a musket was discharged, and the bullet whistled close to our hero's ear.

Mesty dragged Jack from the gangway, who was now nearly fainting from agonising feelings. He sank on the deck for a moment, and then sprang up and ran to the port to look at the men in the water. He was just in time to see the coxswain raise himself with a loud yell out of the sea, and then disappear in a vortex, which was crimsoned with his blood.

Jack had covered his face with his hands. But the tragedy was not complete; the other men, who were in the water, had immediately turned and made for the shore, but before they could reach it, two more of these voracious monsters,

attracted by the blood of the coxwain, had flown to the spot, and there was a contention for the fragments of their bodies.

"Oh, horrid, horrid!" groaned our hero.

"Yes, sar, very horrid," said Mesty, "and dat bullet at your head very horrid. Suppose the sharks no take them, what then? They kill us, and the sharks have our bodies. I tink dat more horrid still."

The dreadful death of the three mutineers appeared to have a sensible effect upon their companions, who walked away from the beach with their heads down, and with measured steps. They were now to be seen perambulating the island, probably in search of that water which they required. At noon, they returned to their tent, and soon afterwards were in a state of intoxication, hallooing and shouting as the day before.

A few days more passed, and as was expected, the mutineers could hold out no longer. They had put the spile in the second cask of wine so loosely when they were tipsy, that it dropped out, and all the wine ran out, so that there had been none left for two or three days; their fuel had also been expended, and they had latterly eaten their meat raw; the loss of their tent which had been fired by their carelessness, had been followed by four days and nights of continual rain. Every thing they had, had been soaked through and through, and they were worn out, shivering with cold, and starving. Hanging they thought better than dying by inches from starvation; and, yielding to the imperious demands of hunger, they came down to the beach, abreast of the ship, and dropped down on their knees.

"I tell you so, Massa Easy," said Mesty: "d—n rascals, they forget they come down fire musket at us every day: by all de powers, Mesty not forget."

"Ship a-hoy," cried one of the men on shore.

"What do you want?" said Jack.

"Have pity on us, sir!" exclaimed the other men, "we will return to our duty."

"Debbel doubt em."

"What shall I say, Mesty?"

"Tell em no, first, Massa Easy—tell 'em to starve and be d—d."

"I cannot take mutineers on board," replied Jack.

"Well, then, our blood be on your hands, Mr. Easy; if we are to die it must not be by inches; if you will not take us the sharks shall; it is but a crunch, and all is over."

It appeared that the poor fellows had already made up their minds to do this, if our hero, persuaded by Mesty, had refused to take them on board—they shook hands all round, and then walking a few yards from the beach, stood in a line while the man gave the signal—one—two.

"Stop," cried Jack, who had not forgotten the dreadful scene which had already taken place,—*"stop."*

The men paused.

"What will you promise if I take you on board?"

"To do our duty cheerfully till we join the ship, and then be hung as an example to all mutineers," replied the men.

"Dat very fair," replied Mesty; "take dem at their word Massa Easy."

"Very well," replied Jack, "I accept your condition; and we will come for you."

Jack and Mesty hauled up the boat, stuck their pistols in their belts, and pulled to the shore. The men, as they stepped in, touched their hats respectfully to our hero, but said nothing. On their arrival on board, Jack read that part of the articles of war relative to mutiny, by which the men were reminded of the very satisfactory fact, "that they were to suffer death;" and then made a speech which, to men who were starving, appeared to be interminable. However, there is an end to every thing in this world, and so there was to Jack's harangue; after which Mesty gave them some biscuit which they devoured in thankfulness, until they could get something better. The next morning the wind was fair, they weighed their kedge with some difficulty, and ran out of the harbour: the men appeared very contrite, worked well but in silence, for they had no very pleasant anticipations, but hope always remains with us; and each of the men, although he had no doubt but that the others

would be hung, hoped that he would escape with a sound flogging. The wind however did not allow them to steer their course long; before night it was contrary, and they fell off three points to the northward. "However," as Jack observed, "at all events we shall make the Spanish coast, and then we must run down it to Gibraltar: I don't care—I understand navigation much better than I did. The next morning they found themselves, with a very light breeze, under a high cape, and, as the sun rose, they observed a large vessel on shore, about two miles to the westward of them, and another outside, about four miles off. Mesty took the glass and examined the one outside, which, on a sudden, had let fall her canvass, and was now running for the shore, steering for the cape under which Jack's vessel lay. Mesty put down the glass.

"Massa Easy—I tink dat de Harpy."

One of the seamen took the glass and examined her, while the others who stood by showed great agitation.

"Yes, it is the Harpy," said the seaman. "Oh, Mr. Easy, will you forgive us?" continued the man, and he and the others fell on their knees. "Do not tell all, for God's sake, Mr. Easy."

Jack's heart melted; he looked at Mesty.

"I tink," said Mesty, apart to our hero, "dat with what them hab suffer already, suppose they get seven dozen apiece, dat quite enough."

Jack thought that even half that punishment would suffice: so he told the men, that although he must state what had occurred, he would not tell all, and would contrive to get them off as well as he could. He was about to make a long speech, but a gun from the Harpy, which had now come up within range, made him defer it till a more convenient opportunity. At the same time the vessel in shore hoisted Spanish colours, and fired a gun.

"By de powers but we got in the middle of it," cried Mesty; "Harpy tink us Spaniard. Now, my lads, get all gun ready, bring up powder and shot. Massa, now us fire at Spaniard—Harpy not fire at us—no hab English colours on board—dat all we must do."

The men set to with a will; the guns were all loaded, and were soon cast loose and primed, during which operations it fell calm, and the sails of all three vessels flapped against their masts. The Harpy was then about two miles from Jack's vessel, and the Spaniard about a mile from him, with all her boats a-head of her towing towards him; Mesty examined the Spanish vessel.

"Dat man-o'-war, Massa Easy—what de debbel we do for colour? must hoist something?"

Mesty ran down below; he recollected that there was a very gay petticoat, which had been left by the old lady who was in the vessel when they captured her. It was of green silk, with yellow and blue flowers, but very faded, having probably been in the Don's family for a century. Mesty had found it under the mattress of one of the beds, and had put it into his bag, intending probably to cut it up into waistcoats. He soon appeared with this under his arm, made it fast to the peak halyards, and hoisted it up.

"Dere, massa, dat do very well—dat what you call all nation colour. Everybody strike him flag to dat—men nebbel pull it down," said Mesty, "any how. Now den, ab hoist colour, we fire away—mind you only fire one gun at a time, and point um well, den hab time to load again."

The wind now freshened fast, and blew out the green petticoat, but the Harpy was exchanging broadsides with the corvette, and too busy to look after Jack's ensign. The Spaniard defended himself well, and had the assistance of the batteries as he passed, but there was no anchorage until he had run many miles farther. About noon, the wind died away, and at one o'clock it again fell nearly calm; but the Harpy had neared her distance, and was now within three cables' length of her antagonist, engaging her and a battery of four guns. Jack came up again, for he had the last of the breeze, and was about half-a-mile from the corvette when it fell calm. By the advice of Mesty, he did not fire any more, as otherwise the Harpy would not obtain so much credit, and it was evident that the fire of the Spaniard slackened fast. At three o'clock the Spanish colours were hauled down, and the Harpy,

sending a boat on board and taking possession, directed her whole fire upon the battery, which was soon silenced.

The calm continued, and the Harpy was busy enough with the prize, shifting the prisoners and refitting both vessels, which had very much suffered in the sails and rigging. There was an occasional wonder on board the Harpy what that strange vessel might be who had turned the corvette, and enabled them to capture her, but when people are all very busy, there is not much time for surmise.

Our hero, who was tired with excitement and the hard work of the day, thought and thought until he fell fast asleep, and instead of waking at sun-set he did not wake until two hours afterwards; and Mesty did not call him, because he was in no hurry himself to go on board and boil the kettle for the young gentlemen.

When Jack woke up, he was astonished to find that he had slept so long: he went on deck; it was dark and still calm, but he could easily perceive that the Harpy and corvette were still hove to, repairing damages. He ordered the men to lower down the small boat, and leaving Mesty in charge, with two oars, he pulled to the Harpy. What with wounded men, with prisoners, and boats going and coming between the vessels, every one on board the Harpy were well employed; and in the dark, Jack's little boat came alongside without notice. This should not have been the case, but it was, and there was some excuse for it. Jack ascended the side and pushed his way through the prisoners, who were being mustered to be victualled. He was wrapped up in one of the gregos, and many of the prisoners wore the same.

He went aft to the cabin, pushed by the servant, who was giving some orders from the captain to the officer on deck, and entering the cabin where the captain was seated with two Spanish officers, took off his hat and said,

"Come on board, Captain Wilson."

Captain Wilson, evidently much surprised, jumped up and upset the glass before him.

"Merciful God, Mr. Easy. Where did you come from?"

"From that ship astern, sir," replied Jack.

"That ship astern! What is she?—where have you been so long?"

"It's a long story, sir," replied Jack.

Captain Wilson extended his hand and shook Jack's heartily.

"At all events, I'm delighted to see you, boy: now sit down and tell me your story in a few words: we will have it in detail by-and-by."

"If you please, sir," said Jack, "we captured that ship with the cutter the night after we went away—I'm not a first-rate navigator, and I was blown to the Zaffarine Islands, where I remained two months for want of hands; as soon as I procured them I made sail again—I have lost three men by sharks, and I have two wounded in to-day's fight—the ship mounts twelve guns, is half-laden with lead, and cotton prints, has fourteen thousand dollars in the cabin, and three shot-holes right through her—and the sooner you send some people on board of her the better."

This was not very intelligible, but that there were fourteen thousand dollars, and that she required hands sent on board, was very satisfactorily explained. Captain Wilson rang the bell, sent for Mr. Asper, who started back at the sight of our hero—desired him to order Mr. Jolliffe to go on board with one of the cutters, send the wounded men on board, and take charge of the vessel, and then told Jack to accompany Mr. Jolliffe, and to give him every information; telling him that he would hear his story to-morrow, when they were not so very busy.—*Midshipman Easy by Captain Marryatt.*

SUFFERINGS OF CHARLES STURT, ESQ.

On Saturday, September 20, 1800, his Majesty King George the Third, with the Queen and Royal Family, went on board the Cambrian frigate, upon which the St. Lorenzo and Syren saluted. At ten the three frigates slipped and stood to sea, on the larboard tack. About a quarter of an hour afterwards I got under sail, and stood before the Cambrian, on board of

which the standard was flying, kept on her quarter, and at times sailed round her. At a little before eleven passed under the stern of the Cambrian, Mr. Wield's cutter under my lee-bow; his boat being in, and topmast struck, she felt no impediment whatever. My boat astern, I observed, impeded considerably my sailing; the sea running so high, was afraid to hoist her in; however, struck my topmast and made all snug. Both cutters standing to sea about eleven, two leagues from land, by which time the frigates had worn, and were standing into Weymouth Bay. Feeling anxious to beat Mr. Wield's cutter, which I saw I could do, could I get rid of my boat, I proposed to one of my sailors to jump in and take her to Weymouth. He hesitated, and refused to comply, upon which I observed, "You have known me long enough, my lads, to be satisfied I would not order you to do anything I would not readily do myself, therefore reef the sails, slip the mast, I will go myself."

This was soon done, and I took with me my pocket compass. On jumping into the boat, Ben asked me if I would have another coat on. "Oh, no," said I, "never mind, Ben, I can swim in this as well as any I have." I left the yacht, ordered my master to attend, and to do his best to beat Mr. Wield's, hoisted my sail and steered N.N.E. to get clear of the shambles; found a considerable sea running, but not greater than the boat could weather with ease, for she never shipped a thimbleful of water till she came to the shambles.

A very strong ebb tide carried me to the westward, and towards the shambles, which I wished to avoid; put before the wind, but being under very low sail could not stem the tide, daring not to quit the helm to let the reefs out of the sail, for fear of broaching-to. The tide hauling me dead on the shambles, where the sea was running tremendously high, and breaking horribly, there was no time to be lost. Sensible of my peril, convinced that I could get neither to the eastward nor to the westward of them, I prepared to meet my danger; and to make the boat as lively as possible, threw over my ballast, which precaution would prevent her from sinking to the bottom.

I began to hear the dismal sound of the breakers, and soon saw them right a-head. Aware of the danger, and convinced that my boat could not exist many minutes, and that nothing but the interposition of Providence was able to save me, in order to divert my thoughts from the horrid idea of death, I began singing the sea song, "Cease rude Boreas;" at the same time keeping the boat's quarter to the surf. As I was singing the second verse, a dreadful foaming sea took my boat on the larboard quarter, and sheered my helm a-weather. She lost her steerage way, broached-to, and upset, the sea rolling over and over. Recovering from my alarm, without the smallest hope of escaping, I swam to my boat, which was lying on her broadside; with difficulty I got into her, and held her fast. I immediately pulled off my coat, waistcoat, shirt, and cravat, which, as they were wet, I accomplished not without much difficulty. I then began to consider what could be done; no sail near me, a dreadful, hollow, broken sea, running in every direction, and frequently overwhelming me, left me no hope of saving my life. To surrender without a struggle, I considered weak; the thoughts of my wife and children, which at that moment struck my mind so forcibly that I imagined I saw them, together with the recollection of the difficulties I had surmounted two years before, in saving some men from a wreck off my house, and who, I knew were, by the assistance of Divine Providence, saved from a situation as dreadful as my own,—this inspired me with resolution and fortitude to exert myself; I began to clear away the boat's masts and sails, which I at length accomplished, after being repeatedly washed off the boat.

When I had cleared the wreck, I got on her gunwale, and by my weight brought her to right. I got into her, but the violence of the seas, and their rapid return, repeatedly overwhelmed me. The difficulty of regaining my boat against such seas quite exhausted me, and the salt water so affected my sight, that it was some time before I could recover my boat. Looking round for a sail, perceiving none, and my distance from the land increasing, I began to think it a folly to struggle any longer for a miserable existence of a few hours. The love of life, and the hopes of some vessel heaving in sight, however,

prevailed, and I resolved to use every possible means of preserving it, and to continue in the boat. Repeatedly washed off and buried in the waves, I knew that I could not hold out much longer, but must yield to my fate. I then recollected that fishermen, when caught in a gale, frequently let a spar or mast, fastened to a boat's painter, go a-head, by which the force of the waves are broken before they reach the boat. Having been by this time above two hours in the water (for I upset at twelve), I felt myself much fatigued, and that it was absolutely necessary I should contrive some means to relieve myself. I accordingly took my boat's painter, passed it over and under the after seat of the boat; but in accomplishing this I was frequently buried for many seconds beneath the waves, which succeeded each other so rapidly that my breath was nearly gone.

At this period several gannets, a species of sea-gull, hovered close to me, and were so bold as to come within two feet of my head. I suppose they anticipated a good meal of me. However, by hallooing pretty loud, I convinced them that I was not dead. They took to flight, and I saw no more of them. After they were gone, I tried how my scheme answered; when a heavy sea came, I got out of the boat, and swam to the leeward, holding the boat's painter, which I had fastened to her broadside. Being at sea, and bottom upwards, the surf broke with force against her, and only a part came over me. By these means, saving myself from many a heavy sea, my spirits kept up; but, alas! when I could discover no sail in sight, while the sea increased, and it grew towards evening, they began to sink. Having struggled through such difficulties without the smallest hopes of being relieved, I had but little encouragement to persevere, and, having been full three hours in the water, I was much weakened.

About three o'clock I saw two sail near me, about a mile to leeward, but I knew that no exertion of mine could make the people on board hear me, therefore I made none. Having beat about for such a length of time, without the good fortune of any sail approaching, I entertained little hopes of saving my life; being, besides, continually washed off my boat, and repeatedly obliged, in order to avoid the sea breaking, to quit her, and swim to leeward, my strength was consequently diminished.

A quarter after four a brig came within half-a-mile. I hailed her, and stood as far out of the water as I could, moving my hands, and using every possible means to make the crew observe me. I succeeded; I saw the men go up the main-shrouds, and the crew stand close together, but they passed me without offering to lend me the smallest assistance. This, indeed, was sufficient to induce me to resign a life that was no longer supportable; such inhumanity excited in me the strongest emotions of indignation; but, alas! I had no means of redress. I gave up all hopes of being saved.

Being driven still farther from the land, a gale of wind coming on, and the tide carrying me on to Portland Race, I took a valuable diamond watch of my wife's out of my fob, and tied it securely in a handkerchief round the seat of my boat. When I had done this, I made a running knot with the painter, intending to put it round me in my last moments, knowing that my boat, from the direction of the wind, would be driven near my house, or Bridport, and that my watch and seal would lead to a discovery of who I was.

Having done this, I became indifferent. Death was no longer terrible; and, as I saw no chance of being saved, I sat quietly in the boat, patiently waiting for the next wave to put an end to my sufferings. Though immersed two feet in water, still tossed about, sometimes in the boat, sometimes holding on her bottom, washed off, and losing her for several minutes, yet I found that neither my recollection nor strength entirely failed me, for I always raised myself sufficiently by treading water to discover my boat, to which I immediately swam.

About half-past four, experiencing a very hard struggle to recover the boat, I saw eight sail to windward. It was a long time before I discovered whether they were standing from or towards me. At length I perceived they were approaching, which gave me additional strength and spirits. For the first time I saw a chance of saving my life, and that Providence had watched over me through all my struggles.

At five, three or four ships passed without seeing me; nor was I able to make them hear, the sea running high and breaking violently. Three more passed me close to the windward, my voice being too feeble to be heard. I reserved my strength for the only two of eight that had not passed me. A brig came by; I hailed her, lifted up my hands, and fortunately I observed that they saw me, for the men went up aloft to see what I was. They then tacked and stood towards me, but did not hoist out a boat. This alarmed me; and having been before passed by one unfeeling wretch, I almost gave myself up to despair.

There was only one more vessel to pass; it was nearly dark, a dismal sea, and within two miles of Portland Race. If this passed me, all was over. On this occasion I roused myself, and hailed her, stood on the boat's bottom, was washed off, got on her again, and was again washed off. However, life was still desirable, as long as I saw a chance of being saved. After struggling again and again, I was discovered by some of the soldiers: I observed a bustle on board her, saw men running up the rigging, and shortly after a boat let down.

At that moment I was agitated; my firmness seemed to forsake me, for I burst into a flood of tears, and was seized with a violent retching, from the quantity of salt water I had swallowed. As the boat approached I recovered. When she came near, the sea being very high, I desired them not to come broadside to, but stern-on. I untied my handkerchief, threw it into the boat, and endeavoured to spring in myself, but, being unable, the crew pulled me in by the legs. I was humanely received by Colonel Jackson of the 85th, and the whole crew expressed sincere joy for my providential escape. In ten minutes more the vessel must have passed, and I should not have had the smallest hope of existing half-an-hour longer, my limbs being benumbed; having, besides, a violent pain in my side, a dizziness in my eyes, and an inclination to sleep. From the time I was upset until I was picked up, I had been about five hours and a half nearly naked in the water. The ship Middleton came into Portland Roads at eight o'clock, and about nine, Colonel Jackson accompanied me to my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, from whom I received the kindest attention. They thought I was irrevocably lost; so did their majesties, particularly as Captain Ingram declared he saw my boat go down. Their majesties, with their family, on the Esplanade, expressed, in their kindest manner, their very sincere happiness at my being saved; and in short, every soul in Weymouth heartily congratulated me on my providential escape. I was most dreadfully bruised, very weak, and much agitated from the kind solicitude of my friends.

On Tuesday, the 23rd of September, I went on board the Middleton with Colonel Jackson, and distributed fifty guineas between the captain and crew. To Captain Rankin I presented ten guineas and a silver cup; five guineas each to John Jones, John Dayley, James Napier, and John Woodman, the men who ventured in the boat, and to the remainder of the crew twenty guineas.

THE SAILORS' PLEDGE.

ADIEU, my love! to-morrow's sun
Shall find me on the sea:
Give me the cup—the parting one—
I'll drink "Farewell to thee!"

When in the night the watch I keep,
Though sleep's denied to me,
I'll think of home—and oft and deep,
I'll drink "Fair dreams to thee!"

When scarce her way the ship can hold,
With breakers 'neath the lee,
Fond thoughts of love shall make me bold—
I'll drink "Calm skies to thee!"

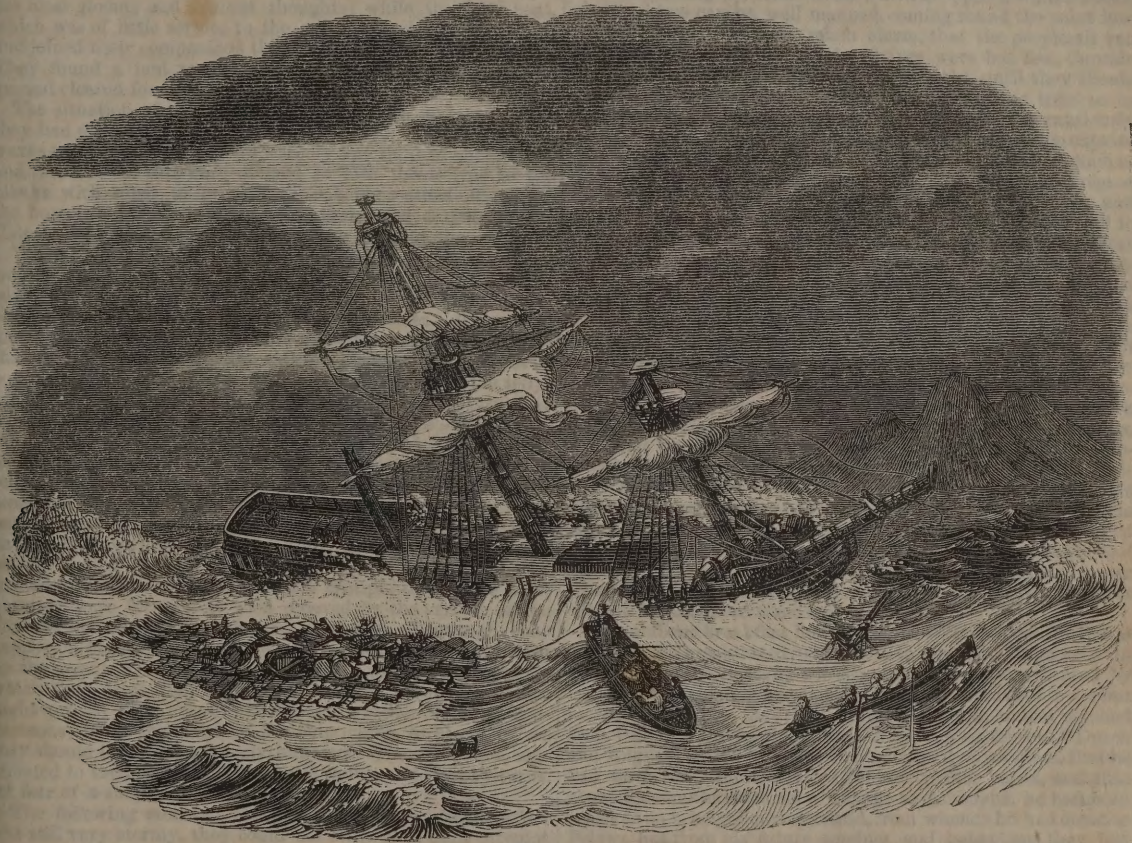
When cruising in a distant clime,
In fancy oft I'll see
Thine image: and to cheat the time,
I'll drink "Return to thee!"

LOSS OF THE ANTELOPE PACKET, CAPTAIN WILSON, AUGUST 9, 1783.

It is not often that the narrative of a shipwreck, however important in its character and fertile in incident, attracts so considerable a share of public attention as the following. It is marked by features that interest the sensibilities of our nature, and give it a claim to the regard of the philosopher, the patriot, and the Christian. By an accident we have been made acquainted with a people, who, though a little removed from a state of actual barbarism, have evinced a virtue in principle, a refinement in social feeling, and a humanity to our countrymen in distress, that must ever endear them to Englishmen.

The Antelope Packet, a vessel of 300 tons burthen, in the service of the East India Company, and commanded by Captain Henry Wilson, sailed from Macao in China, where she had arrived a few weeks before on her passage homeward, on Sunday, July 20, 1783. She had on board, besides the captain, three mates, a surgeon, one passenger, a gunner, boatswain, carpenter, steward, carpenter's mate and cook, four midshipmen, two quarter-masters, a captain's steward and interpreter, the captain's brother, thirteen seamen, and sixteen Chinese, making a total of fifty persons on board.

On Monday, the 21st, they got clear to sea, having discharged their pilot, and taken leave of several gentlemen who had accompanied them a few leagues. From the 24th to the 8th of August, they had very stormy, unsettled weather,



LOSS OF THE ANTELOPE PACKET CAPTAIN WILSON, AUGUST 9, 1783.

during which their fore-topmast sprung, and all their live cattle died. On the 9th the weather became more moderate; so that by opening the ports they dried the ship, examined their stores and provisions, and proceeded cheerfully on their voyage, flattering themselves that their distress and danger were now fairly past, little apprehending the misfortune that was so soon to overtake them.

Early on Sunday morning, the 10th August, a strong breeze sprung up, attended with heavy rain, and thunder and lightning. The captain had gone to bed about twelve, and Mr. Benger, the chief mate, then commanded on deck. While the seamen were busily occupied in reefing the sails, the man on the look-out exclaimed, "Breakers ahead!" and scarcely were the words uttered when the ship struck. The conster-

nation which ensued from such a sudden shock was indescribable: all who were in bed below immediately hastened on deck to learn the occasion of the noise and confusion, when they became too soon acquainted with their dismal situation. In less than an hour after the ship bulged, and filled with water up to the lower-deck hatchways. During this scene of horror, the men implicitly obeyed the commands of Captain Wilson.

The captain's first orders were, to secure the gunpowder and small arms, and to get on deck the bread, and such other provisions as were liable to be spoiled by the wet, and to secure them from the rain. As the ship took a heel in filling, there was some reason to fear that she might overset; to prevent which they cut away the mizzenmast, the main and

fore-topmast, and lowered the main and fore-yards to ease her. The boats were then hoisted out and filled with provisions; a compass, and some small arms, with ammunition, were then put into each, and two men, with directions to keep them under the lee of the ship, to be ready to receive their shipmates, in case the vessel should part by the violence of the wind and waves, as it then blew a very strong gale.

Everything being now done that prudence could dictate in so trying and distressing a situation, the officers and people assembled on the quarter-deck, that part being the highest out of the water, and best sheltered from the wind and sea by the quarter boards, and waited for the break of day, in the hope of seeing land; for as yet they had not been able to

discern any. During this dreadful interval, the anxiety and horror of which it is much easier to conceive than to describe, Captain Wilson endeavoured to cheer the spirits of his crew.

As they were almost worn out by the excessive labour they had undergone, two glasses of wine and some biscuits were given to each man; and they waited for daybreak with the utmost anxiety, in the hope of discovering land. Meantime, they endeavoured to support each other's spirits as much as possible, and by the captain's direction, put on as many clothes as it was possible to carry with them, in the event of getting safe from the wreck; and, to the honour of the crew it may be mentioned, that the greatest cordiality prevailed amongst them, and in the hour of confusion, none

attempted to touch his neighbour's property, or to taste any spirits.

At daybreak, they discovered a small island at the distance of about three or four leagues to the southward; and as the day advanced, they saw more islands to the eastward. Their apprehensions were now on account of the natives, to whose dispositions they were perfect strangers. However, after manning the boats and loading them in the best manner they were able for the general good, they were despatched to the small island, under the care of Mr. Benger, the chief mate; who was particularly requested to endeavour to establish a friendly intercourse with the natives, if they should find any, and carefully avoid any disagreement, unless caused by the most urgent necessity.

Immediately on the departure of the boats, those who remained in the ship began to get the booms overboard, and to make a raft for their security, in case the Antelope should go to pieces, which was hourly expected: at the same time they were under the most painful apprehensions for the safety of the boats, on which all depended; not only on account of the natives, but also with regard to the weather, as it continued to blow very hard. But in the afternoon they were relieved from their fears by the return of their boats, with the welcome intelligence that they had landed the stores, which they left under charge of five men, that there was no appearance of inhabitants, and that they had found a secure, well-sheltered harbour, and also some fresh water. These good tidings revived the drooping spirits of the crew, and having got another glass

of wine and some biscuit, proceeded with fresh vigour to complete their raft. A very distressing accident, however, happened this day: the mizenmast being discovered near the ship's stern, and part of the rigging entangled with the mizen-chains, Godfrey Minks, one of the quarter-masters, was employed to clear it, when he slipped overboard, and was drowned before any of the boats could get to his assistance.

Having finished the raft, they loaded it, together with the jolly-boat and pinnace, with as many stores and provisions as they could conveniently carry, consistently with the safety of the people. As the day was advancing, the captain ordered the people on board to be summoned; for they were so busily employed in collecting what they could to take with them, that there was reason to fear the mainmast might fall before they were all assembled. The stoutest of the hands were put on board the pinnace, which took the raft in tow, and moved slowly on till they had cleared the reef—their minds filled with the most gloomy and anxious thoughts; while the jolly-boat, which was of little service to the raft, proceeded to the shore and joined their companions that had been left in the morning. They found a tent ready for their reception, and a spot of ground cleared for the stores, &c.

The situation of those on board the pinnace and raft, until they had passed the reef, was terrible indeed. The swell of the waves was such, that they repeatedly lost sight of each other, and those on the raft were obliged to lash themselves to the planks with ropes, to prevent their being washed off; whilst the horror of the scene was enhanced by the shrieks of the Chinese, who were unaccustomed to the perils of the ocean.

When they had fairly cleared the reef, they got into deep smooth water, in the channel running between the reef and the islands; but on approaching the land they found a strong current, which drove them considerably to leeward. They soon found that they were incapable of resisting its impetuosity, and therefore, having brought the raft to a grapple, the men got on board the pinnace to relieve the rowers. Meanwhile, the jolly-boat's cargo having been landed, Captain Wilson returned in her to assist those in the pinnace, and the night being dark, the captain overhearing them at a distance, hailed them. The men in the pinnace were so overjoyed at this near prospect of relief, that they returned the cheer in so shrill and unusual a tone, that Captain Wilson immediately concluded they were natives; and he was the more confirmed in this opinion, from having just learned that there were several appearances of natives having been on the spot very lately: he therefore retreated to the shore with the utmost precipitation. The crew, however, were fortunately soon relieved by the arrival of the pinnace, and all shook hands most cordially. That night they supped on biscuit, cheese, and water; and having obtained light by the means of a pistol, they kindled a fire in the cove, by which they dried their clothes and warmed themselves. The night proved very uncomfortable, the weather being so tempestuous; while the dread of the ship going to pieces before they should be able to save anything more from the wreck, contributed to their distress. They set a watch, and slept by turns, for fear of a surprise.

The following morning, Monday the 11th, as the weather was still very stormy, they could not succeed in their attempt to bring off the raft; but were obliged to leave it, bringing with them the sails and the remainder of the provisions. However, the weather became more moderate in the afternoon, which tempted them to despatch the boats to bring off what they could from the ship, while those on shore were employed in brushing up the small arms.

The evening set in very squally, and as the boats did not return from the ship till nearly ten o'clock, those on shore were much alarmed; nor were they much easier by the intelligence of the chief mate and crew, who returned with the pinnace, that, from the badness of the weather, they did not think the ship could hold together till the morning, as she was beginning to part, the bends, or wales, having already started out of their places.

This melancholy account totally extinguished the ideas which they had fondly entertained, that when a calm succeeded, there might be a possibility of the ship floating again, so that they

might repair her, and by that means return to Macao, or some part of China. The dreadful prospect now darkened around them, and fear magnified every danger, that hope could hardly find an opening through which they might receive one ray of consolation. They were ignorant of where they were, or among whom—separated not only from wives, children, and home, but from all mankind, except, perhaps, a race of savages, as they naturally supposed—without any prospect of relief.

In the morning it blew exceedingly strong, so that the boats could not go off to the wreck; the men, therefore, employed themselves in drying their provisions, and forming better tents from the materials which they had brought from the ship the day before. About eight o'clock in the morning, the people being employed as above, and in clearing from wood the ground which was behind the tents, Captain Wilson, with Tom Rose, a Malay, whom they had taken on board at Macao, being on the beach collecting the fresh water which dropped from the rocks, observed two canoes, well manned, coming round the point into the bay. This created so much alarm, that the people all ran to their arms: however, as the natives were but few, Captain Wilson desired the men to keep out of sight, until they should perceive what reception he met with, at the same time to be prepared for the worst. The natives advanced very cautiously towards them, and when near enough to be heard, the captain desired Rose to speak to them in the Malay language, which at first they did not seem to understand; but soon after, one of them asked, in the Malay tongue, who the English were, and whether they were friends or enemies? Rose was directed to reply, that they were unfortunate Englishmen, who having lost their ship upon the reef, had saved their lives, and that they were friends. On this they appeared to confer for a short time, and then stepped out of their canoes into the water, and came towards shore. Captain Wilson instantly waded into the water to meet them, and embracing them in the most friendly manner, led them to the shore, and presented them to his officers and unfortunate companions. The natives were eight in number, two of whom, as they afterwards found, were brothers to the rupack, or king, of the neighbouring islands, and that one of them was a Malay, who having been shipwrecked in a vessel belonging to a Chinese, had become a resident in the Island of Ternate, one of the same group. He told them, that a canoe having been out fishing, had seen the ship's masts; and that the king, whom he described as a good man and a father to his people, having been informed of it, had sent off the two canoes at four o'clock in the morning, to see what was become of the people who belonged to her, in order that he might afford them assistance.

Being about breakfast hour, Captain Wilson, Tom Rose, and a few others breakfasted with them to prevent suspicion. In the course of their short conversation, a wish was hinted by Captain Wilson that he should like to be informed by what means the Malay they had brought with them had reached their islands. He informed them in the few sentences of Dutch and English, which he could but indistinctly articulate, that he had formerly commanded a Chinese trading vessel, and that about ten months since, on a voyage to Amboyna, he had been wrecked on a neighbouring island, from whence he had come to Pelew; but from his future conduct and behaviour, they had great reason to suspect his veracity. It was, however, fortunate, indeed, an unlooked-for blessing of Providence in the hour of difficulty and distress, that both the English and the inhabitants of Pelew, had an interpreter who could freely converse together in the Malay language.

The Pelew islands, upon one of which they had just found a refuge in the hour of danger, are situate in the western part of the Pacific Ocean, about eight degrees to the eastward of the Philippine islands; and though they lay in the most direct line across, yet Cooke and the other great navigators appear to have gone considerably either to the north or south of that line. They were probably first noticed by the Spaniards of the Philippines, who called them the Palos Islands, from the tall palm trees which grow there in great numbers, and which, at a distance, have the appearance of masts of ships. The word *palos* in the Spanish, sometimes signifying a mast; and at the time of this shipwreck formed a region, of which, generally

speaking, even the name was unknown to the people of Europe.

The natives were of a moderate size, but admirably proportioned and very muscular; their hair was long and black, and rolled up in a peculiarly neat manner close to their heads: with the exception of the king's younger son, none of them had beards, as, in general, they plucked out the hair by the roots. They were quite naked, and their skin of a deep copper-colour; their thighs appearing much darker from being tattooed very closely. The chief carried in his hand a basket of betel-nut, and a very neat bamboo, which contained what they call their *chinam*; this is coral burnt to a lime, with which they sprinkle the leaf of the betel-nut and then chew it; this turns their saliva red and appearing between their jet black teeth, makes a very disagreeable contrast.

They were conducted round the cove, and to the great surprise of the English, they walked on the broken rocks, shells, and thorny plants with the greatest ease, although they were barefooted.

They were now enabled to support a conversation, by means of the Malay on the part of the natives, and Tom Rose on the part of the English, and thus had an opportunity of examining one another as to the different appearances, which occasioned mutual surprise. From this first interview, as well as from what afterwards occurred, it was evident that the natives had never before seen a white man, and were ignorant of even any such existing, their surprise therefore at seeing them may well be imagined. The appearance of clothes was quite new to them, and, for sometime they were at a loss to determine whether the man and his dress were not the same substance. But nothing afforded them greater delight than the two dogs belonging to the ship, at whose appearance they set up a shout of joy and surprise, which may be accounted for by the fact that, except a few grey rats, there were no quadrupeds on the island.

Captain Wilson was particularly anxious to keep them ignorant of the nature and use of fire-arms; but one of them accidentally picking up a small leaden bullet was surprised by its weight, and asked the Malay about it, who requested one of the muskets in order to explain it to him. They seemed very desirous that one of the English should go with them to their king, that he might see what sort of beings white men were, and to this they all agreed; but the difficulty was as to which of them should go: when the captain requested his brother, Matthias Wilson, who readily consented to undertake the office; and about noon one of the canoes left the harbour, taking Mr. Wilson with them; the other canoe, in which were Raa Kook, the king's elder brother and general of his armies, and three other persons, remained of their own accord until the canoe returned with Mr. Wilson.

The captain directed his brother to acquaint the king, as well as he could, with the nature of their misfortune, to solicit his friendship and protection, and permission to build a vessel to carry them back to their own country. He also sent a present to the king, consisting of a small remnant of blue broad cloth, a canister of tea, another of sugar-candy, and a jar of rusk—the last was added at the particular request of the king's two brothers.

The natives who remained, observing that the English had much trouble to procure fresh water, conducted them across a narrow part of the island, where it was most plentiful; and the road to it being rugged and difficult, they carried Mr. Sharp, a youth of fifteen years of age who was sent on this duty, in their arms, over the most difficult places, and so carefully assisted the men, who brought two jars of water from the well.

All the next night the weather remained as bad as ever, but grew better towards morning, and about ten o'clock one of the boats went off to the wreck, when they found that some of the natives had been on board; that they had carried away some iron-work and other things; and that, in particular, they had rummaged the medicine-chest, and disliking the taste of the contents, had thrown them away and carried off the bottles. This circumstance Captain Wilson made known to Raa Kook, as he was fearful of the consequences to the natives from taking the medicines. The countenance of Raa Kook forcibly expressed the indignation he felt at the treacherous behaviour of his coun-

trymen; and he requested, that if they caught one of them again attempting to plunder the vessel, that they would kill them, and he would justify the English to his brother for having done so.

The same evening Captain Wilson made a proposition to his officers, the boldness and wisdom of which, the resolution manifested in its execution, with the unanimity and cheerfulness displayed by the crew in acceding to it, reflect the highest honour on all parties concerned. Captain Wilson having observed the powerful effects of strong liquor, even in moderate quantities, acting upon empty stomachs, and dreading the consequences that might ensue from the want of proper restrictions, submitted to his officers the propriety of obtaining the consent of the people to stave every cask of liquor on board the ship. To this the officers agreed, and the next morning he called all the crew, and addressed them in the most forcible terms he could use, as to the propriety of acceding to a step which would best promote their hope of deliverance; and added, that however reluctantly they might yield to the proposition, yet they must, on reflection, perceive that it was a measure absolutely necessary to be adopted. The moment he concluded, the sailors, to their lasting honour, replied with the utmost unanimity, that however they might suffer from being deprived of their accustomed liquor, they gave their full assent to the captain's proposal, and offered to go directly and stave every cask of liquor on board. This they most conscientiously performed; and so scrupulously did they fulfil their pledge, that there was not a man among them who took a farewell glass of his beloved cordial.

On the morning of the 14th two canoes arrived, bringing with them Arra Kooker, the king's other brother, and one of the king's sons, who informed Captain Wilson that his brother was on his way back, but the canoe in which he was, not being so well able to contend against the wind as theirs, occasioned the delay. They also brought the intelligence, that the king offered them a hearty welcome and full permission to build a vessel in any part of the island which they should choose, at the same time, he and his subjects would give them every assistance in their power. Raa Kook then introduced his nephew to the captain and officers, and afterwards conducted him round the cove, explaining everything, agreeably to the information he himself had just received.

In the forenoon, two boats were sent off to the wreck, where they found a number of the natives in about twenty canoes very busily employed in examining the vessel; these Raa Kook soon despatched; and on this, as well as on every other occasion, did every thing in his power to convince the English of his friendship and protection.

The people in the meantime were highly entertained by the versatile powers of Arra Kooker, who proved to be a most facetious man, and possessing uncommon talents for mimicry and humour. He described, by numerous diverting signs, the terror of Matthias Wilson while at Pelew; who, it seems, had been under very great apprehension. At length, to their great joy, he made his appearance, and gave the following account of his embassy:—

"On the approach of the canoe in which I went to the island where the king resides, a vast concourse of the natives ran out of their houses to see me come on shore. The king's brother took me by the hand, and led me up to the town, where a mat was spread for me on a square pavement, and I was directed to sit down on it. In a little time the king appeared, and being pointed out to me by his brother, I rose and made my obeisance after the manner of eastern nations, by lifting my hands to my head, and bending my body forward, but he did not appear to take any notice of it. I then offered him the presents which my brother had sent to him, and which he received very graciously. His brother then began to talk to him a great deal, the purport of which, I conceived, was to tell him of our misfortune and the number of us; after which the king ate some of the sugar-candy, which he seemed to relish, and distributed a little of it to several of his chiefs; and then directed all the things to be carried to his own house. This being done, he ordered some refreshments to be brought for me.

"A great crowd of the natives had, by this time, surrounded me, who were curious and eager to examine my

clothes and person. Taking off my hat by accident, all who were present seemed struck with astonishment; which I perceiving, unbuttoned my waistcoat, and took my shoes from my feet, in order that they might see that they were no part of my body; as, at first sight, they appeared to entertain a notion that my clothes constituted a part of my person; for when undeceived in this, they came nearer to me, stroked me, and put their hands into my bosom to feel my skin.

"As it was growing dark, the king, his brother, myself, and several others, retired into a large house, where supper was brought in, consisting of yams boiled whole, and others mashed as we do potatoes. There were also some shell-fish, but of what kind I could not determine. After supper I was conducted to another house, at some distance from the first, where I found about forty or fifty men and women; and signs were made for me to sit or lie down on a mat, which seemed to have been spread on purpose for me to sleep on. After all the company had satisfied their curiosity by viewing me very minutely, they went to sleep; and I laid myself down on the mat, and rested my head on a log, which these people use as a pillow, and drew over me another mat, which also seemed laid for the purpose. I was unable even to slumber, but lay perfectly still; and some considerable time after, when all was quiet, about eight men rose and made two great fires at each end of the house, which was not divided by partitions, but formed one large room. This operation, I confess, alarmed me very much indeed. I thought of nothing less than that they were going to roast me; but recollecting there was no possibility of escape, I collected all my fortitude, and recommended myself to the Supreme Disposer of all events: but to my great surprise, after sitting awhile to warm themselves, they retired to their mats and stirred no more till daylight.

In the morning I got up and walked about, surrounded by great numbers of men, women, and children; and in a little time, was joined by the king's brother, who took me to several houses, in every one of which I was entertained with yams, cocoa-nuts, and sweatmeats. I was afterwards conducted to the king, to whom I signified by signs, that I much wished to return to my brother. He understood me perfectly; and replied to me, by signs also, that the canoes could not go out, on account of the great wind. The remainder of the day I spent in walking about the island, and observing its produce, which consisted chiefly of yams and cocoa-nuts: the former they cultivate with great care, in large plantations, which are all in swampy watered ground, like the rice in India. The cocoa-nuts grow chiefly about their houses, as does also the betel-nut, which they chew like tobacco."

This favourable account by Mr. Wilson, joined to the message which the king had sent to the captain by his brother and son, put all the people into great spirits; so that they applied to their avocations with redoubled vigour, and particularly in getting everything they could from the wreck. Thus, by the kindness of Providence, were these unfortunate men rescued from a state of the greatest distress, to a situation at least tolerable; and, indeed, had it not been for the dread of not being able to accomplish the building of another vessel to carry them to China, and thus being for ever, in all human probability, shut out from seeing their friends, their families, and country, they might have spent their time in tolerable comfort.

The next morning, at daybreak, the king's son, accompanied by one of his uncles, launched their canoe, and went off to the ship. A number of canoes were seen approaching the harbour, and the captain was informed that the king was coming. The king's canoe came forward between four others, two on each side, the rowers of which splashed the water about with their paddles, and flourished them over their heads in a very dexterous manner; and as the king passed, the other canoes that had lain-to, closed his train, and followed into the cove, sounding their conch-shells. The king stopped as soon as he was in the bay, and directed one squadron of the canoes, which were all armed, to retire to the back of the island, probably thinking that so great a number of armed people would create an alarm among the strangers. He then advanced with the rest, in great form, as far as the tide, which was then low, would per-

mit them; and it was signified to Captain Wilson, by the king's brother, that he should then go and meet him; on which two of his men took him up in their arms, and carried him through the shallow water to the canoe where the king was sitting on a stage built in the middle of it. He was requested to enter, and he and the king, whose name was Abba Thulle, embraced one another.

The captain then related to Abba Thulle the nature of their misfortune, and repeated his request to be allowed to build a vessel to convey them back to their own country; to this the king replied in a very courteous manner, that he was welcome to do so, either where they then were, or at his own island; but recommended the latter, as the island on which they had landed was unhealthy, which was the reason it was not inhabited. Captain Wilson expressed his acknowledgments for the condescension and goodness which the king had testified towards him and his people, and informed him that it would be very inconvenient to them if they removed farther from the wreck, because they could not then procure from her such things as they might want, without much trouble and loss of time; adding, that they had a person with them whose business it was to cure diseases, and who was very skilful, which made him perfectly easy on that account: but in case any of his people should fall ill during their stay there, he would then avail himself of his goodness, and convey them to the better air of his own island for recovery. To this the king assented; and making signs that he wished to land, the captain was carried on shore by his people, and Abba Thulle, stepping into the water, followed him.

The king was perfectly naked, nor had he any bone on his wrist (which is there a sign of rank, and is worn by the chiefs), or any ornament of distinction. He bore a hatchet on his shoulder, with a head made of iron, which much surprised the English, as all the hatchets they had seen were made of shell. On landing, he looked about him with the same kind of caution and circumspection as his brothers and those who came with them had done on their first visit. Raa Kook met him on the shore, and as he declined entering any of the tents, a sail was spread for him to sit on, which he did, and clearly understood and took it as a mark of respect; the chief minister placed himself opposite to him on the extremity of the canvass, whilst his two brothers, Raa Kook and Arra Kooker, sat on each side, forming a square. The principal chiefs and officers of state who accompanied him seated themselves near; and behind these a large retinue of his own people, to the number of three hundred, not standing, but squatting in such a position that they could rise in an instant. Captain Wilson offered him some tea, of which he drank one cup, but did not seem to relish it. After sitting a little while, he presented him with a remnant of scarlet cloth and some ribbons, with which he seemed mightily pleased, and distributed them among his attendants.

Captain Wilson then introduced Mr. Benger, the chief-mate, to the king, as the first officer under him; Abba Thulle called him *kicharay rupack*—meaning little chief; the rest of the officers were then introduced, and lastly all the private men. The king then inquired for Captain Wilson's badge of supremacy, which made him at a loss for an answer; till, luckily, Mr. Benger slipped his ring into his hand, which, being produced, and the manner of wearing it shown, pleased Abba Thulle, as it bore some affinity to their own mark of dignity.

Raa Kook was particularly attentive in showing the king everything he had seen and inquired into himself; but what seemed chiefly to attract his attention was a grindstone, which was placed behind one of the tents, and fixed on a block. Raa Kook eagerly laid hold of the handle, and began turning it, to let his brother see how well he understood it; while the king remained fixed in astonishment at the rapidity of its motions, and could not but look upon the English as a superior as well as an uncommon kind of being. If, therefore, he felt so much emotion at the sight of a grindstone, what must have been his sensations at witnessing the effect of a musket? In order to give them some idea of this, and at the same time to impress the minds of the natives with a more enlarged idea of the power of the English, Captain Wilson desired Mr. Benger to

have the sailors drawn up on the beach, it being then low water, to go through their exercise, while he explained their motions to the king. The men went through various evolutions with great readiness, marching backwards and forwards, and concluded with firing three volleys in different positions.

The surprise and astonishment of the natives, on hearing the report of the muskets, is not easily conceived; their hoisting, hallooing, jumping, and chattering, produced a noise little inferior to it: and when, a few minutes afterwards, a fowl, part of the live stock of the Antelope, which had been purposely driven across the cove, was shot by Mr. Benger, their admiration knew no bounds—indeed, they seemed lost in wonder and amazement.

Abba Thulle was highly gratified with the various things he had seen; and stated that he intended to go away, and sleep at the back of the island. Presently a loud shriek was given by one of the king's officers, which at first threw the English into some alarm, but the cause of it was immediately evident; for all the king's attendants, to the number of three hundred, though dispersed in every direction, and intently engaged in looking about them, instantly darted, rather than run, to their canoes. No word of command was ever executed with greater promptitude; and the king departed, apparently well pleased with his visit, and gratified by what he had seen.

Raa Kook, the king's son, and several chiefs, stayed with the English, and slept in the tents which Captain Wilson had prepared for the king. Captain W. remained with them for some time after the guard was set and sentinels placed, to show them respect, as well as to testify the confidence he placed in them. Soon after which the following circumstance occurred, which at first occasioned some considerable alarm.

Just as the English were going to rest, the natives suddenly commenced a song, the shrillness and manner of which was so dissonant and harsh, that made them think it was their war-whoop or signal for the king to come from the back of the island, and attack them. Impressed with this idea, the English instantly took to their arms, and Messrs. Barker and Sharp ran to the tent where Captain Wilson was, to see if he was safe, as they supposed him to be in the most imminent danger. They were, however, soon relieved from every anxiety, and attended to the song, which was conducted in the following manner:—Raa Kook gave out the line, which a company next to him took up, and completed the verse. The last line they sung twice over, which was taken up by the natives in the next tent, and they also sung a verse. Raa Kook then gave out another line, which was sung in the same manner, and this continued for ten or twelve verses. They then requested to hear some English songs, which were sung by a lad named Cobbledick, to their satisfaction. The natives soon after went to sleep, although the English had been so alarmed that they could not allow their minds to be speedily composed.

A circumstance now occurred, which presents the inhabitants of Pelew in a light that could not have been preconceived. The English had no other means for again re-visiting their native homes, but by constructing a small schooner; and for this purpose had only a few instruments saved from the wreck, which they carefully concealed from the natives, as they had shown a particular attachment to iron and instruments made of that metal. A chief, by accident, had observed where they were, and requested a cutlass of Captain Wilson, which, though he was loath to part with it, still he thought it best not to refuse to give it, and did so accordingly; but as they went out of the tent, Raa Kook observed it with great displeasure, and taking it from him, returned it to Captain Wilson.

The Malay coming ashore in a few hours, told Captain Wilson he had given offence, by offering a cutlass to an inferior officer, and neglecting the king and his brother. In order to make up the matter, the captain thought it best to present each of the king's brothers with some cloth and ribbons, which were very coolly received, and they still seemed to be unhappy. However, the real cause of their uneasiness was soon made manifest; and never, perhaps, was exhibited

a nobler struggle of native delicacy, and which ranks the inhabitants of Pelew high in refinements. It was a struggle in their own breasts, how they should ask a favour from strangers almost wholly in their own power, without the request having the appearance of a command.

It appeared that a neighbouring nation had injured them, and as they intended in a few days to attack them in battle, they very justly foresaw the advantages that would arise from the presence of a few English with firearms. At length, with evident confusion, Abba Thulle hinted it to Captain Wilson, who immediately assured him that the men were quite at his service, that the English were as his own people, and that the enemies of the king were their enemies. The king immediately made the captain a brother rupack, and concluded by assuring him that the natives were entirely at his service to assist in constructing their vessel, or in anything else they might require. Each strove to show his zeal by wishing to be selected for the proposed expedition, and at last five men were appointed and properly equipped, who were headed by Mr. Cummin, the third mate.

On the 25th the five warriors returned in safety, after having acquitted themselves to the satisfaction of the king, and put his enemies to flight by the terror of their fire-arms; for which service, the Island of Orooloon, where they resided, was given by Abba Thulle to the English.

On the 31st of August, Captain Wilson, accompanied by Mr. Devis, who had been a passenger on board the Antelope, Mr. Sharp, the surgeon, and Harry Wilson, a midshipman, and son of the captain, paid a visit to Pelew in their jolly-boat, accompanied by Raa Kook, and other natives, in a canoe.

On their arrival they were very graciously received by Abba Thulle, who embraced Captain Wilson, and proposed to conduct them to the town, which is about a quarter of a mile from the landing-place where they were. The English, in order to assume some little formality, carried their colours before them, and, on their arrival at the town, were very politely received by the principal officers of state, who presented them with cocoa-nuts and sweet drink, of which they all partook.

Upon retiring to the house which was provided for them for the night, their friend Raa Kook spared no pains to render their habitation as comfortable as possible: they had plenty of mats to sleep on, and large fires were kindled to defend them from the damp and mosquitoes; and he had also ordered some of his own men to sleep at the other end of the apartment, to protect them from any of the natives who might, from motives of curiosity, be led to disturb them. Next morning they were attended, as usual, by Raa Kook, and after walking about for some time, they were ordered to attend the king to breakfast, in the queen's house, where they had been the day before.

The request which had been previously hinted by the king, was now formally made to Captain Wilson, by desire of a council of rupacks, that he would allow ten of his men to accompany them in a second engagement to Artingall, where the victory had formerly been gained; with which request Captain Wilson readily complied, at the same time mentioning that it would be an act of obligation to him not to detain them a longer time than necessary, as it would hinder the progress of the schooner. To this Abba Thulle most willingly agreed.

On Thursday, September 4th, they left Pelew, loaded with presents, and amidst the loud acclamations of a vast number of the natives, and arrived safe in the cove about nine in the evening, when they found all their companions well, and proceeding in their work with the utmost alacrity. The captain immediately informed them of the king's request for ten men: all were anxious to be of the party, and arrangements being made, they were ordered to be in readiness on a call from the king.

Soon after this the contemplated attack was made upon the neighbouring Island of Artingall, and aided by the powerful auxiliary of the English, was of course completely successful; but it exceeds the limits of a work of this nature to relate all the various turns which took place during the contests between the natives of the two states: it will be sufficient to observe,

that Captain Wilson, by the prompt and efficient aid which he afforded to his friends, obtained and deserved their esteem, and experienced their good offices. Soon after his return to Oroolong, he found it necessary to exercise a strict discipline, as, during his absence, the cook had grossly misbehaved himself, appropriating to himself and assistant a great part of the small portion of meat allowed to the crew.

As their present situation made it particularly necessary that the strictest discipline should be observed, Captain Wilson, by a court-martial, ordered him a cobbing.

Raa Kook, who was present on this occasion, displayed in an eminent manner the native tenderness of his disposition. When he saw the man stripped to the waist, and his hands tied against a tree to keep them extended, he earnestly entreated Captain Wilson to pardon him; but, under the circumstances, this could not be granted.

The punishment they called cobbing, is inflicted with a small thin piece of wood, like a battledore; which Raa Kook no sooner saw exercised, and the man patiently bearing it, than he appeared to be reconciled, and stood by encouraging him all the time. Soon after this, a Chinese was punished in the same manner, for wounding one of his countrymen with a stone; but he set up such a hideous cry, that Raa Kook was completely entertained with his cowardice.

The schooner was now in a state of considerable forwardness, and all circumstances seemed to conspire to heighten their prospects. On the 17th of October, Abba Thulle arrived with the pleasing information, that the chief minister at Artingall had been to Pelew with offers of peace, which had been concluded to the great joy of all the natives. A long conversation took place on this visit between the king and Captain Wilson, in which Abba Thulle acknowledged that such had been the great services rendered to him by the English, that he was then at peace with all his neighbours; at the same time, he earnestly requested that the captain would leave ten muskets with him when he left the island. To this Captain Wilson replied, that as Great Britain was then engaged in war with several nations whose ships they might meet on their voyage homewards, when they should require defensive weapons, it would be out of his power to do so; but he promised to spare him five, with which Abba Thulle appeared satisfied.

The captain desired that the king would assure his neighbouring islanders, that the English being deeply sensible of the hospitable treatment which they had received from the inhabitants of Pelew, were determined to return very soon in a much larger vessel, and with a more numerous crew, and fully avenge any insult that might be offered to the natives of Pelew, either by the people of Artingall or any other island. Soon afterwards the king departed for the back of the island, taking with him all his attendants, that the English might pursue their avocations with as little interruption as possible. He had not, however, been there long, before he sent for Captain Wilson, to give him some large fish, part of a quantity which his people had just taken; and, indeed, during Abba Thulle's stay at Oroolong, the English were regularly supplied with fresh and dried fish, which were very acceptable.

By the 27th of October the vessel was breamed, and the outside caulking completed, but they had neither pitch nor tar to pay her with, nor a chance of obtaining any; however, necessity, the mother of invention, taught them to supply this want, by burning coral into a lime, then sifting it thoroughly, they mixed it up with grease, and found it to answer very well as a substitute. Meanwhile, the vessel advanced rapidly to completion, and a consultation was held to decide on the best method of launching her, which was agreed to be by laying ways, rather than by large rollers, as some had proposed.

On the morning of the 6th of November, agreeably to a promise Captain Wilson had previously made to the king, he despatched the jolly-boat to Pelew, under the direction of the surgeon and Mr. Matthias Wilson, who took with them all the iron and tools they could spare. They were instructed to inform Abba Thulle, that they could not spare him the muskets or any more tools until the vessel was completed;

but, in the mean time, they hoped to have the honour of a visit from him, as they expected to sail in a few days. While Captain Wilson was conversing with his ambassadors Madan Blanchard, one of the seamen who had accompanied the natives in their various expeditions, entered the apartment in search of some tools; and immediately took the opportunity of desiring Tom Rose to inform the king that he was determined to stay behind and reside at Pelew. At first it was supposed he was not in earnest; but when the captain was solemnly assured of his intention not to embark, he endeavoured to dissuade him from such an unaccountable resolution. Finding, however, that no arguments could make any impression on his mind, or alter his determination, Capt. W. resolved to make a merit of necessity; and, therefore, when Abba Thulle came to Oroolong to attend the launching of the schooner, he signified to him that as a return for the kindness and hospitality with which he had treated the English, they would leave one of their comrades with him as a perpetual resident, who was able to manage the guns and other things that were to be presented to him at their departure; and the idea was by no means thrown away, for the king was gratified beyond measure.

We now come to contemplate a scene peculiarly interesting. On the morning of Sunday, November the 9th, the English proceeded to make every thing ready for the launch, and about seven o'clock the king and his attendants were desired to be present, when, in a little time after, the vessel was safely launched to the general joy of the spectators; and, by the express desire of Abba Thulle, was named the Oroolong. Never, perhaps, was there a scene more affectingly happy—in which every eye seemed to sparkle with an unusual lustre on the occasion. Every countenance was lighted up by the joy of heartfelt satisfaction, and few being able to utter their feelings, only exchanged looks of congratulation, while every one shook his neighbour's hand with the warmest fervour, and thought of home, wives, parents, children, friends, all of which seemed within their grasp. Nor must we forget the inhabitants of Pelew, whose joy, which was also unbounded, and proved them to be animated by a spirit of true philanthropy. They were about to be separated from those friends whom they valued, by whom they had been so much benefited, and from whom they had learned so much; but they saw their friends happy, and their benevolent hearts participated in the general joy.

After a breakfast, the happiest they had made since the loss of the Antelope, they proceeded to carry everything on board with all possible expedition, and the flood tide coming in, in the afternoon, the ship was hauled into the basin, where they had four or five fathoms water, and the remainder of the stores and provisions were got on board; and the next morning was employed in getting in their anchors, cables, and other necessities, and fitting a rail across the stern of the vessel.

Abba Thulle being now at the watering-place, sent for Captain Wilson; and on his arrival, intimated to him, that the rapacks had determined to invest him with the Order of the Bone, and to create him a rapack of the first rank. The captain having expressed his acknowledgments for the intended honour, the bone, which was a circular one prepared for the purpose, was drawn over his left hand, with great solemnity and some trouble, by the chief minister and Raa Kook, to the great satisfaction of the assembled people. The king then addressing the captain, said, "You are now invested with our highest mark of honour, and this bone, the signal of it, you will carefully keep as bright as possible, rubbing it every day. This high mark of dignity must always be valiantly defended, nor suffered to be wrested from you but with your life."

As a further proof of the confidence which Abba Thulle reposed in Captain Wilson, he proposed to entrust him with the care of his second son, Prince Lee Boo, whom he wished to improve in knowledge, which he observed the English to possess in so eminent a degree; and to render him useful to his native country in future. Raa Kook had also solicited permission to accompany them; but his request was refused by the king, on motives of policy.

Arra Kooker, who from the first had set his heart on the Newfoundland dog, so warmly importuned the captain for his favourite, that they could not resist his solicitations. But the general's intention was far otherwise employed: he was already, in imagination, building a ship; and, to realise his project, begged them to leave their launching-ways, that he might go to work on the same place—a subject of great national importance, and of course deserving the patronage of a good prince.

Permission was asked, and immediately obtained, to hoist an English pennant on a tree near the cove, and, on an adjacent one, to place the following inscription on copper:—

The Honourable
English East India Company's Ship,
The Antelope,

Henry Wilson, Commander,

Was lost upon the Reef, North of this Island,
In the Night,

Between the 9th and 10th of August;

Who here built a Vessel,

And sailed from hence

The 12th of November, 1783.

Captain Wilson explained the purport of this inscription to Abba Thulle, who was greatly pleased with it, and assured the English that it should carefully stand there in remembrance of their visitors.

The conversation was this day principally confined to their approaching separation. "When you are gone," said the king, "I much dread that the Artingalls will redouble their attempts against me; and, deprived of your aid, I shall probably feel the effects of that animosity which they have already shown towards my people; and having no longer the English to support me, I shall not be a match for them, unless you leave the few muskets you promised me."

The captain was perfectly willing to comply with the request immediately; but most of the officers were still so suspicious of the ulterior intentions of the natives of Pelew, notwithstanding their uniform hospitable behaviour towards them, that they were unwilling to give up their arms till the very last moment. Abba Thulle was too quick-sighted not to observe their distrust: and it is not easy to express the agitation which laboured in his breast, when he found that doubts were harboured of his sincerity. "Why," said he, "should you distrust me? I never refused you my confidence. If my intentions had been hostile, you would have known it long ago, being entirely in my power: but on the contrary, you have had my utmost assistance; and yet, at the very last, you suspect me of bad designs!"

The earnestness of his manner spoke his feelings more than his words; nor need it be doubted, that a little reflection brought a blush into the countenances of those whom he addressed. The man who had invariably acted with disinterestedness, such unsuspecting benevolence—the man who freely committed his own son to their care—to be doubted within a few hours of their parting, was a stab which the sensibility of Abba Thulle could ill support. The severity and truth of his reproach, and the noble dignity with which he demeaned himself, presented to the view a most captivating picture of the mild, yet forcible triumph of virtue. Without further hesitation, they sent on board for all the arms that could be spared; and on the boat's return, presented him with five muskets, five cutlasses, more than half a barrel of gunpowder, and flint and ball in proportion. Harmony was once more restored, and Abba Thulle forgot their unkind suspicions.

In the evening the Prince Lee Boo arrived from Pelew, in the care of his elder brother, and Abba Thulle presented him, first to the captain, and then to the officers. His manner was so easy and polite, with so much good humour and forcible expression in his aspect, that every one was prepossessed in his favour. As it was now growing dark, the officers went on board, leaving the captain behind, at the king's request. Neither the king, or any who were with him, enjoyed much rest that night, as this affectionate father employed the time in giving advice to his son, and recommending him to the care

and attention of the captain. "I would wish you," said he, addressing Captain Wilson, "to show my son every thing that is useful, and make him an Englishman. The fine things he may see may probably induce him to slip away from you, in search of less confined gratification; but I beg that you will contrive to calm and subdue the rashness and impetuosity of his youth. I well know, from the different countries he must pass through, that he will be liable to dangers, and even to diseases, that we never heard of, which may kill him; but I also know, that death is the common lot; and whether he dies with you, or at Pelew, is of no moment. I know you are a man of humanity; and am therefore confident that if my son be sick, you will look on him with kindness. But should that happen, which your utmost care cannot prevent, let it not deter you or your brother, or any of your countrymen from returning. I shall receive you in friendship, and rejoice to see you." The captain assured the king that he might rest perfectly satisfied of the care and attention with which his son would be treated.

Early on Wednesday morning, an English jack was hoisted at the mast-head of the Oroolong, and a swivel fired as signal for sailing; which being explained to the king, he ordered all the provisions which he had brought for the voyage to be put on board. A number of canoes also surrounded the vessel, loaded with presents, so that it was with difficulty they could avoid being overstocked. When just ready for sea, a boat was sent on shore for the captain, who then took Blanchard, the man whom they were going to leave behind, and the boat's crew, into a temporary hut that had been erected; and, all kneeling, offered up their heartfelt thanks to that Power whose aid had supported them through so many hazards and toils, and had at last opened to them the door of deliverance.

At eight o'clock the captain went on board, accompanied by Abba Thulle, Lee Boo, the rupacks, and Blanchard. It being doubtful, as the vessel was heavily laden with provision, whether she would be able to get over the reef, it was resolved to land the two six-pounders, and leave the jolly-boat behind, as they had nothing to repair her with, and she was almost worn out. Abba Thulle, was at great pains to procure them a proper canoe in her room.

Captain Wilson had recommended Mr. Sharp, the surgeon, to Lee Boo, as his *sucalic*, or friend; and the young man attended to him with the greatest devotion, accompanying him to whatever part of the vessel he moved to, as his mentor on all occasions. Blanchard now got into the pinnace, in order to take the vessel in tow, and parted with his old shipmates with as much composure, and shook hands with them with the same indifference, as if they were about to sail down the Thames on a coasting voyage.

The vessel now proceeded gradually towards the reef, laden to superfluity with the bounty of Abba Thulle; and surrounded by numbers of the natives in their canoes, each bringing a present for their good friends, the *Englees*. It was impossible to receive their kind offerings; but the refusal brought a repetition of the requests with supplicating countenances, and eyes brimming with tears, while they exclaimed, "Only this from me,"—"Only this from me," with so urgent a tone of generous affection, that a few trifles were accepted from the nearest; while the others paddled a-head, and put their little presents into the pinnace, as they were not aware that she was to return again to the shore. Several canoes went before the vessel to point out the safest track, while others were waiting at the reef to show them the deepest water. From all these precautions, which were by the direction of the king, the reef was fortunately cleared without any accident.

The king now came alongside, and gave Lee Boo his parting blessing, which the youth received with every appearance of respect and tenderness. He next embraced the captain, in much apparent distress, and then cordially shook hands with all the officers, saying, "You are happy because you are going home, and I am happy because you are happy; but still, very unhappy to see you going away. Then, once more renewing his assurances of regard and good will, he left the vessel, and went into his canoe. So deeply were the crew affected by the evident proofs of sensibility and regret on the part of the natives, that it was with difficulty they could summon suf-

ficient resolution to give three cheers at their final departure. Raa Kook remained to see them safely beyond the reef, but was so dejected that the vessel had proceeded a considerable distance before he thought of summoning his canoes to return. As he had been their first friend, the captain presented him with a brace of pistols and a cartouch-box with cartridges; and the moment of separation being come, he appeared so deeply affected, that for some time he was unable to speak, when, pointing to his heart, he hurried precipitately into the boat, and, giving them a last expressive glance, instantly dropped astern. Thus terminated the connexion with the natives of Pelew, after a residence among them from Sunday, August 10, 1783, to Wednesday, the 12th of November following.

The English were now once more on their way to China; and having wiped away the tear of a friendly farewell, proceeded on their voyage with the cheerful hope of being restored to all they held dear.

Their interesting charge, Prince Lee Boo, was a youth of the most promising qualities. He had thrown himself freely on the protection of strangers, deserting his native country, his friends, his all; and trusting to the honour of a handful of men, of whose existence he had but a few weeks before been totally ignorant. He paid particular attention to the captain's instructions as to his decency of appearance and adoption of dress; and his notions of delicacy, from what he had heard and seen, gradually increased, that he would not so much as change any part of his attire, unless by himself. He washed himself several



times a-day, and kept his clothes and everything about him very clean.

Sunday, the 16th, they kept as a day of thanksgiving to the Almighty for their providential deliverance, which they acknowledged with hearts overflowing with gratitude. They now unfortunately discovered a small leak in the vessel, which, as they found it impossible wholly to stop, they were obliged to keep two men constantly at the pump. From the 18th to the 25th, they had variable and disagreeable weather, with heavy squalls, accompanied with thunder and lightning. On the 25th, they came in sight of the Bashee Islands, to the great joy of Lee Boo, who was happy once more to obtain a sight at least of terra firma.

On the 26th, they saw the island of Formosa, bearing N.E.; and on the 27th and 28th the weather being favourable, they

fell in with several Chinese fishing vessels and small craft, and on the day following they came to an anchor near the high land called the Asses' Ears, where, having engaged a pilot to conduct them to Macao, they arrived on the following day. The Portuguese governor paid Captain Wilson and his crew the greatest attention, supplying them with provisions of all kinds, and at the same time informed them that peace was now re-established in Europe. The captain, Lee Boo, and the officers, with the exception of Mr. Benger the chief-mate, who took the command on board, had lodgings appointed them on shore; and an express was immediately forwarded to the company's supercargoes at Canton, with the intelligence of their arrival and situation.

Mr. M'Intyre, an old acquaintance of Captain Wilson's, treated them with great hospitality and attention, and insisted

on their lodging at his house. He had a Portuguese gentleman with him, who invited them to his house on their way to Mr. M'Intyre's, principally on account of Lee Boo; and his surprise on this occasion cannot be easily described. The rooms, the furniture, and ornaments, crowded so many new objects on his mind at once, that he was bewildered in admiration: but it was remarkable that, amidst all his confusion, his behaviour was easy and polite; and as he observed that he excited the same curiosity in others, he permitted them to examine his hands, described the tattooing, and appeared highly pleased with the attention shown to him.

It was late before they reached Mr. M'Intyre's, so that the table was covered for supper, and the room elegantly illuminated. A new scene here burst upon him—the whole appeared the effect of magic. A large mirror for a while rivetted his attention, in which he saw his complete person, and supposed it to be somebody behind, very much like himself. He looked, laughed, and looked again, quite absorbed in wonder, and not knowing what to think. Indeed, the mirror had a surprising effect on more than Lee Boo. The English had each one seen his neighbour's face during all their distress, but not one had seen his own; and the hollow-eyed, long-visaged appearance they now presented, compared to what they recollected of themselves, cast rather a melancholy impression upon their minds.

In a few days Captain Wilson received letters from Canton, the supercargoes desiring him to draw for what money he needed, and ordering the men to be supplied with every necessary in abundance. The kindness shown them on this occasion by all ranks, both at Macao and Canton, were spoken of in the highest terms by all the officers and men. Captain Wilson and his company embarked from Whampoa, in the *Walpole*, Captain Churchill, leaving Mr. Benger to take care of the *Oroolong*, and dispose of her. In a few days they arrived at Canton, having been kept in spirits all the way by Lee Boo, whose admiration at every new object, and sensible remarks at the same time, astonished all who had an opportunity of conversing with him. Indeed he became an universal favourite wherever he appeared, and his agreeable, good-natured, pleasant behaviour, made him acceptable in every company.

As the time was now approaching when the Company's ships would sail for England, Captain Wilson laid before his people an account of the produce from the sale of the *Oroolong* and other articles; and having given to every one an equitable share, he addressed the crew as follows:—"Gentlemen, the time being now arrived, when every one may, to advantage, follow his own inclination, I cannot part with you without testifying my approbation at the spirited, the judicious, and manly conduct you have preserved amidst our trying difficulties; and be assured that, on my arrival in England, I will represent you to the Company as being entitled to their particular regard, and I make no doubt but they will reward your toils."

If mutual adversity will reconcile the most inveterate enemies, surely the sufferings of friends must rivet a more forcible regard for each other, which was the case on this occasion, for a tender concern was manifested in every countenance. So mild and prudent had been the conduct of Captain Wilson, and so animating his example, that every one of them still wished to be under his command. But it was no time to choose, as each one must do the best for himself. Lee Boo, the captain, and his brother, embarked for England on board the *Morse*; the surgeon in the *Lascelles*; while the others returned by different ships.

The *Morse* was commanded by Captain Elliot, with whom Lee Boo made himself very happy; and his conduct during the whole voyage was so courteous and pleasant, that every one was ready to render him any service in their power. His spirit of inquiry concerning the various objects which he saw, began now to be directed more to their utility than formerly; and his method of fixing on his memory the knowledge he acquired was singular. He had a string, on which he made a knot for every object or circumstance he wished to imprint on his memory, and these knots he examined daily, recalling to

his recollection the various circumstances for which they were made.

He was not forgetful of the crew of the *Oroolong*, about whom he made frequent inquiries. Early in the voyage he solicited Captain Wilson to get him a book, and point out the letters to him, that he might be instructed in reading; and all convenient opportunities were allotted to gratify the wish of the young prince, who discovered great readiness in comprehending every information that was given to him. At St. Helena he had an opportunity of riding on horseback, at which he seemed highly pleased: he sat the horse well, and galloped with great ease. Before the *Morse* left St. Helena, the *Lascelles* arrived, so that he had an interview with his first friend, Mr. Sharp, for whom he evinced the grateful sentiments he retained of the attention that gentleman had shown him.

When they approached the British Channel, the number of ships that passed were so numerous that they confounded his journal, and he was obliged to discontinue his memoranda, but was still inquisitive to know whither they were sailing. When the *Morse* got to the Isle of Wight, Captain Wilson, his brother, the prince, and several other passengers, quitted her, and passing in a boat between the Needles, arrived at Portsmouth, July 14, 1784. On landing, Lee Boo was so astonished at the vastness and variety of objects which met his eye on every side, that, absorbed in silent surprise, he ceased to ask any more questions.

Impatient to see his friends, Captain Wilson immediately proceeded to London, leaving Lee Boo under the protection of his brother, who followed him with his charge in a stage-coach, which set off the same evening. On their arrival in London, Captain Wilson introduced Lee Boo to some of the East India Directors, and to most of his friends, and at the same time showed him most of the public buildings, but cautiously avoided taking him to any places of public entertainment, lest in heated places he might accidentally catch the small-pox; for which disease he intended to have him inoculated, as soon as he had learned sufficient of the language to be persuaded of the necessity of submitting to the operation.

After he had been a little while settled, and become familiar with surrounding objects, he was sent to an academy at Rotherhithe, where he was very assiduous in learning to read and write, and soon became the favorite of all his school-fellows for his gentleness and affability. In the midst of Lee Boo's innocent researches, and while proceeding in hasty strides in becoming acquainted with the English language, he was overtaken with that very disease, which with so much caution had been guarded against. On December the 16th he felt himself much indisposed, and in a day or two afterwards an irruption appeared all over his body. Captain Wilson immediately sent for Dr. Carmichael Smyth, as he was apprehensive that it might be the small-pox. Dr. Smyth, with whose professional abilities were united every accomplishment of the gentleman and scholar, went immediately to Rotherhithe; and after descending from Lee Boo's chamber, told the family that there was not a doubt with respect to the disease, and that the appearances were such, as almost totally to preclude the hope of a favourable termination.

After lingering some days, and gradually getting worse, he became sensible of his approaching fate, and fixing his eyes on his friend, Mr. Sharp, who attended him, he said, "Good friend, when you go to my country, tell my father, that Lee Boo take much drink to make the small-pox go away, but he die—that captain and mother very kind—all English very good men—was much sorry he could not tell Abba Thulle the great many fine things the English got."

Soon after this, when the dreadful moment of final separation had at last arrived, he told Mr. Sharp that he was going away; and in a few minutes afterwards yielded his last breath, without apprehension and without a groan, and with that native innocence and simplicity which had marked his every action.

Captain Wilson notified to the directors of the East India Company the unfortunate death of this young man, and re-

ceived orders to conduct everything with proper decency respecting his funeral. He was interred in Rotherhithe churchyard, the captain and his brother attending. All who knew him, particularly the pupils at the academy attended the funeral; and the concourse was otherwise so great, that it appeared as if the whole parish had assembled to see the last ceremonies paid to one who was so much beloved by all who had known him in it. A tomb to his memory was soon afterwards erected by the East India Company.

Among the little property which he had left behind, besides what he particularly requested Mr. Sharp to convey to his father and friends, there were found, after his death, the stones or seeds of most of the fruits which he had tasted in England, carefully and separately put up. And when it is considered, that he was but five months and twelve days, it must be allowed that he was not neglectful of that which, before his departure from Pelew, had been probably pointed out to him as a principle matter of attention.

The evening before the Oroolong sailed from Pelew, Abba Thulle asked Captain Wilson, how long he thought it probable it might be before his return; and being told that it would most likely be about thirty moons, or perhaps extend to six more, Abba Thulle drew from his basket a piece of line, and, after making thirty knots on it at a little distance from each other, left a long space, and then adding six others, carefully put it by.

The East India Company, deeply impressed with the affecting result of Lee Boo's visit to England, and anxious to pay every respect to his memory, and to cultivate continued friendship with the people of Pelew, resolved upon despatching a little expedition to Bombay, and to acquaint the unfortunate father of the death of his son, and assure him of the kindness with which his son, Lee Boo, had been received and treated. For this purpose, the Endeavour and Panther were placed under the command of Captain John M'Cluer, who was accompanied by Lieutenants Wedgeborough and White, who had formed part of the crew of the Antelope, and were well acquainted with the islanders.

The two vessels arrived at Bencoolen on October 10, 1790, and on the 31st set sail for their destination. On the 9th of December they arrived safe, and found good anchorage in the straits between Lomback and Bally, on the south-east coast of Java; when, after taking in a stock of rice and cattle, they made direct for the Pelew Islands, and at midnight of January 21, 1791, the most southerly of them came into view. Soon after three canoes came alongside, when several of the natives recollected Lieutenant White, and a ruckup immediately leaped on board, calling out *White!* and gave him a most ardent and affectionate embrace. Mr. Wedgeborough, who had been sent out in a boat, was not at first personally recognised; but as soon as they heard him speak their language, and say that he was English, they expressed their joy by shouts and gestures little short of madness. They soon pointed to Oroolong and inquired for Lee Boo, when, after some hesitation, they were acquainted with his fate, and they appeared composed and satisfied. At half-past six, Mr. Wedgeborough says, "I had the unspeakable pleasure of being embraced by the benevolent Abba Thulle;" and on their way towards the Panther, Mr. Wedgeborough informed the king of the death of Lee Boo. On receiving this intelligence, his countenance, which before the most evident marks of joy, became serious and thoughtful; but after a pause, evidently taken in order to gain composure, he assured the lieutenant that he had never entertained a doubt of the kindness of the English and of Captain Wilson, and of the tender care they would take of his son; and having long since untied the knots on his line, he concluded that the ship built at Oroolong had not been large enough to carry them to China in safety, especially as they had departed before the good moon set in. He had therefore buried the line, and given up all hopes of ever again seeing either his son or Captain Wilson.

After remaining some days, Captain M'Cluer abandoned his original intention of immediately quitting the islands, and de-

termined to return with the Panther only to China, leaving Captain Proctor of the Endeavour to make a survey of the islands, and as far as lay in their power, to instruct the natives in some of the arts of civilised nations. It was also arranged that several of the Pelew natives should accompany the captain, who left with the king a boy, whom he treated as a son.

The Panther sailed from Pelew, on the 10th February, 1791, and returned from Macao, on the 10th June following, when she was immediately visited and welcomed by the king and a crowd of the natives. The natives who had been passengers in her, had much to do in unfolding to their countrymen the mighty wonders they had seen in their absence. Above all things, they had been amazed by the view of an English line-of-battle ship, which happened to be in the harbour of Canton; and expressed their exaggerated ideas of its hugeness, by pointing to an island about two miles in circumference, and declaring that the ship which they had seen was as large.

On June 27, the vessels, in conformity to orders which they had received, set sail to make a survey of the coast of New Guinea, which they carried on from July to December, with an interval of ten days spent at Amboyna, where the Dutch gave them a very hospitable reception. They then sailed for Bencoolen, where they spent some months, and on the 17th August again set out for the Pelew islands. On their way they touched at the Sooloo Islands, where they took on board as much seed, grain, and cattle, as their ships could hold; and on the 20th of January, 1793, arrived at Pelew. They were not long in receiving intelligence of the death of their worthy friend, Abba Thulle, which had taken place three months after their departure; when he was succeeded by his brother, the Clow Arra Kooker.

Soon after their arrival, Captain M'Cluer despatched the Endeavour to China, where Captain Proctor was ordered to join the Embassy under Lord Macarthey, and had no further connexion with the Pelew Islands.

Not long after this, the people of the Panther having landed the stores and everything which could be useful to the natives, began with some heaviness of heart to make preparations for their final departure. Of the attachment inspired by these friendly and amiable islanders, a much more remarkable proof than ever was now to be given. Captain M'Cluer announced the intention, which he had for some time secretly cherished, of resigning his command and fixing his abode at Pelew. On February 2nd, he wrote a letter to Lieutenant Wedgeborough, desiring him to take charge of the Panther, with all her stores and provisions. Every argument in their power was used by his brother officers, to dissuade him from such a singular resolution; but in vain. He said it was the result of mature deliberation, adopted with a view to benefit his country and the world in general, by enlightening the minds of these noble islanders. He requested that there should be left with him twenty muskets, twelve pistols, and a quantity of ammunition, which the officers agreed to deliver upon the understanding that his attorney should be responsible for them, in case the company should disapprove of their disposal. These stores having been delivered, Captain M'Cluer came on board the following day, and in the presence of the whole ship's company, which had been summoned for the purpose, formerly resigned his command to Lieutenant Wedgeborough.

After ten days spent in preparation, the Panther unmoored and set sail for China, and on the 7th March arrived at Macao, where, having refitted, they proceeded to Bombay, which they reached on August 17, 1793.

Captain M'Cluer, who, in the step which he had taken, appears to have been considerably under the influence of a fickle disposition, soon became so tired of his residence, and non-intercourse with European society, that it drove him to the perilous extreme of setting sail in the little boat that had been left with him, accompanied by five men, three of whom were Malays. His first intention was to go to Ternate, one of the Moluccas, "to hear the news;" but he afterwards resolved to steer for China. The voyage proved very rough; he had no instruments for his guidance, and only one chart; and his sole food was cocoa-nuts and water. Yet, to the great surprise

of the English factory, he arrived safely at Macao, and finding a more cordial reception from M. Van Braam and the other Dutch residents, he took up his abode with them.

After a short residence at Macao, Captain M'Cluer sailed again for Pelew, with a view of removing thence his family and property. Accordingly, he again left those islands with the child that had been born to him there, and several of the natives of both sexes. At Bencoolen he met the Bombay frigate, in which he sent part of his Pelew attendants to Bombay, and sailed with the remainder to Bengal. Thence, after a short stay, he again set sail; but neither himself, nor the vessel in which he embarked, was ever again heard of.

In July 1797, when Captain Wilson came to Bombay, in the Warley, he was informed by Lieutenant Wedgeborough that there were then living in the neighbourhood, three Pelew females of those who had been sent forward by Captain M'Cluer from Bencoolen. After all hopes of that gentleman's return were at an end, Lieutenant Snook and Dr. Helenus Scott had humanely taken them under their charge, and procured a small allowance from government for their support. They were now very desirous of finding a conveyance back to their native country; when, on a representation being made of the circumstances, the Bombay government authorized Lieutenant Snook to carry his benevolent intention into effect. Captain Wilson gave them a passage to Canton in the Warley, where a small vessel was purchased and equipped for the voyage; and in March 1798, the English once more anchored on the hospitable shore of Pelew. The natives were particularly pleased by the return of their countrywomen, and immediately renewed their friendly and cordial intercourse.

Lieutenant Snook, after refitting his vessel, took on board the Chinese whom Captain M'Cluer had carried to Pelew, for the purpose of instructing the natives, when he immediately sailed from the island, and completed his voyage back to Canton and Bombay.

THE LAMENT OF ABBA THULLE.

I CLIMB the highest cliff—I hear the sound
Of dashing waves—I gaze intent around;
But not a speck can my long straining eye—
A speck or shadow—o'er the rolling waves descry,
That I might weep tears of delight and say,
It is the bark that bore my child away.
Oft in my silent cave, when to its fire,
From the night's rushing tempest I retire,
Methought the wild waves said amid their roar
At midnight, "Thou shalt see thy son no more."
Is he cast bleeding on some desert plain—
Upon his father does he call in vain?
Oh! I shall never, never hear his voice!
The spring time shall return, the isles rejoice;
But faint and weary I still meet the morn,
And, 'mid the cheering sunshine droop forlorn.
The joyous conch sounds in the high wood loud—
O'er all the beach, now stream the busy crowd;
And light canoes along the lucid tide,
With painted shells and sparkling paddles glide:
I linger on the desert rock alone,
Heartless and cry for thee, my son, my son.

COST OF A WATCH.

DURING the war of 1796, a sailor went into a watchmaker's shop in the city, and handing out a small French watch to the ingenious artist, demanded how much the repairs would come to. The watchmaker, looking at it, said it would cost him more in repairs than the original purchase. "Oh! if that is all, I don't mind that," replied the sailor; "I will even give double the original cost, for I have a veneration for the watch." "What might you have given for it?" inquired the watchmaker. "Why," said Jack, twitching his trousers, "I gave a French fellow a knock on the head for it; and if you'll repair it, I'll give you two."

PIRATES OF THE ARCHIPELAGO.

A FEW years since, a band of desperate pirates swarmed all the ports of the Archipelago. Reports were constantly being received, of some new example of their daring and success, and too often of their cruelty. They had sprung up suddenly, and had appeared in several quarters at the same time; and it was conjectured, from their numbers and extraordinary audacity, that they must be supported by some high authority, and acting under express directions. They were composed, as far as could be discovered, of individuals of all nations, chiefly Syriac, Egyptian, and Greek. They attacked vessels of all sizes, and bearing all flags.

The following narrative of the capture of a Venetian brig by the pirates, and sufferings of the crew, is by an actor in the scenes he has so ably described:—

Not long since, I had occasion to pass in a Venetian brig from Alexandria to Smyrna, and as I was desirous to take this opportunity of becoming acquainted with the Ægean, the captain, at my request, visited a few of the more interesting islands. One day in May we were lying off the north-east coast of the island of Naxos, enjoying the freshening softness of the evening air after a day of excessive sultriness. At sunset the wind gradually died away, and gave place to one of those dead, motionless calms, so common in these uncertain seas. We had watched with melancholy interest the last gleams of the departing sun, as he disappeared behind the wooded hills of Antiparos, and were enjoying the soft dim lustre of the moon, as she rose upon the lovely scene before us. Syra Delos, and other isles, dimly discernible in the distance, formed the chief features of the landscape, while the rich moon-light softly glimmered on the almost motionless bosom of the waters.

Occasionally, a slight ripple against the sides of the vessel awoke the slumbering phosphorescence of the ocean, and elicited a light which had something of enchantment both in its delicacy and evanescence. There was a stillness—a calmness—a surpassing beauty—a sacred purity—in the scene, which inspired one with the thoughts and the language of another world; and as I gave way to the reveries and remembrances it awakened, I almost lost the recollection of our meaner nature, and forgot that I was still on earth.

In this mood of mind I was leaning over the side of the vessel, when the captain came and tapped me gently on the shoulder, and, with a look of peculiar significance, pointed to an abrupt promontory about two miles a-head of us. I followed his eye, and could distinguish with difficulty two long narrow boats, with three small masts in each, and impelled apparently by nearly twenty oars, making straight for our vessel. As they came more distinctly into view, and we could discern their form, it was such as to leave us no doubt of their nature or intentions. We had heard them described too often and too minutely not to recognise them at a glance: they were a band of those terrible pirates who were then infesting the Ægean, and whose daring and cruelty had struck terror into all the sailors who frequent these seas. I looked at the captain. He was a brave man, I knew, for I had seen him tried; yet now his lip quivered, and a shuddering came over his whole frame, as he saw, in all its horrors, the fate which was probably in store for us. We knew that our chance of a successful resistance was but small; but weak as it was, we had learned enough of the brutality of these wretches in other cases to be aware it was our only hope. Outrage, ignominy, and massacre had been inflicted, according to the varying caprice of the hour; and, in particular, their treatment of the crews of two vessels which had lately fallen into their hands, determined us to fight to the last plank, and then take what fate it might please Providence to send us.

Escape was impossible. There was not a breath of air sufficient even to stir a handkerchief: and these pirates always profit by a calm, which enables them to attack an unwieldy vessel to great advantage. We got all our arms on deck, and each man stood ready at his post. I had laid my sword and pistols on the gunwale before me, and was leaning on my carbine, watching the advance of the enemy. There was a

dead silence through the ship, till we could distinctly hear the splashing of their oars as they gradually neared us—it was horrible to be thus deserted by the elements at our greatest need. There was not breeze or motion sufficient to enable us even to turn the vessel; and there was not one of us who would not thankfully have exchanged our helpless, motionless condition, against the wildest hurricane that ever blew over a tropical sea. We were delivered up to our enemies, as it were, bound hand and foot. This feeling of paralysis grew upon us momentarily, like the horrors of night-mare. Every man seemed afraid to breathe, and we might have heard a pin drop at the furthest extremity of the ship. We were looking death in the face—and I felt that he was indeed the king of terrors.

The boats at length came within hail. I counted thirty men in one boat, and twenty in the other; we did not muster twenty-five in all. They rowed close alongside, one at one side, the other at the other, and summoned us to surrender. The captain returned no answer, but took a deliberate aim with his musket at the summoner, and shot him through the heart. We all followed his example, and our fire was eminently successful. They returned it in haste, and then, without waiting to reload, began to climb the sides of our vessel. We offered them no resistance, but retired to the quarter-deck, where our two small cannon had been placed, and ranged ourselves before them. As soon as the pirates had clambered upon deck, without waiting to form, they drew their heavy cimeters and yataghans, and rushed tumultuously upon us. In a moment we drew a little to either side, and at the same instant our two guns poured their grape-shot, through our ranks, upon the confused mass of our assailants. The effect was tremendous: for a moment we thought the victory was ours, and we rushed upon them to complete our work. But they rallied too quickly, and then began the real contest: it was man to man—hand to hand—sabre to sabre. The pirates were desperate by character—we were rendered so by situation; and the combat was one of such deep and concentrated fury as I trust never to witness again. Two of the combatants, who were firmly grappled, and were slashing each other with their daggers, missed their footing on the quarter-deck, and fell overboard together. But even in the water I could observe that they did not quit their hold; each grasped his antagonist with the frenzy of a dying man, and they sank in each other's arms. How long the battle lasted I know not: it might be five minutes—it might be ten; but I was brought to the ground I scarce knew how, and when I recovered my senses, it was all over.

Myself and six of my companions were the sole survivors: they were all wounded, and tied with ropes to the side of our vessel. The captain was among them. His arms were pinioned behind him, and he was lashed to the mainmast. He was evidently faint and weak from loss of blood, and his pale countenance expressed a sort of hopeless resignation, interrupted at times by a transient shudder of unconquerable horror, as the thought of the fate in store for us rushed across his mind. The pirates, whose numbers had been greatly thinned during the action, were lying on the quarter-deck, some sleeping, and others watching. The first faint streak of morning light was just appearing along the horizon, and our conquerors took advantage of a breeze which sprung up, to direct our vessel towards their port. Just then a ship of considerable size came in sight round the corner of the island, and passed us within a few hundred yards. Our captain, regardless of the consequences, hailed the strange sail, and claimed the assistance of her crew, and at the same moment received a shot which silenced him for ever. The pirates sprung to their feet, and prepared to receive those we had called upon to save us. They had seen our situation, but they turned a deaf ear to our entreaties; they spoke not—turned not—stayed not. The ship of safety speeded on its way; and as it gradually lessened in the distance, our excited hopes sunk into despair, and our hearts died away within us.

I am an observer, both by habit and disposition, even in times of the deepest anxiety and danger; and as a faint gleam of hope, in the shape of an accepted ransom, had already

flashed across my mind, I began to look out, with a sort of throbbing curiosity, mingled with alarm and doubt, for the pirates' den, whither our course was evidently directed. It was not long before we arrived. Six of the pirates immediately proceeded, southward, with our captured ship, for the purpose, as we afterwards found, of selling her at Rhodes, with the inhabitants of which island they kept up a regular traffic of this nature. The remainder of our victors got into their two boats, whither we were compelled to follow them, and pulled towards shore. I despaired of being able to delineate, otherwise than with the pencil, the extraordinary scene we now approached. It was a bold, craggy, almost perpendicular coast; and we soon discovered a vast chasm or fissure, which extended the whole height of the rock, and to a considerable depth inland. Into this chasm we entered, and, after rowing about fifty yards, another considerable fissure opened at right angles with the first. Though at least sixty yards broad at the level of the water, this second chasm gradually diminished in breadth, till at the surface of the island its existence was discernible by a narrow crack, over which an active man might leap with ease. At the end of this extraordinary natural vault, and about twenty feet above the sea, was a cave, narrow at its entrance, but widening considerably as it penetrated deeper into the rock, and by no means dissimilar to the subterranean gallery underneath the citadel of Argos. As the pirates moored their boats at the extremity of this vast cavern (for such, notwithstanding the narrow opening above, it might be called) two of their associates appeared at the mouth of the cave to welcome them, and inquire of their success. A few words were interchanged between them, and my companions and I were then ordered to mount into the cave by means of a ladder of ropes, which was let down to the boat's edge. To one of these unfortunate wretches, the moment seemed to offer a last chance for safety. When his turn came to ascend, he pretended to lose his hold, slipped into the water, dived under the nearest boat, and swam vigorously away. But the effort proved a desperate one; the pirates were two vigilant to be thus deceived; three firelocks were discharged at the unhappy man too deliberately to miss the mark; he gave a horrid shriek, which is still ringing in my ears—stretched forth his hands wildly and imploringly to heaven—then slowly sunk beneath the surface, and the bubbles which ascended one by one from his last suffocating gasp, alone indicated the spot where he had disappeared.

We were all struck with horror. It seemed to us a forbidding of our own fate, and we shuddered as we entered this dark cavern of iniquity. There seemed to be many recesses, in different directions; but the part of the cave where the pirates were assembled was nearly circular, and a rude lamp which was suspended from the damp vault, served to show the dreariness and discomfort of the chamber, and the mats and weapons which formed its only furniture.

I will not detail to you the horrors of our situation, nor the ignominious treatment to which we were subjected, during our abode in the pirates' den. It was living with the devil and his angels. My four remaining companions were taken out of the cave at midnight, about a week after our arrival, and put on board one of the pirates' boats, and I had afterwards reason to believe that they were sold as slaves in some of the ports of Syria. I only escaped their fate from having been able to persuade the pirates, by producing my papers, that if my friends at Smyrna were informed of my situation, they would willingly advance whatever ransom might be demanded; and pledged, at the same time, that I would never attempt to make known their residence. I wrote to Smyrna, and an answer soon arrived. The pirates, impatient for their promised ransom, immediately conveyed me to Scala Nuova, the port of the ancient Ephesus, where my friends met me, and I was delivered up to them on payment of the stipulated sum. It was two thousand dollars.

As I rode towards Smyrna, the world seemed to have opened afresh before me: I was disposed to look upon every thing with a favourable eye. Even the miserable village of Aiasaluck appeared rich and beautiful; all nature was bright

and laughing: and I felt that I had taken out a new lease of life.

The same pirates are now infesting the Archipelago; but I remember my promise, and not even a robber shall have to reproach me with a breach of trust.

SCUD HILL.

"Then haul away, pull away, jolly boys;

At the mercy of Fortune we go;

We're in for it now—'tis a folly, boys,

To be down-hearted, yeo ho!"

"DOWN-HEARTED, eh? Why, ay, what's the use of fretting and grieving? it makes a man neither fairer nor fatter; for if a poor fellow once gives himself up to mollycholics, she'll play the deuse with him before she's done. Let's laugh while we can, take our grog kindly, and throw dull care overboard, as a bait for the sharks. Yet, when I see a poor old messmate hull down to leeward, working hank for hank against the squalls of adversity, with scarce a yard of canvass in his bolt-rope to weather the breeze; his stays stranded, and braces unrove; without a shot in the locker, and a southerly wind in the bread-bag;—it goes to my heart, d'y'e see, especially when old Ben arn't wherewithal to take him in tow. It makes me wish sometimes that I was a king or an alderman, or some't like it. I'd soon have snug moorings for all hands. But I ax your pardon, Mr. What's-your-name, for troubling you so much about sailors; only I think you're a goodish kind of a gemman, and the subject was strongly impressed upon my mind by a circumstance which occurred this morning in Poll-Moll, where the king lives.

"D'y'e see, I had been to wait upon an old commander; but he warn't in town; and so I came strolling back with an empty pocket, and rather a heavy heart, when, just as I was turning round the corner by that engraver's with the comical name, opposite the royal mansion, who should I run foul of but old Jack Transom flourishing his wooden pin (he lost his leg in Duckworth's action in the West Indies) and carrying on a faut press? His jacket and trousers were patched from clew to ear-ring, but remarkably clean; and the remains of a tarpauline hat covered his perry-cranem. Well, just at this moment one of your bishops came along. I knew what he was by his little apron hanging down before, like Adam's fig-leaves. So Jack put his hand to his truck, with a graceful sea-bow. The bishop paused, looked at him for a moment, and then gave him a glance of come-passion, as much as to say, 'My blessing rest upon you, but I've got no coppers,'—as indeed, how should their reverences have anything to do with copper and brass? though they tell me there's a power of 'em first learn to spin their long yarns and moneyfactor their sermons at Brazen-Nose, wheresoever it may be; and I really think some on 'em catches the infection, for, as to their noses being horn-amented with grog-blossoms, is out of the question. Howsomer, that's neither here nor there. I dare say his worship might be a kind génerous soul enough; yet I thought he might as well have given poor Jack a sixpence or so, particularly when he come to consider that the brave fellow had lost his precious limb, while ploughing the ocean to keep him in his see; and so Jack thought. 'Ha ha! says he, 'these stall-fed gemman seldom open their hands, unless it is to receive; but no matter; my ould jacket will get me a berth aloft, as soon as the bishop's white chiselled wig, and lawn sleeves. Howsomer, I arn't quite a-ground; for a gemman gave me some bread and cold meat, and I've got twopence besides; so what's the use of complaining, eh, Ben?"

"He opened his wallet, and took out a piece of a loaf, and a good portion of meat, when a poor miserable object of a female, with two half-famished children, came dragging their wasted bodies along the pavement. The children looked wistfully at the feast Jack held in his hand; and the old tar gazed as earnestly upon them. 'It's hard lines, too,' says he, looking first at the wretched trio, and then at his meal, 'hard lines, indeed! I arn't broke my fast to day—yet these poor children seem to be starving. But what's that to me?' (raising the food to his mouth—and then stopping again;) No, no; I can't, I can't: 'twould choke me. There, take it,

take it, my babes; poor Jack must get a dinner somewhere else to-day. Besides, I shan't starve while I've got twopence.' So he gave them the victuals, and hobbled off upon his wooden pin, without once looking astern. I don't know how it was; but I thought that Jack was the best bishop of the two. Poor fellow! he's an out-pensioner of Greenwich, and picks up what he can in an honest way, to provide for the wants of some half-score of grand children that are left orphans. 'To be sure,' says he, 'I might go into the house, and take care of myself: but then, what's to become of the youngsters, eh? seeing that they are my own flesh and blood as a body may say.' I can remember him as smart a fellow as ever stepped upon a vessel's deck; could crack his joke or his biscuit upon the same head, and point his wit and his gun together, without fear of either missing fire.

"We were at Toulon, along with Lord Hood, and served in the same battery upon Scud Hill—engaged all day firing at the enemy's ramparts, and employed all night, like donkeys, carrying sand-bags. Well, one day, his lordship, attended by the brave Nelson, and several other captains, came riding up to the works on horseback; and so they praised our exertions, and, 'My lads,' said Lord Hood, 'I am very proud of you—very proud indeed; and to reward your conduct, I have given orders, that, as soon as the breach is made, the seamen alone are to storm, with two hours for themselves after entering the place. But if you should fail, the troops are drawn up in the bush, all ready for immediate attack. I need not tell you to be generous conquerors: British seamen were never known to injure or insult a fallen foe. 'Do your duty,' said Nelson, 'and, if possible, I myself will be among you.' 'Hurrah! burst from every heart; and at it we went, hammer and tongs. But the shot seemed to make no impression till the afternoon, when a whole range of the wall came tumbling down, and made a fair opening of twelve or fourteen yards. Down dropped rammers and sponges—up went cutlasses and pistols: and away we set off, the devil take the sternmost. Well, d'y'e see, we mounted the breach just as we'd heard an enemy's ship; and though they peppered us nicely with grape and canister, yet we soon made 'em dowse their colours; and a blue jacket was hoisted at the flag-staff.

"As soon as possession was taken, all hands began to pick up the wee things about the decks; and, for the next two hours, grog flowed in abundance. It was a comical sight to see: for most of the lads had exchanged their old jackets and hats for embroidered coats, double breasted wigs, and three-cornered scrapers, making a striking contrast with their tarry trousers and shoe-less feet. Others were rigged out in flounced petticoats and laced caps, underneath with their black muzzles, smeared with blood and gunpowder, produced a fine effect. All at once Lord Nelson appeared in the midst of us, and three cheers resounded in all directions. 'I hope your honour,' says Peter McCornick, offering the hero a silver goblet of wine, 'I hope your honour will drink with us. It's real sham-pain your honour, and sparkles like a maiden's eye on her wedding-night. God bless your honour (as Nelson took the cup) only drink 'better times to us.' 'Silence there, fore and aft, ye ragamuffins! Belay your jawing-tacks for a minute, d'y'e hear? and fill your buckets—all ready your honour.' 'Well then,' said Nelson, raising the goblet above his head, and smiling, 'here's better times to us.' 'Better times to us'—'better times to us'—'better times to us,' was now repeated by every voice who could command a water-tight vessel, from a golden bowl to an old shoe, filled with the richest wines.

"And now my lads,' says he, your time is expired. Officers! gather the men together. The troops are at the breach, waiting for your departure, to enter the garrison. Retire, my men, with that order and regularity characteristic of a sailor. Remember the eyes of the enemy are upon us; and do not discredit the British navy.' So saying, he left us, to conduct operations somewhere else.

"Well, we all mustered in the great square (it looked like carnival time, crowded with masqueraders) and began to withdraw. The first division descended the breach, when the lubberly sodgers brought 'em up all standing, and began to

search them for booty. 'Pray, sir,' said our commanding officer to the colonel, 'have you orders for what you do?' 'That question is unnecessary, sir,' replied the other haughtily, 'and merits no answer. However, to satisfy you, I have orders, sir, from the general.' 'Then, sir, I suppose those orders must be obeyed on your part. But I really cannot answer for my men. They have won what they have got, which I believe, merely amounts to the fine clothes on their backs, and a few bottles of wine or spirits: still I imagine they will not easily resign them, and I should recommend—' 'I'm sorry sir, your recommendation can't be attended to. My orders are imperative.' Now this was very hard, for there wasn't a red-coat at the attack; and to be robbed by 'em after storming the town, here we was flat aback. Up starts Peter McCormick: 'Lads,' says he, 'you may do as you please; but no one shall have my goblet without fighting for it. Didn't Nelson drink out of it? and d'ye suppose I'm going to give it up to a sodger? Never! Make sail, my boys; here's out shipmates close astern.' The men moved on; but the troops brought their bayonets to the charge to oppose them, though evidently with great unwillingness. By this time our whole party descended (many of them expecting a brush, had thrown away what was cumbersome), and all determined not to submit to the degradation of being searched. Peter now whispered to Tom Butt, the captain of the fore-castle, and Tom moved to another place, where he was busy among the men.

"Sir," said our commanding officer, with great emphasis, 'I think your conduct highly improper. At such a time, and at such a place, to oppose Briton to Briton in sight of their foes, is un-officer-like and unmanly. They have the admiral's sanction for what they have done, and I insist upon your letting them pass.' 'Go on board, and learn manners,' replied the sodger; 'let a single man advance a step, and I shall instantly charge.' 'Then their blood be upon your head; we shall meet again, sir.'—A shout, a wild shout now issued from the direction where Tom Butt had taken his station. The seamen had broken through in a close body, and were slowly marching away. 'Make ready!' cried the colonel: the sodgers racked their locks, 'Present!' and the butts were brought to the shoulder. 'Say but the word,' roared Peter, grasping the officer's arm, and holding a pistol to his breast—'say but the word, and I'll make a grave man of you!'

"How it would have ended there's no saying; but fortunately Nelson, who no doubt suspected something of the kind, came tearing in among us with breathless haste. 'For shame, men, for shame!' said he; 'what is all this? But when he heard the cause of the riot, he turned to the sodger-officer. 'I am surprised, sir, that you should consider these brave fellows as fit objects for a round of ball cartridge. Reserve them, sir, for the enemy, who have again entered the town, through your negligence in detaining the whole force at the breach. Follow me, my men, and show them once more what it is to conquer.' In five minutes, every tar had again entered the breach; and many of the troops, unrestrained by the officers, advanced with them. The whole party, mingled together, (for all animosity had ceased), were hastily formed in the square, and, led by Nelson himself, rushed upon the foe. The attack bore down all before it; and the enemy were compelled to retreat with great loss. The colonel, as if to display his contempt of danger (for he was a man of undoubted courage), was seen in the thickest of the fight, till he got wounded and fell. A French officer raised his sabre to give the finishing stroke—when Peter, sprung forward, and shot the Frenchman with the same pistol that only half-an-hour before had threatened death to the colonel himself! After all was quiet, the wine was again set abroad; and those, who had but a short time previous been at daggers-drawn, now drank cheerfully together in harmony and peace."

A NIGHT ATTACK.

The boatswain's shrill pipe, re-echoed by his mates, called attention, and "Boarders away!" resounded through the decks of H.M.S.——

It wanted an hour of midnight, and was intensely dark, when

I ordered the boats to follow my motions without noise, and proceeded in search of a cutter, anchored between Rochelle and Rochefort, round which the boats of that division of the channel-fleet, commanded by Sir Harry Burrard Neale, were ordered to rendezvous, for the purpose of cutting out a convoy that had left Rochelle, and been chased into a bay near that place some days previously. Its strongly guarded state forbade any prospect of success in daylight, as a very high promontory, called Point du Ché, furnished with long thirty-two-pounders, afforded effectual resistance, even to the approach of an adverse squadron. A regiment of infantry were moved from Rochelle, and encamped round the very pretty bay, their white tents glittering on the plain, and giving more effect to its beautiful scenery.

The admiral and officers that had volunteered on this desperate undertaking, had closely reconnoitered the place this day, and each officer had the plan of attack fully explained to him by Sir Harry, with the particular duty expected from him. The marine artillery were selected, and volunteers from that admirable corps, headed by Lieutenant Liddle, composed the forlorn hope. It was on reconnoitering we found that a regiment of infantry had arrived from Rochelle on the bay, and had taken an excellent position, both for defending the shipping and the promontory of Point du Ché.

The plan of attack was skilfully arranged by Sir Harry: darkness was the first requisite, and it was most essential that a landing should be effected, or the boats got so much under the promontory, that the heavy metal with which it was bristled could not be depressed to bear on the approaching force. One hundred marines, commanded by their captain from the Caledonian, were to secure the retreat of the storming party, headed by Lieutenant Liddle, and for that purpose were to take up a position between the boats and the French regiment, whose encampment so much enlivened the plain. The boats were to move in six divisions from the cutter, their oars muffled, and each division having a different duty assigned them. Some were to board and cut out the shipping, others conveyed the storming and covering party; mine, in a seventy-four's launch, was to flank the marines, and, with an eighteen-pounder mounted in her bow, to check the advance of the French infantry.

Now, fair and gentle reader, imagine the cutter (and she was found with great difficulty, not daring to show a light)—imagine the cutter's deck thronged with the officers commanding the different boats, receiving the final orders of the youthful flag-lieutenant, representative of the rear-admiral, each as he made his parting bow to the gallant youngster, for so he was compared to the senior-officers under him, each drew tighter the belt of his sword, and placed his hand on the butt of his pistols. The quick ear might have detected the half-drawn sigh, and the rapid glance, had there been light, the slight suffusion of the eye as some replaced the locket they had most affectionately pressed to their lips, arguing, from the very dangerous nature of their service, a possibility of no other opportunity of bidding farewell to the much prized tokens of love or friendship.

At this moment some awkward fellow accidentally discharged his pistol, and the stifled execration of displeasure burst from numerous lips; all eyes turned eagerly to the dangerous battery of Point du Ché, and then swept the bay, where the regiment had encamped, but nothing denoted alarm. The sentinel still paced his lonely round, and a few minutes' observation convinced us they had not observed our unguarded conduct.

"Gentlemen, to your boats," said our youthful commander, and they formed in the divisions previously planned.

As we slowly approached the intended scene of disembarkation, for the strictest orders were given for silence, and the muffled oars just touched the unruffled water, we plainly perceived the sentinel as he stood on the topmast pinnacle of the high bluff cliff. His figure, as viewed by us so far beneath, appeared unnaturally large, and swelled out into gigantic proportions. Sometimes he would slowly pace the edge, then would he rest on his musket, casting a wary eye on the dark waters below. Every man held his breath, for this was the

trying time; death or victory hung on the vigilance of that man, and each eye strained to watch his motions: "Hush!" was faintly heard along the divisions, and I thought I could distinguish even the beating of the heart as the sentinel was observed to stop and apparently stretch himself forward from the cliff. A discharge of grape and canister at this moment from their heavy guns would have swept us, like a flash of lightning, from the face of the ocean. Thank God! he drew back, and seemingly satisfied with his gaze, resumed his slow pace. Each person drew his breath more freely, at least I can answer for myself, who felt as if a ton weight had suddenly been lifted from my breast. Every yard had now life or death depending on it; yet we could not exert more speed without drawing on us the attention of our wary and vigilant foe.

With us all was profound stillness and inactivity, different from the bustle and noise of action; and I am confident many a good resolution was formed, and many a silent aspiration ascended to the throne of heaven for mercy. During the forty-two years I had been in the service, never did I feel my mind called upon for more fortitude than on this eventful ten minutes. Again the sentinel stood still, and stretched himself over the cliff, gazing on the deep, deep sea, like a man alarmed, for the dip of our oars had reached his quick ears. "Qui vive?" from his hoarse, manly voice, rang in our ears like thunder; again we heard the challenge, quickly followed by the report of his musket. Now hissed the rockets as they ascended the sky, and the blue lights innumerable threw a ghastly glare on the frowning promontory and bay below. The grape and canister splashed and tore the waters into foam just outside of us, and the British cheer rung high and merrily, as our youthful commander shouted, "Give way for your lives, men, and remember your orders."

The divisions of boats flew through the placid waters, as the rowers bent both back and oar to their work; and as they neared the shore, diverged to their different duties. The forlorn hope, under the gallant Liddle, jumped from their boats, formed, and rushed up the steep to the attack of the battery with incredible speed. I drew off to the right of the marine corps, and directly in front of the French regiment, whose bugles at intervals could be heard above the roar of the heavy artillery and field-pieces that thickly lined the beach, and now opened in earnest on the boats. A sudden nervous start, and—"I was afraid my right arm was off," said the midshipman seated near me; "but it is only soundly bruised by a shot striking the gunnel."

"It is well you preserved it, for I want its assistance in training the carronade. So oars, lay in the six foremost ones, bowse forward the gun, and load it with double canister. Now, coxswain, keep the bow of the boat directed towards the centre of that scattered fire you see advancing;" for the regiment had thrown out their sharp-shooters to feel their way, and give some knowledge of the attacking force; of these gentlemen I took no notice, confident that the main body were advancing in close column, and reserving my welcome for them alone.

By this time Lieutenant Liddle's storming party had gained the crown of the promontory, and were halted to re-form and gain breath, but finding the enemy endeavouring to turn one of their heavy guns upon them, the gallant Liddle gave the word to charge bayonet, and advance at double quick time; sparks flew as they crossed each other, and many a gallant breast was transfixed by that truly British implement. At this moment their gallant leader received a ball in his sword arm, which shattered the bone, so as to require amputation, and the wounded hero was supported to the boats with the wreath of victory on his brow.

The tramp of masses of infantry was plainly heard in the launch, and the sharp-shooters retired on their main body. "Depress the gun, and stand clear of its recoil:" nearer, and still nearer came the heavy tread. I heard the command to our marines to make ready and close their files. "Fire!" and thirty-six pounds of small balls imperatively commanded a halt, which the Frenchmen acknowledged by prompt obedience.

The flames from the grounded shipping that had been set

on fire now gave a glimpse of the retreating infantry, and our gun, by its playing, accelerated their motion. The commander of our party now ordered the bugle to sound a retreat, and the marines rushed into the boats in double quick movement. Never was a night attack better planned, or more ably executed. Our youthful commanding officer, now Captain Hamilton, then received his promotion, and we the thanks of Sir Harry Burrard Neale.

THE DEEP AND MOONLIGHT SEA.

By J. Bradshaw Walker, Author of "Spring Leaves."

In crowded halls, where beauty smiled,
I've led the fairy band;
I've roamed thy dales o'er flowrets wild,
My own dear native land.
Life's social hours of love and song,
I've spent in festive glee;
Though far away, I float along
The deep and moonlight sea.

I've gathered sweets from many a bower,
In summer's golden time,
When youth was like a careless flower,
Rejoicing in its prime.
Those happy scenes of home are gone,
Like shadows o'er the lea;
And far away I glide upon
The deep and moonlight sea.

Speed on my bark to India's shore,
'Tis night upon the deep;
The hollow wind shall loudly roar
Its music o'er my sleep.
The tempest comes on ocean's foam,
To hold its revels free;
Yet far away I cheerly roam
The deep and moonlight sea.

A MORNING SCENE AT SEA.

In the far distant east, lo! the day-star is beaming,
And the purple of morning is spread o'er the sky;
Beneath yon deep cloud now the first ray is streaming,
From the sun's golden front ascending on high.

Slow, slowly he mounts from his coral-clad pillow,
And broadens and brightens in glory serene,
Till risen majestic he smiles o'er the billow,
Effulgent abroad on the wide watery scene!

But now through the surges our vessel is steering,
The sea-fowls wild screaming oft plunge in the stream,
Then rise on the top of the billow careering,
And flap their brood wings on the new-risen beam.

And mark, how the clouds hurry fast cross the heaven,
Oft darkening the scene, and oft bursting again;
Our sails by the rage of the tempest are riven,
And we reel insecure on the foam-rolling main.

On the spray, from the brine-beaten prow as ascending
In silvery sheets, like the sweet streamers blaze,
The shades of the rainbow in splendour are blending,
For far o'er the deep the sun kindles his rays!

The wind has subsided, now steady the motion,
The seamen loud cheering again hoist the sail;
Along our smooth path, on the face of the ocean,
We skim, like the moon, on the wings of the gale!

ESTIMATED AVERAGE OF SHIPWRECKS.

It appears that in a period of 36 years, the average number of ships wrecked was 557 annually! In 1829 they exceeded 800; and they are believed to have increased since that time! More than 2,000 seamen annually perish thus in the mighty deep! The above facts, should impress us with the necessity of using every possible means to avert the evil.

DESTRUCTION OF NEW HOORN.

The New Hoorn, a vessel of eleven hundred tons burden, commanded by William Ysbrants Boutekoe, a Dutchman, with a company of two hundred and six men, sailed from the Texel on the 28th of December, 1618. On the evening of the 30th they were in sight of Portsmouth, and passed Plymouth on the following day with an east wind.

On January 1, 1619, they left the English coast; and a strong gale rising from the south-west on the 4th, they were obliged to lower their topmasts; but the night proving still more stormy, they reduced all sail and drove before the wind. Three heavy seas broke over the vessel, covering the decks with water. Many of the sailors exclaimed, "We are sinking, we are sinking; the ports before are open." The captain hearing

these words ran to the fore-castle, where, finding the ports down, he encouraged the men by calling aloud to them that they had nothing to fear; and a man who had been sent below to examine the hold, reported that there was very little water there. Speedy exertions were made to relieve the vessel, but the chief source of embarrassment arose from the seamen's chests floating between decks, which it was necessary to break in pieces in order to facilitate the work. For several successive days the tempest continued to rage with such incredible fury, that according to the captain's description, they believed heaven and earth were about to meet, and the sea was covered by fire. By the straining of the shrouds and great rolling of the vessel, the mainmast was partly carried away. Such was the violence of the shock that they at first thought the whole was gone, and that, consequently, it would be impossible to



DESTRUCTION OF THE NEW HOORN, CAPTAIN BOUTEKOE, BY FIRE, NOVEMBER 19, 1619.

prosecute the voyage; but allowing the vessel to drive, they resorted to temporary expedients, and secured the remainder of the mainmast when the storm abated.

Directing their course towards the Canary Islands, a vessel came in sight of them astern, crowding all sail to come up with them; they therefore lay-to, when she proved to be the New Zealand, on a voyage from Flessingen to the East Indies. She had not suffered any damage from the tempest, and they endeavoured to keep up with her, though they were scarcely able to hoist enough sail.

On the 23rd, another vessel came in sight which, on nearing, they recognised to be the New Enkhuysen, which had sailed from Holland for India at the same time with the New Hoorn. Keeping company they came in sight of the Canary Islands,

expecting to obtain some refreshments at St. Anthony; but the fog preventing them from discovering that island, they altered their course and arrived at Fogo.

Having cast anchor they set about refitting the ship, and sent a boat towards the shore, which was saluted by the Spaniards with shot, upon which they weighed anchor and set sail.

The other two vessels here parted company, and it was some time before they rejoined the New Hoorn; they related, that having landed on the Isle of May, they were opposed by the Spaniards, and obliged to retire with the loss of two men.

Crossing the line, they experienced calms with slight showers and occasionally baffling winds, or sometimes the wind shifted round to all points of the compass, so that they were detained

three weeks before they were able to get into the southern latitudes. The wind being then in the south-east, they kept a good look-out and endeavoured to pass the Abrolhos to windward, which, after seeing the outermost rocks, they happily succeeded in accomplishing. On this day, a double allowance was served out with a pint of Spanish wine to each man, and then they stood towards the islands of Tristan D'Acunha. By observation they found that they were in the same latitude, notwithstanding which they passed them without coming in sight, and were then, by the shifting of the wind, obliged to make for the Cape of Good Hope. The weather, however, proved tempestuous, it was resolved by the ship's council to pass without touching at the Cape; and, accordingly, having plenty of provisions, and the crew being in good health, they ranged along the coast of Natal. They had now been out five

months, and the Enkhuysen being destined for the coast of Coromandel, took leave of the New Hoorn and New Zealand, intending to pass south of the island of Madagascar, and then get refreshments at Mayote. Soon after this the New Zealand also parted company, steering two points farther to the north, when the New Hoorn made the best of her way to Madagascar.

By an observation, subsequent to the separation, they found themselves in 23° south lat., at which time great sickness prevailed in the ship; forty were confined to their hammocks, and many more complaining; the council therefore determined to steer for St. Louis Bay, in Madagascar. On approaching the island they could get no secure anchorage, on which the captain went off in the long-boat to search for it; but the surf beat so heavy on the shore, that they were unable to land to

obtain any information; and not having any prospect of obtaining fresh provisions, he returned on board, to the great mortification of the people: and then hoisting sail bore away.

The number of the sick daily augmented, and several having died, the survivors sent some of the officers to the captain, humbly requesting that he would make for land. Upon this he resolved to attempt gaining either the island of Mauritius, or that of Mascarenhas; and steering on a course between them, they came in sight of the latter, and anchored near the shore in forty fathoms.

The sick having learned that the long-boat, which had been sent to the island, had returned with a number of turtle, requested to be sent ashore; but Heyn Rol, the supercargo, would by no means consent to it, affirming that it was danger-

ous, from the roughness of the sea. They nevertheless persisted in their entreaties, and anxiously solicited the captain to send them ashore; who himself asked Heyn Rol for permission, but received a refusal. The captain, however, told him that he should do so, and be responsible for the consequences. He accordingly supplied them with a sail for a tent, oil, vinegar, and kitchen utensils, and two cooks to dress their provisions.

They found a number of blue pigeons on the trees, so tame that they caught them with their hands, and killed and roasted two hundred the first day. They also procured many other birds, such as grey paroquets, wild geese, and penguins. Turtle were also so numerous that they took as many as they chose.

A number of people were sent ashore to obtain fresh provisions; and eight of them detached on a fishing party obtained

various kinds of good fish, some as large as a salmon. On conveying the water-casks to a small fresh-water river, they found a wooden plank with an inscription, purporting that Captain Adrian Maerts Block had been there with a fleet of thirteen vessels, when on sending his boats ashore, they were overwhelmed by the surf and their crews drowned.

From the palm-trees they extracted a mild and agreeable liquor, which, with the abundance of fresh provisions of the most luxurious description, contributed to the convalescence of the sick so rapidly, that in a very short time all of them, but seven, were able to return to the ship; the others remaining till the vessel should be ready to sail.

Having refitted the ship, without and within, opened the ports for the admission of air, and fumigated the whole with vinegar, the drum beat for the return of the people, and they set sail. Though they had been twenty-one days on the island, there were still some sick people on board, which induced them to bear away for the island of Mauritius; but getting too much to leeward, they found themselves unable to beat up.

They had still a long voyage before reaching Batavia or Bantam; the ship's council therefore resolved to steer for St. Mary's Island, which lies opposite to the bay of Antongil, in the island of Madagascar. Coming in sight of it, they stood to the west, coasting round the island in six and eight fathoms water, as clear as crystal, and they distinctly saw the bottom.

They were soon observed by the natives, who came on board in small canoes, bringing apples, citron, rice, and poultry. They remained here some time trading with the natives for cattle, sheep, and rice, in exchange for bells, spoons, and knives; and then, after heeling the vessel to clear her bottom, they set sail standing for the straits of Sunda.

On November 19, they had reached the latitude of the Straits, which lie $5^{\circ} 30'$ south of the line, when they were suddenly alarmed by the cry of "Fire!" The captain immediately came on deck and looked down the hatchways, where he could not discover anything but the steward pouring water into a cask. He instantly descended and asked the steward where the fire was, on which he pointed to the cask. It appeared that the steward had gone down with a candle to fill his keg with brandy, that a small glass might be served out to each person next morning, according to custom. While thus occupied, he had thrust his candle into the hole of a cask on a tier above that from whence he drew the spirits, and in removing it a spark fell exactly into the bung-hole of the other. The water which the steward had poured in, prevented the captain from discovering the fire, and considering it extinguished, he returned to the deck. The fact unfortunately proved otherwise, and the flames rapidly reviving, burst out the ends of the cask; and, to add to the disaster, the fire reaching a heap of coals which had been stowed under the casks, set fire to them.

A second alarm ensued, and all hands ran hastily to the place, making great exertions to get the fire under, which was extremely difficult to accomplish, as there were four tiers of casks above the other. They were also hindered by such a thick and sulphureous smoke from the wet coal, that those at the bottom were almost suffocated, and could scarcely find the hatchways. In this emergency the captain proposed to Heyn Rol, that they should throw the gunpowder overboard; but this he objected to, alleging that the fire might still be extinguished. "Besides," he added, "if we throw away our powder, how shall we defend ourselves against our enemies, should we be attacked and taken! We shall have no apology." The powder therefore remained.

In the mean time the rage of the devouring element augmented more and more, and as it was impossible to remain down in the hold; the decks were scuttled, that greater quantities of water might be poured down upon it, but all was in vain.

The launch had been for the last three weeks astern of the vessel, and now the yawl was also lowered down to clear the decks. Alarmed at the dreadful appearance of the fire, without the hope of succour, some of the crew began to desert their posts; quickly slipping along by the chain-wales, they dropped down into the sea, endeavouring to swim to the launch or the cutter.

Heyn Rol coming by chance into the gallery, was surprised to see so many people in the boats. They cried to him that they were about to cast off, and entreated him, if he meant to accompany him, to lose no time but descend the stern ladder. He did so, and then requested them to apprise their captain, and wait for him; but they immediately cut the painter and made away.

Captain Boutekoe, who knew nothing of all this, was exerting himself to get the fire under, when a seamen came to him, with tears in his eyes, saying, "Dear captain, what can we now do, the launch and cutter have deserted us?" "If they are gone," the captain answered, "it is not to return;" and hastened on deck, where he soon satisfied himself as to the fact, and immediately hoisted all sail to run them down; but when within about three ship's lengths, they got the weather-gage and escaped.

The captain then renewed his endeavours to encourage the crew, telling them that, next to God, their trust must be in themselves; and exhorting them to persevere steadily in their exertions to get the fire under. In the next place he ordered the powder to be thrown overboard, which they instantly commenced doing; and ordered the carpenters to bore holes with their augurs in the ship's sides, so as to let in the water, in the hope of extinguishing the fire.

Nothing but sighs and lamentations resounded through the vessel, while with unabated vigour they continued to pour large quantities of water down the hatchways. In a short time, however, the oil took fire, and the flames became more and more furious, as they tried to conquer them. Their situation now became more desperate; consternation spread among the crew: their exclamations of terror increased, until beholding inevitable death approach with rapid strides, their courage sunk into apathy. The captain was standing upon deck, with sixty-five others, close by the main hatchway, receiving the water in the buckets. Sixty barrels of powder had been got overboard, but three hundred still remained; when the fire at length reached them, and the vessel blew up with a terrific explosion, carrying with it one hundred and nine human beings. "A moment afterwards," the captain relates, "not a creature was to be seen; and, believing myself launched into eternity, I exclaimed, 'Lord have mercy upon my soul!'"

Although stunned by the explosion, his senses had not entirely forsaken him, so that seeing the mainmast and then the foremast floating by his side, he gained the former; and soon afterwards had the satisfaction of perceiving that he was not alone, as another had also survived the wreck, and was then near him on the floating fragment.

The sun went down soon after, leaving them destitute of all prospect of succour; and their only consolation lay in the mercy of God.

Shortly afterwards they were agreeably surprised by the sight of both the launch and cutter, which met beside them. The young man leaped boldly into the water, and swam to the boat; but the captain was incapable of following his example, from the wounds which he had received. The trumpeter then threw out a rope, which he fastened round his body, and being drawn towards them was taken into the boat.

The captain lay in a little recess, which had been formed in the stern of the boat, and while there, Heyn Rol set the men to the oars, and made them row all night. In the morning they saw no appearance of land, and they had left the wreck where they might have obtained plenty of provisions, as both meat and cheese were driving about in such quantities, that they could scarcely get free from them.

The first thing was to examine their store of provisions, which they found to consist of only seven or eight pounds of biscuit. "Comrades," said the captain to them, "we must follow another course, lay aside your oars, for your strength will soon be exhausted." "What shall we do then?" said they; on which he ordered them to make sails of their shirts, by untwisting the cordage which they found about the boat, and running it through the linen.

Forty-six persons were in the launch and twenty-six in the cutter, being seventy-two in the whole. They drifted

the whole day, while occupied in making sails, and hoisted them towards night, when they steered by the stars as a guide, though they could scarcely observe their rising or setting.

The seven or eight pounds of biscuit were distributed by equal portions, daily, of the size of a man's finger; but this could not last long among so many; and they had nothing whatever to drink, till, fortunately, there was a heavy shower of rain, which they caught by means of the sails, using an old shoe as a cup.

There still being no appearance of land, their hopes died away, their misery daily increased, and the rage of hunger urging them to extremities, they began to regard each other with ferocious looks. The men, consulting among themselves, secretly determined to devour the boys on board; and after their bodies were consumed, to draw lots who should next suffer death, that the lives of the rest might be preserved, but the captain approaching them said, "My friends, I pledge myself that we are not far from land, let us put our trust in God, and he will send relief." The people answered that they had been too long amused with such predictions, and that should they not get sight of land in three days, the boys should be sacrificed.

They now became so enfeebled, that they could no longer stand upright. In this way they steered at random, until the 2nd of December, the thirteenth day after the disaster. All the people had given up their shirts for sails, so that they were almost naked, and were crowding close together to increase their natural heat. The quarter-master had not been an hour at the helm, when the weather became clear and serene, and he suddenly cried out, "Land, land!" Universal joy was disseminated, their strength was renewed, and, hoisting the sails, they stood for the shore, which they reached the same day. It proved to be an island where they found plenty of cocoa-nuts, but no fresh water.

Laying in a store of cocoa-nuts, they sailed, and the following day came in sight of Sumatra, where they endeavoured to find a convenient place for landing, which the breaking of the surf rendered dangerous; but four or five of the seamen ventured to swim ashore. After traversing the beach, some time, they discovered the mouth of a river, and made signs to those in the boat to come towards them. They did so; but finding a dangerous bar at the entrance, two of the men sat astern, one on each side, with an oar; and the captain being at the helm, they attempted the passage. The first breaker half-filled the boat, but some baled her out with their hats, others with their shoes. The second wave almost overwhelmed them, but, happily, the third broke short of the boat, and they landed in safety.

They found fresh water and beans, and, at some distance, the remains of a fire, which sight delighted them, as it showed the island to be inhabited. As night approached they kindled five or six fires, and posting sentinels in different directions, went to sleep. During the night they were disturbed by an attack of the natives, who stole upon them in the dark; but an alarm being given, each man seized a firebrand, and rushing upon the natives, soon put them to flight.

At break of day, three of the natives were observed coming down to the beach, and three of the seamen understanding something of the Malay tongue, were sent towards them. With the aid of these interpreters they purchased boiled rice and poultry, for eight crowns, which had been collected among them. The captain then paid five crowns and a half for a buffalo, which proved so fierce and unmanageable, that the men could not catch it.

This proved the cause of another rupture, for four of the men went in search of the buffalo that had been paid for. In their absence, the party were fiercely attacked by the natives, armed with sabres and shields. A vigorous resistance was made, so that they were enabled to regain the launch, with the loss of sixteen men—viz., twelve in the encounter, and four who had gone in search of the buffalo.

Having succeeded in crossing the dangerous bar in safety, they stood out to sea, to prosecute their voyage. After sailing some time, a storm rendered it necessary for them to take in

all the sails, which they spread over the launch for shelter, and allowed her to drift until daybreak. The gale then abating, they discovered three islands, which they reached before night, and found bamboos and palm trees, and, fortunately, a good supply of fresh water.

While the people were engaged in traversing the island in search of food, the captain ascended a high mountain in the hope of making some discovery. The weather was clear and serene, and looking round him in all directions, he saw two great blue hills, and, at the same time, recollected to have formerly heard from William Cornelius Schouten, an experienced navigator, that there were two of that description on the extreme point of Java. It was therefore evident, from the straits of Sunda being between Java and Sumatra, that they were in the direct course. Prostrating himself on the earth, he prayed Heaven still to be their guide, and gratefully acknowledged the mercy they had hitherto experienced; and, transported with joy, hastened down the mountain to communicate the glad tidings to the rest. Impatient to depart, the people were summoned, and they quitted what they called Prince's Island.

About midnight they desisted what was taken for a vessel on fire, but, on nearer approach, the light proved to proceed from a small island in the straits of Sunda, called Dwars in de Weg. One of the seamen climbing up the mast, discovered vessels at a distance, of which he counted twenty-three. Their joy at this discovery can only be imagined, and instantly they got out their oars for greater speed.

Frederick Houtman, who commanded these vessels, which were Dutch, had seen them with a telescope from the quarter-deck, and wondering at the singularity of their sails, sent out a boat to ascertain what they were. They very soon recognised the people in the boat, for they had left the Texel in company, and separated in the Spanish sea.

After mutual congratulations, the captain and Heyn Rol went on board Houtman's ship, which was called the Virgin of Dordrecht. He ordered a table to be covered in his cabin for them, provided them with clothes adapted to the climate, and appointed a yacht to carry them to Batavia.

Here they found General John Peter Koen, to whom they related the fatal accident which had destroyed the New Hoorn, and the disastrous adventures that followed. He ordered an attendant to bring wine, which having poured into a large gold cup, he drank; and presenting it to Captain Boutekoe, said, "Captain, you are welcome; you may consider that after once losing your life the Almighty has restored it. To-morrow I leave for Bantam, on maritime affairs; but do you remain here, and eat at my table until my return."

In eight days they were ordered to attend the general at Bantam, where they found him on board the Virgin of Dordrecht. Calling the captain, he said, "Captain Boutekoe, you may take the command of the ship *Berger Boot*, until further orders." Two days after, he sent for Heyn Rol, and appointed him supercargo of the same vessel, so that both resumed their former employment in the same ship.

A SAILOR'S SUPERSTITION.

THE wind had blown from the eastward for ten whole days, and the fleet, which lay at anchor off Harwich, were prevented from going to sea. Several of the crews were on shore anxiously waiting to see "Blue Peter" flying at the mast-head; but they looked out in vain, the wind still keeping them locked in.

The Dauntless was lying at the harbour's mouth, waiting for the first chance to get away, that she might drop down to Portsmouth previous to her leaving the British coast in search of a desperate pirate. The crew of this vessel were not allowed to remain on shore, in order that they might be ready to put to sea the moment the wind would chop round in their favour.

One evening the crew were taking their grog below—one or two acquaintances had been admitted on board; and, by way of keeping up the hilarity of the evening, Tom Pipes was

called on for a song. Tom, nothing loth, began to clear his voice ready for harmony; but Peter Doleful, one of the crew, got up and protested against any singing—"because," said he, "the wind blows pretty stiff just now, and singing may increase it."

"Belay, belay," cried Gunnel, the helmsman; "let's have none of your superstitious palaver now, old Peter: we never try to pass a merry hour or two but what you attempt to throw a wet blanket over us."

"A song! a song!" roared some twenty voices; and Tom Pipes struck up, well aided by a powerful chorus. Tom Pipes gave his song in true sailor's style, and met with due applause from his hearers; but Peter Doleful sat with his arms folded, and although his messmates were full of merriment, he scorned to join in it. "You sung about Blue Peter," said he; but I'm afraid it will be a long time before you see him flying at the mast-head."

"What ails you now, friend Peter?" asked Jack Junk; "what new maggot has got into your head?"

"It's no use jibbing and jeering in that way, Master Junk," replied Peter Doleful; "I positively tell you we shall have no luck this voyage. Here we have been at anchor in these roads for ten days, and here we are likely to remain; for the wind seems determined to set right in our teeth. I remember when we were going to weigh from Yarmouth, there were two or three cursed crows or ravens hovered over the vessel, and pitched upon our topsail-yards; that was a bad omen you'll allow; and although we fired blank cartridges at them, they would not come down, till Tom Pipes fetched them down with a charge of small shot."

"But, friend Peter," said Junk, "I'm afraid you give way too much to these superstitious fancies; we have met with no ill fortune since we set sail, except to be sure that we have got wind-bound before we have cleared the British coast; but that's not a misfortune, it's more a matter of accident."

"Not a misfortune!" exclaimed Peter Doleful; "I think it is. Accidents are misfortunes, arn't they? What the devil's the difference between them? If you break your neck by accident, that's a misfortune, arn't it? If you get shipwrecked and lose all you have on board by accident, that's a misfortune, arn't it? So now, Master Wiseacre, I should like to know what is the difference between accident and misfortune."

"Why, a great deal," replied Junk. "A man may find a sum of money by accident—that's no misfortune, is it? A rich relation may die by accident, and leave one a fortune—that's no misfortune, is it?"

"Stop there—bring to, Master Junk; you upset your own tactics there. I grant the accident is no misfortune to him who obtains the property; but you don't mean to say that the accident is no misfortune to him who is killed by it. No, no, Master Junk—if you attempt to sail on that tack, you are sure to go to leeward. I an't superstitious; but although you and the rest of the crew may sneer at it, be assured that there are omens and forewarnings of what is about to happen. As, for instance: recollect the very day we were preparing to sail, didn't that old tom-cat scratch under his left ear, just before we left the George and Dragon, and when I said it foreboded ill-luck you all laughed at me: but I was right; for poor Tom Jigger, who had carried too much sail aloft, lost his bearing as he was stepping aboard, pitched into the water, and was drowned. That was an accident, and I suppose you'll allow it to be a misfortune. Don't you remember when the owners in London paid Jack White, the boat-swain's-mate, with a check, and because we were in a hurry, he held it to the fire to dry; and didn't I say 'Jack White, you should never dry writing by the fire, because it's unlucky.' You all laughed at me then: but I was right; for Jack White had the flaps of his Flushing coat cut off, and pockets, check, money, and all were grappled by some land pirate, as he was on his way to the banker's; and there he went full sail down Cornhill, like a vessel that had lost her mizen. That was an accident and misfortune too, or the devil's in it."

Jack Junk gave up the argument. He declared Peter to

be incorrigible, and therefore left him to pursue his own course. Their visitors took leave, and went ashore. The night-watch was set, and Peter Doleful retired to his hammock to ponder on future untoward events.

The Dauntless lay at Harwich two days longer, when the wind veered round to the N.W. and they put to sea. A tide took them through the Sweyn, and they came to anchor for a short time in Dover roads. Next morning the wind was favourable for running through the channel, and the Dauntless cut through the water gaily. The crew were congratulating themselves on the favourable weather which they now experienced, when they observed Peter Doleful coming slowly towards them with his usual countenance. "Well, Peter, how fare you old chap?" said Tom pipes. "Fine breeze of wind right aft—canvass well filled—going at the rate of ten knots—soon see the Atlantic, eh?"

"I wish we may," replied Peter, with his usual doleful look—"I wish we may, but I fear the wind won't last long in this quarter."

"What, more omens!" said Jack Thompson, with a leer.

"Yes, more omens," reiterated Peter, with a look of rebuke. "That d-d cargo of pigs will spoil all. If the captain couldn't dine without pork at his table, why couldn't he have it ready killed. Pigs at the best of times are not lucky. Now only look at that ugly porker with his nose pointed right a-head. What do you suppose he is looking at so intently?"

"By my shoul I can't tell," replied Pat Larkins, the carpenter.

"Ah, you ignorant lubber, I thought so," replied Peter. "He's looking at the wind, to be sure; he sees it plain enough—wind right a head: we shall have it slap in our teeth before two hours are over."

The crew laughed at Peter's prophecy; but it was not quite such a hearty laugh as was the general custom. That pigs see wind was not altogether disbelieved, and that the pig's snout was pointed right a-head was beyond a doubt. Hour after hour succeeded, but the wind still kept aft. Evening came, wind still favourable. Peter and several of the crew had gone below to get their grog. Pat Larkins, who smarted under Peter's rebuke, couldn't forbear to have a fling at him. "Where's the wind now?" roared Pat, with a laugh and a mischievous glance of the eye.

"In the north," replied Peter drily.

"And the pig's nose to the south!" exclaimed Pat. "Blood and turf, it's impossible man! How can the pig keep his nose to the south and see the wind from the north?—unless to be sure he might squint a small trifle."

Peter looked mysterious, and with a solemn countenance disdainfully eyed Pat Larkins, as he said, "What can you expect from an Irishman but a blunder? Now to show you that you have no more brains than our sternpost, I'll just explain matters a little. I have been at sea many years, and have always paid strict attention to signs of changes of weather, and such like prognostications; and that a pig sees wind is more than all your philosophers and astrology chaps can contradict. This pig of ours, as you all know, pointed due south; and we should have had the wind from that quarter in less than two hours, had it not been for a scheme which fortunately entered my head at the moment."

"And what scheme was that?" inquired Pat.

"Why," said Peter, "I lifted the pig in my arms, and turned him right round with his nose to the northward."

Pat and the crew burst into a loud fit of laughter. "Ay, ay, laugh away," cried Peter, with a sneer; "but depend upon it, if it had not been for this expedient, we should have been blown back a hundred miles by daybreak. And you, Mister Pat Larkins—you're a pretty lubber to go to attempt to overhaul my grammatics and my learning, arn't you? What a pretty mess you made of it when our vessel was new rigged, and we were so pestered with company, that the captain was obliged to excuse himself from allowing any more strangers aboard, till we got out of harbour—a pretty bull you made of it then, sure enough."

"The devil a bit of bull is there about it, Mister Peter," said

Pat; "but I gave a clane decent off-hand answer, to a plain question, as my messmates here shall decide. Our ship lay alongside the pier, all the crew were on shore, except the captain, myself, and the mate. The captain and mate were down below overhauling a chart, and I remained on deck to give answers to any inquiries. Presently there comes a great big gentleman, with his head as thickly powdered as if Katty Maloney had emptied her flower-tub over him: 'I want to come on board and see the ship,' says he. 'You can't do that same thing, just now,' says I. 'And why not?' says he. 'Because there's nobody aboard but the captain, and he's just gone ashore,' says I. Now where's the bull in that messmates?"

A roar of laughter followed; and the crew promised themselves a good cargo of mirth, as long as they could set Peter and the Irishman foul of each other.

Plymouth Sound was now but a few miles distant, and they brought up, in order to take on board two military officers, who wished to accompany the captain, to whom they were related. They shortly set sail again. The wind was blowing a stiff breeze from N.N.E., Peter was at the helm: they were running through a narrow channel, sounding, and Peter knew that extreme attention was necessary, on account of the number of shoals which were close to them. One of the officers was standing near the binnacle carelessly looking round, while he was whistling "Rule Britannia." Peter looked at him once or twice with a countenance tinged with dissatisfaction, till not able to contain himself any longer, he turned to him, saying, "Don't you whistle, with this wind, if you please, sir."

"Not whistle!" ejaculated the officer. "My good fellow, what harm can there be in whistling?"

"Perhaps a great deal just now," replied Peter.

"What!" said the officer, "has whistling any influence over the wind?"

"Most undoubtedly," replied Peter, with a grave and somewhat consequential gesture. "*Never whistle when it blows hard; but whenever you are becalmed, you may whistle for a wind if you like.*"

The officer smiled, turned on his heel, and went down to the cabin, leaving Peter to deal with the rising wind in what manner he might think most proper.

The Dauntless left Falmouth, and was soon on the broad Atlantic. They crossed the Bay of Biscay with a good breeze off the land. The weather was mild, and the seamen found their work comparatively light.

One day about two, p.m., the man on the look-out gave notice of a vessel a-head, under a press of canvass; and from the description, the captain supposed her to be the pirate they were seeking. She came boldly on with Spanish colours flying at her mast-head.

"If she is a pirate," exclaimed the captain, "she has the impudence of the devil. Keep your ports closed. I think she mistakes us for a merchantman."

The strange sail approached, lowered her Spanish colours and hoisted a red flag with a sword and death's head. She was a capital sailor, and sailed completely round the British cruiser.

"Damn her impudence!" said the captain, "up with your ports and give her pepper."

But the pepper came too late. She flew before the wind as swift as an arrow, and the British ship lost her for that day.

"There," said Peter, "did you ever see such an evasive little devil as that in your life?"

"Why, as to that matter, Master Peter," replied Junk, "I don't exactly know the true bearing of that 'ere word 'vasive, as you calls it."

"Och, bother!" exclaimed Pat Larkins; "sure and every body knows what evasive means."

"Hush, hush," interrupted Peter; "don't let's have any more blunders. How can an Irishman explain a word as is only to be found in the most learned dictionaries?"

"And sure, Mister Peter, will you be after telling me I don't know the meaning of the word evasive?" cried Pat. "Now, messmates, only listen awhile, and I'll tell you how nately I handled that word evasive. We had just got all our rigging complete, and our sails were all unbent, and we lay at anchor

in the roads, and the captain determined to sail next morning. Our beautiful new canvass looked so neat and clean from the shore, that boats full of fine gentlemen and ladies were coming on board every hour to see the ship. Och, and didn't I take care to hand the sweet creatures aboard gently? Och, sure I was as busy as the devil in a high wind. Five o'clock came, and the captain said he must have no more visitors aboard, else we should not be ready to sail in the morning, as it hindered the men from their work. And sure as I looked towards the shore, I saw another boat full of ladies coming off. So the captain says to me, 'Paddy Larkins,' says he, 'if those ladies come alongside, and want to see the ship, you must give them an evasive answer, and get rid of them as well as you can, and I'll go down below and wait till they're gone.' And sure enough he went below, and then the boat full of ladies came alongside, and they ax'd for the captain, and I gave them an evasive answer, and they went away with it a devilish deal quicker than they came; and the captain popped up his head, and said, 'Pat, are they gone?' 'Yes, they are, your honour,' says I. 'What did they say?' says he. 'They ax'd for your honour,' says I; 'but I gave them an evasive answer.' 'What did you tell them?' said the captain. 'I said your honour was gone.' 'Gone where?' says he. 'Gone to blazes,' says I; 'and you may go after him if you please.' Now wasn't that an evasive answer, Mr. Peter?"

"Well," said Peter, "after that I think you may shut your mouth, for you'll never beat that as long as you live."

A DISAGREEABLE REMINISCENCE.

In the month of November, 1838, the Tenasserim sailed from Moulmein, bound to the Isle of France, having previously embarked for Madras about 70 European and native invalids, belonging to Her Majesty's and Honourable Company's Forces serving on the eastern side of the Bay of Bengal.

Communications betwixt the above town and the Presidency were very irregular, particularly during the monsoon, which continues in that part of India for five or six months (successively) in the year—viz., from May till September or October inclusive, and what ships do venture on the coast during that season are not only exposed to the most imminent perils, but are often totally destroyed.

The Tenasserim, which had been launched only a few weeks previously, was the first vessel announced to leave port, and as I had been waiting nearly three months for an opportunity by which I could proceed to Madras, prior to returning to Europe, I lost no time in seeing the captain, and was fortunate enough to succeed in obtaining a berth as ship's steward, for which I was to receive a free passage and the sum of fifty rupees in addition. Of course I was very well pleased with these arrangements, and went on board the evening before we sailed. I found the invalids, with their wives and families, already there. I saw the captain and mate (who, by-the-bye, were the only Europeans belonging to the ship, the crew being composed of one Serang, two Tindals, and about twenty Lascars), from whom I received my instructions, as to the duties I should henceforth have to discharge. I was not long in comprehending the nature of them, and as the despatches came on board the following morning, we immediately weighed, and dropping down the river with the tide, got out to sea before night.

This was on the 17th, from which time to the 22nd, the weather continued moderate, but about noon on that day it assumed a threatening aspect, and came on to blow very hard from the east. On the following day we sighted the Audaman Isles, which we passed to the north, and as our course now lay due west, the vessel rolled heavily as she scudded before the wind under a close-reefed fore-topsail and fore-topmast staysail. However, it began to lull on the 24th, and towards evening became unusually fine, when every stitch of canvass was spread to the breeze. It may be as well to mention here that we were freighted with timber, and having no 'tween decks, the ship was so deeply laden that the upper portion of her cargo reached within six feet of her deck. The crew occupied

the fore part of the ship, the troops the centre, and nearly all the room abaft the after-hatchway was taken up with stores, &c. These places were decidedly too small for the purposes to which they were appropriated, and what made them still more inconvenient, was the fact of there being no battens (from which circumstance we were unable to swing our hammocks), consequently we were all reduced to the disagreeable alternative of *planking it*. I secured a place just before a tier of water casks, on the top of which was placed a great quantity of baggage, consisting chiefly of several large boxes and an *immense chest*, belonging to the officer commanding the troops.

The evening in question was extremely beautiful, so much so that many were induced to remain upon deck, for hours after it was dark, to inhale the gentle breeze, in preference to seeking rest in the confined and unwholesome atmosphere below. About ten o'clock I left the deck and proceeded to my hammock—which was spread athwart-ship about 18 inches in advance of the water casks—and laying myself down, I soon fell asleep. I cannot exactly say how long I slept, but I suppose about two hours, when I was aroused by the motion of the ship, and finding my bedding quite wet, I got up, and soon found out that it arose from the salt water making its way through the ship's side directly above my head; and having ascertained that the intermediate space betwixt the casks and my hammock was perfectly dry, I removed my bed close alongside, and soon got to sleep again. It must have been soon after this that the storm commenced, which came on so suddenly, and caused the vessel to pitch so violently, that, ere I awoke the second time, down came the *chest*, right over me; without, however, materially injuring me, as one corner fell directly on the spot I had previously occupied, and pressing heavily upon my body, rested its opposite corner against the front of the water butts. I used my utmost efforts to extricate myself from this perilous situation, but I might as well have attempted—with the same chance of success—to lift the ship from the sea, for it could not have weighed less than 15 cwt.; besides, I was completely wedged down and could scarcely move a limb, much less remove such a ponderous substance.

My greatest fears were that the motion of the vessel would throw it from its position, in which case it would, in all probability, have killed me; but fortunately it had fallen in such a manner that one end of it rested against a prominent portion of the cargo, while the other way firmly fixed against the ship's side, which rendered it as immovable as a rock. However, I was not aware at the time that such was the case, so my next thoughts were to raise an alarm, which I immediately carried into execution by shouting as lustily as I possibly could, but my voice, under these circumstances, was as feeble amid the howlings of the storm as the cry of an infant would be when compared with a discharge of artillery; and what rendered my situation still more deplorable was, the few persons who occupied the same part of the ship had gone on deck the instant the storm came on, thus leaving me in momentary expectation of being crushed to death, or what was equally terrible, meeting with a watery grave; for, before the hatches could be battened down, many tons of water had passed through them, independent of the torrents that poured into her through the various seams which were opened by her dreadful strainings.

The rascally Lascars, on witnessing the violence of the hurricane, slunk from their duty, and abandoning themselves to despair, could not be induced by either threats or promises to render the slightest assistance so that the captain, mate, Serang, and Tindals, were the only five individuals belonging to the crew who exerted themselves to save the ship. On plumbing the well it was ascertained that there were nearly five feet of water in her, so that all the European soldiers capable of doing anything, were placed at the pumps, and by dint of excessive labour, combined with the fact of the hatches being secured, succeeded in course of a few hours in reducing it considerably.

It must not be forgotten that while these things were going on above, I still occupied my unenviable berth beneath the *chest*, and never did I pass such a horrible night. If I could have liberated myself and got on deck I should have been comparatively happy, for there was no apprehension of the ship's sinking (admitting she had filled), in consequence of being

laden with teak-wood, but I was afraid she would settle so low before daylight that I should be overwhelmed. Oh God! how agonizing were my thoughts during those trying hours. I prayed—aye, and fervently—more for pardon of my past iniquities than for a deliverance from the jaws of death, for such I thought impossible.

I could hear between the terrific ragings of the angry winds, a noise resembling that of axes when applied to the trunk of a huge tree, which I concluded arose from an attempt to cut away the masts, but it subsequently proved to proceed from the sails, which were torn to shreds, smacking in the air. Hour after hour—and which appeared ages—thus passed away, the vessel rolling and pitching in the most awful manner, death staring me in the face, and no soul near, or aware of my situation, when I suddenly perceived a ray of light which arose from the tarpauling being removed from the after-hatch gratings, and in a few minutes, to my inexpressible joy, I was rescued from my living tomb.

As the morning dawned it appeared that I was missed, and no one having seen or heard anything of me during the night, it was concluded that I had been washed overboard. The storm having somewhat abated the captain ordered the after part of the ship to be searched, and there I was found beneath the *chest*, which was with great difficulty removed.

Not being materially injured, I immediately proceeded on deck, whither I hastened in order to render any service that might be required of me; but never shall I forget the fearful spectacle which then presented itself. As I emerged from the hatchway I witnessed the most awfully agitated sea I had ever beheld—the foam-crested waves ran mountains high, and were every moment making complete breaches over the ship which appeared a perfect wreck—every sail was torn to ribands, making a noise similar to the smacking of a thousand whips—while fragments of the long-boat which had been dashed to atoms, together with spars, broken henceoops, ropes, poultry, pigs, and sheep (dead and dying) were scattered about the deck in indescribable confusion. Such was the scene that met my view on reaching the deck, but dreadful as this was, it was still ten thousand times more preferable than the spot I had just quitted.

About nine o'clock the same morning the storm had ceased, and by noon there was not a breath of wind stirring, although the vessel laboured exceedingly from the turbulence of the ocean, but towards evening it became more tranquil, and the Lascars having been dragged from their hiding places, and threatened with instant punishment if they further neglected their duty, they were forced into obedience. Fresh sails were soon bent, and a favourable breeze springing up, the ship which had been for fifteen or sixteen hours abandoned to the mercy of the waves, was again got under controul, and making her way for the desired port, which we happily reached without experiencing more disasters on the morning of the 30th of the same month.

S. M.

CAPTURE OF LA VESTALE.

On the 12th of December, 1796, Captain Bowen, in the *Terpsichore* frigate, of 32 guns, being on a cruise off Carthage, discovered a large French frigate lying-to on his weather-quarter, the wind at this time blowing hard from the S.E., with a heavy short sea. Captain Bowen instantly made sail, and gave chase to windward. The Frenchman, who was not equally desirous of fighting, in order to escape, made all the sail he could crowd. The chase was continued, with much manœuvring on both sides, till two o'clock in the morning of the 13th, both ships were now working to windward under their courses, when the *Terpsichore* being close in with the land, about Cape Marcus, Capt. Bowen wore, gave up the pursuit, and brought-to, with the ship's head off shore.

About eight in the morning, the enemy's frigate was again seen from the mast-head; the wind having shifted to the south-west, gave Captain Bowen the weather-gage. He immediately wore and made sail in chase, the enemy crowding all sail she

could set for Cadiz. The *Terpsichore* having the day before sprung her main and foremast, made Captain Bowen fearful he should not be able to close with her before she could effect her escape. However, by ten o'clock at night, he had the satisfaction of getting alongside of her. The enemy finding it impossible to avoid an action, brought-to; when a most gallant and spirited action commenced, and continued with great fury for an hour and a quarter, at which time the enemy being completely dismasted, with her captain and forty men killed and wounded, she struck, and proved to be the *La Vestale*, of 36 guns and 300 men. The *Terpsichore* had four killed and eighteen wounded; among the latter, Lieutenant George Bowen, brother to the captain, who was the only lieutenant on-board, the two others, with three midshipmen and forty men, being absent either at the hospital or in prizes. Captain Bowen sent the master with eight seamen to take charge of the prize, which had drifted by this time into four fathoms water, not an anchor clear for letting go, and most of the surviving Frenchmen intoxicated. By great exertions and perseverance, the master made shift to bring her up in rather less than three fathoms water, and rode out the night about a mile or two from the shore.

The conquest was scarcely achieved, when the English became sensible of a danger which the ardour of the chase had caused them to overlook. Both ships were on a dangerous lee shore, close to some shoals, which lie between Cape Trafalgar and Cadiz, and breakers were seen whitening in the moonlight at a small distance. The masts and bowsprits of the French frigate had gone by the board immediately after her surrender, and her attempting to clear off the shore became impossible. In this situation the English captain sent orders to the master, whom he had charged with the prize, to endeavour to anchor her, and exhorted him to urge the Frenchmen, whose lives depended on the success of the attempt, to assist him. This, after great exertions, was accomplished, and the *Terpsichore*, in the meantime, with considerable difficulty weathered the rocks of St. Sebastian.

As soon as the day dawned, Captain Bowen, who had, in some measure, repaired the injury this ship had sustained, and enabled her to carry sail with greater security, returned in search of his prize. After great toil he nearly succeeded in securing her, when the breaking of his tackle forced him to give up the attempt, as the day had nearly closed upon his labours. The first thought that occurred to him was to destroy her; but he revolted from this idea, recollecting the number of wounded on board the prize, whom the loss of almost all his boats rendered it impossible to remove. Having, therefore, determined to resume his task in the morning, he made sail during the night, in order to keep clear of the land. Unfortunately it fell calm; he was drawn by the current into the entrance of the straits, and the wind settling towards daylight, in the south-east, blew directly fair for Cadiz. In the utmost anxiety he returned with all the sail he could carry to the place where he had left the French frigate, and had the mortification of seeing her far advanced in her course towards the Spanish port, with some spars erected for jury masts, and her colours re-hoisted. Determined to use every effort to prevent her escaping with impunity, he chased her for some time, in the hope of forcing her on shore; but the crippled state of his ship rendered this impracticable, and on the Frenchman's reaching the back of the town of Cadiz, he reluctantly abandoned the pursuit. Willing to hope that Mr. Fancauld, the captain of the *Vestale*, had been forced into the measures he had taken by the violence of his crew, Captain Bowen sent a message to him at Cadiz, to claim the restitution of the prize, but the French captain never returned any answer to his remonstrances.

DANGEROUS EXPERIMENT.

THE captain, one day, during a heavy sea, with little wind, ordered me, in his anger, to go to the extreme end of the top-sail yard-arm, and remain there for four hours. I murmured, but was obliged to comply, so up I went; and walking along

the yard on the dizzy height, got hold of the topsail-lift, laid myself down between the yard and studdingsail-boom, and pretended to sleep as usual.

The lieutenant frequently hailed me, bidding me keep awake, or I should fall overboard.

This repeated caution suggested to me the means of putting an end to this sort of annoyance, by anticipating his fears, and falling overboard—not, however, with the idea of drowning, as few in the ship could swim so well as myself. I had seen a man jump from the lower yard in sport, and had determined to try the experiment. Besides, the roll of the ship was in my favour; so watching my opportunity when the officers and crew were at their quarters at sunset, I took advantage of a heavy roll of the ship, and dropped on the crest of a monstrous wave. I sunk deep into its bosom, and the agony of suppressed respiration, after the fall, was horrible.

Had I not taken the precaution to maintain my poise, by keeping my hands over my head, preserving an erect posture in my descent, and moving my limbs in the air, I should inevitably have lost my life. As it was, I was insensible to everything but a swelling sensation in my chest, to bursting; and the frightful conviction of going downwards, with the rapidity of a thunderbolt, notwithstanding my convulsive struggles to rise, was torture such as it is vain to describe. A death-like torpidness came over me; then I heard a din of voices, and a noise on the sea, and without it, like a hurricane; my head and breast seemed to be splitting. After which I thought I saw a confused crowd of faces bent over me; and I felt a loathsome sickness. A cold shivering shook my limbs, and I gnashed my teeth, imagining myself still struggling as in the last efforts at escape from drowning. This impression must have continued for a long time. The first circumstance I can distinctly remember was Ashton's voice, saying, "How are you now?" I tried to speak, but in vain; my lips moved without a word. He told me, I was now safe on board. I looked round; but a sensation of water rushing in my mouth, ears, and nostrils, still made me think I was, amid the waves. For eight-and-forty hours I suffered inexpressible pain, a thousand times greater, in my restoration to life, than before I lost my recollection.

THE SAILOR'S DEATH SONG.

Oh! ye who can fancy a sailor's emotion

When shorn of the sunbeams that cherished his heart,

As, tossed on the waves of the perilous ocean,

No vision of hope can a comfort impart!

Remember the kindred we now are deploring,

Our wives and our children, remember them all;

By charity's balm, oh, be hourly restoring

The pleasures they lost by the mariner's fall.

Remember how oft on the mountainous billows,

For you we have counted the moments of night,

That you might enjoy, undisturbed on your pillows,

The magical dreams of ideal delight.

We die for our country, with proud exultation,

Yet sorrowful seem it to visit no more

The friends we have thought of, in fond expectation,

Of meeting so soon on our peaceable shore!

Though destined awhile from those blessings to sever,

And traverse the merciless waves of the main;

Ah, little we fancied our vessel would never

Her ensign display to old England again.

Farewell, my dear country! no skill can restore us,

The next foaming billow our misery ends:—

It comes! but the angels of mercy assure us

Each Briton will cherish our kindred and friends.

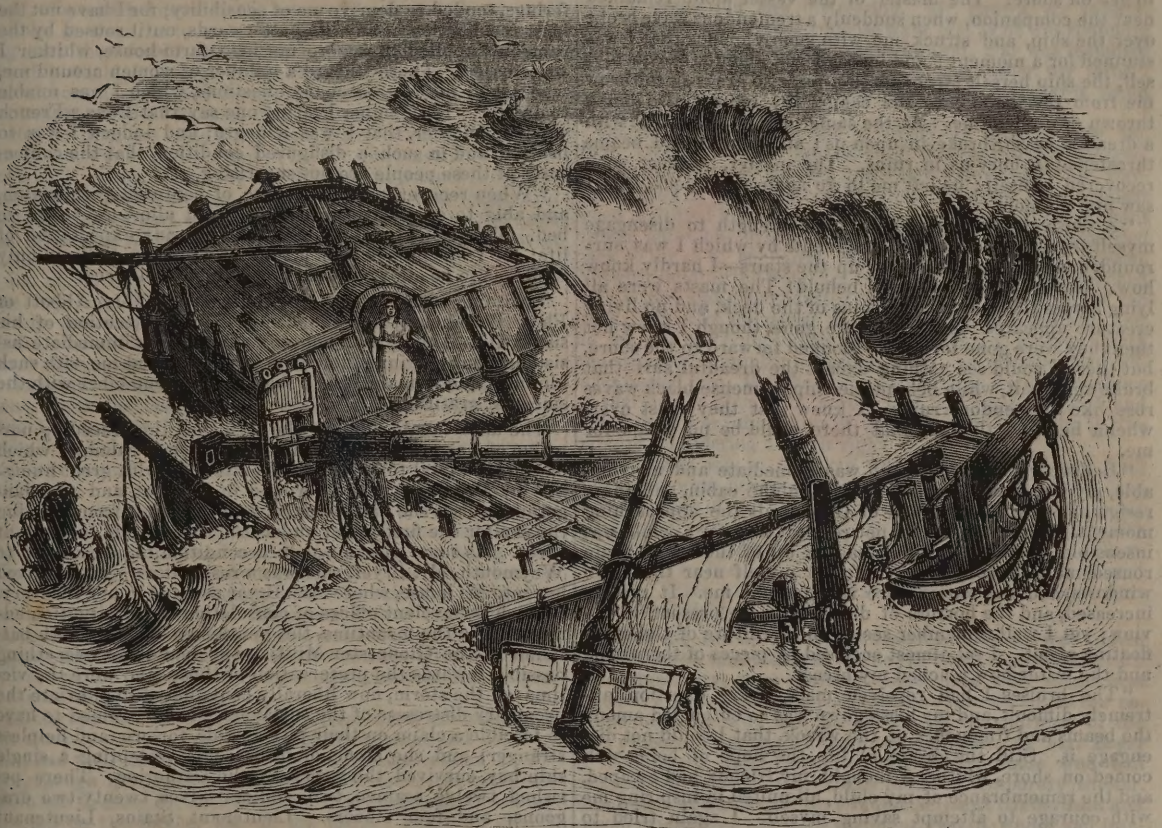
LOSS OF THE CATHERINE AND FIVE OTHER VESSELS.

In the year 1795, it was judged expedient, in order to prosecute the war with alacrity, to transport a strong body of troops to the West Indies under the command of General Sir Ralph Abercrombie: and on the 15th of November, 1795, the fleet, under convoy of Admiral Christian's squadron, sailed from St. Helen's.

The following day, the wind continuing favourable, carried the fleet down channel; and as the Catherine transport came within sight of the isle of Purbeck, Lieut. Jenner, an officer on board, pointed out to a fellow passenger the rocks where the Halsewell and so many unfortunate individuals had

perished. He, and Cornet Burns, had been unable to reach Southampton until the Catherine had sailed, they therefore hired a hoy to overtake her: and on embarking at St. Helen's, the former expressed his satisfaction in a letter to his mother, that he had been so fortunate as to do so.

On Tuesday, the 17th, the fleet was off Portland, standing to the westward; but the wind shifting and blowing a strong gale at S.S.W., the admiral, doubtful whether they could clear the channel, made a signal for putting into Torbay, which some of the transports were then in sight of. They, however, could not make the buoy, and as the gale increased, and a thick fog came on, the admiral thought it best to alter his design; and about five in the afternoon made a signal for standing out to sea. On account of the immense sacrifice of human life, it was impossible to obtain a detailed account of the dis-



LOSS OF THE CATHERINE, VENUS, AND PIEDMONT TRANSPORTS, AND THE ÆOLUS, GOLDEN GROVE, AND THOMAS, MERCHANT VESSELS, DECEMBER 18, 1795.

astrous calamity: but the following circumstances relative to the Catherine were communicated by a female who was a passenger on board, and miraculously preserved.

"The evening of the 17th was boisterous and threatening; the master said, he was apprehensive we should have bad weather; and when I was desired to go on deck and look at the appearance of the sky, I observed that it was troubled and red, with great heavy clouds flying in all directions, and a sort of dull mist surrounding the moon. On repeating this to the other passengers, two of whom had been at sea before, they said we should certainly have a stormy night; and indeed, it proved so very tempestuous that no rest was to be obtained. Nobody, however, seemed to think there was any

danger, though the fog was so thick that the master could see nothing by which to direct his course; but he thought that he had sufficient sea-room.

"The fatigue I had suffered from the tossing of the ship, and the violence with which she continued to roll, had kept me in bed. It was about ten o'clock on the morning of the 18th, when the mate looked down into the cabin, and cried 'Save yourselves if you can!'

"The consternation and terror of that moment, it is impossible to describe. I had on a loose dressing-gown, and wrapping it round me, I went up not quite on deck, but to the top of the stairs, from whence I saw the sea break mountains high against the shore. The passengers and soldiers seemed thun-

derstruck by the sense of immediate and inevitable danger; and the seamen, too, conscious of the hopelessness of any exertion, stood in speechless agony, certain of meeting, in a few moments, the destruction which now menaced them.

"While I thus surveyed the scene around me, in a kind of dread which no language can portray, Mr. Burns, an officer of dragoons, who had come up in his shirt, called to Mr. Jenner and Mr. Stains for his cloak; but in such a moment nobody could attend to anything but self-preservation.

"Mr. Jenner, Mr. Stains, and Mr. Dodd now passed me, their countenances sufficiently expressing their sense of the dreadful situation in which we all were. Mr. Burns spoke to me cheerfully, he bade me take good courage, and Mr. Jenner observed there was a good shore near, and all would do well.

"These gentlemen then went to the side of the ship, with the intention, as I believe, of seeing whether it was possible to get on shore. The master of the vessel alone remained near the companion, when suddenly a tremendous wave broke over the ship, and struck me with such violence that I was stunned for a moment; and before I was able to recover myself, the ship herself struck, with a force so great as to throw me from the stairs into the cabin; the master also being thrown down near me. At the same instant, the cabin, with a dreadful crash, broke in upon us; and planks and beams threatened to bury us in ruins. The master, however, soon recovered himself: he left me to go again upon deck, and I saw him no more.

"A sense of my condition lent me strength to disengage myself from the boards and fragments by which I was surrounded, and I once more got up the stairs—I hardly know how. But what a scene did I behold! The masts were all lying across the shattered remains of the deck, and no living creature appeared on it; all were gone, though I knew not then they were gone for ever. I looked forward to the shore, but there I could see nothing except the dreadful surf that broke against it, while behind the ship, immense black waves rose like tremendous ruins. I knew that they must overwhelm her, and thought that there could be no escape for me.

"Believing, then, that death was immediate and unavoidable, my idea was to regain my bed in the cabin, and there resigning myself to the will of God, await the approaching moment. However, I could not reach it, and, for a while was insensible; then the violent breaking up of the wreck again roused me to recollection. I found myself near the cabin windows, and the waters were rising round me. It rapidly increased, and the horrors of drowning were present to my view; yet I well remember seeing the furniture of the cabin floating about. I sat almost enclosed by pieces of the wreck, and the water now reached my breast.

"The bruises I had received made every exertion extremely difficult, and my loose gown was so entangled among the beams and fragments of the wreck, that I could not disengage it. Still the desire of life, the hope of being welcomed on shore, whither I thought my friends had escaped, and the remembrance of my child, all united in inspiring me with courage to attempt saving myself. I again tried to loosen my gown, but found it impossible, and the wreck continued to strike so violently, and the ruins to close so much more round me, that I now expected to be crushed to death.

"As the ship drifted higher on the stones, the water rather lessened as the waves went back, but on their return continued to cover me; and I once or twice lost my breath, and, for a moment, my recollection. When I had power to think, the principle of self-preservation still urged me to exertion.

"The cabin now broke more and more, and through a large breach I saw the shore very near me. Amidst the tumults of the raging waves I had a glimpse of the people, who were gathering up what the sea drove towards them; but I thought they could not see me, and from them I despaired of assistance. Therefore I determined to make one effort to preserve my life. I disengaged my arms from the dressing gown, and finding myself able to move, I quitted the wreck and felt myself on the ground. I attempted to run, but was too feeble to save myself from a raging wave which overtook and overwhelmed me. Then I believed myself gone, yet, half suffo-

cated as I was, I struggled very much, and I remember that I thought I was very long in dying. The waves left me, I breathed again, and made another attempt to get higher upon the bank; but, quite exhausted, I fell down, and my senses forsook me.

"By this time I was observed by some of the people on the bank, and two men came to my assistance. They lifted me up, I once more recovered some faint recollection; and as they bore me along, I was sensible one of them said, that the sea would overtake us, that he must let me go, and take care of his own life. I only remember clinging to the other, and imploring him not to abandon me to the merciless waves: but I have a very confused idea of what passed, until I saw the boat into which I was to be put to cross the Fleet water. I had then just strength to say, 'For God's sake do not take me to sea again.'

"I believe the apprehension of it, added to my other sufferings, tended to deprive me of sensibility; for I have not the least recollection of anything afterwards, until roused by the remedies applied to restore me in a farm-house, whither I was carried. There I heard a number of women around me, who asked me a great many questions, which I was unable to answer. I remember hearing one say, that I was a French woman, another, that I was a negro; and indeed I was so bruised, and in such a disfigured condition, that the conjectures of these people are not surprising.

"When recovering some degree of confused recollection, and able to speak, I begged they would allow me to go to bed. This, however, I did not ask with any expectation of life; for I was now in such a state of suffering, that my only wish was to be allowed to lie down and die in peace.

"Nothing could exceed the humanity of Mr. Abbott of Fleet Farmhouse, nor the compassionate attention of his sister, Miss Abbot; who not only afforded me immediate assistance, but continued for some days to attend me with such kindness and humanity, as I shall always remember with the sincerest gratitude."

The unfortunate sufferer who furnished the preceding narrative of her providential deliverance from a calamity which had proved fatal to so many, was attended with great humanity by Mr. Bryer, while a wound in her foot, and the dangerous bruises she had received, prevented her from quitting the shelter she first found under the roof of Mr. Abbott, at Fleet. As soon as she was in a condition to be removed to Weymouth, Mr. Bryer, who was a resident surgeon, received her into his house, where Mrs. Bryer assisted in her recovery, by such benevolent offices of consolation as her situation admitted. In the meantime, the gentlemen of the south battalion of the Gloucester Militia, who had done everything possible towards the preservation of those who were the victims of the storm, now liberally contributed to alleviate the pecuniary distresses of the survivors. None seemed to have so forcible a claim on their pity as this forlorn and helpless stranger; and she alone, of forty souls, excepting a single ship-boy, survived the wreck of the Catherine. There perished twelve seamen, two soldiers' wives, twenty-two dragoons, and four officers. Lieutenant Stains, Lieutenant Jenner, the representative of an ancient and respectable family in Gloucestershire, Mr. Dodd, of the hospital staff, and Cornet Burns, the son of an American loyalist of considerable property, who had been deprived of everything for his adherence to the British government. Having no dependence but on the promises of government to indemnify those who had suffered on that account, he, after years of distress and difficulty, obtained a cornetcy in the 26th regiment of dragoons, then going to the West Indies, and thus perished in his twenty-fourth year. This officer had intended embarking in another transport, and had actually sent his horse on board, when, finding the Catherine was more commodious, he gave her the preference, while the other put back to Spithead in safety. The mangled remains of Lieutenant Jenner were two days afterwards found upon the beach, and interred with military honours.

The Catherine was not the only vessel which suffered in the tempest. Those on shore, who had the preceding evening listened to its raging, could not avoid feeling the most lively

alarm for its consequences; and early on the morning of the 18th of November, several pilots, and other persons, were assembled on the promontory called the Look-out, at Weymouth, where the dangers and distresses of many of the transports were too apparent.

Soon after, a lieutenant of the navy, resident at Weymouth, applied to the major of a militia regiment for a guard to be sent to the Chisell Bank, as a large ship, supposed to be a frigate, was on shore. This was immediately granted, and the major himself marched with a captain's guard.

The wind was so violent that it was with the greatest difficulty the party could reach the place of their destination. There they found the *Æolus*, a large merchantman, laden with timber for the government, driven on shore. Lieutenant Mason, R.N., and his brother, a midshipman, perished in her; and a number of men, who would probably have been saved had they understood the signals from shore. The men of Portland, who crowded down to the scene of desolation, threw small pebbles at them, as to make them hear was impossible, meaning that they should remain on board, as they foresaw that the ship would drive high on the bank, when they might leave her without hazard; and though many of them were dreadfully bruised, those who remained on board were saved.

Not far from the same place the *Golden Grove*, another merchantman, was stranded; and in her Dr. Stevens and Mr. Burrows of St. Kitt's, were lost; but Lieutenant-colonel Ross, who was also on board, escaped on shore. These two vessels had struck against a part of the passage-house, almost on the same spot where the *Zenobia*, a French frigate, had gone to pieces in 1763.

But about four miles to the westward, where the *Catherine* was wrecked, the scene of distress was infinitely greater. Nearly opposite to the villages of Fleet and Chickerell, the *Piedmont* and *Venus* transport ships, and the *Thomas*, a merchant ship, shared the same fate as the *Catherine*.

On board the *Piedmont* were 138 soldiers of the 63rd regiment, under the command of Captain Barcroft, with Lieutenant Ash and Mr. Kelly, the surgeon, belonging to the same regiment. Of all these, Sergeant Richardson, eleven privates, and four seamen alone survived the catastrophe—all the rest perished.

Captain Barcroft's life had been spent in the service of his country. While a young man he served in America, during the war between England and her colonies; and being then taken prisoner was severely treated. In 1794, he served on the continent with a company which he raised in his native county; and at the siege of Nimeguen he was one of the last who retreated along a single plank, knee-deep in water, under a heavy fire from the enemy. In a few months after his return he was ordered to the West Indies, and perished in the tempest in the outset of his voyage.

Of the few who reached the shore from the *Piedmont*, there was scarcely one who was not dreadfully bruised, and some of them had their limbs broken. An unfortunate veteran of the 63rd, though his leg was dreadfully fractured, had sufficient resolution to creep for shelter under a fishing-boat, which lay inverted on the further side of the bank. There his groans were for some time unheard, until he was discovered by Mr. Smith, a passenger in the *Thomas* merchant-ship, who had himself been wrecked, and was then wandering along the shore. In this ship, the *Thomas*, Captain Brown, bound to Oporto, the master, his son, and nearly all the crew were lost; the only persons saved being the mate, three seamen, and Mr. Smith. This young gentleman was on his way to Lisbon, and his fortunate escape from sharing the fate of his companions, was chiefly in consequence of his remaining on board, after all the rest had left the ship, or were washed away by the waves. She had then drifted high upon the bank, when he leaped out of her and reached the ground.

Though weak, and encumbered by his wet clothes, he gained the opposite side of the bank, but on gazing on the dreary beach around him, he considered himself cast away on an uninhabited coast, till at length observing a fishing-boat he approached it, and heard the groans of the unfortunate old soldier, whom he attempted to relieve. He found himself, however too weak to

fulfil his intentions alone, and it was a considerable time before he observed any means of assistance near. At last he perceived a man at some distance, and hastening to him, eagerly inquired whether a surgeon could be procured for a poor creature with a broken limb, who lay under a boat. So little, however, was the alacrity which the man exhibited, that Mr. Smith found it necessary to purchase his good offices by the gift of half a guinea, which he imagined would induce him to seek what was so much required; but the man with the greatest effrontery and coolness pocketed the half-guinea, and then said he was a king's officer, and must see what bales of goods were driven on shore; telling Mr. Smith there was a ferry about four miles off, by which he might get to Weymouth. The young man was thus disappointed in his benevolent design, and the soldier died in that deplorable condition, before it was possible for any other aid to reach him.

In the *Thomas*, the vessel which Mr. Smith had left, he witnessed scenes not less distressing. Mr. Brown, the master, was carried away by an immense wave just as he was stripping off his clothes to endeavour to save himself, and was instantly followed by his son, exclaiming, "Oh, my father, my father! my poor father!" The bodies of both were afterwards found and interred at Wyke.

On board the *Venus*, out of ninety-six persons, only Mr. John Darley of the hospital-staff, Sergeant-major Hearne, twelve soldiers, four seamen, and a boy were saved. Mr. Darley escaped by throwing himself from the wreck at a moment when it drifted high on the stones; he reached them without broken limbs, but, overtaken by the furious sea, he was carried back so far as to be barely capable of regaining the ground. Notwithstanding the weight of his clothes, which were drenched with water, and his exhausted state, he got to the top of the bank; but there the power of further exertion failed him, and he fell. While lying in this situation, trying to recover breath and strength, a number of people from the neighbouring villages passed him; they had crossed the Fleet water in the hope of sharing the plunder of vessels that had been wrecked, and which the lower inhabitants of the coast were too much in the habit of considering as their right.

Mr. Darley was so far from meeting with assistance from those who were now more intent upon plundering the dead than thinking of the living, that although he saw many boats passing and repassing the Fleet water, he found great difficulty in procuring a passage for himself and two or three fellow-sufferers, who had joined him. But having passed it, he met with Mr. Bryer, to whose active humanity all the sufferers were eminently indebted.

Before the full extent of this dreadful calamity was known at Weymouth, the officers of the South Gloucester militia, with equal humanity, were devising means how they might best succour the survivors, and perform the last duties to the remains of those who had perished. On the morning of the 10th of November one of them, accompanied by Mr. Bryer of Weymouth, rode to the villages where those who had escaped the various wrecks had found a temporary shelter. In a house at Chickerell they found Sergeant Richardson and eleven privates of the 63rd regiment, two of whom had fractured limbs, and almost all the rest either wounds or bruises. In other houses they found that several of the sufferers had been received, and were as comfortably accommodated as circumstances would allow.

The gentlemen then crossed the Fleet water to the beach, and there, whatever idea may have been previously formed of it, the horror of the scene infinitely surpassed expectation; no celebrated field of carnage ever presented, in proportion to its size, a more awful sight than that now exhibited by the Chisell Bank. For more than two miles it was literally strewed with the dead bodies of men and animals, with fragments of wreck, and piles of plundered goods, which groups of people were carrying away regardless of the sight of drowned and mangled corpses, that filled the new spectators with sorrow and amazement.

On the mangled remains of the unfortunate victims, death appeared in all its hideous forms. Either the sea, or the merciless wreckers, as these inhuman harpies are called, who

had first gone down to the shore, had stripped them of the clothes which the sufferers had worn at the fatal moment. The remnants of a military stock, the collar or wristbands of a shirt, or a piece of blue pantaloons, were all the fragments of their apparel that remained.

The only means they had of distinguishing the officers from the men, was the different appearance of their hands from those of men accustomed to hard labour; but some were known by the description given of them by their friends or by persons who were in the same vessel with them. The corpse of Captain Barcroft was recognised by the honourable scars which he had received in the service of his country; and the friends and relatives of him, and several more, had the satisfaction of learning that their bodies were rescued from the sea and interred with military honours.

Early in the morning of November the 20th, a lieutenant of the militia regiment who had been appointed to superintend the melancholy office of interment, repaired to the scene of destruction; but from the necessary preliminaries of obtaining the authority of a magistrate to remove the bodies, not more than twenty-five were buried that day. The bodies of Captain Barcroft, Lieut. Sutherland, Cornet Graydon, Lieut. Ker, and two women, were then selected to be put into coffins; and on the following day those of Lieut. Jenner and Cornet Burns being found, were distinguished in the same manner.

The total number of dead bodies found upon the beach amounted to two hundred and thirty-four, so that the duty of interment was so heavy and fatiguing, that it was not until the twenty-third, that all the remains of the soldiers and sailors were deposited in the ground. Of these there were two hundred and eight who were committed to the earth as decently as circumstances would admit, in graves dug on the Fleet side of the beach beyond the reach of the sea, where a pile of stones was raised on each to mark where they lay.

Twelve coffins were sent to receive the bodies of the women, but nine only being found, the surplus ones were appointed to receive the remains of the officers.

Two waggons were next sent to the Fleet water to receive the coffins, in which the shrouded bodies of seventeen officers and nine women had been placed; and on the 24th they were carried to the church-yard of Wyke, preceded by a captain, subaltern, and fifty men of the Gloucester militia, and attended by Mr. Smith, the young gentleman before-mentioned, as chief mourner. The officers were mostly interred in a large grave north of the church tower, with military honours, and Lieutenant Ker in a grave on the other side of the tower. The remains of the nine women, which had been deposited in the church during the ceremony, were then committed to the earth.

Two monuments have been erected in commemoration of the unfortunate sufferers, on the first of which is the following inscription:—

To the memory of

Captain Ambrose William Barcroft, Lieutenant Harry Ash,
and Mr. Kelly, surgeon, of the 63rd regiment of Light
Infantry;

Of Lieut. Stephen Jenner of the 6th West India regiment;
Lieut. Stains of the 2nd West India regiment;

Lieut. James Sutherland of Col. Whyte's West India
regiment;

Lieut. B. Chadwick of Col. Whyte's West India regiment;
Cornet William Stuckely Burns of the 26th Light Dragoons;
Cornet Benjamin Graydon of the 3rd West India regiment;
Two hundred and fifteen soldiers and seamen;
and nine women;

Who perished by shipwreck on Portland Beach,
Opposite the villages of Langton, Fleet, and Chickerell,
On Wednesday, the 18th day of November, 1795.

On the second monument is inscribed,

Sacred to the memory of

Major John Charles Ker,

Military Commandant of Hospitals in the Leeward Islands,
and to that of his son,

Lieut. James Ker of the 40th regiment of foot,
Who both departed this life on November 18th, 1795;

The first aged 40, and the latter 14 years.

The fate of both was truly deplorable, and is a melancholy example of the uncertainty of human affairs.

They were embarked in the *Venus* transport, and left
Portsmouth

The 15th of the above-mentioned month,
With a fleet full of troops destined on an expedition
To the West Indies, under the command of
General Sir Ralph Abercrombie.

A storm having arisen on the 17th, which lasted
Till the next day, many of the ships were lost, and
The *Venus* wrecked on Portland Beach.

Major Ker and his son were both unfortunately drowned,
With the greater part of the soldiers and crew.
The major's body could not be found, although it is possible
It may have been among the many others

Which were driven ashore

And buried in this church-yard.

His son's corpse was ascertained, and lies interred under this
stone,

Which is raised at the expense of

John William Ker, Esq.,

Brother of the Major,

In commemoration of the affection he bore him.

THE "SEA SARPINT."

"Well, as I said before," continued Barney O'Bother to his wife, who was seated by his side, over a skillet of potatoes, immediately above which hung a red herring they both appeared to devour in imagination, while they in reality caused the contents of the pot to vanish down their throats with inconceivable swiftness, "as I said before avourneen, Paddy Murphy was as good a fisherman as iver threw a net, and as stout and clever a fellow as iver shook a shillelah at wake or christening, and a good Catholic to boot! Well, poor Paddy took himself off one fine summer morning, to seek his fortune upon the broad seas, in a ship bound to a friend of his—one *Phillip Delphi*, I think he called him, in America. 'Good bye to ye,' says he to me, taking my hand and shaking it till he put my shoulder out of joint; 'and good luck to you says I,' giving him a squeeze that made his fist as soft as a roasted apple; and away then he went. Well, I saw no more of him for many a long day; but when he did come back, he told me all about his voyage to America, and how he got there; and if you were to guess from this time to the day of judgment, ye'd never hit upon the way he travelled.

"Well," says he to me, 'Barney,' says he, 'when we had run about a hundred leagues from old Ireland, wid a spanking breeze in our starn, Tim Tackle, the boatswain's mate, roared out a thousand murders!'

"Hubbaboo," says the captain, 'what's the row?'

"Blood and 'ouns," cried Pat Murphy, 'but here's the American sea-sarpint in raal earnest.'

"And sure enough, there the captain saw it wid his own eyes, for the head of it was claan over the ship's bows, and the tail was tickling the rudder into fits all at the same time. The poor captain's teeth began to play marrow-bones and cleavers, you may be sure, and divil a soul aboard the ship but ducked under the hatches, except the steersman; and he had as stout a heart as Paddy. 'Be aisy, be aisy, now,' says Pat to the captain, 'and don't be so frightened, for I'm going to show ye the way to get to America in no time at all; so get your dispatches ready, and a compass out of the binnacle, and I'll go before, and tell 'em that you are on the road. And do you Bill,' says he, talking to a powder monkey, 'fetch me that lot of bullock's bladders out of the jolly boat.' Well, when he got the bladders what do ye think he did then? By the Hill o'Howth he did nothing at all but jump claan on the back of the sarpint. 'Oh, ho!' says the cratur, 'I've got ye safe enough now, Paddy Murphy, I calculate.' 'By the trident of Neptune,' said Paddy, (paying a compliment to the sea-god,) 'you may say that, wid your own ugly mug, and ye are likely to keep me longer than ye bargain for.' Well, with that he made no more ado but he began to fasten a bladder by way of a nightcap upon the head of the monster, who thought to make a dive to

the bottom of the sea, but the devil a bit could he put his head under the waves, in course, because of Pat Murphy's cunning.

"What the devil are ye at?" says the sarpint.

"Niver you trouble your head about that," says Pat Murphy; and with that he slips down his back, and ties another here and another there, till he came to the cratur's tail; "and now," says he, "my fine fellow, I'll get you to carry me to Phildelphi."

"Well, the captain, sure enough, gave him his dispatches and compass, and a good keg of whiskey to sling over his shoulder; and Pat sticking his knife into the sarpint, away they went at a thundering rate through the wide ocean.

"Well, when they had travelled all night, says the sarpint to Pat Murphy, 'I'm mighty hungry, and should be much obliged if ye'd let me go down for to get my breakfast.'

"By no manes at all," says Pat, "for I'm but just going to get my own, and so ye see, we'll have a snack together;" and he made no more to do, but outs waid his knife, and whips off the end of the sarpint's tail, to the no small surprise of the cratur.

"Well, if iver!" said the sarpint, "that is free and aisy, any how; but you're no friend o' mine, Paddy Murphy, to be cutting off my tail for your breakfast."

"Take a bit ov it," says Pat, shoving a piece into his mouth, "sure its no matter at which end ye have it,—may be ye'll think that enough to contint ye till dinner time."

"Great were the wonders that the sarpint told Pat Murphy of what was at the bottom of the sea, to make him take off the bladders, and dive wid him to see the sights; but Pat wasn't to be blarneyed that way; for himself was the boy that had kissed the raal stone, and wandered all among

"The groves of Blarney that are so charming."

Well,—at noon the sun became blazing hot, and Paddy piped all hands to dinner in a good boatswain-like manner, when he heard the sarpint declare he was half-broiled wid the heat.

"Many thanks to ye," says Paddy, "for the information; sure I've been waiting to hear that same for the last two hours; and now, what say ye, honey, to a joint or two more of your own tail?"

"Don't mention it," said the sarpint, "for the last bit went against my stomach intirely."

"You've a mighty dainty stomach of your own, then," said Paddy, with a curning look, "but as I'm by no manes in life particular, why here goes for the first cut. 'You should have seen,' said Pat Murphy, 'how the monster lashed the waves, and wriggled and spit fire and smoke, at such a rate, that the people on board all the ships that were in sight took it for a steam-packet at full speed; and sure enough we left a train of smoke behind us for miles and miles in length,'—but all wouldn't do to get Paddy off the back of him, for he breakfasted, dined, and supped off the sarpint for ten days, and when he reached the shore where his friend lived, the monster prayed hard for his life: but Pat put an end to his frolics by cutting off his head, which, as he says, is preserved for the curious in the Museum of Phildelphi."

By this time Barney and his rib had finished the skillet of potatoes, so he returned to weeding his potato bed, while Judy went to invite the pigs and the poultry to dine upon the jackets of those they had consumed.

POOR MARK!

A RECOLLECTION OF THE PAST, BY HARRY BLUFF.

"On the 5th of August, 1825, we brought our good ship the Queen to anchor off Calcutta. We had on board a young man, the captain's nephew, who, by his kind disposition, his ready acquiescence to the wishes of the seamen when within reason, his cheerful voice, and brave heart, won the esteem and love of every soul on board.—Mark and myself, within twenty-four hours of my setting foot on board the ship, were sworn friends.

"The captain had stepped into the gig which pulled for shore, and Mark was left the temporary commander of the vessel. The evening was advancing, and the sun went down a deep red, and a deep streak of crimson along the horizon marking his exit. The air, though calmed by the breath of evening, was still oppressive and hot; the sea was calm and almost motionless, while

the sky, cloudless and of deep blue, completed this picture of quietude and serenity. Mark came on deck, and coming to me, as I stood, said merrily, but with somewhat of pique in his tone:—

"How confoundedly provoking! Uncle's gone ashore, and when I asked leave for you and me to accompany him, said, there would be time enough for that by-and-bye. I told him you was a botanist, and wanted to inspect the nature of the plants, when he says, as sharp as though he was one of the profession himself, 'Well, we'll indulge him; Bruton shall collect some for him. Decent, wasn't it?' Before I could reply to his query, he cried, 'What do you say to a bath?' 'Why, begging your honour's pardon,' said the captain of the foretop, an old sailor, and a wise one too, 'it would doubtless be very pleasant but very dangerous.' 'Dangerous,' repeated Mark; 'well, by old Father Neptune, you've either had an extra dose of grog, or your sight's bad. Why, man alive, the water's as smooth as a lady's mirror.' 'That may be,' returned the old man 'but Master Mark, many a smooth surface hides a dangerous interior. There has been a shark, ah! and a white one too,* following this ship these three days past.' 'A shark, eh?' says Mark, 'well Jack, and do you think he'd take a fancy to such carrion, as me? No such luck! My father,' said he, with a tinge of sorrow and bitterness in his tone; 'my father was ruined by a land-shark, and I doubt me, if I were to perish through this sea one you talk of, but mine would be the happiest death.' A few words are requisite, explanatory of Mark's last remark. His father had been a prosperous and wealthy merchant; but in an unfortunate moment, having endorsed a bill of immense amount for an unprincipled friend of his, who dishonoured it, his goods and person were seized by the importunate creditors. The former were sold, whilst he was thrown into prison. He came out a ruined and broken-hearted man; and after lingering a few months in a state bordering on idiocy, he died; leaving a son to the care of one of his brothers (the captain of our ship), who, truth to say, regarded his young charge more in the light of a trouble, and the expense incurred as a charity than a duty. The boy, grew in years and wisdom, and as his days increased, so did the kind and noble feelings of his heart develop themselves. His uncle, a stern and strict disciplinarian, was not more feared in the ship than his nephew was beloved. The one ruled with a frown and harsh word, the other with a smile and a joke. And the word of an old sailor on it, if the latter was more practised in the navy, mutiny and piracy would be unknown. 'Faith, Master Mark, with your landmen and your land ways you're like a fish out of water; but there's one thing in the lubber's favour, they have but one set of teeth, while our friends of the ocean here have six terrible sharp rows.'

"I doubt the favour much. The bite of a sea shark is death at once; whilst that of the landman, like a cat with a mouse, worries and tortures before it kills. But, I say, if I stop preaching with you, I sha'n't bathe, that's safe; so here goes."

"In a few minutes, Mark was divested of his clothes, and jumping on the bulwarks, sprang head foremost in the sea. He was a graceful and expert swimmer, and the old seaman, as he noticed the long and swift strokes of the young man, cried, 'Faith! he's like a fish! the water's his proper element.' Wishing to try his dexterity to the utmost, I threw with all my strength a piece of wood that lay on deck. He sprang towards it with a bound, but suddenly turned, and was now exerting himself to the utmost to reach the ship; he cried out in tones full of agony and fear, 'help! help! for God's sake help!—a shark! a shark!' The old seaman instantly sprang into the boat that lay alongside by his rescue, while some of the men following his example, pulled towards him. I jumped in and urged them on. As we neared him, the tail of the frightful monster was occasionally visible, and then disappeared as though he had turned to seize poor Mark. One bitter groan came from the poor fellows lips, and the next instant we were alongside, and actually tore him from the jaws of the savage and blood-thirsty creature; and Norris, who stood at the head of the boat, seized the harpoon, and buried it to the head in

* The most voracious and terrific of the whole species.

the body of the shark as he turned on his back, after making his successful and fatal bite; the creature, maddened by the torment, dashed beneath the waters, and with its tail furiously beat the water, which was already tinged with the crimson of its own blood.

"Poor Mark! I shall never forget his looks—full of pain and anguish—as he lay in the boat with his handsome face turned upwards towards the sky. The hemorrhage from his crushed and mutilated limbs was excessive and frightful; I knelt beside his head, and pressed my lips upon his pallid brow; he opened his eyes and fixed them on me, while a faint smile betokened his recognition. My heart was too full for words, it seemed a poor proof of friendship, that not one word of comfort could I utter to sooth my poor unfortunate friend. 'I am dying,' he said, almost in a whisper, 'dying.' I shall never get over it, I feel. Oh, that I could see my uncle! Tell him,' he said, 'and his voice sank so low that I was compelled to bend my head to catch his words, 'tell him that I died happy, and that my last word was his name and thanks for his great kindness. Farewell, I go to my father in heaven.' His head fell forward on his bosom; the gallant noble-hearted Mark was dead. We lifted his mutilated corpse upon the deck, from whence he had sprung to meet his death, full of spirit and happiness; save a sob from the overcharged heart of a stern old sailor we were as silent as poor Mark himself. A boat was despatched ashore to inform the captain of the sad catastrophe. He obeyed the summons of death with more alacrity than he would one of life. I shall never forget that stern and haughty man's face, as he bent over the corpse of his nephew. No cry or tear denoted his sorrow; but his pale face and quivering lips told too plainly, and truly, the deep regret and sorrow at his heart. The body was consigned to the sailor's last resting-place—the sea. If the tears of his hardy and well-beloved messmates were few—few as they were, their fountain was the heart. Poor Mark. The shark paid the penalty of his victory with its life. The arm of old Norris had triumphed in this respect, for the monster lay on the top of the sea dead. After having taken our cargo we bid adieu to Calcutta, with a tear of regret for him who lay buried beneath its waters."

A SAILOR ASHORE.

A sailor on board one of her Majesty's ships, who had been for several years on a foreign station, and had hardly ever been on shore, asked leave to have a trip by land, and accordingly proceeded to Alverstone, where, for the first time in his life, he witnessed a funeral. He was evidently very much surprised at the ceremonial, and when he returned on board at night could talk of nothing but what he had seen in the churchyard. "Why, what d'ye think they does with the dead corpses ashore?" said he to a shipmate. "How shall I know?" said the other. "Why then, Bill, may I never stir," replied Jack, "but they put 'em up in boxes and directs 'em."

ENTHUSIASM AND RETRIBUTION.

WHAT I am going to relate may be deemed a wild fiction. To me it was a dreadful truth, and taught me an awful lesson. It was just eight bells, ten o'clock, when Mr. Gavel again came on deck. His features rigid and stern, and there was a wild excitement in his eye that was painful to look upon, and which appeared the most startling, from the concentrated light of the lantern that he held. He first of all, with studious phrase, thanked me for the diligent watch that I had kept. Indeed, latterly, I had perceived a refinement in his language much at variance with his former nautical phraseology. He then requested me to turn up the hands for the burial of the dead. The wind was mournfully singing among the rigging, and hurrying along the decks, whilst the doleful cry of the boatswain, "All hands to burial," sounded strangely sad. The men did not hurry up quickly, as usual. They came up like so many shadows in the partial darkness, stealing quietly and reverently aft. By the directions of Gavel, who superintended the preparations, instead of placing the grating on the gangway, as is usual, he ordered it to be placed on the taffrail, that, as we were running

before the wind, when the body was thrown overboard, it might the sooner be clear of the vessel.

The line was made ready, another lantern was lighted, and Jugurtha, a dumb black, with the boatswain and Gavel, went below, and shortly afterwards the corpse was handed up, covered with the ship's colours for a pall. The body was, at the direction of the mate, made ready for launching overboard; the whole of the ship's company clustering round, and one of the seamen holding the lantern, Gavel prepared to read the funeral service. Hats were taken off. "Axing your pardon, Mr. Gavel," began one of the men, "but it seems as if you had sewed up all poor Wilson's bedclothes, it is so bulky like. Now, as he didn't die of no fever, and my whole kit was washed overboard last gale, I'm willing to pay a fair price for his'n, and you can stop it out of my wages." Jugurtha grinned, and the mate merely said, "Silence; do not disturb the service." "Had you not better, Mr. Gavel," remarked the boatswain, "send for the captain? Sarve him right, I think, to be made stand by the man he murdered." "He is near enough," said Gavel, hurriedly and with a slight shudder. "Let me have no more interruption. You man at the wheel, there, John Cousins, mind the ship's head and keep your ears open." Three times did Gavel begin, and at each attempt, his voice was, as if in wrath, blown back upon his lips; and at last, he was obliged to turn his face from the corpse, and standing thus he proceeded. This omen, this apparent anger of Him to whom the hurricane is but a servant, appalled not Gavel. Verily was he a man of strong nerve, or he was an enthusiast. In a loud, clear, and sonorous voice, that the winds could not overcome, he began, "I am the resurrection and the life saith the Lord," &c. &c., still keeping with the left hand a firm hold of the bier, whilst, with his right he held the prayer-book. There was a savage solemnity about the scene, that did not elevate, but made the heart tremble. The officiating priest—for so, for the moment, must we call this untainted seaman—seemed to be actuated by a spirit of defiance, as much as by a feeling of piety; and there was a scowl of gratified revenge or of something as evil, upon his countenance. That it was dangerous even then and there to cross him, was made manifest by an interruption, that, on any other occasion, would have appeared ludicrous.

The disappointed sailor, who had wished to inherit the bedding that he supposed was tacked up with the body of the steward, cried out in a reproachful manner, when Gavel read aloud, "we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain that we carry nothin out." "Then why does Wilson walk off with his blankets and bed?" The hand that held the bier was dashed, in an instant, by this man of fierce passions, into the face of the interrupter, whilst he exclaimed, "Silence, reprobate scoffer!" As the seaman fell to the deck with the blow; he muttered a dreadful imprecation, and a strange and stifled groan was heard, but no one knew from whence it proceeded. After this, Gavel resumed the book, and read on. The gale was increasing momentarily, but it seemed to make no impression upon the stern officiator. He read more sternly, A feeling of horror began to creep over us all. Methought, at times, that the corpse under the union jack had a motion not produced by the plunging and rolling of the vessel. I endeavoured to repel the horrible idea that seized me, It was in vain. My suspicions increased every moment. I knew not how to act. Gavel read on. It was now a perfect storm; yet he seemed to be trying his strength against it. His voice became shrill, and still mastered the rushing winds. Twice had I laid my hand upon his arm, and besought him to forbear. I might as well have addressed the tempest that was hurrying us to destruction. He was labouring—labouring did I say? revelling under the influence of a superstitious excitement. Nothing but sudden death could have stopped him. He read on. Another hand had quietly stepped to the wheel to assist the man at the helm, for the brig was bounding, plunging, and reeling—but to all this Gavel seemed strangely imperturbable. The service drew to a conclusion—I was in a perfect agony of dread. The cold perspiration stood upon my brow. I felt, I knew not why, that I was assisting at some horrible, some unnatural sacrifice. Several times was I upon the point of laying my hands upon the swaddled

corpse to relieve the crushing burthen of my suspicions; but when the cruel mate came to that part which finishes the ceremony, and read, "We therefore commit *their bodies* to the deep," the truth, in all its horror, flashed upon me; and I caught at Gavel's throat, and exclaimed, "Murderer! Men, haul the bodies on board." But Gavel was too quick for me. He thrust the grating over the stern, and the splash of the descending bodies to their cold deep grave was hardly heard amidst the lashings of the water that boiled under the counter of the vessel.

THE SMUGGLER'S LAST TRIP.

"COME, cheer up, Lucy, my girl: what's the fun of piping your tears aboard? Ha'n't I said it; and when did Jack Lawson make false entry in his log, in the matter of keeping his word?—Come, belay, woman; you know, that this is to be my last run, and the coast's pretty clear into the bargain. The red-coats are some twenty miles to the south'ard, and on a wrong scent; we've got a good wind; my head is a good chart of this here coast on both sides, and your namesake will carry us across and back again afore morn; and by to-morrow's sunset we'll have you spliced to Will, and what more can you wish? So dry your look-outs, and give us a buss, and then we're off and back again for good."

"Yes, father; but don't you see the mist rising eastward, and the sun's casting an awful kind of unnatural glare on it? And don't you hear that long, heavy boom? It bodes no good; and I'm terribly afraid we'll have a storm soon. I'm too much of a sailor's daughter, not to know something about the weather."

"Right enough there, lass; but I know 'twill not be worth mindin' afore eight bells in the morning, by which time we'll be back. So, good night; and God bless ye till then. What! not take a buss, Will?" (turning to a young man by his side.) "Why, blow me? if you don't look now as like a marine as ever I see'd anything in my born days! When I was a younker, I'd never have thought of parting company with a pretty girl without a salute given and taken: but times are altering sadly; more red coats than ever. I should not be surprised but what, in the course of time, there'll be no such thing as a free trader: but it is one comfort, how so be, I shan't live to see it. There—that's right, lad."

Of all the pretty maidens of Kent (and they are not few), Lucy Lawson was one of the prettiest. On Mayday—who so often chosen queen as Lucy? At fairs, her title was acknowledged and undisputed. Happy was he who could get her for his companion during the day, and his partner for the dance in the evening. Though Lucy's claims to beauty were everywhere recognised, you could not have fixed on one single feature to which the term regular might be applied; but there was such a lightness in her step, such glee in the tone of her voice, her hazel eyes were so arch, yet soft, and such a sweet dimple lurked round the corners of her lips, so pouting, ripe, and rosy, as if "suing to be pressed," and half open with a slight smile, displaying teeth beautifully white; and then she had a countenance so glowing with health and happiness, and so small and neat a figure, that it was no wonder she was the cause of many a sore heart as well as head. Of all her numerous admirers, both seamen and landmen, Will Smith was the successful one. To him all others had at last to give way. Will was as open, bold, and manly a young fellow, as ever put foot on salt-water; and, next to Lucy's father, was the best seaman and smuggler on the coast. Lawson was an old tar, who, from the time he could first handle a rope to the time of our story, had been a smuggler; and now, by dint of great success, as well as skill, had become owner of the Lucy, one of the fastest sailing luggers that had ever come off the stocks, and so named after his daughter. Smith had always been looked upon by the old man with a favourable eye, and since Lucy had chosen him for her future commander through life, he had made him his mate. For a long time his daughter had used all her influence with her father, to make him give up his

mode of life, but, till the time at which our story opens, in vain. He had now promised that this should be his last trip, and that henceforth he would live at home, and no more tempt the fortune and the peril of the free-trader. Lucy was dearer to him than all the world: her mother had died in giving her birth, and she was to him all that remained of his first and only love. He was proud of her, too, for Lucy was somewhat more educated than the rest of her companions, and had even at times tried her hand at spinning the yarn of a very simple species of rhyme or ballad, to the great delight of the old man; and now that she had chosen a sailor, and that he was going to see her happily married, who so well pleased as Lawson?

In the greatest glee, he took leave of his daughter on the present occasion, and started along the cliff, followed at some distance by Will, who had stopped to say something which seemed to interest him and his sweetheart exceedingly, from the close position which it brought them both into. He soon came in sight of his boat, which lay waiting for him in a small bay formed by the projecting of two headlands, while concealed under the dark shadow of one of them, lay his far-famed lugger, the Lucy. Being now rejoined by Will, the two sailors descended to the beach, and found the boat waiting for them, cautiously kept by her skilful crew just on the outside of the surf. A wave of the hand from Lawson, and with one stroke of her oars, she ran her head on the beach, and a few moments placed her again in deep water, swiftly cutting her way towards the lugger, propelled by six pair of stout and willing hands. In a short time they were all on board, the galley hoisted in, and the Lucy standing gallantly across the channel at the rate of nine knots an hour. The opposite coast was reached in safety, her cargo, which was ready waiting for her, was soon stowed away, and swiftly back again she came, favoured by the same strong side wind.

A change, however, had taken place in the weather. The night had become quite dark, except to the eastward, where on the verge of the horizon, a misty red light seemed to be dancing on the top of the waves, though, from the extreme distance, it could scarcely be told which was sea, and which sky. Large heavy masses of dark clouds were coming rapidly up with the wind, while every now and then some small cloud was detached from the main body, but was as soon scattered and dispersed by the force of the blast, which was rapidly rising. The long heavy swell of the sea, which had been prevalent during the fore part of the evening, had now assumed the appearance of arching waves, rolling thunderingly on, and breaking and re-forming every moment.

"I say, Will," began Lawson, who was holding the tiller, and anxiously watching the signs of the weather, "I'm blown but here's a pretty storm brewing. 'Tis coming on so fast, that I'm afraid we'll have to run to the south'ard, and that, I guess is right into the teeth of the sharks, and be hanged to them!"

"I can't say as how I like it all," replied Will, "specially as them 'ere gulls are making such furious sail to the land; if them birds arn't the weather-glasses, I'm a land-lubber. But as for the matter of running to the south, why, I think 'twould be even better to run her right ashore, and take our chance; we may perhaps cheat Davy that way, but, by the other, 'tis all up with us."

"Belay there with your pipe, you young imp of the devil!" roared out Lawson to an embryo free-trader, who was whistling most unconcernedly on the fore-castle, "or I'll make this rope and your back better acquainted. I wonder you havn't hoisted in more ballast in the article of sense since you've been to sea, than to whistle in a storm. A pretty sort of a place you sarked your time in, you lubber, not to know better than that!"

"Ahoy, there aft!" sung out a voice from the bow, where the lugger's look-out was stationed; "a sail rising seaward on the starboard bow! She's coming up right afore the wind, under reefed topsails and jib."

"I'm blown, Will, if I don't like this about as much as a stripped marine does the drummer! Who the devil can she be? Ahoy, there aft! What is't now, lad?"

"The strange sail's hoisted her main, double reefed, and has veered a point more to the nor'ard."

"This is no joke now! Take the glass, Will—your eyes are younger than mine—and see what you can make of her."

"By heaven, Lawson, her hull's rising; she's a king's ship, as I am alive. Who the devil can she be? Strike my tops! but she sees us now, and here she comes with a vengeance."

"You're right, you're right, boy! We must clap on more sail—our spars will bear it; but it is very unpleasant to have this here nest of sharks' flung in our way, when we'd made so sure of having the coast clear. All hands, ahoy! Let out another reef in the main, and hoist the foresail. Are ye ready there, foremen?"

"Ay, ay!"

"Away with it, then. That's right my lads. She's walking a little faster now, Will. Are we dropping her at all?"

"No, no: she's let out another reef in her main, and hoisted her gaff with a single one."

"We must fight then, Will; and if we've any luck, we may send one of her masts by the board; but she's too old, I think, to have any hope in her yawing. Clear the deck there, and out with the tampions; we may perhaps make our sixes rattle in a way she'll like about as much as nine-water grog on a banyan day. Knock the head out of that cask, and lash it to the main; there'll be enough of fighting water in it. Are ye all ready now, every soul of ye?"

"Ay, ay."

"Then listen, my lads, while I speechify a bit. You see we've but three chances. First, run, and so get clear off; second, fight, and beat them; third, blow ourselves and them to the devil together. We'll try 'em all in turn; and now lie in every mother's son of ye, and let not a gun be fired till I give the word."

The schooner was by this time within a mile of the smugglers, and had now altered her course, so that in a short time she would have run across the lugger's bows, and brought her whole broadside to bear on her; but Lawson was too old a hand to be caught in that way; and putting the tiller a little to starboard, the Lucy, in a moment, was running parallel with her foe. "Ha, ha, old boy!" muttered the smuggler; "too deep for you this tack, I imagine. He's beginning to speak now, Will, and seriously too." A cloud of smoke rushed from the schooner's side, and a whole broadside of her shot passed harmlessly over the smuggler, owing to her falling, luckily, in the critical moment, into the trough of the sea, while her antagonist was, at the same moment, raised on the crest of a wave. "See, Will, he's tired of this, and, by all my hopes, here he comes, right afore the wind! Bring her a point more to the wind, Will, and we'll rake her. Steady, my lads, steady; for God's sake wait till I sing out!" The schooner was now within pistol-shot of the lugger, never suspecting she could have any metal weight enough to harm her, and was just rounding to bring another broadside to bear, when Lawson, springing forward, sang out—"Away there, ye Lucies, up with the ports, and give it them cheerily, my lads!"

The ports were up, the guns run out, and fired by the eager and anticipating smugglers, almost before the words were out of their captain's mouth. The schooner shook to her very keelson, under the unexpected volley. Down came her foremast, her rigging was almost cut to pieces, and in a moment she lay nearly a wreck upon the waters, tossing ungovernably. The smugglers, taking advantage of the helpless state, soon shot far ahead of her, but not before Lawson roared out, "All hands ahoy there, and clear your pipes, and give us the Lucy's song; 'twill serve as grog, by way of a relish to their supper. You three musicians there, are ye all ready to make sail on it?"

"Ay, ay," answered three of the men, who, from their having rather good voices, with tolerable ears, had obtained that *sobriquet* from their companions.

"Heave away, then;" and instantly, with clear but strong voices, they struck up a rude strain, which sounded far from disagreeable, especially in the chorus given at the end of each verse, when the voices of the whole willing crew gave it a cast peculiar to their own wild kind of life; and the lashing of the

waves against her sides, and the whistling of the wind through her cordage, formed a not inappropriate accompaniment.

The song was finished: her sails were double-reefed, her hatches closed, and all made snug to meet the storm, which by this time had almost risen to a hurricane. However, Lawson, confident in the seaworthiness of his favourite, fearlessly kept on his way, and in three bells came off the harbour, against the piers of which the waves were breaking so furiously, that they were nearly hid in a cloud of foam and spray. This run the Lucy had little to fear from unwelcome visitors, the revenue officers being far south, on a wrong scent. "We're just in the nick of the tide, Lawson," said Will; "we'll clear the bar primely. A little more to the wind, eh?"

"Right, boy; in with that foressail there, and stand by to haul in every rag." The lugger appeared for a moment on the crest of a wave, was immediately lost in the spray, and next moment was in the mouth of the harbour in comparative safety.

"We'll make for the south side I suppose, Lawson, eh?"

"Ay, boy, do. Come aft here, you young imp, and take the tiller; and now, Will, come for'ard. A keg of Nantz to a pound of granny's delight, I jump ashore first. Keep her steady, you lubber, or I'm blow'd if I don't make a dead marine of your back."

They were now almost close to the quay. At that time, none of the houses on the northern side, which now protect the harbour from the wind when in that quarter were built. A fisherman's hut or two, formed of walls half mud, half brick, with an old boat inverted for the roof, were all that then broke the dreariness of the prospect in that direction. "Come, Will, art ready?" cried Lawson, one foot on the gunwale, about to leap. "Ay, ay. Steady there, steady!" roared he to the lad at the helm. The latter, more intent on recognising his own friends among the crowd on the quay, than in attending to his duty, and hearing some command given, moved the tiller a little to leeward; a gust of wind tore the half hauled-in sails from the hands of the men; her head yawed off to the wind. Lawson and Will sprang at that moment, without seeing what had happened; their feet slipped, and they both fell into the water between the lugger and the quay. At the cry of "The skipper and the mate overboard!" the lad lost all power in amazement, the tiller slipped from his hands, and at the very moment they rose above the water, the lugger, being no longer under controul, yielded to the wind, and was instantly dashed violently against the quay. A shriek of horror burst from the crowd. As quickly as hundreds of eager hands could effect it, she was moved from the place. Their bodies were soon found, but in a state too horrid to describe. An arm and hand of each were alone left entire, firmly grasped together in the death-seal of friendship. They had been driven between two beams, which formed part of the frame-work of the quay.

Morning broke bright and joyously; the storm was over, and all nature seemed rejoicing in the change; but not so Lucy. She was sitting, gazing fixedly on the bed which contained the inanimate remains of those who were dearest to her on earth. One of her companions spoke to her. She turned her dewy eyes on her for a moment, took another long last look, then rose, and with an erect step walked out of the cottage, under whose roof she had passed so many years, and sat herself on the edge of the cliff, with her eyes wandering eagerly over the sea. The guiding light of reason had happily left her.

By the side of a brawling brook, running through a beautiful sequestered little glen, a still lovely face might be seen, every summer's eve, reflected on the pure surface, as it bent, seeking the water-cresses that were abundant in its bed. 'Twas Lucy. She recollected that her father liked them, and in the morning she might be discovered on the edge of the cliff, with her basketful hanging from her arm, still gazing over the sea. Alas! no more will her father's sail break the line of the horizon. Soon she drooped, and died. The tears of the inhabitants for miles round were the last proofs of commiseration for poor Lucy, the water-cress girl!

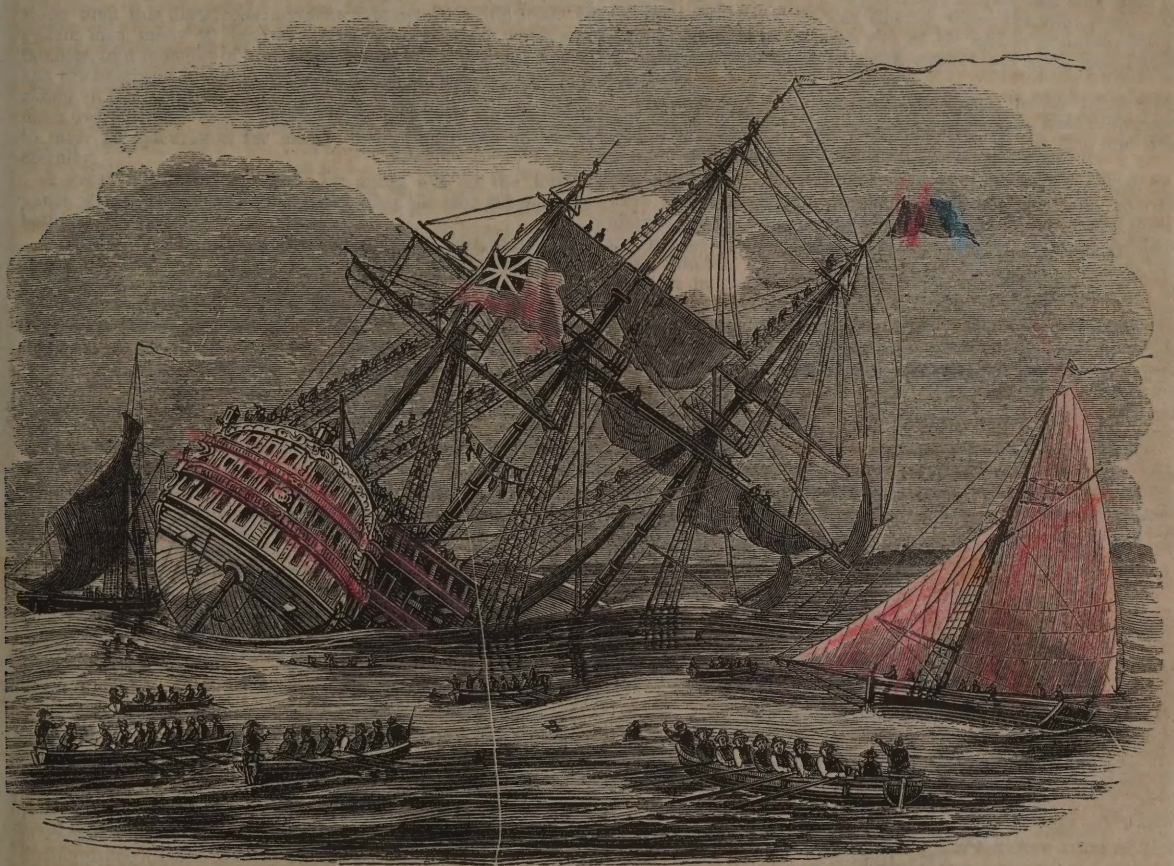
LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE.

Oh! many a dream was in the ship,
 An hour before her death,
 And sighs of home with sighs disturb'd
 The sleeper's long-drawn breath.
 He wakes at the vessel's sudden roll,
 And the rush of waters is in his soul.

THE sudden manner in which the Royal George was lost, has prevented any minute relation of the melancholy accident ever being published. Some few particulars have indeed been developed by time, and from such imperfect docu-

ments, coupled with the leading facts as known at the period, is formed the following narrative, which, it is trusted, may prove as interesting as can be expected under the circumstances.

At the time of the calamitous disaster, which precipitated hundreds into an awful eternity, the Royal George was the oldest first-rate in the service: she was built at Woolwich; her keel was laid down in 1751, and she was hauled out of dock in July, 1755, it being unusual to build such large ships on slips to launch. She was pierced for one hundred guns, but having afterwards had two additional ports, including carronades, she mounted one hundred and eight guns. She was rather short and high, than agreeing with the rules of



LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE, CAPTAIN WAGHORNE, AUGUST 29, 1782.

proportion at present laid down; but still so good a sailer, that she had more flags on board of her than any vessel in the service. Lord Anson, Admiral Boscawen, Lord Rodney, Lord Howe, and several other principal officers, having repeatedly commanded in her. Lord Hawke commanded in her the squadron which defeated the French under Conflans, when the *Superbe*, of seventy guns, was sunk by her cannon, and the *Soleil Royale*, of sixty-four guns, was driven on shore and burnt. She carried the tallest masts, and squarest canvass of any English-built ship in the navy, and originally the heaviest metal, viz., fifty-two, forty, and twenty-eight pounders; but they were afterwards changed, on account of her age, to forty, thirty-two, and eighteen pounders.

The Royal George had just returned from a cruise, in

which she had more water than usual; and as it did not decrease after she came into harbour, an order was issued on Saturday, August 14, 1782, for her to go into dock; but after a strict survey by the carpenter and others, they found that the leak was not more than two feet below the water-mark, and supposing it to have been occasioned by the rubbing off of the copper sheathing, it was resolved, in order to save time, to lay her down at Spithead, by what is called a parliament heel. In the meantime it was discovered that the pipe which occasionally admitted the water to cleanse and sweeten the ship, was out of order, and that it was necessary to replace it with a new one. As the ship required to be heeled very much for this purpose, the greater part of the guns were removed from one side to the other; but as they did not ex-

pect the vessel to heel so much as she did, the crew neglected to stop the scuppers of the lower decks, so that the water coming in on the deck, she, for some time, stole down imperceptibly. The greater part of the crew were, during this time, at dinner; but the carpenters and caulkers continued at their work, and had almost finished it, when a sudden squall took the ship on the raised side, and the lower deck ports to leeward being open, the water rushed in. As soon as the crew discovered their dangerous situation, they beat to arms to right the ship, but in vain: in less than eight minutes she fell flat on one side, filled with water, and the guns, shot, &c., falling from the other side, accelerated her descent, and she sunk to the bottom so rapidly, that the officers,

in their confusion, made no signal of distress; nor indeed could any assistance have availed if they had, for after her lower ports were in the water, no power on earth could have prevented her from going to the bottom.

At this fatal moment there were nearly twelve hundred persons on board, including about two hundred and fifty women and several children, chiefly belonging to the seamen, who had been permitted to visit the ship, and remain on board until the order arrived for her sailing. The people who formed the watch upon deck amounting in number to about two hundred and thirty, were mostly saved by the boats, which the ships lying near the Royal George had manned and sent to their assistance, with the utmost expedition, when they observed the

vessel was sinking. Their assistance was, however, for some time necessarily delayed, as the swell occasioned by the sinking of such a large body produced a temporary whirlpool. The boats also picked up about seventy more, who rose to the surface after the ship had disappeared, among whom were four lieutenants, eleven women, and the remainder seamen.

Among the officers thus snatched from the brink of eternity, was Lieutenant Durham, who fortunately, was officer of the watch, and upon deck at the time when he observed the vessel going down. He had just time to throw off his coat and scramble on the beam, from which he was soon washed as the ship sunk, and left floating about among men and hammocks. A drowning marine caught him by the waistcoat, and held him so fast, that several times he was drawn under water. It was in

vain to reason with a man struggling for life; and conscious of the certainty of neither being saved if he did not disentangle himself from his burden, he clung with his legs round a hammock, with one hand unbuttoned his waistcoat, and sloping his shoulders, committed it, with the unfortunate marine, to the remorseless waves. He then got to some of the top rigging, where a boat soon afterwards came to him, but he nobly declined the assistance offered, and pointing out to them where Captain Waghorne was in great danger, he desired them to go to his relief: the gallant youth was at length taken up and conveyed in safety to the shore.

The preservation of Mr. Henry Bishop, a young man of about nineteen years of age, was effected in a very extraordinary manner. He was on the lower deck at the time of the fatal ac-

cident and as the vessel filled, the force of the water hurried him almost insensibly up the hatchway, when, at the instant, he was met by one of the guns which fell from the middle deck, and striking him on his left hand, broke three of his fingers; however, in a few seconds, he found himself floating on the surface of the water, and was luckily taken up by one of the boats.

By this dreadful and unlooked-for accident, nearly nine hundred persons lost their lives; among whom was Admiral Kempenfelt, whose flag was then flying on board the Royal George, and whose loss was universally lamented. Besides the admiral, who was in his cabin writing when the sudden disaster happened, every one who was between the decks perished with her. Captain Waghorne, the admiral's first captain, was, fortunately, on deck; but his son, who was a lieutenant on board, was drowned. It is scarcely possible to conceive a more distressing scene than this disastrous accident presented; a multitude of gallant men, many of them in the company of their wives and families, in a moment of inactivity, in the midst of amusements and the height of enjoyments, anchored on their own coast, and riding in fair weather and in smooth water, and yet in a moment overwhelmed in the gaping flood, and with scarcely time to utter an ejaculation for mercy, precipitated into an awful eternity.

A great number were saved by going out on the topsail yards, which remained above water after the ship reached the bottom.

Every effort was made by the boats of the fleet, to save the crew; but they were able to pick up only Captain Waghorne, a few officers, and about three hundred people. As the vessel was lying at Spithead, it happened that, on the one hand, several of the seamen and some of the officers were on shore, while, on the other hand, a great many women and children were on board. To the honour of the British public, a large sum of money was raised by subscription for the relief of the widows, children, and relatives of those who perished by this fatal accident.

The masts of the Royal George remained standing for a considerable time afterwards, and, until she was covered with sand, parts of the hull were visible at low water.

Rear-Admiral Kempenfelt was the son of Lieutenant-colonel Kempenfelt, a native of Sweden, whose excellent character was so highly esteemed as to be depicted and immortalized by Addison, in the Spectator, where it has ever been admired under the well-known appellation of Captain Sentry. He followed the fortunes of King James the Second, and was afterwards invited by Queen Anne to accept a commission in her service: he died Lieutenant-governor of Jersey, during the reign of George the First. The colonel left two sons and two daughters, neither of whom were ever married. One of the sons, Gustavus Adolphus Kempenfelt, Esq., was a captain in the army; the other, Richard Kempenfelt, Esq., the admiral, whose death we are now lamenting, was born in Westminster, and soon discovering uncommon talents for the profession of the navy, he entered very early into the service. In the year 1757, he was appointed to the command of the Elizabeth, and proceeded with Commodore Stevens to the East Indies, where he distinguished himself in three several actions against the French squadron, being in each instance opposed to a ship of superior force; and during the blockade of Pondicherry, his conduct and abilities were of the utmost importance, as well as during the subsequent reduction of Manilla, by Admiral Cornish, in 1761. After serving for some considerable time in the East Indies, he obtained leave to return to England, and during the peace constantly spent the greater part of the year in France, not in the pursuit of pleasure, but in ardent search of professional knowledge, in which if he did not excel, he at least equalled any naval officer in Europe. At the commencement of the American war, he was appointed to the command of the Buckingham, and served as first captain under the Admirals Hardy, Geary, and Darby; and his gallant conduct contributed in no small degree to the capture of the convoy under M. Guichen. His character in private life rendered his acquaintance an enviable acquisition, and his skill and ability as an officer, made his death a severe loss to his country.

Alongside of the Royal George, lay the Lark sloop, victual-lark, which was drawn into the vortex caused by the sudden sinking of such a vast body, and several of the people who were on board of her at the time perished.

There was no great depth of water where the Royal George sunk, and very soon after she righted herself. Several attempts have been made to weigh her at different times, but they have invariably proved unsuccessful. As late as the year 1799, the top of her mainmast is said to have been visible, and some few years after her brass guns were seen.

On the 9th of September, a court-martial was held at Portsmouth, on board the Warspite, on Captain Waghorne, for the loss of the Royal George; when, after an examination of such imperfect evidence as could be obtained, he was honourably acquitted. A carpenter on board who had escaped, declared that the ship went down so suddenly, that he had only time to tell his brother that he was sinking, when she went down. It also appeared that the ship was so old and in so unseaworthy a condition, that when a plank started not a peg would hold together.

The same day, the body of Mr. Saunders, the first lieutenant, was taken up under the stern of the Montague, East Indiaman, at the Motherbank; his gold watch was in his fob, and five pounds, fifteen shillings and sixpence in his pocket.

On the 21st of November, sixteen guns with cordage, &c. were fished up by the means of a diving-bell; and shortly afterwards by the ingenuity of Messrs. Braithwaite and Sons, the main-sheet anchor of the Royal George was safely delivered into the King's-yard, Portsmouth. It was, perhaps, the heaviest in the known world, being the immense weight of ninety-eight hundred weight. By means of Braithwaite's machine, the men could work under water for several hours together, and they had entertained hopes of being able to weigh the vessel, but all their attempts for this purpose proved unsuccessful. Several attempts have also been made at different times and by various constructions, some of which were attended with no success, others with very little, and in more than one instance human life has been sacrificed to the experiments.

In the following spring, a very elegant monument was erected in the churchyard, at Portsea, to the memory of the brave, though unfortunate, Admiral Kempenfelt and his fellow-sufferers, who perished in the Royal George. On it is engraved the following inscription, in letters of gold:—

“Reader,
With solemn thought
Survey this grave
And reflect
On the untimely death
Of thy fellow mortals;
And whilst,
As a Man, a Briton, and a Patriot,
Thou read'st
The melancholy narrative
Drop a tear
For thy country's
Loss
On the twenty-ninth day of
August, 1782,
His Majesty's ship, the
Royal George,
Being on the heel at Spithead,
Overset and sunk;
By which fatal accident
About nine hundred persons
Were instantly launched into eternity;
Among whom was that brave and
Experienced Officer,
Rear-Admiral Kempenfelt.
Nine days after,
Many bodies of the unfortunate
Floated;
Thirty-five of whom were interred
In one grave,
Near this monument,
Which is erected by the Parish of Portsea.”

As a grateful tribute
To the memory
Of that great Commander
And his fellow-sufferers."

Upon a gold pedestal, in gold letters, is this epitaph:—

"Tis not this stone, regretted chief, thy name,
Thy worth, thy merit, shall extend thy fame;
Brilliant achievements have thy name imprest,
In lasting characters, on Albion's breast."

We cannot close this narrative, so full of cause of mourning for those that met this unexpected and untimely death, without giving an extract from a journal of one of the more fortunate, who escaped the general doom:—

"The water-cock ought to have been put to rights before the shot was put on board. It is my opinion, that had the lieutenant of the watch, given orders, to 'right ship,' when the carpenter first spoke to him, nothing amiss would have happened, as three or four men at each tackle of the starboard guns, would very soon have bowled the guns all out, and by so doing have righted the ship."

"At the time this happened, the vessel was anchored by two anchors from the head. The wind was from the north-west, only a trifling breeze; and there was now, a sudden gust of wind which made her heel just before she sunk; it was, I felt convinced, the weight of metal and water which rushed in at the port-holes, that sunk her, and not the effects of the wind upon her. She had not even a stitch of canvass to keep her head steady as she lay at anchor; she had six months' provisions on board, and many tons of shot."

"The water-cock, the cause of all this fearful loss of life, is preserved in Portsmouth Dock-yard; a memorial of a second man-of-war overset at Spithead, through neglect and carelessness. The first being the *Marye Rose*, cast away near the same spot, in the reign of Henry the Eighth."

We trust sincerely, that whilst the "neglect and carelessness," of which he speaks, will ever be remembered with deep regret by every Englishman, it will serve as a warning to future generations, and prevent a recurrence of so fearful a catastrophe as—*THE LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE*.

ARTHUR MARDON.

A TALE OF THE ROYAL GEORGE.

By HARRY BLUFF.

"'Tis many years ago, Harry," said my old uncle, a grey-haired old veteran, who had faced many a fearful tempest, and with his own arm laid low more than one of the enemies of his country. "Many years ago, my boy," he repeated with a sigh, "since I first knew poor Arthur Mardon, poor fellow! he's gone I trust to a better world—a world for which his kind heart well fitted him." We were not near so big as you Harry, when our acquaintance first commenced. I was sent by my parents to a boarding-school, and as the place and faces were strange to me, I, boy-like, felt shy and sorrowful; whether the older scholars mistook my quietude for cowardice, too long a time has elapsed for me to give a decided opinion now. At all events, I well remember that they not only exercised their tongues in abusing me, but not unfrequently their fists in punishing me also. In one of these conflicts, at which time one of the biggest and cruelest of my schoolfellows, was what he called, "paying me out," for refusing to tell a lie, to save him a just punishment, Arthur, unsought came to my assistance, and well thrashed my tormentor for me. Arthur did not himself escape without a mark, as a fearful black eye plainly testified. Our worthy tutor, who, if he did not hold with the boys' fighting, most certainly did when it was a case of flogging, and his the hand that was to administer it, noticed the token of war, and calling Arthur to his desk, proceeded to interrogate him as to how he became possessed of that beautiful embellishment to his handsome phisog.

Arthur was no liar: he spoke the truth, though he refrained from giving me my share in the broil, and the consequence was, that he received a flagellation that would, I feel convinced, afford ample satisfaction to any two (if shared between them) under Heaven.

I suffered more, sitting as I did, beholding the torture to which he was subjected for me, than if I had received it twice over, and yet was such a little coward, I'd not the heart to take my share.

When school-hours were over, I went up to my friend and expressed the sorrow, as well as I could, that in my heart I felt for his unmerited suffering.

He took my hand in his, and shaking it heartily said, in his own soft winning manner—

"He didn't hurt me. Bless you! my back's impregnable to anything short of an iron bar. But you'll have peace now, the fellow will never torment you any more; or in case he should, remember, my friend, that Arthur Mardon will be Arthur Mardon still."

The bell rang at the moment for returning to the school. It seemed that, away from home—amongst strangers, from whom I received no kind word of treatment, to meet with a friend, and *such* a friend was all I wanted. And my young heart clung to him in return for his kindness, with imperishable fondness. From that day we were steadfast friends. At length, the time came for me to exchange the school monotony, for the hardships and perils of the sea. My friend Arthur, who left at the same time, and for the same profession, prophesied as we parted, each to his different vessel, that our next meeting would be beneath the cloudless sky of India. I entered as midshipman in the Hon. East India Company's service, whilst Arthur served in the same capacity on board H.M.S. the *Royal George*. We parted—our good ship, with swelling sails, sped gallantly on its way. We had hardly left old England invisible behind, when a strange sail from the opposite coast was observed to be making its way towards us. Every stitch of canvass was now brought into requisition to enable us to leave our pursuer behind; the ship under the unusual weight bounded and reared, light as a horse of the blood. But it was no good, she was evidently gaining on us fast. She proved to be no less unwelcome a visitor than a French pirate—French, did I say? that is hardly just, for though the commander was himself of that nation, the crew were as different in speech and country, as they were in the colour and expression of their faces.

Though our ship was a tight built one, our guns were like the old woman's rod, more to frighten than to punish. Whilst those of our opponent had evidently been used to gunpowder, and seemed capable too of using a little more. Under these fearful odds, our captain, who, over a bottle of wine, was a brave man, turned coward when death stared him in the face.

This did not save his life. After robbing the vessel of its contents, they had the crew brought up before them, and acted the fearful farce of passing sentence upon them as in a court of law. And whilst their victims stood before them, with a death most frightful and horrible staring them in the face, the coarsest and most brutal jest passed from the lips of our savage inhuman conquerors.

The captain was first called to stand before the bar, a range of barrels, upon one of which was perched the pirate captain. I shall never, never forget the face of our poor ill-fated commander, as he was called upon for his defence—his defence—good heaven! they had no mercy or justice in their composition. His face was white as a sheet; large drops of perspiration stood upon his forehead; his lips were contracted with agony, and though they moved, no articulate sound came from them. "Speak up," cried one. He sank upon his knees, and as he clasped his hands, turned his face towards his merciless captors. Such fear, such agony, such supplication, was exhibited in that one gaze—that would have saved his life, had his enemies anything of human being about them.

"Speak, you—" and a cutlass was raised with a threatening gesture above his head.

"Mercy—oh! mercy! mercy!" he cried.

"Mercy!" sneered his foe. "Why you look warm! The noose here, my lads. A run to the yard-arm will cool him. Heave ahoy, you beggars!"

And, amid a deep shout of fiendish laughter, the body of our poor captain hung lifeless in the air.

"Now," cried the villain, when this inhuman *fête* had been accomplished, "examine them. If they'll do for slaves so much

the better for us, if not, a glorious feast the fishes will have; for by—" and the villain called his Maker to witness his words, "the ship goes down, and them in it." Then came the handling, the examination. Some few pressed forward eager to save their lives at the price of a life's freedom; others, sunk in gloomy apathy, moved neither hand nor foot. Six were left on board, locked in the cabin, while the remainder, and I among the number were conveyed on board the pirate vessel. "All right," cried one of the gang, who ascended the companion-ladder at the time, "I've fired the d— thing in three places. It'll warm 'em I'll be sworn." Orders were now given to clear away, for the smoke was already ascending and forcing its way through the ship's side, and we stood from them.

Oh God! what a fearful sight to see the smoke curling in black thick wreaths about our once good ship; but when the smoke turned into fire, for every gust of smoke, became an all-destroying flame, our hearts, at the sad sight, sunk within us. Towering up, they came so red and bright, winding around the mast, like a serpent around its victim, licking it with its red tongue; and then, amidst the silence, for even our captors gazed upon the burning ship with quiet interest, there came from the poor wretches fastened down in that doomed bark, a shriek, such as the torture alone could wring from them. Then all was still. Winding higher and higher, went those bright red flames, until the vessel from keel to mast-head, was one mass of fire, and illumined the ocean with its dreadful light for miles. At last the flames reached the powder magazine, which blew up with such violence that the burning fragments of the wreck lay scattered all around. Rocking from the effects of the explosion, she filled, and sunk to the unknown depths below.

Well Harry, we were taken to Algiers, carried into the country, and sold for slaves. I had the luck to save the life of my master, and he, for they never fail to reward a service any more than they do to revenge an injury, gave me my liberty, and procured a passage to England for me.

The laborious life I had led, unfitted for my tender years, wasted me away, and I once more stood in the streets of dear old London, but hardly the shadow of my former self. The contract of the persons who brought me, was merely to land me in England, my generous master supposing that once there, I should be all right, little thinking that the same motive which actuated the blind-idolatrous pagan, influenced the enlightened Christian—that you might die of starvation in London, amidst all its mighty wealth and population, as you could in a desert. London was all I wanted: in London I was: but with an empty belly, and an empty purse. I stood, after parading the streets all day, amidst torrents of rain, beneath the overhanging roof of a house. I had not stood long, before the sharp shrill voice of a woman—yes, a woman denied me the shelter that cost her nothing, and might save my life—crying, "go on you vagrant, you can't stop here!" Some would have cursed her, but my tongue clave to my mouth, and I turned away from the denied shelter, into the rain that fell in torrents, with a groan. It seemed as though I had escaped all the dangers of a foreign clime, of slavery, but to return and perish miserably of starvation in my native land. I felt sick and giddy, a feeling faint and death-like was crawling over me, and I fell to the ground in a swoon.

On my return to life and recollection I found myself encosed within the clean sheets of a comfortable bed. Whilst a long range of doctor's bottles on the mantleshef announced plainly, even to my disordered faculties and dim vision, that that functionary had been in attendance on me. I had not lain long before the door opened, and an elderly, but amiable-looking lady, entered, followed by a gentleman, whose brown handsome face denoted he had been beneath the burning sun of the tropics. "How is my poor friend, now?" he said, advancing towards the bedside and taking my hand, burning with fever, in his own; "Don't you know me, Tom? I'm your old school-fellow, Arthur—Arthur Mardon."

Oh, what a flood of delicious joy was there, as I caught his hand in my own, and bathed it in my tears. "Poor fellow," he said, gently disengaging his hand, and putting my hair back, which had grown long during my illness and covered my eyes.

"Well, Tom, you must get better now. The doctor says you will, and you know they are always right, except when they are wrong. But I don't see any cause to doubt his veracity this time—thank God!"

I begged him to tell me where I was, and how I came there—to tell me what I'd been doing these many long months, for my recollection of the past was gone. "What you've been doing, old friend," he answered, "is a question, when you get well enough, I shall be glad to hear answered. All I know is, that groping my way through these confounded streets one precious wet night, I came to a mob, who were surrounding a man, as they said, dying—as luck would have it, in the poor unfortunate I discovered no less a personage than you, my dear old schoolfellow. I had you brought home. This lady," he said, turning to the amiable-looking personage I spoke of, "is my mother, and this one," pointing to a pretty girl, who entered at the moment, "my little sister, Jane, that you heard me speak of at school so often."

I expressed my thanks in the best manner I could for their great kindness, but was hurriedly stopped by Arthur, who informed me that the pleasure of assisting a friend was a sufficient reward for trouble, however great. It was many weeks before I was perfectly recovered. I then announced my intention, as both my parents had died during my absence from home, of again trusting the changeable ever-varying ocean. I embarked in the H— for Calcutta, as third lieutenant; Arthur still remained on board the Royal George, and informed me with great glee, that he also was going for a cruise, but where, or how long, he did not at present know. How little we thought as we pressed each other's hands with all the warmth and sincerity of an early friendship, that we parted to meet no more! Alas! such was his fearful destiny. After an absence of two years, I returned, the second lieutenant having died on our passage out, I succeeded him. We landed our passengers at Portsmouth, I took a stroll into the church-yard at Portsea, and commenced reading the various epitaphs raised to perpetuate the memories of those that lay sleeping the sleep of death beneath. I came to one, and the moon, darkened for an instant by a black cloud, shone out in all its silvery brightness, I could distinctly read the following:—

SACRED

To the Memory of
ARTHUR MARDON,

Aged 24 years,

Who unfortunately perished, with nine hundred
persons, by the oversetting of H. M. Ship,

The Royal George,

on the twenty-ninth of August, 1782.

Oh God! the agony, the unsupportable agony of that fearful moment! And was he gone, the faithful partner of my youthful joys; my firm, my steadfast, my only friend, dead! My head sunk on his cold gravestone as I uttered the words; in my bitter grief, a hand was laid upon my shoulder, and a voice at once sweet and solemn, murmured, "Gone, we trust, to the arms of that Saviour who died to save us sinful mortals—gone from a world, whose brightest days are full of care, for one whose joys are wide, pure, and eternal;" I turned and grasped his widowed mother's hand.

"Twice many a day, Harry," continued my uncle, "before I recovered this shock, and could think with composure of his death; but time, while it hurries men to the grave, obliterates our old feelings—obliterates did I say! I'm wrong. For while this heart of mine continues its pulsation, I shall ever look back with a tear to his memory, and a prayer for the soul of ARTHUR MARDON."

A NIGHT IN THE ROYAL GEORGE.

CONFESSION OF THE DEEP.

By Albert Smith, author of "The Fortunes of the Scattergood Family," in Bentley's Miscellany.

THE circumstances I am about to relate will do little to raise me in the opinion of the reader into whose hands this paper may happen to fall. Awful and harrowing as were the events of that dreadful night, I can lay but small claim to courage

or mental boldness, in having met them as I did. Avarice—sordid, calculating avarice—drove me to the attempt, and I well deserved the total miscarriage of all my plans that succeeded.

Four years back, I was a clerk in one of the most respectable and influential houses in Portsmouth, receiving an excellent salary, and, upon the whole, most comfortably settled; far more so than the majority of the young men of my own station in the town; and yet I was not happy—far, far from it. I grumbled at the regularity of attention which my situation required; I deemed my labour ill paid, and I envied every one I met, whose lot in life appeared better cast than my own; little reflecting how many secret miseries poison the existences of those who appear in public, most smiled upon by fortune.

The loss of the *Royal George* was ever a favourite topic of conversation with the people of Portsmouth, even when half a century had elapsed since the occurrence; and, indeed, the interest connected with the subject was constantly kept alive by the numerous projects and suggestions for raising the sunken vessel or destroying the wreck, that needy speculators were perpetually starting. To myself, I will confess, the whole affair was one of deep and constant thought. I had heard the various accounts of the accident: of the heavy bags of gold that were on board at the time, to pay the seamen: of the watches, jewels, and other valuable articles, that the tradespeople had sent for sale; and all this was still there—there, within the cumbersome and sea-worn timbers of the ill-fated ship, lying as useless, at the bottom of the sea, and as comparatively worthless, as the rocks themselves.

Many, many evenings have I sat upon the shore, lulled into contemplation by the low ripple of the tide, when the last red gleam of the sun, ere he sank beneath the Isle of Wight, illumined the spot where that majestic vessel went down; and wished I had power to roam over her sea-bound hoards, for one short hour, and appropriate to myself all I could collect from her stores of value in that time. Many times have I longed for the power of those beings in the *Arabian Nights*, who could live under water; and thought, with what selfish and unseen joy, I could then revel amidst the gold and treasures that the hulk contained.

It was somewhere about this period that a man came to Portsmouth, with permission from the Admiralty, to carry on some experiments connected with the possibility of conducting different submarine operations, independent of the diving-bell. This incident changed the entire current of my thoughts. I watched his experiments with an intensity of interest, that I am fain to believe, exceeded that of the person himself. I saw him descend, in his dress, from a small vessel, to the wreck of the *Royal George*;—I noted the length of time he was enabled to remain under water;—I watched his return, with divers small articles—as oyster-shells, nails, &c., which he had picked from the wreck; and, from that period, I contemplated but one subject:—it was the idea of going down myself! It cost me many sleepless nights to bring my scheme to perfection; nor was the working out of my plans confined to night alone; I thought of it always. I neglected my business; I received endless reprimands from my employers for orders forgotten; and commissions uncared for; and, at last, I was discharged, because they found they could no longer trust me, from my undeviating forgetfulness.

As soon as I was turned away, I hired a small room in a street, and commenced my operations. The first thing I did was to purchase a quantity of Macintosh's waterproof cloth, with which I intended to form my diving-dress. I contrived to cut out a very fair set of patterns, and these I got a journeyman tailor, who lodged in the house, to sew together; after which, I daubed the seams with Indian rubber, dissolved in naphtha, some of which I obtained at the chemist's; and then, before it was dry, I pressed strips of the fabric on them with a hot iron, by which I made the whole garment perfectly impermeable. My next task was to make the head-piece. To effect this, I procured some stout iron wire, and bent it into a sort of frame, of the shape I had seen the diver wear. I secured these different pieces together by twisting finer wire

round them; and then covered the whole with the same waterproof cloth which I had used for the rest, fitting some pieces of glass carefully in front, to enable me to perceive objects around me. I fastened some roughly-shaped gloves and boots to the arms and legs of the dress, and fixed them in a similar manner to the seams; and when I had entirely completed the whole apparel, I put it on, and walked in it, about my room, the whole evening, delighted beyond measure, at my contrivance. It cost me something considerable, with all my economy, it is true; but I looked upon it as the means of leading me to immense wealth, and I deemed the money invested in a highly profitable scheme.

My next object was to provide for the transmission of a supply of air to the interior of the hood, as I termed it, adequate to the support of respiration under water. Aided by the smattering mechanical knowledge that I possessed, I was not long in fashioning a sort of air-pump, by adding some valves and stopcocks to an old garden syringe, which I purchased at a broker's near my lodgings; and this I connected to the hood by long pipes of the cloth, closed in the same manner as the seams of my dress. I likewise procured a lantern, which I rendered waterproof by similar means; and then I joined it to the head-piece by another pipe, having observed that there was, generally, a superfluity of air from the bubbles I had seen rising over the diver's head, which marked his situation in the water.

And now only one point remained to care about; but that was the most difficult—it was to seek a confederate. Not but I believe that I could have got many to join me in my fool-hardy enterprise; but they would have expected an equal share of the proceeds, and this it was, not my intention to allow. Still, I could not do without a companion to mind the boat above, and, more especially, to supply me with air. I had, at one time, formed a wild scheme of borrowing a goat from an old man, at the edge of the common, who had trained it to run round in a wheel, and assist in making string; but the insanity of trusting my life to the operations of an animal, soon made me give up the scheme I had formed of constructing some rough machinery, to be turned by a similar wheel, which, acting upon a parallel motion, or rack and pinion, might work the pump. At last, chance threw the required assistance in my way. There was a poor creature living in the town at the time, named, or rather called, Harry Weston, whom I selected for my companion. He was not exactly in his right senses, nor was he completely an idiot; but at that nice balance between the two which kept him from being the sport of the street boys, whilst it gained the pity, or sympathy, of the charitable people in the neighbourhood. He got his living by carrying out parcels from the coach-offices to their final destination, or by running on errands, and performing divers odd jobs for the inhabitants; and he generally bore a good character for sobriety and honesty. It was this harmless individual that I fixed upon as my associate. I brought him to my lodgings, and bound him down by the most horrible oaths I could invent, to frighten him, and promises of large reward, to serve me as I should direct, without ever uttering a syllable to mortal of my schemes; and then making an appointment with him for an evening in the next week, I gave him a trifling sum as an earnest of my future bounty. Poor wretch! he never lived to receive it.

The intervening days lagged slowly by, and the eventful night at last arrived. As soon as it was dusk, with the assistance of Weston, I carried my apparatus, piecemeal, down to the beach on Southsea common, and then concealed them in one of the bathing-machines which are always stationed there; leaving him to watch whilst I repaired to the Point for the purpose of procuring the boat. I had bespoken a few days before. She was an old man-of-war's gig, with gunwales rather higher than ordinary, and low thwarts, which gave her a security better calculated for our operations. I pulled round to the beach, near the common, and took Weston and my contrivances on board, and then we started again for the scene of my venture. There was very little wind, and the sea was as calm as glass: which,

circumstances were, of course, in our favour. When we got to the buoy which marks the situation of the Royal George, we fastened the boat to it, and I commenced arraying myself in my diving costume. This finished, with the exception of the head-piece, I threw overboard a rope ladder, having two small kedges attached to its inferior extremities; and when I had ascertained that these had laid hold of some portion of the wreck, I made fast the upper ends to one of the seats of the boat. I next sounded the depth with a lead-line, and arranged my water-proof pipes accordingly, by means of some taps I had purchased at a gas-fitters; allowing an extra length or two for my movements. In about half an hour from our first fixing the gig to the buoy, I had made all close and ready, and prepared to descend. I felt no timidity—the bare recollection of the wealth reported to be engulfed with the vessel, which I might, perhaps, accumulate, drove every other feeling from my mind.

With a last injunction to unremitting work and attention, on the part of Weston, I stepped on to the ladder, and commenced my task. What was my delight upon finding that my schemes answered, as I saw through the glass, in my hood, the green water ascend higher than the level of my face, and, finally, close over my head, whilst my respiration continued free and unembarrassed. There was one unpleasant sensation, but this was not of sufficient consequence to annoy me. At every stroke of the pump above, that forced a fresh quantity of air down the pipe, I experienced a feeling of *tense* pain on the drums of my ears, of which I had heard the men in the diving-bells sometimes complain; but this I, in great measure, alleviated, by making frequent attempts at deglutition. My lantern, also, preserved the flame within it admirably; and its trifling consumption of air tended, in a measure, to relieve the pressure in the head piece. I descended gradually and carefully, step by step; and at last, to my great joy, stood on a portion of the wreck. I found the kedges had caught on a large spar that lay completely across the ship, kept firmly in its place by a gun, which had, probably, rolled over it when the accident occurred. With some little caution I crawled along it; and at length stood upon the deck. And here, for the first time, I became aware of the singular assistance of my light. Everything around me was plainly discernible, when the rays, cast through a large bull's-eye, were directed towards the object, only appearing as if a dull, greenish mist encircled it. I well remember the stems of the masts, with their coating of barnacles—the masses of shell-work and weeds that incrustated the guns, still outwardly preserving their shape—the very bulwarks, with their rings of green and cankered metal attached; and the blackened pieces of timber that were grouped around me, from which myriads of strange polypi threw out their long streaming arms in quest of prey. The deck was nearly a foot deep in sand, and as I supposed not level; but still, the declivity to larboard was not too steep to preclude my keeping a firm footing. An immense quantity of corroded blocks, tackle, &c., was lying about in confusion, enveloped by perfect groves of tall sea-weed; and these floated about like monstrous snakes, twisting and undulating in all directions.

I cleared away a few trifling impediments with a light boat hook, which I carried in my hand; and moved cautiously forward in the direction where I expected to find the entrance to the chief cabin. I was not long in reaching it, but experienced some little difficulty in descending the stairs that led to it, as the passage was partly choked up with sand and debris from the wreck. At the third step I dislodged some large mass from its position. By my light I perceived a number of fish, such as sand-eels and small crabs, which had been disturbed from it; and directly afterwards, upon kicking it with my foot, I was horrified at perceiving a human skull, to which some scraps of colourless flesh and ligaments were still adhering, roll down the inclined plane of sand that covered the ladder, towards the door. My first impulse was to return immediately; but reflecting that all I had striven for was probably within my grasp, my thirst for gain once more conquered every other feeling.

With some trouble I made my way into the cabin. The

door was open—they had probably been so at the time of the catastrophe, and the subsequent accumulation of and and mud had kept them so. I drew the air-pipe down towards me, and found that I had still length enough to spare for my operations; at the same time I was convinced that my assistant was diligently supplying me with the means of respiration. I was now in the centre of the cabin, and an awful scene presented itself. Every portion of the wood-work, at least, as nearly as I could determine by approaching my lantern closely to it, was black, from the action of the sea; and like the masts above, incrustated with groups of barnacles. The floor was a foot deep in sand; and on its surface lay more oblong heaps, which I discovered, upon examination, to be also human bodies, round whose half-devoured remains shreds of clothing still floated. I could not move a step without treading upon one; and each that I thus disturbed fell to pieces immediately, surrounding me with a cloud of its sickening particles, and numbers of huge shell-fish, who were enjoying their unholy meal therefrom, and who crawled off, with their long spidery legs, in all directions.

Still I came to no treasure—I had fallen in with none of the bags of gold, which I heard were on board at the time of the accident. There were many corroded naval implements lying about; but these were not what I wanted. I examined every heap that rose above the general level of the floor, with the most diligent investigation, but without reward. Sometimes I exposed the tattered remnant of an article of clothing, a seaman's hat, a telescope, or something equally valueless to myself; but, more generally, similar objects to the above-mentioned fragments of mortality shocked me with their presence. At the side of the cabin was a small closet, having a glass door; and towards this I bent my way, thinking it might be the repository of some precious articles. But how was I horrified on approaching it! On directing my light through its still unbroken panes, I saw a dreadful corpse, that gibbered and grinned directly in my face: it was the body of some poor creature, who had, perhaps, been forced in there at the first rush of the water; and the door closing upon him, had kept out the sand and marine insects, that everywhere else abounded.—The sea-water had acted as a preservative, and the body still retained the perfect semblance of a human form; but the face was blanched and coddled—one of the eyes had dissolved, and the other was opaque, and apparently congealed; while the relaxed ligaments allowed the lower jaw to fall and rise with every vibration of the sea, in the mockery of a dreadful grin. The hair, too, floated in the water, giving a semblance of motion to the whole features, which wore an expression of hideous merriment.

Faint with terror and disgust, I turned from the loathsome spectacle, and moved slowly and laboriously away. I approached the table of the cabin: a half-opened drawer was at its extremity; and when I had cleared away the envelope of sand, I discovered it was nearly filled with bags of coin. All, then, was accomplished: the long-coveted treasure lay, in greater part, beneath my grasp! I raised my lantern eagerly to inspect the contents, when, to my extreme terror, I perceived that there was water in it half-way up the bull's eye, and the light not half an inch above the surface. The dreadful anticipation of inevitable darkness now burst in on me, and a moment of intense fear, amounting almost to stupefaction, succeeded. I began hastily to collect the small canvass bags, and stow them in my girdle; but three remained, and I stretched my hand out to seize them. In the hurry and anxiety of the moment, I threw my lantern slightly out of the perpendicular—the water within it immediately washed over the light, and it was extinguished!

I know not how the subsequent five minutes passed. The sensations of years of terror, agony, and the expectations of approaching death, were condensed in that period. My first recollection was, that I observed a gleam of light where the windows of the cabin were situated; but it was of the faintest kind. I afterwards ascertained that it was a moonlight night, and the beams had penetrated thus far through the sea;—but this was no guide for me. I was totally unconscious by what direction I had entered the cabin; and I did

not dare to move unless towards these windows. Then I thought that Weston would tire at his work—that his strength would not allow him to keep pumping so long, whatever his will might be, and I should miserably perish. Anon, the thought came that I was alone—alone, amidst a crowd of dead bodies and hideous marine monsters—alone with that gibbering and awful corpse, whose face peered at me, through the darkness, in my imagination, and pressed his slummy, soddened cheek against me—*alone, at the bottom of the sea!*

I gained one of the windows; it was open, or, rather, the frames had been carried away, by the constant action of the waves. I thought I would climb through it, and so ascend, for I was an excellent swimmer. But then the air-pipe kept me back; and it was even now becoming tight, as I reached the extent of its length. A new idea rose, bringing fresh hope with it, and I wondered I had not thought of it before.—I could use the pipe as a clue, and so return by following its course. I left the window, and prepared to make the attempt, when I felt a violent tug, that nearly pulled the head-piece from the rest of my dress. Another, and another, succeeded, and then, in an instant, I felt the tense air-pipe give way—it had broken.

But one resource was left: I clambered through the cabin window, and attempted to rise, but the pipe had caught some projection, and restrained me, and I already perceived that the supply of air was stopped. I seized a knife from my girdle, and cut the tube off close to my head. The water rushed into the hood as I performed this action, but I was enabled to rise directly. The water roared and bubbled in my ears, with the noise of thunder, as I struck upwards, still keeping my knife in my hand: and in half a minute I had reached the surface. To rip up my hood, and cast it from me, was the work of an instant. As I regained my vision, I perceived, by the moonlight, that my boat was gone, but the buoy was still floating at its usual spot. Swimming towards it, I was enabled to recover myself, and take breath as I rested, hanging on to its ring. From the appearance of the distant vessels near the beach, which were riding at anchor, I saw it was high-water, and another fearful truth burst upon me. The rope-ladder, which the kedges held fast to the wreck, had drawn the boat under, as the tide rose, and with it, my hapless assistant.

I felt at my girdle for the bags of gold; they were all gone, through the hasty manner in which I had secured them, and my struggles in coming to the surface. I tore my dress from me, in raving passion, and cast it to the waves. In my underclothes, which consisted of nothing but a common check shirt and a pair of coarse Holland trousers, I swam to land; and, on reaching the stony beach, I sank on it in a swoon, overcome by my intense emotion.

I was found there the next morning, and carried to my lodgings. A long illness succeeded;—I kept my bed for three months, and arose a maniac. I was told I talked about the wreck, and its fearful contents, during my fever; but I found my attendants merely looked upon it as the raving of delirium. As time passed, I recovered my reason; but the remembrance of the circumstances connected with my rash venture, must embitter my life until its close. I procured a moderate appointment through the interest of some friends, and to-morrow I sail for Australia.

WRECK OF THE TIGER MERCHANTMAN,

AND DETENTION OF THE CREW SEVENTY DAYS ON A CORAL ROCK.

The following account of the wreck of the *Tiger*, which sailed from Liverpool, bound for Bombay, in June, 1837, in company with another vessel called the *Tigris*, is from a youth who was on board of her.

"Nothing of more than ordinary note occurred for the first few weeks. We had brilliant weather, and held on steadily; the *Tigris* getting a-head sometimes, at others we took the lead. Soon, however, the *Tigris* shot away rapidly, and after a few days we lost sight of her. Upon this, the captain, who before had been all life and activity, was observed to grow gloomy and reserved; and the surmise was rife among the crew that some

heavy stake was pending on the sailing powers of the two vessels. To allay his chagrin, the captain drank spirits in large quantities, and symptoms of insanity were speedily discerned. One night, pacing the deck and talking incoherently, he suddenly stopped, and lifting up his dog which crouched at his feet, by the neck, flung him overboard, saying, "Poor devil! I shall soon follow you." After this he was watched narrowly; the surgeon of the vessel not considering himself justified in putting him under arrest, nor did he think it absolutely necessary. He contrived, however, to elude our vigilance, and a few days after his exclamation, threw himself overboard; and, although a boat was instantly put out, he sank before it reached him. The command of the vessel now devolved upon the mate, named Spurze, a well-conducted but inexperienced seaman, who got out of his latitude; and, after many weeks of wandering and anxious pain, we were eventually wrecked on an uninhabited island; which, as we afterwards learned was ten degrees south of the Line, and between six and seven hundred east of Madagascar; crew and passengers, 26 in number, including one lady, the wife of a naval officer on board, being all saved. The island, called Astovia, was a coral rock, and nowhere could we discover any vestige of vegetable matter. After hoisting some remnants of canvass from the wreck, in three different parts of the island, which was about six miles long by three or four wide, we set out in quest of fresh water; but to our inexpressible anguish, the search was without success. Our thirst became intolerable; and, to appease it, we were compelled to wring off the heads of sea-fowl (with which the island providentially abounded) and which were not by any means difficult to catch, and drink the blood. Our food was turtle, and we used to take it by going out in small parties of six or seven in number, and wading through a creek, on the banks of which they congregated. Here we were in constant danger of our lives, from the sharks that paddle slowly and stealthily up the creek; and on one occasion, a poor fellow, too daring and adventurous, was seized, and torn piece-meal among them. After the lapse of two weeks, fourteen of the crew agreed to take the long-boat, with a single barrel of biscuits, the only provision saved, with a solemn promise to touch at the first island to which they came, if possible to procure aid, and return to us. Their parting shout was the last we ever heard of them. A day or two after they had left us, two of the crew picked up a barrel of spirits which had been washed ashore, and for some time kept it to themselves; but upon Spurze, the mate, discovering it, and upbraiding them with the selfishness of their conduct, they, in their inebriation, drew their knives, and would have despatched him on the instant, had not some of us rushed to his rescue. The poor lady, the only female, suffered dreadfully; and notwithstanding we did all that was possible, under the circumstances, to alleviate her condition, and whilst she endeavoured to bear up with a seeming fortitude, it was evident her spirit was completely broken. With the canvass and spars from the wreck we erected a sort of tent, where she was in some measure protected from the intense heat of a tropical sun. We had been three weeks on the island, and our only drink was blood, with the exception of the spirits which had been secreted by the men and discovered by the mate, when, to our infinite joy a fresh water spring was at last discovered, and one and all scoured away, yelling like bedlamites, with delight at this priceless godsend.

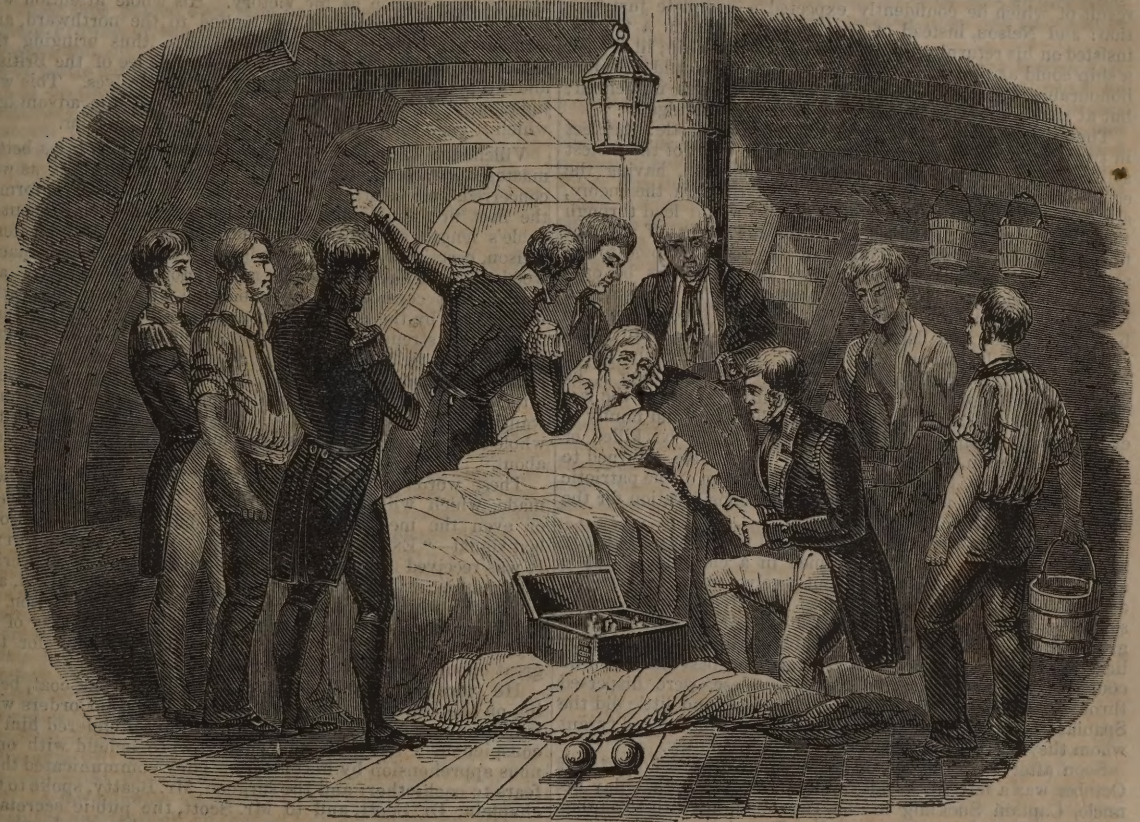
"Week after week passed away, and still no sign of deliverance. To mark the days, we cut, like Crusoe, notches in a spar. At one time we were buoyed up with the hope of rescue, at others steeped in the lowest depths of wretchedness. In consequence of the nature of our diet, many of our number suffered greatly from diarrhoea, though no fatal consequences attended it. At the expiration of seventy days our signal was discovered by a South Sea whaler, by which we were taken to Mabe, an island, or rather a cluster of islands, the governor of which supplied us with necessaries, and forwarded us to the Cape, from whence we took passage to England in a vessel that touched there shortly after our arrival."

THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.

EARLY on the morning of the 14th of February, 1805, the hero of the Nile reached Portsmouth; and having despatched his business on shore, endeavoured to elude the populace by taking a bye-path to the beach; but a crowd collecting in his train, pressed forward to obtain a sight of his face; many were in tears, and many knelt down before him, and blessed him as he passed. England has had many heroes; but never one who so entirely possessed the love of his fellow-countrymen as Nelson. All men knew that his heart was as humane as it was fearless: that there was not in his nature the slightest alloy of selfishness or cupidity; but that, with perfect and entire devotion, he served his country with all his heart, and with all his soul, and with all his strength; and, therefore, they loved him as truly and as fervently as he loved England. They pressed

upon the parapet, to gaze after him when his barge pushed off, and he was returning their cheers by waving his hat. They would not be debarred from gazing, till the last moment, upon the hero—the darling hero of England!

He arrived off Cadiz on the 29th of September—his birthday. Fearing that if the enemy knew his force, they might be deterred from venturing to sea, he kept out of sight of land, desired Vice-Admiral Collingwood to fire no salute, and hoist no colours; and wrote to Gibraltar, to request that the force of the fleet might not be inserted there in the Gazette. His reception in the Mediterranean fleet was as gratifying as the farewell of his countrymen at Portsmouth; the officers who came on board to welcome him, forgot his rank as commander, in the joy at seeing him again. On the day of his arrival, Villeneuve received orders to put to sea the first opportunity. Villeneuve,



DEATH OF NELSON.

however, hesitated, when he heard that Nelson had resumed the command. He called a council of war; and their determination was that it would not be expedient to leave Cadiz, unless they had reason to believe themselves stronger by one third than the British force.

The station which Nelson had chosen was some fifty or sixty miles to the west of Cadiz, near Cape St. Mary's. At this distance he hoped to decoy the enemy out, while he guarded against the danger of being caught in a westerly wind near Cadiz, and driven within the Straits. The blockade of the port was rigorously enforced, in hopes that the combined fleet might be forced to sea by want. The supplies from France were thus effectually cut off. There was now every indication that the enemy would speedily venture out; officers and men were in the highest spirits at the prospect of giving them a decisive

blow: such, indeed, as would put an end to all farther contest upon the seas, though at this time he was not without some cause of anxiety; he was in want of frigates—the eyes of the fleet, as he always called them:—to the want of which the enemy before were indebted for their escape, and Buonaparte for his arrival in Egypt. He had only twenty-three ships—others were on the way—but they might come too late; and though Nelson never doubted of victory, mere victory was not what he looked to, he wanted to annihilate the enemy's fleet. The Carthagenan squadron might effect a junction with this fleet on the one side; and on the other, it was to be expected that a similar attempt would be made by the French from Brest; in either case a formidable contingency to be apprehended by the blockading force.

The Rochefort squadron did push out, and had nearly caught

the Agamemnon and L'Aimable, in their way to reinforce the British admiral. Yet Nelson at this time weakened his own fleet. He had the unpleasant task to perform of sending home Sir Robert Calder, whose conduct was to be made the subject of a court-martial, in consequence of the general dissatisfaction which had been felt and expressed at his imperfect victory. Sir R. Calder and Sir John Orde, Nelson believed to be the only two enemies whom he had in his profession;—and, from that sensitive delicacy which distinguished him, this made him the more scrupulously anxious to show every possible mark of respect and kindness to Sir Robert. He wished to detain him till after the expected action; when the services which he might perform, and the triumphant joy which would be excited, would leave nothing to be apprehended from an inquiry into the previous engagement. Sir Robert, however, whose situation was very painful, did not choose to delay a trial, from the result of which he confidently expected a complete justification: and Nelson, instead of sending him home in a frigate, insisted on his returning in his own ninety-gun ship; ill as such a ship could at that time be spared. Nothing could be more honourable than the feeling by which Nelson was influenced; but at such a crisis, it ought not to have been indulged.

The order of sailing was to be the order of battle: the fleet in two lines, with an advanced squadron of eight of the fastest sailing two-deckers. The second in command, having the entire direction of his line, was to break through the enemy, about the twelfth ship from the rear: he would lead through the centre, and the advanced squadron was to cut off three or four ahead of the centre. This plan was to be adapted to the strength of the enemy, so that they should always be one-fourth superior to those whom they cut off. Nelson said "that his admirals and captains, knowing his precise object to be that of close and decisive action, would supply any deficiency by signals, and act accordingly. In case signals cannot be seen or clearly understood, no captain can do wrong if he places his ship alongside that of an enemy." One of the last orders of this admirable man was, that the name and family of every officer, seaman, and marine, who might be killed or wounded in action, should be, as soon as possible, returned to him, in order to be transmitted to the chairman of the patriotic fund, that the case might be taken into consideration for the benefit of the sufferer, or his family.

At daybreak of the 21st, the combined fleets were distinctly seen from the Victory's deck, formed in a close line of battle ahead on the starboard tack, about twelve miles to leeward, and standing to the south. Our fleet consisted of twenty-seven sail of the line, and four frigates. Their superiority was greater in size and weight of metal than in numbers. They had four thousand troops on board; and the best riflemen who could be procured, many of them Tyrolese, were dispersed through the ships. Little did the Tyrolese, and little did the Spaniards, at that day, imagine what horrors the wicked tyrant whom they served was preparing for their country.

Soon after daylight Nelson came upon deck. The 21st of October was a festival in his family, because on that day his uncle, Captain Suckling in the Dreadnought, with two other line-of-battle ships, had beaten off a French squadron of four sail of the line and three frigates. Nelson, with that sort of superstition from which few persons are entirely exempt, had more than once expressed his persuasion that this was to be the day of his battle also; and he was well pleased at seeing his prediction about to be verified. The wind was now from the west, light breezes, with a long, heavy swell. Signal was made to bear down upon the enemy in two lines, and the fleet set all sail. Collingwood, in the Royal Sovereign, led the lee line of thirteen ships; the Victory led the weather line of fourteen. Having seen that all was as it should be, Nelson retired to his cabin, and wrote the following prayer:—

"May the great God, whom I worship, grant to my country and for the benefit of Europe in general, a great and glorious victory, and may no misconduct in any one tarnish it; and may humanity after victory be the predominant feature in the British fleet! For myself individually, I commit my life to Him that made me; and may his blessing alight on my endeavours for serving my country faithfully! to Him I resign myself; and

the just cause which is entrusted to me to defend. Amen, Amen, Amen."

A portrait of Lady Hamilton hung in his cabin; and no Catholic ever beheld the picture of his patron saint with devouter reverence. The undisguised and romantic passion with which he regarded it amounted almost to superstition; and when the portrait was now taken down, in clearing for action, he desired the men who removed it, to "take care of his guardian angel." In this manner he frequently spoke of it, as if he believed there were a virtue in the image. He wore a miniature of her, also, next his heart.

Blackwood went on board the Victory about six. He found him in good spirits, but very calm; not in that exhilaration which he had felt upon entering into battle at Aboukir and Copenhagen; he knew that his own life would be particularly aimed at, and seems to have looked for death with almost as sure an expectation as for victory. His whole attention was fixed upon the enemy. They tacked to the northward, and formed their line on the larboard tack; thus bringing the shoals of Trafalgar and St. Pedro under the lee of the British, and keeping the port of Cadiz open for themselves. This was judiciously done; and Nelson, aware of all the advantages which it gave them, made signal to prepare to anchor.

Villeneuve was a skilful seaman; worthy of serving a better master, and a better cause. His plan of defence was as well conceived, and as original, as the plan of attack. He formed the fleet in a double line, every alternate ship being about a cable's length to windward of her second ahead and astern. Nelson, certain of a triumphant issue to the day, asked Blackwood what he should consider as a victory. That officer answered, that considering the handsome way in which battle was offered by the enemy, their apparent determination for a fair trial of strength, and the situation of the land, he thought it would be a glorious result if fourteen were captured. He replied, "I shall not be satisfied with less than twenty." Soon afterwards he asked him, if he did not think there was a signal wanting. Mr. Blackwood made answer, that he thought the whole fleet seemed very clearly to understand what they were about.

These words were scarcely spoken before that signal was made, which will be remembered as long as the language, or even the memory of England, shall endure:—Nelson's last signal—"ENGLAND EXPECTS EVERY MAN TO DO HIS DUTY!" It was received throughout the fleet with a shout of answering acclamation, made sublime by the spirit which it breathed, and the feeling which it expressed. "Now," said Lord Nelson, "I can do no more. We must trust to the great Disposer of all events, and the justice of our cause. I thank God for this great opportunity of doing my duty."

He wore that day, as usual, his admiral's frock coat, bearing on the left breast four stars, of the different orders with which he was invested. Ornaments which rendered him so conspicuous a mark for the enemy, were beheld with ominous apprehension by his officers. They communicated their fears to each other; and the surgeon, Mr. Beatty, spoke to the chaplain, Dr. Scott, and to Mr. Scott, the public secretary, desiring that some person would entreat him to change his dress, or cover the stars: but they knew that such a request would highly displease him. "In honour I gained them," he had said, when such a thing had been hinted to him formerly, "and in honour I will die with them." But both Blackwood and his own captain, Hardy, represented to him how advantageous to the fleet it would be for him to keep out of action as long as possible; and he consented at last to let the Leviathan and the Téméraire, which were sailing abreast of the Victory, to pass ahead. Yet even here the last infirmity of this noble mind was indulged, for these ships could not pass ahead if the Victory continued to carry all her sail; and so far was Nelson from shortening sail, that it was evident he took pleasure in pressing on, and rendering it impossible for them to obey his orders. A long swell was setting into the bay of Cadiz: our ships, crowding all sail, moved majestically before it, with light winds from south-west. The sun shone on the sails of the enemy; and their well-formed line, with their numerous three-deckers, made

an appearance which any other assailants would have thought formidable; but the British sailors only admired the beauty and splendour of the spectacle; and, in full confidence of winning what they saw, remarked to each other, what a fine sight yonder ships would make at Spithead!

The French admiral, from the Bucentaure, beheld the new manner in which his enemy was advancing—Nelson and Collingwood each leading his line; and pointing them out to his officers, he is said to have exclaimed, that such conduct could not fail to be successful. Yet Villeneuve had made his own dispositions with the utmost skill, and the fleets under his command waited for the attack with perfect coolness. Ten minutes before twelve they opened their fire. Eight or nine of the ships immediately ahead of the Victory, and across her bows, fired single guns at her, to ascertain whether she was yet within their range. As soon as Nelson perceived that their shot passed over him, he desired Blackwood, and Captain Prowse, of the *Sirius*, to repair to their respective frigates; and, on their way, to tell all the captains of the line-of-battle ships, that he depended on their exertions; and that, if by the prescribed mode of attack, they found it impracticable to get into action immediately, they might adopt whatever they thought best, provided it led them quickly and closely alongside an enemy. As they were standing on the front of the poop, Blackwood took him by the hand, saying, he hoped soon to return, and find him in possession of twenty prizes. He replied, "God bless you, Blackwood; I shall never see you again."

Nelson's column was steered about two points more to the north than Collingwood's, in order to cut off the enemy's escape into Cadiz; the lee line, therefore, was first engaged. "See," cried Nelson, pointing to the *Royal Sovereign*, as she steered right to the centre of the enemy's line, cut through it astern of the *Santa Anna*, three-decker, and engaged her at the muzzle of her guns on the starboard side: "see how that noble fellow, Collingwood, carries his ship into action!"

The enemy continued to fire a gun at a time at the Victory, till they saw that a shot had passed through her main-top-gallant sail; then they opened their broadsides, aiming chiefly at her rigging, in the hope of disabling her before she could close with them. Nelson, as usual, had hoisted several flags, lest one should be shot away. The enemy showed no colours till late in the action, when they began to feel the necessity of having them to strike. For this reason the *Santissima Trinidad*, Nelson's old acquaintance, as he used to call her, was distinguishable only by her four decks; and to the bow of this opponent he ordered the Victory to be steered. Meantime an incessant raking fire was kept up upon the Victory. The admiral's secretary was one of the first who fell: he was killed by a cannon shot while conversing with Hardy. Captain Adair, of the marines, with the help of a sailor, endeavoured to remove the body from Nelson's sight, who had a great regard for Mr. Scott; but he anxiously asked: "Is that poor Scott that's gone?" and being informed that it was indeed so, exclaimed: "Poor fellow!" A few minutes afterwards a shot struck the fore brace bits on the quarter deck, and passed between Nelson and Hardy, a splinter from the bit tearing off Hardy's buckle, and bruising his foot. Both stopped, and looked anxiously at each other, each supposing the other to be wounded. Nelson then smiled, and said, "This is too warm work, Hardy, to last long."

The victory had not yet returned a single gun; fifty of her men had been by this time killed or wounded, and her main-top-mast, with all her studding sails and her booms, shot away. Nelson declared, that in all his battles, he had seen nothing which surpassed the cool courage of his crew on this occasion. At four minutes after twelve, she opened her fire from both sides of her deck. It was not possible to break the enemy's line without running on board one of their ships: Hardy informed him of this, and asked which he would prefer. Nelson replied: "Take your choice, Hardy, it does not signify much." The master was ordered to put the helm to port, and the Victory ran on board the *Redoubtable*, just as her tiller ropes were shot away. The French ship received her with a broadside; then instantly let down her lower deck

ports, for fear of being boarded through them, and never afterwards fired a great gun during the action.

Captain Harvey, in the *Téméraire*, fell on board the *Redoubtable* on the other side. Another enemy was in like manner on board the *Téméraire*; so that these four ships formed as compact a tier as if they had been moored together, their heads lying all the same way. The lieutenants of the Victory, seeing this, depressed their guns of the middle and lower decks, and fired with a diminished charge, lest the shot should pass through, and injure the *Téméraire*. And because there was danger that the *Redoubtable* might take fire from the lower deck guns, the muzzles of which touched her side when they were run out, the fireman of each gun stood ready with a bucket of water; which, as soon as the gun was discharged, he dashed into the hole made by the shot. An incessant fire was kept up from the Victory from both sides; her larboard guns playing upon the Bucentaure and the huge *Santissima Trinidad*.

It had been part of Nelson's prayer, that the British fleet might be distinguished by humanity in the victory which he expected. Setting an example himself, he twice gave orders to cease firing upon the *Redoubtable*, supposing that she had struck, because her great guns were silent; for, as she carried no flag, there was no means of instantly ascertaining the fact. From this ship, which he had twice spared, he received his death. A ball fired from her mizen-top, which, in the then situation of the two vessels, was not more than fifteen yards from that part of the deck where he was standing, struck the epaulette on his left shoulder, about a quarter after one, just in the heat of action. He fell upon his face, on the spot which was covered with his poor secretary's blood. Hardy, who was a few steps from him, turning round, saw three men raising him up.—"They have done for me at last, Hardy," said he.—"I hope not," cried Hardy.—"Yes!" he replied; "my back-bone is shot through." Yet even now, not for a moment losing his presence of mind, he observed, as they were carrying him down the ladder, that the tiller ropes, which had been shot away, were not yet replaced, and ordered that new ones should be rove immediately;—then, that he might not be seen by the crew, he took out his handkerchief, and covered his face and his stars. Had he but concealed these badges of honour from the enemy, England, perhaps, would not have had cause to receive with sorrow the news of the battle of Trafalgar. The cockpit was crowded with wounded and dying men; over whose bodies he was with some difficulty conveyed, and laid upon a pallet in the midshipmen's berth. It was soon perceived, upon examination, that the wound was mortal. This, however, was concealed from all except Captain Hardy, the chaplain, and the medical attendants. He himself being certain, from the sensation in his back, and the gush of blood he felt momentarily within his breast, that no human care could avail him, insisted that the surgeon should leave him, and attend to those to whom he might be useful; "For," said he, "you can do nothing for me."—All that could be done was to fan him with paper, and frequently to give him lemonade to alleviate his intense thirst. He was in great pain, and expressed much anxiety for the event of the action, which now began to declare itself. As often as a ship struck, the crew of the Victory hurraed; and at every hurra, a visible expression of joy gleamed in the eyes, and marked the countenance of the dying hero. But he became impatient to see Captain Hardy; and as that officer though often sent for, could not leave the deck, Nelson feared that some fatal cause prevented him, and repeatedly cried, "Will no one bring Hardy to me? He must be killed! He is surely dead!" An hour and ten minutes elapsed from the time when Nelson received his wound, before Hardy could come to him. They shook hands in silence; Hardy in vain struggling to suppress the feelings of that most painful and yet sublimest moment. "Well, Hardy," said Nelson, "how goes the day with us?"—"Very well," replied Hardy; "ten ships have struck, but five of the van have tacked, and show an intention to bear down upon the Victory. I have called two or three of our fresh ships round, and have no doubt of giving them a drubbing."—"I hope," said Nelson, "none of our ships have struck?" Hardy answered, "There was no fear

of that." Then, and not till then, Nelson spoke of himself "I am a dead man, Hardy," said he: "I am going fast:—it will be all over with me soon. Come nearer to me. Let my dear Lady Hamilton have my hair, and all other things belonging to me."—Hardy observed, that he hoped Mr. Beatty could yet hold out some prospect of life. "Oh, no!" he replied: "it is impossible. My back is shot through. Beatty will tell you so." Captain Hardy then, once more, shook hands with him; and, with a heart almost bursting, hastened upon deck.

By this time all feeling below the breast was gone; and Nelson, having made the surgeon ascertain this, said to him: "You know I am gone. I feel something rising in my breast,"—putting his hand on his left side—"which tells me so." And upon Beatty's inquiring whether his pain was very great? he replied, "So great, that he wished he was dead. Yet," said he, in a lower voice, "one would like to live a little longer too!" And after a few minutes, in the same under tone, he added—"What would become of poor Lady Hamilton, if she knew my situation!" Next to his country, she occupied his thoughts. Captain Hardy, some fifty minutes after he had left the cockpit, returned and, again taking the hand of his dying friend and commander, congratulated him on having gained a complete victory. How many of the enemy were taken he did not know, as it was impossible to perceive them distinctly; but fourteen or fifteen at least. "That's well," cried Nelson, "but I bargained for twenty." And then in a stronger voice, he said:—"Anchor, Hardy, anchor." Hardy upon this, hinted that Admiral Collingwood would take upon himself the direction of affairs. "Not while I live, Hardy," said the dying Nelson, ineffectually endeavouring to raise himself from the bed:—"Do you anchor." His previous order for preparing to anchor had shown how clearly he foresaw the necessity of this. Presently, calling Hardy back, he said to him in a low voice,—"Don't throw me overboard!" and he desired that he might be buried by his parents, unless it should please the king to order otherwise. Then reverting to private feelings:—"Take care of my dear Lady Hamilton, Hardy: take care of poor Lady Hamilton.—Kiss me, Hardy," said he. Hardy knelt down and kissed his cheek, and Nelson said, "Now I am satisfied. Thank God, I have done my duty." Hardy stood over him in silence for a moment or two, then knelt again and kissed his forehead. "Who is that?" said Nelson; and being informed, he replied, "God bless you, Hardy." And Hardy then left him—for ever.

Nelson now desired to be turned upon his right side, and said,—"I wish I had not left the deck; for I shall soon be gone." Death was, indeed, rapidly approaching. He said to the chaplain,—"Doctor, I have not been a great sinner:" and after a short pause, "Remember that I leave Lady Hamilton and my daughter Horatia as a legacy to my country." His articulation now became difficult; and he was distinctly heard to say,—"Thank God, I have done my duty." These words he repeatedly pronounced: and they were the last words which he uttered. He expired at thirty minutes after four,—three hours and a quarter after he had received his wound.

DANGER OF SEA-BATHING.

A very melancholy accident happened to a poor boy on board, of about fifteen years of age, who had already become a great favourite, from his modest, quiet deportment, although he had not been above a fortnight in the ship. He had let himself down over the bows, by the cable, to bathe. There were several of his comrades standing on the fore-castle looking at him, and he asked one of them to go out on the spritsail-yard, and look round to see if there were any sharks in the neighbourhood; but all around was deep, clear, green water. He kept hold of the cable, however, and seemed determined not to put himself in harm's way, until a little wicked urchin, who used to wait on the warrant-officers' mess—a small, meddling, snipe of a creature, who got flogged,

in a well-behaved week, *only* once, began to taunt my little mild favourite.

"Why, you chicken-heart, I'll wager a thimbleful of grog, that such a tailor as you are in the water, can't, for the life of you, swim out to the buoy, there."

"Never you mind, Pepperbottom," said the boy, giving the imp the name he had richly earned by repeated flagellations. "Never you mind; I am not ashamed to show my naked hide, you know. But it is against orders, in these seas, to go overboard, unless with a sail under foot; so, I shan't run the risk of being tattooed by the boatswain's mate, like some one I could tell of."

"Coward!" muttered the little wasp; "you are afraid, sir."

The other boys abetting the mischief-maker, the lad was goaded to leave his hold of the cable, and strike out for the buoy. He reached it, and then turned and pulled towards the ship again, where he caught my eye.

"Who is that overboard? How dare you, sir, disobey the standing order of the ship? Come in, boy, come in." My hailing the little fellow threw him off his balance, and he lost his presence of mind for a moment or two, during which, he, if anything, widened his distance from the ship.

At this instant the lad on the spritsail-yard sung out, quick and suddenly, "A shark! a shark!" and the monster, like a silver pillar, suddenly shot up, perpendicularly, from out the dark green depths of the sleeping pool, with the waters sparkling and hissing around him, as if he had been a sea-demon rushing on his prey.

"Pull for the cable, Louis," shouted fifty voices at once—"pull for the cable."

The boy did so—we all ran forward. He reached the cable, grasped it with both hands, and hung on; but, before he could swing himself out of the water the fierce fish had turned. His whitish-green belly glanced in the sun—the poor little fellow gave a heart-splitting shriek, which was resounded amongst the impending rocks in piercing echoes, and those again were reverberated from cavern to cavern, until they died away amongst the hollows in the distance, as if they had been the faint yells of the damned—yet he held fast for a second or two, the ravenous tyrant of the sea tugging at him, till the stiff taut cable shook again.

At length he was torn from his hold, but did not disappear; the animal continuing on the surface, crushing his prey with his teeth, and grinding his jaws, as if trying to gorge a morsel too large to be swallowed, and making the water flush up in foam over the boats in pursuit by the powerful strokes of his tail, but without ever letting go his hold. The poor lad cried out once more—but such a cry—oh, God! I never shall forget it. Could it be possible! in his last shriek, his piercing expiring cry, his young voice seemed to pronounce my name—at least, so I thought at the time, and others thought so too. The next moment he appeared quite dead. No less than three boats had been in the water alongside where the accident happened, and they were all on the spot by this time. And there was the bleeding and mangled boy, torn along the surface of the water by the shark, with the boats in pursuit, leaving a long stream of blood in his wake. At length the man in the bow of the gig laid hold of him by the arm, another sailor caught the other arm; boat-hooks and oars were dug into and launched at the monster, who relinquished his prey at last, stripping off the flesh, however, from the upper part of the right thigh, until his teeth reached the knee, where he snapped the shank clean off, and made sail with the leg in his jaws.

Poor little Louis never once moved after we took him in. I thought I heard a small, still voice, thrill along my nerves, as if an echo of the beating of my heart had become articulate:—"Thomas, a fortnight ago you impressed that poor boy—who was, and now is not—out of a British ship." Alas! conscience spoke no more than the truth.

MIRACULOUS ESCAPE OF H.M.S. TALBOT,

AND LOSS OF THE SALDANHA FRIGATE.

At mid-day, on Saturday, the 30th of November, with a fair wind and smooth sea, we weighed from our station here, in company with the Saldanha frigate, of thirty-eight guns. Captain Pakenham, with a crew of 300 men, on a cruise, as was intended, of twenty days; the Saldanha taking a westerly course, while we stood in the opposite direction. We had scarcely got out of the loch and cleared the heads, however, when we plunged at once into all the miseries of a gale of wind blowing from the west. During the three following days it continued to increase in violence, when the islands of Coll and Three became visible to us. As the wind had now chopped round more to the north, and continued unabated in violence, the danger of getting involved among the numerous small islands and rugged head-lands on the north-west coast of Invernesshire, became evident. It was therefore deemed expedient to wear the ship round, and make a port with all possible expedition. With this view, and favoured by the wind, a course was shaped for Lochswilly, and away we scudded under close-reefed foresail and main-topsail, followed by a tremendous sea, which threatened every moment to overwhelm us, and accompanied by piercing showers of hail, and a gale which blew with incredible fury. The same course was steered until next day at noon, when land was seen on the lee-bow. The weather being thick, some time elapsed before it could be distinctly made out, and it was then ascertained to be the island of North Arran, on the coast of Donegal, westward of Lochswilly. The ship was therefore hauled up some points, and we yet entertained hopes of reaching an anchorage before night-fall, when the weather gradually thickened, and the sea, now that we were upon a wind, broke over us in all directions. Its violence was such, that in a few minutes several of our ports were stove in, at which the water poured in in great abundance, until it was actually breast high on the lee side of the main-deck. Fortunately, but little got below, and the ship was relieved by taking in the foresail. But a dreadful addition was now made to the precariousness of our situation, by the cry of "land a-head!" which was seen from the fore-castle, and must have been very near.

Not a moment was now lost in wearing the ship round on the other tack, and making what little sail could be carried, to weather the land we had already passed. This soon proved however, to be a forlorn prospect, for it was found we should run our distance by ten o'clock.

All the horrors of shipwreck now stared us in the face, aggravated tenfold by the extreme darkness of the night, and the tremendous force of the wind, which now blew a hurricane. Mountains are insignificant when speaking of the sea that kept pace with it; its violence was awful beyond description, and it frequently broke all over the poor little ship, that shivered and groaned, but behaved admirably.

The force of the sea may be guessed from the fact of the sheet-anchor, nearly a ton and a half in weight, being actually lifted on board, to say nothing of the fore-chain-plates broken, both gangways torn away, quarter-galleries stove in, &c., &c. In short, on getting into port, the vessel was found to be loosened through all her frame, and leaky at every seam.

As far as depended on her good qualities, however, I felt assured that we were safe; for I had seen enough of the Talbot to be convinced we were in one of the finest sea-boats that ever swam. But what could all the skill of the ship-builder avail in a situation like ours? With a terrible night full fifteen hours long before us, and knowing that we were fast driving on the land, anxiety and dread were on every face, and every mind felt the terrors of uncertainty and suspense.

At length, about twelve o'clock, the dreadful truth was disclosed to us. Judge of my sensations when I saw the surf and the frowning rocks of Arran, scarcely half a mile distant on our lee-bow. To our inexpressible relief, and not less to our surprise, we fairly weathered all, and were congratulating each other on our escape, when on looking forward I imagined I saw breakers at no great distance on our lee; and this suspicion was soon confirmed, when the moon, which shone at intervals,

suddenly broke out from behind a cloud, and presented to us a most terrific spectacle.

At not more than a quarter of a mile distance on our lee-beam, appeared a range of tremendous breakers, amongst which it seemed as if every sea would throw us. Their height, it may be supposed, was prodigious, when they could be clearly distinguished from the foaming waters of the surrounding ocean. It was a scene seldom to be witnessed, and never forgotten.

"Lord have mercy on us!" was now on the lips of every one—destruction seemed inevitable. Captain Swaine, whose coolness I have never seen surpassed, issued his orders clearly and collectedly, when it was proposed, as a last resource, to drop the anchors, cut away the masts, and trust to the chance of riding out the gale. This scheme was actually determined on, and everything was in readiness, but happily was deferred until an experiment was tried aloft. In addition to the close-reefed main-topsail and foresail, the fore-topsail and trysail were now set, and the result was almost magical. With a few plunges we cleared not only the reef, but a huge rock upon which I could with ease have tossed a biscuit; and in a few minutes we were inexpressibly rejoiced to observe both far astern.

We had now miraculously escaped all but certain destruction a second time, but much was yet to be feared. We had yet still to pass Cape Jeller, and the moments dragged on in gloomy apprehension and anxious suspense. The ship carried sail most wonderfully, and we continued to go along at the rate of seven knots, shipping very heavy seas, and labouring much—all, with much solicitude, looking out for daylight. The dawn at length appeared, and to our great joy we saw the land several miles astern, having passed the cape and many other hidden dangers during the darkness. Matters on the morning of the 5th, assumed a very different aspect from the last two days' experience: the wind gradually subsided, and with it the sea, and a favourable breeze now springing up, we were enabled to make a good offing. Fortunately no accident of consequence occurred, although several of our people were severely bruised by falls. Poor fellows! they certainly suffered enough; not a dry stitch, not a dry hammock, had they since we sailed.

The most melancholy part of my narrative is still to be told. On coming up to our anchorage here this morning, we observed an unusual degree of curiosity and bustle in the fort; crowds of people were congregated on both sides, running to and fro, examining us through spy-glasses; in short, an extraordinary commotion was apparent. The meaning of all this was but too soon made known to us by a boat coming alongside, from which we learned that the unfortunate Saldanha had gone to pieces, and every man perished.

Our own destruction had likewise been reckoned inevitable from the time of the discovery of the unhappy fate of our consort, five days before-hand; and hence the astonishment excited at our unexpected return. From all that could be learned concerning the dreadful catastrophe, I am inclined to believe that the Saldanha had been driven on the rocks about the time our doom appeared so certain in another quarter. Her lights were seen by the signal-tower at nine o'clock of that fearful Wednesday night, December the 4th, after which it is supposed she went ashore on the rocks at a small bay called Ballymastaker, almost at the entrance of Lochswilly harbour. Next morning the beach was strewn with fragments of the wreck, and upwards of two hundred of the bodies of the unfortunate sufferers were found washed ashore. One man—and one only—out of the three hundred, was ascertained to have come ashore alive, but almost in a state of insensibility. Unhappily there was no person present to administer to his wants judiciously, and upon craving something to drink, about half a pint of whiskey was given him by the country people, which almost instantly killed him. Poor Pakenham's body was also recognised this morning amidst the others, and, like these, stripped quite naked by the inhuman wretches who flocked to the wreck. It is even suspected that he came on shore alive, but was stripped and left to perish. Nothing could equal the audacity of the plunderers, although a party of the Lanark militia was doing duty around the wreck.

THE WRECK.

It was on a fine Sunday afternoon, in the month of April, that the crew of the Bittern were assembled on the fore-castle, passing observations on the different merchant vessels, as they made their way out of the Mersey, with a fine breeze and a flowing sheet. The day was very warm, and the watermen's boats that were passing to and fro on the river, laden with passengers dressed out in their best, with the bells ringing ashore, and the gay assemblage of people that crowded the piers and banks of the river, gave a pleasant appearance to the scene.

"Look at that 'ere craft," said Bill Jones; "that schooner with the billet head, sporting her quakers too, I'll be bound she's a tight sailer. See how she walks through the water! She's for the Straits, I s'pose, and means to frighten the pirates. She'll sail like a witch, that 'ere craft, now, and she's clinker built, too. I wish I had her, and her owners in the workhouse! And look here at that Dutch-built bitch, with the cabbages hanging over the stern. See, what a slovenly way she's rigged; by the living mouse, she's as heavy rigged as any frigate in the navy; but there goes a smart little brig! my eyes, Dick Holt!—where's the Dick Holt?—I say, Dick, doesn't you think as how that's the old Purse schooner? I'll lay my life on't."

The person thus addressed, coming forward, cast a look at the vessel, and growled out in a voice not unlike the growling of a bear, "Ay, ay, Bill, that's her; for I sailed in her four long years: and I'll bet any man a week's grog that that's the old Purse."

The boatswain being referred to, said that it was the old Purse; that she had been sold to the merchant-service, and now, being brig-rigged, will sail within three points of the wind. I had often heard of the sharpness of sailors in distinguishing vessels by the hull, but never before saw this so well exemplified. They went on criticising the different vessels that passed us, all of which, with a very few exceptions, had some fault or other, which, with a seaman's eye, some one or other discovered, till all of us were attracted by a vessel that emerged from behind the black rock, at the entrance of the river, and seemed to be beating up, tack and half tack.

"By the 'okey!" cried one, "she's a man-of-war brig: take a peep at her broad pennant."

"Stop a little, my boys," said another, "till she stretches across on the other tack, and then you'll have a fair vize of her: you can't tell right what she is at present."

"True, old boy," cried Jones, "we'll see directly; but I'll take you up your week's grog, old Dick, that she's a man-of-war. I dare say none of you will do that,—eh? Look here, now, there she goes in stays. Helm's-a-lee! the jib sheet's free—could any but a king's ship do it so cleverly? There now, look again: main-topsail haul, brace up the main yard—there she goes, my boys, round like a top! there 'tis again, my hearties. Haul off all!—in a brace of shakes, she's about and on the other tack now; if she had never a pennant up since she was launched, I'd swear that there brig's a man-of-war."

"You may see her coach-whip plain enough, now," said old Dick, "and there's old blue jacket on the quarter, with his bring-'em-near, trying to make out something.—Oh, oh; up goes her number; there it is! she'll fetch pretty near us the next tack, I think; and I'll tell you what it is, shipmates, there will be a draft made out and aboard of her, before to-morrow night; if there aint, why, I'll eat my hat, and that's no butcher meat. What do you say, Allan?"

"Why," said Allan, "I do not know. Aboard of these here tenders, one's never sure if he'll eat a second meal in 'em; they are always drafting and box-hauling a poor fellow about, like a cat in a tripe-shop. I doesn't like it at all; but if once I gets my old pins ashore again, devil burn me if ever I sets foot in one of the craft again!"

"O ho! hear that now!" cried a quarter-master of the name of O'Neil. "Only hear that! why, Allan, when you and I were in the old Ajax, before she was burnt, and that is better than a score of years ago, I've heard you say the same thing as often as I've heard bumboat women swear they didn't cheat; so you need not be after tipping us any of your back slang;

for jigger me if, as soon as this here old hooker's paid off, you don't be in a guardo, which is as bad, my name's not Jack O'Neil."

"Very well, very well," said Allan, have it your own way, for you'll have it so at any rate; but here's the brig taking in her top-gallant sails; ay, lower away the top-sails—let go your small bower—there you are now, snug and safe, my pretty fellows," continued he, as he walked aft to the gangway, followed by a number of us, to see if we could learn the name of the brig, and for what purpose she was come here.

After supper, we were all summoned on the quarter-deck, by the not very welcome cry of "All hands, hoy!" There we were informed that the brig was the Reynard, Lieutenant H—, commander; and as a draft was to go aboard to-morrow, those whose names were called were to step farther aft, apart from the rest. My name was the sixth on the list. I stepped aft, and saw Riley anxiously listening to the different sounds, as they issued from the mouth of the commander; but his name was not called. We were ordered to hold ourselves in readiness, to go aboard next morning. I went to Riley, and asked him if he could not get exchanged for another; but he answered, as I thought, in rather a sullen manner, that "I did not know the rules of the service so well as him, or I would not be axing him such foolish questions." I turned away rather hurt at this snappish reply, till I saw a small tear glistening in his eye, which explained his conduct; and as he sat down with his back to the mess table, I took hold of his hand, but he drew it from mine, and rising up, took a place on the combings. I now went on deck to take a view of Liverpool once more, before I left it, perhaps for ever. I sat down on the booms, thinking of home with an oppressed heart, until the sun set and the bell struck eight, when, going down to the lower deck, I found Riley had finished unslinging my hammock, and had stowed all my kit into my bag, which he had augmented by three shirts of his own, taken from his slender stock of half-a-dozen. I slept all night on the deck; and next morning we were called by the boatswain's mate, "All the Reynard's away! D've hear, there fore and aft, all you that are going on board the Reynard brig go aft on the quarter-deck." We accordingly went aft, while the name of each individual was called; then entering the boat, shoved off down the river, with the current, towards the vessel that lay at the distance of about a mile below.

Riley having contrived to get into the boat to pull an oar in place of another, I went and sat down beside him, where he continued plying me with good advice till we reached the brig, which, in spite of a heavy sea and a stiff breeze right ahead, we made in the space of half an hour. Having got aboard, and seen Riley away, we were mustered at the gangway, and sent below to get berths for ourselves. We all got ourselves properly stowed away before night, and, next morning, to my great comfort, we had only to wash decks instead of rubbing them with holy-stone. On the same day, we were ordered to get under weigh. By five o'clock, the hammocks were piped up, and the capstan manned in a very little time, when, the pipe playing "heave away"—"cheerily, men, cheerily," the anchor was at the cathead in fifteen minutes, and the brig, with all sail set, stood out of the river in gallant style.

The night we left Liverpool, we found ourselves on the Welsh coast, with a head wind, beating up towards Holyhead. The wind had increased so much, that the commander thought proper, with the advice of his officers, to stand out to sea, and not to attempt Holyhead that night. We accordingly hove the brig to under her storm-staysails and trisail, and stood out the remainder of the night, it blowing a heavy gale of wind. I had the middle watch, and the look-out at the weather cat-head for the first hour. The night was utterly dark, and the shore, which was to windward of us, was well known to be dangerous. Our little brig was tossed about like a cockle-shell on the top of the waves, and several seas breaking over her bows wetted me to the skin. A number of the men had gathered under the weather netting, which protected them from the spray. I scarcely knew one of the ship's company by name, except those that had come aboard with me; and I held by the hammock covers as I sat at the cat-head, listening to the discourse of the men below me.

"Well, well," said one, "it would be a bad tally, if this here

brig should get upon that there shore to-night. I think it would be as bad as the old Race-horse, that time you know, Bill, as she got upon the rocks in the Isle of Man—warn't you on board of her, Jack?"

"Ay, ay, Bo," said Jack, "and it was the devil's own night of it we had. 'Twas in the foretop when she struck, and blue lights was burning, and guns firing that night, as I shouldn't care ever to see the likes of again."

At this moment, I discovered what I took to be a vessel, a pretty large one too, seemingly beating up for Holyhead. I sung out directly, "Quarter-deck there!"

"Halló!" was the immediate reply.

"A large sail, sir," said I, "broad on the weather-bow; I can see her plainer every minute."

"Very well, very well," said the officer of the watch, "that will do." I then got the company of a number of the men, to whom, as the brig pitched, I pointed out the ship, which seemed to be upon the starboard tack. She hove in stays, and stood in on the other tack again, and we soon lost sight of her. I was relieved from the look-out by another, and went to try and walk the deck to wear away the time, but was soon diverted by the hands being turned up to strike top-gallant-yards and top-gallant-mast, as the gale was rapidly freshening. I went aloft along with three others, to send down the main-top-gallant-mast and yard. I and another were ordered to clear the mast from getting foul of the rigging as it was coming down. My companion lashed himself about half way up the top-mast rigging, while I made myself fast in the top, to bear the yard clear off the top-rim. We had got down the yard on deck, and the marines and after-guard were bowsing on the top-gallant tackle-fall, when we heard the report of a gun from the shore. The commander hailed the tops, inquiring if we had seen whereabouts the flash came from. We answered we had not, but we would watch for another. We had waited little better than a minute, when we observed a flash in the direction of the vessel that had passed us, and I had little doubt but that she had got ashore upon this dangerous coast, and was firing signals of distress. On coming on deck, we heard the commander giving orders to loose the main top-sail, but keep in all the reefs. We had therefore to go again and loose the sail, and I found it no very easy task to keep myself on the yard with both hands at work. The wind was so strong that it nearly took the breath from me, while the rain and the spray of the sea kept me completely drenched. I became so sick of this job, that I scarcely cared whether I held on for my own safety or not, when I roused to self-preservation by a loud cry of "Two men overboard!" They had been in the act of loosing the fore-sail, and reefing it, when they were washed off the weather yard-arm into the mighty deep. I heard their cries for assistance die away in the noise of the contending elements, while the officers ran about like madmen, scarcely knowing whether or not to lower down the boat. It was clear, however, that no boat could live in such a sea as was then running; so the poor fellows were left to their fate.

Soon afterwards all hands were piped to "splice the main brace," when each received a glass of rum; and my watch having expired, I turned into my hammock, but my sleep was disturbed by melancholy dreams, and the cries of the unfortunate men who were lost often rung in my ears.

By seven bells, the hammocks being piped up, I got on deck. The gale had subsided greatly, and chopped round in our favour; and having set some more sail, we expected to get into Holyhead before 10 o'clock. As we approached the entrance to the harbour, we saw a large merchant vessel on the rocks, with not a stick standing, save the stump of her mizen, to which was hanging the English ensign, union down. This was the vessel that we noticed the preceding night, and I found upon inquiry that she was a West Indiaman, and that very few of her crew had been saved. On entering Holyhead, we got into a snug berth between two merchantmen, close to the pier, where we lay till the Saturday following, waiting for a fair wind. One of our men gave the brig "French leave" here, by diving under the bottom of the vessel lying next us, and coming up on the other side, opposite some steps that were made on the pier, leaving his hammages. Two years afterwards, I met with him under a pur-

ser's name, aboard of the Parthion brig, in the Mediterranean, when he told me, that on leaving the brig, which he did from some private pique, he had travelled to London barefooted, and bareheaded, passing for one of the men belonging, as he said in his own words, "to that ere ship as was wrecked off Holyhead that dreadful night we were boxing off that place when we lost Bill Atkins and Harry Brown," and coming to London, went aboard the Perseus at the Tower, from which he had been drafted to the Parthion.

We left Holyhead on the Saturday, and kept channel groping for four months or better, during which time I had an opportunity of seeing Scilly, St. Ives, Penzance, Milford Haven, Falmouth, and other places round the coast. In the bay of St. Ives a circumstance occurred, which nearly consigned eight persons to a watery grave, and caused the death of as fine a young man, a midshipman, and as promising an officer as any in the navy. We were lying off the shore a good way, a gentle breeze blowing in, when, just as the moon sunk, I was roused by the boatswain's mate coming to the hammock, and telling me that the commander wanted me on the quarter-deck. As I was pulling on my trousers, I heard him warn other five, and give them the same orders, and I began to think it must be some secret expedition we were appointed for. I went on deck, and found the commander wrapt in a large boat cloak, with a Spanish nightcap on his head, and Mr. C——, the midshipman, standing beside him. I was ordered to get the boat lowered directly and hauled up alongside, which being done, we all, the commander, midshipman, and six men, stepped into it. The commander, being seated in the stern sheets, then ordered his steward to hand down "the baskets," who accordingly passed down twelve small baskets, with a dozen stone bottles in each, which, by their shape, I knew to be Holland gin bottles, and suspected that the commander was smuggling them ashore, as he had been on board a Dutch galliot the same afternoon, and as his house stood not very far from where we now lay. We were now told to shove off, which we did, and commenced pulling up cheerily for the land.

"Do you know the spot?" said the commander, addressing the midshipman.

"No, sir," he replied, "but I've a pretty good guess, and if you give me the tiller, as it is so dark, I know the bearing it has from the light we see, which is some limekiln, and I'll be bound I'll take you safe in."

"I'll keep the tiller myself, Mr. C——," said the commander, "for I know you're wrong in your notions of the place. Pull up, men; give way with your starboard oars," continued he, turning the boat's head in quite a different direction from that which the midshipman had indicated.

"For God's sake, sir, port the helm; for we're nearing the light," said Mr. C——, "and we shall run foul of some small rocks here, and the boat is sure to turn turtle with us."

"Whether have you or I the command of the Reynard's boat?" said the commander, snappishly; "do as you're ordered, Mr. C——, and let me hear no more of your insolence."

This short dialogue did not lose its effect on any of us, one or two of whom had been on the same kind of expedition before, and one of them, a daring fellow, called *Quid Tom*, for a nickname, even ventured to growl out loud enough to be heard, that he was d—d if he liked them there smuggling excursions, at all, and it was an infernal shame to risk people's lives for the sake of a few shillings duty. The commander, however, did not, or pretended he did not, hear the insinuation, but kept his eye fixed on the light, to which we were now rapidly approaching. We had pulled this way for about the space of ten minutes, without a word being spoken on either side, when all at once I felt the boat rising out of the water, and greating her bottom on some rock. I had just time to hear Mr. C—— cry "There we are; I told you!" when the boat upset, and all of us were tumbled into the water. I was for a few seconds under the surface, and when I rose I made for the rock, and found *Quid Tom* clinging to it. I shook the water from my head and saw the boat a few yards from us, turned bottom up, and mock, clothes, and bedding, and about fifteen pounds of

heard one of the men hallooing to the others as they swam towards the land. After a few minutes swimming, we reached the shore, where we found the commander mustering the men, two of whom were still wanting after we arrived.

The two that were missing were Mr. C—, and a young man of the name of Dooly, an Irish lad, and Roman Catholic. After a search, we found the latter on his knees, on the beach, crossing himself with great fervency, and repeating his paternosters aloud; but poor Mr. C— was gone for ever. We went up to the house of the commander, where we were well entertained, and so we might, for he knew it was in the power of any of us to break him out of the service for this night's work. We went to sleep till daylight, and on regaining the beach found the boat had drifted in, which, on hauling up, disclosed the body of Mr. C—, attached to the hook or the sheet block that had got fast to his coat, and in upsetting, had held the unfortunate young gentleman down till he was drowned, rendering useless all his skill in swimming, in which he was proficient. We carried the body to the commander's house, put it on a plank, and bore it across the country to his father's cottage, which happened to be at a distance of only six miles, after having received a crown each from old Cro'jack-eye, as Quid Tom called him, for our trouble, and an order of secrecy as to the cause that led to this unfortunate accident.

On reaching the house of Mr. C—'s father, we delivered the body to the afflicted parent, and proceeded to the next town, where we stopped all that day and the next; when our money being gone, on the morning of the third, we thought it high time to top our booms and sail large, and accordingly got aboard the brig, without a question being asked.

This affair was never spoken of, and only made a short paragraph in the newspapers, in which it was said, "Mr. C— was unfortunately drowned in the Bay of St. Ives, by the upsetting of a boat belonging to his Majesty's sloop the Reynard."

SUFFERINGS OF TWELVE MEN IN AN OPEN BOAT, 1797.

THE Thomas, commanded by Captain M'Quay, and belonging to Liverpool, was a slave-ship, trading between Barbadoes and Africa. In August, 1797, having taken in a cargo of slaves, they set sail for their destination. War having broke out between France and Great Britain, afforded an opportunity for the depredations of French privateers, with which the coast of Africa was so infested; and their force was so powerful, that Captain M'Quay judged it expedient to teach the slaves the use of fire-arms; and this he was the more induced to do, as, in the course of his former voyages, he had frequent encounters with those marauders. The slaves did not fail to avail themselves of his instructions, particularly as it might prove the means of enabling them to regain their liberty, an object which is never lost sight of by mankind; the slaves, under all circumstances, and in every situation, especially in the first hardships endured on board a slave ship, being particularly anxious to throw off their galling fetters, and if not able to regain the soil of their birth, thirsting to revenge themselves on their merciless oppressors.

Full of this intention, a secret conspiracy was formed amongst them; and early in the morning of the 2nd of September, after having taken possession of the arm-chest, about two hundred of them suddenly appeared on the deck. They instantly fired upon the crew, some of whom quickly fell; others, unprovided with the means of defence, or rendered by the surprise incapable of resistance, leaped overboard, while another portion, escaping by the cabin-windows, took refuge in the boat which was astern. The captain and the remainder still continued to exert themselves in their endeavours to quell the insurgents; but being few in number, and provided with no other arms than those that were usually kept in the cabin, they could entertain very little hope of

success. Nevertheless, when the captain observed the crew about to leave the ship in the boat which they had cut from her lashings at the stern, he remonstrated with them on their conduct so warmly, that they were induced to return; but too strongly convinced that they were overpowered by the insurgents that they could not recover the vessel, and that this was the only means of escaping the threatening danger, twelve of them once more made their way to the boat, and forsook the vessel. It was too soon evident, however, that the survivors of the insurrection had but evaded one calamity to encounter another equally as dreadful: they found themselves at the mercy of the elements, and exposed to all the miseries of hunger and thirst. This they suffered for several days, when they accidentally discovered a small turtle asleep, floating on the surface of the water, and fortunately succeeded in making it their prize. This, however, was not long in being consumed amongst so many, and the unfortunate men were once more reduced to great necessity for want of food. The only articles in the boats which they could devote to satisfy the ravenous cravings of hunger, were their shoes and two hairy caps, which they soaked in water, and when sufficiently softened, devoured portions of the leather; but they being all consumed, and a protracted length of time elapsing without any relief, or prospect of obtaining any, they were compelled to resort to the horrible expedient of devouring one another; but to prevent any contention as to who should escape, or who should be the first to be sacrificed, they cast lots to determine the sufferer.

It is not related who was the miserable person on whom the lot fell, but with manly fortitude he resigned himself to his unfortunate companions, only requesting that he might be bled to death. With this they were enabled to comply, as the surgeon of the Thomas was among those in the boat, and had his case of instruments in his pocket when he quitted the ship; but scarcely was the vein opened by the skilful hand of the operator, than the miserable sufferer, applying his own parched lips, drank the red stream as it flowed, while his expectant comrades anxiously watched the last breath of their devoted victim, and, while yet quivering with vital warmth, glutted their ravenous appetites with the horrible repast.

This new source of relief was, however, productive of the most terrible consequences. Those who indulged to excess in their cannibal appetite soon perished in all the horrors of raging madness, teaching their survivors, by an awful example, their probable fate on recurring to a similar expedient; but some few who had refused participation in the revolting repast, still preserved their senses.

At length, on Tuesday the 10th of October, the thirty-eighth day from the time of forsaking the ship, the survivors descried the shore of Barbadoes, but having no means of directing the course of the boat, they abandoned themselves to despair. Providence, however, was their guide, and they succeeded in reaching the land; but they were reduced to such a state of weakness, that they were scarcely able to leave the boat, and one of them, a boy, his strength being utterly exhausted, fell into the sea and was drowned, none of them being capable of assisting him.

The miserable survivors of this unfortunate company exerted themselves to crawl on their bellies to the mouth of Joe's river, on the north-east coast of Barbadoes, where they quenched their thirst; and, soon after this, being discovered by a Mr. Mascoll, they received from him and another person all the assistance and hospitality which their deplorable situation required.

THE Emperor Charles the Fifth, one day observed very shrewdly to an Ambassador of Henry the Eighth, "your master would not give himself the airs he does, were it not that his dominions are surrounded by a herring pond."

EXTRAORDINARY ADVENTURES OF AN ENGLISH MARINER.

In the year 1730, the John and Anne, Edward Burt, master, bound from London to Jamaica, was attacked in latitude 16° north, near an island called Swan Island, by a pirate vessel, with eighteen guns, and about ninety men, mostly Spaniards, commanded by Captain Johnson, an Englishman, and Pedro Polias, a Spaniard. The John and Anne had not above twenty-five men on board, and only eight carriage and ten swivel guns, besides some small arms. However, the latter made a gallant defence, but, overpowered by superior numbers, they were compelled to yield. At first, the pirates were disposed to murder every soul on board; but on the interposition of John-

son, their captain, and one Echlin, another Englishman, they were spared. But soon afterwards, they came to a serious debate amongst themselves, how to dispose of the prisoners without taking away their lives, as it was not safe to let so many men remain among them, who possibly, upon some turn of fortune, might be revenged. They therefore resolved to maroon them, that is, set them on shore in some desolate country, and there let them shift as they could. Accordingly, John Cockburn, and twelve more of the captured ship's company, were left upon a desolate island, where they could perceive no possibility of subsistence. While they were bewailing their fate, they saw the boat which had brought them thither, returning from the ship, with a naked man on board, under a strong guard, who was put ashore beside them, and the boat immediately rowed away.



COCKBURN AMONG THE BURICA INDIANS.

The person whom the pirates had brought to them, proved to be the gunner of the pirate sloop, and who, after they had boarded their ship, was one of the most hotly bent against them. He could not speak English, but could talk Spanish and Italian very well, being a Neapolitan by birth. He proceeded to inform them, that upon a quarrel between his two commanders and himself, about sharing the plunder, they had both determined to maroon him in the same manner as they had done the English; and he uttered a thousand curses on himself, if he did not speedily find out the means to be revenged. He then asked if there was any among them that could swim well. Cockburn told him he could, and was ready to attempt any thing practicable towards the preservation of all; but as to the rest, they were most of them wounded, and incapacitated for desperate undertakings.

No. 20.

He and Cockburn then agreed to go to the northern part of the island, and after a walk of about six hours, they came to a point of land which ran pretty far into the sea. The water between this and the continent is very full of alligators, and about a Spanish mile over. He said, if it was possible for them to swim to the main land, he knew several gentlemen of fortune there, meaning pirates, who commonly make that place their general rendezvous, and that it was most likely they might get a canoe of them to transport the rest of the English over. They were not long before they came to a resolution; and so, taking each other by the hand, they leaped into the water, and swam away stoutly. They had not gone far, before Cockburn very narrowly escaped having his leg bit off by an alligator; but by the assistance of Providence, they succeeded in getting safe across. Being thus landed at a place called

Porto Cavello, they went about three miles through a large wood, till they came to a great lagoon, that is, a flow of water from the sea, passing between the mountains. They found several long boats sunk in this place; and, on the shore, at a distance, they saw a large tent, and a great many men with guns planted thick around them. When they came within hearing, the gunner called out, desiring them not to shoot at them, telling his name, which was well known to them. Upon their promise of not firing, they marched up naked as they were.

The gunner now told them his story, and desired some of them to take a canoe, and go with him to fetch over the rest of the English from the island. It was Cockburn's misfortune to be left behind with the rest of the pirates till their return; and as soon as his friend was gone, he was ordered to sit down

at a distance, threatening, if he stirred hand or foot, he was a dead man. Under such a restraint, he suffered dreadfully from the stings of musquitos and yellow ants.

About two o'clock the next morning, arrived all his companions, who had been left at Tiger Island, so called from the great number of those creatures in the woods there. From the time Cockburn left them they despaired of ever seeing him again; not one of them had a rag to cover him, except Mr. Rounce, whose shirt was so bloody, from the wounds he had received, that it could not be removed.

Their protector, the gunner, did not return. After he had taken the English off the island, he made the men in the canoe row him about, in search of the vessel from which he had been discarded, and happening to fall in with her, he prevailed on the two captains to receive him again, and then

ordered the men to return to the place where they left Cockburn, desiring them to direct them to any part of the country they should be inclined to go to; and this was the last kind office they received from this generous man.

The next day, the men they were among granted them liberty, in order, as they said, to get a vessel bound for the Havannah, which wonderfully revived their drooping spirits; but they afterwards found, by sad experience, it was mere delusion, for no such vessel could they find. They appointed two Indians to be their guides to a town called Candilero, who led them over several high and craggy mountains, extremely difficult to ascend, especially for wounded men. This was the first setting out on a journey, as they computed, of two thousand three hundred miles, which they travelled barefooted, through an unknown track of land at least to

them, which took them up ten months. All the while they were exposed to many dangers, and underwent as many hardships as was possible for human nature to sustain. They suffered exceedingly from hunger; and Mr. Rounce, who was obliged frequently to stop and have his wounds dressed, endured considerable pain.

On their entering St. Peter's Solio, a Spanish town, they were carried before the deputy-governor, who, after asking them some questions, said he should be obliged to commit them to prison, till he could send to the governor of Comayague, to know what he should do with them. The only favour they entreated of him was, that he would give them something to eat; upon which he said, he would suffer one of them to go about the town to collect charity for the rest. This office Cockburn was obliged to take upon him, because

there was none of their company besides that could speak a word of Spanish. The first expedition he made in this way, he got some plantains, and the head of a buffalo; with which he hastened to his fellow-sufferers, whom he found in prison, lying on the ground, among strange sorts of vermin, and making bitter complaints of their wounds.

A negro, who heard their narrative, was greatly moved with their sufferings. He acquainted them, that the governor of Comayague was a cruel man to the English, and that he would certainly condemn them all to the mines. This terrified them to that degree, that three of them, Rounce, Bannister, and Cockburn, resolved, if possible, to make their escape out of prison, and try if they could get to some part of the South Seas. This project they resolved upon unknown to the other prisoners, and stole out of town about ten o'clock the same night.

By direction of the negro, they took a path which led them through the mountains. After a variety of adventures, privations, and sufferings, and enduring imprisonment at St. Michael's, where they obtained a pass from the governor, through the interest of his lady, they unexpectedly met with two of their former companions, who had also made their escape from the prison at St. Peter's Solio; and with whom, in their company, the party arrived at Grenada, and went directly to the Alcade major, who is always a Spaniard, and showed him their pass. Upon which he gave them two reals a piece, and said they must be lodged in prison while they stayed there; but they should every day have their liberty to go about the town as they pleased. They applied to the governor for a pass, intending to go to Porto Bello by the way of the lake of Nicaragua. His reply was, that he had instructions from the king of Spain not to suffer any Englishman to pass up or down the lake, and that therefore he could not, and would not comply with their request. This flat denial utterly dismayed them.

At this time an accident happened in the prison where they lodged, that might have proved fatal to them, had not some precaution been used. Five mulattomen, who were closely confined in irons for the cruel murder of an Alcade major, were passed from St. Michael's to Grenada, in order to be sent to the castle of St. John, there to remain during life. Two of these very fellows came in one of their canoes, when they crossed the great gulf of Fonseca, being at that time loaded with irons. These men were, for the present, among other criminals, in the next room to our unfortunate travellers; and one night when they were asleep they called out, as if in great surprise, to an old Indian who lay in the room with them, who was an officer of some authority, as well in the town as in the prison. He started suddenly out of his sleep at the noise, caught up a light, and ran to see what was the matter. At this time, they had unlocked the outer door, supposing the inner one to be fast; and the Indians rushed suddenly upon him, and attacked him violently with staves, until he fell down as if dead. Our mariners awaking with the noise, and supposing it to be among the prisoners, for they missed the old man, got up between sleeping and waking, and ran to inquire the cause of the disturbance. By the time they had got to the place where they thought they had heard the noise, it ceased, and they found all in darkness. At last, they chanced to stumble over a body, which lay in the doorway of the place where these men were kept. They endeavoured to raise the body, but perceiving no signs of life in it, they concluded the ruffians had broken the gaol open, and murdered the old man, which threw them into great consternation. To prevent any suspicion of the crime being attached to them, they went forthwith to the Alcade major of the town, and acquainted him with what had happened. Although it was in the dead of the night, he rose, and came himself along with them to the prison, but took care to be well guarded by his officers. He highly commended their care and fidelity in this affair. On their return to the prison, they were very glad to find their old friend, whom they had supposed to be dead, revived, though much bruised and afflicted for the loss of his prisoners, who had made their escape, and left their chains and shackles behind them, strewed about in pieces. The Alcade commanded strict search to be made after them,

and the next day they were found to have taken sanctuary in a church belonging to a monastery of Franciscan friars, who refused to deliver them up to justice, saying, since they were fled thither, they were bound to shelter them from the rigour of the law.

After a stay of about ten days at Grenada, our travellers departed for Nicoya, where they remained nearly six weeks, at the end of which time, the Alcade major acquainted them that a Spanish gentleman, who had come from Wattermall to Alberoy, was going to Pueblo Nuevo, which is not above one hundred leagues on that side of Panama, and that he went with one canoe and a paragua; by which, they who were in health might get a passage, but that Mr. Rounce, who still continued very ill, must wait until another opportunity offered. After they had returned him their thanks for the favours he had conferred on them, they set out for the river in order to embark.

It occupied them three days travelling over high and steep mountains, seeing but three wigwams by the way, and then wading over a savanna, up to their middle in water. At the end of four days, they arrived at Alberoy, and found there the Spanish gentleman, named Quintos Cataline, and his Indians, busy in making ready their craft. Three of Cockburn's companions here fell sick, upon which account they were left behind.

In the month of October they set sail from Alberoy, in their little canoe, and five Indians to assist them. The very first night they left the island of Chira, a storm began, which lasted five days, and after having in vain attempted to weather a reef of rocks running out three leagues into the sea, called Point Mala, they were forced to return about ten or fifteen leagues, to a place called Mautoose, where there were no inhabitants, but a good harbour for their canoe. There they went ashore, and made a good fire to dry themselves; and where they remained four days waiting for fair weather. On the morning of the fifth, Cockburn, on awaking, missed three of the Indians, on which he called out to the Indian patron, or pilot, who was asleep, and asked him if he knew anything of the three that were missing. He looked around, and seeing their bows, arrows, nets, and calabashes gone, cried out that they were run away; upon which they found themselves under the necessity of returning back to Nicoya, in order to get more Indians to their assistance.

The Nicoyans were greatly surprised to see them enter their town a second time, imagining that they had, ere this, got to Pueblo Nuevo; but Cockburn went directly to the Alcade major, to whom he related all their misfortunes, and inquired for his companions. The Alcade told him that as soon as they were able to travel, he had an opportunity of sending them altogether to Panama. After a stay of six days at Nicoya, the Alcade major ordered the other Indians he had appointed to accompany them to get mules ready to carry them to Alberoy, it being impossible to travel on foot, the savannas being overflowed. They took leave once more of the Alcade and his lady, and set out for Alberoy, and arrived in five days, and embarked the next day, with five Indians, and such provision as the Alcade major had furnished to them. They came at last to a place called the Capaces, where they saw several Indians ashore, who, although they were afraid at first to venture themselves among them, received them very kindly. They afterwards crossed the gulf of Heradura, and having gone ashore to rest themselves, Cockburn's companion was taken so ill, that he was obliged to leave him here in a dying state.

In six days after they made the island of Caino, but the wind turning against them, and their provision and water being done, they agreed to row in for the shore as near as possible; and when they came to an anchor, three Indians and Cockburn took each a masheet, and swam ashore, and then fell to cutting down cocoa-nuts that grew by the sea side. No sooner had they got as many as they thought they could conveniently swim off with than the wind began to blow hard, and immediately so great a sea rose on the beach that they could not get off the canoe, but were obliged to remain there that night.

As it grew dark, the tigers began to make a hideous roaring about them, and the misfortune was, they could find no wood to make a fire; and if they could, the rain that fell would soon have extinguished it. They therefore climbed the first high tree they came to. The foremost of the tigers had the boldness to advance so near that one of the Indians, stooping forwards, cut off his forepaws with his masheet, upon which he dropped from the tree roaring dreadfully. Hereupon they all fell to tearing him limb from limb, and disposed of his carcase in such a manner that there was not the least bit of him to be seen by morning.

The next day, the weather proving fair, towards evening they got to their canoe; the poor Indians they left in her being rejoiced to see them again, having given them over for lost. They rowed hard all that night, and the next day made the point of Burica, about which is Golfo Dolce; but the wind blowing very hard at south-west, they could not possibly weather it; upon which the Indians endeavoured to get to a place on this side the point, where they might shelter their canoe; but before they reached it they were driven among the breakers, and the canoe stove to pieces. The party made shift to get all on shore, and to preserve all their little necessities.

They travelled along the shore several leagues, and coming to a fine fresh river, which vents itself into the gulf, opposite two islands that lie partly in the middle of it, the gulf being twenty leagues across. Cockburn proposed that they should there make a raft of trees, or balse, as the Indians call it, to transport themselves to one of the islands; from whence they might with more ease attain the main land, on the other side of the gulf. Having finished it, they were detained several days by bad weather; but at last the weather cleared up, and having got plenty of fish with them, they launched the balse, and reached in safety the intermediate island, and afterwards they had the satisfaction of arriving on the other shore.

The first thing they did upon coming ashore, was to make a wigwam: that done, the five Indians took up their masheets to go a-hunting, and desired Cockburn to have a good fire ready by the time they returned. As soon as they were gone he fell to work, and made his fire accordingly. Finding they stayed longer than ordinary, he began to be a little uneasy. He spent that night between hopes and fears, and as soon as the sun rose, not having patience to wait longer, he got up, and followed the tracks of their feet for above a mile, till he came to a river, where he lost them. Then, concluding they had crossed the river, he resolved to do so too, in farther search of them; but hearing a great noise of tigers on the other side, and knowing they would take into fresh waters, he ran full speed back again to his fire by the sea-side, where he sat waiting two whole days and nights, earnestly offering up his vows for their safe return; but, alas! he never saw them again.

Thus, after a long series of misfortunes and miseries in company, he found himself at last singled out from his companions, to be the most forlorn and hopeless of them all. Having fortified himself as well as he could, he took a sorrowful leave of the place, threw his nets across his naked shoulders, and departed. All the provision he had, was some plantains remaining of those they got on the island, where they rested in crossing Golfo Dolce. He took care to keep as close to the sea as possible, believing that no wild beast would venture to attack him near it. In swimming over a river, he miraculously escaped drowning; for the current carried him out a great way to sea, among rocks and breakers. It was his good fortune, after all this, to get ashore on the other side of the river, where being again on his feet, to his great astonishment, his nets and bull-hide case, which held his knife and provisions, and which he had dropped in his struggles against being carried out to sea, were brought safe ashore to him by the waves. Having refreshed himself two or three hours, he again set forward; and after thirty-three days more hard travelling, during which he slept five nights in a tree, he at last came to a great river, where, after he had allayed his thirst, he sought for wood to make a fire: but espying a wigwam on the other side of the river, he caught up his nets, and swam across to it, and then had the misfortune to find

nobody in it. This was a sign, however, that some Indians had lately been here. He looked about for the tracks of their feet, which he followed till they led him to the side of a wood, where he found another wigwam, and a fire with an earthen crook full of plantains, and a hog boiling on it. Without so much as considering what he was about, he presently took the victuals off the fire, and ate so eagerly, he thought he should never be satisfied. Never had he met with such delicious fare as this seemed then, not having tasted any thing for about forty days, but cocoa-nuts and plantains.

After this he fell into a sound sleep, and on his awakening, finding nobody had come, he went into the wigwam to examine it. There he found a good quantity of provisions, and soon after, a dog came leaping and jumping about him, which made him look out on all sides, and at last he saw three Indians coming down by the river side. As soon as they saw him, they made a full stop, as if in surprise. Cockburn took courage and beckoned to them; upon which one of them, an old man, came up, and shook him by the hand. Cockburn asked him what tribe of Indians they were, and if he could speak Spanish? He said they were Indians of Burica, and that he could speak a little Spanish. Then he called to the other two to advance, which they did. After this, he spread a skin on the ground, desiring him, in a friendly manner, to sit down. Cockburn had the courage to confess how free he had been with their victuals in their absence. The old man answered he was very glad he had done so, for he judged by his aspect, he had great need of it. They then got supper ready, and urged our traveller to partake freely before going to rest.

These Indians had come here to dive for pearl, and after Cockburn had rested here four days, the Indians began to prepare for their intended journey. After they had gone about a league, they took into the mountains, which they passed in five days, and afterwards came to the sea-side, where they made a fire and staid all night. The next morning, they set forward again, every man with his net. Having kept along the sea beach, they came within a mile of the river Cherokee, where these Indians, whom Cockburn had been travelling with twelve days, said they must now leave him.

Soon after their departure, Cockburn got to the river side, where, seeing no likelihood of meeting a vessel, he began to make a little balse to cross it; but he had not been long thus employed before he heard the barking of dogs, upon which he desisted from his work, and looking about him, he saw eight Indians in a canoe. He hallooed out to them instantly, and they came toward him: he perceived they were Christians, for they had great wooden crosses hanging about their necks. He begged of them to come ashore, and take him to the other side in their canoe, which they did, saying he must keep close to the river, till he came to a path that would lead him directly to the governor's house. These Indians were inhabitants of the town of Cherokee, and were waiting on the river to catch turtle.

Being landed on the other side of the river, Cockburn took the path as directed by the Indians, that led him to a fine open country, where was great plenty of cattle, Indian corn, and fruit of several sorts. Towards evening, he came within sight of a house, which proved to be the governor's, and stood about half a mile from the town of Cherokee.

Being led into the room where the governor sat, he presently ordered him to give an account how he came thither. Upon this he told him the most remarkable occurrences of his unfortunate travels. The governor was astonished that a lonely man, a stranger to the country, and one destitute of all succour and defence, should travel so great a track of land as is between Cherokee and Golfo Dolce only, exclusive of what he travelled before he came to the latter place. He then gave orders for his refreshment, and appointed him an apartment in his own house to lodge in. The next morning he showed him a gun which he had bought of an Englishman, at Panama, for one hundred pieces of eight, which might cost in England about thirty shillings. This he

said he should be very glad to have exercised, and if he could instruct him how to make use of it, he would reward him well for doing so, for he was entirely ignorant of guns. Cockburn was not a little rejoiced that he had proposed something whereby he might oblige him; and accordingly went with him to the grounds adjoining his house, where they shot a

couple of deer, and a few small birds. By the influence of the governor, who was a native of New Spain, and one of the people called Mesties, Cockburn was conducted to Panama, from which, by means of the English factory there, he was sent to Jamaica, where he met four of his companions, and soon afterwards returned to England.

DEATH OF CAPTAIN COOK.

It had long been a favourite object with navigators, and particularly the English, to discover a shorter, a more commodious, and a more profitable course of sailing to Japan and China, and indeed to the East Indies in general, than by making the tedious circuit of the Cape of Good Hope. The discovery, if not absolutely despaired of, had been unsuccessful in such a number of instances, that it ceased for many years to be an object of pursuit.

That Captain Cook who had just returned from his second interesting voyage, was of all men the best qualified for carrying it into execution, was a matter that could not be called in question. But however ardently it might be wished that he would take upon him the command of the service, no one (not even his friend and patron, Lord Sandwich himself) presumed to solicit him upon the subject. At the same time, nothing could be more natural than to consult him upon everything relative to the business; and his advice was particularly requested with regard to the most proper person for conducting the voyage. To determine this point, the captain, Sir Hugh Palliser, and Mr. Stephens, were invited to Lord Sandwich's to dinner. Here, besides taking into consideration what officer should be recommended to his Majesty for accomplishing the purposes in view, many things were said concerning the nature of the design. Its grandeur and dignity, the consequences of it to navigation and science, and the completion it would give to the whole system of discoveries, were enlarged upon in the course of conversation. Captain Cook was so fired with the contemplation and representation of the object, that he started up, and declared that he himself would undertake the direction of the enterprise. No time was lost in laying the matter before the king; and Captain Cook was appointed to the command of the expedition on the 10th of Feb., 1776.

All former navigators round the globe had returned to Europe by the Cape of Good Hope. But to Captain Cook the arduous task was now assigned of attempting it by reaching the high northern latitudes between Asia and America.

Two vessels were fixed upon by government for the intended service,—the *Resolution* and the *Discovery*. The command of the former was given to Captain Cook; and of the other to Captain Clerke. Every preparation for the voyage being completed Captain Cook received an order to proceed to Plymouth, and to take the *Discovery* under his command. Having accordingly given the proper directions to Captain Clerke, he sailed from the *Nore* to the Downs on the 25th of June. After a highly

interesting voyage, in which Captain Cook made many discoveries, on the 30th of November he came to anchor at an island called by the natives Owwhyhee. As it appeared to be of greater extent and importance than any of the islands which had yet been visited in this part of the world, Captain Cook spent nearly seven weeks in sailing round, and examining its coast. Whilst he was thus employed, the inhabitants came off from time to time in their canoes, and readily engaged in traffic with our voyagers.

On the 17th, the ships came to an anchor in the bay which had been examined by Mr. Bligh, and which is called Karakakoo by the inhabitants. At this time the vessels continued to be much crowded with natives and were surrounded with a multitude of canoes.

Feb. 12th, says Mr. Samwell, Kario-poo, the king, paid a visit to Captain Cook, the next day, February the 13th, we were visited by the natives in great numbers. I landed with another gentleman at the town of Kava-roah, whence we found a great number of canoes just arrived from different parts of the island, and the Indians busy in constructing temporary huts on the beach for their residence during the stay of the ships. On our return on board the *Discovery*, we learned that an Indian had been detected in stealing the armourer's tongs from



the forge, for which he received a pretty severe flogging, and was sent out of the ship. Notwithstanding the example made of this man, in the afternoon another had the audacity to snatch the tongs and a chisel from the same place, with which he jumped overboard, and swam for the shore. The master and a midshipman were instantly despatched after him in a small cutter. The Indian, seeing himself pursued, made for a canoe; his countrymen took him on board, and paddled as swift as they could towards the shore. We fired several muskets at them, but to no effect, for they soon got out of the reach of our shot. Pareah, one of the chiefs, who was at that time on board the *Discovery*, understanding what had happened, immediately went on shore, promising to bring back the stolen goods.

To widen the breach between us, some of the Indians in the night took away the *Discovery's* large cutter, which lay swamped at the buoy of one of her anchors; they had carried her off so quietly, that we did not miss her until the morning of Sunday, February 14th. Captain Clerke lost no time in waiting upon Captain Cook to acquaint him with the accident. He returned on board with orders for the launch and small cutter to go, under the command of the second lieutenant, and lie off

the east point of the bay, in order to intercept all canoes that might attempt to get out, and if he found it necessary, to fire upon them. At the same time, the third lieutenant of the Resolution, with the launch and small cutter, was sent on the same service to the opposite point of the bay; and the master was despatched in the large cutter in pursuit of a double canoe already under sail, making the best of her way out of the harbour. He soon came up with her, and by firing a few muskets, drove her on shore, when the Indians left her. This happened to be the canoe of Omea, a man who bore the title of Orono. He himself was on board at the time, and it would have been fortunate if our people had secured him, for his person was held as sacred as that of the king.

During this time Captain Cook was preparing to go ashore himself at the town of Kavaroah, in order to secure the person of Kariopoo, before he should have time to withdraw himself to another part of the island out of our reach. We had reason to suppose that the king and his attendants had fled when the alarm was first given, and in that case it was Captain Cook's intention to secure the large canoes which were hauled up on the beach. He left the ship about seven o'clock, attended by the lieutenant of marines, a sergeant, corporal, and seven private men: the pinnace's crew were also armed, and under the command of Mr. Roberts. As they rowed towards the shore, Captain Cook ordered the launch to leave her station at the west point of the bay, in order to assist his own boat. He landed, with the marines, at the upper end of the town of Kavaroah: the Indians immediately flocked round as usual, and showed him the customary marks of respect, by prostrating themselves before him. There were no signs of hostilities nor much alarm among them. Captain Cook, however, did not seem willing to trust to appearances, but was particularly attentive to the disposition of the marines, and to have them kept clear of the crowd. He first inquired for the king's sons, two youths who were much attached to him, and generally his companions on board. Messengers being sent for them, they soon came to him, and informing him their father was asleep at a house not far from them, he accompanied them thither, and took the marines along with him. As he passed along, the natives everywhere prostrated themselves before him, and seemed to have lost no part of that respect they had always shown to his person. He was joined by several chiefs, among whom was Kanynah, and his brother Koo-howroah. They kept the crowd in order, according to their usual custom; and being ignorant of his intention in coming on shore, frequently asked him if he wanted any hogs, or other provisions; he told them that he did not, and that his business was to see the king. When he arrived at the house, he ordered some of the Indians to go in and inform Kariopoo that he waited without to speak with him. They came out two or three times, and, instead of returning any answer from the king, presented some pieces of red cloth to him, which made Captain Cook suspect that he was not in the house; he therefore desired the lieutenant of marines to go in. The lieutenant found the old man just awaked from sleep, and seemingly alarmed at the message; but he came out without hesitation. Captain Cook took him by the hand, and in a friendly manner asked him to go on board, to which he very readily consented. Thus far matters appeared in a favourable train, and the natives did not seem much alarmed, or apprehensive of hostility on our side; at which Captain Cook expressed himself a little surprised, saying, that as the inhabitants of that town appeared innocent of stealing the cutter, he should not molest them, but that he must get the king on board. Kariopoo sat down before his door, and was surrounded by a great crowd. In a little time, however, the Indians were observed arming themselves with long spears, clubs, and daggers, and putting on thick mats, which they used as armour.

An old priest came to Captain Cook with a cocoa-nut in his hand, which he held out to him as a present, at the same time singing very loud. He was often desired to be silent, but in vain; he continued importunate and troublesome, and there was no such thing as getting rid of him or his noise: it seemed as if he meant to divert their attention from his countrymen, who were growing more tumultuous, and arming themselves

in every quarter. Captain Cook, being at the same time surrounded by a great crowd, thought his situation rather hazardous; he therefore ordered the lieutenant of marines to march his small party to the water-side where the boats lay within a few yards of the shore. The Indians readily made a lane for them to pass, and did not offer to interrupt them. The distance they had to go might be about fifty or sixty yards, Captain Cook followed, having hold of Kariopoo's hand, who accompanied him very willingly; he was attended by his wife, two sons, and several chiefs. The troublesome old priest followed, making the same savage noise. Keowa, the younger son, went directly into the pinnace, expecting his father to follow; but, just as he arrived at the water-side, his wife threw her arms about his neck, and, with the assistance of two chiefs, forced him to sit down by the side of a double canoe. Captain Cook expostulated with them, but to no purpose; they would not suffer the king to proceed, telling him that he would be put to death, if he went on board the ship. Kariopoo, whose conduct seemed entirely resigned to the will of others, hung down his head, and appeared much distressed.

While the king was in this situation, a chief, well known to us, of the name of Coho, was observed lurking near, with an iron dagger, partly concealed under his cloak, seemingly with the intention of stabbing Cook, or the lieutenant of marines. The latter proposed to fire at him, but Captain Cook would not permit it. Coho closing upon them, obliged the officer to strike him with his piece that made him retire. Another Indian laid hold of the sergeant's musket, and endeavoured to wrench it from him, but was prevented by the lieutenant's making a blow at him. Captain Cook, seeing the tumult increase, and the Indians growing more daring and resolute, observed that if he were to take the king off by force, he could not do it without sacrificing the life of many of his people. He then paused a little, and was on the point of giving his orders to re-embark, when a man threw a stone at him, which he returned with a discharge of small shot (with which one barrel of his double piece was loaded.) The man having a thick mat before him, received little or no hurt; he brandished his spear, and threatened to dart it at Captain Cook, who, being still unwilling to take away his life, instead of firing with ball, knocked him down with his musket. He expostulated strongly with the most forward of the crowd upon their turbulent behaviour. He had given up all thoughts of getting the king on board, as it appeared impracticable; and his care was then to act on the defensive, and to secure a safe embarkation for his small party.

One man was observed, behind a double canoe, in the act of darting his spear at Captain Cook, who was forced to fire at him, in his own defence, but happened to kill another close to him, equally forward in the tumult. The sergeant observing that he had missed the man he aimed at, received orders to fire at him, which he did, and killed him. By this time the impetuosity of the Indians was somewhat repressed; they fell back in a body, and seemed staggered; but being pushed on by those behind, they returned to the charge, and poured a volley of stones among the marines, who, without waiting for orders, returned it with a general discharge of musketry, which was instantly followed by a fire from the boats. At this, Captain Cook was heard to express his astonishment; he waved his hand to the boats, called to them to cease firing, and to come nearer in to receive the marines. Mr. Roberts immediately brought the pinnace as close to the shore as he could without ground. When the marines had fired, the Indians rushed among them, and forced them into the water, where four of them were killed; their lieutenant was wounded, but fortunately escaped, and was taken up by the pinnace. Captain Cook was then the only one remaining on the rock; he was observed making for the pinnace, holding his left hand against the back of his head, to guard it from the stones; and carrying his musket under the other arm.

An Indian was seen following him, but with caution and timidity; for he stopped once or twice as if undetermined to proceed. At last he advanced upon him unawares, and with a club, or common stake, gave him a blow on the back of the head, and then precipitately retreated. The stroke seemed to

have stunned Captain Cook; he staggered a few paces, then fell on his hand and one knee, and dropped his musket. As he was rising, another Indian stabbed him in the back of the neck with an iron dagger. He then fell into a bite of water about knee deep, where others crowded upon him, and endeavoured to keep him under; but struggling very strongly with them, he got his head up, and casting his look towards the pinnace, seemed to solicit assistance. Though the boat was not above five or six yards distant from him, yet, from the crowded and confused state of the crew, it seems it was not in their power to save him.

The Indians got him under again, but in deeper water; he was, however, able to get his head up once more, and being almost spent in the struggle, he naturally turned to the rock, and was endeavouring to support himself by it, when a savage gave him a blow with a club, and he was seen alive no more. They hauled him up lifeless on the rocks, where they seemed to take a savage pleasure in using every barbarity to his dead body, snatching the daggers out of each other's hands, to have the horrid satisfaction of piercing the fallen victim of their barbarous rage.

If anything could have added to the shame and indignation universally felt on this occasion, it was to find that his remains had been deserted and left exposed on the beach, although they might have been brought off. It appears from the information of four or five midshipmen, who arrived on the spot at the conclusion of the fatal business, that the beach was then almost entirely deserted by the Indians, who at length had given way to the fire of the boats, and dispersed through the town; so that there seemed no great obstacle to prevent the recovery of Captain Cook's body; but the lieutenant returned on board without making the attempt.

The fatal accident happened at eight o'clock in the morning, about an hour after Captain Cook landed. It did not seem that the king or his sons were witnesses of it, but it is supposed that they withdrew in the midst of the tumult. The principal actors were the other chiefs, many of them the king's relations and attendants. The man who stabbed him with the dagger was called Nooah. I happened to be the only one who recollected his person, from having on a former occasion mentioned his name in the journal I kept. I was induced to take particular notice of him, more from his personal appearance than any other consideration, though he was of high rank, and a near relation of the king. He was stout and tall, with a fierce look and demeanour, and one who united in his figure the two qualities of strength and agility in a greater degree than ever I remembered to have seen before in any other man. His age might be about thirty, and by the white scurf on his skin, and his sore eyes, he appeared to be a hard drinker of kava. He was a constant companion of the king, with whom I first saw him when he paid a visit to Captain Clerke. The chief who first struck Captain Cook with the club was called Karimano, eraba, but I did not know him by his name. These circumstances I learned of honest Kaireeka, the priest, who added that they were both held in great esteem on account of that action. Neither of them came near us afterwards. When the boats left the shore, the Indians carried away the dead body of Captain Cook, and those of the marines, to the rising-ground at the back of the town, where we could plainly see them with our glasses from the ships.

Pareah seems to have been the principal instrument in bringing about this fatal disaster. We learned afterwards that it was he who had employed some people to steal the boat. The king did not seem to be privy to it, or even apprised of what had happened, till Captain Cook landed.

In consequence of this barbarity of disposition, the whole remains of Captain Cook could not be recovered; for, though every exertion was made for that purpose—though negotiations and threatenings were alternately employed, little more than the principal part of his bones (and that with great difficulty) could be procured. By the possession of them, our navigators were enabled to perform the last offices to their eminent and unfortunate commander. The bones, having been put into a coffin, and the service read over them, were committed to the deep, on the 21st, with the usual military honours. What were

the feelings of the companies of both the ships on this occasion must be left to the world to conceive, for those who were present know that it is not in the power of any pen to express them.

A TALE OF THE SEA.

"Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea,
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony."—COLERIDGE.

I SAILED from the Thames in a merchant brig for Jamaica. I was the only passenger, and before I had been many days on board, it struck me that there was something odd both about the captain and crew. They all had very bad expression of countenance; and when I happened to be on deck, I frequently observed that they collected in groups, and seemed to carry on in whispers a mysterious kind of conversation with which I could not help thinking that I was myself in some way connected. The captain, in particular, was a dark-looking man, with a very ugly meaning in his large bright eyes. He seldom spoke except in monosyllables, and then the tones of his voice almost startled you. He and I had beds in the same cabin, but I soon discovered that he never slept. Whenever I happened to look across from my own berth towards his, I could see, by the dim light of a lamp that burned upon the table all night, his large eyes glaring full upon me, with a most unnatural kind of intelligence in them. I am not naturally of a timid disposition, but certainly did not feel altogether comfortable. We had favourable winds, however, and ran across the Atlantic without any thing remarkable occurring.

On the evening of the twenty-fifth day I was told that the land we saw, about fifteen miles to leeward, was that of the island of St. Domingo, and that, the breeze continuing, we might expect to reach Kingston in little more than eight-and-forty hours. I retired to rest between ten and eleven, with a lighter heart than I had done for some time before; and with the prospect of so soon again meeting several of my oldest and best friends, I speedily found myself locked in the embraces of slumber, and busily occupied in the ideal world of dreams. Hour after hour passed unnoted by, and daylight was shining full into my cabin before I again opened my eyes. The sun had been long up, but was not visible. It was one of those calm grey days which, in this climate, commonly predict some change of weather. There was that stillness on board the ship which almost always accompanies a calm, for when sailors have nothing to do they are the last persons in the world who will do any thing. I did not hear a step over head, and even the steward and cabin-boys I supposed had fallen asleep; for though I called pretty lustily for my breakfast, not a soul came near me. I rose at length, and having performed my toilet with all convenient speed, I got upon deck. I was somewhat surprised not to see a single hand either fore or aft. The very helm was deserted. I went forward to the steerage, but it was empty, and so was every hammock it contained! My pulse began to beat more quickly; I became alarmed and uneasy. I called aloud, but no one answered me. I looked into the hold, but no living thing was to be seen, nay, what struck me as peculiarly odd, there was nothing in the hold at all, except a cask or two of fresh water, though I had been given to understand that the vessel had a full and valuable cargo on board. I went back to the cabin; neither captain nor mate was there. I opened the door of every cupboard and closet, but it was in vain. Conviction of the truth, though at first its very conception almost bewildered me, inevitably forced itself on my mind;—I was the only human being in the ship. During the night she had been purposely abandoned by her crew, and I was left alone to the mercy of the waves. On the previous evening land had been visible at the distance of five or six leagues, but now having drifted out of my course, it was no where to be discovered.

My feelings can neither be imagined nor described. I was perfectly ignorant of all nautical affairs, and consequently had not the most distant idea of what ought to be done. But this

was, perhaps, hardly to be regretted; for however great my skill had been, what could a single person have done in the guidance and management of so large a vessel? Had a boat been left, I should instantly have entrusted myself to it, and though at a venture, endeavoured to steer in some particular direction; but we had only two originally, and they had both been taken away. I could find no loose timber of which to make a raft, for even a raft I should have considered myself safer in than where I was. There is something that the human mind cannot bear to dwell upon, in the idea that it has lost its power over inert matter, and that however great its intellectual energies, they must all succumb to the mere blind chance which governs an inanimate mass.—I was alone in a great floating castle, to which seemed to be left the power of determining whither it would carry me, and what fate it would assign me. The very bulk of my prison made me the more helpless; besides, I soon discovered that it was, in the sea phrase, water-logged, and, no doubt, abandoned under the belief that it was speedily to sink. I would have given any thing for the merest little cockboat with a single oar, for then I should have been comparatively my own master on the wide ocean.

As long as the daylight continued, my situation, though sufficiently solitary, was not so dismal. Light is companionable, and seems to be the natural element of the human soul. But the sun had scarcely set, ere I perceived that the waters were not long to continue unruffled. The sails, almost all of which were set, and which I found it impossible to take in, or even to reef, no longer hung motionless by the side of the masts, but, for some time, kept flapping incessantly like the wings of some mighty bird, and then, becoming steadily filled, carried the ship along with them, I know not where. Twilight darkened into night; the moon came out of the sea like a spectre—wan and vapoury—surrounded by a dark assemblage of murky clouds; stronger and stronger grew the wind. The waves, as they went careering by, left in their track a broad gleam of foam that gave to the dark sea an unnatural whiteness. I stood at the stern, with the useless helm in my hand, and almost believed that the whole was a horrible dream, from which, if I did not speedily awake, I might never awake with reason unimpaired. The storm increased; and the vessel, from the quantity of canvass she carried, was tossed like a toy from wave to wave. At length the foremast snapped, and, with all its sails and cordage, fell overboard;—it was overwhelmed among the billows in an instant.

Day returned, but the storm did not abate. The wind was for a while northwest, which blew me back nearly upon the course I had already sailed; but afterwards, shifting several points, it became nearly due north, so that I conjectured it must have been carrying me along the coast of South America, though that coast was nowhere visible. For several days the hurricane continued, and every moment seemed to bring along with it the promise of destruction; but though the ship was now a complete wreck, its planks still held together, and I continued to exist. Day after day, week after week, month after month, and were I to judge by my own feelings, I should say year after year passed on, and I still continued rolling about in my dismantled hulk,—sometimes with fair and sometimes with foul weather, either in the Atlantic or Pacific ocean—I knew not which. There were, luckily, provisions enough on board, such as they were, to have supported me, I should have thought, for any length of time: but existence was becoming too painful to admit of my being able to endure it much longer. Let not man talk of solitude, as long as he can see around him fields and trees and mountains. All these may hold communion with his spirit, and, as they vary their garb according to the season, he can read in them lessons of wisdom and improvement. But on the wide and changeless ocean, where human sympathies exist not, and where the very elements seem of a nature uncongenial to man; there, where the eye can see nothing but the rolling waters, and the ear catch no sound but that of the breaking wave—there speak of solitude—there feel its horrors, feel your affections stagnant within you, and your mental capabilities mouldering away into nothingness. Look at the sun, the clouds, the stars, and

ask, in the frenzy of despair, why you are the only created thing cursed with the curse of speech?

It was midnight, and thunder walked through the air; but its peals were welcome to me, for they sounded like the voice of an unseen giant. The waning moon looked dimly down through the snatches of the hurrying clouds, and the lurid lightning flashed far and wide below, as if in mockery of the pale light of the melancholy wanderer of heaven. There was alternate gloom and brightness. In the gloom was heard the savage roaring of the thunder-laden winds; in the brightness was seen the tortured ocean heaving in convulsions, and flinging its spray, in impotent wrath, far up into the dark concave. Such scenes had become familiar to me, and had almost lost their terrors. My crazy ship went tumbling on, and I had lashed myself to the remnant of one of her masts, lest I should be swept from the deck as every thing else had been already. Again the moon looked down for an instant, again lightning gushed from the clouds,—good God! a vessel, with all her sails set, bounded past me, and I heard the cries of human beings. Another gleam of moonshine—she was still there; another blaze of lightning,—she was gone—down—down into the gulf for ever!

The storm passed away, and I was still safe. The wind was in the north, and the ship sailed on. One morning I came upon deck; it was clear, though cold, and the sea, at some distance, seemed peopled with islands. How my heart bounded! I was approaching them! Shipwreck—death was all I desired, provided I met it in an attempt to make the land. I came nearer the islands;—heaven and earth! They were islands of ice! Where was I? I had been sailing south; had I got within the antarctic circle? Ice—nothing but ice. Huge mountains of dreary ice.

It was the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

I know not how it was, but I sailed far in among the frozen fields. The wind, at length, shifted, and my course, was altered. I retraced part of my way, and went more to the east. One night I was in bed, and my vessel was drifting as usual where it pleased. Suddenly it struck against something with a violent shock and crash. I rushed upon deck; the ship was going to pieces. It seemed to have come upon a reef of rocks. It was calm, and I was a good swimmer. I threw myself into the sea, and, reaching some of the more prominent heights, I scrambled up upon them, and waited till daylight should discover to me my situation. It came soon enough; I was on the highest peak of two or three insulated rocks, not a hundred yards in circumference altogether, that rose up from the fathomless depths of the southern ocean till they reached a little above its surface. Water—nothing but water could be seen around. Here, then, on this unknown rock, which no human eye had ever seen before, it was to be my lot to die. I wonder I did not grow mad at once. I recollect that I lost all belief in my personal identity. I could not conceive it possible that I was the same being, who had once so keenly enjoyed all the pleasures of social and civilized life; who had loved and hated, who had laughed and wept, who had feared and hoped. On a solitary peak in the ocean, what was man? more useless than the sea-weed, more helpless than the bubbles that floated past with the waves.

The ship had disappeared; but some fragments still floated about the rock. I took possession of one of them, and floated away, as I believed, to certain death. Now, talk of solitude!—on a little raft in the untraversed South Pacific. I drifted away and away; but nature was at length exhausted. I stretched myself out at full length, I closed my eyes and became insensible.

When my senses returned, I was on board a French discovery-ship, in a comfortable bed, and enjoying every luxury, and oh! that luxury above all other luxuries—the music of the human voice, when its tones are softened by human affections! I did nothing but weep—weep like a child for a whole week. In two months I was again in England.

ADVENTURES AND PIRACIES OF CAPT. DAVIS.

CAPTAIN HOWELL DAVIS was born at Milford, in the county of Pembroke, and was brought up to the sea from a boy. The last voyage he made from England was in the Cadogan snow, of Bristol, commanded by Captain Skinner, of which he was chief-mate. They were bound for the coast of Guinea, but they had no sooner arrived at Sierra Leone, than they were taken by the pirate England, who plundered the ship, and barbarously murdered Captain Skinner.

According to the account which Davis gave of the transaction, he states that England was very solicitous for him to join the pirate's crew, but he resolutely answered, that he would rather submit to be shot to death than sign the pirate's articles;

upon which England, struck with his determined bravery, sent him and the rest of the men on board the snow, and appointed him captain of her, in the room of Skinner, commanding him to pursue his voyage. He also gave him a written paper, sealed up, with orders not to open it until he came into a certain latitude, and then, at the peril of his life, to comply with the orders which he would find set down. This Davis punctually complied with, and read it to the ship's company; it contained a generous deed of gift of the ship and cargo to Davis and the crew, with orders that he should go to Brazil and dispose of the lading to the best advantage, which he should fairly and equitably divide with the rest.

Davis immediately consulted the crew as to their willingness to follow these directions, but to his great surprise, he found the



ADVENTURES AND PIRACIES OF CAPTAIN HOWELL DAVIS.

majority of them altogether averse to it, when, in a rage, he told them they might go where they pleased. They knew that part of their cargo was consigned to certain merchants at Barbadoes, and therefore steered for that island. Upon their arrival they related to the merchants to whom the goods were consigned, the unfortunate death of their late commander Skinner, and also the proposal that had been made to them by Davis; upon this information they seized Davis, and committed him to prison, where he was kept three months; but as he had as yet committed no act of piracy, he was discharged without being brought to trial. As after this circumstance it was not probable he should obtain any employment there, and knowing that the island of Providence was a kind of rendezvous for pirates, he resolved to join with some of them, and soon found means of shipping himself there; but on his arrival he

found, to his great disappointment, that the pirates had lately surrendered to Captain Woods Rogers, and accepted of the act of grace which he had brought from England.

Captain Rogers having fitted out two sloops for trade, one of which was called the Buck, and the other the Mumvil Trader, Davis soon found employment on board one of them. These vessels were laden with goods of considerable value, consisting chiefly of European produce and manufactures, which in that year (1720) fetched very high prices, with which they intended to trade with the French and Spaniards: and many of the sailors who manned these vessels were the pirates who had come in upon the act of grace. The first place at which they touched was the island of Martinique, belonging to the French, where Davis, having conspired with several of the late pirates who belonged to the crew, rose in the night, and having secured the

master of her, seized the sloop. As soon as they had accomplished this, they called to the other sloop, which lay at no great distance from them, and among whom they knew there were a number of disaffected men, who were ripe for rebellion, and ordered them to come on board of them; with this mandate a number of the other crew instantly complied, and the greater part of them agreed to join Davis on board the Buck, while those who were disinclined were sent back on board the Mumvil sloop, with permission to go where they chose, Davis first having taken out of her everything that he thought might be of value.

This business being concluded, a council of war was called, over a large bowl of punch, at which it was proposed that they should proceed to choose a commander; the election did not occupy much time, for Davis was elected by a large majority, and no scrutiny was demanded, for they all acquiesced in the choice. As soon as he had been installed into the office of commander, Davis drew up a list of articles of agreement, which were signed and sworn to by himself and the crew, and, in conclusion, delivered them a brief oration, which, in substance, was a declaration of war against the whole race.

The next consultation was to find a proper place in which they might clean their sloop, and put her into better trim, as, whether they wished to take or escape being taken, a light pair of heels would prove of great service to them. After deliberation they made choice of Coxon's Hole, at the eastern end of the island of Cuba, a place where they could very conveniently secure themselves from surprise, the entrance to it being so narrow that one ship would be able to repel the forcible intrusion of a hundred.

Not having a carpenter in their company, it was with great difficulty they were able to accomplish their purpose; but after some delay, having put her into the best condition they were able, they put to sea, and made for the north side of the island of Hispaniola. The first vessel which fell in their way was a French ship, mounting twelve guns; and although Davis had but thirty-five hands on board his sloop, yet, as their stock of provisions was getting very low, he determined to attack her; she very soon struck, and he sent twelve men on board, in order to plunder her; but they had no sooner done so than they espied a strange sail a great way to windward of them. They inquired of the Frenchmen as to their opinion of what she might be, when the captain replied, that he had spoken with a ship the day before, of twenty-four guns and sixty men, and he thought it very probable that this was the same.

Davis, without hesitation, proposed to his men that they should attack her, telling them that she would be a rare vessel for their use; this they by no means seemed to relish, looking upon it as an extravagant attempt; but he assured them that he had devised a stratagem which would make all safe; whereupon he gave chase, and ordered his prize to do the same. The prize proved to be a slow sailer, so that Davis came up first with the enemy, and boldly standing alongside, hoisted the piratical black flag. Surprised at such a daring act, they called to Davis, telling him they wondered at his impudence in venturing so close to them, and ordered him to strike; but he very coolly answered, that he intended to keep them in play until his consort came up, who was able to deal with them, and that if they did not instantly strike to him it would be all the worse for them, and followed up his threats by pouring in a broadside, which they quickly returned.

In the mean time the other vessel drew near, and the pirates who were on board having, as they had been directed by Davis, compelled all their prisoners to come upon deck in white shirts, made a great show of force, and fired a gun. The Frenchmen were so intimidated by this imposing appearance, that they immediately struck their colours; when Davis called out to the captain to come on board with twenty of his hands: they did so, and for great security were all put into irons, except the captain. Davis then sent four of his own men on board the first prize; and in order still to carry on the delusion, called aloud that they should give his service to the captain, and desire him to send some hands on board the prize to see what they had got; but at the same time he gave them a paper containing written instructions of what they were to do. These

were to nail up all the guns in the little prize, so as to render them harmless, to take out all the small arms and powder, and then for every man to go on board the second prize; when this was done, he ordered that more of the prisoners should be removed out of the great prize into the little one, and by this means he secured himself from any attempt which he might reasonably apprehend from the great number of his prisoners, as those who were on board of him were fast in irons, and he had nothing to dread from those in the little prize, as they had neither arms nor ammunition.

The three ships kept company for two days, when finding that the large prize was a very dull sailer, he thought she would not be fit for his purpose, he therefore resolved to restore her to the captain with all his crew—first taking care to render her harmless by taking out all her ammunition, and everything else which he thought he might possibly want.

Having thus let go both his prizes, he steered to the northward, taking in his course a small Spanish sloop; and after this he made towards the western isles, but was unsuccessful in meeting with any booty in that direction; he therefore steered for the Cape de Verde Islands, and cast anchor at St. Nicholas, where he hoisted English colours. The Portuguese who inhabited that place took him for an English privateer, and on Davis going ashore they not only treated him very civilly, but traded with him. They remained here about five weeks, during which Davis, with half his crew, took a journey, for pleasure, to the chief town of the island, which was situate about nineteen miles up the country. As Davis made a respectable appearance, and was very gentlemanly in his manners, he was well received by the governor and the inhabitants; indeed no diversion was wanting which the Portuguese could show or money could purchase to make their visit agreeable. After about a week's stay he returned to the ship, and the rest of the crew went in their turn to take their pleasure up to the town.

On leaving here they sailed for Bonevista, but after looking into the harbour, and not finding anything, he steered for the island of May. On their arrival they met with a great many ships and vessels in the road, all of which they plundered, taking out of them whatever they thought most valuable to them, and getting also a number of fresh hands, most of whom joined them voluntarily. Not being able to procure any fresh water, they made towards St. Jago, which belonged to the Portuguese, in order to lay in a store; Davis went on shore here, with a few hands, to find the most commodious place to water at, when the governor, with some attendants, came himself to examine who they were, asking where they came from and other particulars; and not liking the account which Davis gave of himself, the governor very plainly told them that he expected they were pirates. At this, Davis seemed to be very much affronted, talked largely about his honour, and in reply to the governor, told him that he scorned the unjust charge; however, as soon as his back was turned, he got on board again as fast as he could, for fear of accidents. He related to his crew what had happened to him, and the suspicions of the governor, and his men seemed very much inclined to resent the affront which had been offered to him; upon which Davis told them, he was confident he could surprise the fort in the night, and they agreed to attempt it: and accordingly, when it grew late, a large party of them went on shore well armed; and so negligent of their duty were the guard which were kept, that, before any alarm was given, they succeeded in making good their entry into the fort. When resistance was too late to be effectual, they made some little show, and Davis lost three men, who were killed in the struggle. Those in the fort, in their hurry to save themselves, ran into the governor's house, and this they barricaded so strongly that Davis's party were unable to effect an entry; however, they threw in some grenade shells, which not only ruined all the furniture, but killed several men within.

As the day broke, the whole country were alarmed; and soon discovering the position of affairs, came in a body to attack the pirates; but they, thinking it altogether out of their business or capability to stand a siege, made the best of their way on board their own ship again, after having dismantled the fort and dismounted the guns. By this enterprise,

which could have no object but that of revenge for a fancied insult, they committed a great deal of devastation on property belonging to the Portuguese, and at the same time did little or no good to themselves.

They now put to sea, where, having mustered their hands, and found their numbers to amount to nearly seventy, it became a question for consideration as to what course they should steer; and there being on this point a great difference of opinion, it was decided by a division, when there appeared a large majority for proceeding to Gambia, on the coast of Guinea: and Davis was also of this opinion, as, from having been employed in the trade, he was well acquainted with the coast.

Agreeably to the decision, they immediately made sail for Gambia, and having come in sight, Davis ordered all his men under deck, with the exception of the few who were absolutely necessary to work the ship, so that those in the fort, upon seeing a ship with so few hands, might have no suspicion that she was otherwise than a trading vessel; and everything being properly arranged to keep up appearances, he ran close under the fort, and dropped his anchor; he then ordered out the boat, and ordered her to be manned with six of them in old ordinary jackets, while he himself, with the master and doctor, dressed themselves like gentlemen, so that it might appear that those three were merchants, and the rowers common sailors; and in rowing ashore he gave his men instructions what they should say in case they should be asked any questions.

On their arrival at the landing-place, they were received by a file of soldiers, armed with muskets, who conducted them into the fort, where the governor, accosting them very civilly, asked who they were, and whence they came: to this, Davis very readily answered that they were from Liverpool, bound for the river of Senegal, to trade for gun and elephant's teeth; but that they had been chased on that coast by two French men-of-war, and narrowly escaped being taken, having a little the heels of them; but now they were resolved to make the best of a bad market, and were inclined to trade where they were for slaves. The governor then inquired what the chief part of their cargo consisted of; they answered, iron and plate, which being there very much in request, the governor told them he would supply slaves to the full value of their cargo, and asked them if they had any European liquor on board. Davis answered that they had a little for their own use, but a hamper of it should be very much at his service. This so far instated them in the good opinion of the governor, that he invited them to stay and dine with him; to which polite invitation Davis replied, that, being commander of the ship, he must return on board; in order to see to her being well moored, and give some other necessary orders, but that the two gentlemen who were with him would remain; and he himself would return before the hour of dinner, and bring the hamper of liquor with him.

While he was in the fort, he was very careful in observing the position and situation of everything he could see; he noticed there was a sentry at the entrance, and a guard-house just by it, where the soldiers who were upon duty generally waited, their arms standing in a pile in the corner; he also observed a great many small-arms in the hall of the governor's house. On his return to the ship, he assured the men of success, particularly requested that none of them would get drunk, and that, as soon as they saw the flag upon the castle struck, they might conclude he had become master of the fort, and should send twenty of their number on shore immediately. In the meantime, as there was a sloop lying at anchor near to them, he sent some hands on board her in a boat, with orders to secure the master and all the men, and bring them on board his own ship, as in case of their observing any bustle or arming in the pirate vessel, they might send ashore and give intelligence.

Having taken these necessary precautions, Davis ordered the men who were to go in the boat with him, to put two pair of pistols each under their clothes, he doing the like himself, and gave them particular directions to go into the guard-room, and enter into conversation with the soldiers, taking especial care to observe that when he should fire a pistol through the gover-

nor's window, they were to start up at once, and secure the arms in the guard-room.

When Davis arrived, the dinner not being ready, the governor proposed that they should spend the interval in making a bowl of punch, which would employ them till dinner. During this time they were waited upon by Davis's coxswain, who had an opportunity of going about all parts of the house to see what strength they had; presently he whispered to Davis, there being then no person in the room but Davis, the master, the doctor, the coxswain, and the governor, when Davis suddenly drew out a pistol, and presenting it at the governor's breast, told him he must surrender the fort with all the riches it contained, or he was a dead man. The governor being completely taken by surprise, and in no way prepared for such an attack, promised to be very passive, and to do all they desired; upon this they immediately closed the door, and taking down all the arms that hung in the hall, loaded them. Davis then, to give the preconceived signal to his men in the guard-house, fired his pistol through the window, upon which they executed their part of the scheme, like heroes, in an instant, getting between the soldiers and their arms, with their pistols cocked in their hands, while one of them carried out the arms: when this was done, they locked the soldiers in the guard-room, and kept guard without.

In the meantime one of them struck the union flag on the top of the castle, which being observed by those on board, who were on the look-out for the signal, they sent on shore a reinforcement of hands, by whose assistance Davis got possession of the fort without the least hurry or confusion, or even so much as a man lost on either side.

To recruit his strength of hands on board ship, Davis arranged the soldiers on the advantage and propriety of joining their crew; to which a great many lent a willing ear, and were sent on board, while those who refused he sent on board the little sloop: and to save the trouble and loss of men in appointing a guard over them, he ordered all the sails and cables to be taken out of her, so as to completely incapacitate them from getting away.

The remainder of the day was spent in a kind of rejoicing, the castle firing guns to salute the ship, and the ship in return saluting the castle; but the following day was occupied in attention to business—that is, they commenced plundering the fort; but the amount of their booty fell very far short of their expectations—for, to their great mortification, they discovered that a large quantity of money had been very lately sent away: however, they met with bars of gold to the value of about two thousand pounds sterling, besides a great many other rich effects. Everything they liked which was portable they took on board their own ship, while many things for which they had no use, they generously presented to the master and crew of the little sloop, to whom they also restored the vessel; and then, as a final work on shore, they dismounted the guns and demolished the fortifications.

After committing as much wanton destruction as they could, and were in the act of weighing their anchor to be gone, they espied a ship in full sail bearing down upon them; they soon got their anchors up, and were in readiness to receive her. This ship proved to be a French pirate of fourteen guns, commanded by a man of the name of La Bouse, and manned by sixty-four hands, half of whom were French and the other negroes. On discovering Davis's ship, he expected no less than a rich prize, which made him so eager in the chase; but when he came near enough to see their guns, and the number of hands who were on deck, he began to think it not improbable that he should catch a tartar, as he supposed her to be a small English man-of-war; however, as escape was now out of the question, he resolved upon a bold and desperate action, which was to board Davis. As he was making towards her for this purpose, he fired a gun and hoisted his black colours; Davis returned the salute, and hoisted his black colours also. The Frenchman was not a little gratified at this happy mistake; they both hoisted out their boats, and the captains went to meet and congratulate one another, having each a flag of truce hanging at the stern. A great many civilities passed between them, and La Bouse expressed a wish to Davis that

they might sail down the coast together, in order that he (La Bouse) might be enabled, with the assistance of Davis, to change his ship for a better one. To this Davis very readily agreed, and courteously promised him the first ship which he took fit for their use, which he would give him, as being willing to encourage a younger brother.

The first place they touched at was Sierra Leone, where on going in they discovered a tall ship at anchor. Davis being the best sailer, was the first to come up with her, and wondering that she did not make any exertion to be off, he suspected her to be a ship of force. As soon as Davis came alongside of her, the other ship very steadily brought a spring upon her cable, and firing a whole broadside upon him, hoisted a black flag; Davis, in reply to this rather unexpected salute, immediately hoisted his black flag, and fired one gun to leeward; this soon brought matters to an explanation. Their new companion proved to be a pirate ship, mounting twenty-four guns, and commanded by one Cocklyn, who having been in confident expectation that the other two would prove prizes, had let them come in, lest his getting under sail should have frightened them away.

The satisfaction was great on all sides at this union of confederates and brothers in iniquity, and two days were spent in improving their acquaintance and friendship. On the third day a council of war was called, at which it was unanimously agreed that they should sail down the coast together, and for the greater grandeur of their proceedings a commodore was appointed, which was Davis; but they had not been long in company, when drinking together on board of Davis's vessel, they had very nigh fallen out with one another, for the strong liquor which they were drinking stirring up a spirit of discord among them, they quarrelled, until Davis put an end to it by a short speech, saying, "Hark ye, Cocklyn and La Bouse, I find that by strengthening you I have put a rod into your hands to whip myself; however, I am still able to deal with you both, but since we met in love let us part in love, for it's very plain that three of a trade can never agree." This the others consented to: they each went on board their respective ships and immediately parted, every one steering a different course.

Davis held on his way down the coast, and making Cape Appollonia, he met with one English and two Scotch vessels, all of which he plundered of everything that was worth taking away, and then let them go. About five days after this he fell in with a Dutch interloper, carrying thirty guns, and manned with a crew of ninety men, half of whom were English; this was off Cape Three Points Bay. Davis coming up alongside of her, the Dutchmen gave the first fire, and pouring in a well-directed broadside upon Davis, killed nine of his men. This Davis immediately returned, and a very furious engagement ensued, which lasted from one o'clock at noon of one day till nine o'clock on the morning of the next, when the Dutchman struck, and yielded herself as their prize.

Davis fitted up the Dutch ship for his own use, and called her the Rover; he mounted thirty-two guns and twenty-seven swivels on board of her, and then proceeded with her and the King James to Anamboo; he entered the bay between the hours of twelve and one at noon, and found three ships lying at anchor, who were trading for negroes, gold, and teeth; these were the Hindpink, commanded by Captain Hall; the Princess, Captain Plumb, of which Roberts, a man of undaunted courage, penetration, and bravery, was the second mate; and the Morrice sloop, commanded by Captain Fin. These ships were taken without the slightest resistance, and having plundered them of everything valuable, he made a present of one of them, the Morrice, to his late enemies, the Dutchmen, on board of which alone they found a hundred and forty negroes, besides dry goods, and a considerable quantity of gold-dust.

It happened that just at the time Davis came in there were several canoes alongside of this ship, who saved themselves by running ashore, and gave notice to the fort that the ships just arrived were pirates; upon which the fort fired upon them, but without doing any execution, as they had not sufficient weight of metal to reach them; Davis, therefore, by way of defiance, hoisted his black flag and returned the compliment.

He sailed the same day with his three ships, making his way down the coast; they lay by at night, keeping their head to the offing, when soon after daybreak the man at the mast-head espied a sail. It may be observed, that they always kept a good look-out, for according to their articles, he who first spies a sail which proves to be a prize, is entitled to the best pair of pistols on board, over and above his dividend; and in this they take a singular pride, a pair of pistols having sometimes been sold from one to another for as much as thirty pounds.

They immediately gave chase, and soon came up with her. She proved to be a Hollander, and being between Davis and the shore, she crowded every stitch of canvass she could stagger under, with the intention of running aground: Davis guessed her design, and putting out all his small sails, came up with her before she was able to effect it, and fired a broadside into her, upon which she immediately struck and called for quarter. This was granted, for according to Davis's articles, it was agreed that quarter should be given whenever it was called for, on pain of death.

This ship proved to be a very rich prize, having on board the governor of Acra, with all his effects, on his way to Holland; there was also on board money to the value of more than fifteen thousand pounds, besides a considerable quantity of other valuable merchandise, all of which they plundered and brought on board their own ship.

Elated with this unexpected success, they restored to Captains Hall and Plumb, before mentioned, their ships again, but strengthened their company with the addition of thirty-five hands, all white men, taken out of these two vessels, and the Morrice sloop; they also restored their ship to the Dutch, after taking everything valuable out of her.

The next place to which they steered was the Island of Princes, but before they arrived there one of their ships sprung a leak; Davis therefore ordered all the hands out of her to come on board his own ship, and to bring everything that was of use with them, and then left her at anchor at High Came-roon. As soon as he came in sight of the Island of Princes he hoisted English colours. The Portuguese on shore observing a large ship sailing towards them, sent out a little sloop to inquire what she might be: upon the sloop hailing Davis, he answered, that he was an English man-of-war in search of pirates, and that he had received intelligence there were some upon the coast. Upon this favourable account of himself they received him as a welcome guest, and piloted him into the harbour. Upon entering he saluted the fort, which they answered with a like compliment; he came to an anchor just under their guns, and hoisting out a pinnace in the style of a man-of-war, he ordered nine men and a coxswain to row him in it on shore.

It happened, while they were there, that a French ship came in to supply them with necessaries. This vessel Davis took it into his head to plunder, but to save appearances, and give the robbery a colour of right, he persuaded the Portuguese that she had been trading with the pirates, and that he found several pirates' goods on board, which he seized for the king's use. This story passed so well upon the governor, that he entertained a very high opinion of Davis's diligence.

Some few days after this, Davis, with about fourteen men, went ashore privately, and walked up the country towards a village where the governor and chief men of the island kept their wives and families, intending, it may be supposed, from the stealthy nature of their visit, to supply their husband's places with them; but an alarm being given at their approach, the women fled to a neighbouring wood, and Davis and his party retreated to their ship without being able to effect their design. The circumstance made some noise at the time, but as none that saw them were acquainted with their persons, it soon passed over.

Having cleaned his ship, and put everything into proper order, his attention was more particularly turned to the main object of their visit, viz., the plunder of the island; but not knowing where the treasure might be concealed, he devised a stratagem by which he conceived they might get at it with little trouble; after consulting with his men they liked the design, and he proceeded to put it into execution. His scheme was, to make a present to the governor of a dozen negroes, by

way of a return for the civilities which he had received from him, and afterwards to invite him, with the chief men and some of the friars, to an entertainment on board his ship. The minute they came on board they were to be secured in irons, and there kept until forty thousand pounds should be paid for their ransom.

But this stratagem, hopeful as it seemed of success, was destined to prove fatal to him, for during the night a Portuguese negro swam ashore and discovered the whole plot to the governor; also informing him, that it was Davis who had some days previously made the attempt upon their wives. However, the governor thought it would be the most prudent course for him to dissemble, he therefore received the pirate's invitation very civilly, and promised that he and the rest would go.

On the following day Davis went on shore himself, as if it were out of great respect, to conduct the governor on board. He was received with the accustomed civility, and he and his officers invited to walk up to the governor's house to partake of some refreshment before they went on board. This invitation they accepted, without the slightest suspicion, but never returned again: an ambuscade was laid for them, the signal was given, and a whole volley was fired upon them, when every man dropped except one, who fled back, escaped into the boat, and got on board the ship. Davis was shot through the bowels, yet he rose again, and made an unsuccessful effort to get away; but his strength failed him, and he dropped down dying. Just as he fell he perceived that he was pursued, and drawing out his pistols fired them at his pursuers.

CROSSING THE LINE.

ONE lovely evening, when our gallant vessel was calmly floating on the untroubled bosom of the deep, within the tropics, and I sitting at the open port, gazing thoughtfully on the setting sun, I was suddenly startled from my meditations by the cry of "A sail a-head! hallo! Neptune! Neptune! a-hoy!" and, on gaining the deck, perceived a large tar-barrel flaming on the ocean, and gliding past our vessel, which, I was given to understand, was the royal barge of the venerable watery god, who had announced his intention of coming on board next morning, to superintend the shaving such of his children as had not previously crossed the great boundary of his dominions.

Next morning, accordingly, this august personage made his appearance on the quarter-deck, about half-past nine, a.m., and advanced to seat himself on a gun-carriage, under a gorgeous canopy of various-coloured flags, and surrounded by innumerable streamers, which kept waving to and fro with every wandering breeze. His dress, consisting of a buffalo's hide, with such other varieties as could be procured on board, added to an iron-crowned hoary-bearded mask, rendered him a very grotesque figure. By his side was seated a gigantic white-robed mariner, something resembling an old weather-beaten woman, intending to represent Amphitrite. The royal chariot, preceded by a band of music, and drawn by sixteen men, painted from head to foot in the most ludicrous fashion, led the van of the procession, and was followed by the numerous constables, bearing their rods of office, all decorated in a singular manner. Next followed the important barber, with his train of necessary attendants; and his oceanic majesty's household brought up the rear.

After parading the quarter-deck with all due ceremony, the procession halted opposite the cuddy door (that is, the door of the great cabin on the upper deck), where his godship was welcomed by the officers, and accepted the offer of a glass of spirits; nor had his fair spouse any hesitation in swallowing a potent draught of the same inspiring nectar. When the barber (who did not fail to exhibit his huge iron razor) and several of the other attendants had also paid their devotions at the shrine of Bacchus, the car was drawn into the lee waist, where were prepared a deep cistern (composed of a tarred topsail, supported at the four corners by corresponding stanchions, and filled to the brim with the salt-water of the tropical ocean), a covered throne for Neptune and his exquisite consort, a scaffolding for the barber and suite, and a narrow plank across the reservoir, on which were to be seated

those unenviable individuals who were destined to undergo the ceremony of "shaving." At this moment the beating of the drums, the sound of the horns, the shouts of the mariners, and the cry of "Bring forth my sons! bring forth my sons!" indicated to the anxious beings below, on the gun-deck, that all was in readiness to commence the business of the day; and immediately a band of the horrid constables came to lead me, blindfolded, and with a palpitating heart, to the place of execution. No sooner had I gained the summit of the companion-ladder than a deluge of salt water, from innumerable buckets, was discharged unceremoniously into my face: and when I attempted to gasp for breath, an unceasing stream from the fire-engine was directed, by some expert hand, right into my mouth.

In this state, panting, and almost breathless, I rushed forwards, with much exertion, dragging constables and attendants after me, till I gained the foot of the ladder which led to the plank across the cistern. This I ascended with some difficulty amid the cheering of a merciless multitude, took my seat on the tottering plank, and awaited with anxious expectation the dreadful result of all this ceremony. I had not sat long till a rough brush (every hair of which seemed to be formed of a porcupine's quill) saluted my chin; then a sharp-toothed saw, (intended to represent a razor) was passed over my cheeks; then a bucket of water was thrown into my face; then another dense stream from the fire-engine was directed into my mouth; and then the frail plank was withdrawn from under me, and I plunged headlong and breathless into the abyss below! This was not all. In the cistern was a shelf, and on this shelf a man (dressed in a bear's-skin, and creeping on all fours), whose duty it was to hold the subject of their mirth for some time under the surface of the water. Struggling, as it were, for my existence, no sooner did I feel the horned clutches of the great bear, than I struck him such a blow on the head as caused him to let go his grasp; and, almost insensible, I scrambled up the sides of the cistern, and threw myself down on the deck below. Still no quarter was allowed me: I had yet to make my way through a deluge of water, showered on me from the fore-castle, the decks, the booms, and the tops, to the after-part of the vessel; which, had I not immediately accomplished, I verily believe I should have sunk exhausted under the ordeal.

Notwithstanding all this roughing, however, I contrived, on the whole, to preserve my good humour; and I had no sooner recovered, and begun to look about me, than I seized a bucket, joined the enraptured performers of this busy scene, and was among the first to salute my hapless mess-mates, who next made their appearance.

After all the midshipmen had passed through the hands of the barber, the shaving of the seamen commenced. This was a more serious business, for the chins of many bled profusely, and their mouths and eyes were fearfully disfigured by the tarry brush of the barber, while torrents of their favourite element were showered on their hooded heads, without sympathy or restraint.

In the meantime, the shaving advanced with great rapidity; and before twelve o'clock, the procession returned in all its pomp, to the cuddy door, in the same order as formerly, when the captain's health, with that of all the legitimate sons of Neptune, was drunk with loud and continued cheers, and the sports of the morning concluded. But towards evening the captain ordered a liberal supply of grog to be served out to each of the sailors; and the remainder of that night was spent in

"Draining the goblet, and singing the song."

BILLY CULMER AND THE GOOSE.

"Then Billy was, moreover, a comical dog,

And, if rightly I stick to my story,

He would, now and then, get so aboard of the grog,

That, d'y'e see, he was all his glory."

And a glorious fellow he was too: I wish I could give you all his sayings and doings; it would make a better volume than

Theodore Hook's. But I remember, when we were messmates in the watch of the flag ship under Lord H——. Many's the rum rig we used to play and carry on the war together like Trojans. Billy was upwards of fifty; and though he had several commissions, threw them all up, preferring rather to be honoured as the oldest midshipman in the service, than be pointed at as the youngest lieutenant. He was a great favourite with the admiral, to whom he was distantly related. Just after we had refitted at Plymouth, orders came down for the fleet to sail. Up went Blue Petre, and all hands prepared to pay their tailors' bills with the flag end of the fore-top-sail sheet; for they knew, by going to sea in his debt, he'd never cease praying for a fair wind to bring 'em home again. Well, d'ye see, Billy was ashore, and no one could discover where he was stowed; but the admiral, unwilling to leave him behind, requested the lieutenant on duty to ferret him out and get him aboard. This was no easy task; and Mr. E——, after overhauling about fifty houses, was returning to make his report, when, passing a door in —— street, he heard the well-known voice singing, with great glee—

"Then haul away, pull away, jolly boys,

At the mercy of fortune we go."

Passing through the outer room and entering the kitchen, there sat Billy very comfortable by the fire, with one hand turning the spit to his own music, and with the other basting a fine fat goose that was roasting. His gold-laced cocked-hat ornamented the handle of a saucepan, his side-arms hung pendant from the leg of a gridiron, and his uniform coat and waistcoat dangled from the same peg with an old warming-pan.

"We're in for it now, 'tis a folly, boys;

To be down-hearted, yo-ho!"

But observing the lieutenant enter, his song ceased. "What cheer—what cheer? glad to see you. What are you come to dine with me?" "No, sir," replied E——, scarcely able to refrain from a roar of laughter; "no, sir; I am come with the admiral's orders for you to go on board." "What! and leave the goose?" "Come, come, Mr. C——, be serious; there's the signal for sailing at the mast-head, and the fleet are ordered to sea directly." "Well, tell them to wait till the goose is done." "Nonsense!—would you skulk ashore, when, perhaps, we may fall in with the enemy, and bring a few of them home with us?" "Why, not altogether that; but the goose will be spoiled, for there's not a soul in the house beside myself." "Oh, never mind the goose, you'll take that with you. But come, bear a hand; you have already incurred the admiral's displeasure, and surely you wouldn't act ungratefully to him who has always behaved so generously to you?" "Touch my honour, touch my life! No, I'll only get a fresh scrape and paint, clap my rigging over the mast-head, and then we'll make a sail together; but the goose will be burned." "Confound the goose!" said E——, stripping off his coat, "look smart, and I'll turn the spit till somebody comes;" and down he sat. Away went Billy, having mounted his uniform, to call the mistress of the house, and get shaved; but scarce had he turned the corner of the street when he ran full-butt against the admiral.

"Halloo, Mr. C——" said his lordship, "I understand your leave of absence is expired: what are you doing ashore?" "I don't know, my lord; I've been very unwell these two days—confined by room-a-tism." "Those are idle excuses, sir. Pray have you seen Mr. E——? Ah, now, if I could see you copy that young man, what satisfaction and pleasure it would afford me!" Billy shrugged his shoulders and laughed. "What insolence is this, sir?" said his lordship, "I cannot express my indignation. Tell me directly—have you seen that gentleman?" "I'm laying a particular stress on the last word." "Yes, my lord," replied Billy; "and so may you, if you go to No. —— there," pointing down the street. "What do you mean, sir?" your insinuations are base. But come, sir, I'll be satisfied—show me the way;" and Billy conducted his lordship to the door. But what was the admiral's surprise and chagrin to see the person he had just been commending, busily engaged in attending the sputtering bird, now almost

burnt to a cinder! His back was towards them; but, hearing some one behind, and concluding it was the proprietor of the rookery—"Come along, old Bet, a pretty kettle of fish I have made of it! there's the fleet getting under weigh, and old Shiver-the-wind will give me a sermon as long as the main-top-bow-line. Here's the goose as brown as a berry, and I've burnt my fingers with the ladle." This was too much for Billy; he roared till his sides shook. But who can paint the astonishment and embarrassment of the young lieutenant, on turning round and seeing who was present? "Old Shiver-the-wind is greatly obliged to you, Mr. E——," said his lordship, bowing, and walking off; "and now I shall know in whom to place confidence again. Make haste down to the barge, and wait till I come;" and away he went. "What's the matter? what's the matter, Mr. E——?" said Billy, almost convulsed with laughter on seeing the young officer throw himself into the chair in an agony. "What's the matter? why, the admiral knows the Spit-head's a naval station, and you are always fond of imitating the philosophers of grease." "I'll have satisfaction, Mr. C——; this is your doings." "So you shall, so you shall (spreading a large sheet of brown paper, and packing the goose up in it.) You put the goose upon me, you know; I clapped it upon you, and now we'll go and saddle it upon the admiral; and off they set for the boat. His lordship soon joined them, and the boat shoved off. "What is this smell, coxswain?" inquired the admiral. "'Tis Mr. E——'s goose, my lord," said Billy. "How is this that you dare to presume on my indulgence?" "Indeed, my lord, I—I—the goose—I—I," replied the stammering lieutenant. "The goose—I—I," reiterated his lordship, "what do you mean, sir?" But Billy, seeing he had run his cable out to the clinch, and that the old gentleman began to get serious, made a thousand apologies, and explained the whole business, taking the blame to himself, and respectfully entreating pardon where he had so often obtained it before. But it was not till the general action, fought soon after, that the admiral was any way reconciled. "How these balls hiss," said E—— to Billy; both stationed on the quarter-deck. "Aye, aye," retorted Billy; "aye, aye; it puts one in mind of the goose." "So," exclaimed his lordship, who had overheard it, and turning short round—"so you can't forget the goose, Mr. C——; well, well, baste the French as well as you did the goose, and I shall be satisfied." A few minutes afterwards, and the enemy dropped alongside. The boarders came rushing from their quarters, when Billy snatched up a cutlass, and, springing from the nettings on to the Frenchman's deck, roared out, waving his sword, "Here's my spit: ev'ry mon his bird, and I'll take gibbie;" and cutting down all before him, though severely wounded, fought his way to the taffrail. E—— was close at his side, and together they dowed the colours, amid three cheers from all who witnessed the exploit. The cheers were returned by the boarding party, for the finest ship in the enemy's squadron was now their own; and many an old goose at Greenwich lives to tell the tale.

UNMANLY DESERTION AT SEA.

Time wore on—days, and weeks, and months passed away, during which we were almost constantly at sea, but incidents worth relating had grown scarce, as we were piping in times of peace, when even a stray pirate had become a rarity, and a luxury denied to all but the small-craft people. On one of our cruises, however, we had been working up all the morning to the southward of the Pedro shoals, with the wind strong at east, a hard, fiery sea-breeze. We had hove a-head some three hours before, and were standing in towards the land, on the starboard tack, when the look-out at the mast-head hailed, "Dog a sail!" ("The water shoals on the weather-bow, sir," and presently, "breakers right a-head.") "Stand by to receive him!" said "Very well," I replied.—"All right!" to order out to sea. "We are nearing the reefs, sir," said I, walking aft, and addressing Captain Franksom; "shall we stand by to go about, sir?" "How the old draw mind out of bulls here, you might say." "Certainly; heave in stays as soon as you like, Mr. Cringle!" At this moment the man aloft again sang out, "There is a wreck on the weathermost point of the long reef, sir."

"Aye—what does she look like?"

"I see the stumps of two lower-masts, but the bowsprit is gone, sir. I think she must be a schooner or a brig, sir."

The captain was standing by, and looked up to me, as I stood on the long eighteen at the weather gangway.

"Is the breeze not too strong, Mr. Cringle?"

I glanced my eye over the side—"Why, no, sir, a boat will live well enough; there is not so much sea in shore here."

"Very well; haul the courses up and heave to."

It was done. "Pipe away the yawlers, boatswain's mate."

The boat over the lee-quarter was lowered, and I was sent to reconnoitre the object that had attracted our attention. As we approached, we passed the floating swollen carcasses of several bullocks, and some pieces of wreck; and getting into smooth water, under the lee of the reef, we pulled up under the stern of the shattered hull which lay across it, and scrambled on the deck by the boat-tackles that hung from the davits, as if the jolly-boat had recently been lowered. The vessel was a large Spanish schooner, apparently about one hundred and eighty tons burthen, nearly new; everything strong and well fitted about her, with a beautiful spacious flush deck, surrounded by high solid bulwarks. All the boats had disappeared; they might have been carried away by the crew, or been washed away by the sea. Both masts were gone about ten feet above the deck; which, with the whole of their spars and canvass, and the wreck of the bowsprit, were lumbering and rattling against the lee-side of the vessel, and splashing about in the broken water, being still attached to the hull by the standing rigging, no part of which had been cut away. The mainsail, gaff-topsail, foresail, fore-topsail, fore-staysail, and jib, were all set, so she must most likely have gone on the reef, either under a press of canvass in the night, in ignorance of its vicinity, or by missing stays. She lay on her beam-ends across the coral rock, on which there was about three feet water at the shallowest, and had fallen over to leeward, presenting her star-board broadside to the sea, which surged along it in a slanting direction, while the lee gunwale was under water. The boiling white breakers were dashing right against her beams, lifting them up with every scud, and thundering them down again against the flint-hard coral spikes, with a loud gritting rumble; while every now and then the sea made a fair breach over them, flashing up over the deck aft of the taffrail on a snow storm of frothy flakes. Forward in the bows there lay, in one horrible fermenting and putrifying mass, the carcasses of about twenty bullocks, part of her deck-load of cattle, rotted into one hideous mass, with the individual bodies of the poor brutes almost obliterated and undistinguishable, while streams of decomposed animal matter were ever and anon flowing down to leeward, although as often washed away by the hissing waters. But how shall I describe the scene of horror that presented itself in the after part of the vessel, under the lee of the weather bulwarks! There, lashed to the ringbolts, and sheltered from the sun and sea by a piece of canvass, stretched across a broken oar, lay, more than half-naked, the dead bodies of an elderly female and three young women, one of the latter with two lifeless children fastened by handkerchiefs to her waist, while each of the other two had the corpse of an infant firmly clasped in her arms.

It was the dry season; and as they lay right in the wake of the windward ports, exposed to a thorough draught of air, and were defended from the sun and the spray, no putrefaction had taken place; the bodies looked like mummies, the shrunken muscles, and wasted features, being covered with a dry horny skin, like parchment; even the eyes remained full and round, as if they had been covered over with a hard dim scale.

On looking down the steerage, we saw another corpse; that of a tall young slip of a Spanish girl, surging about in the water which reached nearly to the deck, with her long black hair spread out all over her neck and bosom; but it was so offensive and decayed, that we were glad to look another way. There was no male corpse to be seen, which, coupled with the absence of the boats, evinced but too clearly that the crew had left the females, with their helpless infants, on the wreck to perish. There was a small round-house on the after part of the deck, in which we found three other women alive, but

wasted to skeletons. We took them into the boat, but one died in getting over the side; the other two we got on board, and I am glad to say they both recovered. For two days neither could speak; there seemed to be some rigidity about the throat and mouth that prevented them; but at length the youngest (the other was her servant), a very handsome woman, became strong enough to tell us, that "It was the schooner Caridad that we had boarded, bound from Rio de la Hache to Savana la Mar where she was to have discharged her deck-load of cattle, and afterwards to have proceeded to Batabano, in Cuba. She had struck, as I had surmised, in the night, about a fortnight before we fell in with her; and next morning the crew and male passengers took to the boats, which with difficulty contained them, leaving the women under a promise to come back that evening with assistance from the shore, but they never appeared, nor were they ever after heard of." And here the poor thing cried as if her heart would break. "Even my own Juan, my husband, left me and my child to perish on the wreck. Oh, God! oh, God! I could not have left him—I could not have left him." There had been three families on board, with their servants, who were emigrating to Cuba, all of whom had been abandoned by the males, who as already related, must, in all human probability, have perished after their unmanly desertion. As the whole of their provisions were under water, and could not be got at, the survivors had subsisted on raw flesh so long as they had strength to cut it or power to swallow it. What made the poor creature tell it, I cannot imagine, if it were not to give the most vivid picture possible, in her conception, of their loneliness and desolation; but she said, "No sea-bird ever came near us." It was harrowing to repeat the heart-rending description given by her, of the sickening of the heart when the first night fell, and still no tidings of the boats. The second sun-set—still the horizon was speckless. The next dreary day wore to an end, and three innocent, helpless children were dead. On the fourth, madness seized on their mothers, and — but I will not dwell on such horrors.

LOSS OF THE RAVEN BRIG, WHICH WAS WRECKED ON AN ENEMY'S COAST, JANUARY 29, 1804.

THE most authentic account of the loss of this vessel, which has ever yet been published, is that which was communicated in a letter by an officer who belonged to her, then a prisoner in Spain; after having, with his shipmates, suffered all the horrors and perils of shipwreck on an enemy's coast. This letter is dated, "In prison, Fort St. Mary's, in the province of Andulusia, February 6, 1804." The particulars of which we shall give in his own words:

"I can only mention to you the outlines of our case; to describe it would be as impossible as for you to conceive it. We had left England just a week, and expected in the course of another, with the same favourable weather as had till then attended us, to reach the place of our destination."

"We had arrived within twenty-five miles of Cadiz on Monday evening, January 28th, as we imagined, but were unfortunately mistaken, for before twelve that night we found ourselves drifted into an enemy's harbour, among rocks and shoals, the recollection of which makes me shudder."

"Our situation, just before daylight on the 29th, was most truly distressing—a tremendous sea, and shoals on either hand, presented each moment as our last. At daylight we found ourselves among the enemy's ships and within the batteries, but it was determined the Raven should not be tamely surrendered, and till nine o'clock there was a hope that we should get clear off; but this hope was transient. At ten the gale increased, and we anchored, expecting every moment to be driven on the rocks by the violence of the wind and the sea. In this awful state of suspense and despair, we remained till eight at night, at which time the vessel broke from her cables, and at nine we felt the awful shock—she struck! To describe the same would baffle the efforts of the ablest pen. The groans, shrieks, and cries of men threatened with instant destruction; no hope of saving life; blowing, raining, and dreadfully dark; sea after sea dashing over us; the

crashing of the falling masts; and the shocks which the vessel received on striking the ground, presented nothing short of instant dissolution.

"Thus circumstanced we remained on the wreck from nine at night till daylight, when we were made prisoners by the Spanish soldiers. After getting on shore, how shall I speak of that Providence which saved our lives, as only two were lost, one a messmate of mine, and the other a marine. Bate-man got no hurt; but he is well and with me: we expect soon an exchange of prisoners.

"The Spanish government have behaved in the most handsome manner—and, as they had an opportunity of witnessing our exertions on Tuesday morning, they have from a sense of admiration and honour, allowed us more indulgence than has been before known to be given. We have the liberty of going where we please within twenty miles (I mean the officers), and they seem anxious to render our situation as comfortable as possible."

SHIPWRECK OF A DUTCH INDIAMAN.

NINETEEN OF THE CREW STARVED TO DEATH, AND FOUR DROWNED.

ONE of the most heartrending shipwrecks that has happened for some time was made known at Lloyd's, by the arrival of the ship *Chance*, Captain Roxby, from Sydney, in the London Docks, having on board a portion of the crew of a Dutch Indiaman, named the "John Hendrick." H. W. Edkelenbury, master, which was totally lost on the rocks forming St. Paul's island, on the morning of the 29th of May, 1845, while on her voyage from Amsterdam to Batavia. The manner in which the deplorable occurrence was discovered is remarkable. It appears that on the night of the 2nd of June, the crew of the *Chance* were anxious to ascertain whether such rocks as were laid down in the chart, forming St. Paul's Island, forty-five miles north of the equator, and twenty-nine degrees west, were really to be seen, as many doubts prevailed as to their existence. Captain Roxby informed them that if the same course they were then going was kept until the following morning, they would come in sight of the rocks. Accordingly at eight o'clock they desisted them, and at half-past nine the captain was much surprised by observing, through a glass, a Dutch ensign flying from a spar on the island. It being surmised that a vessel had been wrecked near the spot, no time was lost in bearing up to the rocks, and, on nearing them, several persons were noticed on them, evidently in an exhausted state. The captain ordered the pinnace to proceed to their assistance. About twenty poor creatures were found lying about, exhausted, and apparently in a dying condition. The boat not being able to take them all off, the captain, the chief officer, steward, carpenter, two seamen, and three apprentice boys, were first rescued, the remainder being assured by the boat's party that they would return and preserve them also. The ship was speedily gained, and on the captain learning that eleven persons were still on the island, he promptly ordered the long boat to be lowered, and with the pinnace started for the rocks. Only twelve minutes elapsed ere they had set out a second time for the island, but in the meanwhile a sharp breeze had sprung up, a tremendous sea ran, and a strong current set in to the westward. Both boats kept beating about for five hours, and it appearing evident that if they kept out much later they would be swept away, they returned to the ship, having been unable to render the promised assistance. It being probable that the gale might in some measure abate, Captain Roxby kept his ship beating about the island, as it was impossible to anchor, there being no soundings, for ten entire days; and having seen nothing of the poor creatures, who by that time must have perished from the intense heat and the want of water and food, he sailed for England, his own provisions by this time becoming very short.

On questioning those whom he had saved, he learned that they belonged to the Indiaman in question; that on the morning of the 29th of May she was running under a press of sail,

when at three o'clock the watch on deck discovered the rocks ahead so close as made it impossible to clear them. The helm was instantly brought to, but almost at the same moment she struck, and the succeeding wave pitched her on her beam ends. Every endeavour was instantly made to get her off; her rigging and masts were cut away in order to lighten her, but as the sea kept dashing her against the rocks with terrific force, she soon broke up. The captain succeeded in reaching the rocks with a line, and secured it round one of the loftiest cliffs, in effecting which he was no less than seven times swept down the rock, frightfully lacerating his body. The line being also made fast to the wreck, most part of the crew contrived to haul themselves on to the island by it. Four brave fellows attempted to land in a boat with the ship's papers and some provisions, but on nearing the breakers a heavy sea capsized her, and they all perished. A poor boy, who has been saved, had his arm broken by being dashed against the rocks. On assembling on the frightful spot which they had been cast upon, which presented not the remotest chance of escape, starvation stared them in the face. Of wearing apparel they had saved none, save the few drenched rags that covered them; and of food, the only things they could rescue from the wreck were a cask of butter, a cask of flour, a small biscuit, and a small keg of gin. Immediately under the line, a burning sun pouring upon them, and not having a drop of water to quench their thirst, the heat was intense, and which they could only allay by wading into the sea up to the chin, and thus remain the whole day. At night time the spirit was distributed amongst them. The single biscuit was broken up and divided equally, and then they commenced scouring the rocks in the hope of finding further food. They succeeded in getting a few wild fowls and eggs; they were almost driven to madness. At dusk a few drops of rain were felt descending; they instantly laid out a kind of sail to catch it, and held their heads up to the heavens with their mouths open. It soon, however, passed over.

On the third day, to their great joy, a vessel bearing American colours hove in sight in the offing. They hoisted the signal on the spar, and in order to make doubly sure, the mate, seven seamen, and a passenger, put off in the only boat they had been enabled to save, with a small piece of wood to dabble along, the oars being lost, to the approaching ship, but she passed onwards and was not seen afterwards. The poor creatures in the boat then strove to regain the island; the current was too strong for them, and they were speedily lost sight of. That they have perished there can be no doubt. They had not the slightest provision with them—no compass, and no oars, the nearest place being Cape Roque, more than 600 miles distant. The sufferings of those left on the rocks, on perceiving the fate of those in the boat, were tenfold; and on the fourth day, they gave themselves up to death. They were rapidly sinking from the effects of the heat, the skin on their face, hands, &c. actually peeling off. On the morning of the fifth day the *Chance* hove in sight, and, as before noticed, saved seven. Eleven amongst whom was the doctor, were left on the island. On the arrival of the poor fellows in London, they waited on the Netherlands consul, who having relieved their destitute condition, housed them at the Yorkshire Grey Tavern, Lower Thames-street, from whence they proceeded next day to their native country, by the Rotterdam mail steamer. The ill-fated Indiaman belonged to Rotterdam, was 800 tons burden, and had only been built about two months previous to her loss. To Captain Roxby the highest commendation is due for the humane and prompt steps he adopted to rescue the unfortunate persons on the island. Those who are indebted to him for the preservation of their lives, declare that nothing could exceed his endeavours to re-make the island. Night and day he was on deck attempting it. Of the fate of the eleven poor creatures left on the rocks, it is the opinion of Captain Roxby, as also the Dutch captain, that they must have perished in a day or two afterwards; for had they been rescued by any other vessel, she must have been fallen in with by the *Chance*. The rocks being situated some hundreds of miles out of the track of vessels trading to the Cape, perhaps scarcely two out of one thousand ever met with them.

LOSS OF THE BARRETT.

DECEMBER, 19, 1820.

THE Barrett of three hundred and fifty tons, commanded by Capt. Faragar, and laden with timber for Liverpool, sailed from St. John's, New Brunswick, on December 19, 1820. While proceeding on her voyage, on Tuesday, the 2d January, in lat. 43 deg. N. long., 34 deg. W., at 8 p.m., it came on to blow a heavy gale from the westward, and the vessel being deep, the sea made a clear breach over her. They were obliged to cut away the topsail-sheets; but every exertion to bring her to or before the wind proved ineffectual, and she continued in the trough of the sea, the water pouring down the companion, so that every moment they expected she would upset. The two pumps were constantly at work, but without effect, the water

still gaining upon them by the cabin. In this state they continued until daylight; when by this time the water had reached the after peak, so that they gave up pumping as being altogether useless. Relieving-tackles were put to the tiller, four men to each tackle, and two to the wheel, to steer her as much as possible before the wind. The sea now burst over the vessel with great force, and carried away all the rails of the poop but a few to which ropes were lashed, and to those they clung to save themselves from being washed overboard; for even the taffrail was wrenched up, and washed away. They kept a reefed foresail, a main-staysail, and trysail on her; but the foresail blew clean out of the boltropes, and such was the weakness of the crew, from the intense cold and their provisions being spoiled by the salt water, that they were unable to clear the wreck. The gale now blew with increased violence; and the



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sea running mountains high, made a clear passage over the main deck, broke the stern, and through the bends. The deck-timber, consisting of large logs, was washed away, the ring-bolts being torn from the decks, and the stanchions broken down. The vessel would have undoubtedly gone to pieces, had she not been kept as easy as possible by steering before the wind. Day after day they lay in this condition, till the captain fell ill and took to his bed; and very few, besides the mate, out of sixteen persons, were able to crawl about. All hands had been put on short allowance; but, the wind lulling, the cook contrived to light a fire, and they made two or three pretty fair meals, and kept their course. It then fell calm with a heavy swell, and the vessel having but little aboveboard to steady her, her main and mizen-masts having gone by the board, lay rolling

in the trough of the sea; their fire was put out, and at last the foremast gave way, which they cut clear. At length they were reduced to two ounces of bread and a pint of water a man for twenty-four hours, with now and then a little drop of spirits. Daily was their small allowance diminished; hunger and thirst began to make them quarrelsome and look fiercely at one another. They had only a little water and a few pounds of bread left, when the mate at daybreak went on deck, and they heard him shout "Sail, ho!" All hands immediately crawled up—even the captain got out of his cot—making sure that deliverance was at hand. She neared them fast. Faces that had not had a smile on them for many days now again looked cheerfully—wrangling ceased, and they congratulated each other on the prospect of being snatched from death. They

hoisted a signal of distress, and the captain sent for them all down into the cabin, and solemnly returned thanks to the Almighty for his merciful interposition in their behalf.

As the stranger gradually came nigher, eager expectation increased, and when she passed within hail, heard their deplorable story, and promised to render them help, they tried to raise a cheer, but it was more like the moaning of the wind. They were so reduced that they resembled spectres more than men, and could not muster sufficient strength to get the boat out, as their stern-boat had been washed away; so the master of the brig promised he would send them his, and, being short of provisions, what bread and water he could spare. This so roused their energy, that they turned to at the pumps, and by dint of hard labour, lightened her of a great deal of water, till all hands became exhausted, and they were obliged to give in.

Just at this instant the wind chopped round to the westward and the strange sail stood away from them. Some of them thought she was only keeping to windward—others gazed in silence—yet none believed that she would leave them altogether to perish, till they saw her making sail and every hour lessening in the distance. When she was only just seen like a dim speck upon the verge of the horizon, then arose wild cries and lamentations—then did disappointment sink into unutterable despair—the mind gave way under the sudden change—the men flew to the liquor, and got drunk; and whilst some were praying to the Almighty for deliverance, others mingled their expressions of distress with oaths and curses. It was a dreadful scene, as all they could muster which were likely to appease hunger, consisted of part of a bullock's hide, about four pounds of candles, and a gallon of lamp-oil, the

pump leather, and the captain's dog, reduced almost to a skeleton, which, being a favourite, he had been unwilling to kill till the last extremity; but it being represented to the captain that they must all perish unless the dog was killed for subsistence, and the animal being bled to death, he directed Mr. Mac Cloud, the mate, to serve out every part fairly and economically, which he did by dividing the blood with a table-spoon, and the liver, heart, and kidneys were divided into sixteen shares, and distributed for that day's subsistence. About this time, the captain, who had throughout suppressed the expression of his sufferings, lest he should intimidate the men, became deranged—rushed upon deck, bid God bless his wife and children, spoke of the mutiny in the ship, and used other incoherent language. He was prevailed upon to go to his cot,

where, after twenty-four hours of insanity and suffering, he expired. The whole of the survivors now became so weak, that only the mate, a robust young man, and three others, could stand. They steered the vessel as well they could towards the east, the westerly gales still prevailing. As they conjectured they had sailed since the vessel became water-logged about six hundred miles, they were in hopes of seeing the land of Ireland, or they would have given up every exertion for preservation: but in the afternoon it became more calm; and the wind suddenly changing to the eastward, blighted all their hopes. They had seen but one vessel during the whole passage; and a glimpse of hope rushing upon them that some one might fall in their way, they made fast the tiller, and committed themselves to the guidance of Providence

Every eatable was consumed; candles, oil—all were gone; and they passed the long dreary stormy nights of sixteen and seventeen hours in utter darkness, huddled together in the steerage, imploring the Almighty to help them, yet feeling reckless of existence. Such was their condition about the middle of January, and no one but the mate paid the slightest attention to the vessel; indeed had she been laden with any other cargo, nothing would have saved her; but the timber kept her buoyant even after the water had risen to the lower deck.

It was disheartening and melancholy in those dismal and dreadful nights to hear the dashing of the waves as they broke over them—the moaning of the pent-up wind in the hold—the groaning of the vessel as she writhed between the seas, and the howling of the gale as it swept above their heads—all mingling in one terrible threat to send them to the bottom; and yet in the midst of all this, whilst the hand of the Almighty was exhibited in power and in punishment, men were setting all warning at defiance by getting beastly intoxicated. It was truly a melancholy sight to see the poor withering wretches dying by inches; some like moving skeletons, and others with their flesh swelled and bloated as if they had lived on plenty. Silently they all sat clutching their hands and catching their breath, as if each had something to communicate and dared not give utterance to his thoughts;—then there was an indistinct muttering of doing the best to save their lives, till it came to a question of what was best?

At length one of them, bolder than the rest, addressed them:—"Here we are, sixteen of us, perishing for food, and what prospect is there before us? Would not it be better"—and he stopped while his companions held their breath, shuddering at what was to come next. "D— all ceremony; one must die that the rest may live." Agreed as to the necessity, they could not decide as to the mode of choosing the victim, till eager for the performance of their intentions, and determined to put the matter beyond doubt, it was agreed that the mate should prepare sixteen pieces of cord, fourteen of equal length, one a little shorter, and another shorter still: whoever drew the first lot was to be clear, the second was death, and the third the man who was to do the deed. The cords were to be shoved through a crack in the bulk-head from the steward's store-room, and each man was to draw his yarn.

The awful moment approached that was to decide the fate of one of them, and then there was a reluctance to draw, each fearful of taking the cord that was to prove his death-warrant, till the mate addressed them:—"My lads, let us wait till tomorrow before we proceed further; we have endured thus far, and a few hours longer cannot make much difference: who knows what Providence may have in store for us." This proposition was at length assented to, although many were eager for an immediate decision.

Darkness came on; they had caught no fish, nor seen any prospect of help, so that another daylight would be the last that was to dawn upon a shipmate who was then unknown, though each might fancy it would be himself. It was a dreadful night—a night of tears and lamentations; and ere another sun had risen, two of them had met the fate they so much dreaded the night before.

Hardly could a question be asked as to their future proceedings to obtain sustenance for their famished bodies, when some of the men were observed coming forward with lumps of flesh half-roasted and half raw, which they tore with their teeth like dogs; and quarrelled and fought, to get near the grate; and though their very souls loathed the disgusting banquet, the gnawings of hunger overpowered all other sensations, and each chewed the revolting remains, though they did not swallow it.

The fearful consequences of their subsisting on such unnatural food were too soon apparent, their limbs swelled and broke out into dreadful wounds, their eyes glared with unusual ferocity, and during the following night death mercifully released two more of them from their sufferings, leaving twelve miserable beings on the wreck of this unfortunate vessel.

The gale now increased heavier and heavier, the sea rolled over them, washing away the boat, and sweeping everything from the deck. Death seemed certain; the vessel, though

sound, could not resist the constant buffeting of the waves, and began to break up. They had no canvass abroad, for it was all blown to shreds; and no one kept the deck, so that she lay on the waters like a huge coffin freighted with living skeletons.— Sometimes one or another would drag up their tortured limbs just to look round, but despair began to prevail. The hold was filled with water up to the beams, and the timber with which she was laden becoming heavier by constant immersion, they were soon up to their knees in the steerage. The yarns with which the fate of one of them was to have been decided still remained in the crack of the bulk-head, and often would their eyes wander to them as a sort of fixed point. There were the dead bodies, but they thought of the malady by which they died, and they were left untouched.

Hour after hour succeeded in pain and grief, with tribulation and bemoaning, as memory pictured past enjoyments, which they valued not at the time; and then there were agonising cries for mercy, till their throats were swelled and parched, while before their eyes were the blackening corpses with which they were compelled to hold companionship, from very inability to remove them.

It was in the afternoon of the succeeding day, when they were huddled together, each one expecting the next minute to be his last, that the man who had been left upon deck came down: there was a wildness in his eye, and he seemed gasping for breath, that they thought he was mad. He held a spy-glass in his hand, and stood holding on by the table and trembling till at last he burst out crying like a child. "What is it? Speak, speak!" cried the mate. "A sail!" replied the man. Each hurried upon deck as well as he could, and then the stranger was plainly seen, standing apparently towards them. They knew he could not help seeing them, and yet it was not unlikely he might take their vessel for a deserted wreck, and so not come to their rescue. Dreadful were the horrors of that suspense, for the wind was light, and in a few hours more it would be dark. They tried to shout, but their hollow voices died away sullenly on the waters; they had no ensign, or signal-haliards to hoist anything by, and they were afraid the stranger would not see them on the deck. In this emergency the second-mate emptied a powder-flask on the windlass, and then firing a pistol into it, it exploded, making a thick smoke which curled high over their heads.

In a few minutes they observed the stranger hoisting her ensign. It is impossible to describe their joy at this welcome sight; not a soul spoke, but every man dropped on his knees, and the great Searcher of hearts heard the silent prayer of gratitude. The ship altered her course, but before she could get near enough to hold a communication, the daylight was rapidly declining; it fell calm, and in a short time it was dark. There was a sudden change from joy to torturing anxiety; but before another hour had elapsed a boat was alongside. The miserable sufferers were obliged to be lifted in, one by one, and the sea was so rough that the boat had to make several trips to rescue all the survivors.

The wreck was of course abandoned, being then in lat. 45 deg. N., long. 28 deg. W., a very great distance from any land. It was providential that the wind changed to the eastward, which threw this vessel in their way, as she would otherwise have passed them during the night. She proved to be the *Ann*, of New York, Captain Crocker, bound to Liverpool, at which port she arrived on Friday, February 23rd, 1821, a week after taking the sufferers from the wreck; who, during the time, with the exception of one or two, were unable to rise from their hammocks. They were all of them so very weak and emaciated, having their limbs also broken out in ulcers, owing to the continued action of the salt water, that they were unable for some weeks, although treated with the greatest attention, to pursue their perilous vocation. The captain left a wife and five children, in Liverpool, to deplore their melancholy bereavement.

DICK SWIFT, THE OCEAN RACER.

It is an old saying that some men are born to be lucky, while others are just the reverse. It often occurs that some will use the utmost industry and perseverance to gain an especial

point, but fail in their attempt; while others, who take little or no pains, meet with success. Thus it is with journeys by land and voyages at sea. Two vessels may leave the same port for a distant country, and although one may sail many days later than the other, yet it often occurs that the vessel that sailed last reaches its destination first. So may it be said of Richard Swift, the master of a trader, betwixt London and Hamburg; who was so remarkable for making quick passages, that he obtained the cognomen of "Dick Swift—the Ocean Racer."

He was allowed to be a capital sailor, and when he had become accustomed to a vessel, he never liked to part from her, for he would find out her trim to an inch of canvass, and he was not a man to spare a sail or ship either: let the wind blow how it would, he despised to take in a reef. If such advice was ever offered to him, his reply invariably was, "It loses too much time," or "What's the use of having canvass on board if you don't use it?" he never could bear the thoughts of reefing, and if it was said to him that the wind did not serve, he would reply, "Then it must blow us back again, that's all. If I promise to sail at a certain hour I must go."

During the short cessation of hostilities between France and England, in 1802, several vessels were freighted for Hamburg, Amsterdam, and other eastern ports. One morning, as the sky cleared, and rendered objects visible at a good distance, the "Good Intent" (a trader) was going a good six knots an hour, with a fine breeze aft. Her captain was a careful man, and as the weather was rather squally, he did not care to carry much sail. His general maxim being—"better to be a few hours later, than come into port with a shivered topsail."

He had taken up his telescope, and was looking out astern to see what other vessels were on the same course, when he suddenly exclaimed, "Hey-day! who is this coming along in such haste, with sky-scrappers and every inch of canvass set, as if there was not a capfull of wind stirring? I'll be bound it is Dick Swift. See how he skims along, leaving every vessel astern of him. I suppose he'll be alongside of us before long, notwithstanding we sailed a tide before him." Captain Dixon was indeed a true prophet; the vessel which had at first appeared as a mere speck on the ocean, gradually enlarged until it was close astern of him.

"How are you, Dixon? How are you?" said Dick Swift. "Fine breeze this, eh?"

"Why, where the deuce are you going to in such haste?" inquired Dixon; "for you carry canvass enough for a seventy-four."

"I am on hasty business," responded Swift. "The owners desired me to be as speedy as possible, and I always wish to act according to orders. I have been accustomed to do so ever since I was mate aboard a man-of-war; and as the resolution is both good and lawful, I don't wish to break it. By-the-by, that's a good craft of yours, Dixon, and she sails well; but *mine sails better*. There she goes like a beauty, cutting through the water like a shot. Good-bye, Dixon, I must get on: my vessel's impatient you see, and so am I, and can't wait for you; good-bye. I shall see you in Hamburg; I'll tell the agents you are coming."

Swift's vessel had now shot a-head of Dixon, and in a few hours was nearly lost in the distance.

"There he goes," said Dixon. "The fellow has the devil's luck and his own too. I often wonder he doesn't meet with some accident, for he flogs his ship most unmercifully. So, so, here's a heavy squall coming; I see it running along the water's edge. Make all snug there, and let's receive it as quietly as we can. Down with your royals, My word for it, Master Swift will leave some of his tackle overboard if it catches him."

The squall came quickly on: it was a severe one; but the wise precautions of Dixon prevented any mischief on board his ship. It passed over quickly, and the weather becoming more serene, Dixon hoisted his royals, and with a steady breeze aft, he cut through the water at eight knots an hour, which was jocosely termed one of Dixon's gallops.

"Now I must have a look after my friend Swift," said Dixon, as he took up his glass. "Ah, there he is; the squall has just got hold of him. Madcap! He'll lose some of his canvass, or

I'm mistaken. There; there goes his top-sail. I expected as much. He's getting pretty close on Cuxhaven; though! Well; well, I shall not be many hours after him."

Dick Swift, who had made the best use of his time, was within ten leagues of Cuxhaven when the squall caught him. He was down below at the time, and the mate, who was then on deck, perceiving its approach gave orders to strike the royals and reef the trysail. But no sooner were the words given, than Swift came hurrying on deck, and with stentorian voice roared out,—"Hold, topmen, let the sails alone. Who the devil told you to reef and strike?" said he to the mate.

"A squall coming on, sir," was the reply.

"What the devil has the squall to do with us," replied Swift. "I don't suppose it will blow us out of the water; besides it loses time to reef and shake out; and I hate your lazy snail's gallop."

"Are we to hoist the royals again, sir?" called one of the topmen.

"No, never mind," replied Swift; "since they are down, let them remain so." It was well for him that they were struck, for when the squall reached him, it came with such violence, that in spite of all his skilful manœuvring, it carried away his top-mast and tore his mainsail to ribands. However, he got to Cuxhaven without any other damage, and soon reached the bourse at Hamburg, where he did not forget to boast of his quick passage, and the number of vessels he had left behind him. Dixon came in the next morning, without a stitch of canvass being injured. Swift began to banter him. "Well, Dixon, how are you? You have arrived at last, eh! Slow work, slow work, eh!"

"If it's slow it's sure," replied Dixon. "When I come into port I bring my vessel in complete, with every stick standing; I don't come towing into port without a topsail; or my mainsail cut to ribands like other people that I could name."

"Oh, d—n the topmast," retorted Swift; "it was old and good for nothing, and now I shall get a new one; so I gain by the loss: and as for my trysail being a little torn, it is but a few yards of canvass spoiled; and my owners don't mind that, now and then, provided I make a quick passage."

"Well," said Dixon, I see it is no use to argue with you, for you have an answer for every thing. But I must leave you, for my time is short here. I must get my cargo on shore, and be off again in three days."

"Why, what's all this bustle about?" inquired Swift.

"That's more than I know," said Dixon. "All I can tell you is, that the ship is taken by three English families, who leave for London immediately, so I am bound to sail with or without a cargo."

"Well," said Swift, "I'll walk with you to the quay; but spite of all your bustle and haste, I wouldn't mind laying a wager that I see the Thames as soon as you."

"Time will show, time will show," said Dixon; "but don't loom too large lest you should be mistaken."

Thus did these two sons of Neptune beard each other until they reached the quay.

Swift had made so many remarkable voyages that he was well known over the eastern coast, and whenever any ship-owners wanted to ensure a quick passage, Dick Swift was sure to be eagerly sought after. He was once master of one of the Hull traders, and a fleet of them had dropped down to Grimsby, and thence to Spurn; where, finding the wind adverse and blowing stiff from the south-east, and fearing to be blown on the stony binks, they remained at anchor waiting for more favourable weather. The following day Dick Swift got his cargo on board and dropped down to Grimsby with the tide, where he anchored, and got everything in good sailing trim, not meaning to bring up at Spurn-light, if the tide would last him long enough. Next tide, away he went with all the sail he could muster, and when he arrived at Spurn he found all the others, that had started two tides before him, lying at anchor. He lay-to for a short time.

"Why, what do you all do here at anchor," said he, "when you ought to be out at sea?"

"Why you wouldn't have us go to sea in such a gale of wind as this?" replied the master of a vessel, who lay alongside.

"To be sure I would!" replied Swift. "I am not going to lose time here; I am off to sea, blow high or blow low, the owner's business must not be delayed because the wind blows stiffer than usual. So good-bye to you all. I mean to see London the day after to-morrow."

Swift was as good as his word; he sailed immediately, and reached London safe and sound in forty hours. Many of the shipmasters felt ashamed at being left behind, and resolved to sail after him; but they had delayed so long that they lost their tide, and when it ebbed again the wind had chopped right in their teeth, so that they were detained a day longer in consequence; and when they got to sea the gale had dropped into a calm, and they made but slow work of it. Dick Swift got his cargo landed, and was soon freighted and ready for sea again. Many inquiries were made respecting the other ships, to all of which he replied, "He supposed they were at Spurn waiting till he went back to tell them what news was stirring in London."

Dick Swift, having got his clearance, set sail on his return to Hull. When he reached the Nore he found several of the Hull traders at anchor, and he did not forget to congratulate them on the quick passage they had made. His jeers made them rather sore; but there was no help. When Swift got into the Sweyn he found the rest of them, and he saluted them all as he passed. There was one vessel commanded by Joseph Benton, who had not been in the habit of speaking very favourably of Dick Swift; and he made a point of passing close alongside of him, and giving him a fillip. "Good day, Mr. Benton," said Swift: "any news at sea—are all well at Spurn Point?"

"I don't know," responded Benton, rather sulkily; "what's the news in London, if you come to that?"

"The news in London!" echoed Swift; "I know of none, excepting that there were a great many anxious inquiries after you and the rest of traders; but, however, you will now have an opportunity of getting to the Nore this evening, and to London some time or another, although a west wind is not altogether the sort of thing to work up the Thames. So good-bye to you, old friend—bad luck now, better another time."—So saying, Swift brought his vessel to the wind and was soon out of sight.

Captain Dixon made all possible haste to get his ship cleared of her cargo, and made the necessary preparations for the accommodations of his passengers who were about to quit Ham-burgh. Dick Swift had also discharged his cargo, and was waiting for a freight to take back to England, while the necessary repairs were going forward on board his ship.

It was about this period that Buonaparte had made rapid inroads into the German territories, and the non-intercourse decree was passed. Dick Swift and Captain Dixon happened to be at the bourse, when one of the merchants called them aside, and told them that he had private information that an order had arrived from the French authorities to seize on all English shipping in the Elbe. "The devil they will!" exclaimed Swift. "They must look sharp to catch me, then."

"What do you mean to do?" inquired Dixon.

"What do I mean to do?" echoed Swift. "Why, cut and run to be sure. It will soon get dark; there is a night tide, and it shall take me out to sea, before any of the French mounseers shall know my anchor is weighed."

"But how will you get to sea without your topmast, and with your trysail cut to ribands?" said Dixon, ironically.

"Under such circumstances," replied Swift, "I'd go to sea with nothing but an old blanket for a trysail; and I don't mind betting you a glass of grog that I reach the Thames before you."

"Done," said Dixon. "You have generally won your wagers when you betted on your speed, but I think I am safe for winning this time."

"That remains to be proved," said Swift. "I shall leave you now and get on board, and see about putting a few stitches in my trysail, and I'll be bound we'll be able to rig something by way of a topmast."

"And I must go down to the quay, and see about my passengers," said Dixon; "for if the French are going to get to

windward of us, I must look out ahead, and keep clear of the breaking waters."

"Away with you, then," said Dick; "but don't forget our wager." They parted; each taking his way to his ship. Swift was not idle a moment—he set all hands to work, in order to repair the damage sufficiently to enable them to set sail with the next tide.

Night came, and Dixon, who had warped out quietly, got to sea unobserved. Dick Swift had greater difficulties to surmount—he was obliged to have his work done quietly to prevent any appearance of bustle on board, lest it should create suspicion, for the French authorities were on the alert; but, seeing the tattered state of Swift's vessel, did not imagine he had the most remote idea of going to sea that night. Swift was, however, keeping a sharp look-out, and the moment opportunity offered he cut his cable, and silently dropped down with the tide; and as soon as he got clear of the other shipping, up went every stitch of canvass he could muster. A stiff breeze sprang up from the eastward. He was hailed by several vessels, but no answer being returned, a shot was fired at him; but Swift's good fortune stuck to him—he dashed along, spite of all obstruction, and got out to sea. The armed corvette which had fired at him cut her cable, and went in pursuit; but Swift, who knew every inch of the coast, shaved every sand or shoal so close, that the corvette fell into the snare, and getting a little too much to the larboard of Swift's track, stuck fast ashore, where he had the mortification of seeing Swift escape, as well as hearing three lusty cheers given in derision.

Swift was now safe on the German Ocean—plenty of sea-room, and a stiff breeze from the east; his trysail was rather the worse for its late accident, and the bit of spar he had rigged out for a top-mast cut a strange figure: but, notwithstanding all these disadvantages, he contrived to make good way. When daylight broke upon him he could see Dixon's ship a long way ahead of him, and he could not help exclaiming, "I think my glass of grog will be lost this time." A fog came gradually on, and obscured the other vessels from his view. Dick Swift, however, set his bells going, and disdaining to lay-to as others had done, made the best of his way; and in twenty-four hours, when the fog cleared off, the English coast could be discerned like a black streak running athwart the ocean's bosom. The wind had been pretty stiff, and Dick Swift had nearly met with an awkward accident before the fog cleared off, as he got foul of a large ship, which carried away his jib-boom.

This, of course, could not but be deemed a sad misfortune, more particularly at a juncture like the present, when not only his character, as an "ocean racer," but also his *grog* was at stake; and every means that ingenuity or experience could devise were adopted to get the weather-gage of Dixon.

He succeeded, and reached the Thames without any further damage. As usual he was the first in. A few hours after he saw a vessel coming in: a short glance convinced him it was Dixon.

"Halloo, Dixon!" said Swift. "Where the deuce have you been loitering? Why you were twenty miles ahead of me before the fog came on."

"And how the deuce did you get in so soon?" said Dixon. "And where's your jib-boom?"

"Why, as to that," replied Swift, "I can't exactly say where it is. All I know is, that it went overboard in the fog; and as I was in haste I could stop to look after it."

"Ha, ha, ha," said Dixon, laughing heartily. "A pretty sailor, to come into port without a jib-boom."

"I confess," said Swift, "I confess I've lost my jib-boom—but I've won my grog."

A GALE OFF MARMORICE.

In the latter end of the month of January, 1801, the day dawned with every indication of bad weather—the mass of dense and heavy clouds, piled upon each other, occupied all space to the south-west; the sun in his course looked with a fiery aspect, and the sea-fowl, with the wonderful instinct that puzzles the wise, from their foreknowledge of the storm, came

screaming in upon the land; the wind blew fiercely and in fearful gusts; the labouring clouds seemed preparing to discharge their overloaded breasts, and distant thunder rolled along the horizon. The masses of clouds, as they sailed along the ocean, nearly shut out the light of day, and rose at opposite extremities into huge mountains of vapour: they were illuminated by fitful flashes of lightning, and looked like giant batteries erected in the heavens. As they moved onwards from the south-west, they shot down vivid streams, which, at times, pierced the waters like quivering blades of fire; again the electric fluid took an horizontal direction through the skies, and its dazzling streak fluttered like a radiant streamer, until it lost itself among the clouds. Comparative darkness came on with a suddenness that I never before had observed, and the gusts were terrific.

During this elemental war, the British fleet under Vice-Admiral Lord Keith, and the army under Sir Ralph Abercrombie, closely crammed in men-of-war and transports, to the number of two hundred sails, were carrying a heavy press of canvass to claw off a lee-shore: that shore was Caramania, in Asia Minor, a most mountainous and well-wooded, black-looking coast. We were in search of Marmoreice harbour, the appointed rendezvous of the Egyptian expedition; and the Asiatic pilots, frightened at the dangerous position of the fleet in this tremendous weather, lost the little knowledge they had formerly possessed of this unfrequented and frowning coast, whose mountains towered high above the clouds, on which no vestige of human life could be seen. Every glass, in the clearness between the squalls, was eagerly turned upon the precipitous shore, upon which the heavy waves beat with the most horrific grandeur. It was self-evident to the meanest capacity, that unless the harbour could be entered before night, the transports filled with British warriors would be wrecked on the lee-shore, with no chance of assistance. The men-of-war, by dint of carrying sail, might claw off; but the great majority of this fine army would, in a few hours, become food for the monsters of the deep, or the ferocious and ravenous tenants of the vast forests that seemed interminable to our straining sight. As each withdrew his glass, with a disappointed look, the longitude of their countenances increased, and the round-faced, laughing midshipman, lost his disposition for fun or frolic, and all at once became a reflecting, sedate personage.

The admiral, on whom all the responsibility rested, endeavoured to assume a calmness of tone and manner, that the honesty of his open nature would not brook: his agitation was visible in the contortions of his venerable countenance, and the sudden starts of his nervous system.

"Fire a gun, and hoist a signal of attention to the fleet," said his lordship.

"They have all answered, my lord," said the officer of the signal department.

"Now, Mr. Stains, be particular; ask if any one is qualified to lead into Marmoreice."

As the negative flag flew at the mast-head of the men-of-war, every countenance proportionally fell. At length, with heart-felt joy, I proclaimed, that one of our sloops had hoisted her affirmative.

"Who is she, younger? D—n it, boy, do not keep me in suspense."

"The Petrel, my lord."

I saw an ejaculation of thankfulness rise warm from the heart on the lips of Lord Keith, as he piously raised his eyes and pressed his hand on his heart.

"Signal for the fleet to bear up, make more sail, and follow the Petrel," said Lord Keith; "Captain Inglis may be depended on."

And we shook out a reef, and set the main-top-gallant-sail, which soon closed our leader in the Petrel. As we approached this mountainous and novel land, the idea (and it must be an astounding one) seemed to dwell on and occupy the most unreflecting mind, that should Captain Inglis be wrong, every ship with twenty-five thousand men, would be the sacrifice of such error.

Lord Keith ordered the signal of attention with the Petrel's pendants.

"Captain Inglis, your responsibility is awful," said the telegraph. "Are you perfectly certain of the entrance of Marmoreice?"

"Perfectly sure," was the answer, "and right a-head."

"Signal officers on the fore-yard, with their glasses," said the admiral; and slinging our telescopes we ascended: indeed it was time, for now the roar of the waves, as they broke on the coast, throwing their spray on high, conveyed a dismal idea of our impending fate.

"A narrow entrance a-head," called the signal-lieutenant, Stains.

"Do the midshipmen make out the same?"

"We all of us discern it, my lord," shouted the whole at the very extent of their voices.

"God be praised for this great mercy!" ejaculated his lordship, uncovering and bowing his head with great devotion; and I do aver and believe that the grateful sentiment pervaded every heart in the Foudroyant.

The entrance of Marmoreice now became distinctly visible to all on deck, from the contrast of the deep still water to the creamy froth on the shore; and the signal of the fleet to crowd all sail for the port in view, and the men-of-war to haul their wind, until the merchantmen had entered the channel, was flying at the Foudroyant's mast-head, as she shot into the gut of Marmoreice. The tremendous mountains overshadowed us, and seemed inclined, from their great height, to come thundering down upon us like the destructive avalanches in the mountains of Switzerland.

We now entered the spacious and splendid harbour, circular in its form, and more than twenty miles in circumference. It created great astonishment from its vast magnitude, being capable of containing all the ships in the world, and from its vast mountainous shore with immense forests. In so small a nook as to be nearly invisible, stands on a rock a fort, and a few wretched houses, surrounded by a high wall, I conjecture for the purpose of keeping out wild beasts, which seemed here lord of the ascendant. This fortification displayed the crescent and was saluted with eleven guns, as we took up anchorage, closely followed by our numerous fleet. Scarcely had we moored, when the heavy masses of clouds that had rested on and capped the high land, now opened upon us in earnest, and the forked lightnings darted among the fleet with fatal effect. The gale increased to a perfect hurricane, and blew from all points of the compass; the flakes of ice, for they were too large to be called hail, came down with such prodigious force as to destroy man and beast; and whoever witnessed that storm, could entertain no doubt of a special Providence in the affairs of men. We were all safe moored, and the heart expanded in thankfulness to the Eternal Power that had watched over our safety.

The following night was beautifully serene, and the suns of other worlds threw their softened and passive light on this minute speck in the boundless creation—the watch, some of whom paced the deck, castle-building, and imagining scenes of bliss that never were to be realized, while others admired the starry vault of heaven, wondering with what sort of beings yon myriads of worlds were peopled; while the talkers who could get listeners, were spinning many a yarn of by-gone days and other scenes. Crombie, a grey-headed young gentleman, (for all midshipmen are called young gentlemen, and with whom the youthful lieutenant of his watch commonly created some mirth by desiring him as youngest to sheer up to the mast-head and count the convoy), now seized me by the button, by which he compelled me to listen to his yarn as follows: "I say, youngster, that was an ugly coast we ran down upon yesterday, and reminds me of an occurrence that was particularly mournful." here he hemmed, and seemed to smother a sigh. "You see, when I belonged to his majesty's sloop—but it will be as well not to mention her name, as I cut and run one day without asking permission; well, we were cruising in the latitude, and, by old Sounding's longitude (but that, by dead reckoning, could not always be depended upon) near where brother Jonathan said he had discovered a dangerous cluster of rocks, to which he had affixed the appropriate name of the 'Devil's Grip'; well, I dined in the gun-room that day, and many a

heartily laugh at the Yankee notion circulated with the bottle; for the master proved, to the satisfaction of all but one at the table, that rocks could not be in the open sea, so many hundred miles from any known land, and where the deep sea lead could not find bottom, and for which he had often tried in vain: so when the caterer bowed round to signify that the mess allowance of wine, viz., a pint each person, was drunk, the first luff proposed an extra bottle, while we listened to the most extraordinary youth I ever met with, as he, with fluency of speech and elegance of manner, demolished the master's premises and inferences. This young gentleman was called the captain's nephew, and might, I think, have claimed nearer relationship; he was named Paulo, after his mother, Pauline, a Neapolitan Countess, who fled from a nunnery, where she had been imured without asking her consent. She must have been a beauty, for her son, though of a very fragile and delicate make, was remarkably tall and handsome, with a most expressive countenance, generally clouded with a shade of melancholy: he was fond of gazing at the moon, and wrote a deal of poetry, comparing ladies' eyes to the bright stars that shone above him, all about love, and such other nonsense; but our doctor, who was a learned man, pronounced it beautiful, and said he was a genius of the first order, full of susceptibility, and with nerves too finely strung for this coarse and bustling world; at all events, he was universally beloved for his gentleness and kindness of heart: at punishment you would see him with his hands clasped, and his eyes suffused with tears, looking up in his uncle's face with such an imploring look to spare the culprit, while the muscles round his well-formed mouth used to work as the sharp lash fell on the tender skin of the sufferer.

"The captain was a stern unbending man, but his iron countenance softened at the visible agony of this glorious youth, who frequently gained his point, and the last dozen was remitted. He said, as far as I could understand him, that the shell of the earth was trifling compared to its interior, which was supposed to be in a state of fusion, and hence arose volcanos and earthquakes, the heaving up of lands that had been the bed of the ocean, and the submersion of others; that the vast Atlantic itself was supposed by some philosophers to have once been habitable and a great continent. All this was too learned, and made no impression on any one but the doctor; so we drank the captain's toast, of good afternoon, and went to our usual duty; mine was to keep the first watch. The gale blew hard, right aft, and we were dashing through a heavy sea in merry style.

"I think, sir," said I, addressing my officer without touching the hat, the night being too dark to notice the omission, (a point on which he was very particular), "I think, sir, that the sea seems inclined to kick up a bobbery to night, and is rising fast."

"I am of the same opinion, youngster: but what is that a-head?"

"At this moment the look-out man on the bowsprit sung out, 'Breakers a-head!' and was reiterated by the cut-head-man, 'Breakers on both bows!' in that indescribable tone of alarm that carries instant conviction of great danger, and causes a revulsion of the blood.

"This terrific announcement woke even the sleepers, for in less time than I take to tell you, every man and boy was on deck, most of them in their shirts; poor dear Paulo, looking more like an ærial sprite than of mortal mould, ran after the captain, who went out on the end of the bowsprit, and looked steadily around, which required nerves of iron; for right a-head seemed a vast barrier of rocks, on which the sea was wildly breaking, throwing its white spray to the clouds; and on each side, as the mad waves receded, were seen their black tops, peeping through the creamy froth that surrounded us, the gallant ship bounding like a greyhound, at the rate of ten knots, full upon them, that would dash her to atoms; for she seemed to me to increase her speed, probably from an indraught in the reef. Then arose the wild shriek of despair from the timid, and stood still the brave; their manly brows blanched, it is true, for it was a sight of such horror, youngster, that my hair turned perfectly white, and I shut my eyes with the sinner's last ejaculation, of 'God be merciful to me!' but not before I

had seen Paulo, the beautiful and good Paulo, with the scream of a maniac, jump into the boiling surf. The manly tone of the captain's voice was heard high above the roar of the breakers, 'Port the helm, port, and silence all of you—your lives depend on your steadiness and prompt obedience. Master, take the weather-wheel, and steer for an opening, two points before the starboard beam: me may find water through the reef where it does not break so heavily. Brace forward the yards;' and the lee-gunnel buried itself in the agitated water, as she sprang to the wind.

"Let fly the main-topgallant-sheets!" The sail flew to ribands, and saved the topmast. 'Now, master, hard up to the helm, and square away the yards; send her between those high rocks where the sea does not break.' The noble ship leaped between them, while the spray from them washed some of the unnerved over the bulwarks, and their last despairing cry was drowned in the roar of the surf. She steered beautifully in the master's able hands, who had frequently declared he could turn her through the eye of a needle; and this channel between the breakers was like one, and very little wider than her main-yard. Nothing was heard from old Soundings but 'Port it is, starboard withal,' not forgetting sir, at the end of each response. As I went to assist him at the wheel, after drawing in a long breath, I heard him mutter, 'Who would have thought the Yankee notion true, but it is the Devil's Grip, and a devilish ugly one it is for sartin.'

"We are through the reef, thank Almighty God," said the captain: and it came warm from the heart. 'Master, we will heave-to till daylight.' 'Better take a large offing,' said Sounding: 'the devil may have a young grip forming in the wake of his mother.' 'Keep a good look out for breakers,' called the captain; 'and, Mr. Handsail, shorten sail, laying her to.' And we heve-to, a league to leeward of the most frightful cluster of rocks that ever reared their ugly heads above the wide and open sea. 'But where is my boy, Paulo!' said the captain. I advanced, and gave my doleful story. His strong and pent-up feelings broke down in a torrent of grief; the big tears coursed each other down his weather-beaten cheeks as he exclaimed, 'Oh! Paulo, my good and gentle son, Paulo, would to God that I had died for thee!'

"There is something so affecting in the grief of a strong mind like the captain's—so firm, that he retained his self-possession in the midst of scenes that paralysed the heart and blanched the boldest front—that all shed tears that heard him exclaim, in the bitter accents of heart-broken misery, that he was bereaved and desolate, and would welcome death as a cessation from intolerable anguish. I alone stood firm, not being of the melting mood, though I dearly loved the boy, who haunts me in my sleep. I saw him last night, plain as I see you, and heard his maniac scream, as he jumped into the agitated waters." Saying this, Crombie pulled off my button and burst into tears; I respected his feelings too much to recal to his mind his previous declaration of stoicism. "The master," said he, "called for a norwester to comfort him, saying, 'grief always made him dry.' The captain did his duty mechanically, but the elasticity of his step, and his manly deportment had, like his son, left him for ever. He was never after seen to smile, retired on half-pay, and soon went to that 'bourne from whence no traveller returns.'"

A FLEET SETTING SAIL.

—Suppose that you have seen
The well appointed King at Hampton Pier
Embark his royalty: and his brave fleet,
With silken streamers, the young Phoebus fanning,
Play with your fancies; and in them behold,
Upon the hempen tackle, ship-boys climbing,
Hear the shrill whistle, which doth order give
To sounds confused; behold the threading sail,
Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms thro' the furrow'd sea,
Breasting the lofty surge!—*Shakspeare.*

LOSS OF THE ALBION.

THE *Albion*, of 447 tons burthen one of the finest class of packet-ships between New York and Liverpool, commanded by Captain John Williams, having on board a crew of twenty-five persons, besides twenty-three cabin and six steerage passengers, making fifty-four persons in all, sailed from New York on the 1st of April, 1822.

For the first twenty days the voyage had been prosperous and pleasant, with moderate and favourable weather; and at about half-past one o'clock in the afternoon of Sunday, the 21st, they made the land; the Fastnet Rock bore, by compass, E.N.E., distant about three leagues. At two, they made Cape Clear, bearing E. and by N., distant about two leagues. The weather at this time was thick and foggy, the wind blowing fresh, and heavy squalls from the southward. The ship was

now heading up E.S.E., and carrying all prudent sail to crowd the ship off the shore; but as the gale increased, they were obliged to shorten sail. At four o'clock, they were under double-reefed topsails, foresail, and mainsail, when a sudden squall carried away the fore-yard and split the fore-topsail; they, however, got the pieces of the yard down, and prepared to get another yard up; and as the gale still increased, they took in the mainsail and mizen-topsail, and set the main-trysail.

As the night came on, the decks were cleared for working the ship; the wind lulled, and it was supposed that the storm of the day was over: they were near to the coast, and all hands flattered themselves that in a short time they should reach their destined harbour; but about nine o'clock they were struck by a heavy sea, which threw the ship on her beam-ends, and carried away the main-mast by the deck, the heads of the



LOSS OF THE ALBION, CAPTAIN WILLIAMS, APRIL 22, 1822.

mizen-mast and fore-topmast sweeping the decks clear of everything, including boats, caboose-house, and bulwarks, and staving in all the hatches, state-rooms, and bulwarks in the cabin, which was nearly filled with water. At the same moment six seamen, and one of the cabin passengers, Mr. A. B. Conyers, of Troy, New York, were swept overboard; in short, that fatal wave left the *Albion* a wreck. She was then about twenty miles from the shore, and Captain Williams steadily and coolly gave his orders, and cheered the passengers and crew with the hope that the wind would shift, and before morning blow off shore.

The ship being unmanageable, and the sea making a complete breach over, both crew and passengers were obliged to lash themselves to the pumps that they might work them. All who were useless on deck retired below, but the water was

knee-deep in the cabin, and the furniture floating about rendered the situation dangerous and dreadful. On deck they were in total darkness, and, having no correct compasses, they could not tell how the ship's head lay.

About one o'clock in the morning of the 22nd, they made the light of the Old Head of Kinsale, but could not ascertain its bearing, and at two o'clock they found the ship embayed. All night long the wind had blown directly on shore, towards which the *Albion* was drifting at the rate of about three miles an hour. The complete hopelessness of their situation was known to few, except Captain Williams; the coast was familiar to him, and he must have seen, in despair and horror, throughout the night, the certainty of their fate. At length the ocean, roaring and dashing upon the precipice of rocks, told them too plainly that their hour was come. Captain Williams

summoned all the passengers up who had not before been on deck, and briefly told them that the ship must soon strike—it was impossible to preserve her. Their state was pitiable; many of them had received considerable injury when the sea first struck her, and were scarcely able to come on deck; others had been incessantly assisting at the pumps; and it is an interesting fact, that Miss Powell, of Canada, daughter of Judge Powell, an amiable young lady, was desirous of being allowed to take her turn. One gentleman, who had been extremely ill during the voyage, Mr. William Everhart, of Chester, Pennsylvania, was too feeble to crawl to the deck without assistance, though, strange to say, he was the only cabin passenger who was saved. Professor Fisher never came on deck, and perished below.

Their situation, at that moment, is indescribable, and can scarcely be dwelt upon, much less to attempt to detail its horrors. Major Gough, of the British army, remarked, "That Death, come as he would, was an unwelcome messenger, but that they must meet him like men." Very little was said by the others; the men waited in silence for the expected shock. General Lefebvre Desnouettes during the voyage, had evidently wished to remain without particular observation; and, to prevent his being known, besides taking passage under a feigned name, had suffered his beard to grow during the whole voyage. He had the misfortune, before the ship struck, to be much bruised, and one of his arms was broken, which disabled him from exertion if it could have been of any avail.

It is barely possible to conceive the horrors of their situation: the deadly and relentless blast impelled them to destruction—the ship a wreck—the raging of the billows against the precipice on which they were driving, sending back from the caverns and the rocks the hoarse and melancholy warnings of death—dark, cold, and wet. In such a situation, the stoutest heart must have quaked with utter despair. When there is a ray of hope, there may be a corresponding buoyancy of spirit; when there is any thing to be done, the active man may drown the sense of danger while exerting himself; but here there was nothing to do but to die!

Just at the grey of dawn the Albion struck on a reef, her upper-works beat in over the rocks, and in about half an hour, after coming in over the first reef, they parted midships, and her quarter-deck drifted in on the top of the inside ledge, immediately under the cliffs. The perpendicular precipice of rocks is nearly two hundred feet in height, the sea beating for ages against it had worn large caverns in its base, into which the waves rushed violently, sending back a deep and hollow sound, then running out in various directions, forming whirlpools of great violence. For some distance from the precipice, rocks rise out of the water, broad at bottom, and sharp at top; on one of these the Albion first struck, the next wave threw her farther on the rock, the third farther still, until, nearly balanced, she swung round, and her stern was driven against another near in shore.

In this perilous situation, every wave making a complete breach over her, many were drowned on deck. Up to the period of her parting, nearly twenty persons were clinging to the wreck, among whom were two females, Mrs. Pye and Miss Powell. Captain Williams had, with several others, been swept away soon after she struck, a circumstance which may be attributed to the very extraordinary exertions which he used to the last moment for the preservation of the lives of the unfortunate passengers and crew. A woman, but who Mr. Everhart could not distinguish, fell near him and cried for help. He left his hold and raised her up—another wave came, but she was too far exhausted to sustain herself and sunk on the deck, and the next wave swept her into the vast abyss of the ocean.

A short time before the vessel parted, the mate and six of the crew got away from her. After gaining a rock in a very exhausted state, the mate was washed off, but by the assistance of Providence was enabled to gain it before the return of the sea. He was obliged to lie down to regain a little strength, after the severe bruises and contusions he had received on the body and feet, before he could attempt to climb the rock, which was nearly perpendicular. One of the passengers, Colonel

Augustine J. Provost, reached the rock alive, but was, together with one of the stewards, washed off and drowned.

Some of the passengers were suffocated on deck, and in the fore-rigging, and some must have been destroyed, by an anchor which was loose on the fore-castle, before the ship parted. The devastation which followed was frightful. The entire cargo, consisting of cotton, rice, turpentine, and bees'-wax, together with a quantity of silver and gold to a large amount, was in all directions beaten about by the violence of the sea, without a possibility of saving it.

Perceiving that the stern was higher out of water and the sea had less power in its sweep over it, Mr. Everhart went aft. He now perceived that the bottom had been broken out of the ship. The heavy articles must have sunk, and the cotton and lighter articles were floating around, dashed by every wave against the rocks. Presently the ship broke in two, and all those who remained near the bow were lost. Several from the stern of the ship had got on the side of the precipice, and were hanging by the crags as well as they could. Although weakened by previous sickness and present suffering, Mr. Everhart made an effort and got upon the rock, and stood upon one foot, which was the only hold he could obtain. He saw several around him, and, amongst the rest, Colonel Provost, who observed, on seeing him take his station, "Here is another poor fellow." But the waves rolling heavily against them, and often dashing the spray fifty feet above their heads, gradually swept those who had taken refuge, one by one, away; and one poor fellow losing his hold, grasped the leg of Mr. Everhart and nearly pulled him from his place. Weak and sick as he was, Mr. Everhart stood several hours on one foot on a little crag, the billows dashing over him, and quite benumbed with cold.

As soon as it was light, and the tide ebbed so as to render it possible, the people descended the rocks as far as they could, and dropped Mr. Everhart a rope, which he fastened round his body and was drawn up to a place of safety. Of twenty-three cabin passengers he alone escaped.

At four o'clock in the morning, Mr. Purcell, of Garret's Town, was informed that a ship was cast on the rocks at the bottom of the dairy farms of T. Rochfort, Esq., he immediately repaired to the spot, and at about the centre of the two farms, found a vessel on the rocks under a high cliff. At this time, as it blew a gale, with spring tide and approaching high water, the sea ran mountains high; however, he descended with some men as far down the cliff as the dashing of the sea would permit them to go with safety, and there had the horrid spectacle of viewing five dead bodies stretched on the deck, and four other fellow creatures distractedly calling for assistance, which they were unable to afford them, as certain death would have attended the attempt to render them any. Of those in this perilous situation, one was a female, whom, though it was impossible to hear from the wind and the roaring of the sea, yet from her gestures and the stretching out of her hands, they judged she was calling and imploring for that assistance they were incapable of affording her.

At this time, the greater part of the vessel lay on a rock, and part of the stern, where this poor woman lay, projected over a narrow creek that divided this rock from another. Here the sea ran over her with the greatest fury, yet she kept a firm hold; but they soon perceived that the vessel was broken across where she projected over the rock; and after many waves dashing against her, this part of the vessel rolled into the waves, and they had the heart-rending scene of seeing the poor woman perish. Three men lay towards the stern of the vessel, one of whom stuck to a mast which projected towards the cliff, to whom, after many attempts, they succeeded in throwing a rope, and brought him safe ashore. Another they also saved; but the constant dashing of the waves put an end to the sufferings of the others.

On hearing of the disaster, Mr. Marks, the American consul, hastened to the spot, and did all that a man of humanity could to aid the survivors and save the property. As the dead bodies lay on the shore, the mate pointed them out to him, and he affixed each person's name to the corpses, and had them buried in a row, and the graves numbered, so that if the relatives of

any of the deceased wished to have them disinterred, their bodies could be easily found. Among the bodies washed ashore was that of a French lady; she was extremely beautiful, and when first discovered by some respectable persons it was entirely naked. A boy, who first saw the body, took off his outside coat and covered it; and it is related of others of the country people, that they also took off their warm clothing and put them on the half-perished part of the crew that escaped. Mr. Marks had coffins provided for each body, a clergyman of the Church of England officiated at the funeral, and they were buried in Templetrine churchyard, four miles from Kinsale, and one from the fatal spot.

Mr. Everhart was taken to the hospitable mansion of Mr. James B. Gibbens, where he lay for several weeks exceedingly ill, receiving the kindest attention. Indeed, the attentions paid to all the survivors were in the true style of Irish hospitality.

Many of the passengers held distinguished stations in society, in military, literary, and commercial capacities; among whom were Lieut.-Col. Augustine, J. Prevost, and Major William Gough, of the 68th regiment; Rev. G. R. G. Hill, last from Jamaica; William H. Dwight, of Boston; Professor Fisher, of Yale College, New Haven, who was distinguished for his private virtue and profound literary attainments; he was professor of mathematics and natural philosophy, and intended to make a professional tour in Europe. But the most distinguished sufferer was Gen. Lefebvre Desnouettes: during a long series of years he had braved death in the field, fighting in the most gallant style, and escaped to perish at last in this catastrophe, when his mind was perhaps less, than at any other period of his life, reconciled to the stroke of fate. His situation was every way peculiar. It is well known that he had been one of the favourite and most distinguished of Napoleon's military generals, and that he took part in the combination against Louis XVIII. On the landing of his old commander from Elba, he joined the latter with headlong enthusiasm in his last campaign, and being finally proscribed by the royal government took refuge in the United States. Here his misfortunes, reputation, intelligence, and manly unexceptionable deportment rendered him an object of universal esteem. To escape, as he used to remark, pity and curiosity, to counteract memory, and to gratify the natural activity of his mind, he retired to the French grant, in Alabama, where he laboured in the fields under the burning sun, with a reckless exertion which proved very injurious to his health. His wife, an amiable and accomplished woman, remained behind in France to look over his interests there. He himself, after having begun his agricultural toil, never quitted it until his final departure, except to visit Washington on business. At length he addressed a petition to the French government praying to be allowed to return home. He received directions to proceed to Holland, and there wait the final pleasure of the king; and on his way to Liverpool met with a watery grave on the Irish coast.

This terrible wreck and loss of human life, and on the part of Mr. Everhart such a miraculous preservation, excited the public sensibility throughout Europe and America. When he landed at Liverpool it was difficult for him to get along the streets, the people crowded around in such numbers, to see the only passenger saved from the wreck of the *Albion*.

Previous to the establishment of a life-boat on this dangerous part of the coast, the loss of life was tremendous.

LIGHTNING CONDUCTORS FOR SHIPS.

A most ingenious experimentalist in electrical matters and the disastrous effects of lightning upon ships, at a Liverpool meeting of the British Association, read reports on the loss of his Majesty's ships *Duke* and *Russel*, and similar accidents. He said that he could state upwards of a thousand cases of destruction by the same agency, and many ships, he had no doubt, which had never been heard of from the period of their having set sail had been destroyed in the same way. By a very neat experiment he proved the utility of lightning conductors as applied to houses. He placed a small quantity of gunpowder within a model of a house placed before him. With the conducting-wire attached, the fluid passed down imperceptibly, but the moment this was removed, the gunpowder ex-

ploded. After having spoken forcibly of the dangers to which the ships were exposed from lightning, the lecturer proceeded to show that it was possible, by a very simple contrivance, to adapt conductors to them. This, he said, consisted in placing copper rods in a continuous line down the masts into the water. This was also illustrated by experiments on the model of a vessel. The first experiment was briefly as follows.—Some gunpowder was placed on the main-mast of the ship. A small quantity of percussion powder was put into a little paper funnel, about one-third down the mast. The conducting-chain passing this, was carried into a boat floating in the water, in which also was placed a quantity of powder. Mr. Harris explained, that by the conductors used on board of vessels at sea, the electricity was at once dissipated into the water. In this experiment, however, he wished to show that it could be conducted further. An artificial cloud, represented by a suspended mass of light cotton, was charged with electricity from the machine. This was brought in contact with the mast of the ship, when the powder on the cap of the mast, that in the boat, and not that on the table, instantaneously exploded. The percussion powder escaped, the fluid having been conducted past it. Mr. Harris said he had the greatest confidence in this sort of conductor, and he read several testimonials to its practical utility. The last experiment was one to show the effects of lightning without a conductor. A model of a ship's mast was reared on the stage, with the metal conductor fixed in a small groove down one side. A strong shock was applied without any other effect than the slight crackling sound that is usual. The conductor was then removed; a small quantity of gunpowder, it was stated, was placed between the two segments of the divided mast, the shock was applied, and the mast was instantly blown asunder. The effect of this, we may truly say, was electrical.

A GENEROUS TAR.

A young, but experienced skater, with the graceful rapidity of the feathered Mercury, was gliding over the ice, when he saw at a distance some confusion, and heard an exclamation that a young lord would certainly be drowned. He immediately checked his course, and then moved towards the youth, whom he beheld holding by the edge of the ice, struggling to extricate himself, and crying loudly for assistance. As the skater approached, he begged the young lord to be silent, and then holding his handkerchief by one corner, he threw the other to him, at the same time extending his arm to the utmost, that he might keep the weight of his own body as far as possible from the broken part of the ice, and that the sound might have the better chance of sustaining the youth, when he should get upon it. At that instant, a sailor, who had viewed the scene from the shore, ran to the benevolent skater, calling, "avast, avast, brother, the sliders on which you stand have no hold; that squalling lubber is more likely to draw you to the bottom, than you to heave him above board, or tow him on shore; catch fast hold of this here with your larboard hand." So saying, he jerked the end of a piece of rope to the skater, while he himself stood firm on the ice, holding the other end. "Now, boys, bear a hand," cried he; "hillos, pull away." Thus the young lord was pulled to a safe part of the ice. The sailor, after contemplating him with a look of contempt, said, "Zounds, what a squalling did you make friend; why, if I have not seen a whole ship's crew go to the bottom with less noise than came from your jaw-port."

Whether it was the shivering condition in which the young lord was, that deprived him of recollection, or his being offended at the sailor's speech, cannot be known, but he certainly went away with all the expedition he could, and without saying a word.

The generous skater, then shaking the sailor by the hand, offered him a guinea for his assistance in saving the young lord from being drowned.

"He is not worth the money," said the sailor. The other insisted upon his acceptance of it, to which he at last consented, saying,

"Well, sir, since you insist upon it, I'll accept your guinea; but, on my conscience, you have a d—d hard bargain."

JACK'S TRICK UPON THE BOATSWAIN.

The next day, the Harpy was at anchor in Gibraltar Bay; the Captain went on shore, directing the gig to be sent for him before nine o'clock; after which hour the Sally Port is only open by special permission.

There happened to be a ball given by the officers of the garrison on that evening, and a polite invitation was sent to the officers of H.M. sloop Harpy. As those who accepted the invitation would be detained late, it was not possible for them to come of that night. And as their services were required for the next day, Captain Wilson allowed them to remain on shore until seven o'clock next morning, at which hour, as there was a large party, there would be two boats sent for them.

Mr. Asper obtained leave, and asked permission to take Jack with him; to which Mr. Sawbridge consented. Many other officers obtained leave, and, among others, the boatswain, who, aware that his services would be in request as soon as the equipment commencement, asked permission this evening. And Mr. Sawbridge, feeling that he could be better spared at this than at any other time, consented. Asper and Jack went to an inn, dined, bespoke beds, and then dressed themselves for the ball, which was very brilliant, and, from the company of the officers, very pleasant. Captain Wilson looked on at the commencement, and then returned on board. Jack behaved with his usual politeness, danced till two o'clock, and then as the ball thinned, Asper proposed that they should retire. Having once more applied to the refreshment-room, they had procured their hats, and were about to depart, when one of the officers of the garrison asked Jack if he would like to see a baboon, which had just been brought down from the rock; and, taking some of the cakes, they repaired to the court where the animal was chained down to a small tank. Jack fed the brute till all the cakes were gone; and then, because he had no more to give him, the baboon flew at Jack, who, in making his retreat, fell back into the tank, which was about two feet deep. This was a joke; and having laughed heartily, they wished the officer good night, and went to the inn.

Now, with the number of officers of the Harpy on shore, who had all put up at the same inn, and other occupants, the landlord was obliged to put his company into double and treble-bedded rooms; but this was of little consequence. Jack was shown into a double-bedded room, and proceeded to undress; the other was evidently occupied, by the heavy breathing which saluted Jack's ear.

As Jack undressed, he recollected that his trousers were wet through, and to dry them he opened the window, hung them out, and then jammed down the window again upon them, to hold them in their position, after which he turned in and fell fast asleep. At six o'clock he was called, as he had requested, and proceeded to dress, but to his astonishment found the window thrown open and his trousers missing. It was evident, that his partner in the room had thrown the window open during the night, and that his trousers having fallen down into the street, had been walked off with by somebody or another. Jack looked out of the window once more, and perceived that whoever had thrown open the window had been unwell during the night. A nice drunken companion I have had, thought Jack; but what's to be done? And in saying this he walked up to the other bed, and perceived that it was tenanted by the boatswain. Well, thought Jack, as Mr. Biggs has thought proper to lose my trousers, I think I have a right to take his, or at least the wear of them to go on board. It was but last night he declared that decency must give way to duty, and that the orders of a superior officer must be obeyed, with or without garments. I know he is obliged to be on board, and now he shall try how he likes to obey orders in his shirt tails. So cogitating, Jack took the trousers of the boatswain, who still snored, although he had been called, and, putting them on, completed the rest of his dress, and quitted the room. He went to that of Mr. Asper, where he found him just ready, and, having paid the bill, for Asper had forgotten his purse, they proceeded down to the Sally Port, where they found other officers waiting, sufficient to load the first boat, which shoved off, and they went on board. As soon as he was down below, Jack hastened to

change his trousers, and unobserved by any one, threw those belonging to Mr. Biggs on a chair in his cabin, he went on deck, and waited the issue of the affair.

Before Jack left the hotel, he had told the waiter that there was the boatswain still fast asleep, and that he must be roused up immediately; and this injunction was obeyed. The boatswain, who had drunk too much the night before, and, as Jack had truly imagined, had opened the window because he was unwell, was awakened up, and hearing how late it was, hastened to dress himself. Not finding his trousers, he rang the bell, supposing that they had been taken down to be brushed, and in the mean time, put on every thing else, that he might lose no time: the waiter that answered the bell, denied having taken the trousers out of the room, and poor Mr. Biggs was in a sad quandary. What had become of them, he could not tell; he had no recollection of having gone to bed the night before; he inquired of the waiter, who said that he knew nothing about them—that he was very tipsy when he came home, and that when he called him, he had found the window open, and it appeared that he had been unwell—he supposed that he had thrown his trousers out of the window. Time flew, and the boatswain was in despair. "Could they lend him a pair?"

"He would call his master."

The master of the inn knew very well the difference of rank between officers, and those whom he could trust and those whom he could not. He sent up the bill by the waiter, and stated that, for a deposit, the gentleman might have a pair of trousers. The boatswain felt in his pockets, and then remembered that all his money was in his trousers' pocket. He could not only not leave a deposit, but could not pay his bill. The landlord was inexorable. It was bad enough to lose his money, but he could not lose more.

"I shall be tried by a court-martial by heavens!" exclaimed the boatswain. "It's not far from the Sally Port; I'll make a run for it, and I can slip into one of the boats, and get another pair of trousers before I report myself as having come on board;" so making up his mind, the boatswain took to his heels, and with his check shirt tails streaming in the wind, ran as hard as he could to where the boat was waiting to receive him. He was encountered by many, but he only ran the faster the more they jeered, and, at last, arrived breathless at his goal, flew down the steps, jumped into the boat, and squatted on the stern sheets, much to the surprise of the officers and men, who thought him mad. He stated in a few words that somebody had stolen his trousers during the night; and as it was already late, the boat shoved off, the men as well as officers convulsed with high laughter.

"Have any of you a pea jacket?" inquired the boatswain of the men—but the weather was so warm that none of them had brought a pea jacket. The boatswain looked round, he perceived that the officers were sitting on a boat-cloak.

"Whose boat-cloak is that?" inquired the boatswain.

"Mine," replied Gascoigne.

"I trust, Mr. Gascoigne, you will have the kindness to lend it to me to go up the side with."

"Indeed I will not," replied Gascoigne who would sooner have thrown it overboard and have lost it, than not behold the anticipated fun; "recollect I asked you for a fishing line, when we were becalmed off Cape St. Vincent, and you sent word that you'd see me d—d first. Now I will just see you the same before you have my boat-cloak."

"Oh, Mr. Gascoigne, I'll give you three lines, directly I get on board."

"I dare say you will, but that won't do now. 'Tis for tat,' Mr. Boatswain, and hang all favours," replied Gascoigne, who was steering the boat, having been sent on shore for the others. "In bow—rowed of all." The boat was laid alongside, the relentless Gascoigne caught up his boat-cloak as the other officers rose to go on board, and rolling it up, in spite of the earnest entreaties of Mr. Biggs, tossed it into the main chains, to the man who had thrown the stern fast; and to make the situation of Mr. Biggs still more deplorable, the first lieutenant was standing looking into the boat, and Captain Wilson walking the quarter-deck.

"Come, Mr. Biggs, I expected you off in the first boat,"

cried Mr. Sawbridge; "be as smart as you please, for the yards are not yet squared."

"Shall I go ahead in this boat, and square them, sir?" "That boat, no; let her drop astern, jump up here and lower down the dingey. What the devil do you sit there for, Mr. Biggs?—you'll oblige me by showing a little more activity, or, by Jove, you may save yourself the trouble of asking to go on shore again. Are you sober, sir?"

The last observation decided Mr. Biggs. He sprang up from the boat just as he was, and touched his hat as he passed the first lieutenant.

"Perfectly sober, sir; but I've lost my trousers."

"So it appears, sir," replied Mr. Sawbridge, as Mr. Biggs stood on the plane-shear of the sloop where the hammock netting divides for an entrance, with his shirt tails fluttering in the sea breeze; but Mr. Sawbridge could not contain himself any longer, he ran down the ship ladder which led on the quarter-deck, choked with laughter. Mr. Biggs could not descend until after Mr. Sawbridge, and the conversation had attracted the notice of all; and every eye in the ship was on him.

"What's all this?" said Captain Wilson, coming to the gang-way.

"Duty before decency," replied Jack, enjoying the joke.

Mr. Biggs recollected the day before—he cast a furious look at Jack, as he touched his hat to the captain, and then dived down to the lower deck.

If any thing could add to the indignation of the boatswain it was to find that his trousers had come on board before him. He now felt that a trick had been played him, and also that our hero must have been the party, but he could prove nothing: he could not say who slept in the same room, for he was fast asleep when Jack went to bed, and fast asleep when Jack quitted the room.

The truth of the story soon became known to all the ship, and "duty before decency" became a bye-word. The boatswain was very obnoxious to the men, and in consequence of Jack's known opinions on the rights of man, and having served out their enemy, he became a great favourite with the seamen, and as all favourites are honoured by them with a *sobriquet*, our hero obtained that of Equality Jack.—*Midshipman Easy*.

SUFFERINGS OF A BRITISH SEAMAN.

In 1614, Sir William Monson was sent to scour the Scotch; and Irish Seas, which were much infested with pirates; nevertheless, the next year, 1615, the ordinary passage-boat, sailing from England to Dublin, was taken by a French pirate; but a tempest arising immediately after, they were obliged to let it go again. There happened to be three persons then in it, who were thus left to the mercy of the wind and waves, which carried them between Ireland and Scotland, into the main sea, expecting to be cast away every minute. They had neither victuals nor drink, except some sugar, which happened to be in the boat. Upon this they lived, and drank their own urine, till their bodies were so dried up that they could make no more. In this doleful condition, one of the company, being quite spent with fatigue and misery, died, and was heaved overboard by the remaining two. After a while, the second grew so feeble, that he laid himself along in the boat, ready to yield up the ghost. In this extremity, the third providentially described a small island towards the extremities of Scotland. It was a great way off, but he encouraged the dying man to rouse himself with hopes of life; and, accordingly, upon this good news, he raised himself up, and by and by the boat was cast upon a rock, and split, the two men escaping up into the island. They found nothing growing there—no grass, tree, or anything else by which man could procure subsistence; nor any shelter from the weather, except about the middle of the island, where there were two long stones pitched in the ground, and a third laid upon them, like a table, which they judged to have been so placed by some fishermen to dry their fish upon; and under this they slept at night. Fortunately, the next day they took some sea-mews, which they

dried in the wind and sun, and eat them raw. They also caught some sea-dogs, and found some eggs in the crevices of the rocks, by the sea-side. Thus they had wherewithal to subsist, so as to keep them from starving. But what they thought most insupportable was thirst, because the place afforded no fresh water, except what fell from the clouds, and was left in certain cavities which time had made in the rock. Neither could they have this at all seasons, because the island, or rather rock, being small and laying low, in stormy weather the waves dashed over it, and filled the pits with water.

Before they had been here long, they built a kind of hut with the boards from the ruins of the boat, which served them for a more comfortable shelter than the stones, against the rain and injuries of the wind and weather.

In this condition they had lived together for about the space of six weeks, comforting one another, and finding some ease in their common calamity; till at last the poor Englishman being left alone, the burden became almost insupportable; for one day, awaking in the morning, he missed his comrade, and getting up, went calling and seeking all about the island for him. Not being able by any means to find him, he fell into such despair, that he frequently resolved to cast himself down headlong into the sea, and so put a final period to that affliction, of which he had endured but one half while he had a friend to divide it with him.

What became of his companion he could not guess; whether despair forced him to that extremity, or whether, getting up in the night, he had fallen into the sea, he knew not; but he rather thought that, through want of proper care, he fell from the rock as he was looking for bird's eggs, for it was very steep on that side.

His loss sorely affected the poor disconsolate survivor, and another affliction soon befel him. His only knife, with which he used to cut up the sea-dogs and sea-mews, having a bloody cloth wrapped round it, was carried away, as he supposed, by some bird of prey. Being now not able to kill any more, he was reduced to the following extremity: with much difficulty he got a great nail out of one of the boards of his hut, which he made shift so to sharpen upon the stones, that it served him instead of a knife.

By degrees his clothes wore out; and when winter came on, and every thing bore a more doleful aspect than before, he endured the greatest misery imaginable, for many times the rock and his hut were so covered with snow, that it was not possible for him to go abroad to provide his food, which extremity put him upon this invention: he thrust out a little stick at the crevice of his hut, and baited it with a little sea-dog's fat; by that means he caught some sea-mews, which he took with his hand from under the snow, and thus kept himself from starving.

In this sad and solitary condition he lived for about eleven months, expecting to end his days there, when providentially a ship came, which delivered him out of as great misery as perhaps any man was ever in.

In the year 1616, a Fleming, named Pickman, coming from Drontheim, in Norway, in a vessel laden with boards, was overtaken by a calm, during which the current carried him upon the rock, or island, where the poor Englishman dragged on his miserable existence.

This Pickman was well known in England and Holland for his art and dexterity in getting out of the sea the great guns of the Spanish Armada, which were driven upon the coast of Scotland and Ireland in 1588.

He was now in some danger of being cast away, and to avoid being wrecked, ordered some of his men to get into the shallop, and to tow off the ship. They having done so, he would needs climb up into a certain rock to look for bird's eggs. As soon as they got up, they, at some distance, perceived the figure of a man, whence they imagined there were others lurking thereabout, or that this man had made his escape thither to avoid some pirates, who, if not prevented might surprise their ship. On this, without stopping to relieve him, they returned, with all the haste they could, to their shallop, and so got on board.

The calm continuing, and the current of the sea still driving them upon the island, they were forced to get into the long-boat, and to tow the vessel off again. The man whom they had seen before, was, in the meantime, come to the brink of the island, and made signs, with his hands lifted up, entreating them to come nearer; sometimes falling on his knees, and joining his hands together begging and crying to them for relief.

At first they made some difficulty about going to him, but at length, being overcome by his lamentable signs, they went nearer the island, where they saw a stark naked body, black and hairy, a meagre and deformed countenance, with hollow and distorted eyes, which raised such compassion in them, that they endeavoured to take him into the boat; but the rock was so steep thereabout, that it was impossible for them to land, whereupon they went about the island, and came at last to a flat shore, where they took him on board, at the same rock where he had been cast on shore. They saw neither grass or tree on the island, or any other shelter, except the hut which the poor man and his companion had built.

The sun was set ere they got to the ship, when the wind immediately rose, and drove them off from the island.

The master of the ship commiserating his deplorable condition, treated him so well, that within a few days he was quite another creature. He afterwards set him ashore at Londonderry, and some time after saw him again at Dublin; where such as had heard of his singular affliction, gave him money to return to England, his native country.

A STEAM-BOAT RACE.

Monday the 14th of August opened calmly and beautifully. The sea seemed smooth as a polished mirror—a sight that not a little comforted me on account of my companions, as we passed along the shingly shore a little after seven o'clock, on our way to the harbour—where, lo! two steamers were making sputtering and smoking preparations for starting—one an English boat, the other the French mail-packet.

“Sare,” said in a low tone the captain or steward of the latter, stepping up to us as we approached—“if you shall go wit me—bien!—we shall take you for five shilling—the oter charge you ten shilling—and, certainment! we shall be there one half-hour first.—Sare! we carry the maille!” he added with an important air.

“No—I—I think,” said I hesitating—I think I”—

“Beautiful boat, sare! mi ladi, *ver* fine boat.”

We passed on to make inquiries into the real state of the question as to fares; and I soon found that the Frenchman had taken the great liberty to tell me a greater lie; for the English boat charged only five shillings instead of ten shillings; and her captain seemed such a hearty, thorough-going Englishman, that forthwith we stepped down the accomodation, ladder, and were soon on our way, having the start of the Frenchman who did not follow for several minutes. Our captain was wroth enough when I informed him of the attempted imposition of his rival. “Oh, sir,” said he, “if you’ll believe me, those Frenchmen are the biggest liars God Almighty—or rather the devil—ever made! Many and many’s the passenger they’ve done me out of in that way.”

“And—hem!—how many have you, captain, done them out of?—Eh! you understand?”

“None, sir—never!—honour bright!” he answered with a serious air; and I believed him. At length we beheld Monsieur coming out of the harbour; and I began to feel a little curious to see which was the better sailer—union-jack or tri-colour.

“Which is the quicker boat?” I asked of the captain, as we both stood looking over the stern at our companion.

“Why—much about the same; perhaps—if there is any difference, certainly—why, sometimes one has it, and sometimes the other, you see!”

“Which will get to Calais first to-day d’ye think?”

“Why, we shall—not a doubt of it. Monsieur won’t fetch up this start, anyhow—let him puff and blow as hard as he likes!”

“His is a very good-looking boat, eh?”

“Ay, ay—no doubt; all outside, though—like all the French! Our inside and engines are five-times the strength of his. His boat is just fit for this sort of thing; but I’d go round the world in mine, I’ll be——if I wouldn’t!”

For above twelve miles the two boats preserved the same relative distance; and I felt a kind of school-boy’s interest in standing and watching our competitor, whom, by-and-bye, I regretted to see certainly beginning to gain upon us. By the time that we were about two-thirds on our way, the fellow had positively got up to us.

“Ah, captain—’tis no use; we are over-matched; I’m afraid the tri-colour is rather too much for the union-jack.”

“Tri-colour a match for the union-jack! D—d if she is, though—and none knows it better than she, or she’s had a mighty lot of licking without learning her lesson!” he added with a disdainful air.

“But still I am afraid that on *this* occasion—”

“If she does get in first it’s because *we* don’t try it on with her. I don’t care a button which gets into harbour first. What does it signify? I never took the trouble to race with her!”

This might be; but shortly afterwards he sauntered carelessly forwards, and in passing evidently whispered something to the engine-man below—and we certainly a little increased our speed. By-and-bye I observed the captain looking occasionally with affected indifference at his rival—somewhat stimulated nevertheless by the interest his passengers appeared to take in what looked uncommonly like a race between the two boats. But ’twas of no use—Monsieur gradually passed us! His triumph, however, was of short duration; for as soon as ever the mist which had come over us so suddenly, and completely hid the French coast from our sight, began to clear away, lo! Monsieur was seen to have run himself a-ground, having mistaken his course in the mist, and it might be in the eagerness of the race, omitted to sound as he went on; through the which negligence we also were within a hair’s-breadth of incurring the like mishap: but a vigorous effort—the helm ported—the lead in the water every half-minute, got us out of our danger—and we left our friend to enjoy his novel and interesting position at his leisure. So that after all, we got first into harbour, our captain carelessly hinting something about superior sailing.

THE DYING SAILOR BOY.

DARK flew the scud along the wave,

Repeated thunders rolled on high;

“All hands aloft the storm to brave!”

At midnight, was the boatswain’s cry.

On deck sprang every soul apace;

But one bereft of human joy,

Within a hammock’s narrow space

Lay stretched—a hapless sailor boy.

Once when the boatswain’s pipe would hail,

The first was he of all the crew,

On deck to spring, to trim the sail,

To steer, to reef, to furl, or clew.

Now fell disease had seized a form,

Which nature cast in happiest mould;

The bell struck midnight through the storm—

His last, his funeral knell it told.

“Oh, God!” he cried, and dropt a tear,

“Before my spirit mounts the skies,

Are there no friends or messmates dear,

To close in death my weary eyes?”

“All hands aloft, loud blows the wind,

Surrounding billows loudly roar;”

He raised his head he bowed resigned,

Then backward sunk to rise no more.

The morning sun in splendour rose,

The gale was hushed, and stilled the wave;

The sea-boy found his last repose,

In ocean’s deep and boundless grave.

A SCENE ON THE COAST.

The day had been particularly fine, and I stood admiring the departure of the sun as he was rapidly retiring from the surface of the ocean, whose watery ridges were beautifully crimsoned with his parting beams, when my attention was attracted by a group of peasants, who were silently watching the appearance of something on the boundless deep, though its distance rendered it as yet scarcely discernible. I turned my eyes towards the object which had so firmly fixed their attention, and in a short time beheld a vessel sailing in gallant trim before the breeze, which filled her canvass. After observing it for a considerable time, I saw it stop suddenly in its course, and the sails, which but a minute before were swelled out by the wind, hang motionless, while the streaming pennon curled itself round the mast. From the conversation of some old men who stood by me, I found her situation was by no means enviable. One, who by his silver hairs and hoary look seemed to be the senior of the party, was remarking to his neighbour,

"Say what you will, Davy, but I like not the look of yon clouds; those little clouds bode no good to the dweller on the salt seas; and for my part, I'd rather pass a week of nights in St. Edmund's turret, where the ghost of Esterling is for ever crying out, 'Beware! Edmund, beware!' than I would be now upon those sleepy waves."

The person who stood next to him, and whom I had concluded to be a fisherman, from the old and tattered jacket which he wore, added to the foreboding remarks of the first speaker, "Ay, ay; I ween ye speak the truth, and may I never draw net again if some harm comes not to yon brig before midnight. I well remember when, forty years ago last March, the 'Bonny Gilderoy' stuck in the same place. She little knew her danger, nor thought that rocks were there; but the first squall pitched her bows under, and in half an hour she was shivered plank from plank. I shall never forget that day, nor the song which mad Wilson, as he was called, made the same day. Hold now, you shall hear it, unless my memory be buried with him who made it."

The old fisherman proceeded to sing, in a tone by no means musical, yet suited well to the song itself, and to the scenery around:

"The winter's snow was on the ground,
The winds of March blew cold,
The gallant sun refused to shine,
To waste his beams of gold.
The sea look'd wild, the sky look'd dark,
Loud was the sea-gulls' joy;
When from the west, on the billows' breast
Came the Bonny Gilderoy.

Anon the slumb'ring winds arose
And swept the briny sea,
The waves that long lay still and dead,
Now danced right merrily;
They beat against the rugged rocks,
Aye threaten'g to destroy,
But careless still, of good or ill,
Sailed the Bonny Gilderoy.

The thunder shook the murky sky,
The forked lightnings flashed,
While loud the sparkling billows roared,
That o'er the Swickers dashed.
The danger bids all hands aloft,
And finds them full employ,
For the lightning past and struck the mast
Of the Bonny Gilderoy.

And then the piercing shriek was heard,
Mix'd with the ocean's roar;
For all was lost, and the gallant ship
Shall plough the waves no more.
Full many a corse was cast on shore,
The ravens to decoy,
Which hovering flew round the lifeless crew
Of the Bonny Gilderoy."

The song was scarcely ended, when a rough-looking sailor, who had been all along gazing from the heavens to the sea, and then to the ship, exclaimed aloud, "Hold your tongue, Tom, we shall have enough noise presently, for there goes the cormorant and the gull; and if the black clouds deceive me not, we shall soon hear the cries of man mixed with their cursed croaking, and the roar of the dashing breakers; so bear a hand, let's down and make safe the skiffs; there's no time to lose with so wild a sky above, and so still a sea below us." With that he bounded off, followed by his companion, and they were soon lost amidst the windings of the rocks.

This seemed a signal for the whole to depart, and in a short time I was the only one left, except, indeed, a young man, who till now had escaped my observation, and who was leaning against an old wall a short way off, with his arms folded and apparently regardless of everything, save the vessel, upon which he had fixed his eyes immovably. But the darkness of the night, which now came on apace, concealed him from me, and I fancied he had, followed the example of the rest, retired to his home. The moon now rose, but the scud which swept wildly over the horizon, only permitted it to be seen at intervals, while the largeness and the paleness of the halo with which it was surrounded, evidently indicated the approach of a storm; which was confirmed by the awful stillness which reigned on earth. The few withered leaves which still clung to the branches, rustled with a fearful motion; while the waves came slowly to the shore, and sent forth a low and hollow sound as they beat against the cliffs, or flowed over the shells and pebbles of the coast.

Darkness now asserted her power uncontrolled. No object could be discerned, save here and there a faint glimmer which shone through the window of the cottager, and even that was hardly distinguishable; for the inmates had well nigh excluded all light, by crowding round its source, where they sat either silently gazing at each other, or else relating some doleful narrative, of itself sufficient to terrify the superstitious peasants without the assistance of the portending elements. Many a tale of the most terrifying description had already been told, when that but half related was deprived of its conclusion, and cut short on the verge of its melancholy catastrophe; by a loud blast of wind, which threatened destruction to half the village, and forcing open the doors, announced to those within the arrival of the storm they had been fearfully expecting. The rain, at the same time, began to descend: at first in a few large drops which pattered mournfully against the windows, but increasing in a minute to the tempest shower; the lightning flashed faintly along, and the rumbling of the thunder was heard at a distance, though every flash grew more vivid than that which had preceded it, and every peal became louder and louder; while the interval between each was filled up with the whistling of the wind, and the roar of the breakers, which had now risen to considerable violence.

Nothing could well be greater than the contrast which at this time existed between the tumult without, and the stillness within doors; for each sat silent and motionless as a statue; or if any one ventured to speak, it was done in so subdued a tone, that it sounded but as a whisper; and even then the speaker seemed afraid of infringing upon the rights of the maddened elements. But this lethargy was not doomed to last long, for we were soon roused by the thrilling report of the signal gun, which broke upon the ear with an awful echo, and seemed possessed of an electric power—again, once—twice—thrice, the signals were heard in rapid succession; and now the idea of fellow-beings in danger roused all from the stupor which the first report cast them into. Each forgot for a while the tempest which a few minutes before had filled them with fear, and rushed towards the shore. By the time I had reached it, the beach was covered with those who, being better acquainted with the ways, had got there before me. But no one could do more than express his feelings in sudden ejaculations, as the lightning, or the flashes from the guns, which now kept up an incessant firing, revealed the vessel to his view, where she might be seen struggling between two sharp rocks, which rose upon each side of her, and against which the angry breakers beating caused the surf to cover the ship every minute. The

people on the shore either stood motionless with fear, or ran madly from place to place along the rocks, to catch a glimpse, if possible, of the stranger vessel, for, to render her any assistance in her present situation was altogether impossible. However, to do all that might be done, two small boats were brought forward, and a liberal reward offered to any one who would be hardy enough to risk their lives for the preservation of others.

Instantly, one of them was occupied by a young man whom, by the glare of a torch, I recognised to be the same that I had seen at nightfall gazing so attentively on the vessel. The boat darted over a wave, and was lost from sight in a moment. By the flash of guns we could still distinguish the brig whenever the surf, which now rose to a tremendous height, presented a clear passage; but the little skiff seemed to have disappeared for ever, and it was given up for lost by most persons. However, after waiting in painful suspense for several minutes, it was again observed wearing to its object, and a shout from the vessel announced that the crew had recognised the intrepid hero who had come to their assistance. But fate seemed determined to thwart all human efforts, for a heavy swell, accompanied with a resistless squall of wind, forced the ill-fated vessel against one of the rocks she had so long avoided; and from the confused noise which ensued, we understood, alas! too well, that she was wrecked—that all was past!

Darkness now completely veiled every object from our sight, and the next flash of lightning showed us the ship, though still together, yet laid completely on her beam-ends, and washed by every wave.

About an hour after, the storm began to abate, and the moon peeped through the clouds at intervals. We still continued on the beach, in hopes of being able every minute to gain some information concerning the wreck; but he waited in vain; the vessel still remained immovable; and the fragments which floated ashore had nothing on them from which we might learn her name or place of destination. Midnight arrived, and we were well repaid for all our anxiety by the appearance of our little skiff, emerging from the waves with its gallant charge and two other persons. We hailed it with all our might, but our joy was considerably damped on receiving no answer. A minute brought it to where we stood, but its cargo was inanimate; one had ceased to breathe—the generous youth, indeed, was still alive, but the power of utterance was gone, and ere morning he also was a corpse; while the third, the maid he loved, and whom he had rescued from a watery grave at the expense of his own life, survived but a week, and now rests beside him in the churchyard of Saint D—.

A SHARK YARN.

"WELL, one day—'twas a precious fine un—I remember it very well, the sun was up above all, burning as hot as possible; the sea looked so shiny that you could scarcely bear to look at it, and it was so dreadful close that all on deck got quite drowsy. I and another man, named Tim Dowling—by-the-bye, he was a bit of a Irishman, at least his father and his mother was Irish; they kept a crockery-shop at Cork, very respectable people; Tim's grandfather had a post in the Excise, with good wages and now and then a good deal of condemned wares. Pass us the grog, will ye, Bob? Well, as I was saying, 'Tom Dowling an' I—he was a short, sturdy-looking chap, with a devil of a brogue—was a stretching over the starboard bulwark with what we called our haggling-rods in our hands, and a bit of sheep's heart a-piece on the hooks. I said afore that the day was very sultry. Well, I was a shutting my eyes, and feeling a little inclined to fall asleep over my fishing, and Tim was agoing off in downright earnest. By-and-bye, out slipped his rod out of his hand, and over he fell—aye, right overboard, head foremost, by George! But I forgot to tell ye that he had lost one of his pins—the larboard one it was—and wear'd a wooden one. I'll tell you how it was: he happened to fall in a gale from the foreyard when he'd been sent up to help in taking in a reef: the doctor spliced it as well as he could—a clever fellow he was too

—I could tell you a dozen antidotes of what wonderful things he did: but a inflammation comed on, and nothing could be done but it must be lopped off, so——But I'm steering a little wide, arn't I? Let's see: where did I leave off?"

"Why you'd just got Tim overboard."

"Ay now I've got it. Well Tim fell smack over; and a devil of a fuss there was aboard when I sing'd out. I cocked my eye over the bulwark, and what should I see but a perdigious great shark rising out o' the bottom o' the sea, as he seemed, and making way directly for poor Tim. Poor devil, he screamed like I don't know what. Down went the swings o' the jolly through the david blocks like lightning, and the crew pulled out hard for him; for by this we had made some way, you know, and he had drifted astarn. They warn't in time, for the shark had got hold of his leg—but it was the wooden one though, and master shark had no soft morsel with it. He looked as if he couldn't make out for all the world what he'd got in his throat. Well, the shark tugged at Tim's pin, till there was such a splashing and tumbling in the water never was seed. You never seed such fun. But they got the shark at last aboard, and he begin'd to beat about on the deck with his tail like a fury. A hatchet soon brought him to his senses; and a'ter Tim had been brought aboard again, and the boat was run'd up, we had leisure to cut him open and see what was inside of him. A mighty fine feller he was indeed; I don't know how many feet long. We found inside of him a boat's rudder, a straw hat, a baccar-box, a spirit-flask, a sugar-box, compass, and beer-barrel, all in a very undigested state. We got off his skin, and throw'd him overboard. And there's my story.—*My Marine Memorandum Book.*

PIRACY AND MURDER IN THE BAY OF BENGAL.

THE East India ship, Admiral Benbow, from London, bound to Bengal, commanded by an experienced and highly-respected officer, Captain Crawford, had a prosperous voyage till she entered the bay. What is called the bay, is an expanse of ocean, reaching seven hundred miles in breadth, and five hundred miles in depth, before you reach the mainland. Why it has been called a bay, is no more to be accounted for than the Bay of Biscay, which is an open sea.

The Admiral Benbow was not armed, and in latitude 7° 40' north, they fell in with an armed ship, who sent her boat on board; they said that they belonged to a French frigate, and were in want of fresh provisions, and that if Captain Crawford would give them some, they would send him anything he wanted in return, and requested him to send his boat on board the frigate. With this Captain Crawford complied, and sent his boat accordingly. The vessel being now slack of hands, the pretended Frenchmen began to plunder her and ill-treat those on board, knocking them down with crow-bars and tomahawks. They did not find money as they expected, and hailed their vessel to tell them so, when, horrible to relate, the reply was—"Kill the captain, and scuttle the ship." Captain Crawford was in an instant attacked and pierced with eight wounds; he ran forward with the intention of throwing himself into the sea, but the fore hatchway-grating being off he threw himself down, and hid in the hold; the pirate believed that he had gone overboard. The mate had the good fortune to escape in a similar manner, and hid himself in the dunnage.

The steward and cabin-boy were most inhumanly murdered, and thrown into the sea, and Captain Stirling, of the 3rd Buffs, who was a passenger, after resisting and killing one of the pirates, seeing all escape hopeless, threw himself into the sea, but was dragged on board by the pirates, no doubt to be executed in some terrible manner, when he put an end to his existence by stabbing himself with his pen-knife.

Several of the crew jumped overboard and were drowned, and the boat's crew which had gone on board the pirate, were made to jump overboard and swim to their boat. The vessel was plundered of every thing worth taking—compasses, quadrants, charts, chronometers, and all the stores of the captain; they cut her rigging and sails, and left the ship a wreck on the ocean.

Fortunately the Ganges, Captain Lloyd, met with the Admiral Benbow, and rendered her every assistance: and Captain Crawford was getting the better of his wounds.

LOSS OF THE MINERVA, CAPTAIN HOLMES,

SEPT. 16TH, 1782.

THE *Minerva*, one of the West India ships commanded by Captain Holmes, and bound for Clyde, was on the 16th of September, 1782, in lat. 41° N., and long. 49° W., when it began to blow hard, and continued till the evening, by which time the gale had increased to a perfect storm. The *Minerva* was then brought under a foresail, and afterwards a mizen-staysail, under which she continued till near midnight, when the mizen-staysail split in two, and she proceeded under a foresail.

About a quarter of an hour afterwards, the ship at the time lying very low, the quarter-boards went down with a crash, that sounded as if the ship was going asunder. They immediately cut away the mizenmast, to try if the ship would keep before the sea; but she would not, although the helm was hard kept on the starboard. In five or six minutes afterwards, Mr. Scott, the second mate, who was then at the helm, was told that the ship was going down, and that the pumps were completely choked, when just at that instant, a tremendous sea fairly broke over the ship, and washed Mr. Scott from the helm; who being able to discern the ship's quarter when in the hollow of the sea, succeeded in swimming on board, and caught hold of the tiller-ropes.

The deck being then full of water, he, with the assistance of the rope, got to the weather-side of the ship, and secured himself in the lee of the mizen-chains, at which time he could not discern a person on board. In this situation the sea several times broke over him. Shortly afterwards he felt the ship going down, and was soon carried under water by the force of the suction it had occasioned. After losing the ship, he struck out in the action of swimming; and in doing so, struck the cross-jack-yard with one of his hands, and laid fast hold upon it. When looking round he could see nothing of the ship but about a fathom of her starboard mainyard-arm.

For two hours he hung by the cross-jack-yard, till daylight on the 17th, when finding the mizenmast hanging by the yard, he lashed the yard to it by the running rigging of the mizen-topsail, and hung by it. In this dreadful situation, with scarcely one ray of hope to save him from despair of perishing with his hapless companions, he remained for five hours longer, when he was fortunately removed from his perilous position by the *Betsey*, of Whitehaven, commanded by Captain Storey. With this solitary exception, the master and the whole of the crew of the *Minerva* perished, together with several gentlemen who were passengers on board.

LOSS OF THE SHIP AMICUS.

THOUGH we cannot give the particulars of the commencement of this unfortunate event as fully as we wish, yet the subsequent preservation of the crew, and the heroism of the spectators, as prompted by humanity, will, it is presumed, render this narrative, though it is short, extremely interesting to our readers.

At four o'clock on Tuesday morning, December 8, 1807, it blowing a tremendous gale of wind, with a heavy snow, the ship *Amicus*, Captain Simpson, of Hull, from Petersburg, with hemp, flax, tallow, &c. struck on the Holderness coast, half a mile to the south of the Sister Churches.

At 12 o'clock the captain, who was an excellent swimmer, committed himself to the waves, with a rope, hoping to be able to gain the shore, but was overwhelmed by the breakers, and perished in the attempt. The mate and another of the crew followed his example, and met with a similar fate. The remaining part of the ship's company were seen clinging to the rigging and wreck, by numerous spectators.

After several ineffectual attempts to assist these unhappy sufferers, Mr. Giles had recourse to the following: he procured a leaden half-pound weight, and making a hole through it, he fastened it to a long piece of whip-cord, and selected from the spectators the most athletic man to cast it at the wreck. After many fruitless trials, the man, following a receding wave,

succeeded in throwing it across the vessel. The carpenter fastening the cord round his arm, was dragged through the surf to the shore, apparently lifeless, but he afterwards recovered. The cord was again cast, and a boy was rescued from the vessel in the same manner.

After this a person, named John Greensides, notwithstanding the heavy surf, rushed through it to the vessel; and though he was hidden repeatedly by the tremendous waves, and could not swim, he succeeded in gaining the wreck, and brought to land another boy. In his passage to shore he was twice thrown down by the violence of the back-water. He again returned to the wreck, and at the hazard of his own, saved the life of another seaman.

At six o'clock, four persons ventured through the waves to the ship, and brought away two others, who died shortly after their gaining the shore. The bodies of the captain and the mate were afterwards washed ashore.

CAPTAIN DEATH.

PERHAPS history cannot afford a more remarkable instance of desperate courage than which was shown by the officers and crew of an English privateer, called the *Terrible*, under the command of Captain Death, of twenty-six guns and two hundred men. On the 23rd of December, 1757, he engaged and made prize of a large French ship, from St. Maloes, after an obstinate battle, in which he had his brother and sixteen seamen killed: he then secured his prize with forty men, and directed his course for England; but, in a few days, he had the misfortune to fall in with the *Vengeance*, of thirty-six guns, a privateer, off St. Domingo. Their first step was to attack the prize, which was easily retaken; the two ships then bore down upon the *Terrible*, whose mainmast was shot away by the first broadside. Notwithstanding this disaster the *Terrible* maintained such a furious engagement against both, as can hardly be paralleled in the annals of the British Navy. The French commander and his second lieutenant were killed, with two-thirds of his company; but the gallant Captain Death, with the greater part of his officers, and almost his whole crew, having met with the same fate, his ship was boarded by the enemy, who found no more than twenty-six persons alive, sixteen of whom were mutilated by the loss of a leg or an arm, and the other ten grievously wounded!!! The ship itself lay like a wreck upon the water, and the whole exhibited a scene of horror and desolation. The victor itself was so shattered that it was scarcely able to tow the *Terrible* into St. Maloes, where she was beheld with astonishment and terror.

This adventure was no sooner made known in England, than a liberal subscription was raised for the support of Death's widow, and that part of the crew which survived the engagement.

There was a strange combination of names belonging to this privateer; the *Terrible* was equibbed at Execution-dock, commanded by Captain Death; his lieutenant was named Devil, and the surgeon's name was Ghost.

TO THOSE AT SEA.

High let the goblet now be crown'd,
And by the brave, the firm, the true,
Let it from every lip go round
To those whom last we bade adieu.
Hark! the wind roars, the billows rise,
Perchance for shelter now they flee;
Here brethren, drink to fairer skies
And smoother waves to those at sea.

How many noble hearts that beat
Around this board, ere morn, may have
The billow for the winding-sheet,
The weed or coral for their grave.
Then to their safety fill again,
High cause to toast their good have we;
Here's to the riders of the main,
The ocean kings, the far at sea.

DREADFUL SUFFERINGS OF CAPT. WOODARD.

In the year 1791, Captain Woodard sailed from Boston, in America, in the ship *Robert Morris*, commanded by Captain Hay, belonging to Mr. Russell, of Boston, and bound for the East Indies. Upon his arrival in India, he was employed in different country ships, till the 20th of January, 1793, when he sailed from Batavia as chief mate, in the American ship *Enterprise*, commanded by Captain Hubbard, and bound for Manilla.

In passing through the straits of Macassar the wind was northerly, with a current to the south, and both of them being adverse, the ship was obliged to beat up for six weeks, during which time she fell short of provisions; but perceiving a vessel at the distance of about four leagues, Captain Hubbard directed Mr. Woodard to take the boat

and go on board and purchase some. This was on the 1st of March, at about half-past twelve, they being then in about nine degrees south latitude. There were in the boat, besides Mr. Woodard, five seamen, two of whom were Americans, two English, and one Scotchman; their names were William Gideon, John Cole (a lad), Archibald Millar, Robert Gilbert, and George Williams. They had on board the boat neither water, provisions, nor compass, having only an axe, a boat-hook, two pocket-knives, a useless gun, and forty dollars in money. They reached the ship about sunset, a strong squall then blowing from the land, accompanied by heavy rains, which hindered them from seeing their own ship. Mr. Woodard immediately applied to the captain of the ship for a supply of provisions, but was told that he had barely sufficient to last him the remainder of his voyage to China; but as it was by this time quite dark, the captain



DREADFUL SUFFERINGS OF CAPTAIN WOODARD AND FOUR SEAMEN, IN 1793.

invited them to stay on board, to which Mr. Woodard the more readily consented as there was not much chance of finding their own vessel in the dark.

During the night it rained very hard, with a full, fresh breeze from the southward. In the morning they were in the same place, the land bearing the same as on the preceding evening; but of the *Enterprise*, the ship Mr. Woodard had left, there was not a vestige to be seen, even from the mast-head, and the wind then blowing fair for her to go through the straits of Macassar.

As the ship they were on board of was bound for China, and was then making the best of her way thither, Mr. Woodard thought the most prudent course he could adopt would be to leave the ship without any further delay, and proceed

in search of their own. For this purpose he called the sailors and had the boat hauled up, which was then laying astern; and having got all their things into her, he asked the captain for twelve musket-cartridges, which were given to him; the captain also ordered them a round bottle of brandy, but neither water nor provisions of any sort. Upon leaving the ship they continued their course to the south, in the hope of getting sight of their own vessel again; and after rowing and sailing till twelve o'clock at night, they landed on an island to get fresh water, and made a large fire so that their ship might see it. In the morning they went to the highest part of the island, but could see nothing of the vessel; and not having found any water or provisions, they left the island and continued their course down the middle of the

straits for six days longer, without going on shore or tasting either food or drink, except the bottle of brandy. A heavy squall coming on from the south-west, obliged them to keep the boat before the wind; and when the storm abated, they had the Celebes shore clearly in sight. They all agreed to go on shore in search of provisions, and then to proceed to Macassar, which they judged to be about three degrees to the southward. After rowing all day and nearly all night, they came near the shore, but not thinking it prudent to land at night, they waited until morning, when, observing two proas close under the land, they steered towards them with great joy; but as they drew near, they found the people on board putting themselves into a posture of defence, lashing their proas together, and getting large bundles of bamboo spears upon deck. Overcome with hunger and fatigue, they were still not discouraged, but coming up alongside, Mr. Woodard told

them he wanted to buy some provisions. To this request, which was made intelligible by signs, they replied that they would grant some, and asked where their ship was? and was answered that she was a little distance at sea; when the Malays, perceiving that they had no arms in the boat, put on their cresses or steel daggers, about two feet long and a little waved towards the point.

Mr. Woodard still continued to solicit them for provisions, either Indian corn or cocoa-nuts, which they refused. Three of the men jumped on board the first proa, to beg some Indian corn, and got three or four small ears: at the same time Mr. Woodard offered a dollar for two cocoa-nuts; but after having received the dollar, the chief refused the cocoa-nuts, and jumping with another man into the boat, pulled up Mr. Woodard's shirt to feel for money, holding his drawn dagger over him; when Mr. Woodard, finding himself in so

much danger, took up his small axe to defend himself, and ordered the man in the bow to cast off the boat: the two Malays observing this, made towards their own proa. Before she was clear, the chief reached a pistol from the stern of his own proa to shoot at them; but the boat being just then in the act of casting off, he was obliged to leap into his own proa, when he took up a musket and presented it at them, but fortunately it missed fire. As every moment now increased their distance, the boat got some way off before the chief could fire, which he did without execution.

They now directed their course towards the shore, where Mr. Woodard landed with one man, leaving the others in the boat. Soon after, both the proas came to an anchor, and sent on shore six hands, completely armed, in canoes. Mr.

Woodard immediately ran to the boat and shoved her off, when the Malays cried out that they had some Indian corn for them; but the intention of the Malays being evidently to detain them, to take possession of the boat and massacre the crew, they stood off, went about four miles to the northward, round a point of land, and landed out of sight of the proas, where there were a great number of cocoa-nut trees. Mr. Woodard went on shore with three hands; but not being able in their weak state to climb the trees, he was obliged to have recourse to his axe, with which they cut down three trees for a sea stock. Being now quite tired, Archibald Millar said that he would go down and take care of the boat, and let one of the men in it, who could handle the axe, come to his assistance. Both of them joined the party on

shore, while Millar stayed in the boat. They had scarcely cut down the fourth tree, when they heard Millar scream in a strange and agonising manner. Upon their arrival at the beach, they saw their boat off at some distance, full of Malays; but seeing nothing of Millar, they ran to the water's edge, and supposing him to be in the boat, called to him. As they could get no answer, they supposed that the Malays had carried him off with all their little stores in the boat, which was their only means of escape. What was their horror, on turning round, to see the poor fellow close at their feet, lying on his back at the edge of the water, with his throat cut; one cut on his right side between the ribs, and another on his right leg.

Mr. Woodard and his four men now fled into the woods, where they concealed themselves among the dry leaves the greater part of the day. They now found themselves doubly beset; the day-time was not safe to walk about, as they heard people on all sides, and at night they were in danger of wild beasts, of losing their way, and were destitute of the means of furnishing themselves with subsistence. They, however, agreed to travel by night, and accordingly set out about eight o'clock, taking a star for their guide, bearing south. They soon lost sight of the star, and at daylight, when they imagined that they had walked about fifteen miles, they found themselves within a few roods of the place whence they had set out the preceding night, which was owing to their having gone round the mountain instead of over it. On the following night they again set out for Macassar, but not trusting to a star, they kept by the sea-side, and continued so for six successive nights, retiring each day into the woods for shelter.

On the sixth day from the loss of the boat, and the thirteenth from their leaving the ship, the men were become very faint, hungry, and weary, having had no provisions since they left the ship, and only now and then a little water from the hollows of trees, and a few berries when they could find any. Their feet were also very sore, being without shoes, and their bodies severely torn by briars and brambles.

In the morning they came to a mountain by the side of a deep bay, where they remained all day. At noon they perceived many of the Malay inhabitants fishing in the bay at a little distance. Soon afterwards, Mr. Woodard, taking a walk along the banks, found a yellowish-looking berry, about the size of a currant, hanging in little bunches, and finding them very palatable, he carried his hat full to his unfortunate companions, who did not like them; but three of the men began eating the leaves of bushes. In the evening they were attacked with violent vomitings and pains in their bowels, and all night were crying out through torture. In the morning they appeared more like corpses than men; but Mr. Woodard did not dare pity them for fear of depressing their spirits. He then went in search of water for them, and soon found about a pint in the hollow of a tree, which he gave them to suck through a reed, giving each three mouthfuls, until the whole was consumed. Being now convinced that they were unable to proceed any further, Mr. Woodard asked if they were willing to surrender themselves to the natives; to which they all with one voice consented, excepting the American lad John Cole, who, on his knees, entreated them to stay in the woods, saying he would rather die there of hunger than be massacred by the inhuman Malays. In order to preserve authority and create some degree of confidence, Mr. Woodard roughly called him a fool, and directed him to follow; which he did, though very reluctantly. They now thought it most prudent to hide their weapons in the ground, viz. their boat-hook, the axe, two pocket-knives, and a dollar, which they hid by the side of a large tree; and then proceeded to the bay, where they had seen the Malays in the morning, to meet their fate or to find friends. However, on their arrival at the beach, they did not see any one; for the tide being up, the natives had all gone away. They immediately walked on until they came to a path, when, ascending a few steps on the banks, they perceived three girls fishing in a brook, who, on seeing them, ran away up the path. They followed them for some distance, and then sat down on the trunk of a large tree to await the event of their departure.

In about a quarter of an hour, they observed three men coming towards them by the same path which the girls had gone, when Mr. Woodard, immediately rose to meet them, desiring the men to sit still. He proceeded towards them alone, until he had approached them within a short distance, when they stopped and drew out their cresses or knives. He still advanced without hesitation till within about two yards of them, when, falling on his face, he earnestly begged for mercy. For some minutes they looked steadfastly at him, with their knives drawn, when one of them, putting up his cresse, came towards him, and kneeling in the same manner, offered Mr. Woodard both his hands, which he acknowledged by doing the same. By this time about twenty of the natives assembled and commenced stripping him; they took off his hat and handkerchief, and, thinking them to be money, cut the buttons off his jacket. His four companions had by this time come up, and they were treated in the same manner.

They were now completely at the mercy of the natives, whom they entreated, as well as they could do by signs, for something to eat, on which they immediately supplied them with five green cocoa-nuts; and then taking them to a town called Travalla, carried them to the court-house or judgment-hall. They were placed near the judgment-seat, accompanied by a vast concourse of people, including women and children, who made a circle at some distance from them, having never before seen a white man in that place. Here they waited for the chief, or rajah of the place, who made his appearance in about half an hour. He was about six feet high, tall, straight, and well made. On his entrance he looked as wild as a madman, flourishing in his hand a large cresse, the blade of which was two feet and a half long, and very bright. His only apparel was a small pair of short breeches, a girdle round his waist, and a red handkerchief on his head. On coming within the circle of men and women he made a stop, when Mr. Woodward immediately rose and went to meet him. The chief fixed his eyes steadfastly upon him, and though the other begged for his life, he neither spoke a word nor altered his position. Mr. Woodward then approached so near, that he took the chief's foot and placed it on his head as a token of submission. The chief then went to his judgment-seat, when, assembling his officers round him, they held some consultation; after which he rose from his seat to go to his own house, which was at no great distance, and soon returned with five pieces of betel nut, which the natives chew instead of tobacco. He presented each of them with a piece, as a token of friendship, and then ordered them some cocoa-nuts.

By this time the day was nearly spent, and their minds a little more at ease, after the dangers and alarms they had gone through. They now retired to rest, and they slept quietly till about eight o'clock; when they were conveyed to a room in the rajah's house, where a sapper of sago-bread and peas was provided for them, but the quantity so small, that one man might have eaten the whole of it. They, however, shared it amongst them, and then again lay down to sleep.

After being examined a second time by a number of strange Malays, who, having been out of the town, had not seen them before, they were again awakened at daylight by a large concourse of women and children, who filled the house till near noon. All this time they had no victuals; they therefore asked the chief, who sent them some cocoa-nuts and Indian corn—the allowance for each man being a cocoa-nut and an ear of Indian corn at noon, and the same at supper. They lived in this manner for about twenty days, but were not allowed to go out of the house except to bathe.

Upon being informed that they were English, an old man, one day brought them a Mahomedan priest, whose name was Tuan Hadjee. He could speak a few words of English, some Portuguese, and some words of the Moorish language. He had been at Bengal and Bombay on his way to Mecca, and had with him a certificate from Henry or John Herbert, the governor of Balambangan, in the island of Borneo, dated 1771, to certify that he was a trusty good man, and was empowered by the governor to assist all distressed Englishmen, and convey them to an English port.

Tuan Hadjee asked whence they came; to which Mr. Woodard answered, from Bengal, and last from Batavia. The priest immediately asked the rajah what he should give for them; but the rajah replied that he would not part with them.—Tuan Hadjee then offered one hundred dollars in gold-dust, but was refused; on which he left them, and said that he would go to the head rajah about them.

They were now kept close prisoners, and constantly guarded by two persons, in which situation they were detained for about a month, when provisions growing scarce, they were taken into the woods by two at a time to make sago-bread; and after working all day without any thing to eat, the Malays would scarcely give them enough for supper.

After a few months they were permitted to walk about the town, or wherever they pleased; but a good watch was kept over them during the night. One day, as they were upon the sea-shore, having been about four months at Travalla, they discovered their own boat without sails, but full of Malays, who came on shore. Mr. Woodard asked them where they were going; they told him "To the king or head rajah;" but the Malays were very cautious not to allow them to approach the boat, but ordered them off into the town; and in the course of the evening the boat disappeared.

Finding it was the intention of the Malays to keep them unless they should receive a large sum for their ransom, Mr. Woodard most earnestly inquired where the old priest was to be found, who had visited them on their first arrival; and after some entreaty, ascertained that he lived in the town of Dungally, about eight miles distant. In the course of eight months from their arrival, there came a proa from Dungally to Travalla, to purchase cocoa-nuts of the captain, of which Mr. Woodard made particular inquiries concerning the old man.—About the same time the head rajah, who lived at Parlow, at the bottom of a bay of that name, sent for them, and they were accordingly conveyed thither. Two of them, who were sick, were carried round in a proa, while Mr. Woodard and the other two travelled by land, attended by the rajah of Travalla, and guarded by five men on horseback and one on foot. They set off in the morning, and at night arrived at their journey's end, where they were supplied with a warm supper of a little rice and greens.

On the third day they were conducted to the head rajah, who, after looking at them for some time, sent for a musket for each of them, and asked if they understood the use of them; and not knowing the object of the inquiry, Mr. Woodard replied in the affirmative. They were lodged in a large house open all round, which was very warm in the day, but the nights were so cold from the damp fogs, owing to the low situation of the town, that Mr. Woodard caught a violent cold, which turned to fever and ague; but was still kept in the cold house without clothes.

In the course of a few days, the head rajah, Tommy Ganjoo, provided a house for Mr. Woodard and his companions, who were conducted to it. Mr. Woodard being sick, was obliged to be carried, and was accompanied by a large concourse of young females, who kindled a fire and boiled some rice for him. Soon after his removal the fever began to abate, and in a few days the head rajah sent to a Dutch port called Priggia, which is at the head of an extensive deep bay at the east side of the island, under the care of the commandant; who in a few days arrived at Parlow, and sent for Mr. Woodard, and asked him to go to Priggia, where he resided. Mr. Woodard found him to be a Frenchman, who had been thirty years in the Dutch service, and refused his request, as he was apprehensive they would force him into the Dutch service; but the Frenchman did not offer a penny, assistance, or clothes, to Mr. Woodard or his people.

Finding that it was not their intention to send them away, Mr. Woodard went to the head rajah, and asked his permission to go to Travalla, as a proa was then lying there destined for that place, urging his wish to bathe a few days in salt water. To this the rajah consented, but enjoined the captain of the proa not to let Mr. Woodard get a sight of Dungally on his way, as he had heard that the priest had been inquiring for the captives. It fortunately happened that, as they passed Dun-

gally in the middle of the night, they were becalmed, which enabled Mr. Woodard to get a full sight of the town, and carefully observe the situation of it. In the course of the following day they arrived at Travalla, where his whole ideas were bent upon running away to Dungally. By constantly begging for Indian corn, which he carefully concealed under his pillow, and soon after changing his diet, he lived upon the corn he had thus acquired, which considerably improved his strength. He also provided himself with a bamboo spear, and although he was guarded by three men and two women who kept in the house with him, he rose about twelve o'clock one night, and finding his guards asleep, took his spear, and leaving the house, directed his course to the sea-shore, where, finding a canoe on the beach, he immediately launched it and set off. After reaching about a quarter of a mile from the shore, the canoe became so leaky, that it was nearly half filled with water.—Alarmed at this accident, for he could not swim, and finding it impossible to reach to any distance in her, he rowed back, when, just as he made the shore, the canoe filled, and sunk in five feet water.

He returned immediately to the town, where, finding every thing quiet, and that he had not been missed, he directed his course for Dungally by land; and after traversing through woods and over mountains, and passing by two villages, he reached Dungally as the day dawned. He proceeded towards the middle of the town, and not seeing any person stirring, seated himself on a log of wood. In the course of half an hour, he observed a man come out of the public building which was near him, who proved to be the servant of the old priest, of whom he was in search. The man ran back, crying out "Putu Satan! Putu Satan!" meaning a white devil; but one of the men who had seen Mr. Woodard at Travalla, came running out, and taking him by the hand, called him steersman or mate, and conducted him to his friend Tuan Hadjee, who was greatly rejoiced at meeting with him. The old priest behaved very kindly to him, gave him plenty to eat, and bought him some linen for a shirt, jacket, and a pair of trousers, which he made himself, and were the best clothes he got there.

In the course of three days, the chief of Travalla, having learned that he had gone to Dungally, sent after him; but the old priest and the rajah of Dungally refused to let him go, nor was he willing to return.

The priest and the rajah now informed Mr. Woodard that, in the course of three months, they would convey him to Batavia or Macassar, desiring him at the same time to send for the four men he had left at Parlow. The old priest supplied him with a slip of paper, and with a pen made of bamboo; he wrote a letter to the men, and sent it by the captain of a proa bound thither, with orders to give it to them secretly. This commission he faithfully executed, and, in about five days, to their extreme joy, all the men arrived at Dungally.

After staying for some time at Dungally, during which some skirmishes took place between the inhabitants and a party sent from Parlow, and their friend Tuan Hadjee being called away to a distant part, Mr. Woodard determined to steal a canoe, and to endeavour to make their way to Macassar, which was about four degrees to the southward; and for this purpose went to work in the woods to make paddles, at the same time begging Indian corn to lay in a stock of provisions to carry with them. The old priest being on the point of starting on his journey at midnight, they followed him to the gate without telling him of their intentions, but when the man who kept the gate asked where they were going, said that they were accompanying the old priest to Sawyah, to make sago, when they were permitted to pass, and the gate was immediately shut.

By the time they gained the beach, he had just gone on board the proa, when, observing a large canoe at hand, and having the paddles which they had made lying in the woods, they immediately launched the canoe and put to sea, accompanying the proa for a short distance; but daylight coming on obliged them to make the opposite shore to prevent being discovered.

They set off again at sun-set, and had resolved to put up a sail made of a mat; but one of them stepping on the edge of

the canoe to hoist up the mast, turned the boat keel upwards, and they all fell into the water. They however managed to tow her to shore, where they bailed her out, and having dried their clothes and warmed themselves by a fire which they re-kindled, they again set off and rowed or paddled all night. In the morning they discovered a proa close to them, which immediately took possession of them. Mr. Woodard informed the Malays that they were bound with the old man to Sawyah; upon which they carried the captives to him instead of to Dunggally, which was a lucky escape for that time. He informed Tuan Hadjee, whom they met at Sawyah, that their intention was not to run away, but to follow him, and they continued with him there a considerable time.

Finding after some time that there appeared to be no likelihood of being able to get to Macassar, they came to the resolution to steal a canoe, and attempt to go there. They accordingly made five paddles, and after saving the rice which had been given them as a reward for beating it, till they had collected five or six quarts, they formed the project of stealing the rajah's canoe, which was a very good one; but he, perhaps, suspecting their design, ordered it to be drawn up nearer to his own house, at some distance from the sea.

Fortunately, however, a pirate's proa came that day into the river, up to Tombooa, and she had a very fine canoe. Mr. Woodard went immediately to borrow it to go fishing with, and having caught several fish, which he shared with them, he asked for the canoe to fish again at night, but they refused, intimating that they might use it in the day-time, but not at night. However, in the dead of the night, when every one had retired to sleep, Mr. Woodard came out of the house and directed his course to the proa, where the canoe lay, having left orders with the men that, if he succeeded in seizing it, they were to come round to the beach, which was not far off. He succeeded in the attempt, and was joined by the four men, who brought with them their small stock of effects.

They directed their course to a small island about three leagues distant, where they landed at day-break; but not being able to procure any water there, they removed to a point of land where they knew there were no inhabitants. Having obtained a little water, and repaired the canoe, they directed their course southwards towards Macassar.

After being three days at sea, there came on a strong wind from the southward, by which they were nearly lost; and, unfortunately, just as they were going to land, they discovered a proa at no great distance, rowing towards them with all their might. They immediately tacked, and stood off, but the proa soon got up her sails, and coming close alongside, asked them whither they were bound. Mr. Woodard answered that they were bound to Macassar; when the Malays in the proa said that they must come back, and ordered them on board.

Mr. Woodard perceiving that she was weakly manned, having only five, their own complement of hands on board, they were determined not to be taken; all hands therefore turned to, and rowed directly to windward. The proa at first attempted to follow them, but soon changed their intentions, got up their sails again, and ran in shore.

The wind still blowing very strong, they resolved to go on shore at a distance from the proa, and being desirous also of avoiding any inhabitants, and after a good look-out not perceiving any, they went on shore at a place called Tranamare, about ten or twelve leagues to the south of Travalla. On going ashore, one of the men unfortunately broke his paddle, and on getting a stick to mend it was seized by two Malays, who brought him to the canoe. Mr. Woodard, to his great surprise recognised one of them to be the captain of the proa that had taken him from Parlow to Travalla.

They left that place in the evening, and a storm coming on, passed the proa that had chased them in the morning, and rowed all night along shore. After several days' voyaging, endeavouring to find their way to Macassar, and getting near to several proas, with whom they avoided too close a contact, just as the sun was setting one evening, they perceived a proa full of men set off from the shore; she rowed very fast and soon came alongside, and they were once more taken prisoners by the Malays, four or five of whom jumped into the canoe,

by which she was nearly overset, and told them that they must immediately go to the rajah who had sent the proa after them.

Overpowered by numbers, they were obliged reluctantly to submit; they were taken to the town of Pamboon, where they were stripped and then conducted to the rajah, by whom they were questioned as to where they came and whence they were going, and also whether they understood a musket; and showing Mr. Woodard a hundred of them wanted him to stay and take charge of them. Grown almost desperate by their long continuance of misfortunes, and reckless of danger, Mr. Woodard answered him boldly, that they were bound to Macassar, that they did not understand a musket, which was only known to a soldier, and that he would not remain there.

The next morning he again waited upon the rajah, and, as he could now speak the Malay tongue well, he begged the rajah to send them to Macassar, assuring him that the governor had sent for them, and that if they were detained, all the rajah's proas would be stopped at Macassar. After some consideration, he gave orders for the captain, of a proa to take them, and if possible to get something for them; but if not, he might leave without.

After waiting some days till the proa was ready, they left Pamboon, which is about ninety or a hundred miles from Macassar, and belonging to a tribe called Tramany. In the course of three days they arrived at a small island called Sam Bottom, within about nine leagues of Macassar, where they were left two days on board the proa, not being allowed to go on shore. Mr. Woodard desired George Williams to go on shore, and if they refused him, to swim or steal a canoe, and to inform the rajah that Mr. Woodard was on board the proa and very ill. Upon receiving this information, the rajah sent his son on board the proa with a note to the captain, by whom the prisoners were instantly released. The rajah, on their going ashore, ordered them some food, and a proa to be got ready that afternoon, to convey them to Macassar.

They set off just before night, but did not reach Macassar until the following. They landed on the 15th of June, 1795, after a voyage of nineteen days from Tombooa, and after having been in captivity two years and five months.

Through the benevolent exertions of the governor of Macassar, whose name was William Pitt Jacobson, a native of Amsterdam, and a man of respectable family, these unfortunate men experienced every attention and relief. The linguist was ordered to take Mr. Woodard to his own house, and supply him with everything he wanted; and his four companions were lodged with the company's sailors, to have as much as they required. Mr. Woodard was thoroughly fitted out with new clothes, supplied with money, and had the promise of provisions for his homeward voyage; and when, on the day approaching, and they were about to embark, he waited on the governor in the new clothes he had given him, to thank him for his great kindness, and to receive a bill of their expenses, the governor kindly informed him that there was no bill, that all they had received was freely given them, and wished to know if they wanted anything more.

On parting, the governor gave him eighteen rupees in cash, and also letters to the general of Batavia, stating the situation in which they arrived at Macassar: from the linguist he received a present of eight rupees, and several other presents from the inhabitants.

Mr. Woodard and his men left Macassar on July 1, 1795, and arrived at Batavia on the 11th of the same month. On landing, Mr. Woodard directly engaged his men a passage on board the Betsey, commanded by Captain Millar, an American ship, bound for Boston.

While at Batavia, he discovered an old acquaintance in Captain Sands, who commanded the American, an American ship, then lying there and bound to Bengal. After discharging all their expenses at Batavia, both for himself and his men, he embarked with Captain Sands, on the 20th of July, 1795, and after touching at two or three ports, arrived at Calcutta on the 20th of September.

Through Captain Sands, his story soon became circulated

at Calcutta, where he had many friends, as he was well known to Captain Blythe and other gentlemen belonging to that place; and the ship having discharged her cargo, he soon got the command of a country ship then in dock under repair.

Captain Woodward was daily employed in superintending her repairs, when an American ship arrived at Bengal, which, to his great surprise and joy, was commanded by his old friend Captain Hubbard, the very captain with whom he had sailed about three years before in the *Enterprise*, when they missed their vessel, in the boat in the Straits of Macassar. The meeting was quite unexpected to them both. Captain Hubbard had changed his ship, though in the same employ, for a vessel called the *America*, in which Captain Woodward had formerly sailed as an officer, to different parts of India. Captain Hubbard told him that after having waited for them three days in vain, he had given up the boat for lost. He had perceived the fire, but had supposed it to be made by the Malays.

Captain Hubbard pressed him to go to the Mauritius, and promised that, on their arrival there, he should succeed him in the command of his ship. His circumstances being very low, and the ship of which he had the care not being likely to come out of dock for nearly three months, he accepted the offer.

They sailed together in the *America*, on the 1st of January, 1796, and arrived at their destined port, where they discharged the cargo in forty-two days, and Mr. Woodward was very soon after appointed captain of the *America*.

THE OLD COMMODORE.

"Who is that old gentleman hobbling along there, with his crutch-stick, giving orders to his servants with such a stentorian voice?" inquired Mr. Crayon.

"That is the well-known Admiral Broadside, whom we denote the Old Commodore," replied Mr. Judgewell, the Mayor. "He lost his eye in the action off Cherbourg, and had his knee splintered by the bursting of a canister shot off St. Malo. He is often teased with the gout, which renders him rather testy at times, but in other respects he is a hearty good fellow; and although quite an eccentric, his old heart overflows with kindness and humanity. The sea is still his favourite element; he cannot bear to lose sight of it for two days together, and consequently resides in a house near the sea shore, planned by himself, and built under his own directions. A ship is to him the grandest sight in the universe; and so prepossessed is he in their favour, that even his house is built as near as possible in the shape of one. To-morrow is the anniversary of Lord Howe's victory over the *Brest* fleet, where his valour raised him to his present rank. He was sent home with the despatches, and the King being much pleased with his gallant behaviour, the order of his promotion was given without delay. It is now six years since he retired from the service; but he makes a custom of giving a grand entertainment on each anniversary to his neighbours. There is to be a grand sailing match and a sham-fight to-morrow, in which all the fishermen, and such as are skilled in nautical affairs, are invited to join. The old gentleman is now busy in preparations, and generally plans the order of battle himself. He used to join in it, and take the command of a squadron of boats himself; but since the gout has laid hold of him the command has devolved on William Stedfast, a youth, whom report states to be his nephew. He is bringing him up to the sea-service, and swears if he does not turn out one of the most expert navy officers that ever walked the deck, he'll cram him into a forty-pounder and blow him to the devil."

The Old Commodore had risen at an early hour, in order to complete the arrangements for the following day. He had constructed a fort, in which was placed sundry old muskets and blunderbuss barrels, which were to represent cannon, but were to be manned and served by veteran soldiers who had lost either an eye or a limb in their country's service. Some of these veterans were so enthusiastic in the

undertaking, that many of them came from a distance of twenty miles to be present at the anniversary. Two carpenters from the village were busily employed in constructing the fort, under the superintendence of Joe Dreadnought, an old sailor, who had served as gunner's mate to the Old Commodore ever since he had the command of a vessel. Joe was moored for life in the Commodore's establishment; he was his right-hand man, and combined the various stations of valet, footman, cook, and butler; in fact, everything but coachman, and that was quite out of Joe's line. He swore that coaches never could sail a steady course, as long as the helmsman was placed at the head instead of the stern, and when any of the village ostlers jeered him on the subject, his answer was:—"How the devil do you think a man can steer if he sits in front? How can he tell where the vessel is going if he don't watch her head? And how can he see her head if the vessel is behind him?"

The Old Commodore had determined the sailing-match should take place in the bay; but the sham-fight was to be on a spacious lake which ran through his grounds. He took a trip towards the fort, assisted by his nephew, William Stedfast, and took a survey of the works.

"Hollo Joe," shouted the Commodore, "what the devil are you at there? Don't you see you have got your chief butment projecting the wrong way? Why, your ramparts hang over, instead of leaning inwards: if your fort was built of stone in that fashion a couple of twenty-four pounders, and a handful of men, would oversway it, and tumble it all into the lake together."

"Please your honour," replied Joe, "it is built exactly after the manner of the fort at St. Domingo, and your honour cannot have forgotten what a deal of trouble we had to silence it. We gave 'em plenty of twenty-four pounders then; but they took no more effect than if we had discharged as many penny popguns at it."

"Why, you audacious son of a porpoise! do you dare to dispute with me as to how a fort ought to be built or attacked—I that have been in no less than thirty engagements, and have served in every station from the cabin-boy to the Rear-Admiral—I that lost an eye in the action off Cherbourg, and got my leg splintered by the bursting of a canister shot at St. Malo? But I'll catch you in your own net, Master Joe; I'll make you commander of that fort to-morrow; your French colours shall fly from the tower, and if my nephew here don't blow you and your fort to the devil together, I'll bring him to a court-martial."

"Please your honour," replied Joe, rather sulkily, "I a't no soldier, I don't know nothing about defending castles ashore; but only set me afloat in a cockle-shell, and see if I don't do my duty like a British seaman."

"Hold your tongue," shouted the Commodore. "Go and make me a glass of grog, and let's have no more of your palaver."

Joe touched his hat, and away he went.

"That's an honest, brave, obstinate rascal," said the Commodore, as he looked after Joe. "There are few seamen to equal him now-a-days."

Joe returned with the Commodore's grog and a pipe: he handed them to him on a waiter, and looking in his face with an expression of anxiety, whispered—

"Must I command the fort to-morrow, your honour?"

The Commodore paused—put his pipe to his mouth—blew a few whiffs, and replied,

"No, Joe, no. You shall be my coxswain at the sailing-match, and if any one tumbles in the water, you must pull them out again; you can do that well enough, because you have had good practice that way. And when the fight takes place on the lake, you shall be my nephew's gunner."

"Say no more, your honour," responded Joe, joyfully.

"Victory is certain; we'll give the French fort such a peppering, that she'll strike her flag in quick time."

At day-break, the various crafts that were to sail at the match began to drop into a line along the bay. The road was thronged with peasants and villagers, in their best clothes, pressing forward to view the pleasing sight. The

village bells began to ring a merry peal, and the beach and surrounding cliffs soon abounded with smiling faces.

Old Joe had brushed up the Commodore's hat and laced coat—the one which he had not worn since the last anniversary; the same which he wore on the day his leg was splintered at St. Malo. Joe assisted him to put it on.

"Ah!" said the Old Commodore, "whenever I get this coat on my back, I always raise my heart in thankfulness to Providence, when I reflect that it has never witnessed a single act of cowardice or dishonour in its wearer."

The Old Commodore bustled out of the room, followed by Joe, and was met by his nephew.

"Come, bustle, bustle, boy," said he to Stedfast; "get on board your boat, and get all your tackle well overhauled; you must win the wager, boy. There's a party of ladies coming to visit us, and among them a certain Miss Emmeline Winterton, who, I rather think, has answered your signals, so far as not being averse to sailing in company; therefore you must look out, Will Stedfast, and not disgrace yourself in her sight, else you may get run out of your course; and she's worth looking after, boy. She is a fine trim vessel; well rigged, and carries twenty thousand guns—pounds I mean; so look out, boy, look out. Now, Joe, heave ahead, and get our boat ready."

"All ready, your honour," replied Joe.

"Stretch along then, coxswain, and let's aboard," cried the Old Commodore, as he quitted the house.

No sooner did he appear on the lawn than the assembled crowd welcomed him with three hearty cheers, which were echoed by those on board the boats in the bay. The Old Commodore's heart glowed within him; he felt assured it was an effusion of sincere congratulation.

The wager-boats were brought up in the order for sailing, and off they went. Stedfast's boat was fourth at starting; it was named the *Swift*. The Old Commodore hailed him.

"You William! what are you after there? Shall I send an old woman to steer for you? Luff, you swab, or you'll go all to leeward. That's better—now port—there—there—steady—now there's wind coming to you: put your helm well over to the starboard—now she fills—keep her close—that's right, boy—now she feels it: there she goes—third boat—second boat—cut away, Will Stedfast—save your wind; now let her go a little—now she shoots a-head: first boat—he has it—he has got to windward. Look sharp, you Tim Bowling, or you'll be left out of sight—ha! ha! ha! well done; but it's of no use. Will Stedfast has it. Bravo, my boy—well sailed i'faith! You Joe, put your helm up, and steer me amongst the wager boats."

Joe did so. The Commodore waved his stick in token of silence.

"Well sailed, my boys, you are a credit to Old England; and although my nephew has come in first boat, you have all worked so seamanlike, that you shall each have a few shot to stow in your lockers. Now, get ashore, and away to the lawn, and there you'll find a good stock of provisions ready laid out."

The air was rent with deafening cheers, and they adjourned to the lawn, where the rural feast was done ample justice to.

The sham-fight followed next; the boats were fitted out as gun-boats, each having a musket-barrel placed in front to represent a cannon. Will Stedfast led the attack, and was followed by the other boats. An old soldier named Stock commanded the fort, supported by a train of staunch old fellows, who had seen good service. He peppered away at the boats in good style, and gave them strong doses of rockets. The Old Commodore was busy in advising the boats how to work; and after a hard fight, some of the assailants effected a landing, and the fort struck her colours, and surrendered on honourable terms. Will Stedfast was invested with the medal of honour, which he received from the fair hand of Emmeline Winterton.

The lightsome dance succeeded the feast, and the Old Commodore felt no other regret than that of not being able to join in the merry maze; but wooden legs were not intended for dancers, and he was therefore obliged to content himself with his pipe and glass, cheered by the pleasing reflection that he was administering to the pleasures of others.

THE NEGLECTED TAR.

I sing the British seaman's praise,
A theme renown'd in story,
It well deserves more polish'd lays,
Oh! 'tis your boast and glory.
When mad-brained war spreads death around,
By them you are protected;
But when in peace the nation's found
These bulwarks are neglected.
Then, oh! protect the hardy tar,
Be mindful of his merit,
And when again you're plung'd in war,
He'll show his daring spirit.

When thickest darkness covers all,
Far on the trackless ocean;
When light'nings dart, when thunders roll,
And all is wild commotion;
When o'er the bark the white-topped waves,
With boist'rous sweep are rolling,
Yet coolly still the whole he braves,
Serene amidst the howling,
Then, oh! &c.

When deep immersed in sulphurous smoke,
He feels a glowing pleasure;
He loads his gun—right heart of oak—
Elated beyond measure.
Though fore and aft the blood-stain'd deck
Should lifeless trunks appear;
Or should the vessel float a wreck,
The sailor knows no fear.
Then, oh! &c.

When long becalm'd on Southern brine
Where scorching beams assail him!
Where all the canvass hangs supine,
And food and water fail him;
Then oft he dreams of Britain's shore;
Where plenty still is reigning;
They call the watch—his rapture's o'er,
He sighs—forbears complaining.
Then, oh! &c.

Or burning on that noxious coast,
Where death so oft befriends him;
Or pinch'd by hoary Greenland's frost,
True courage still attends him:
No clime can this eradicate;
He's calm amidst annoyance!
He fearless braves the storms of fate,
On heav'n is his reliance.
Then, oh! &c.

Why should the man who knows no fear,
In peace be then neglected?
Behold him move along the pier,
Pale, meagre, and dejected!
Behold him begging for employ;
Behold him disregarded!
Then view the anguish in his eye?
And say are tars rewarded?
Then, oh! &c.

To them your dearest rights you owe,
In peace then would you starve them!
What say ye, Britain's sons?—oh! no!
Protect them and preserve them.
Shield them from poverty and pain.
'Tis policy to do it;
Or when grim war shall come again,
Oh! Briton's ye may rue it.
Then, oh! &c.

LOSS OF THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND.

THE Duke of Cumberland packet, commanded by Captain Lawrence, was, on the morning of Monday, September 3, 1804, lying at anchor in the road of St. John's, waiting to receive the mail, which was expected to come on board that day.

His majesty's ship *Serapis*, of forty-four guns, armed *en flûte*, lay about two miles farther out, in readiness to convey the packet down to Tortola. The wind had been blowing very fresh from the north during the night, and at noon had considerably increased. His majesty's ship *De Ruyter*, an old seventy-four, which had lately been brought there to be fitted up as a prison-ship, lay at anchor in Deep Bay: she had a very weak crew on board, and made signals of distress to the *Serapis*; and at twelve o'clock a boat came on board the Cum-

berland, to request the aid of some men to assist the *Serapis* in relieving the *De Ruyter*; but this Captain Lawrence could not, with propriety, grant. At this time the *Cumberland* had been obliged to strike their top-gallantmasts, and at two o'clock they let go the best bower-anchor, having previously been riding with only the small bower.

The gale still continued to increase, and by six o'clock in the evening it blew a perfect storm from the N.N.W., when they struck their yards and topmasts; but they had scarcely finished this work, when they discovered that the vessel had parted her best bower-cable. This unexpected circumstance surprised and alarmed them exceedingly, as the rope was nearly new, and they had been assured that the bottom of the roadstead was a fine hard sand; it must have been cut upon a ship's anchor, or on a bed of coral rock. They immediately bent the remaining



LOSS OF THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND PACKET, CAPTAIN LAWRENCE, SEPTEMBER 4, 1804.

part of it to the stream-anchor, and the stream-cable to the kedge; but as the wind continued to rage with unabated violence, and the ship pitched immoderately, they were fearful that the cable should give way, and at ten o'clock they let go the two remaining anchors.

Every thing had now been done for the safety of the ship that was in the power of the crew, the rest they confided to Providence; and having recommended themselves to the protection of the Almighty, they remained passive, but anxious spectators, of the awful scene, and awaited the event in silent dread. To men who were so deeply interested in the effects of the storm, no scene could be so fearfully grand: the wind raged with a fury known only within the tropics; the rain fell, not in drops, but in torrents, like a deluge; the waves had

risen to a most stupendous height; the ship was pitching, one moment with her fore-castle under water, and the next pointing to the skies; they had already lost their best cable and were in momentary expectation of parting with the rest; and, to add to the horrors of their situation, the vivid flashes of the lightning discovered to them, notwithstanding the pitchy darkness of the night, that so soon as they should part or drive away from their moorings, a reef of horrid rocks lay to leeward ready to receive them. In such a situation of harrowing suspense and awful uncertainty, each man was sensible of the absolute impossibility of singly combating the terrific agitation of the conflicting elements, and their feeble expectations of saving their lives, rested solely on the frail hope of the ship being able to ride out the tempest.

The glare of the lightning had frequently shown them the masts of the *De Ruyter*, and they could perceive that she was driving from her moorings; she, however, suddenly disappeared, when they at once concluded that she must have foundered, and they also supposed that the *Serapis* had shared the same fate. About eleven o'clock, there was a violent crash on board, accompanied by a most tremendous noise, when they found that the windlass had given way. The sailors immediately clapped stoppers upon the cables, and secured them by means of ring-bolts on the decks: these were continually breaking, and were as often replaced.

The cable had now held so long, that they began to entertain some faint hope of her being able to ride out the gale, and so much did this strengthen, that several of them quitted the deck in order to obtain some refreshment, but they had scarcely sat down, when a loud groan from the crew summoned them again upon deck. They dreaded the worst, when the captain put and end to their doubts by running forward, exclaiming, "All's now over! Lord God have mercy upon us!" The cable had parted; for about two minutes the ship hung by the stream and kedg, and then began to drive broadside out, dragging them along with her. Their feelings at this awful moment language is inadequate to describe, nor is there any similar situation to which it is possible to compare them. Some of the seamen seemed at this time, for a moment, to forget themselves; their cries for their wives, their children, and their homes, resounded through the ship, in noisy but vain lamentations; but they soon became sensible of their folly, and resumed their wonted firmness.

As soon as the ship parted, which was about midnight, each man flew to a rope, with the determination of clinging to it as long as the ship remained entire. Fortunately, the wind had shifted somewhat more to the westward, and this prevented her from striking on the reef of rocks which they had so much dreaded. For above an hour they had continued to drift, without their having the slightest conception of the direction in which they were going; but they continued to hold on by the rigging, their bodies beaten by the heaviest rain, and lashed by every wave. A dreadful silence ensued, as each one was too intent on his own approaching end, to be able to communicate his feelings to another, while nothing could be heard but the horrid howling of the tempest. Soon after one o'clock the ship struck, and instantly went off again; and this circumstance, together with several lights being seen before them at a distance, convinced them that they were driving towards the harbour of St. John's, and that they had struck on the bar. They saw before them a large object, which they dreaded was Rat Island, a perpendicular rock in the centre of the harbour, upon which was a fort. This they were fast approaching, and that the garrison might be spectators of their fate, for it was in vain to think of assistance, they fired two alarm guns; but from the tremendous noise of the wind and waves, they were doubtful if the sound could be heard. However, they soon discovered that the object which they were approaching, was a large ship, on which they were directly driving, and they soon came up with her, passing close under her stern. This produced a faint hope of their being stranded on a sandy beach, for although they knew that the harbour chiefly abounded with rock, yet there were a few banks of mud and sand, and their wishes led them to hope the best: the captain, therefore, ordered the carpenter to get the hatchets ready to cut away the masts, in order to make a raft for those who might choose to venture on it. They could now plainly perceive the land at no great distance, on which they were driving, and as they knew it to be a huge rock, they ran up the fore and mizen-staysails, to endeavour by these means to divert the course of the ship; but just at that instant the wind suddenly changed from N.N.W. to W., being no less than six points of the compass, and continued to blow with increased fury: this kept them clear of the projecting land, and drove them beyond it a short distance, when the ship struck. At first they imagined that she had struck upon a sandy beach; and as they could plainly discern two large ships ashore just abreast of them, they buoyed themselves with the hope that they should be driven on board these vessels; but in this they were disap-

pointed; they drove past, beating with violence at every wave, and in a few seconds found the ship bring up on some horrid rocks, at the foot of a stupendous precipice. Every hope now vanished, and in despair of the slightest chance of relief, they already began to consider themselves as beings of another world. The vessel was dashed with extreme violence against the rocks, and they could distinctly hear the cracking of her timbers below.

In order to ease the vessel, and if possible to prevent her from parting, they immediately cut away the the mizen-mast and shortly afterwards the foremast; but they allowed the mainmast to remain, in order to steady the ship, and to prevent her, if possible, from canting to windward, by which they must all have been inevitably drowned.

It was about two o'clock in the morning, when the vessel struck, and in half an hour afterwards they found that the water was up to her longed deck. Never, perhaps, was daylight so anxiously looked for, as by the almost despairing crew of this unfortunate vessel. After having held on so long by the shrouds, they were forced to cling for three hours longer before the dawn appeared; and during this time they were under the continual dread of the ship's parting and launching them all into eternity. The vessel lay on her beam ends, with the sea making a complete breach over her; and stiff and benumbed as they were, it was with the utmost difficulty they could preserve their hold against the force of the waves, every one of which struck and nearly drowned them. The break of day only discovered to them the horrors of their situation; the vessel was lying upon large rocks, at the foot of a craggy, overhanging precipice, hove as high as the ship's mainmast; and although the mizenmast had been cut away, it still hung in a diagonal direction, supported by some ropes, and reached within about four fathoms of the rock. The land forming a sort of bay around them, also approached a-head; and the extremity of the jib-boom was at no great distance from it.—They could plainly discern several ships on shore in various parts of the harbour, and the wind and rain continued to beat on them with unabated violence.

The ship lay a most miserable wreck; one wave had carried away her stern boat, unshipped her rudder, and washed overboard her quarter-boards, binnacle, and round-house; her fore and mizenmasts lay alongside, supported by small ropes, and the ship had bilged her larboard side. After the dawn appeared, their first thoughts were naturally directed to the possibility of saving their lives, and they were unanimously of opinion that their only chance of effecting this, was by means of the mizenmast. With this view, they immediately got the topmast and top-gallantmasts launched out on it, which reached within a few feet of the rock; but that part of the precipice which it approached was so perpendicular, that it afforded but very faint hopes of relief, unless by the aid of some bushes which grew on the top. These were soon made trial of by a sailor; but after he had thrown a rope, with a noose on the end of it, and which had caught hold of some of the largest bushes, they had the mortification to see them brought away in an instant, discovering the roots of the shrubs to be fastened only to a much decayed, weather-beaten rock, incapable of affording them support sufficient to withstand the smallest weight. Another seaman, to whom despair had lent an extraordinary degree of courage, followed the first man out on the mast, with the intention of throwing himself from the end upon the rock, and had proceeded to the extremity of the top-gallantmast, when, just as he was on the point of leaping among the bushes, the pole of the mast, unable to sustain his weight, gave way, and he was precipitated into the water. As the fall was at least forty feet, it was some time before he made his appearance above the surface of the water, and when he did, every one expected to see him dashed to pieces among the rocks; but, fortunately, he had carried down with him a piece of the broken mast, to which some small ropes were attached, and by clinging fast hold of these, he preserved his head above water, at the intervals of the waves' receding, until a tackle could be fixed to hoist him in. This blasted all their hopes of being saved by means of the mizenmast; and yet some decisive measure was

absolutely necessary—for, as the storm continued to rage with unabated violence, they began still more to dread that the ship would part, as she had already bilged on the larboard side; and, moreover, the whole crew had been so fatigued by their previous exertions, and dispirited and benumbed by the constant exposure to wet and exhaustion, that they were scarcely able to hold out any longer. It was in vain to look around them for assistance; they were not seen from the town, and the ships which were in sight, had it not in their power to render them any aid. Some negroes, indeed, made their appearance on the top of the rock, and were earnestly requested to descend a little way, that they might receive a rope to be thrown from the ship; but whether from fear or sheer stupidity, they could not make out which, these creatures made not the least motion to approach them, but stood gaping in the most idiotical manner, sometimes at the ship and sometimes at themselves, in spite of reiterated entreaties, promises, and threats.

Whilst they were meditating on their situation in sullen silence, Mr. Doncaster, the chief mate, without communicating his intention to any one, went out on the bowsprit, and having reached the end of the jib-boom, threw himself headlong into the water; he had scarcely fallen, when a tremendous wave threw him upon the rock, and left him dry. There he remained a few minutes, motionless, when a second wave washed him still further up. He then clung to a projection of the cliff, by which he effectually preserved his hold; and after remaining a few minutes to recover his breath and recruit himself, he began to scramble up the rock. The preservation of Mr. Doncaster was almost miraculous, for all the ship's company were unanimous in declaring it to be next to an impossibility; indeed, it appeared to be a singular interposition of Providence in their behalf. In about half an-hour, with great difficulty, he reached the summit of the cliff, while the crew on board the ship were most anxiously watching every step that he took, and praying for his safety and success, with the consciousness that their preservation depended solely thereon. The instant that he reached the summit, he came round to that part which was over against the vessel; and, descending a little way, received a rope which was thrown from the main-top, and fastened the end of it to some trees which grew on the top of the cliff, while those on board secured the other extremity to the head of the mizen-topmast. This being done, a few of the most expert seamen warped themselves up upon it, carrying with them the end of another rope, upon which a tackle was bent, and this they fastened also to the trees; the other end of the tackle was made fast to the mizenmast, and the fold of it passed to the crew upon deck. By means of this rope, which they fastened to their waists, and the first rope by which they were supported, and warping along it with their hands, in the space of three hours they were all safely hoisted to the top of the cliff, with the exception of a few of the most active seamen, who were left to the last, and were obliged to warp themselves up as the first had done.

The whole of the ship's company, consisting of Captain Lawrence; Mr. Lawrence, the master; Mr. Doncaster, the chief-mate; Mr. Louie, the surgeon; twenty-four seamen and petty officers, and three passengers; Mr. Verchild, Mr. Wood, and Lieutenant Webber of the artillery, having assembled on the rock, they bade farewell to their miserable vessel, and took their departure towards the town. But their difficulties were not yet at an end; the whole plain was before them, and in consequence of the immense quantity of rain which had fallen, and which was still pouring down in torrents, it had more the appearance of a large lake, through which it was with the greatest difficulty they could find their way; and in those places where roads or furrows had been made, they frequently plumped in up to the neck, in imminent hazard of being carried down by the stream.

After wading for about three miles through fields of canes, whose tops were barely visible above the water, they reached the town of St. John's, where they were so hospitably received, that had it not been for the kind offices of a mulatto tailor, to whom they sent for clothes, and who carried them to a house, where they were furnished with beds and provisions, they

might have died from the want of food and necessaries. In a few hours afterwards, the wind chopped round to the south, from which quarter it blew with the same violence the whole of the 4th and part of the 5th of September. The hurricane lasted eight-and-forty hours, during which time it made a complete sweep of half the compass, beginning at N. and ending at S. This favourable change saved the Cumberland packet from breaking up, and, on the morning of the 5th, they found her lying upon the rocks, nearly dry, with five large holes in her larboard side; and they were thus enabled to save some of their linen that was floating in the hold.

SHIPWRECK OF THE LITCHFIELD MAN OF WAR, ON THE COAST OF AFRICA, AND MARCH OF THE SURVIVORS TO MOROCCO.

The following narrative of the shipwreck of his Majesty's ship Litchfield, of 50 guns, Capt. Barton, on the coast of Africa, is extracted from the account published by Lieut. Sunderland. It will be seen that the ship was wrecked about thirty miles from Sallee, in the South of Africa, and that the captain and crew, as well as the crews of a transport and a tender, wrecked about three leagues to the north of the wreck-place of the Litchfield, marched to Morocco, by order of the emperor, by whom the greater part were made slaves. Their ransom was at length effected, and they arrived at Gibraltar in about six months from the period of their shipwreck.

"The Litchfield left Ireland, November 11, 1758, in company with several other men of war and transports, under the command of Commodore Keppel, intended for the reduction of Goree. The voyage was prosperous till the 28th, when, at eight in the evening, Lieut. Sunderland took charge of the watch, and the weather turned out very squally with rain. At nine it was exceedingly dark, with much lightning, and the wind varying from S. W. to W. N. W. At half-past nine we had an extreme hard squall; Capt. Barton came upon deck and stayed till ten; he then left orders to keep sight of the Commodore, and to make what sail the weather would permit. At eleven we saw the Commodore bearing S., but the squalls coming so heavy, we were obliged to hand the main-top-sail, and at twelve o'clock we were under our courses.

"November 29, at one in the morning," says Mr. Sunderland, "I left the deck in charge of the first lieutenant: the light, which we took to be the Commodore's, right a-head, bearing S., the wind W. S. W. blowing hard. At six in the morning I was awaked by a great shock and a confused noise of the men on deck. I ran up, thinking some ship had run foul of us: for by my own reckoning, and that of every other person in the ship, we were at least thirty-five leagues distance from the land; but, before I could reach the quarter-deck, the ship gave a great stroke upon the ground, and the sea broke all over her; just after this I could perceive the land, rocky, rugged, and uneven, about two cables' length from us. The ship lying with her broadside to windward, the masts soon went over-board, carrying some men with them. It is impossible for any but a sufferer to feel our distress at this time, the masts, and yards, and sails, hanging alongside in a confused heap, the ship beating violently upon the rocks, the waves curling up to an incredible height, then dashing down with such force, as if they would immediately have split the ship to pieces, which we indeed every moment expected. When we had a little recovered from our first confusion, we saw it necessary to get everything we could over to the larboard side, to prevent the ship from heeling off, and exposing the deck to the sea. Some of the people were very earnest to get the boats out: contrary to advice, and after much entreaty, notwithstanding a terrible sea, one of the boats was launched, and eight of the best men jumped into it, but it had hardly got to the ship's stern when it was whirled to the bottom, and every one perished; the rest of the boats were soon dashed to pieces upon the deck. We then made a raft with wadded capstan-bars and some boards, and waited with resignation for Divine Providence to assist us. The ship was soon filled with water, so that we had no time to get any provisions up; the quarter-deck and poop were now the only places we could stand on with any security, the waves being mostly

spent by the time they reached us, owing to the fore part of the ship breaking them.

"At four in the afternoon, perceiving the sea to be much abated, one of our people attempted to swim, and get safe on shore. There were a number of Moors upon the rock, ready to take hold of any one, and beckoned much for us to come on shore, which at first we took for kindness; but they soon undeceived us; for they had not the humanity to assist anybody that was entirely naked, but would fly to those who had anything about them, and strip them before they were quite out of the water, wrangling amongst themselves about the plunder. In the meantime the poor wretches were left to crawl up the rocks if they were able; if not, they perished unregarded. The second lieutenant and myself, with about sixty-five others, got ashore before dark, but were left exposed to the weather on the cold sand, and to keep us from starving, we were obliged to go down to the shore and bring up pieces of the wreck to make a fire; and if we happened to pick up a shirt or handkerchief, and did not give it up to the Moors at the first demand, the next thing was a dagger offered to our breasts. They allowed us a piece of an old sail which they did not think worth carrying off, of which we made two tents, and crowded ourselves into them, every one sitting between another's legs to preserve warmth, and make room. In this uneasy situation, continually bewailing ourselves and our poor shipmates upon the wreck, we passed a most tedious night, without so much as a drop of water to refresh us, except what we caught through our sail-cloth covering.

"November 30, at six in the morning, we went down with a number of our men upon the rocks to assist our shipmates in coming ashore, and found the ship had been greatly shattered in the night. It being now low water, many attempted to swim ashore; some got safe, others perished. The people on board got the raft into the water, and about fifteen men upon it, but they were no sooner put off from the wreck than it was quite over-turned; most of the men recovered it again, but were hardly on, before it was again overturned; there were only three or four that had got hold of it again, the rest perished. During that time a good swimmer brought a rope ashore with much difficulty, which I had the good fortune to catch hold of just as he was quite spent, and had thoughts of quitting it. Some people coming to my assistance, we pulled a larger rope ashore with that, and made it fast round a rock. We found this gave great spirits to the poor souls on the wreck; for it being hauled tight from the upper part of the stern, made an easy descent to any one who had art enough to walk or slide upon a rope with a smaller rope fixed above to hold by. This was a means of saving a number of lives, though many were washed off by the impetuous surf and perished. The flood coming on, raised the surf, and prevented any more coming at this time.

"We then retired from the rocks, and, hunger prevailing, we broiled some of the turkeys, &c., which, with some flour mixed and baked amongst the coals, made our first meal upon this barbarous coast. We found a well of fresh water about half a mile off, which very much refreshed us; but we had hardly finished this cold repast, when the Moors (who were now grown numerous), drove us down to the rocks, to bring up empty iron-bound casks, pieces of the wreck which had most iron about them, and other things. About three o'clock in the afternoon, we had another meal upon the drowned poultry, and finding this was the best we were likely to have, some were ordered to save all they could find, others to raise a larger tent, and the rest were sent down to the rocks, to look out for people coming ashore. The surf greatly increasing with the flood, and breaking up the fore part of the ship, she was divided into three parts; the fore part was turned keel upwards, the middle part was dashed into a thousand pieces; the fore part of the poop fell likewise at this time, and about thirty men with it, eight of whom got ashore with our help, but so bruised that we despaired of their recovery. Nothing but the after part of the poop now remained above water, with a very small part of the other decks, on which our captain and above one hundred and thirty more remained, expecting every wave to be their last. Every shock threw some off, few or none of

whom came on shore alive. During this distress, the Moors laughed very loud, and seemed much diverted, when a wave, larger than common, threatened the destruction of the poor tottering souls upon the deck.

"Between four and five o'clock, the sea was much decreased with the ebb; the rope being still secure they began to venture upon it. Some tumbled off and perished, others got safe ashore. About five we beckoned as much as possible for the captain to come upon the rope, as this seemed to be as good an opportunity as any we had seen, and many came safe with our assistance. Some told us that the captain was determined to stay till all the men had quitted the wreck. However, we still continued to beckon for him, and just before it was dark we saw him come upon the rope; he was close followed by a good able seaman, who did all he could to keep up his spirits, and assist him in warping. As he could not swim, and had been so many hours without refreshment, with the surf hurling him violently along, he was no longer able to resist the violence of the waves, but had lost his hold of the great rope, and must unavoidably have perished had not a wave thrown him within reach of our ropes, which he had barely sense to lay hold of. We pulled him up, and, after resting a little upon the rocks, coming to himself, he walked up to the tent, desiring us still to continue to assist the rest of the people in coming ashore. The Moors would have stripped him, though he had nothing on but a plain waistcoat and breeches, if we had not plucked up a little spirit and opposed them, upon which they thought proper to desist.

"The people continued to come ashore, though many perished in the attempt; the Moors growing tired with waiting for so little plunder, would not let us stay upon the rocks, but drove us all up. I then, with the captain's approbation, went and made humble supplication by signs to the bashaw, who was in his tent with many other Moors, dividing the valuable plunder. He understood me at last, and gave us leave to go down, sending some Moors with us; we carried firebrands down to let the poor men upon the wreck see we were still there ready to assist them. About nine at night, finding no more men venture upon the rope, as the surf was again greatly increased, we retired to the tent, leaving between thirty and forty persons upon the wreck. We now thought of stowing everybody in the tent, and began by fixing the captain in the middle, then made every one lie down upon their side, as we could not find each a breadth; but after all there were many took easier lodgings in empty casks.

"December 1. In the morning the wreck was all in pieces upon the rocks, and the shore quite covered with lumber. The people upon the wreck all perished about one in the morning. At one in the afternoon we called a muster, and found our number to be two hundred and twenty, so that there were one hundred and thirty drowned.

"December 2. We subsisted entirely on the drowned stock, with a little salt pork to relish it, and the flour made into cakes, all of which we issued regularly and sparingly, not knowing whether we should have anything from the Moors or not, as they still continued to be very troublesome, wanting to rob us of the canvass which covered our tent. At two in the afternoon a black servant arrived, sent by one Mr. Butler, a Dane, factor to the Dutch African company at Sallee, a town about thirty miles off, to inquire into our condition, and give us assistance. The captain wrote him a letter, the man having brought pens, ink, and paper: finding there was one who offered us help, it greatly refreshed our heavy hearts.

"December 3. In the afternoon we received a letter from Mr. Butler, with some bread and a few other necessaries.

"Dec. 4. The people were employed in picking up pieces of sail, and what else the Moors would permit them. We put the people into messes, and served the necessaries we received the day before. They had bread and the flesh of the drowned stock. In the afternoon we received another letter from Mr. Butler; at the same time we had a letter from Mr. Andrews, an Irish gentleman, a merchant at Sallee. The Moors were not so troublesome now as before, most of them going off with what they had got.

"Dec. 5. The drowned stock was all expended, the people employed at low water in gathering muscles. At ten in the morning Mr. Andrews arrived, and brought a French surgeon with him, with some medicines, which many of the bruised men stood in very great need of.

"Dec. 6. We served one of this country blankets to every two men, and pampooes (a sort of slippers) to those who were most in need of them. These supplies were brought by Mr. Andrews. The people were forced to live on muscles and bread, the Moors having deceived us, and not returned, though they promised to supply us with cattle.

"Dec. 7. The people employed in gathering muscles and limpets. The Moors began to be a little civil, for fear the emperor should punish them for their cruel usage of us. In the afternoon a messenger arrived from the emperor, at Sallee, with orders in general to the people to supply us with provisions. Accordingly, they brought us some poor bullocks and lean sheep, which Mr. Andrews purchased for us; but at this time we had no pots to make broth in, and the cattle were scarce fit for anything else.

"Dec. 10. In the morning we got everything ready to march to Morocco, the emperor having sent orders for that purpose, and camels to carry the lame and the necessaries. At nine we set out with about thirty camels, having got all our liquor with us divided into hogsheds, for the convenience of carriage on the camels. At noon we joined the crews of one of the transports and of a bomb tender, that were wrecked about three leagues to the northward of us; then everybody was mounted upon camels, except the captain. We never stopped till seven in the evening, when they procured us two tents only, which would not contain one third of the men, so that most of them lay exposed to the dew, which was heavy and very cold. We found our whole number to be three hundred and thirty-eight, including officers, men, and boys, three women and a child, which one of the women brought ashore in her teeth.

"Dec. 11. We continued our journey, attended by a number of Moors on horseback. At six in the evening we came to our resting-place for the night, and were furnished with tents sufficient to cover all the men.

"Dec. 12. At five in the morning we set out as before, and at two in the afternoon saw the emperor's cavalcade at a distance. At three, a relation of the emperor's, named Muley Adriss, came to us, and told the captain it was the emperor's orders he should that instant write a letter to our governor at Gibraltar, to send to his Britannic Majesty, to know whether he would settle a peace with him or not. Capt. Barton sat down directly upon the grass, and wrote a letter, which being given to Muley Adriss, he went and joined the emperor again. At six in the evening we came to our resting-place for the night, and were well furnished with tents, but very little provision.

"Dec. 13. We were desired to continue here till the men were refreshed, which they were much in need of. They brought us more provision than before. This morning Lieut. Harrison, commanding officer of the soldiers belonging to Lord Forbes's regiment, died suddenly in the tent. In the evening while we were burying him, the Moors disturbed us by throwing stones, and mocking us.

"Dec. 15. We found the Moors had opened Lieutenant Harrison's grave, and stripped the body.

"Dec. 16. We continued our journey. At four in the afternoon we came to our resting-place, pitched the tents, and served the people with provisions. Here some country moors served us ill; as they were taking water from the brook, the Moors would always spit in the vessel before they would let them take any away. Upon this some of us went down to inquire, but were immediately saluted with a shower of stones; we ran in upon them, beat some of them pretty soundly, put them to flight, and brought away one who defended himself with a long knife. This fellow was severely punished by the alcaide who had the charge of conducting us.

"Dec. 18. At three in the afternoon we came to the city of Morocco, without having seen one dwelling-house in the whole journey. Here we were insulted by the rabble, and at five were carried before the emperor, surrounded by five

or six hundred of his guards. He was on horseback before his palace-gate, that being the place where he distributes justice to his people. He told Capt. Barton, by an interpreter, that he was neither at peace nor war with England; that he would detain us till an ambassador came from England to settle a firm peace. The captain then desired that we might not be used as slaves. He answered hastily we should be taken care of. Then we were directly thrust out of his presence, conveyed to two old ruined houses, and shut up amidst dirt and innumerable vermin of all sorts. Mr. Butler, being here upon business, came and assisted us with victuals and drink, and procured liberty for the captain to go home with him to his lodgings; he likewise sent some blankets for the officers, with which we made shift to pass the night tolerably comfortable, as we were very much tired and fatigued.

"Dec. 21. At nine in the morning the emperor sent for the captain and every officer to appear before him. We immediately repaired to his palace, where we remained waiting in a outer yard two hours. In the mean time he diverted himself by seeing a clumsy Dutch boat rowed about a pond by four of our petty officers. About noon we were called before him, and placed in a line about thirty yards from him. He was sitting in a chair by the side of the pond, with only two of his chief alcaides by him. After viewing us some time, he ordered the captain to come forward, and asked him many questions concerning our navy, and where our squadron was going. We were also called forward by two and three at a time, as we stood, according to our rank; then asking most of us some very insignificant questions, and taking some to be Portuguese because they had black hair, and others to be Swedes, because they had white hair, he judged none of us to be English except the captain, the second lieutenant, and myself, and the ensign of the soldiers; but assuring him we were all English, he cried, 'Bonno,' and gave a nod for our departure, to which we returned a very low bow, and were glad to get to our old ruined houses again. Our number at this time was thirty.

"Dec. 25. Being Christmas-day, read prayers to the people. The captain received a present of some tea and loaves of sugar from one of the queens, whose grandfather had been an English renegade.

"Dec. 26. This afternoon we heard the disagreeable news that the emperor would oblige all the English here to work the same as the other Christian slaves, except the officers that were before him on the 21st instant.

"Dec. 27. At seven this morning an alcaide came and ordered all out to work, except those who were sick; and, by intercession, eight were allowed to stay every day as cooks for the rest, which they took by turns through the whole number. At four in the afternoon the people returned, some having been employed in carrying wood, some in turning up the ground with hoes, and others in picking weeds in the emperor's gardens. Their victuals were got ready by the time they came home.

"All the people went to work as soon as they could see, and at four in the afternoon they returned. Two of the soldiers had one hundred basdinades each, for behaving in a disrespectful manner while the emperor was looking at their work.

"Dec. 30. Captain Barton received a kind message from the emperor, with his leave to ride out, or take a walk in his garden, with his officers.

"From this time the men continued in the same state of slavery, till April when, their ransom having been settled, they set out for Sallee, attended by a bashaw and two soldiers on horseback. They had a skirmish the fourth day of their march with some of the country Moors. It began by some of our men in the rear stopping to buy some milk at a village, for which the Moors wanted them to pay an exorbitant price after they had drank it, which the men would not comply with. Upon this the Moors began to beat them, which the men returned, and more coming to assist they maintained a smart battle till they grew numerous; in the mean time some rode off to call the guard, who instantly came up with their drawn scimitars, and dealt round them pretty briskly. The guards seized the chief man of the vil-

lage, and carried him with us to the bashaw, who was our conductor, who, having heard the case, dismissed him without further punishment, in consideration of his having been well drubbed by us.

"On the 2nd of April we got to Sallee, and pitched our tent in an old castle, whence we soon afterwards embarked on board the Gibraltar, which landed us at Gibraltar on the 27th of June."

NARRATIVE OF THE LOSSES AND DISTRESSES OF PIZARRO'S SQUADRON.

WHEN in the latter end of the summer of the year 1739, it was foreseen that a war with Spain was inevitable, it was the opinion of some considerable persons then entrusted with the administration of affairs, that the most prudent step the nation could take on the commencement of hostilities, was attacking that power in her distant settlements; for by this means it was supposed that we should cut off the principal resources of the enemy and reduce them to the necessity of sincerely desiring a peace, as they would thereby be deprived of the returns of that treasure by which alone they could be enabled to carry on a war.

These considerations induced the English government to send a strong squadron into the South Seas to attack the town and harbour of Baldivia, in South America, and other important places in that quarter.

The Court of Spain having timely information of the design of the English government, had fitted out a considerable armament, and which actually sailed before that under the command of Mr. Anson.

The squadron, exclusive of two ships intended for the West Indies, which did not part company till after they had left Madeira, was composed of the following men of war, commanded by Don Joseph Pizarro:—

The Asia of sixty-six guns, and seven hundred men; this was the Admiral's ship. The Guipuscoa, of seventy-four guns, and seven hundred men. The Hermiona, of fifty-four guns, and four hundred and fifty men. The St. Estevan, of forty guns, and three hundred and fifty men; and a patache, of twenty guns.

Pizarro with his squadron having, towards the latter end of February, run the length of Cape Horn, he then stood to the westward, in order to double it; but in the night of the last day of February, O. S. while with this view they were turning to windward, the Guipuscoa, the Hermiona, and the Esperanza, were separated from the admiral; and, on the 6th of March following, the Guipuscoa was separated from the other two; and on the 7th there came on a most furious storm at N.W., which, in spite of all their efforts, drove the whole squadron to the eastward, and after several fruitless attempts, obliged them to bear away for the river of Plate, where Pizarro in the Asia arrived about the middle of May, and a few days after him, the Esperanza and the Estevan. The Hermiona was supposed to founder at sea, for she was never heard of more; and the Guipuscoa was run on shore, and sunk on the coast of Brazil.

By the storms they met with off Cape Horn, their continuance at sea was prolonged a month or more beyond their expectation, they were reduced to such infinite distress, that rats, when they could be caught, were sold for four dollars a-piece; and a sailor, who died on board had his death concealed for some days by his brother, who during that time lay in the same hammock with the corpse, only to receive the dead man's allowance of provisions! In this dreadful situation, they were alarmed (if their horrors were capable of augmentation) by the discovery of a conspiracy among the marines, on board the Asia, the admiral's ship. This had taken its rise chiefly from the miseries they endured; for though no less was proposed by the conspirators than the massacring the officers and the whole crew, yet their motive for this bloody resolution, seemed to be no more than the desire of relieving their hunger, by appropriating the whole of the ship's provisions to themselves: but their designs were prevented when they were just upon the point of execution, by means of one of their confessors, and three of their ringleaders were immediately put to death.

The Asia arrived at Monte Video, in the river of Plate, with half her crew only; the St. Estevan had lost, in like manner, half her hands when she anchored in the Bay of Bagan; the Esperanza, a fifty-gun ship, was still more unfortunate, for out of 450 hands which she brought from Spain, only fifty-eight remained alive, and the whole regiment of foot perished except sixty men. But we shall give a short account of the fate of the Guipuscoa, extracted from a letter written by Don Joseph Mindiunetta.

He mentions, that he separated from the Hermiona and Esperanza in a fog, on the 6th of March being then, as we suppose, to the S. E. of Statenland, and plying to the westward; that, in the night after, it blew a furious storm at N. W. which, at half an hour after ten, split his main-sail, and obliged him to bear away with his fore-sail; that the ship went ten knots an hour, with a prodigious sea, and often run her gangway under water; that he likewise sprung his main-mast, and the ship made so much water, that with four pumps and baling he could not free her; that on the 9th it was calm, but the sea continued so high, that the ship in rolling opened all her upper works and seams, and started the butt ends of her planking, and the greatest part of her top-timbers, the boats being drawn by the violence of her roll; that, in this condition, with other additional disasters to the hull and rigging, they continued beating to the westward till the 12th; that they were then in sixty degrees of south latitude, in great want of provisions, numbers every day perishing by the fatigue of pumping, and those who survived being quite dispirited by labour, hunger, and the severity of the weather, they having two spans of snow upon the decks: and then finding the wind fixed in the western quarter, and blowing strong, and consequently their passage to the westward impossible, they resolved to bear away for the river of Plate; that on the 22nd, they were obliged to throw overboard all the upper-deck guns and an anchor, and to take six turns of the cable round the ship, to prevent her opening: that on the 4th of April, it being calm, but a very high sea, the ship rolled so much, that the main-mast came by the board; and in a few hours after, she lost in a like manner her fore-mast and her mizen-mast; and then, to accumulate their misfortunes, they were soon obliged to cut away their bowsprit, to diminish if possible the leakage at her head: that by this time he had lost 250 men by hunger and fatigue; for those who were capable of working at the pumps (at which every officer without exception took his turn) were allowed only an ounce and a half of biscuit per diem: and those who were so sick or so weak that they could not assist in this necessary labour, had no more than an ounce of wheat, so that it was common for the men to fall down dead at the pumps; that, including the officers, they could only muster from eighty to a hundred persons capable of duty; that the southwest winds blew so fresh after they had lost their masts, that they could not immediately set up jury-masts, but were obliged to drive like a wreck, between the latitudes of 32 and 29, till the 24th of April, when they made the coasts of Brazil, at Rio de Plata, ten leagues to the southward of the island of St. Catherine; that here they came to anchor, and that the captain was very desirous of proceeding to St. Catherine's, if possible, in order to save the hull of the ship, and the guns and stores on board her; but the crew instantly left off pumping, and being enraged at the hardships they had suffered, and the numbers they had lost, there being at that time no less than thirty dead bodies lying on the deck, they all with one voice cried out, "on shore, on shore," and obliged the captain to run the ship in directly for the land, where, the fifth day after, she sunk, with her stores, and all her furniture on board her; but the remainder of the crew, whom hunger and fatigue had spared, to the number of 100, got safe on shore.

From this account of the adventures and the catastrophe of the Guiposecoa, we may form some conjecture of the manner in which the Hermiona was lost, and of the distresses endured by the remaining ships of the squadron, which got into the river Plate. These last being in great want of masts, yards, rigging, and all kinds of naval stores.

By removing the masts of the Esperanza into the Asia, and making use of what spare masts and yards they had on board, they made a shift to refit the Asia and the St. Estevan. And

in the October following, Pizarro was preparing to put to sea with these two ships, in order to attempt the passage round Cape Horn a second time; but the *St. Estevan*, in coming down the river Plate, ran on a shoal, and beat off her rudder, on which, and other damages she received, she was condemned and broke up, and Pizarro, in the *Asia*, proceeded to sea without her. Having now the summer before him, and the winds favourable, no doubt was made of his having a fortunate and speedy passage; but being off Cape Horn, and going right before the wind in very moderate weather, though in a swelling sea, by some misconduct of the officer of the watch, the ship rolled away her masts, and was a second time obliged to put back to the river of Plate in great distress.

The *Asia* having considerably suffered in this second unfortunate expedition, the *Esperanza*, which had been left behind at Monte Video, was ordered to be refitted, the command of her being given to Mindinueta, who was Captain of the *Guipuscoa* when she was lost. He, in November of the year, 1742, sailed from the river of Plate for the South Seas, and arrived safe on the coast of Chili: where his commodore, Bizarro, passing over land from Buenos Ayres, met him.

Pizarro found at Monte Video, the *Asia*, which, near three years before, they had left there. This ship, they resolved, if possible, to carry to Europe, and with this view they refitted her in the best manner they could; but their greatest difficulty was to procure a sufficient number of hands to navigate her.

They endeavoured to supply this defect, by pressing many of the inhabitants of Buenos Ayres, and putting on board besides all the English prisoners then in their custody, together with a number of Portuguese smugglers, which they had taken at different times, and some of the Indians of the country.—Among these last, there was a chief and ten of his followers, which had been surprised by a party of Spanish soldiers about three months before. The name of this chief was Orellana.—The native Spaniards, being no strangers to the dissatisfaction of their forced men, treated both those, the English prisoners, and the Indians, with great insolence and barbarity: but more particularly the Indians. Orellana and his followers, though in appearance sufficiently patient and submissive, meditated a severe revenge for all these inhumanities. They first furnished themselves with Dutch knives sharp at the point; besides this, they employed their leisure in secretly cutting out thongs from raw hides, of which there were great numbers on board, and in fixing to each of these thongs the double headed shot of the small quarter-deck guns. This, when swung round their heads, according to the practice of their country, was a most mischievous weapon.

It was about nine in the evening, when many of the principal officers, were on the quarter-deck, indulging in the freshness of the night air; the waste of the ship was filled with live cattle, and the fore-castle, was manned with its customary watch. Orellana and his companions, under cover of the night, having prepared their weapons, and thrown off their trousers, and the more cumbersome part of their dress, came all together on the quarter-deck, and drew towards the door of the great cabin. The boatswain immediately reprimanded them, and ordered them to be gone. On this, Orellana spoke to his followers in his native language, when four of them drew off, two towards each gangway, but the chief and the six remaining Indians seemed to be slowly quitting the quarter-deck. When the detached Indians had taken possession of the gangway, Orellana placed his hands hollow to his mouth, and bellowed out the war-cry used by those savages, which is said to be the harshest and most terrifying sound known in nature. This hideous yell was the signal for beginning the massacre, for on this they all drew their knives, and brandished their prepared double headed shot; and the six, with their chief which remained on the quarter-deck, immediately fell on the Spaniards, who were intermingled with them, and laid near forty of them at their feet, of which above twenty where killed on the spot, and the rest disabled. Many of the officers, in the beginning of the tumult, pushed into the great cabin, where they put out the light, and barricaded the door: whilst of the others, who had avoided the first fury of the Indians, some endeavoured to escape along the gangways into the fore-castle where the Indians, placed on purpose, stabbed the greatest part of them,

as they attempted to pass by or forced them off the gangways into the waste; some threw themselves voluntarily over the barricades into the waste, and thought themselves fortunate to lie concealed amongst the cattle; but the greatest part escaped up the main shrouds, and sheltered themselves either in the tops or rigging; and though the Indians attacked only the quarter-deck, yet the watch in the fore-castle, finding their communication cut off, and being terrified by the wounds of the few, who, not being killed on the spot, had strength enough to force their passage, and not knowing either who their enemies were, or what were their numbers, they likewise gave all over for lost, and in great confusion ran up into the rigging.

Thus these eleven Indians, with a resolution perhaps without example, possessed themselves almost in an instant of the quarter-deck of a ship mounting sixty-six guns, and manned with near five hundred hands, and continued in peaceable possession of this post for a considerable time; for the officers in the great cabin (amongst whom were Pizarro and Mindinueta), the crew between decks, and those who had escaped into the tops and rigging were only anxious for their own safety, and were for a long time incapable of forming any project for suppressing the insurrection, and recovering the possession of the ship. It is true the yells of the Indians, the groans of the wounded, and the clamours of the crew, all heightened by the obscurity of the night, had at first greatly magnified their danger, and had filled them with the imaginary terrors, which darkness, disorder and an ignorance of the real strength of the enemy, never fail to produce; for as the Spaniards were sensible of the disaffection of their pressed hands, and were also conscious of their barbarity to their prisoners, they imagined the conspiracy was general, and considered their own destruction as inevitable; so that, it is said, several of them had once taken the resolution of leaping into the sea, but were prevented by their companions.

However when the Indians had entirely cleared the quarter-deck, the tumult in a great measure subsided; for those who had escaped were kept silent by their fears, and the Indians were incapable of pursuing them to renew the disorder. Orellana, when he saw himself master of the quarter-deck, broke open the arm-chest, which on a slight suspicion of mutiny, had been ordered there a few days before, as a place of the greatest security. Here he took it for granted he should find cutlasses sufficient for himself and his companions, in the use of which weapons they were all extremely skilful; and with these it was imagined, they proposed to have forced the great cabin; but on opening the chest there appeared nothing but fire-arms which to them were of no use. There were indeed cutlasses in the chest, but they were hid by the fire-arms being laid over them. This was a sensible disappointment to them: and by this time Pizarro and his companions in the great cabin were capable of conversing aloud, through the cabin windows and port holes, with those in the gun-room, and between decks; and from hence they learnt, that the English (whom they principally suspected) were all safe below, and had not intermeddled with the mutiny; and by other particulars they at last discovered, that none were concerned in it but Orellana and his people. On this Pizarro and his officers resolved to attack them on the quarter-deck, before any of the discontented on board should so far recover their first surprise, as to reflect on the facility and certainty of seizing the ship, by a junction with the Indians in the present emergency. With this view, Pizarro got together what arms were in the cabin, and distributed them to those who were with him; but there were no other fire-arms to be met with but pistols, and for these they had neither powder nor ball. However, having now settled a correspondence with the gun-room, they lowered down a bucket out of the cabin window, into which the gunner, out of one of the gun-room ports, put a quantity of pistol cartridges. When they had thus procured ammunition, and had loaded their pistols, they set the cabin door partly open, and fired several shots among the Indians on the quarter-deck, though at first without effect; but at last Mindinueta, whom we have often mentioned, had the good fortune to shoot Orellana dead on the spot; on which his faithful companions, abandoning all thoughts of further resistance instantly leaped into the sea, where every man perished. Thus was this insurrection quelled, and the

possession of the quarter-deck regained, after it had been full two hours in the power of this great daring chief, and his gallant unhappy countrymen.

Pizarro having escaped this imminent peril, steered for Europe, and arrived safe on the coast of Gillicia in the beginning of the year 1745, after having been absent between four and five years, and having, by his attendance on our expedition, diminished the naval power of Spain by above three thousand men (the flower of their sailors), and by four considerable ships of war and patache; for we have seen that the *Hermiona* founded at sea; the *Guipuscoa* was stranded, and sunk on the coast of Brazil; the *St. Estevan* was condemned and broken up in the river of Plate; and the *St. Esperanza*, being left in the South Seas was, doubtless, totally incapable of returning to Spain. So that the Asia only, with less than one hundred men, may be regarded as all the remains of that squadron with which Pizarro first put to sea. And whoever considers the very large proportion which this squadron bore to the whole navy of Spain, will confess, that had the English undertaking been attended with no other advantages than that of ruining so great a part of the sea force of so dangerous an enemy, this alone would be a sufficient equivalent for our equipment, and an incontestible proof of the service which the nation thence received.

CLERICAL HUMANITY AND FOPPISH INDIFFERENCE.

"Good God!" exclaimed the parson, "the boy's overboard!"

Startled by the heavy splash heard in the water, as he stood on the gangway, with his back turned to the main rigging, the gentle Giles exclaimed! "Bless my soul! I do verily believe that somebody has fallen overboard."

"Seeing's believing," said Leatherlungs, who flew like lightning forward on the fore-castle, to let go the maintop-bowline, with a view of backing the main-yard, and stopping the ship's way through the water.

"Giles, Giles! let go the main-brace," bellowed the first-lieutenant from the fore-castle.

Giles, who, touching all matters of "Reports," was punctilious even to a fault, had already entered the cabin for the laudable purpose of "reporting" to the captain—"a man overboard."

The confined brace was, however, disengaged from its cleet by the chaplain on the poop, who instantaneously, on letting it go, sprang to the lee-quarter cutter, to clear her for lowering. Here, however, his alacrity, ere he reached the fire-rail leading to the suspended boat, met, indeed, with unexpected obstruction.

"Must't go in that boat, sir," cried the sentinel, who had been recently placed over the painted cutter, at the same time pulling the chaplain back by the skirt of his coat.

"Inhuman monster!" ejaculated Lawrence, "is it your object to cause loss of life?"

"I knows my orders, sir."

Regardless of all orders, Lawrence again essayed to enter the boat; but the bare bayonet presented to his breast compelled him to forego his purpose. In a second he sprang to the weather side of the poop to clear away the boat which was suspended to the davits on the opposite quarter; but here his quick sight was scared by another obstruction. The boat was under repair; several streaks had been removed from her bottom. In this state it was manifest that, if lowered, she would instantly fill and founder; neither was oar, nor mast, nor spar, left in the boat. The life-buoy, it is true, had been cut away by the sentinel to leeward; but this drifted in the ship's wake, widely away from the struggling youth. To Lawrence the sight of the poor boy buffeting the tops of the white-headed waves (for a cross-sea was fast getting up), was not to be borne. The look of terror depicted in Darcy's face wrung the heart of his friend, across whose mind flashed many distracting images: he thought of the gallant boy contending in vain with his fate; of the bereaved mother, and her wild outcries for her lost and only son; of her subsequent dumb despair, and longing for death, because the only being that alone had reconciled her to life had perished. Such ideas were torment, and he

instantly resolved to save the youth, or be lost with him. His coat was already thrown off, and he was about to plunge headlong into the tumbling sea, when the timely voice of the same sentinel, who had seemed to him such an inhuman monster, checked his resolve. "For God's sake! sir, don't attempt it—the jolly-boat—the jolly-boat, sir."

The suggestion was enough. Meanwhile, the second-lieutenant, who had returned from the important service of arousing his commander from his *siesta*, had already, in conjunction with the Irish waister who had been standing at the "tee-wheel," repaired to the poop for the purpose of lowering the jolly-boat suspended at the stern.

Where, may it be asked, was the quarter-master at the conn? Contrary to the custom observed in well-regulated vessels of war, the quarter-master at the conn had forsaken his station, and without awaiting his regular relief had shouldered his hammock, and borne it below to the cable-tier.

Lawrence (and be it observed this was the *third* boat he had sought to clear and lower), had already entered the "jolly," and had cast adrift her grips and confining gear, when the Irish waister, in his haste and anxiety to "clear for running the foremast fall," accidentally, though awkwardly would be nearer to the truth, threw off from the belaying-cleet the turns of the tackle by which the boat's bow was suspended. By this accident the poor parson was precipitated headlong into the sea, and the boat was ultimately swamped under the stern of the ship.

No sooner had Lawrence risen to the surface of the water, and had recovered from the shock of his lofty fall, than he was seen breasting the surge, and making his way for the sinking youth. Until the noise and confusion afloat had drowned his voice, distinctly was he heard hailing and cheering Darcy in his danger.

"Hold up! hold up, my boy! I'm coming to your aid! Fear not—don't tire yourself;—try and tread the water. That's a fine fellow! That's a brave boy!"

"A fine fellow!" exclaimed the Irish waister, who had distinctly heard the chaplain's words in the water.

"By Jagers, a finer feller never sot fut afloat nor yer same self, Larking Larry. Bad luck to the fall, it flew so fast, it fairly fired my hands." And now thundered forth the mandate of the first-lieutenant.

"Turn the hands up! out yawl! Where's the boson? Good God! where's Mr. Brown?"

Mr. Brown had deserted the fore-castle to "freshen his nip" in the fore-cockpit.

"By the Immaculate Man, if a life's lost, I'll break that skulking, lubberly boson."

"A man overboard! A man overboard!" vociferated the timber-toed cook, stooping his body downward over the main-deck combings of the fore-hatchway, his unbending wooden leg pointing straight upwards in the air.

The hue and cry increased on the lower-deck:—"A man overboard! A man overboard!" resounded fore and aft the ship; seamen and marines were tumbling over the stray hammocks strewed upon the different decks, whilst others were running up the ladders in the greatest confusion.

"Silence! silence! Good heaven! silence!" ejaculated the first-lieutenant, in a voice of thunder. "Clear away the yawl; up wi' the stays, and down wi' the yard tackles. Oh! you Mister Brown! You're a precious boson, indeed! Where were you, sir, that you were not to be found to turn the hands up? No reply, sir—silence."

Confusion was now rendered "worse confounded" by the official interference of the drowsy captain.

"What! somebody overboard? Cut away—cut away the life-buoy abaft. Mr. Leatherlungs, Mr. Leatherlungs, what's the use of the quarter-boats, sir?" Leatherlungs made no reply. He was better employed. At length the boat on the booms was hoisted out, and a willing crew was soon seen pulling away with might and main astern of the ship.

"Mast-head there!" hailed the first-lieutenant; "point to the men in the water."

"They sees 'em, sir, in the yawl. She's steering right for 'em."

The excitement of the spectators already crowded on the poop had now risen to a painful height. Darcy's youth—his intelligence—his amiable disposition, and general amenity of manner—flashed upon the mind of every man who thought of the poor boy in his peril; whilst the noble intrepidity of the parson, who evidently was resolved to share his danger, and who had long stood in the new and almost anomalous position of "pet of the people," was the admiration of all around.

"Mr. Lawrence," said the signal-man, who, with his glass to his eye, had already placed himself in the mizen-top, watching the movements of the parson in the water, "Mr. Lawrence, sir, has just closed wi' the young gemman. There!—no—yes—yes, sir—there! there!—he's got him!—he has him! holdin' him up by the hair o' his head."

"Bravo, Larry!" simultaneously burst from several voices on the poop. "What a chap!"

The bowman of the boat had already thrown in his oar, and now was seen "the row-out of all," and a couple of stout topmen bending their bodies over the gunnel of the yawl, and grappling with Lawrence and his apparently lifeless load.

"All right," said Leatherlungs, rubbing his hands with a countenance beaming with delight.

Sir Montague retired to his cabin. The steward had announced "coffee."

NARRATIVE OF AN ESCAPE FROM A NIGHT WATCH.

WE were not more than three-quarters of a mile from a rocky and barren island, and I determined to risk everything to gain it, and get on board one of the merchant-ships in the morning.

The first thing was to get my money from my bag of clothes, which was snugly tied up over my hammock, on the lower deck. I stole quietly down, and was in the act of searching the bags, when the serjeant of marines, and master-at-arms, who were going their rounds, nearly caught me; but springing unobserved into my hammock, I lay covered till they passed, and was not a little alarmed to find that I was the subject of their conversation.

"Do you know the number of the pressed man's berth?" said the serjeant; "I heard the officers say he was worth keeping, and it would be well to keep an eye on him."

"I don't know his number," replied the master-at-arms; "but I saw him on the fore-castle just after the watch was mustered."

So soon as they were on the ladder, I untied my bag, and pocketed my purse. You know, Harold, how soundly men sleep after having been well trounced in a gale, and I got both in and out of my hammock without a question from my snoring neighbours. I then mounted the fore-castle again, and made a point of being seen by the serjeant; after which I skulked through one of the port-holes under the main-channels, as the island lay astern.

Having buttoned my jacket tight round me, and tied the bottom of my trousers, I fastened a rope's end, which was hanging overboard from the channels, (a thing almost unknown in the frigate) to the irons below, and slid without the least splash into the water; but when my head was just above the surface, I found my legs pressed, as it were, against the bottom of the ship, and it was not till I let go the rope, and struck off a little from the side, that I was disentangled from this effect. I scarcely breathed on the water, and moved my arms and limbs as little as possible, but my heart beat within me as I found myself floating with the tide past the quarter of the ship. I was beginning to feel fresh vigour at observing myself distancing the frigate, when I heard the hoarse voice of an owl of a quarter-master say to the officer of the watch, "There is something in the water, sir."

The voice acted upon me like electricity; and I do believe that I bounded two-thirds out of the water.

"Tis a man, by all that's holy, sir!" said the old fellow.

"Ahoi! come back, you rascal!" cried the officer. "Fire, sentinel, fire." And as it seemed to me, the very moment I saw the gleam on the water, I felt a sharp cut on my

left heel. Another and another ball followed, but not with the same success.

"Away, there, black cutters of the watch, away!" halloed the boatswain's mate.

Luckily for me, the boats had been secured for sea, in consequence of which they took more time in being cleared away; and I was half-way to the shore before I heard the running crackling of the tackles, and the boat go splash into the water. The noise seemed so near to me, that I looked round, but saw nothing; soon, however, I heard the rolling of the oars in the rullocks, and my hopes began to fail me, when a sight of the fretting surf of the rocks cheered and saved me from sinking with despair. I plied every nerve, and in a few minutes more was close to the breakers.

None but swimmers can conceive the narrow limits of the view when the head only is above the surface; every wave is a boundary, and to a person pursued as I was, and in search of a landing place, mountains could not have been a more agonising barrier.

I at last perceived a black shelving point of rock, on which the surf was rolling heavily on one side; while on the other the water appeared smoother. For this point I immediately swam, as a forlorn hope. On approaching, I found myself between two white ridges of foaming water, and occasionally sunk in the hollow abyss of the waves, and sometimes dashed about amidst the foam on their tops.

When about to pass the shelving rock, I was thrown head foremost on to its margin by one of those sovereign waves which seem to lord it over all the rest, and left in a kind of niche, which prevented its recoil sweeping me back. On recovering from the stun I had received, I found that my head was cut and bleeding, but that the wound on my heel was of no consequence.

Soon the noise of oars and voices assailed my ears, and I distinctly heard the midshipman of the boat say, "The fellow could never land here; he must have been dashed to pieces on the rocks, or drowned in the surf, and we shall find his body in the morning."

This conversation convinced me I was not discovered; and the dawning sun found me safely stowed on board of a merchantman.

THE DEVIL IN THE MAIN-TOP.

THE devil has more laid to his charge by sailors than he really deserves, under the name of "Whirlwind Tom." He is accused of souring the bergout in a morning; souring the wine; putting weevils and maggots in the bread and cheese, and making the ship leak; forging iron chains, which he would fling round the first fellow that went up aloft, and carry him off to the infernal regions, where, probably, sailors were scarce. The weather not being very hot, and death's scythe not much in use, one youngster, who was made very tipsy, was persuaded to make the attempt. Armed with a loaded pistol, he got as far up as the futtock shrouds, where the body is faced to the sky, and the hands the only support; here, all of a sudden, off went the pistol, down came the poor fellow against the main rigging, and rolling overboard was seen no more.

The crew below fancied at this time that the clinking of chains was much louder, and they all declared that the devil had taken the pistol from Jack Mullins, shot him, and pitched him overboard. About day-break the noise ceased, and after inspecting the top from the fore-topmast head, where nothing living was perceptible, several of the crew ventured up, and the cause of their fears was discovered. When a ship is cleared for action, the lower yards are slung in chains; and that morning the Philomel had been made ready for that purpose, but it did not take place; the topmen had neglected to take off the chains, and by the motion of the ship, with the heavy swell, they had broken loose, and ten heavy links beating about the iron sheathings of the mainmast head, made the noise that so frightened them, and which caused the poor fellow to lose his life. It is very probable, that he was too drunk to sustain himself by his arms, which caused him to fall, and the pistol went off by accident. The sudden ceasing of the noise was owing to the vessel's floating in smooth water and remaining still.

LOSS OF THE PORPOISE AND CATO.

ABOUT the middle of July, 1802, H.M. ship the Investigator, commanded by Lieutenant Robert Fowler, sailed for Sidney Cove, and stood along the coast to the northward, for the purpose of entering the gulf of Carpentaria. Having, with great trouble and perseverance, penetrated the long extended reefs, which, in a manner, form a barrier from the ocean to the coast of New South Wales, lining it from the tropic to its southern extreme, they got into the Pacific Ocean, and experienced no other difficulties till they reached Murray's Isles, where they again encountered the reefs; but through a passage, which proved perfectly safe, they happily made the Prince of Wales's Island.

In the early part of November, they entered the gulf of Carpentaria, on its eastern side, and were much surprised to find their vessel leaky, even in fine weather; but as they had been for three months exposed to a tropical sun, it was considered as merely the consequence of the pitch having run from the seams of the upper-works. On coming to a convenient anchorage, they determined to remedy the supposed defects by caulking; but, on inspection, they found, to their great astonishment, that the vessel was so rotten, that the master and carpenter pronounced her incapable of sailing more than six or eight months longer, and that too only in fine weather.

Upon their arrival at Port Jackson, a minute survey was held on the vessel, when, after a careful examination, she



LOSS OF THE PORPOISE, CAPTAIN FOWLER, AND THE CATO, CAPTAIN PARK, AUGUST 17TH, 1803.

was declared to be rotten past repair, and the crew were turned over to the Porpoise, in order to proceed home, to their no small disappointment and mortification, as their voyage had been scarcely half completed.

The Porpoise had been formerly a Spanish packet, and had been purchased from the captors by the Government, and converted into a store-ship, for the use of the colony of New South Wales. Having been from England three years, she also wanted repair; and, as the Buffalo was then on the station, his Excellency Governor King appropriated the Porpoise to the conveyance of the crew of the Investigator, and the command of her was given to the same Captain, Lieutenant Robert Fowler. There were then in Sydney Cove two ships belonging to London—the Cato, commanded by Captain John Park, and the Bridgewater, commanded by Captain Edwin Harker Palmer, who were preparing to pro-

secute the voyage to Bombay, after having landed their Government cargoes.

On the 10th of August, 1803, the Porpoise sailed from Port Jackson, in company with these two vessels. Nothing of particular consequence occurred till the afternoon of the 17th, when the Cato observed a dry bank to leeward, and immediately communicated the unwelcome intelligence to the Porpoise, by signal. The Porpoise stood towards it for a short time, and then resumed her former course. Being fairly within the influence of the trade-wind, they were enjoying it, strong and steady, and making rapid progress to the northward, when, at about ten o'clock the same evening, breakers were discovered on the lee-bow, from the fore-castle, and the cry of "Breakers!" was instantly given to the quarter-deck.

The officer of the watch had immediate recourse to the

proper steps for putting the ship round; and while they were carrying this manoeuvre into execution, a swivel was about to be fired, to apprise their consorts of the impending danger, this being the signal they had agreed on for discovering any peril at night; but the vessel being then in the wind, and the swivel upon the gunwale to windward, every particle of priming was unfortunately blown off the instant the apron was removed, for the purpose of applying the match, so that their attempt to warn their companions of the danger which threatened them was completely frustrated.

Their situations now became awfully alarming. Foiled in their endeavours to stay the ship, and unable to communicate by signal the intelligence of their danger, they had the distressing misfortune not only of seeing the Porpoise in broken water, but their two companions fast hurrying to certain, if

not instant, destruction. The night was dark and cloudy, and the wind being rather high, was driving the Porpoise along under double-reefed topsails and foresails. Having been amongst these reefs the preceding year, the crew were perfectly aware of the dangerous nature of them, and had not the most distant hope of being saved. Fortunately, however, for themselves, they were mistaken; for instead of those narrow ridges, with deep water on each side, and the overwhelming tides they had recently met with among reefs, they here found an extended surface, so insulated, that the current was inconsiderable. At this alarming juncture, they did not shrink from their fate, or, in a fit of despondency, cease one second from using every effort, not only to prevent themselves but their consorts from getting on the reef. Disappointed equally in their hopes of their own ship staying, and

of their being able to give timely notice of their situation by the swivel, one of the head-sails was ordered to be hoisted, and the helm put a-weather, for the purpose of trying to wear; while, at the same time, the leaves of a book, torn out, and lighted, were exposed from the weather main-chains in different places, accompanied by loud shouting.

This gave the alarm to the other two vessels, who were by this time close up with the Porpoise, and indicated the danger to them, from which they both prepared to extricate themselves with surprising promptitude and presence of mind. The Bridgewater hauled to the wind on the larboard tack, and escaped, after having almost rubbed the Cato, and actually tailed the breakers. The Cato, however, was not so fortunate, being now involved in the same ruin with the Porpoise.

While the crew of the Porpoise were witnessing the fortu-

nate escape of the Bridgewater, and the inevitable destruction of the Cato, the head of their vessel had passed round till her broadside was brought on a parallel with the brink of the reef, and, in the midst of a dead silence, she struck.

The first shock was gentle, but the succeeding surge produced a most dreadful crash, and threw the vessel on her beam-ends; the foremast suddenly snapped at its head, while, at the same instant; the sea was making a complete breach over them. They were now no longer in a state of dreadful suspense, nor filled with anxiety from the apprehension that the ship, after striking again on the edge of the coral, might rebound, and go directly to the bottom with them; but, trusting that she would be able to hold together till the morning, they made certain of being then taken up by the Bridgewater, whose security materially contributed to keep up the spirits of both the crews of the Porpoise and Cato. With the exception of only two men,

the crew of the former displayed uncommon fortitude and resignation, and, when matters were at the very worst, the boatswain was remarkable for his vigour and activity of mind. The conduct of the officers and crew of the *Cato*, at this critical juncture, was equally prudent and deliberate, for it was entirely owing to their cool and manly exertions that they did not get foul of the Bridgewater, and involve her with themselves in one common ruin.

The best measures having been now concerted by Captain Flinders, who was on board the Porpoise, and Lieutenant Fowler, the smallest boat was hoisted out in the hope of its reaching the Bridgewater, and bringing immediate assistance to the Porpoise. Though the ship broke a great deal of the surf, it was still with great difficulty that the boat got through; and while she struggled through the spray, there was a profound silence, the signal of hope and doubt, which happily was but of short continuance; for, although the night was dark, those in the wreck had the happiness of seeing her get safely into smooth water. A second boat was also hoisted out, in which two petty officers and several seamen embarked, and succeeded in penetrating the surf in safety. The largest cutter, a six-oared boat, was stowed under hatches, and it was judged imprudent to attempt hoisting her out, as the advantages attending it were considered uncertain, or, at best, but trifling, and not sufficient to counterbalance the risk of her getting stove in launching her over the ship's side.

Notwithstanding the sea continued to beat violently against the Porpoise, yet, as she was embedded in the coral, little doubt was entertained of her being either carried over the reef, or of her keeping together till morning, especially as she was now stove on the larboard side; and she appeared, from her inflexible pliancy, to easily sustain the weight of the surf. It now became a subject of serious deliberation what was best to be done in case of any emergency; for though they felt equally confident of the wreck holding together, and to a certainty being rescued in the morning, it was yet considered prudent to prepare for the worst that might happen. From the smoothness of the water to leeward, they had every reason to believe that the reef they were upon was exceedingly narrow, like those which they had been among the preceding year, and that if the tide should rise much higher and come away with the velocity with which they had sometimes seen it, they might, though stove and water-logged, be nevertheless precipitated by its force over the narrow ridge upon which it was generally supposed they were.

To render the vessel as easy as possible, the weather-lanyards of the topmast-shrouds had been cut, and all three topmasts went over the side. It now became a matter of deliberation whether cutting away the lower masts might not facilitate their floating over the reef, from their materially lightening the ship and thus accomplishing that which was a matter of the first importance.

Two circumstances were particularly favourable for securing the vessel in her situation, and of which the crew readily availed themselves. The anchors were bent at the bows, from a full conviction of their being indispensably necessary to their safety during their run to Timor. It likewise fortunately happened that their mainmast was made of the blue gum tree, a species of wood which, like most others grown in New South Wales, is specifically heavier than water. When this was taken into consideration, it was evident that it was the most salutary measure they could adopt, both for lightening the vessel and effectually preventing her from starting. The anchor was, therefore, let go, and the masts were cut away; and so completely was the ship on her broadside, that the angle formed by the masts with the surface of the water could not amount to more than forty-five degrees; in consequence of which those made of fir were almost ready to break down from the overhanging weight of the tops, and were, therefore, easily got rid of, but the mainmast was made of sterner stuff, and, for a long time, resisted the stroke of the axe before it fell.

Notwithstanding the very unpleasant situation which the crew were in, the same regularity of conduct and cheerfulness of deportment pervaded all ranks and classes as if nothing had happened; and strange as it may seem, after all that could be done for their preservation was accomplished, the affair was

talked over by the officers in the great cabin, with no small share of mirth and pleasantry. About midnight, the sea broke with less vehemence, and they observed the tide to be on the decline, which afforded a proof almost amounting to certainty, that the vessel would hold together till daylight, when they confidently expected to be released by the boats of the Bridgewater.

In the midst of their greatest apprehension, the crew of the Porpoise expressed the most sympathetic concern for their unfortunate consort the *Cato*, whose situation they judged to be far more deplorable than their own, and which daylight proved to be actually the case; for she was surrounded by a surf breaking to pieces, and infinitely more violent than that which was around the Porpoise; the crew of which endeavoured, during the night, to comfort and cheer them as much as possible, by exhibiting blue lights at intervals, which, at their first meeting, they were happy to learn had the desired effect.

On the approach of the long wished for dawn, the two boats were seen close to the Porpoise, and the Bridgewater in the offing, at no very great distance. The Bridgewater then put about, and stood for them; but as it blew fresh at the time, this was looked upon as a proper and necessary proceeding. They now soon found, to their great astonishment, that they were wrecked in the vicinity of a bank of coral, permanently dry, and where, at low water, they had easy access.

Having made every preparation for quitting the Porpoise, they made several trips backwards and forwards in the course of the day, carrying with them those necessities of life which their necessities immediately demanded; and then they resolved to wait patiently till fine weather should bring back the Bridgewater. The boats now pulled up towards the *Cato*, with the intention of affording her assistance, but could not reach her for broken water; they were, consequently, of no other use than to prevent despair, and incite them to make strenuous efforts to penetrate the surf.

About eleven o'clock the officers and people of the *Cato* got on board the Porpoise, having met with great and painful difficulty in escaping from their own ship. Three of the crew had perished, and some of the others were much cut and bruised, by the surf dashing them against the sharp-pointed coral, when in the act of swimming from the wreck.

As the place of their future habitation was but half a mile distant from the wreck, they had but little trouble in passing and re-passing; so that, in the course of the day, they succeeded in carrying a number of things on shore; and in the evening all lay down on the coral rock, which, hard as it was, afforded a tolerable repose to their wearied bodies.

Early on the following day they began to get everything out of the Porpoise, which, notwithstanding it was a crazy old ship, they were happy to find it still held stoutly together; while, on the other hand, though the *Cato* was a stout merchant ship, there was scarce a vestige of her to be seen above water. Tents were also erected, from sails and spars, to afford shade from the sun and shelter from the rain, rather than defence from the inclemency of the weather; for, with the exception of the first night, they never experienced cold. Persevering with the boats and some rafts which they had constructed on the emergency, they soon got all the provisions on shore, of which, excepting bread, they found a supply adequate to nearly four months. This was, indeed, a fortunate circumstance, as their numbers exceeded eighty; and to their great surprise and mortification, they were deserted by the Bridgewater, and were now uncertain of speedy release.

Their first object being to get the provisions on shore, they effected that desirable end, after considerable labour, in one week; and, by the 24th, every morsel of provisions was safely lodged in a store-tent, over which a sentry was placed to prevent depredation.

The large cutter that had been under the hatches, was now put under the carpenter's hands, to be decked and properly fitted for proceeding to Port Jackson; and, on the tenth day after the wreck, Captain Flinders, with Mr. Park, second mate of the *Cato*, Mr. Charrington, boatswain of the Investigator, and a stout boat's crew, embarked on that undertaking. Previous to their departure, the following resolutions were agreed to by Captain Flinders and the other officers:—first, that a

boat of eighteen or twenty tons burthen should be immediately laid down and built, with all possible despatch, to guard against any accident that might befall the boat that was about to bring them assistance; secondly, that if no tidings of Captain Flinders should arrive in the space of six weeks, the boat now about to be laid down should make the best of her way to Port Jackson, with as many people as she could carry with safety, and that if competent to carry the whole, they should all embark in her, with the exception of one officer and a boat's crew, who should remain for six or eight weeks longer, as plenty of provisions would be left them; and if no one returned in that time, they were finally to leave the reef in the small cutter, with all the charts, papers, &c., of which they were to have the important charge, and follow to Port Jackson. These precautions were absolutely necessary, as the distance was a very great undertaking for a small boat only twenty-six feet in length, the reef being situate in lat. 22 deg. 11 min. south, long. 155 deg. 85 min. east, 208 miles to the north, and 42 miles east from Sandy Cove, and 357 miles from Sydney.

These arrangements having been made, Captain Flinders set out with his small party, after receiving the unfeigned wishes of every one for his success, having been cheered as he went, and earnestly beheld by every eye on shore, while he remained in sight. A saw-pit was then erected, the forge set up, and every necessary preparation made for laying down the new boat.

Their attention was soon after attracted by an island situate about nine or ten miles E. and N., and which was visited, in the remaining boat, by Lieutenant Fowler. This they found much larger and more perfect in its formation than that which they were upon, being nearly a mile in circumference, abounding with birds, and occasionally visited by turtle; it was also rather deeply covered by vegetable soil, and had a spring of water which, though fresh, was too much impregnated by salt-petre to be of use to them. The birds were chiefly water-fowl, and had resorted thither to rear their young, which afforded the shipwrecked crew an opportunity of procuring eggs in abundance. The first visit to this spot repaid them with a supply of all its delicacies, for the boat returned loaded; one turtle was caught, and the cargo was completed with eggs of birds, which was a great incitement to future adventures. They had also, about this time, such a violent shower of rain, that they were obliged to rise from their beds; but were amply repaid for the interruption to their repose, by a fortnight's supply of fresh wholesome water.

Though thus situate upon a small bank of naked white coral, yet, by their mutual endeavours to cheer each other, they all appeared very tranquil; and their new vessel, which was named the *Resource*, was ready for launching before the expiration of the six weeks agreed upon.

On the 7th of October, a little before noon, they descried a sail in the eastern quarter; in a little time another, and soon after a third, were also discovered. It is impossible to attempt a description of their emotions at the sight of these vessels; and, indeed, the astonishment on board was equal to their own; for on that very day, the *Resource*, the work of their own hands, had gone to Turtle Island, by way of trying her, and little could these vessels have expected to be met by a schooner of twenty tons, erected on a coral bank; and especially considering the short space of time and the implements they had to work with. Upon their nearer approach, they perceived the largest of these vessels to be the *Rolla*, convict ship, which they had left at Sydney Cove; the others were the *Frances* and *Cumberland*, colonial schooners, which were familiar to them. In the afternoon, the three vessels anchored to leeward of the reef, and a boat soon after put off from the *Cumberland*, in which, as she neared them, to their great joy, they saw Captain Flinders, who received a hearty cheer on landing. For the last ten days preceding the arrival of these vessels they had, every night, at eight o'clock, fired a great gun, by way of apprising them of their situation, if chance should have brought them at dusk near to the reef.

Notwithstanding six weeks had expired from the time Captain Flinders had left them, they did not think it proper to adhere to the agreement that was made; and, therefore, had no intention of quitting the island yet. They naturally con-

cluded that he might have had a tardy passage to Port Jackson, and even when there, that vessels might not have been in readiness in Sydney Cove to send to their assistance. He might also, from the fatigue of going there, have been incapacitated from returning immediately, and thus the sailing of a vessel might have been procrastinated. These and other considerations made them change their former resolutions; and it was agreed that they should not separate, but patiently wait till another boat could be built, and go together in a body. This was so far fortunate; for had they parted as had been previously planned, at the end of six weeks, it would, in all probability, have been productive of much uneasiness and dissatisfaction, as well to those who went from, as those who remained on, the reef.

The following arrangements were now agreed upon: the *Rolla* was to receive the officers and crew of the *Porpoise*, with whom she was to proceed to Canton, where they were to be distributed among such of the East India Company's ships as their servants in that port might think proper; and the *Frances* was to take on board such stores saved from the wreck as she could safely and conveniently carry, with any of the officers or people who had a desire to return, and forthwith proceed with them to Port Jackson. Mr. Dennis Lacy, one of master's mates of the *Investigator*, who was anxious to get home, returned in their new schooner, the *Resource*. Captain Flinders, with a select portion of the ship's company, attended by Mr. Aken, the master, and Mr. Charrington, the boatswain of the *Investigator*, went on board the *Cumberland*, and proceeded in her to the Mauritius, by way of Torres Straits.

On the 10th of October the *Rolla* left the reef, in company with the *Cumberland*. On the 17th they passed Deliverance Isles, and crossed the equator on the 25th. On the 30th they bore due west from a cluster of low islands, distant eight or ten miles, which they supposed was called Baring's Islands. The day being calm, several were anxious to visit them, but on their approach were prevented by a high surf from reaching the shore. They appeared very low, of a corally base, and, though uninhabited, very perfect in their formation.

On the 6th of November a group of islands bore N.W., distant three or four miles. They were very low, but well peopled. The men muscular and well made, rather above than below the middle size, of a copper or olive colour, with regular animated features, fine teeth and long black hair. They were also fancifully tattooed on the breast and belly. Their only covering was a piece of shell, hanging in front; and none of them had any beards. They came off in canoes, without any symptoms of distrust, and exchanged, alongside, their different articles of traffic for iron, with which they seemed perfectly acquainted, and showed a predilection for it to every other thing.

About noon on the 17th, they came in sight of Tinian, Saypan, and other islands. On the 3rd of December they saw Pedro Blanco, and on the following day anchored in Macao Roads. Here they remained till matters were arranged at Canton for their passing the Bocca Tigris, or entrance of the river of Canton, and making Whampoa; where, on their arrival, the men were put on board the different *Indiamen*, and the officers invited to the English factory.

On the 6th of February, 1804, the season being then far advanced, they left Macao. Their passage down the China seas, along the coast of Cochinchina, though tedious, was not attended with danger; but their passage up the Straits, for the first week after getting into the Indian Ocean, was not only tedious, but exceedingly boisterous. On the 3rd of July they made the island of St. Helena, and anchored there on the 12th. Some of the gentlemen now procured a passage home in the *Courageux*, Captain Boyles, which weighed anchor, August 13, and after a boisterous passage arrived safe in the Downs, about dusk, on the 9th of October.

Captain Flinders, on his arrival at the Mauritius, was detained by the governor, under pretence of his being a spy; because, upon entering Port Louis, he took soundings, as a measure of precaution, but which was construed into a meaning consonant to those principles by which the governor usually regulated his own conduct. He was closely confined, and treated with great severity.

THE NOCTURNAL SEPARATION.

ONE summer, whilst at Baltimore, on a pleasure excursion, peculiar circumstances suddenly rendered it necessary that I should set sail for St. Thomas's. I immediately proceeded to make inquiry about a vessel to convey me there, and found that there were none bound for that quarter, except a small schooner, which had very inferior accommodations, and was commanded by a person of rude manners and a disobliging temper. However, as my business admitted of no delay, I engaged a passage in her, and put my luggage on board, and desired the captain to send me notice whenever he was ready to sail, that I might immediately join him.

I passed two days in that anxious and unsettled state of mind which the prospect of going to sea generally induces, and went despondingly to bed the second night, after having ascertained that the wind was unfavourable to the prosecution of my intended voyage.—A loud knocking at my chamber door awakened me from a profound sleep, about an hour before dawn. It was a messenger from Captain Burder, to inform me that the schooner was ready to sail.

I started from bed, and having dressed myself as quickly as possible, accompanied the messenger to the wharf, and embarked in a boat which waited there for us, and soon reached the schooner. Her captain was so busily engaged in giving orders to the seamen, that he seemed scarcely to notice my arrival. However, I addressed him and made some remark about the suddenness of his departure. "That doesn't concern you," replied he, abruptly; "I suppose your berth is ready below." But instead of taking his hint and going down to the cabin, I remained upon deck until we cleared the mouth of the harbour.

I felt at a loss to conceive the cause of our putting to sea in such unfavourable weather; but judged from the specimen of the captain's manner which I had already had, that it would be useless to address to him any inquiries upon the subject. I therefore went to bed, and did not get up next morning till called to breakfast.

On entering the cabin, I was astonished to find a lady and a gentleman there, whom I had not previously known to be on board. They were introduced to me as fellow-passengers; and after expressing my gratification at the prospect of enjoying their society during the voyage, I began to converse with them, and soon found that their presence would in a great measure counterbalance the disagreeableness arising from Captain Burder's surly and untractable temper. They were named Mr. and Mrs. Monti, were both young, and had recently been married. She was a pretty, lively, interesting creature; and having fortunately been at sea before, she did not suffer from sickness, or feel at all incommoded or depressed by the comparative uncomfords of her situation; and therefore the sociality of our little circle was never interrupted by her absence, or her incapacity to join it.

Captain Burder treated his crew in a capricious and tyrannical manner; but, at the same time, behaved towards them

with an air of familiarity very unusual for ship-masters to assume when among common seamen. But a negro man, who attended the cabin, daily experienced the most inhuman usage from his hands, and afforded such a spectacle of degradation and misery, as was painful to look upon. Almost every night after dark, Captain Burder had a long conversation with his mate, during which both seemed particularly anxious to avoid being overheard; and I once or twice observed them studying charts of parts of the ocean, that lay quite out of our due and proper course. Their whole conduct was equally suspicious and inexplicable.

Our personal comfort was but little attended to on board the schooner; and our table, which had never been a well-furnished one, soon became so mean and uninviting, that Mr. Monti complained to Capt. Burder, about it; however, without avail, for the latter told him that he must just take things as he found them.—On comparing the quantity of stores we had respectively brought on board, we thought we could manage to live independent of our commander; and Mrs. Monti's woman servant was, therefore, desired to prepare our meals, & spread a table for us every day. Captain Burder grew furious with passion when he learned this ar-



range ment, and muttered some threats, which he did not understand.

Delightful weather attended us during the first week of the voyage, and we usually spent the evenings upon deck, under an awning, and whiled away our time in agreeable conversations, in which Mrs. Monti, whose mind was a little tinged with the romantic, generally took the lead. While thus engaged one calm moonlight night, I several times observed Samno, the negro man, beckoning to me, and then putting his finger upon his lips. At length I went to the bows of the vessel, where he stood, and asked if he had anything to communicate. "Yes, yes, master," said he, in a whisper, "something very strange, and of great consequence—but will no one overhear us?" "Do not fear that," answered I; "Captain Burder is asleep in his berth, and the watch are all near the stern." "Then I will speak," answered Samno. "You and that other gentleman have been kind to me, and have often tried to save me from the rage of my wicked master; I mean now to serve you in my turn. Your lives are in danger. The captain intends to cast away the vessel." "What do you mean?" cried I; "I am at a loss to understand you." "Oh, I'll soon explain it all," replied he. "Last night, I listened to my master and the mate, while they were talking together, and found out that they had formed a plan to wreck this schooner, that they might get the insurance, which would buy her, and all she contains, twenty times over. The bales, casks, and boxes, that lie in the hold, have no goods in them; they are full of sand and stones. Captain Burder has cheated the insurers in this way, and now he wants to run the vessel aground somewhere on the Bahama Banks, and leave her to be beat to pieces by the waves. He and his crew, who are all leagued with him, will go off in the boat, and land upon the nearest coast, and give out that they

have been shipwrecked. This story, if it is not found out to be false, will entitle him to claim the insurance, which is all he wants. Here is a scheme for you!"

I was much too startled and agitated by this intelligence to think of holding any farther conversation with Samno; and, after warning him to conceal his knowledge of the affair from his master and the seamen, I returned to my friends. As the tale I had just heard completely explained Captain Burder's mysterious behaviour, and unveiled the cause of his sudden departure from Baltimore, I did not at all doubt the negro's veracity, and began to consider how the infernal machinations of our commander might best be counteracted. When Mrs. Monti retired to her state-room, I informed her husband of the plot that was in agitation. We conferred together a long time upon the subject, and at last resolved to do nothing openly, until matters came nearer to a crisis. We cautiously concealed the affair from Mrs. Monti and her attendant, and took care that every thing connected with our little establishment should go on in its usual routine, lest any alteration might have excited suspicion among those who were leagued against us.

Four or five evenings after Samno had made the above-mentioned communication to me, we were seated upon deck, according to custom. It blew pretty fresh, and we went through the water at such a rapid rate, that Mrs. Monti remarked it, and asked me, in a whisper, if vessels usually carried on such sail at night as we then did. At this moment, Captain Burder, who had been pacing the deck in an agitated manner for some time before, seized the lead, and hove it hurriedly, and continued to do so without mentioning the soundings to any one, or making any reply to the mate, who came forward, and offered to relieve him of his charge. There was a dead silence among the crew, all of whom stood near the bows of the vessel, observing their commander with expressive looks. Mrs. Monti trembled, and seized her husband's arm, and looked anxiously in his face; but he turned from her gaze without saying anything. Samno leant against the bulwark, and twice stepped forward, apparently with the intention of addressing some one; but each time, after a few moments' hesitation, he quietly resumed his former position.

The silence was suddenly interrupted by Samno, who cried, "We are now on the Seal-bank! I see the *black-heads*! The schooner will be aground immediately," "Rascal! what do you say?" returned Captain Burder, running furiously up to him; "you are a lying vagabond! Utter another word, and I will let you feel the weight of the lead upon your body!" "What can all this mean?" exclaimed Mrs. Monti, in a tone of alarm; "are we really in danger?" "Captain Burder," cried her husband, "I command you to put the ship about instantly; we know all your plans; you are a deceitful villain!" "Seamen," continued he, addressing himself to the crew, "obey this man at your peril! he intends to cast away the vessel for the insurance; if we do not resist, we shall lose our lives." "Mutinous wretch!" returned the captain, "you speak falsely; I deny the charge; you shall repent of this, yet; yes, yes, I'll find a time. Fellows, stand by me; recollect I am your commander; may I depend upon you all?" "Ay, ay, sir, to the last," answered the sailors, though some of them spoke rather faintly and irresolutely.

We easily perceived that any sort of resistance on our part would be vain, and perhaps dangerous, and, therefore, patiently waited the catastrophe. While Mr. Monti employed himself in soothing and encouraging his lady, I went down to the cabin, and collected all my valuables of small bulk, and concealed them about my person; and likewise privately desired Mrs. Monti's servant to occupy herself in the same way.

In a few minutes I distinctly felt the keel of the schooner rub upon the bottom, and she quickly got hard and fast aground. It was evident that the schooner would soon go to pieces, and Captain Burder ordered his men to let down the boat. While they were engaged in this, a temporary dispersion of some of the clouds afforded us light enough to discern a rocky island at a little distance; and the boat had hardly been dropped, when our vessel struck violently, the waves breaking over her at the same time in rapid succession.

We all rushed to the side of the schooner on which the boat

lay, and leaped into her, one after another, with the exception of Mr. Monti, who, when he had assisted his wife and servant in getting on board, returned to the cabin for some papers which he had forgot. Just as he came upon deck again, a tremendous sea took the vessel astern, and swept him overboard. Mrs. Monti fainted away. Captain Burder immediately cut the barge rope, and ordered the crew to make for the island, saying it was absurd even to think of saving my companion's life, and that we should be more than fortunate if we escaped a similar fate ourselves. The men rowed furiously, and we soon gained the rock, and landed in safety, though not until the bows of the boat had been stove in by the violent percussions she underwent while we were getting ashore. It was so dark that none of us attempted to explore the apparently isolated spot upon which we had been obliged to take refuge; and my thoughts were chiefly directed to the recovery of Mrs. Monti, who continued in a state of insensibility for a considerable time, and revived only to feel the agonising conviction that her husband was no more. Captain Burder and his crew stood watching the schooner as she rapidly went to pieces, and had a great deal of conversation among themselves, which the noise of the sea prevented me from overhearing.

About an hour after we had landed, Samno came running to me, and whispered that he believed Mr. Monti was still alive, for he had recently heard some one shouting at a distance. I immediately accompanied him to a projecting point of rock, about a hundred yards off, and we both called as loud as we could. A voice, which I instantly recognised to be that of my friend, answered us; but it was some time before we were able to distinguish what he said. At last I ascertained that he had reached the shore by clinging to part of the wreck, and that he could not then gain the spot on which we stood, on account of an arm of the sea which extended into the interior of the island; but that he would immediately endeavour to find his way round the head of it. On hearing this, I entreated him to desist from any such attempt till daylight should render it a secure and successful one. He at last consented, and I hastened to Mrs. Monti, and communicated the joyful tidings of her husband's preservation, which affected her nearly as much as her previous belief in his death had done.

Long before dawn, we had all assembled on the point of the rock already mentioned; and the first beams of morning showed Mr. Monti opposite to the place where we stood, and divided from us by what appeared to be an arm of the sea, about one hundred and fifty yards wide. After exchanging a few words with his wife, he set out to compass its head, and thus got round to us, while Samno went to meet him.

We waited their arrival impatiently for nearly half-an-hour, and then saw the negro coming towards us with looks of despair. "We are all deceived," cried he; "this is not an arm of the sea, but a channel between two distinct islands; we are on one, Mr. Monti is on the other; he cannot possibly reach us, unless he swims across, or is brought over in a boat. What is to be done?" This intelligence filled Mrs. Monti and me with dismay, for both knew that the boat was totally unfit for service, and that her husband could not swim. Every one appeared in some measure to participate in our distress and disappointment, except Captain Burder, who, when asked if there were any means of rescuing Mr. Monti, said, that it behoved him to get across the channel as he best could.

Mr. Monti soon appeared on the opposite rock, and explained the hopelessness of his situation more fully than Samno had done. It was evidently necessary that something should speedily be done; for though we had picked up a considerable quantity of wrecked provisions, Mr. Monti had none of any kind. We therefore saw at once, that he must either risk his life upon the sea, or perish with hunger.

In the afternoon, under the influence of these convictions, he began to collect together all the pieces of plank he could find; and having torn up his shirt and handkerchief into strips, he bound the timber together, so as to form a sort of raft. This he conveyed to the utter extremity of his own island, hoping that the sweep of the current might carry him, when embarked, to the lower end of the opposite shore. These preparations were viewed with torturing suspense and anxiety by

Mrs. Monti and me; and when her husband had placed himself upon the raft, she grew half frantic with alarm, and entreated him to desist. However, after a few moments of irresolution, he pushed off, and was whirled rapidly along by the stream.

None of us dared to speak, scarcely even to breathe, during this soul-absorbing crisis. Several of the crew stood upon the edge of the cliffs, with ropes in their hands, waiting to afford the adventurous navigator assistance as he passed; and their hopes of being able to do so were strengthened, when they observed the influence which an eddy had in drawing the raft towards the shore. Mr. Monti was soon within seven or eight rope yards of us. One of the seamen then seized the end of the line and made a strong effort to throw it towards the raft, but he lost his balance, and fell into the water, dragging the line along with him. The golden moment elapsed, and the object of our solicitude was quickly swept away far beyond our reach. His wife relapsed into insensibility, but not before she had seen the form of her husband receding from her eyes, and at the mercy of a boundless ocean.

The man who had the misfortune to cause this disastrous result, was allowed to clamber up the rocks quite disregarded, the attention of all being fixed upon Mr. Monti, who floated so fast into the open sea, that we perceived we had no chance of beholding him much longer. He waved his hands to us several times, with an air of resignation, but we thought we once or twice observed him endeavouring to impel the raft towards our island, by using his arms as oars, and then suddenly desist, as if conscious of the hopelessness of the attempt. Fortunately the weather had become very calm, and we knew that there was no chance of his sinking while it continued so, and while the planks that supported him kept together. We watched him till it grew dark, and then set about providing ourselves with a place of shelter for the night; during the whole of which, Mrs. Monti, in her indescribable anguish, forgot all that had passed, and even where she was, and talked, laughed, and wept, alternately.

I spent the greater part of the night in strolling along the shores of the island; which I could do with pleasure and safety, for the moon and stars successively yielded enough to direct my steps. Neither did Captain Burder nor his crew seem inclined to take any repose. When I happened to pass the spot where they were, I always heard them disputing about the way in which they should manage to leave the rock; and it appeared, from their conversation, that the wreck of the schooner had been much more complete and sudden than they had anticipated or intended. I also gathered, from some accidental hints, that they did not regret that Mr. Monti was now out of the way—his avowed knowledge of their plans having excited a good deal of alarm and anxiety among them.

At daybreak no vestige of the raft, or its unfortunate navigator, was discoverable, and I forgot my own desolate prospects in thinking of the fate of Mr. Monti, and trying to believe that he might still be in life, although conclusions to the contrary were forced upon my mind, by a consideration of the dangers that surrounded him, and of the limited means he had of successfully contending against them. Immediately after sunrise, the crew hauled up the damaged boat, and began to repair her with some fragments of the schooner, which had that morning floated ashore. They soon rendered her in a manner sea-worthy, and I found that the mate and crew intended setting out in search of relief, while Captain Burder, and Mrs. Monti, and her maid, and I were to remain till they returned. Accordingly, in the afternoon they put off, taking Samne with them, on the ground that they would require him to assist at the oars.

It appeared to me rather strange that Captain Burder should not accompany his crew, and direct the expedition, though he said he remained behind to show the two females that neither he nor his men had any intention of abandoning them. I pretended to be satisfied with this explanation, but, nevertheless, determined to watch his motions. Mrs. Monti and her maid had taken up their abode in a small rocky recess, which sheltered them, in some measure, from the weather, and I had conveyed thither the best provisions I could select, from the

quantity washed ashore, but did not intrude myself upon them, for I perceived that my presence was painful to the former, by recalling the visage of her husband.

Having chosen a place of repose in the vicinity of the recess, I retired to it soon after sunset, and endeavoured to sleep; but, notwithstanding, the fatigues of the preceding night, I continued awake so long, that I resolved to walk abroad and solicit the tranquillising effects of the fresh air. As I emerged beyond the projecting rock behind which I had formed my couch, I saw Captain Burder stealing along on tip-toe. Fortunately he did not observe me, and I immediately shrunk back into the shade, that I might watch his steps unseen by him. He proceeded cautiously towards the recess and having looked round a moment, entered it. I grew alarmed, and hastened to the spot, but remained outside, and listened attentively. I heard Mrs. Monti suddenly utter an exclamation of surprise, and say, "Pray, sir, why do you intrude yourself here?" "I come to inquire how you are," replied Captain Burder, "and to ask if I can be of any service to you." "None, none," answered she; "this is an extraordinary time for such a visit. I beg you will leave me." "Are you not afraid to remain here alone?" said Captain Burder. "I have my attendant, sir," returned Mrs. Monti, haughtily. "No, no," cried the former; "you know well enough you have sent her across the island for water, and I have taken advantage of her absence to have a little conversation with you; you are a beautiful creature, and—" "Captain Burder," exclaimed she, in a tone of alarm, "touch me not!" I heard a shriek; I rushed into the recess, and seizing the insolent villain, dragged him backwards a considerable way, and then dashed him twice upon the rocks; he could not rise, but lay groaning with pain.

I now hastened to Mrs. Monti, whose agitation I endeavoured to relieve and compose. When her attendant returned, I left them together. Captain Burder continued for some time on the spot where I had left him, and then got upon his feet and retired out of sight.

I armed myself with a piece of broken oar, which I found among the cliffs, and paced along the rocks like a sentinel, ardently wishing for dawn, although I know that there was no chance of its bringing me any relief.

Shortly after midnight, while taking my round along the cliffs, I met Captain Burder. We both started back, and surveyed each other for some time without speaking. "Do not suppose," said he at length, "that the attack you made upon me this evening shall remain unresented or unpunished; you have behaved most villainously; you took advantage of me, like an assassin, when I was off my guard." "And shall not hesitate to do so again," returned I, "if I chance to find you insulting Mrs. Monti." "You talk boldly," cried he; "are you aware that you cannot leave this island unless I choose?" "No, I am not." "Then learn that it is so," exclaimed he, stamping his foot. "My crew have gone to secure a small vessel, and when they return we shall depart in it, taking the females with us, and leaving you here. In the meantime, be thankful that your life has not been the forfeit of this evening's temerity." He now hurried furiously away, and soon disappeared among the rocks.

The most melancholy anticipations absorbed me so completely, that I did not discover that it was day, till the sun had got completely above the horizon. Then on looking towards the sea, I observed a sloop at anchor, about half a mile from the shore, and a boat full of men approaching.

I hastened towards the landing-place, that I might solicit their interference in behalf of Mrs. Monti and myself. The boat, which had now touched the shore was concealed from my view by a projecting rock. A man, who stood on the top of it, called me by name. I looked up, and started back, and then rushed into his arms—it was Mr. Monti himself.

As we hastened towards the recess, I related briefly all that had happened since the preceding morning, to which he listened with intense and shuddering anxiety, and seemed indescribably relieved when I had finished the recital. On reaching Mrs. Monti's abode, I retired, lest my presence should impose any restraint upon the feelings of the happy couple. In a little time my friend came forward, with his wife leaning

on his arm. "I must now," said Mr. Monti, "give you the particulars of my preservation. I drifted about the ocean nearly three hours, and then came within sight of the sloop, which lay to when she observed me. The captain sent out his boat to pick me up. I immediately told my story, and entreated him to steer for the island, which he readily consented to do, for he is one of the Bahama wreckers, who make it their business to cruise about in search of distressed vessels. We should have arrived here much sooner, but the wind was ahead, and we lay at anchor all night, the intricacy of the navigation around this rendering it dangerous to continue sailing after sunset. My preserver shall not go unrewarded."

Mr. Monti had informed the master of the sloop, that he believed Captain Burder had cast away the schooner for her insurance, and the former proceeded to the place where she was wrecked, and succeeded in fishing up some bales and packages, which, on being opened, were found to contain nothing but sand and rubbish. This discovery afforded satisfactory proof of Captain Burder's guilt. In the course of the day the whole crew returned in the boat, having exhausted their stock of provisions, and failed to meet with any vessel, or an inhabited island. We all embarked on board the sloop about noon, and shortly set sail.

We arrived safely at Nassau, New Providence, in a few days. Captain Burder and his mate were immediately apprehended on our evidence, and committed for trial. However, they both managed to escape from prison, and, having stolen a boat put to sea; and it was supposed either reached the coast of Cuba, or were picked up by some Spanish pirate, as no one saw or heard anything of them while we remained upon the island. Mr. and Mrs. Monti, and myself, soon afterwards embarked for St. Thomas's, and reached it after a pleasant voyage.

DINING AT SEA IN ROUGH WEATHER.

THE ship's company often reap much amusement from the little accidents, the ludicrous tumbles, and strange postures which the passengers are thrown into by the unsteady motion of the vessel; in time we feel so little alarm during a gale, that we sometimes disregard its perils, and join in the smiles and jokes at the ludicrous occurrences which happen among ourselves.

In the confusion of motions caused by the heavy seas, if we attempt to walk we fetch away, and we are tossed to the farthest side of the cabin, in all the odd and uncommon figures which can be imagined, and very often before we can regain our legs, the ship yields to another wave, and we are tumbled in a most ludicrous manner to the opposite side—kicking, striving, or crawling, amidst a confusion of moving chairs, stock-boxes, and other furniture.

The dinner ceremony is often rendered a humorous scene; the cabin being the general rendezvous of a party, we crawl trembling to the table, and tie ourselves to the chairs, a tray is set before us with deep holes cut for the dishes, plates, and glasses, the tables and chairs are lashed to the deck, and yet one or other frequently gives way and, consequently, upsets half the things in the cabin.

Presently enters the steward with soup, followed by his little slave with potatoes, and the other servants with such other covers as there may chance to be; but scarcely are things on the table, and servants stationed, clinging to our chairs, before the sudden lurch of the ship tumbles the whole into disorder. Away goes steward, servants, and little Mungo, to the corner of the cabin; the soup salutes the lap of one, another receives a leg of pork, a third is presented with a piece of mutton or beef, a couple of chickens, or ducks, fly to another, the pudding jumps nearly into the mouth of the next, and the potatoes are tossed in all directions about the cabin.

One saves his plate, another stops his knife and fork, some cling to the table, thinking only to save their persons, one secures the bottle, another half fallen, holds up his glass in one hand, and fixes himself fast to the chair with the other. Chaos is renewed, every thing is in motion—every thing in confusion.

At the next roll of the ship, the servants, staring with amaze-

ment, again fetch away, and with extended arms are tossed to the opposite side of the cabin, where they cling fast and remain as firm as statues; and although we are lashed in the chairs ourselves, it is with difficulty we can retain our seats. Plates, dishes, knives, forks, and glasses clatter together in all the disorder of the moment.

The steward and his boy crawling upon their hands and knees after the dancing potatoes, the flying fowls, or the walking joints, are rolled over and over at our feet, and all is disorder and confusion. The ship now becomes steady for a moment; the scattered parts of the dinner are collected, and those who have escaped sickness, again attempt to eat.

Some foreseeing all these accidents, place themselves up in a corner, on the cabin-deck, and take the plate between their knees, fancying themselves secure, but quickly they are tumbled into ridiculous postures to the other side of the cabin, sprawling with outstretched limbs, like frightened crabs.

Others having no call for appetite, join not in the feast, but lie swinging up and down in their cots or hammocks; others remain rolling from side to side in their berths; some cry out with sore bruises; some with being wetted by the spray of the sea; one calls for help, another relieves his stomach from sickness; while others, lamenting only their dinners, loudly bewail the soup, the meat, and the pudding.

Some abuse the helmsman, others the ship, and others are found to rail against the sea, while all join in imprecations against the wind.

THE TAILOR THAT WANTED TO SEE THE WORLD.

MR. SMEATON, to whom the science of civil architecture is indebted for systematic improvements, which place him upon a level with its original inventor, once in conversation stated, that when, in spite of the various difficulties, he had to encounter, the Eddystone light-house was finished, notwithstanding the fate that had attended the former building, a number of persons applied to be appointed residents in the new erection, where it is to be understood, two were to be constantly on duty, immured or cased in stone, in a situation where, probably, for many months in every year, it was impossible to have any communication with them from the main land. Among the rest that, upon this occasion, attended his levee in Arundell-street, was a young man, one of the journeymen to his tailor.

As this youth had frequently brought home, and tried on, clothes for him, Mr. Smeaton knew him perfectly well; but as at this time he had given no orders respecting apparel, he was astonished at his appearance, and still more so when he understood the nature of the application.

He asked him if he was married?

"No," he said, "he was a single man."

"What then," said Mr. Smeaton, "can induce you to become an inhabitant of the Eddystone light-house?"—"Why, to confess the truth," replied the tailor, "I have a vast inclination to see a little more of the world; I was always fond of liberty, and have for many years disliked the confinement of business and my master's shop."

Mr. Smeaton knowing the person to be perfectly sober, and of an unexceptionable character, he no longer pressed his objections, but accordingly sent him to reside at the light-house. As he was fond of reading, his patron directed that whensoever an opportunity offered, files of newspapers, with magazines, and other books, should be sent to him; and the tailor, by his care and diligence, repaid his attention. He continued in this perilous situation for a long period, and declared that he never was so happy in his life. Fishing, in fine weather, was one of his favourite amusements. But what was very extraordinary, he made such good use of the abundant leisure which the winter afforded, in reading, writing, and studying, that he exceedingly improved his mind, and became so capable of business, that his patron, when the term of his last engagement (I think seven years) had expired, employed him more advantageously, though, probably, not more agreeably to himself.

LOSS OF THE FORFARSHIRE STEAMER.

THE Forfarshire steamer, a vessel of about 300 tons burthen, under the command of Mr. John Humble, formerly master of the Neptune of this port, sailed from Hull, on her voyage to Dundee, on the evening of Wednesday, the 5th of September, 1838, about half-past six o'clock, along with the Pegasus and Innisfail, for Leith, with a valuable cargo of bale goods and sheet iron; and having on board about twenty-two cabin and nineteen steerage passengers, as nearly as could be ascertained, Captain Humble and his wife, ten seamen, four firemen, two engineers, two coal trimmers, and two stewards.

Previous to leaving Hull, the boilers had been examined and a small leak closed up; but when off Flambro' Head the leakage re-appeared, and continued for about six hours, not, however, to much extent, as the pumps were able to keep the vessel quite

dry. The engine-man, Allan Stewart, who furnished these particulars, also states that he had frequently seen the boiler as bad as it was on this occasion. The fireman, Daniel Donovan, however, represents the leakage as considerable, so much so that two of the fires were extinguished; but they were re-lighted after the boilers had been partially repaired. The progress of the vessel was of course retarded, and three steam-vessels passed her before she had proceeded far. The unusual bustle on board the Forfarshire, in consequence of the state of the boilers, attracted the notice of several of the passengers, and Mrs. Dawson, a steerage passenger, who was one of the survivors, stated, that even before the vessel left Hull, so strong was her impression, from indications on board, that "all was not right," that if her husband, who was a glassman, had come down to the packet in time she would have returned with him on shore.



LOSS OF THE FORFARSHIRE STEAMER, CAPTAIN JOHN HUMBLE, SEPTEMBER 7, 1838.

In this inefficient state, the vessel, with above sixty individuals on board, was sent out and proceeded on her voyage, and passed through the "Fairway," between the Fern Islands and the land, about six o'clock on Thursday evening. She entered Berwick bay about eight o'clock the same evening, the sea running high, and the wind blowing strong from the N.E. From the motion of the vessel, the leak increased to such a degree, that the firemen could not keep the fires burning. Two men were then employed to pump water into the boilers, but it escaped through the leak as fast as they pumped it in. About ten o'clock she bore up off St. Abb's Head, the storm still raging with unabated fury. The engines soon after became entirely useless, and the engine-man reported that they would not work. There being great danger of drifting ashore, the sails were

hoisted fore and aft, and the vessel got about in order to get her before the wind, and keep her off the land. No attempt was made to anchor. The vessel soon became unmanageable, and the tide setting strong to the south, she proceeded in that direction. It rained heavily during the whole time, and the fog was so dense that it became impossible to tell the situation of the vessel. At length breakers were discovered close to leeward, and the Fern Lights, which about the same period became visible, relieved all doubt as to the imminent peril of all on board. An attempt was made to run the vessel between the Fern Islands, but she refused to answer her helm, and at three o'clock on Friday morning she struck with tremendous force against the outer or Long-stone Island.

A portion of the crew, intent only on self-preservation, had

lowered the larboard-quarter boat down, and left the ship, amongst whom was the first mate, James Duncan. The stroke of the vessel on the rock was regarded as the signal of death. The master lost all self-possession, and his wife, who was on board with him, sought in cries of anguish and despair the protection which, alas, he could not extend. The cries of females on deck, mingled with the roaring of the ocean and the screams of the wild fowl disturbed from their resting-places, whilst the men, clinging to the vessel, awaited in silence their inevitable fate. Most of the cabin passengers were below, and many of them asleep in their berths. As soon as the vessel struck, the steward ran down and gave an alarm, but one passenger only, Mr. Ruthven Ritchie, of Hill of Ruthven, Perthshire, was saved. On being awoke, he arose instantly, and, seizing his trousers, rushed upon deck; from whence, observing the sailors leaping into the boat, he, with an extraordinary effect, by means of a rope, swung himself into it, and was thus miraculously preserved. The uncle and aunt of this gentleman made a desperate effort to get into the boat just as it was leaving the wreck, and, in endeavouring to leap on board, they fell into the sea and perished in his sight. He had nothing on all the time he was in the boat but a shirt and a pair of trousers; and his employment whilst in it was baling out the water with a pair of shoes for a "howskelly." The escape of the boat was remarkable. There was only one outlet by which it could escape being dashed by the breakers against the island, and that outlet was taken without the parties being aware of it. The boat's crew passed through the mighty current uninjured, and, after being exposed in an open boat all night, were picked up about eight o'clock on Saturday morning by a Montrose boat, and carried into Shields. Mr. Ritchie had fortunately some sovereigns in the pockets of his trousers, which he brought out of the cabin, and these enabled him to procure clothes soon after being landed. The following is a list of the crew and passengers brought into Shields:—John Matson, second mate; James Hill, Alexander Murray, Robert Fox, Allan Stewart, engineer; Jas. Hall, coal-trimmer; David Grant, Ruthven Ritchie, farmer; and James Duncan, first mate. Mr. Ritchie proceeded to Bamburg, to inquire into the fate of his fellow passengers, and thence he went to Edinburgh on his way home to communicate the melancholy intelligence to his friends. The mate and some other of the crew reached Dundee on the Tuesday following.

The vessel struck aft the paddle-boxes, and not above three minutes after the few survivors had rushed upon deck, a second shock separated her in two parts—the stern, quarter-deck, and cabin, being instantly carried away with all upon them, through a tremendous current called the Piper Gut, which is dangerous even in temperate weather, running between the islands at the rapidity of six miles an hour, and in tempestuous weather becomes terrific; whilst the fore part of the vessel remained fast on the rock. The captain stuck to the wreck, till washed overboard with his wife in his arms, and both were drowned.

The situation of the few passengers who remained on the fore part of the vessel was perilous in the extreme. Placed on a small rock surrounded by the sea, which threatened to engulf them, and their companions having but just before been swept away from them, they were clinging to life whilst all hope of relief was sinking within them, and crying for help, whilst the tempestuous billows drowned their feeble shrieks, and defied their puny efforts to escape. Their cries, however, were not unheard. Their shouts of distress fell upon the ear of Miss Grace Horsley Darling, who, with her father, Mr. W. Darling, occupies the outer Fern Lighthouse. She awakened her parent, and at daybreak he launched his boat and prepared to proceed to their rescue. The state of the tide and of the weather was such as to render any attempt to reach the wreck extremely dangerous; and the old man, who had never before known the quailings of fear, was loth in such a tremendous gale to rush, as he considered, on certain death. After watching the wreck for some time, they discovered, from some movement, that living beings were still clinging to it, and the gallant female, who partook of her father's generous sympathy, as she acknowledged the relationship of flesh and blood, with matchless intrepidity, seized the oar and entered the boat. This was enough—the

noble parent followed, and with the assistance of the fair sailor, conducted the frail skiff over the foaming billows to the spot where the wreck appeared. By a dangerous and desperate effort the father was landed on the rock, and to preserve the frail coble from being dashed to pieces, it was rapidly rowed back among the awful abyss of waters, and kept aloft by the skillfulness and dexterity of this noble-minded young-woman. At length the whole of the survivors, consisting of five of the crew and four of the deck passengers, were taken from the wreck, and conveyed to the lighthouse, where the same tender hand administered to their wants, and anxiously, for three days and three nights, waited on the sufferers, and soothed their afflictions. By the assistance of the crew they were enabled to bring the coble and its burthen to the Long-stone Island. It is impossible to speak in too high terms of this unparalleled act of humanity, bravery, and disinterestedness. This perilous achievement—unexampled in the feats of female fortitude—was witnessed by the survivors in silent wonder. The main land could not be reached, from the state of the weather, till Sunday, and during the whole of this time the attentions of the heroine were indefatigable.

The names of the individuals saved from the wreck of the *Forfarshire*, by Mr. Darling and his daughter are—John Kidd, fireman of Dundee; Jonathan Ticket, cook, of Hull; John Macqueen, coal trimmer, Dundee; John Tullock, carpenter, Dundee; John Nicholson, fireman, Dundee, of the crew. D. Donovan, fireman, and free passenger of Dundee; James Keeley, weaver, Dundee; Thomas Buchanan, baker, Dundee; Mrs. Dawson, bound to Dundee, passengers. The entire number saved is eighteen, of whom thirteen belonged to the vessel, and five were passengers. The remainder on board perished.

The wreck of the steamer was seen from North Sunderland, on the morning of the wreck, about six o'clock, when signals were hoisted and guns fired immediately, but men could not be found to go off in the life-boat. After some delay seven persons volunteered their services, and set out in a four-oared coble. The boat shipped several seas in the course of her perilous voyage, and on their way they spoke a steam-vessel of London, going north, and requested the captain to proceed to the wreck, offering at the same time to pilot the vessel, as they could easily have done to within a few yards of the lee of the rock in seven fathoms water. The captain, however, declined, and the men in the coble, after much exertion, succeeded in reaching the wreck. They found three bodies, one of them dressed in black, apparently about forty years of age, who, from papers found on his person, is supposed to be the Rev. John Robb, of Dunkeld. The other two were brother and sister, the boy eleven and the girl eight years of age, and children of Mrs. Dawson, who was saved by the exertions of Mr. Darling and his daughter. They also took a quantity of copper and some light articles which would soon have been washed away. The storm raged with unabated fury, and in attempting to return, they were compelled to put in at Longstone Lighthouse, which they reached with much difficulty, where they were obliged to remain two days and two nights in a temporary building, the waves occasionally bursting in and obliging them to seek shelter in the Lighthouse tower, which was occupied by Mr. and Miss Darling, and the persons they had saved from the wreck. They made another attempt to reach North Sunderland on Sunday, but they were obliged to run in at Beadnel, where they remained till the following day. They visited the wreck on Monday, and found the body of an Irishman, named John Gallehar, who lately resided at Dundee. The names of the brave and meritorious individuals who ventured their lives from North Sunderland are as follow:—Wm. Robson, James Robson, Michael Robson, Wm. Swain, Brooks Darling (brother to Miss Darling,) Thomas Cuthbertson, and Robert Knox. They behaved most gallantly.

The wreck was discovered from Bamburg Castle early on Friday morning, when a signal was immediately hoisted, and an alarm-gun fired along the shore to apprise the fishermen of the calamity. The life-boat could not be launched from the extremely boisterous state of the weather, but every thing was done that could be devised; and Mr. Smeddle, the principal agent, Mr. Hamilton, and others attached to the castle, were most indefatigable in their exertions.

On the following Monday the four bodies were brought to the castle, and on the next day an inquest was held before Stephen Reed, Esq., in the absence of T. A. Russell, Esq., when, after a patient investigation, the coroner summed up, and the jury returned a verdict to the following effect:—Wrecked on board the Forfarshire steam-packet by the imperfections of the boilers, and culpable negligence of the captain not putting back to port. Deodand on the vessel, £100, being one-half of the estimated value of that part of the vessel and machinery left upon the rock.

One of the most heart-rending circumstances connected with this melancholy event occurred during the night when the survivors were on the rock. The vessel became a total wreck in less than a quarter of an hour after she struck; and those that were fortunate enough to get on the rock suffered severely from the cold, and from the heavy seas which washed over them at intervals. Their clothes were mostly torn off, and from continued exertions they were reduced to a state of complete exhaustion. The most agonizing spectacle was that of Mrs. Dawson, with her two children, a boy and a girl, eight and eleven years of age, firmly grasped in each hand: there she held them in the agonies of despair long after the buffeting of the waves, which drove them to and fro, had deprived them of existence. She was severely injured, and remained at Bamburgh, unable to proceed homewards. Donovan was also much hurt; and he stated that he lay for three hours holding on by a spike nail.

It is impossible to tell with certainty the number of those who have suffered, inasmuch as no entries were made when the passengers embarked. One of the survivors states the number at forty-two, and another at forty-seven. As only five are known to be saved, the probable loss of life will be between thirty-seven and forty-five passengers; and the master and his wife, and seven of the crew, will make the total loss between forty-six and fifty-one persons. The following are the names of some of the sufferers:—

Captain Humble and wife; the Rev. John Robb, Dunkeld; Mr. Bell, factor to Lord Kinnoul; Mrs. Allison, Peasholme-house, York, with son and grandson; Miss Martin, of No. 28, St. James's-street, Aberdeen, and one child. This lady had considerable property on her person; it is said 300 sovereigns, in some part of her dress. Mr. and Mrs. Allen, and one child, said to be last from Russia; Mr. Robert Allison, of Dundee; Mr. John and William Grant, of Louth, Lincolnshire; Mr. Paston and a friend; Mr. Scott, of Dundee, and his son, about seven years of age; Mr. Brown and Mr. McCloud; Mr. Arnett, and two friends; Mrs. Patrick, of Hull, wife of Captain Patrick, of the Clara.

There are among the sufferers, three gentlemen belonging to Perth, one to Fife, and one to St. Petersburg. A female steerage passenger lost two children, one was drowned, and the other died in her arms. Amongst the persons brought to the spot, from a distance, was one gentleman who had lost his wife, son, and grandson, another his mother and brother.

The only part of the vessel which remained, consisted of the fore-castle, part of the engine, paddle-wheels, anchor, cable, foremast and rigging. One of the boilers was washed to sea, while the other two were thrown on the rocks broken. The engine, which was 180-horse power, was greatly damaged. A quantity of new boiler plate was found among the wreck. A part is sunk a little to the south of Hawker's rock, and, as it is supposed, the bodies of several persons who have not been found are in it, a rope has been attached to it, for the purpose of raising it, in order to satisfy the anxiety of their surviving friends. The cargo is stated to have been very valuable, having been insured to the amount of 4,000*l*; but only three boxes of soap have been discovered. Parts of the wreck have been thrown on shore at Hauxley, Amble, Hartley, and other parts of the coast of Northumberland. The stern of the vessel, with the name, a hair-covered trunk, and a corded box were seen on Monday, the 10th of September, from the deck of the London Merchant steam-vessel, floating off Seaham. The stern was also seen, near the same place, from the City of Edinburgh steamer, the day before. The brig Williams, Captain Blyth, of Sunderland, from Hamburg, when about five

miles from the land, off Hartlepool, on the same day, fell in with a quantity of wreck, which is supposed to have belonged to the Forfarshire steamer. Among other materials was the poop of a vessel, together with a box about fifteen feet long, and two and a half feet square, containing a quantity of new machinery. The search is still going on for the bodies of the unfortunate sufferers, and the property of the vessel; and every assistance is rendered by the agents at Bamburgh Castle, as well as by the fishermen and revenue officers on the coast.

The Forfarshire was a new vessel, having been little more than two years at sea. She first sailed from Dundee in May, 1836; she sailed weekly between Dundee and Hull, and had engines of 120 or 200-horse power. The captain (Mr. John Humble) belonged to Shields, and served his apprenticeship to the sea in one of the collier sloops trading between that place and Newcastle. The first steamer he was in was a small tug-boat, which belonged to Shields, called the Tarset; he afterwards commanded another steamer, called the Neptune, which sailed between Hull and Newcastle. He also was some time mate of the Eclipse, the Newcastle and Leith boat already mentioned.

Grace Darling's brilliant action, while it astonished all, that beneath a woman's slender frame, so noble, so heroic a heart could beat, raised their enthusiastic delight. Subscriptions to reward this noble girl for her unparalleled bravery were set on foot, and many handsome presents from noble personages, together with the sum of seven hundred pounds, were presented to her. Ringing as the world did with her achievement, and pleased, as she doubtless was, at its approbation, she refused all the offers that were made to raise her to a higher sphere, content to remain in her sea-girt home amongst her humble friends.

Ere long, and before the applause at her noble action had died away, that fatal disease, consumption, had fastened upon her. In spite of all the efforts of her friends to remove this ever fatal complaint, she sunk under it; and, on the 20th of October, 1842, without a groan, or murmur, she died.

MUTINY ON BOARD THE BRAGANZA, CAPTAIN A. F. TURLEY, AUGUST 5, 1838.

THE American brig Braganza, of Philadelphia, commanded by Captain A. F. Turley, which sailed from St. John's, Porto Rico, with a cargo of sugar for Genoa, put into Philadelphia in distress, and having got repaired, sailed from that city on the 8th of July, 1838, with the captain; Mr. Vanderslice, first mate; Mr. Moir, second mate; and six men before the mast, including the cook. She had also as passengers, Mr. Diehl, owner of the Braganza, and his lady, and Mrs. Turley, the captain's wife. The brig proceeded on her voyage without any remarkable circumstance until the 5th of August, when in lat. between 37 deg. and 38 deg. N., and long. between 13 deg. and 14 deg. W., at two o'clock, a.m., an alarm was given by the first mate of a mutiny by the crew. The captain and second mate immediately rushed on deck to his assistance: the captain had a cutlass, the second mate had nothing whatever to defend himself with. They found the first mate lying at the cabin companion-way weltering in his blood; he afterwards succeeded in gaining the cabin. On the captain and second mate reaching the deck, they were immediately attacked by all the crew, who, being five in number, soon overpowered them; they threw the second mate over the side, but he fortunately caught a rope and regained the deck again, and retreated to the cabin completely disabled. In the mean time, the crew succeeded in overpowering the captain, and threw him overboard. During this period, the two ladies and Mr. Diehl were in the most anxious suspense, anticipating that it was their intention to come into the cabin and murder all, having no means whatever of defence. But immediately on throwing the captain overboard, they closed the cabin companion-way and skylight, by nailing and placing canvas and heavy chains on them. The persons thus confined in the cabin were Mr. and Mrs. Diehl, Mrs. Turley, and the first and second mates. The first mate had his face dreadfully cut, and his skull fractured by two strokes on the head, ap-

parently done with a hatchet. The second mate was completely disabled in the right arm by blows inflicted by a handspike. At eight o'clock in the morning, the crew, then in complete possession of the vessel, made preparations to close the cabin dead-lights by slinging a plank over the stern, at which those in the cabin remonstrated, stating that they should be smothered; the crew replied, that unless they gave up whatever they wanted, they would certainly do it. They then demanded the chronometer, sextant, and charts, together with all the money and jewellery those below possessed, which consisted of a gold lever watch, finger and earrings, and a small amount of specie, which were passed to them through the cabin windows by means of a bucket. They also required that the passengers should throw overboard all fire-arms. They also complied with this request, with which they became satisfied for a time. Upon the mate's asking where they intended to go with the vessel, and what they intended to do with them; they replied, they were going to Genoa, and that they should find out soon enough what they intended to do with them. They at the same time stated that they had no wish to injure Mr. or Mrs. Diehl; but declared their determination of sacrificing both Mrs. Turley and the first mate.

On Monday, the 6th, nothing material occurred, except that those in the cabin informed the crew that they were aware of their having altered their course; they then stated that it was their intention to run for the English Channel, and endeavour to effect a landing. The mutineers also informed their prisoners on this day, that they had the cook confined in the forecabin.

Early on the morning of Tuesday the 7th, they discovered a smoke in the cabin, which proceeded from the hold, and which soon became so dense as to render it difficult to breathe. Upon their demanding the cause, they were answered, that the mutineers were satisfied that there was more valuable property in the cabin, and, unless they gave it up, they were determined to smoke them to death. The unhappy sufferers made use of every argument to satisfy them that they had given them all, and finally succeeded; upon which they withdrew the fire from the hold, and the smoke soon passed away. Nothing further occurred on that day, nor on the 8th, 9th, or 10th. During all this period the ladies, particularly, were kept in a constant state of excitement bordering on frenzy, both night and day, from the unusual bustle and confusion on deck, preparatory, as it were, for making a descent upon them for the purpose of murder.

On Saturday the 11th, between eight and ten o'clock, they called for Mr. Diehl, over the taffrail, and stated that there was a vessel in sight from the mast-head, and proposed that he and his companions should take the jolly-boat, and endeavour to gain her. To this he objected, as, in the first place, he did not believe that there was a vessel in sight, and further he stated to them, that, in the event of their not being able to reach her, he was certain they must perish. Previous to this, and also at this period, Mr. Diehl proposed, that if they wished to save any of them, the crew should take the long-boat, and leave them to the brig, or give the passengers the long-boat, and they would run their chance. After a few minutes' conversation together, they requested that Mr. Diehl and his wife should come on deck, which they consented to do. Upon their reaching the deck no violence was used towards them; but they were all prepared with their knives and other edged tools for resistance. Immediately on gaining the deck, Mr. Diehl requested that Mrs. Turley and the second mate should be allowed to come up, to which they consented. After a conversation of an hour or so, in which the passengers urged every possible argument to induce the mutineers not to destroy them, they consented that they should take the long-boat and run their chance of getting to land, then distant, as near as could be ascertained, about 350 miles on the Portuguese coast. This proposition was accepted, and they went to work immediately to get the long-boat out, previously having fitted her out with mast, sail, water, &c., for their own use. Between two and three o'clock, everything being ready, they required them to leave, prior to

which Mr. Diehl and the second mate made use of every possible argument to induce the mutineers to allow them to take the first mate along with them, although he was in a wretched condition from his wounds; which they positively refused, stating that they would take care of him themselves. Finding their solicitations of no avail, Mr. and Mrs. Diehl, Mrs. Turley, Mr. Moir (second mate), and the cook of the brig, got into the boat and left her. At daylight on Sunday morning the 12th, they discovered two sail in sight, one of which, they judged to be the Braganza, made chase after the other; but after pursuing her until ten o'clock, they gave up the chase as fruitless. At this period they made another sail to the southward, coming towards them; after a short respite they gave chase for her, and neared her fast. About three, p.m., she discovered and bore up for them; and between three and four, p.m., they got alongside, and were received on board the brig *Hebden*, Captain William Benjamin Fowler, of Scarborough, bound from Sicily to the Clyde, by whom, and all his crew, they were treated in the most kind and hospitable manner; the mutineers having robbed them of nearly every stitch of clothes except what they had on.

THE GREENWICH PENSIONER.

A GREENWICH pensioner! Did any of my readers ever ponder on that strange composition of battered humanity and blue serge? Did they never feel something approaching very near gratitude on passing, in the metropolis, a Greenwich Pensioner, who with, his honest, carved out, unabashed front, looking as bluntly and as wonderingly at the bustle and splendour around him, as does an unsophisticated wether suddenly removed from South Downs to Cheapside, whilst shaking his woollen coat beneath the whip of the coachman to the Lord Mayor. What a mixture of gravity and wonderment is in the poor brute's countenance! how with its meek, uplifted head, it stares at the effulgent vehicle—runs leaping at the coachwheels, mistaking them for hurdles—falls, awestruck, back, at the gilt and beavered greatness of the footman's cocked hat—then, suddenly awakened from its amazement by the lurcher's teeth or the driver's stick, makes an unlucky spring of some three feet into the air, catches a glance of its figure in the mirrored walls of a silk-mercier's, and, startled at the sight, dashes through the first court, carrying perhaps a few yards upon its back, some red-faced, nankeen-gaitered little stock-broker; whose spattered small-clothes are for a time unregarded, in the mighty rush of drovers, butchers, dogs, and idlers.

Now such is the real Greenwich pensioner. When I say *real*, I mean one who abhors London worse than he does a Frenchman; who thinks there is nothing to be seen in it, unless it be Nelson's tomb in St. Paul's, or the Ship public-house, in Tooley-street.—London is to him a never-failing source of merriment; that is, whilst he is out of it. He sits at Greenwich, and looking as sagely as a starling ere he snaps at a fly, at the piled-up clouds of smoke hanging over the metropolis, or indeed almost propped upon its chimney-pots, and, stretching forth his stick, significantly points out to his former ship-mates, asking them if they do not think "there is something dark over there—something of an 'ox-eye' to the west?" He indeed never ventures to London, unless it be a fresh supply of tobacco, or to pay a quarterly visit to his grand-daughter, the upper housemaid in a gentleman's family—and who indeed thinks with horror upon his call, because the neighbours laugh at the cocked hat and the shoe buckles of her relative; but principally because Richard the baker's young man, declares he hates all sailors. The visit is never a very lengthened one, especially if the girl lives far to the west: for her grandfather has to call upon Will Somebody, who set up, with his prize-money, a public-house in Wapping; so off he starts, hurries up the Strand, touches his hat from a point of principle as he nears Somerset House; puts out more canvass, and away for Temple Bar, the pensioner has not yet, however, sat for his picture.

We have all read of crabs being despoiled of their claws, locusts of their entrails, and turtles of their brains, receiving in lieu thereof a pellet of cotton, yet retaining life, and

appearing, in the words of the experimentalizing and soft-hearted naturalist, "very lively and comfortable." Now, the real Greenwich pensioner distances all these; he is, indeed, an enigma: nature knows not what to make of him. He hath been suspended, like a school-boy's bobcherry, a hundred times over the chaps of death, and yet still been snatched away by the hand of Providence—to whom, indeed, his many hurts and dangers have especially endeared him. Ye of the "land interest," ye soft-faced young sparks, who think with terror upon a razor on a frosty morning—ye suffering old gentlemen, who pause at a linen-draper's, and pass the flannel between your fingers, as time verges towards October—ye martyrs to a winter cough—ye racked with a quarterly tooth-ache—all ye of household ailments, look upon this hacked, shivered piece of clay, this Greenwich pensioner; consider of how many of his powers he is despoiled—see where the cutlass and the boarding-pike have ploughed up and pierced his flesh; see where the bullet has glanced, singing by; and when you have reckoned up—if they are to be reckoned—his many scars, above all, look at his hard, contented, weather-barnacled face, and then, gentle spectators, complain of your rheums, your joint-twitchings, and corns!

Why, this Greenwich pensioner is in himself a record of the last forty years' war. He is a breathing volume of naval history: not an event but is somewhere indented in him with steel or lead; he has been the stick in which the English Mars has notched his cricket-matches, when 24-pounders were balls, and mainmasts wickets. See, in his blinded eye is Howe's victory on the glorious First of June; that stump of what was once an arm, is Nile; and in his wooden leg, read Trafalgar. As to his scars, a gallant action, or a desperate cutting-out, is noted in everyone of them. And what was the old fellow's only wish, as with a shattered knee he lay in the cockpit under the surgeon's hand—what was his earnest supplication to the wet-eyed messmate who bore him down the hatchway? Simply, that he would save him one of the splinters of the mainmast of the Victory, to make of it a leg for Sundays! His wish was granted; and at Greenwich, always on the seventh day, and also on the 21st of October, is he to be seen, propped upon the inestimable splinter, which, from labour, time, and bees'-wax, has taken the dark glossiness of mahogany. What a face he has! What a certain consciousness of his superiority on his own element at times puffs out of his lip, and gives a sudden twitch to his head! But ask him in what quarter sets the wind—and note how, with his one eye, he will glance at you from top to toe; and, without ever raising his head or hand to make a self-inquiry, answers you at once, as though it was a question he was already prepared for! And so, indeed, he is; it being his first business, on rising, to consult the weather. The only way to gain his entire confidence, is at once, as frankly to avow your utter ignorance, and his superiority; and then, after he has leered at you with an eye, in which there is a meeting of contempt, good-humour, and self importance, he is wholly your own; and will straightway launch into the South Seas, coast along the shores of Guinea,—where, by the bye, he will tell you be once fell in love with a negress, who, however, jilted him for the cook,—and then he will launch out about Admiral Duncan—take you a voyage with him round Cape Horn, where a mermaid appeared, and sung a song to the ship's crew; and who indeed blew aside the musket-shots that were ungallantly fired at her in requital of her melody. But our pensioner has one particular story; hear him through that, suffer yourself to be wholly astounded at its recital, and, if you were not a landsman, he would instantly greet you as his dearest friend. The heroes of this same story are our pensioner and a shark: a tremendous shark that used to be the terror of the harbour of St. Thomas's. Upon this shark, and the piece of mainmast of the Victory, is our pensioner content to rest all his importance during his life, and his fame with posterity. He will tell you that he, being caterer of the mess, let fall a piece of beef out at the port-hole, which this terrible shark received into its jaws, and twisted its body most provokingly at the delicious mouthful. Hereupon our pensioner—it was before, he reminds you, he had lost a limb—asks leave of the first lieutenant (for the captain was on shore)

to have a bout with the shark: leave being granted, all the crew are quickly in the shrouds; and upon the hammock-netting, to see Tom—"tackle the shark." Our pensioner now enters into a minute detail of how, having armed himself with a long knife, he jumped overboard, dived under the shark, which he saw approaching with distended jaws, and inflicted a tremendous wound with the knife in the belly of the fish; this is repeated thrice, when the shark turns itself upon its back—a boat is let down, and both the conqueror and the conquered are quickly received upon deck. You are doubtless astonished at this; he however, adds to your surprise, by telling you that the mess regaled off the piece of beef recovered from the fish; be more astounded at this, although mingle no doubt in your astonishment, and he will straightway promise some day to treat your eyes with a sight of a set of chequer-men, cut from the very dorsal bone of the immolated shark! To be the hearer of a sailor's tale, is something like undergoing the ancient ordeal of red-hot plough-shares; be innocent of unbelief, and you may, as was held, journey safely; doubt the smallest point, and you are quickly withered into nought.

What an odd contrast to his early life is the state of a Greenwich pensioner! It is as though a part of the angry and foaming sea should lie stagnant in a bathing-tub. All his business is to recount his former adventures—to plod about, and look with a disdainful eye at trees, and brick and mortar; or, when he would indulge in a fit of spleen, to walk down to the river's side, and let his gall feed upon the mishaps of London apprentices, who, fearless of consequences, may have ventured some five miles from home in not a "trim-built wherry." A Greenwich pensioner fresh from sea is a most preposterous creature! he gets up every morning for a week, a month, and still finds himself in the same place; he knows not what to make of it—he feels the strangeness of his situation, and would, had he the patience and the wit, liken himself to a hundred unsettled things. Compare him to a hippopotamus in a gentleman's park, and he would tell you, he had in his day seen a hippopotamus, and then, with a good-natured grunt, acquiesce in the resemblance; or to a jolly-boat in a flower-garden; or to a sea-gull in the cage of a canary; or to a porpoise upon a hearth-rug; or to a boatswain's-whistle in a nursery; or to a marling-spike in a milliner's work-room; or to a tar-barrel in a confectioner's; with any one or all of these misplaced articles would our unsettled pensioner sympathise, until time shall have reconciled him to his asylum; and even then, his fancy, like the shells upon our mantel-piece, will sound of the distant and the dangerous ocean. At Greenwich, however, the mutilated old sailor has time enough to indulge in the recollection of his early days, with what wisdom he may, to make up his mind to meet in another world those whom his arm may have sent thither long before. Death, at length, gently lays the veteran upon his back—his last words, as the sailor puts his withered hand upon his heart, are, "all's well," and sea and earth have passed away. His body, which had been for forty years a bulwark to the land, now demands of it but "two paces of the vilest earth;" and if aught could spring from the tomb characteristic of its inmate, from the grave of the pensioner would arise the stout unbending oak—it would be his fitting monument; and the carolling of the birds in its branches would be his loud, his artless epitaph.

The Greenwich pensioner, wherever we meet with him, is a fine, quaint memento of our national greatness, and our fortunate locality. We should look upon him as the representative of Neptune, and bend our spirit towards him accordingly. But that is not sufficient; we have individual acknowledgments to make to him for the comforts of a long safety. Let us but consider, as we look at his wooden supporter, that if it had not been for his leg, the cannon ball might have scattered us in our tea parlour—the bullet which deprived him of his orb of vision, might have stricken *Our Village* from our hand, whilst ensconced in our study; the cutlass which cleaved his shoulder, might have demolished our china vase or our globe of golden fish:—instead of which, hemmed round by such walls of stout and honest flesh, we have lived securely, participating in every peaceful and domestic comfort, and neither heard the roar of the cannon nor seen its smoke. Shakspeare has compared England to "a swan's nest" in the world's pool: let us be

nautical in our smiles, and liken her to a single lemon-kernel in a huge bowl of punch: who is it that has prevented the kernel from being ladled down the throat of despotism, from becoming but an atom of the great, loathsome mass?—our Greenwich pensioner. Who has kept our houses from being transformed into barracks, and our cabbage-markets into parades?—again, and again, let it be answered—the Greenwich pensioner. Reader, if the next time you see the tar, you should perchance have with you your wife and smiling family, think that if their tenderness has never been shocked by scenes of blood and terror, you owe such quietude to a Greenwich pensioner. Indeed, I know not if a triennial progress of the Greenwich establishment through the whole kingdom would not be attended with the most beneficial effects—fathers would teach their little ones to lip thanksgivings unto God that they were born in England, as reminded of their happy superiority by the withered form of every Greenwich pensioner!

LOSS OF THE LEOPOLDINA ROSA.

THE following distressing details of the loss of the Leopoldina Rosa, are supplied by a person who was on board—"The Leopoldina Rosa left Bayonne early in May for Monte Video, having on board, besides her captain and crew, 303 passengers, men, women, and children, nearly all industrious emigrants, from the Basque country, who were on their way to the plains of Uruguay. After a long passage, and when approaching her destination, the vessel was assailed by a severe storm, and during the night was thrown on one of the reefs, called the Castillos, on the eastern coast of Uruguay, at a distance of about forty leagues from Monte Video. At daylight, when Captain Frappez, the commander of the Leopoldina, could clearly perceive his situation, it was evident to him that no hope could be entertained of saving the vessel. His attention, was, therefore, exclusively directed to the crew and passengers. He first despatched a boat with a rope for the shore, but the breakers were so high that it foundered immediately; the men who were in it, however, were able to regain the vessel. He then desired a sailor, who was a good swimmer, to take a small rope to the shore tied to his body, with the intention, when landed, of drawing to him a cable attached to the other end, but the man refused as did also all the other sailors who were applied to, although the lives of more than three hundred passengers might have been saved by this act of courage. At length the crew, with the exception of only three men, made arrangements for their own safety, by means of spars, &c. Most of those who remained on board were either deterred from following the example of those who had plunged into the sea, by seeing assembled there an immense number of those wretches, the Gauchos, who watch the wrecks on the coast for the purposes of pillage, and massacre those who offer resistance; or they were parents, whose feelings would not allow them to abandon their offspring. As the day wore, the tempest increased in violence, and the waves swept the deck with fury. All who remained on board sought refuge on the poop or in the cabin, where they were huddled by awaiting death, and having for consolation only the cheering words of the captain, who from time to time visited them, and made them hope for a change in their favour. Captain Frappez never abandoned the hope of safety; and watching the horizon, predicted that the storm would subside with the setting of the sun, as it really did; but, unfortunately, although the sea in the evening became comparatively calm, the breakers at the same time became much more violent. During the whole of this terrible day, the Leopoldina resisted the fury of the waves, but towards five o'clock in the afternoon the stern gave way, and was separated from the body of the vessel. The scene now became dreadful. More than sixty persons, who were standing on the poop when this accident occurred, were in a moment cast into the sea, and nearly all of them, men, women, and children, were drowned. Night now came on, and the waves from time to time swept away several of the poor wretches who were on the portion of the vessel which remained above water. The long boat, which had up to this time been preserved, and which had offered a last chance

of escape, was carried away and dashed to pieces. This was followed almost immediately by the separation of the remaining part of the hull of the Leopoldina, and all who were on it had no other chance of avoiding death than grasping the planks, and sustaining themselves for a time upon them. Only the most robust, however, were able to avail themselves of this success. Those poor creatures who were denied this chance sunk almost immediately, and of the number who had profited by it several were forced off by the waves and drowned; others expired from exhaustion or injury as they touched the shore. Two hundred and thirty-one passengers perished, 72 escaped as by miracle. These were protected from the brutality of the Gauchos by the firmness of Don Vincinti Acosta and Don Natalio Molina, who were on the spot to render assistance. The survivors were subsequently taken on board the French schooner L'Eclair, where they were treated with great kindness. Amongst the sufferers was the captain of the Leopoldina, who remained with his vessel until she went entirely to pieces, when, seizing a plank, he endeavoured to reach the shore, but was dashed against the rocks and killed.

STORM AND APPALLING SHIPWRECK.

ON Friday, November 29, 1839, the coast of Scotland experienced a severe storm, which, it is to be dreaded, has caused extensive devastation amongst the shipping. We have just received authentic accounts of a melancholy shipwreck which happened on the coast of Fife, immediately opposite Boarhills near King's Barns, and about half-way between Fife Ness and St. Andrew's. The details of this disastrous occurrence are truly lamentable. On Friday afternoon, about five o'clock, a vessel was observed at a considerable distance from the coast, apparently labouring under great distress, and in vain attempting to round Fife Ness. The raging of the storm, and the darkness of the night, prevented the Coast Guard on shore from keeping the vessel in sight; but the only survivor of the crew gives a succinct account of the deplorable catastrophe. The vessel was the Peterel, of Stockton-on-Tees, David Parry, master, bound from Dalhousie, in North America, to Stockton, with timber. She was a new brig of about 200 tons burthen. After night closed in, the captain and crew did everything in their power to keep the vessel at sea, but in vain. She was gradually driven by the force of the gale towards the shore. At about one o'clock they let go both anchors, which were immediately dragged, and shortly afterwards the vessel was thrown with tremendous force on the rocks. The crew took to the rigging, but in a moment a resistless sea broke over the Peterel, and with awful violence split her in two, fair along the middle of the deck. In the dreadful confusion of that terrible crisis the survivor dropped from his place on the rigging upon a log floating on the surface of the water. On it, however, his life was exposed to dreadful hazard. The cargo was tossed about by the waves as if the immense logs of wood were light as straws; and the risk of being crushed to death in their collision was described as ten times greater than that of drowning. The poor fellow, however, clung to his last hope, and was at length thrown, in an exceedingly exhausted state upon the beach. With the greatest exertion he managed to crawl a short distance from the sea; and, exposed to the bitter blast of that dreadful night, almost dead with fatigue, cold and hunger, he awaited the dawn of morning. It displayed a fearful prospect to the inhabitants of the neighbourhood. The vessel was literally dashed to pieces, and the shore, to a very considerable extent, was strewn with fragments of the wreck, and considerable portions of the cargo. But a more melancholy and heart-rending sight was prepared for the spectators. The bodies of six of the crew, and that of a lady, were found on the beach, and the poor fellow—the sole survivor of the merciless havoc of the storm—was discovered almost insensible, crouching behind a dyke near the shore. His name was found to be Henry Thoms, and he is a native of Wales. He stated that the vessel, on her homeward voyage, touched at Stromness, being wind-bound,

and the lady whose body was found, had embarked at that port. Her trunk was cast on shore, and on being opened there was found inside a valuable gold watch, £400 in bills, and a quantity of wearing apparel. Her name was ascertained to be Elizabeth Westgaff, and the papers contained in the trunk lead us to suppose that she belongs to Richmond, in Yorkshire. Henry Thoms does not appear to be acquainted with the surnames of his brother seamen. The six cast on shore were fine stout fellows, about thirty years of age. Altogether there were nine of a crew, with one passenger. A black man and a boy are still missing.

THE CASKET LIGHTS

ARE built on a rock forming the extremity of a broken ledge, which extends in a westerly and northerly direction from Alderney about seven miles. From the nearest, or most northerly point of Guernsey, they bear north and by east, distant about twelve miles, and are visible in clear weather from the most distant parts of the island.

The rock is of a whitish sand-stone, drawing to a rose-colour, and assumes a singular appearance by taking a schistic form. Two transversal and parallel fissures are particularly remarkable. It rises about thirty feet above the level of the sea; and the top of the towers or lanterns about fifty.

Three towers, placed triangularly, are connected by walls forming an area, which contains a plot of ground where a few vegetables are grown in soil brought from Alderney; a small house for the accommodation of the agent of the Trinity-house, when he may have occasion to visit the establishment; a bake-house, and conveniences for the workmen who may occasionally come to make the necessary repairs, such as a carpenter's shop, &c.

In each lantern is a reflector, round which a circle of Argand lamps revolve horizontally, by a simple machine, not unlike that of a common culinary jack. The projection, *en potence*, to the right of one of the towers, shelters from the weather the pulleys and weight which work its revolver; the tower itself not being of a sufficient height from the rock, to afford play to the machinery which is necessary, so as to enable it to have a simultaneous action with that of the others.

The revolving of the lamps produces a twinkling effect, which with their number, should sufficiently distinguish these lights from others. A Russian man-of-war was, notwithstanding, lost here some years ago. This vessel was observed in the night steering for the Caskets, but bearing a little to the eastward, and consequently between the Caskets and Alderney. On passing through a narrow interstice in the ledge, so as to be clear of all the dangers, she was seen to tack, apparently for the purpose of getting to the westward of the rock, when she struck, and every soul perished!

These unfortunate people are supposed, on entering the British Channel, to have first made these lights, and that in such a direction as to keep two in one, thus mistaking them for the Lizard-lights, until they came abreast of the rock, when they opened the third, found their error, and by endeavouring to extricate themselves, were precipitated into that destruction which the spectators thought they had most miraculously avoided.

The interior economy of this place cannot, we think, fail to be interesting to our readers. The inhabitants generally consist of one family, whose duty is rather severe—watching and trimming the lamps at night—particularly in winter, when the spray of the sea flies over, perhaps to double the height of the towers, and the waves dashing with such violence as to break the panes of glass of the lanterns, although of an extraordinary thickness.

Their supplies of the necessities of life from the Trinity-house, consisting of the best salt meat, biscuit, flour, &c. &c., are very liberal, and of the first quality. They occasionally, when the weather permits, receive fresh provisions and vegetables from Alderney. When to this is added their own poultry, with the produce of their garden, the great abundance of fish which they catch from the rock in summer, and either consume fresh, or cure for their winter use, their situation is, in

this respect, most comfortable; and indeed the air of content, the personal cleanliness and cheerfulness of these people were remarkable.

One mode of fishing deserves mentioning for its ingenuity. A lobster-pot, properly loaded to insure its sinking, was placed on a float, and to each was attached a cord held by the fisherman, who suffered this apparatus to be carried away by the current, until in a proper situation, when, by twitching away the float, the pot sunk, and was pulled in after remaining a sufficient time.

Rain-water they save in cisterns, usually adequate to their wants, although in dry-seasons it has been necessary to procure a supply from Alderney.

It may be worthy of remark that pigeons quickly degenerate here in size, probably from the want of green vegetable food. An eagle which had taken up its abode on one of the neighbouring rocks, some years ago, carried off many.

In the dark winter nights it is not unusual for wild fowl attracted by the light, to dash themselves against the glass, and be taken up dead in the morning.

There are two landing places for boats, which are impracticable but in calm weather, and scarcely ever both at the same time; in consequence of which, they have certain signals to point out the safest. And on the subject of signals, it should not be forgotten that they have a telegraph, with which they communicate with Alderney.

A CALM AT SEA.

ABOUT the time of the failing of the wind, the obscure vapour which had so long prevailed, melted into a thin and yellow haze, through which a tropical sun transfused, with power unsubdued, its majesty of light, and furnace glow of heat.

It is, perhaps, chiefly owing to the oppressive influence of climate, and the languor it induces, joined with the monotony of maritime life, without exertion, that the crew of a ship becalmed in the Indian Ocean, so often lose all self-confidence, and give way to nervous impressions of despondency. It is certain at least, that such feelings are sometimes carried so far, that, grown wild with a pining desire for that home which he fancies he shall never revisit, the young voyager has been known to leave his cot, and pass over the side of the ship, under the delirious impression that the sea around him, grown vividly green from the reflection of the amber-tinted haze which then frequently prevails, is nothing less than the beloved fields that witnessed the sports of his childhood; and from this flattering delusion, the doomed wretch is only awakened as the waters engulf him in their cold embrace for ever.

Predisposed by the occurrence of so many real and fictitious dangers, the crew of the Ganges now readily gave way to the enervating influence of their situation. Without present occupation, or certainty as to the future, they huddled together in detached groups, and seeking the coolest parts of the ship, spent the tedious hours in recounting marvellous adventures, said to have been encountered by hapless mariners.

Among other prodigies, the histories of such fatal calms were related; and how the elemental lethargy had been prolonged, from weeks to months, until at last the grinding pains of famine clung to a whole ship's company.

And then they told, how, day by day, the men grew ravenous, and found the sodden leather from the ship's pumps, and their very shoes, delicious food: and then, when these were gone, and hours had rolled on hours, without a chance of hope, though each to patience was an age!—how, like a troop of wolves at bay, they circled round, and watched, with greedy joy, the last faint struggles of a messmate, expiring of the hunger felt by all.

And how before the death film had altogether dimmed his dying eyes, the limp and wasted limbs were gashed; and how, with vampire-thirst, they drained the empty veins, tore the shrivelled sinews from the bones, and gorged to madness on the soul-revolting banquet.

INHUMANITY OF EARL ST. VINCENT.

FOUR sailors, who had exhibited symptoms of mutinous conduct on board the *St. George*, were promptly and gallantly seized by two of the officers; a boat was immediately lowered down, and the prisoners were conveyed on board the *Ville de Paris*, on board of which ship they were put in irons, and kept under the poop-awning, in charge of two sentinels, and under the eye of the lieutenant of the watch. A court-martial was ordered for the following day; and when the prisoners crossed the quarter-deck to go into the boat, and be conveyed to the flag-ship of the second in command, Lord St. Vincent thus addressed them: "My friends, I hope you are innocent; but, if guilty, I recommend you instantly to set about making your peace with God; for if you are condemned, and there is daylight to hang you, you will die this day."

They were all condemned—but it was late before the trial was over; and the president of the court-martial told them that they should have till Monday morning to prepare themselves. Having said this, he carried the proceedings of the court, and the sentence, to the commander-in-chief.

Lord St. Vincent said: "Sir, when you passed the sentence your duty was complete—you had no right to say that the execution of it should be suspended;" and he instantly gave out an order that it should be carried into effect on the following morning, Sunday, at nine o'clock.

It had been the usual practice in the navy for the boat's crews of the different ships, which attended on these occasions, to draw lots which of them should go on board the ship where the punishment was to take place, to man the yard-rope, and assist in the execution; but on this occasion the admiral, in order to mark his displeasure at the conduct of the crew of the *St. George*, desired that they alone should be the executioners. He also commanded, that as soon as the culprits were suspended at the yard-arm, every ship in the fleet should proceed to the performance of divine service. Accordingly, at the appointed time the fatal gun was fired, and the unhappy men were run up in the midst of the smoke of it; each ship then hoisted a pendant at her mizen-peak, the signal for divine service, and all were assembled at prayers. Such was Sunday morning under the command of Earl St. Vincent!

The biographer, however, has not stated that this president of the court-martial—the gallant Sir Charles Thompson—was so disgusted with the treatment he received on the occasion, that he returned to England very shortly afterwards. Nor is the anecdote fully related. Sir Charles went on board the flag-ship, and on reminding his lordship that the following day was Sunday, St. Vincent replied, with asperity, "I don't want you to tell me what day it is. I know the day of the week as well as you do, sir. You have only to obey my orders." The rear-admiral retired, and the mandate took its course—

"For who shall e'er the argument confute,
Where power prevails, and no man dare dispute?"

SAILING SONG.

We have left the still earth for the billows and breeze,
Neath the brightest of moons on the bluest of seas;
We have music—hark! hark! there's a tone o'er the deep,
Like the murmuring breath of a lion asleep.
There's enough of bold dash in the rich foam that laves,
Just to whisper the slumber-wrapt might of the waves;
But yet there's a sweetness about the full swell,
Like the song of the mermaid—the chords of the shell.

We have jewels—oh! what is your casket of gems
To the pearls hanging thick on the red coral stems?
Are there homes of more light than the one where we are?
For it nestles the dolphin and mirrors the star.
We may creep, we may scud, we may rest, we may fly;
There's no check to our speed, there's no dust for our eye.
Oh! well may our spirits grow wild as the breeze,
Neath the brightest of moons on the bluest of seas!

THE FRENCH MARINER.

A BALLAD.

By Robert Bloomfield.

An old French Mariner am I,
Whom time hath rendered poor and gray.
Hear, conquering Britons, ere I die,
What anguish prompts me thus to say.

I've rode o'er many a dreadful wave,
I've seen the reeking blood descend;
I've heard the last groans of the brave;
The shipmate dear, the steady friend.

'Twas when De Grasse the battle joined,
And struck on April's natal morn:
I left three smiling boys behind,
And saw my country's lily torn.

There as I braved the storms of fate,
Dead in my arms my brother fell;
Here sits forlorn his widow'd mate,
Who weeps whene'er the tale I tell.

Thy reign, sweet Peace, was o'er too soon,
War, piecemeal, robs me of my joy;
For, on the blood-stained first of June,
Death took my eldest favourite boy.

The other two enraged arose,
"Our country claims our lives," they said,
With them I lost my soul's repose,
That fatal hour my last hope fled,

With Brueys the proud Nile they sought,
Where one in lingering wounds expired;
While yet the other bravely fought,
The Orient's magazine was fired.

And must I mourn my country's shame,
And envious curse the conquering foe!
No more I feel that thirst of fame;
All I can feel is private woe.

E'en all the joy that vict'ry brings,
(Her bellowing guns and flaming pride)
Cold momentary comfort flings
Around where weeping friends reside.

Whose blighted bud no sun shall cheer,
Whose lamp of life no longer shine;
Some parent, brother, child most dear,
Who ventured and who died like mine.

Proud crested fiend, the world's worst foe,
Ambition; canst thou boast one deed,
Whence no unsightly horrors flow,
Nor private peace is seen to bleed?

Ah! why do these old eyes remain
To see succeeding mornings rise!
My wife is dead, my children slain,
And poverty is all my prize.

Yet shall not poor enfeebled age
Breath forth revenge;—but kneel and pray—
O God, who seest the battle's rage,
Take from men's hearts that rage away.

From the vindictive tongue of strife,
Bid hatred and false glory flee;
That babes may meet advancing life,
Nor feel the woes that light on me.

LOSS OF THE LADY HOBART.

THE packet-ship, *Lady Hobart*, commanded by Captain William D. Fellowes, bound for England, sailed from Halifax on June 23, 1803, and on the 24th hauled to the northward, intending to pass over the northern part of the Great Bank of Newfoundland, with a view to avoid the enemy's cruisers.

On the 26th, at seven, a.m., being then in latitude $44^{\circ} 37'$, and longitude $51^{\circ} 20'$, they discovered a large schooner, under French colours, with her deck full of men, standing towards them. From her manner of bearing down upon them, they concluded that she had been apprised of the war, which had just then commenced, and took the *Lady Hobart* for a merchant brig. They accordingly cleared the deck for action, and at

eight, the schooner being within range of her guns, the *Lady Hobart* fired a shot at her, when the schooner struck her colours. Having sent some men on board to take possession of her, she proved to be *L'Amiable Julie*, of Port Liberté, of eighty tons burthen, a new and strong-built vessel, from the island of St. Pierre, laden with salt fish, and commanded by Charles Rossé.

After taking out the captain and crew, the prize was given in charge to lieutenants John Little and William Hughes, of his majesty's navy, who were passengers on board the *Lady Hobart*, and who very handsomely volunteered their services, taking with them two seamen and two of the prisoners to assist in navigating the prize. At ten o'clock the same morning, they saw two schooners a-head, fired a gun, and brought them to;



LOSS OF THE LADY HOBART PACKET, CAPTAIN FELLOWES, ON AN ISLAND OF ICE, JUNE 28TH, 1803.

when finding them to be English, and bound to St. John's, the French prisoners were divided between them, with the exception of the captain, mate, and a boy, nephew to the captain, who earnestly entreated that they might remain on board the packet.

On Tuesday, June 28, it blew a hard gale from the westward, with a heavy sea, hazy weather, and intervals of thick fog. About one o'clock in the morning, when the ship was going at the rate of seven miles an hour by the log, she struck against an island of ice with such violence, that several of the crew were pitched out of their hammocks. The captain was roused from his sleep by the suddenness of the shock, and instantly ran upon deck, and ordered the helm to be put hard a-port, when the ship struck again upon the chest-tree, and then swung round upon her heel, the stern-post being stove in, and the

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rudder carried away, before they could succeed in their attempts to haul her off. At this time, the ice appeared to hang quite over the ship, forming a high peak, which must have been at least twice the height of their topmast head. The length of the island, as near as they could judge, was from a quarter to half a mile.

The sea was now breaking over the ice in a frightful manner, and the water rushed in so fast, that in a very few minutes the hold was completely filled. Every exertion was made to lighten the ship; the guns were hove overboard, the anchors were cut away from the bows, two sails were got under the ship's bottom, both pumps kept going, and they also baled with buckets from the main-hatchway, in the hope of preventing her from sinking; but notwithstanding all their efforts, she settled down in the water to her fore-chains in less than a quarter of an hour.

Their situation now became perilous in the extreme. The captain, who was aware of the danger of a moment's delay in hoisting out the boats, immediately consulted with Captain Thomas, of the royal navy, who was a passenger, and Mr. Bargus, the master, as to the propriety of making any further efforts to save the ship, and also as to the possibility of taking the mail into the boats, in the event of their being able to get them over the ship's side. They agreed that no time ought to be lost in hoisting the boats out, and that, as the vessel was then settling fast, the preservation of the crew should be their first consideration.

That tribute of praise, which the steady discipline and good conduct of all on board so justly merit, ought not to be omitted. From the first moment of the ship's striking, not a word was

uttered expressive of a desire to leave the wreck. The orders of the captain were promptly obeyed; and though every moment increased the danger of perishing, each man waited his turn to get into the boats, with a coolness and composure which was never surpassed, and scarcely ever equalled.

Having fortunately succeeded in hoisting out the cutter and jolly-boat, the sea still running very high, they placed the ladies in the former. One young lady, Miss Cottenham, was so terrified, that she sprung from the gunwale and pitched into the bottom of the boat with considerable violence; but although such an accident might have been productive of effects equally fatal to herself and them all, it was not attended by any bad consequences. The few provisions which had been saved from the men's berths were then put into the boats, which were

quickly veered astern. The main-deck forward was by this time under water; and nothing but the quarter-deck appeared. The men were then ordered into the boats, and the mail, after being lashed to some iron pigs of ballast, was thrown overboard.

The ship was now rapidly sinking, when the captain, having used every exertion to save his men, called out to them to haul up and receive him, as, fearing the cutter might be stove under the counter, he intended to drop himself into her from the end of the trysail boom. He desired Mr. Bargus, the master, who remained with him on the wreck to go over first; but in this instance he replied, that he begged leave to disobey his orders, adding, that he must see the captain safely over before he attempted to go himself. On such noble behaviour, the captain, in his despatches, observes, "Such conduct, at such a

moment, requires no comment; but I should be wanting to myself and to the service, if I did not faithfully state to your lordships (the postmasters general,) every circumstance, however trifling; and it is highly satisfactory to me to have this opportunity of recording an incident so honourable to a meritorious officer."

The sea ran so high at the time the boats were hoisted out, that they hardly dared flatter themselves they should get them out in safety. Indeed, nothing but the steady and orderly conduct of the crew could have enabled them to effect an undertaking which was attended with so much difficulty and danger; and it is but justice to observe, that not a man in the ship attempted to make use of the liquor, which every one had in his power. As an instance of this resolution and self-denial on

the part of the men, one of them, John Tipper, was observed emptying a demi-jean, or five-gallon bottle, which on inquiry proved to be rum. He said he was emptying it for the purpose of filling it with water from the scuttle cask on the quarter-deck, which was the only fresh water that could be got at, a circumstance highly creditable to the character of a British sailor; and the water thus procured afterwards became their principal supply.

They had scarcely quitted the ship, when she suddenly gave a heavy lurch to port, and went down head foremost, the boats narrowly escaping being swallowed up in the vortex caused by the sinking of the vessel. The colours had been hoisted at the maintop-gallant-mast-head with the union downwards, as a signal of distress, so that if any vessel should happen to be near them at the dawn of day, she might perceive their calamitous situation, and afford them relief.

It is impossible to describe the feelings and sensations of these unfortunate people, thus suddenly exposed in two open boats upon the vast Atlantic Ocean, and bereft of all assistance, but what their own exertions could, under Providence, afford them. Men accustomed to vicissitudes are not soon dejected; but there are trials which human nature alone cannot surmount. The consciousness of having done their duty, and a reliance upon the mercies of a kind Providence, enabled them to endure their calamity, and with the confident hope of better fortune, they animated each other to increased exertions to attain it.

While they were employed in deliberating upon their future course, a curious circumstance occurred, which, as it caused them a considerable degree of uneasiness, deserves to be mentioned. At the moment when the ship was sinking, she was surrounded by an amazing number of whales, which at this season of the year repair to the coast of Newfoundland, in quest of a small fish called capelin. As the whales approached the boats, the men were extremely apprehensive that they might strike and materially damage them, as frequent instances have occurred in the fishery, where boats have been cut asunder by a single blow from a whale. They therefore shouted as loud as they could, and employed every effort to scare them away, but all to no effect; for the whales appeared to be pursuing them, and remained about the boats for more than half an hour, when they disappeared without having done them any injury.

After surmounting difficulties and dangers which baffle all description, they rigged the foremast, and prepared to shape their course in the best manner that circumstances would admit, the wind blowing precisely from the point towards which it was necessary to sail to reach the nearest land. The crew were distributed in the boats in the following manner:—

In the cutter, which was twenty feet long, six feet four inches broad, and two feet six inches deep, were embarked three ladies, the captain of the *Lady Hobart*, Captain Richard Thomas, of the royal navy, the commander of the French schooner, which they had taken two days before, the master's mate, gunner, steward, carpenter, and eight seamen, being eighteen persons in all; whose weight, together with that of the provisions, brought the gunwale of the boat within six or seven inches of the water. From this confined space, some idea may be formed of their crowded state; but it is scarcely possible for the imagination to conceive the extent of their sufferings in consequence of it.

In the jolly-boat which was fourteen feet from stem to stern, five feet three inches broad, and two feet deep, were Mr. Samuel Bargus, master; Lieutenant-Colonel George Cooke, of the first regiment of guards; the boatswain, sail-maker, and seven seamen; being eleven persons in all.

The only provisions which they had time to save, consisted of about forty or fifty pounds of bread, one demi-jean, and a small jug of water, part of a small barrel of spruce beer, one demi-jean of rum, a few bottles of port wine, two compasses, a quadrant, a spy-glass, a small tin mug, and a wine-glass. The deck-lantern, containing a few spare candles, had also been thrown into the boat; and the cook having taken the precaution to secure his tinder-box, together with a few matches that were kept in a bladder, they were thus enabled to steer by night.

Scarcely an hour elapsed from the time the ship struck till she foundered; and the boats left the fatal spot just as the day

dawned. As near as they could estimate, they were about 350 miles from St. John's, Newfoundland, and had the wind have continued westerly, as there appeared every prospect of its doing, it would have been found necessary to exercise the most rigid economy in the consumption of their provisions. For this purpose the captain addressed them on the propriety of at once submitting to privation, which must soon be inevitable, and concluded by ordering half a biscuit and a glass of wine to each individual, which was to be the whole allowance for the ensuing twenty four hours, all of them agreeing to leave the water untouched as long as possible.

While they were employed in hoisting out the boats, the captain had ordered the master to throw the main-hatch tarpauling into the cutter, which being afterwards cut into lengths, enabled them to form a temporary bulwark against the waves. The carpenter had also been ordered to carry with him as many tools as he could; he accordingly, among other things, put a few nails in his pockets, with which they repaired the gunwale of the cutter that had been stove in hoisting her out.

Soon after daylight, they made sail with the cutter, and took the jolly boat in tow, standing close-hauled to the northward and westward, in the hope of reaching the coast of Newfoundland, or of being picked up by some vessel. They passed two islands of ice, and shortly afterwards, said prayers, fervently returning thanks to the Almighty for their providential deliverance. At noon, they were, by observation, in lat. 46° 33' N., St. John's bearing about W. $\frac{1}{4}$ N., distant 350 miles.

Wednesday, June the 29th, was ushered in with variable winds from the southward and eastward. They had passed a long and sleepless night, and at the dawn of day, the captain found himself with twenty-eight persons looking up to him with anxiety for the distribution of their scanty allowance, and also for the direction of their course. Upon examining their provisions, they found the bag of biscuit much damaged by salt water, which made it necessary for them to diminish their allowance; and to this precaution they all cheerfully assented. It was at this moment that they became more sensible to the horrors of their situation, but grateful to Providence they returned thanks for past mercies, and offered up prayers for their future safety.

Soon afterwards a thick fog came on, which continued the whole day, with heavy rain, but as they had no means of collecting it, it afforded them no relief; and their crowded and exposed situation was rendered still more distressing by their being thoroughly wet, as no person had been permitted to take more than a great coat or a blanket, besides the clothes on his back.

The oars in both boats were kept constantly going, steering a W.N.W. course, and every one anxiously looking out for a sail. At noon, a quarter of a biscuit and a glass of rum were served to each person. St. John's bore W. by N. $\frac{1}{4}$ N., distant 310 miles—no observation. One of the ladies again read prayers, particularly that for deliverance after a storm.

On Thursday, June 30th, at day-break, they were all so benumbed with wet and cold, that a glass of rum and a mouthful of biscuit were served out to each person. The ladies, who before had refused to taste the spirits, were now prevailed on to take the stated allowance, which afforded them much benefit, and enabled them the better to resist the severity of the weather. The air was raw and cold, with thick fog and sleet, and the sea was mostly calm. They had kept at their oars all night, and continued to row during the whole of this day. The jolly-boat having unfortunately put off from the ship with only three oars, and having but a small sail, which had been converted from a foresail into a top-gallant steering-sail, without needles or twine, the cutter was obliged to keep her constantly in tow. The cutter had likewise lost two of her oars in hoisting out, and was now so deep in the water that, with the least sea, she made so little way, that they were unable to profit much by the light winds.

One of the men in the jolly-boat called out that they had found part of a cold ham, which had not been discovered before; a morsel, about the size of a nutmeg, was immediately distributed to each person, but the captain had the remainder thrown overboard, as he was fearful that it might create an intolerable

thirst, which they had no means of assuaging. At noon, they judged they were on the north-eastern edge of the Grand Bank, St. John's bearing W. by N. $\frac{1}{4}$ N., distant about 246 miles. On this day divine service was performed, in which all fervently joined.

On Friday, July 1st, it blew a hard gale from the W.S.W. during the greater part of the day, with a heavy sea from the same quarter. The weather was excessively cold, and the spray of the sea freezing as it flew over the boats, rendered their situation truly deplorable. The want of nourishment, coupled with the cold and wet weather, had produced a most painful depression of spirits, and rendered them almost incapable of exertion; added to which, the very confined space in the boat would not allow them to stretch their limbs, that several of the men whose feet were much swelled, called out repeatedly for water; but on being reminded of their former resolution, and the absolute necessity of strictly adhering to it, they acknowledged the propriety of its being refused to them, and the water remained untouched.

At the commencement of the gale they stood to the northward and westward; but the cutter was so low in the water, that they were obliged to cast off the jolly-boat's tow-rope, and very soon lost sight of her in the fog. This unfortunate circumstance caused all of them the utmost distress; as they were uncertain of ever again meeting their companions in misfortune; and to add to the misery of their situation, they lost with the boat, not only a considerable part of their stores, but also their quadrant and spy-glass. About four, p.m., the gale increasing, with a prodigiously heavy sea, they brought the cutter to, by heaving the boat's sail loose over the bow, and veering it out with a rope bent to each yard-arm, which kept her head to the sea, and broke the force of the waves before they reached them.

In the course of this day there were repeated cries of a strange sail being in sight; and although the captain was aware that it was next to impossible to discern any thing, owing to the thickness of the fog, yet, being urged by many of the seamen with such apparent certainty, he was induced to put the boat before the wind; the rather to convince them of their error, than with any expectation of their hopes being realized. But the captain being convinced of the dangerous consequences of such deviations, remonstrated with them on the subject, representing in language as forcible as he could command, that the depression arising from disappointment infinitely overbalanced the momentary relief proceeding from such delusive expectations, and exhorted them not to indulge in such fancies. Under all these circumstances, the ladies, with a heroism that no words can sufficiently do justice to, afforded the best examples of patience and fortitude.

They all joined in prayer, which tended greatly to calm their minds, and inspired them with the consolatory hope of an alleviation to their sufferings. On these solemn occasions they were all bareheaded, notwithstanding the showers that were incessantly falling. At noon, St. John's bore W. by N. $\frac{1}{4}$ N. distant 148 miles.

On Saturday, July 2, having rained hard during the night, the cold became so intense that almost every person in the boat was unable to move. Their hands and feet were so swelled that many of them turned quite black, owing to their confined state and constant exposure to wet and cold. At day-break each person was served with a quarter of a biscuit, and a third of a wine-glassful of rum, and before noon, a small quantity of spruce-beer, from which they derived great benefit. During the early part of the day, it blew strong from the southward and westward, with thick fogs, which, towards noon, was succeeded by moderate breezes from the northward and eastward.

At half-past eleven, a.m., they discovered a sail to the eastward, standing to the north-west, the sight of which inspired them all with the hope of immediate deliverance, and animated them with new life. The captain immediately ordered the people to sit as close as possible, in order that they might not appear too much like an armed boat; and, having tied one of the ladies' shawls to the boat-hook, he raised himself, as well as he could, and waved it from the bow as long as his strength would permit. Having hauled close to the wind, they neared each other fast, and in less than a quarter of an hour, to their

joyful surprise, they perceived that it was their long-lost consort, the jolly-boat. They would have recognised her sooner, but an additional sail had been made for her out of one of the bed-sheets, which had been accidentally thrown into the boat, and was set as a bonnet to the foresail.

It would be impossible to describe the various sensations alternately expressed in every countenance—joy at the unexpected re-union with their long-lost friends and companions in misfortune, and disappointment to all their hopes of relief from their perilous situation. As soon as they approached, the cutter threw out a tow-rope to the jolly-boat, and bore away to the north-west.

They now mutually inquired into the state of their respective crews, after the late dreadful gale; those in the jolly-boat had suffered from swelled hands and feet, the same as the others, and had experienced the greatest anxiety for the fate of the cutter, as they concluded she must have perished. The most singular circumstance was, that having steered for two nights without any light, they should, after such tempestuous weather, meet again; which could only be attributed to the interposition of Divine Providence: but fearing a similar accident might occur, they made a more equal distribution of the provisions; the cutter having received of the jolly-boat two bottles of wine and some biscuit, gave them some rum in return.

The late occurrence had raised their hopes of deliverance to the highest pitch, but the excitement beginning gradually to subside, a corresponding despondency succeeded to such a state of artificial elevation, that no argument or entreaty could rouse some of the men to the ordinary exertions of making sail.

The captain now, for the first time, served out a wine-glassful of water to the French captain and several of the people who appeared to have suffered most, and earnestly cautioned the crew not to taste the salt water; some of them, nevertheless, took large draughts and became delirious, while others were seized with violent cramps in the stomach and bowels.

This day divine service was again performed at noon, St. John's bore W. by N. $\frac{3}{4}$, distant 110 miles.

On Sunday July 3rd, the cold was intense; indeed, it is hardly possible for language to describe the sufferings and distress of this miserable crew from cold, wet, hunger, and thirst. At eight, p.m., having a strong breeze from the southward, the cutter stood under all the canvass they could spread, with the jolly-boat following in her wake and pulling her oars to keep up with them. The French captain, who had been for some days labouring under a despondency which admitted of no consolation, in a fit of delirium jumped overboard, and instantly sunk; and the cutter was going at such a rate, with the oars lashed to the gunwale, that it would have been impossible to have attempted to save him, even if he had floated. One of the prisoners also, in the jolly-boat, became so outrageous that it was found necessary to lash him to the bottom.

This circumstance deeply affected them all; indeed, the most trifling accident was sufficient to render their irritable state more painful. The captain of the Lady Hobart was seized with a violent shivering, which returned at intervals, and having refused all sustenance, his situation became very alarming; however, towards night he enjoyed, for the first time, three or four hours sleep; perspiration took place, and he awoke as from a dream, free from delirium, but painfully alive to all the horrors that surrounded them.

The sea continued to break over the boats so much, that those who had strength enough, were obliged to bale without intermission. Those in the stern of the cutter were so confined that it was difficult for any one to put his hand into his pocket, and most of the crew lay in water at the bottom of the boat.

The return of day brought them no relief but its light. The sun had only once cheered them during the whole of their perilous voyage, and those who obtained a few hours of uninterrupted sleep, awoke to all the consciousness of their misery.

A very heavy gale of wind came on from the southward, with a tremendous sea, so that the utmost vigilance was necessary in managing the helm, as the smallest deviation would have broached the boats to, and hurried them to destruction. They scudded before it, expecting each returning wave to overwhelm them; but, through the providence of Almighty God,

they weathered the storm, which, towards night, began to abate. They had now nearly run the whole distance they had supposed themselves from St. John's, but the thickness of the fog prevented them from seeing to any extent.

Towards evening they passed several pieces of rock-weed, and soon afterwards Captain Thomas saw the wing of a backdown, an aquatic bird, that frequents the coast of Newfoundland, and is much eaten by the fishermen. This circumstance inspired them with great hopes of their approaching the land; and every person was employed in attentively observing what passed the boats. Soon after, a beautiful white bird, web-footed, and not unlike a dove in size and plumage, hovered over the mast-head of the cutter, and, notwithstanding the pitching of the boat, frequently attempted to perch on it, and continued to flutter there till dark. This circumstance, trifling as it may appear, was considered by them all as a propitious omen, and awakened in them a superstition to which sailors are said to be at all times too much addicted.

As they had every reason to conclude that they were well in with the land, the few who were able to move, were called upon to make a last exertion to save their lives by rowing, and take advantage of the little breeze which they then had. It was strongly urged, that should the wind come off the shore in the morning, and drive them to leeward, that all efforts to regain it might be too late; for, independent of their feeble state, the provisions could not, with the most rigid economy, last more than two days; nor could the water which had remained untouched, except in the instances before mentioned, hold out much longer. They had been six days and nights constantly wet and cold, without any other sustenance than a quarter of a biseuit and one wine-glass of liquid for twenty-four hours. But the men who had appeared totally indifferent to their fate, now summoned resolution, and as many as were able to move, applied themselves to the oars.

On the morning of Monday, July 4, the fog grew so thick that they could not see far from the boat. During the night the cutter had been under the necessity of casting off the jolly-boat's tow-rope; and having lost sight of her, this unlucky accident gave them some uneasiness. Several of them repeatedly declared that they heard breakers, and others the firing of guns, as of a ship in distress, but this afterwards proved to be the noise of the blowing of whales, of which they saw a great number.

Soon after daylight, the sun rose in view, for the second time since they quitted the wreck, and at length the fog began to disperse, when they caught a glimpse of the land about a mile distant, between Kettle Cove and Island Cove, in Conception Bay, fourteen leagues from the harbour of St. John; and almost at the same moment they had the inexpressible satisfaction to discover the jolly-boat and a schooner standing off towards them from the shore.

It is almost impossible to describe their sensations at this interesting moment. Many burst into tears, some looked at each other with a stupid stare, as if doubtful of the reality of what they saw; while several remained in such a lethargic state, that no language, however animating and consolatory, could rouse them to exertion.

At this moment the captain, though overpowered by his own sensations, yet impressed with the recollection of their sufferings, and the sight of so many deplorable objects, proposed to offer up their thanks to heaven for their miraculous deliverance. To this they all cheerfully assented, and as soon as he had opened the prayer-book, which he had secured the last time he went down into the cabin, a universal silence prevailed: a spirit of devotion was manifested in such a striking manner on this occasion, that to a sense of religion in uncultivated minds, must be ascribed the discipline, good order, and exertion, which even the sight of land could not produce.

The schooner being now within hail, and being made acquainted with their situation, she hove-to, received them on board, and took their boats in tow; but as the wind blew with great violence off the coast, they did not reach the landing place at Island Cove till four o'clock in the afternoon. All the women and children, with two or three fishermen, the remainder being absent, repaired to the beach, and appeared deeply affected at their wretched situation. They assisted in

lifting them out of the vessel and carrying them over the crazy rocks, over which they were obliged to pass in order to reach their habitations.

It was fortunate for them, that they fell in with the land about Island Bay; as the coast a few miles further northward was inaccessible, and lined with dangerous reefs of rocks, for which they would have steered had they seen them in the night.

The three ladies, Colonel Cooke, Captain Thomas, and Captain Fellowes, were conducted to the house of Mr. Lilly, a planter, who received them with great attention and humanity; but as this small village afforded neither medical aid, nor fresh provisions, Captain Fellowes resolved to lose no time in proceeding to St. John's; for which purpose he hired a small vessel, and placing in her the most infirm, they embarked on July 7, in three divisions, the master's mate having charge of the cutter, and the boatswain of the jolly-boat. Such, however, was the exhausted state of almost the whole party, that the day was considerably advanced before they could get under way.

At two, p.m., they made sail with the jolly-boat in tow and the cutter in company, standing along the coast of Newfoundland with a favourable breeze; but towards dusk it began to blow in squalls off the shore, when they lost sight of the cutter, and were soon obliged to come to an anchor outside of St. John's harbour. They entertained great apprehensions for the safety of the cutter, as she had no grapnel, and they feared that she might be driven out to sea.

The party above-mentioned, conducted by Mr. Lilly in the jolly-boat, left the schooner where she anchored, and, notwithstanding the bad weather and extreme darkness, reached the shore about midnight. There being no house open at that late hour, they for some time wandered about the streets, till at length they obtained admittance into a small house, where they passed the remainder of the night upon chairs, as it contained but one miserable bed for the ladies.

At daylight, to their infinite satisfaction, they observed the cutter and schooner entering the harbour; the former having had the good fortune to fall in with a fishing vessel, to which she made fast during the night.

Early in the morning, their circumstances being made known, hundreds of people crowded down to the landing-place. Nothing could exceed their astonishment when they saw the boats which carried twenty-nine persons over such a boisterous sea; and when they beheld so many miserable objects, they were unable to conceal their emotions of pity and concern. Captain Fellowes waited upon Brigadier-General Skeritt, the commander of the garrison, who, on being informed of their situation, immediately ordered down a party of soldiers to take the people out of the boats, and with the utmost kindness and humanity directed beds and every necessary article to be prepared for the crew.

The greatest caution was found necessary in administering nourishment to the men, as several of them were so frost-bitten as to require constant surgical attendance. It was therefore determined that they should continue at St. John's till they were in a fit state to be removed to Halifax, for which purpose the captain hired a schooner.

Being anxious to return to England, Captain Fellowes engaged the cabin of a small vessel bound to Oporto, on board which he embarked on July 11, with Mrs. Fellowes, Colonel Cooke, Captain Thomas, Mr. Burgus, the master, and the colonel's servant, who, during the voyage, lost several of his toes in consequence of what he had suffered. The ship's company were left in the charge of the master's mate, with directions to conduct them to Halifax, where they would be enabled to procure a speedy conveyance to their own country.

On July 26, Captain Fellowes' party fell in with an American ship, the Bristol trader of New York. The owner, Mr. William Cowley, being made acquainted with their distressed situation, and their being shipwrecked, immediately hove-to, received them on board with a benevolence and humanity that reflected honour on his character, and brought them safe to Bristol, where they had the happiness to arrive on August 3d.

Thus, by the merciful interposition of Divine Providence, the crew of the *Lady Hobart* were rescued from dangers the most appalling, under circumstances the most disadvantageous; and of twenty-nine persons whose lives were committed to two open boats, only one perished, and that by his own act. Never had a body of men so much cause to be gratified for the blessings of Him who rides on the whirlwind and directs the storm.

LOSS OF H.M.S. ATALANTE,

CAPTAIN FREDERICK HICKEY, NOV. 10, 1813.

THE following account is extracted from a narrative of Capt. Basil Hall's voyage in H.M.S. *Leander*, and exhibits, in a forcible manner, the great advantage in cases of difficulty and danger, of the strict discipline which should be observed on board a man-of-war, and forms a striking contrast to the foregoing narrative.

On the 9th of May, we reached Halifax, off which port we were detained in a very disagreeable way; for we had the misfortune to be kept three whole days off the harbour, in one of those Nova Scotia fogs, which are celebrated all over the world. I can hardly give, by description, an idea how gloomy they are; but I think their effects may be compared to those of the sirocco, with the further annoyance, that while they last, we are not able to see far beyond our noses. They are even worse than rain, for they seem to wet one through sooner; while they make every thing appear dreary, and certainly render all the world lazy and discontented.

On the day we made the land, we had great hopes of being able to enter the harbour, as the wind was fair; when, all at once, we were surrounded by so thick a mist, that, for the three succeeding days, we could not see above twenty yards on any side.

There are few things, indeed, more provoking than these fogs off Halifax; for, as they happen to be companions of that very wind, the south-east, which is the best for running in, the navigator is plagued with the tormenting consciousness, that if he could be allowed but a couple of hours' clear weather, his port would be gained, and his troubles over. The clearing up, therefore, of these odious clouds, or veils, is about the most delightful thing I know; and the instantaneous effect which a distinct sight of the land, or even of the sharp horizon, when far at sea, has on the mind of every person on board, is quite remarkable. All things look bright, fresh, and more beautiful than ever. The stir over the whole ship at these moments is so great, that even persons sitting below, can tell at once that the fog has cleared away. The rapid clatter of the men's feet springing up the hatchways at the lively sound of the boatswain's call to "make sail!" soon follows. Then comes the cheerful voice of the officer, hailing the topmen to shake out the reefs, trice up the stay-sails, and rig out the booms. That peculiar and well-known kind of echo, also, by which the sound of the voice is produced back from the wet sails, contributes, in like manner, to throw a joyous elasticity of spirits, greater, I think, than is excited by most of the ordinary occurrences of a sea life.

A year or two after the time I am speaking of, it was resolved to place a heavy gun upon the rock on which Sambre light-house is built; and, after a good deal of trouble, a long twenty-four pounder was hoisted up to the highest ridge of this prominent station. It was then arranged that, if, on the arrival of any ship off the harbour in a period of fog, she chose to fire guns, these were to be answered from the light-house; and in this way a kind of audible, though invisible, telegraph, might be set to work. If it happened that the officers of the ship were sufficiently familiar with the ground, and possessed nerves stout enough for such a groping kind of navigation, perilous at best, it was possible to run fairly into the harbour, notwithstanding the obscurity, by catching the sound of these guns, and attending closely to the depth of water.

I never sailed in any ship which ventured upon this feat; but I perfectly recollect a curious circumstance, which occurred, I think, to his majesty's ship *Cambrian*. She had run in from sea towards the coast, enveloped in one of these dense fogs. Of course they took for granted that the light-house and adjacent

land, Halifax included, were likewise covered with an impenetrable cloud or mist. But it so chanced, by what freak of Dame Nature I know not, that the fog, on that day, was confined to the deep water; so that we, who were in the port, could see it, at the distance of several miles from the coast, lying on the ocean like a huge stratum of snow, with an abrupt face, fronting the shore. The *Cambrian*, lost in the midst of this fog-bank, supposing herself to be near the land, fired a gun. To this the light-house replied; and so the ship and the light went on, pelting away, gun for gun, during half the day, without ever seeing one another. The people at the light-house had no means of communicating to the frigate, that, if she would only stand on a little farther; she would disentangle herself from the cloud, in which, like Jupiter Olympius of old, she was wasting her thunder.

At last the captain, hopeless of its clearing up, gave orders to pipe to dinner; but as the weather, in all respects, except this abominable mist, was quite fine, and the ship was still in deep water, he directed her to be steered towards the shore, and the lead kept constantly going. As one o'clock approached, he began to feel uneasy, from the water shoaling, and the light-house guns sounding closer and closer; but, being unwilling to disturb the men at their dinner, he resolved to stand on for the remaining ten minutes of the hour. Lo and behold! however, they had not sailed half a mile further, before the flying-jib-boom end emerged from the wall of fog, then the bowsprit shot into day-light, and, lastly, the ship herself glided out of the cloud into the full blaze of a bright and "sunshine holiday." All hands were instantly turned up to make sail; and the men, as they flew on deck, could scarcely believe their senses when they saw behind them the huge bank, right a-head the harbour's mouth, with the bold cliffs of Cape Sambre on the left, and, farther still, the ships at their moorings, with their ensigns and pendants blowing, but light and dry, in the breeze.

A far different fate, alas, attended his majesty's ship *Atalante*, Captain Frederick Hickey. On the morning of the 10th of November, 1813, this ship stood in for Halifax harbour in very thick weather, carefully feeling her way with the lead, and having look-out men at the jib-boom end, fore-yard-arms, and everywhere else from which a glimpse of the land was likely to be obtained. After breakfast, a fog signal-gun was fired, in the expectation of its being answered by the light-house on Cape Sambre, near which it was known they must be. Within a few minutes, accordingly, a gun was heard in the N.N.W. quarter, exactly where the light was supposed to lie. As the soundings agreed with the estimated position of the ship, and as the guns from the *Atalante*, fired at intervals of fifteen minutes, were regularly answered in the direction of the harbour's mouth, it was determined to stand on, so as to enter the port under the guidance of these sounds alone. By a fatal coincidence of circumstances, however, these answering guns were fired, not by Cape Sambre, but by H.M.S. *Barrosa*, which was likewise entangled by the fog. She, too, supposed that she was communicating with the light-house, whereas it was the guns of the unfortunate *Atalante* that she heard all the time.

There was, certainly, no inconsiderable risk incurred by running in for the harbour's mouth under such circumstances, even if the guns had been fired by the light-house. But it will often happen that it becomes an officer's duty to put his ship, as well as his life, in hazard; and this appears to have been exactly one of these cases. Captain Hickey was charged with urgent despatches relative to the enemy's fleet, which it was of the greatest importance should be delivered without an hour's delay. But there was every appearance of this fog lasting a week; and as he and his officers had passed over the ground a hundred times before, and were as intimately acquainted with the spot as any pilot could be, it was resolved to try the bold experiment; and the ship was forthwith steered in the supposed direction of Halifax.

They had not, however, stood on far, before one of the look-out men exclaimed, "Breakers a-head! Hard a-starboard!" But it was too late, for, before the helm could be put over, the ship was amongst those formidable reefs known by the name of the Sister's Rocks, or eastern ledge of Sambre Island. The

rudder and half of the stern-post, together with great part of the false keel, were driven off at the first blow, and floated up alongside. There is some reason to believe, indeed, that a portion of the bottom of the ship, loaded with 120 tons of iron ballast, was torn from the upper works by this fearful blow, and that the ship, which instantly filled with water, was afterwards buoyed up merely by the empty casks, till the decks and sides were burst through or riven asunder by the waves.

The captain, who, throughout the whole scene, continued as composed as if nothing remarkable had occurred, now ordered the guns to be thrown overboard; but before one of them could be cast loose, or a breeching cut, the ship fell over so much that the men could not stand. It was, therefore, with great difficulty that a few guns were fired as signals of distress. In the same breath that this order was given, Captain Hickey desired the yard tackles to be hooked, in order that the pinnace might be hoisted out; but as the masts, deprived of their foundation, barely stood, tottering from side to side, the people were called down again. The quarter-boats were then lowered into the water with some difficulty; but the jolly-boat, which happened to be on the poop undergoing repairs, in being launched overboard, struck against one of the stern-davits, bilged, and went down. As the ship was now falling fast over on her beam ends, directions were given to cut away the fore and main-mast. Fortunately, they fell without injuring the large boat on the booms—their grand hope. At the instant of this crash, the ship parted in two, between the main and mizen-masts, so that the poor *Atalante* now formed a mere wreck, divided into three pieces, crumbling into smaller fragments at every send of the swell.

By this time a considerable crowd of the men had scrambled into the pinnace on the booms, in hopes that she might float off as the ship sunk; but Captain Hickey, seeing that the boat so loaded could never swim, desired some twenty of the men to quit her; and, what is particularly worthy of remark, his orders, which were given with the most perfect coolness, were as promptly obeyed as ever.

Throughout the whole of these trying moments, indeed, the discipline of the ship appears to have been maintained, not only without the smallest trace of insubordination, but with a degree of cheerfulness which is described as truly wonderful. Even when the masts fell, the sound of the crashing spars was drowned in the animated huzzas of the undaunted crew, though they were clinging to the weather gunwale, with the sea, from time to time, making a clean breach over them, and when they were expecting every instant to be carried to the bottom!

As soon as the pinnace was relieved from the pressure of the crowd, she floated off the booms, or rather was knocked off by a sea, which turned her bottom upwards, and wheeled her into the surf amidst the fragments of the wreck. The people, however, imitating the gallant bearing of their captain, and keeping their eyes fixed upon him, never, for one instant, lost their self-possession. By dint of great exertions they succeeded not only in righting the boat, but in disentangling her from the confused heap of spars, and the dash of the breakers, so as to place her at a little distance from the wreck, where they waited for further orders from the captain, who, with about forty men, still clung to the poor remains of the gay *Atalante*, once so much admired!

An attempt was next made to construct a raft, as it was feared the three boats could not possibly carry all hands; but the violence of the waves prevented this, and it was resolved to trust to the boats alone, though they were already to all appearance quite full. It became now, however, absolutely necessary to take to them, as the wreck was disappearing rapidly; and in order to pack close, most of the men were removed to the pinnace, where they were laid flat at the bottom, like herrings in a barrel, while the small boats returned to pick off the rest. This proved no easy matter in any case, while in others it was found impossible; so that many men had to swim for it; others were dragged through the waves by ropes, and some were forked off by oars and other small spars.

Amongst the crew there was one famous merry fellow, a black fiddler, who was discovered, at this critical juncture,

clinging to the main-chains, with his beloved Cremona squeezed tightly, but delicately, under his arm; a ludicrous picture of distress, and a subject of some joking amongst the men, even at this moment. It soon became indispensable that he should lose one of two things—his fiddle or his life. So, at last, after a painful struggle, the professor and his violin were obliged to part company!

The poor negro musician's tenacity of purpose arose from sheer love of his art; but there was another laugh raised about the same time, at the expense of the captain's clerk, who, stimulated purely by a sense of duty, lost all recollection of himself, in his anxiety to save what was entrusted to his care, and thus both he and his charge had nearly gone to the bottom. This zealous person had general instructions, that whenever guns were fired, or any other circumstance occurred likely to shake the chronometer, he was to hold it in his hand, to prevent the concussion deranging its works. As soon, therefore, as the poor ship dashed against the rocks, the clerk's thoughts naturally turned exclusively on the time-piece. He caught up the precious watch, and ran on deck; but being no swimmer, was obliged to cling to the mizen-mast, where he stuck fast, careless of every thing but his important trust. When the ship fell over, the mast became nearly horizontal, and he managed to creep along till he reached the mizen-top, where he seated himself in some trepidation, grinning like a monkey who has run off with a cocoa-cut, till the spar gave way, and he was plunged, chronometer and all, right overboard. Every eye was now turned to the spot, to see whether this most public-spirited of scribes was ever to appear again; when, to the great joy of all hands, he emerged from the waves—watch still in hand! but it was not without great difficulty that he was dragged into the boats, half drowned.

With the exception of this fortunate chronometer, and the admiral's despatches, which the captain had secured when the vessel struck, every thing on board was lost.

The pinnace now contained seventy-nine men and one woman, the cutter forty-two, and the gig eighteen, with which cargoes they barely floated. Capt. Hickey, of course, was the last man who left the wreck; though such had become the respect and affection felt for him by the crew, that those who stood along with him on the last vestige of the ship evinced great reluctance at leaving their commander even for a moment in such a perilous predicament. So speedy, indeed, was the work of destruction, that by the time the captain reached the boat, the wreck had almost entirely "melted into the yeast of waves." As she went down, the crew gave her three hearty cheers, and then finally abandoned the scattered fragments of what had been their house and home for nearly seven years.

The fog still continued as thick as ever; and, as the binnacles had both been washed overboard, no compass could be procured. The wind also being still light, there was great difficulty in steering in a straight line. Had there been a breeze, it would perhaps have been easier to have shaped a course. In this dilemma a resource was hit upon, which, for a time, answered pretty well to guide them. It being known, loosely, before leaving the wreck, in what direction the land was situated, the three boats were placed in a row pointing that way. The sternmost boat then quitted her station in the rear, and pulled a-head till she came in a line with the other two boats, but took care not to go so far as to be lost in the fog; the boat which was now furthest astern, then rowed a-head as the first had done; and so on, doubling along one after the other. This tardy method of proceeding answered only for a time; for at length they found themselves completely at a loss which way to steer. Precisely at this moment of greatest need, an old quarter-master, Samuel Shanks by name, recollected that at the end of his watch-chain there hung a small compass-seal. This precious discovery being announced to the other boats by a joyous shout from the pinnace, and the compass being speedily handed into the gig, to the captain, it was placed on the top of the chronometer, so nobly saved by the clerk. As this instrument worked on jimbles, the little needle remained upon it sufficiently steady for steering the boats within a few points.

The course now secured insured their hitting the land, from

which they had been steering quite wide. Before reaching the shore, they fell in with an old fisherman, who piloted them to a bight called Portuguese Cove, where they all landed in safety, at the distance of twenty miles from the town of Halifax.

The fishermen lighted great fires to warm their shivering guests, most of whom being very lightly clad, and all, of course, dripping wet, were in a very sorry predicament; many of them, also, were miserably cramped, by close packing in the boats.

Some of them, especially of those who entered the boats last, having been obliged to swim for their lives, had thrown off every thing but their trousers: so that the only respectably-dressed persons out of the whole party was old Shanks, the owner of the watch and compass-seal—a steady, hard-a-weather sailor, who, throughout, took the whole affair as deliberately as if shipwreck had been an every-day occurrence. He did not even take off his hat, except, indeed, to give his good ship a cheer as she went to the bottom.

Their subsequent measures were soon decided upon. The captain carried the three boats round to the harbour, taking with him the men who had suffered most fatigue, and those who were worst off for clothes. The officers then set out with the rest, to march across the country to Halifax, in three divisions, keeping together with as much regularity as if they had been proceeding upon some previously arranged piece of service. Very few of the party could boast of shoes—an inconvenience which was felt more severely than it otherwise would have been, from their having to trudge over a country but partially cleared of wood. Notwithstanding all this, there was not a single straggler; and the whole ship's company, officers, men and boys, assembled in the evening at Halifax, in as exact order as if their ship had met with no accident.

I have been more particular in describing this shipwreck, from its appearing to offer several uncommon and some useful details, well worthy, I think, of the notice of every practical man in the profession.

It is rather an unusual combination of disasters for a ship to be so totally wrecked, as to be actually obliterated from the face of the waters in the course of a quarter of an hour, in fine weather, in the day time, on well-known rocks, and close to a light-house; but without the loss of a single man, or the smallest accident to any one person on board.

In the next place, it is highly important to observe, that the lives of the crew, in all probability, would not, and perhaps could not, have been saved, had the discipline been, in the smallest degree, less exactly maintained. Had any impatience been manifested by the people to rush into the boats, or had the captain not possessed sufficient authority to reduce the numbers which had crowded into the pinnace, when she was still resting on the booms, at least half of the crew must have lost their lives.

It was chiefly, therefore, if not entirely, to the personal influence which Capt. Hickey possessed over the minds of all on board, that their safety was owing. Their habitual confidence in his fortitude, talents, and professional knowledge, had, from long experience, become so great, that every man in the ship, in this extremity of danger, instinctively turned to him for assistance, and, seeing him so cheerful and so completely master of himself, they relinquished to his well-known and often-tried sagacity the formidable task of extricating them from the impending peril. It is at such moments as these, indeed, that the grand distinction between man and man is developed, and the full ascendancy of a powerful and well-regulated mind makes itself felt. The slightest hesitation on the captain's part, the smallest want of decision, or any uncertainty as to what was the very best thing to be done, if betrayed by a word or look of his, would have shot, like an electric spark, through the whole ship's company—a tumultuous rush would have been made to the boats—and two out of the three, if not all, must have been swamped, and every man in them drowned.

Captain Hickey and his crew had been serving together in the same ship for many years before, in the course of which period they had acquired so thorough an acquaintance with one another, that this great trial, instead of loosening the discipline, only augmented its compactness, and thus enabled the commander to bring all his knowledge, and all the resources of his

vigorous understanding, to bear at once with such admirable effect upon the difficulties by which he was surrounded.

There are some men who actually derive more credit from their department, under the severest losses, than others can manage to earn by brilliant success; and it may certainly be said that Captain Hickey is one of these; for, although he had the great misfortune to lose his ship, he must enjoy the satisfaction of knowing that his skill and firmness, rendered effective by the discipline he had been so many years in perfecting, enabled him to save the lives of more than a hundred persons.

LOFODEN ISLES.—THE MALSTROEM.

THE most extensive group, as well as the most valuable, for their commercial importance, are the Lofoden Isles, renowned, from the earliest ages, as the great fishing station of the north. Their appearance is rugged and dismal, resembling piles of rocky mountains heaped upon each other, covered with snow, and rising abruptly from the bosom of the deep, to an elevation varying from 100 to 4,000 feet. Hindoe, Langoe, Andoe, and Senjen, are the largest; but East Vagoe is the central point for the fisheries, and it has continued so since the dawn of Norwegian history. They are separated from the mainland by the tempestuous channel of West Fiord, at the entrance to which, between the lower point of the group and the small island of Moscoe, is the celebrated Moskenstroem or Malstroem, so terrible in the annals of northern navigation. The ancient belief of its being a subterranean abyss, penetrating the globe, or communicating with the Gulf of Bothnia, has, among other fables, been long discarded; and the true cause of this dangerous whirlpool is, the conflicting agitation of the waves, as the tide rises or falls, against the rocks, which confine the sea to a narrow passage. These straits do not afford a sufficiently quick outlet to the immense body of water, which presses, like a wedge, between its shelving barriers; the ebb returns with prodigious force; and, when their motion is opposed by high winds, the struggling billows mount into the air, and precipitate themselves in cataracts, or whirl into eddies, whose powerful suction draws down fish, boats, and every thing that approaches it, to the bottom of the vortex. Large pines, absorbed by the current, have re-appeared, after being chafed in the rocky caverns, until their trunks were bruised and torn, as if covered with bristles. In calm weather, the furious turmoil nearly ceases; but in storms, the dashing and roaring of the waves are heard at a great distance, and the wary mariner dreads to approach within seven miles of this destructive collision of the elements. Although exaggerated descriptions have been given of the Malstroem, its real dangers are unquestionable. But it is not the only phenomenon of the kind in those seas.—Saltenstroem, near Badoe, is equally perilous, and not less fatal to the natives. In all the sounds between the islands of Lofoden, the tide flows in with the impetuosity of the most rapid rivers, and, on that account, the outermost bear the name of streams, as Napstroem, Sandstroem, Gimsoestroem, and Sundklastroem.

ON A SHIPWRECKED FRIEND.

I looked on the pale blue waves of the main,

I looked on the bright expanse of the sky,

And every thing seem'd devoid of pain,

And the waves were rolling placidly;

But my heart was sad within me, and

I heard a bitter sigh.

I thought on him, who in youthful bloom

Was wrecked on the eddying gulf of the deep:

How brief his span, how harsh his doom—

My tears flow'd fast,—'twas sweet to weep.

Cold were his youthful limbs, and hushed

In a deadly sleep.

I looked again on the pale blue wave,

But fierce was the storm and the tempest cry;

"How many find an untimely grave

In thy false waves, whose hearts beat high,

When first they saw thee, but too late have

Mourn'd thy treachery."

LOSS OF THE ADMIRAL ROWLEY.

In the latter part of the year 1780, occurred one of those dreadful hurricanes, which, though common in the West Indies, so far exceeded in the terrific effects of its visitation, any of those previous scourges of Providence, that it was generally designated the hurricane of hurricanes. So frightful were its ravages, that the following vessels of the British navy were sacrificed to its fury. The Thunderer, 74; Stirling Castle, 64; Phoenix, 44; La Blanche, 42; Laurel, 28; Andromeda, 28; Deal Castle, 24; Scarborough, 20; Beaver's Prize, 16; Barbadoes, 14; Chameleon, 14; Endeavour, 12; and Victor, 10 guns. For several days, previously to its bursting forth, all the well-

known precursors of this awful visitation tended to warn the inhabitants to take every prudent precaution to secure their lives from impending destruction, and that portion of their property which was liable to be swept away by the overwhelming fury of the blast.

At length the dense mass of pitchy clouds, which had for some time overhung the sky, began to announce their surcharge: a deadly and awful stillness, accompanied with a burning heat, the effect of those long calms in tropical climates, seemed to the panic-struck spectator to pervade the whole face of nature; while the re-echoed peals of thunder on the volcanic mountain, called Mount Misery, which is 3,711 feet perpendicular from the summit to the base, together with the liquid fire, apparently pouring out of the clouds which surrounded the mountain in



LOSS OF THE ADMIRAL ROWLEY, CAPTAIN POWER, OFF ST. KITT'S, 1780.

every direction, caused the most intrepid to lift up their hands and hearts to an all-merciful God, in earnest supplication for deliverance from the threatened danger.

Prior to the loss of the Admiral Rowley, it had been the general rule for vessels engaged in trade with the West India islands, not to attempt making more than one voyage annually, on account of the devastation committed by the hurricanes; but as they were sometimes comparatively trifling in their effects, Captain Power was desirous of making two voyages in one year, by venturing to ride out the storm, if one should occur, taking especial care that his vessel should be in proper trim to receive it, by handing down the topmasts and yards, leaving the ship under bare poles, as represented in the engraving, having nothing above deck but the fore, main, and mizemasts, with the bowsprit.

At the commencement of the hurricane, the Admiral Rowley was lying, as above described, in Basseterre Roads, off Basseterre, the capital of St. Kitt's, when the wind, which is there usually easterly, suddenly sprung up from the north, dispersing the sultry vapours which were becoming intensely oppressive, and re-invigorating the fainting inhabitants with refreshing air. It has been proved by the study of natural philosophy, that the hurricane is produced by the previous intensity of rarefactions, being nothing but an effort of nature to restore equilibrium.

Captain Power was not at this time on board of the Admiral Rowley, but the chief-mate, who was then in charge of the vessel, immediately gave the ship the whole length of the cable, by which she was then riding at anchor, and which precaution every seaman would feel justified in doing, upon the considera-

tion, that in case of a sudden change of the wind, the vessel would have sufficient room to swing and ride in an opposite direction. Instead, however, of being prepared for any emergency that might arise, and using every exertion for the preservation of the ship and the zealous discharge of his duty, alas! the poor mate was intimidated by the awful scene around him, and the dismal prospect of their almost immediate destruction, that he gave himself up to the miserable refuge of intoxication, and in the excessive indulgence in ardent spirits thought to drown or deaden the sense of danger, instead of struggling for the rescue. In a short time afterwards, the wind, which at these times is very variable, suddenly turned diametrically opposite; away swept the ship towards the shore at a furious rate, running round upon the same length of cable from the south, which had been used from the north; the consequence of which was, that she struck with tremendous violence upon a reef of rocks at a short distance from the shore. But will it be credited—can it be believed by any one in the slightest degree connected with nautical affairs, that owing to the intoxication of the mate, this fine ship was suffered to go on shore, with her best bower-anchor hanging from her bows; although the sailors who were on board declared, that letting it go was the last alternative for the preservation of the ship? but they did not venture to act without the command of their superior officer.

The Admiral Rowley became a complete wreck, and very soon after striking on the reef of rocks, she went to pieces, having on board at the time a valuable cargo, which was totally destroyed, the crew having been able with great difficulty to save their own lives. The captain, owing to his anxiety and exertions, was seized with a fever, and in a very few days afterwards, paid the debt of nature. The mate lived several years after the wreck, but on shore; for whenever he endeavoured to gain employment at sea, the story of the best bower-anchor was invariably brought to his recollection.

We are indebted to the Reverend Alexander Power, of the Academy, East-hill, Wandsworth, the only surviving son of Captain Power, for the above particulars, and the design of the engraving. We trust that it may act as a lesson to those who have the command of vessels, of the necessity of avoiding intoxicating liquors, when the lives and property of so many of their fellow creatures are entrusted to their care.

VOYAGE OF CAPTAIN BACK TO THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

In the early part of June, 1836, Captain Back, the adventurous arctic traveller, went out in his majesty's ship Terror, in search of Captain Ross, and returned from his perilous undertaking on the 7th of September, 1837, when he arrived at Dublin, and immediately embarked for Holyhead, to be the bearer of his own despatches. He accordingly arrived in London on the 9th, and communicated the result of his voyage to the Admiralty. From his statement, it appears that the expedition had met with the greatest hardships, and endured the severest privations. Towards the latter end of August, 1836, she was encountered by the ice, her crew at that time consisted of sixty men, including officers, who were several times exposed to the most imminent perils from the constant concussion of huge masses of ice, which were dashed against the vessel with tremendous violence, threatening them with either a violent and sudden death, or, in the event of escape from this danger, to await slow but certain destruction by the appalling means of famine and cold. Deprived of fresh provisions or vegetables of any kind, disease spread amongst them with a rapidity only equalled by its virulence. At one time as many as twenty-five of the crew lay afflicted with that well-known scourge of those extreme latitudes, the scurvy, to which three of them fell victims. In this perilous situation the vessel lay for four months, now drifting to and fro, near Cape Comfort, then driven by the current of ice along Southampton Island as far as Sea-Horse Point, off Baffin; and then again, at the mercy of the wind and tide, through Hudson's Straits, by Charles's Island, along the Labrador coast.

On the 6th of August, they passed Resolution Island; and from the 28th of September they lay surrounded, exposed to all the horrors of the arctic climate, with the thermometer 40 deg. below Zero, until the ice commenced breaking in February, 1837. On March 15th, they experienced the greatest shock they had yet encountered, a mountain of ice striking the ship with the utmost violence, and rending away every intermediate barrier, without the slightest perceptible resistance. Such was the force of the shock, that they were obliged to lash the decks to each other, to prevent them from separating, and the planks rising from their fastenings; the stern-posts, dead-wood, and after-part of the keel were knocked away. In consequence of the repeated collisions the water gained on the ship, and she was shaken from stem to stern; a chain cable was passed round her to keep her together, and the men were kept constantly at the pumps to free her from the water, which at one time rose to seven feet in the hold. By the impetus of the ice, the bow was lifted clean out of the water, as far as the mainmast; and her stern, as far as the seven-foot mark, was placed in the same predicament, and in this condition she continued for more than a hundred days. At the expiration of that period, they got a thirty-five-foot ice-saw, worked by shears, and commenced the fatiguing operation of cutting through the ice under her, which, in thickness, measured more than thirty feet. By the 11th of July, they had completed so much of their task, that but two or three feet of the stern remained, when the ship righted, and they immediately made sail on the vessel; but an enormous wedge of ice remained fast to her starboard side between the fore and main chains, that they were obliged to have again recourse to the saw, as they were not able to free her from the incumbrance by any other method. By means of purchases applied to this vast lump, it rose from under the water as it was freed, and, according to the laws of gravitation, being the lighter body, floated on the water, throwing the vessel on her beam ends; and heeling her over fully twenty-seven degrees, the water poured in with frightful rapidity, and in alarming quantities. All hands, without distinction, were immediately called into requisition; some proceeding to saw through the piece of ice, the cause of their fresh misfortune, while others commenced working the pumps. These fatiguing, but indispensable operations, they continued with unremitting exertion until five o'clock on the morning of the 14th, when the men were so totally exhausted and completely dispirited by their incessant labour, that they could work no longer, having up to that period cut through the ice to within ten feet: they were therefore called in for rest and refreshment.

They had not been more than a quarter of an hour removed from the work when a sudden disruption of the ice took place, and the mass separated from its bed, crushing with terrific violence against the ship's side, tearing to pieces the lashings and spars that intervened to protect her against this casualty, which had, in some degree, been foreseen: the strong shores, or logs, and three-and-a-half inch ropes, were snapped like packthread, and, but for the merciful interposition of Providence, not a single being out of the whole ship's company would have survived to narrate the circumstance; for had they not have been called in but a few minutes before, they would all have been inevitably crushed by the mass of ice on which they had just been labouring. As the ice separated from her, she righted and drifted along. A temporary rudder was fitted up, her stern posts having been carried away from the six-foot mark, as well as the dead wood broken off; and her stern frame was so shaken, that her run had to be secured by two-and-a-half and three-and-a-half inch ropes, shores, and screw bolts, and when fairly got to sea, a stream chain was passed round her, three feet before, and another abaft the mizen-mast.

In the early part of the passage home across the Atlantic, they fortunately experienced mild weather; but, subsequently, it became rather unfavourable, and the ship began to leak very fast. At one period, when it became necessary to call the men from the pumps in order that they might shorten sail, which occupied them for about twenty minutes, the carpenter reported six to seven feet water in the hold. In an instant there was a rush to the pumps, and all hands were busily employed at them until they arrived at their destination.

At first they directed their course to the Orkneys; but the wind proving adverse, they bore up for Lough Swilly, where they arrived on the 3rd of September, 1837. On entering the harbour, the exhausted crew could scarce remain one moment longer at the pumps, their unremitting labour at which had secured their safety. The coast-guard, on being apprised of their distressing condition, immediately boarded the vessel, and afforded timely relief to the worn-out mariners; and her majesty's cutter, the Wickham, entering soon after, sent twenty of her men on board for the same purpose. They endeavoured to beach her, but, unable to effect their purpose, were obliged to leave her, having her main-deck housing thrummed under her bottom.

The expedition had only seen the natives twice, once on their entrance to the Frozen Straits, and once at their departure. On both occasions they trafficked with them, and it would seem to profitable account; an old piece of iron producing skins in abundance, and those who had not this commodity to offer, were willing to barter their children for even a less article of value, if possible.

LOSS OF THE L'AIMABLE MARTHE, CAPTAIN DORE, SEPTEMBER 13TH, 1786.

On July 24th, 1786, M. Durand, formerly governor of Isle St. Louis, left the Senegal for Havre, on board the brigantine L'Aimable Marthe. The crew consisted of the captain, a lieutenant, a carpenter, a mate, and three seamen. The passengers, besides M. Durand above-mentioned, were Messrs. Gourg, naval commissioners, at Senegal; Longer, captain of a frigate; Bernard, a young negro; and M. Durand's cook.

On the morning of September the 12th, after an uncommonly long and dangerous passage, they were in full expectation that in the course of the night they should arrive at Havre. Buoyed up with this pleasing hope, they gave themselves up to that pleasure which navigators always experience after a long and tedious voyage; but the captain was out in his reckoning, and soon found, to his no small astonishment that they were in the Bristol channel. The weather was stormy, the sea ran high, and the rapid gusts of wind which swept over them indicated an approaching tempest.

At three o'clock they were in sight of Lundy Island, and attempted to take refuge in it, but their efforts were unavailing, when they directed their course for the Bay of Tenby, which they entered, though their hopes of finding shelter here were disappointed, and they could not withstand the violence of the wind and sea. They were, however, near enough to the shore to observe the inhabitants collecting upon it, and expressing their regret that they could not afford them any assistance. They had dropped their bower-anchor; but they were under the necessity of cutting the cable, and then their loss seemed inevitable. They, nevertheless, attempted to reach the Isle of Caldy; and, for this purpose, kept tacking the whole night, during which the weather was dreadful: the wind at W.S.W., and blowing so strong, that they could only let out the main and mizensail. They were then in three fathoms water, but after tacking on different points, they found themselves, at two o'clock, in Loughor Bay, with only two fathoms; the sea was furious, and every instant covered the vessel, while the rain came down with such violence, that it soon became impossible to work the ship. She, therefore, soon ran on shore, and struck the ground so violently, that it laid her open, unshipped the rudder, and decided their fate.

In order to lighten the vessel, they now cut away the masts, when they found that she remained fixed in six feet water; but was every instant covered with waves of an enormous size, which seemed ready every instant to overwhelm her. In this dreadful crisis some fell to making rafts, others seized on pieces of wood, and all endeavoured to avoid that death which seemed to be inevitably prepared for them. Several—although in a French vessel, where such scenes were uncommon—were seriously concerned about their future state; and one of them being very anxious respecting the fate of a negro boy, who had never been christened, baptized him with some

fresh water, and then held him fast by the arms, with a view that they might die and arrive together in the other world.

About three o'clock the storm began to subside, and the waves broke with less violence against the vessel. They then perceived that it was low water, but the darkness of the night prevented them from distinguishing where they were, or ascertaining the place of their shipwreck; nevertheless, without knowing what distance they were from land, some thought it probable that they might get to it, and resolved to make the attempt. A small canoe was therefore let down, and M. Durand was the first to get into it: he was followed by M. Longer and the lieutenant, but finding there was not sufficient water to work the boat, they got out of it, and walked for about an hour in the sea, preceded by two sailors, who sounded at every step, and served as guides. After passing through different depths of water, but not sufficient to stop them, they at length reached the dry land in safety, and sent back the two sailors to inform their companions that they were safe, and to invite them to follow the course they had taken.

On quitting the vessel, M. Durand and the others had left their clothes on board, that they might not hinder them from swimming if they should find it necessary. The former had nothing on him but a pair of trousers, in one of the pockets of which he put a letter with his address, in order that his family might be informed of his fate, in the event of his being drowned and cast on shore. This was the only precaution which he thought it necessary to take. They at length found themselves in an unknown spot, four in number, almost naked, and without any means of subsistence.

The night continued to be very dark, and the rain poured down in torrents; they continued, however, to walk for two hours without knowing whither they were proceeding. They soon after reached a mansion, which they walked round several times, but could not find any door open, or a place in which they could obtain shelter, though they made noise enough to have been heard by the inhabitants, if they had not been in a very sound sleep. At last, with some difficulty, they discovered a little gate which led into the court. M. Durand raised the latch, the gate opened, and, to their inexpressible pleasure, they found themselves in a large walk which led to the vestibule of the mansion. He knocked at the door with all his strength, when they heard the barking of dogs inside, and the sound of the domestics stirring, who appeared to be running to the chamber of their master, as if to inform him that the house was attacked by robbers, as they only spoke to them through a garret window.

They were asked, first in English and afterwards in broken French, for what reason they had entered the park at such an early hour. M. Durand, in a feeble voice, and with a lamentable accent, answered that they were unfortunate Frenchmen, whose ship had been wrecked, and that they requested an asylum. "If that be the case," answered the person who first spoke, "you may make yourselves easy; I will order my doors to be opened, and you shall receive all the assistance of which you stand in need."

Soon afterwards the doors were thrown open, when all the servants appeared in the hall, armed with muskets and sabres, which was a prudent precaution, lest our navigators should have deceived them by their tale of shipwreck, for the sake of gaining admission. When, however, they saw them naked, almost frozen, and objects rather of pity than of fear, they threw down their arms, and gave them the most hospitable reception. They were at first conducted into the kitchen, where, before a large fire, they warmed their frost-bitten limbs, and re-animated their stiffened joints. Soon afterwards the mistress of the house and the female domestics brought them linen and other apparel which they divided amongst each other as well as they could. A table was then laid out, on which they were supplied with plenty of victuals and drink, which, as they were almost famished, they devoured with great eagerness.

After this welcome repast, M. Durand was shown into a chamber, while his companions, accompanied by Captain Trollope, the master of the house, went down to the shore to endeavour, if possible, to save something from the wreck. On

their return, M. Durand learned that the vessel had gone to pieces about three o'clock, that all the crew were saved, but that most of them had taken another direction. M. Durand's cook and boy had lost themselves, and three days elapsed before they were able to find their master.

About noon the lady of the mansion sent to know if M. Durand would take some tea. He requested to be served with it in his apartment; but she insisted that he should come down stairs and take it with her, which compliment he had some difficulty in bringing himself to accept, as he was still in a most deplorable condition, and not fit to be seen. About five in the afternoon, Captain Trollope returned, bringing with him several of his neighbours and some of the crew. They had only been able to save a very few things from the wreck; but they restored to M. Durand a bag, with about five hundred dollars, and a box containing his papers, which were dried in the oven. His boy John, also, saved a bag with nearly twelve hundred livres; a packet of virgin gold from Senegal, which M. Durand afterwards sold in London for about one hundred guineas; an ape, a yellow parrot, and some ostrich's eggs. He lost, however, a choice collection of plants, unknown in Europe; several bottles of distilled palm wine; some water taken from the Senegal at Isle St. Louis and Podor; several tons of the earth from the gold mines at Galam and Bambouk; a collection of the scarcest reptiles, birds, and fishes; and drawings of the costumes, arms, equipages, &c., of all the hordes in that part of Africa.

About six o'clock they sat down to an excellent dinner, where the kindness and hospitality of their excellent host and hostess dispelled all the dismal recollections of their late disaster, and afterwards they got merry with wine.

The next day M. Durand, attended by his benevolent host, went to Caermarthen, where he purchased a new wardrobe, and equipped himself from head to foot. The same day, also, they received an express from the merchants of London, who, having heard of their shipwreck, sent to offer him their services. The liberality of their kind host rendered these proposals unnecessary, for which, however, they returned their most sincere thanks.

The mansion where M. Durand and his companions met with such an hospitable reception, stands in a delightful situation; about three miles distant from Langhorn, in Wales, where they were shipwrecked. During their stay here, the generous inhabitants incessantly endeavoured to dispel from their minds the remembrance of their misfortunes, and every day was distinguished by some new festivity; hunting, fishing, gaming, and feasting, succeeded each other without interruption; and the only care seemed to be how fresh pleasure could be procured.

After passing eighteen days in this delightful abode, without being suffered to incur the least expense, M. Durand and his companions embarked for Bristol, at the very place where they had been wrecked. The generous master of the mansion, besides the hospitable manner in which he had entertained them, was desirous also of serving them after their departure. For this purpose, he gave them letters of introduction to Bristol, Bath, and London; in consequence of which they were everywhere received with the highest respect and attention.

THE BROTHERS.

It was in the year 1779 that I belonged to the Glasgow, of twenty guns, when she was stationed in the West Indies. I was then seventeen years old; and though I say it myself, who perhaps ought not to say it, yet I was as good a looking fellow as ever weathered the Palisade, at Jamaica, or sucked a monkey at Barbadoes. My brother Bill was on board with me; he was a year younger than myself—but he was such a fellow! Lord love you, his heart was all for me; he was a brother and a friend:—I could spin you such a yarn about him! Well, my brother Bill was stationed in the fore-top, and so was I; he was in the starboard-watch, and I in the larboard; we were both light hands, and therefore regular cloud-brushers, always

the highest up, always at the light sails aloft. We had been cruising off St. Domingo, when, finding that we had no luck there, we steered away for Jamaica, and came to an anchor in Montego Bay. There we found the Badger at anchor. We shortened sail, man-of-war fashion altogether, for the cat had taught some of us to skip. Bill and I were on the fore-top-gallant-yard furling the sail, when the first lieutenant called out to one of the midshipmen to run below and see what smoke that was coming up the after-hatchway. Well, I had done my duty aloft, and had come down on the fore-castle, when there was the devil's own rumpus about beating to quarters, calling the firemen with there buckets; and before we had time to say Jack Robinson, the flames followed the smoke and the ship was on fire. The purser's steward had done the thing. It came up the main-hatchway in one line of light, flying up aloft, catching every rope, and in a moment the whole ship from hull to trucks was in a blaze. There was considerable confusion, as you may suppose, and the men aloft, frightened by the sudden blaze, endeavoured to lower the quarter-boats; but, before they could do this, the deck became so hot that they took the shortest way of leaving the ship, by jumping overboard. I was all "no how;" I did not know what to do. The panic had spread forward, and those who preferred a dry berth to a swim, crowded on the fore-castle, had got ready to lower themselves into the boats of the Badger, which put off immediately the accident was perceived. Nelson himself was in one, as cool as if he had no sun or fire to warm him: he picked up those who had thrown themselves overboard.

It was now *sove hi poo*, as the Crapauds say, and each man endeavoured to save some of his traps as well as himself. I made a dive below in hopes of getting near the mess-chest; but the smoke was so thick, that I came up crying as if the cooper had knocked off my eyelids. I was just in time to avoid being roasted; for now the fire had extended forward, and the flames run up both sides of the fore-rigging, and there was a general jump overboard; it was like so many rockets going up together, and the whole for'ard was in a blaze, whilst the melted pitch came dropping down like a shower of boiling rain. I had got upon the starboard cat-head, making ready to part company with the ship, when I heard a scream aloft, and I saw my brother on the topmast cross-trees, standing against the mast, and clinging close to it to avoid the fire;—he had lost his mind, and I so alarmed I could not assist him. Several in the boats cried out to him not to mind a singe, but come down by the topmast-stay: but he was too frightened to hear. I saw the poor boy, my own brother, his mother's favourite, clinging like a cat to the masts to avoid the surrounding flames. I made a rush at the fore-rigging, but the boiling pitch prevented my running up; every moment made it worse; his death was inevitable, without God's mercy should interpose, and prompt him to run out to the top-gallant yard-arm and jump overboard. "Here, here!" said I, extending my arms,—“here, Bill, jump down, and I'll catch you,—send out to the yard-arm and jump overboard.” The fire had already caught his clothes; he had no jacket on.—I see him now,—I see him with his long hair blown by the sea-breeze, his face pale with fear, the fire just burning his trousers,—I see him now endeavouring with his hands to stop the progress of the flames; and, oh, God! I see him at this moment winding up his courage to the last pitch, looking down upon me; and, as I live here, I saw a tear fall from his eye. I could not speak, I could not move; I did not feel the hot boiling tar which showered down upon me; I did not feel the increased heat which was almost melting me. I stood with my arms extended to catch him. “Jump, Bill,” said I: “the water is soft enough, never mind the height; you will be up again before the sharks know you are down.” And he did jump—ay, he jumped, by heavens! like a man—he was down in a second. I tried to catch him, my hands stretched to their utmost;—I grazed his trousers, and saw his brains shattered to atoms against the shank of the best bower-anchor. He fell overboard, and I was after him before he touched the water: he went to the bottom like a stone, and I was taken up by one of the boats, swimming in the water coloured by my brother's blood.

THE MARINERS.

RAISE we the yard and ply the oar,
The breeze is calling us swift away;
The waters are breaking in foam on the shore;
Our boat no more can stay, can stay.

When the blast flies fast in the clouds on high,
And billows are roaring loud below,
The boatman's song, in the stormy sky,
Still dares the gale to blow, to blow.

The timber that frames his faithful boat,
Was dandled in storms on the mountain peaks;
And in storms, with a bounding keel, 'twill float,
And laugh when the sea-fiend shrieks, and shrieks.

And then in the calm and glist'ning nights,
We have tales of wonder, and joy, and fear,
And deeds of the powerful ocean sprites,
With which our hearts we cheer, we cheer.

For often the dauntless mariner knows
That he must sink to the land beneath,
Where the diamond on trees of coral grows,
In the emerald halls of Death, of Death.

Onward we sweep through smooth and storm;
We are voyagers all in shine or gloom;
And the dreamer who skulks by his chimney warm,
Drifts in his sleep to doom, to doom.

PIRATES OF CUBA.

THE following horrible particulars of the pirates of Cuba were given by a seaman who had been forced into their service:—

A quarrel took place between two of the crew, and a desperate fight with knives ensued, of which the rest were cool spectators. The battle was for a long time doubtful; at length one fell with a severe stab in the left breast, bleeding profusely. I was instantly called upon to administer to the wounded man; and it was in vain for me to declare that I knew nothing of the healing art. The captain swore at me, and said he knew to the contrary; for the master of the *Zephyr* had informed him that I had cured and saved the life of his sailmaker, who had fallen down the hold; and, therefore, if I did not cure him, he would serve me in the same manner. I saw it would be useless to make any reply, and therefore, having procured bandages, I staunched the blood and dressed his wounds in the best manner I was able. I was then obliged to turn my attention to his antagonist, who had not escaped unhurt.

The captain went below, and inquired of the least injured of the wounded men the cause of their quarrel. He told the pirate, "that his antagonist was one of the party formed by the chief mate to assassinate him and the whole crew, and take possession of the ship and plunder." That officer, he informed him, had gone to the Havannah for the express purpose of bringing some more men, and that they were to put the plan into effect, when himself and the crew were either asleep or inebriated. I saw that his brutal temper was excited by this information; his eyes flashed fire, and his whole countenance was distorted. He vowed destruction against the whole party, and rushing upon deck, assembled the crew, and imparted what he heard. The air rang with the most dreadful imprecations; they simultaneously rushed below, and dragged the helpless, wounded wretch upon deck, and, regardless of everything, proceeded to cut off his legs and arms with a blunt hatchet, then mangling the body with their knives, threw the yet warm corpse overboard. Not contented with having destroyed their victim, they next

sated their vengeance on his clothes, and everything belonging to him, which they cut into pieces and threw into the sea.

While off cape Buenavesta, a boat full of men, of the chief mate's party, appeared coming towards the schooner, when the captain ordered his men to fire, and five were killed; another jumped overboard, but was taken, and most barbarously treated. Wounded and bleeding, he was exposed naked to the scorching heat of a July sun of a tropical climate, in order to make him confess.

The man persisted in his plea of innocence, declared that he had nothing to confess, and entreated them all to spare his life. They paid no attention to his assertions, but, by order of the captain, the man was put into the boat, pinioned, and lashed in the stern, and five of the crew were directed to arm themselves with pistols and muskets, and to go in her. The captain then ordered me to go with them, savagely remarking that I should now see how he punished such rascals, and giving directions to the boat's crew to row for three hours, backwards and forwards, through a narrow creek formed by a desert island and the island of Cuba. "I will see," cried he, exultingly, "whether the mosquitoes and the sand-flies, will not make him confess." Prior to our leaving the schooner, the thermometer was above ninety degrees in the shade, and the poor wretch was now exposed naked to the full heat of the sun. In this state we took him to the channel, one side of which was bordered by swamps full of mangrove trees, and swarming with the venomous insects before mentioned.

We had scarcely been half an hour in this place, when the miserable victim was distracted with pain, his body began to swell, and he appeared one complete blister from head to foot. Often, in the agony of his torments, did he implore them to end his existence, and release him from his misery; but the inhuman wretches only mocked and laughed at him. In a very short time, from the effects of a solar heat, and the stings of the mosquitoes and sand-flies, his face had become so swollen that not a feature was distinguishable; his voice began to fail, and his articulation was no longer distinct. I had long suspected that the whole story of the conspiracy was a wicked and artful fabrication; and the constancy with which this unfortunate being underwent these tortures, served to confirm my suspicions. I resolved, therefore, to hazard my interference; and, after much entreaty and persuasion, prevailed upon them to endeavour to mitigate his sufferings, and to let the poor wretch die in peace, as the injuries which he had already sustained, were sufficient of themselves to occasion death. At first they hesitated; but, after consulting some time among themselves, they consented to go to the other side of the island, where they would be secure from observation, and untie him and put something over him. When we had reached that place, we lay upon our oars, and set him loose; but the moment he felt the fresh breeze, he fainted away. His appearance at this time was no longer human; and my heart bled at seeing a fellow creature thus tormented. When our time was expired, we again tied him as before, to prevent the fury of the captain for our lenity, and once more pulled for the passage on our way to the vessel. On our arrival, his appearance was the source of merriment to all on board; and the captain asked if he had made any confession. An answer in the negative gave him evident disappointment, and he inquired of me whether I could cure him. I told him he was dying. "Then he shall have some more of it before he dies," cried the monster, and directed the boat to be moored within musket-shot in the bay. This having been done, he ordered six of the crew to fire at him. The man fell, and the boat was ordered alongside. The poor wretch had only fainted; and when they perceived that he breathed, a pig of iron was fastened round his neck, and he was thrown into the sea. Thus ended a tragedy, which, for the miseries inflicted on the victim, and for the wanton and barbarous depravity of his fiend-like tormentors, never, perhaps, had its equal.

THE MIDDY'S INTRODUCTION.

"Deep in that fabric where Britannia boasts
O'er seas to waft her thunders and her hosts,
A cavern lies, unknown to cheering day,
Whose only sunshine is a taper's ray;
Where wild Disorder holds her wanton reign,
And careless mortals frolic in her train."

Of all situations which open to the aspiring mind of youth, none is so interesting, so fraught with conflicting feelings, as the first entry of a young novice on board a ship of war; 'tis like bursting into a new world, yet without quitting the old one. The day on which my inauguration took place happened to be the anniversary of the birth of Royal George. The captain permitted me to accompany him in his own boat, and, when we reached Spithead, the ships, dressed in their gayest colours, commenced saluting. Oh, what a view was this for an enthusiastic mind! It spoke of glory in a voice of thunder; and, when looking at the British ensign waving in the breeze, I felt a glow of conscious pride at being enrolled among the gallant defenders of its dearest rights. The barge cut through the azure wave, and swept up alongside the 'Albion.' The boatswain's shrill pipe sounded, and four lads sprung over the side to extend the gang-way man-ropes. So I followed up the captain, and found the officers on the quarter-deck uncovered, the marines drawn up with presented arms, and the band playing 'Rule Britannia,' to salute their brave commander. My senses were bewildered with astonishment:—"This is a young friend of mine," said Captain Montague, presenting me to the first lieutenant: "I hope you will find him all you can wish." And now, sir, you may go and visit your future companions." "Mr. Evans (said the first lieutenant, calling to a midshipman on the larboard side of the deck, whose weekly account had been fresh pipe-clayed, and now he was employed in trimming the collar of his shirt, so that his eye just peeped point blank above it)—Mr. Evans."—"Sir," replied the cockpit beau, touching his hat. "As soon as you have done adjusting your lee boards, and bowed all taut, take this young gentleman round the ship, and then conduct him to your mess-berth."—"Ay, ay, sir; ay, ay," said Evans; and, then, in a lower tone, "I'll show him the lions;" and away we went together. After examining the wonders of the wooden world, and swallowing as many marvellous stories as would fill a volume, we descended to the cock-pit, and were guided by the glimmering rays of a candle to the midshipmen's berth. "Allow me to introduce Mr. B." said my conductor, pushing open the door, and thrusting me in. "Halloo! why, Evans, what gulpin have you got there?" exclaimed a squat tawny figure, who was nearly enveloped in smoke and stifled in grease. "'Tis a new mess-mate," squeaked a little youngster. "A new messmate!" replied the other, "then let's have a survey," taking down from a nail, the frame of what had once been a large and beautiful mirror, and, raising it to his eye by way of quizzing-glass, he uttered a yell that filled me with horror. "Evans," said he; "Evans, I'm fainting at the sight! Bear a hand on deck, and order the captain to man the boat, and send him ashore again directly." I shrunk back. "Halloo, ship-mate, don't lag astern!" said Evans, pushing me forward; "don't mind that old swab, 'tis only Tim Bucket, the blind fiddler."—"Me blind!" rejoined the other, flourishing his pipe in a tragical manner; "you know that you are Brutus that spake this; or, by the gods, this speech were else your last!" and down he sat. I was now literally hauled into the berth, and placed directly by the side of this terrific being. "Let's look at your teeth," said he. It was complied with. "Ha, I thought so!—teeth like a shark—eat more in a day than I could chew in a month. Here, boy—you boy!"—"Yes, sir," replied a miserable-looking object, poking his head in at the berth door. "Go, you rascal, and lock the bread-bag up, or we shall soon have a southerly wind in it." Then turning to me: "Here, sir, take this card, with my compliments, to the

purser's steward, and ask him to measure your mouth for a spoon. And bear a hand, d'ye hear? for the burgoo is almost ready; there'll not be much to spare when the doctor's mates come out of the sick bay."—"Which way am I to go?" inquired I: "I can't find the stairs." However, the boy of the mess was ordered to attend me to the midshipman of the watch, who directed me to the purser's steward. He sent me to the cook; the cook despatched me to the boat-swain's yeoman; and he again to the carpenter's mate for a two foot rule. I now bid very fair to make a complete tour of the ship, and run the gauntlet through all the petty officers; but the gunner understanding my difficulty, apprised me of the trick, as one to which all fresh-comers were exposed; advising me to bear it patiently, and return joke for joke. Again I descended. "Well, have you got your spoon?" inquired my tormentor.—"No!" repeated he, starting upon his feet; "how's that?"—"Ask the gunner," was the reply. "Here, doctor," rejoined the first, turning to a genteel young man of pleasing countenance: "Here, doctor, you must open a vein for him; but no, no, avast; where's the cobbing-board? I understand the art of *Play-bottom-he* best. Ay, ay, my spark, two dozen for impertinence to your superior officer. Here's a greenhorn hasn't been caught above two hours, and comes Westminster-hall over me already; but I'll soon make you a subject for dissection."—"Who is this young gentleman?" inquired the assistant surgeon.—"Who? why it's some great man in disguise come to sea to wear his old clothes out. However, give us your fist, my boy—don't sit mute;" and he grasped my hand like a smith's vice, till I roared with anguish, to the great diversion of all present. "Here," continued he, "take hold of the grog," handing it across the table. I was unwilling to let slip so favourable an opportunity of showing good friendship and courting forbearance, so took the glass; but hadn't time to convey it to my lips before it was hastily snatched away. "There, there, that's enough, you must only smell it; I never allow any body to drink with me." The ward-room steward appeared with an invitation from the first lieutenant to dinner. This was a very seasonable relief, and gladly accepted. Oh, how different was my reception!—"the feast of reason and the flow of soul." The remainder of the day passed away with much pleasantness; and at ten o'clock I again descended, with a palpitating heart, to my hammock. Recollections of my parents, of my home, of my friends, now rushed upon my mind, as I surveyed the dark and gloomy place which was to be my future abode. It doubly embittered the moment, and I was nearly playing the infant with my eyes; but the sentry opening his lantern to retrim his lamp, a gleam danced upon the bright buttons of my uniform, and instant conviction flashed upon my mind that manly fortitude was characteristic of a British sailor. Advancing towards my swinging bed, I stripped, and desirous of displaying my agility, made one spring into it. Poor novice! over it went; down I came, breaking my shins upon the cable. A burst of laughter echoed from all sides. "A clean capsiz, by Jove!" said one. "Strong gales and squally," cried another. "Foundered in the lee scuppers," said a third. "Dowse the glim," cried a fourth; and instantly we were in total darkness. I reproached them with bitterness of heart for their ungenerous treatment of a stranger, and received in reply a bucket of cold water. Roaring with all my might for some time, I had at last the satisfaction of seeing some one descending the main hatchway with a lantern. "Halloo!" cried the old quarter-master, climbing over the cables. "Halloo! what pig's struck here! Another such a squall would rouse old Davey, and make him twist your neck into granny's knots." The words were scarcely uttered when down he went, an old sail having been thrown over him from above, and all was again in total darkness. "Ha, you scape-grace?" cried old Harvey, struggling. "Ha you scape-grace, you'll come to the gangway some day for your tricks, you will!" "Halloo!" Sanders! halloo! turn out, man, and lend us a hand."—"De'il smash me if Sanders gangs a foot—I canna be fash'd. If you play w' kittens you must foresight to be scratchet; but there's Paddy Howard—rouse him

out, mon, turn him out." "Och, by my conscience," cried Pat, "you're a soft-headed swab, so you are. Faith, and I'll turn out without calling. Arrah, where are you, jewel?" "Here I am," said Harvey. "By the toe of my grandfather, and so you are; and now I'll go and fetch a light."—"Ay, ay, bear a hand, mate, bear a hand." Pat was some time absent, during which the old man swore, raved, and growled, with all the sublime pathos of a bear. At last the light appeared: "Bear a hand with the glim, you bog-trotter, do." He was obeyed; and though I was drenched to the skin and shivering with cold, sitting astride the muddy cable, yet to have kept from laughing at the scene which presented itself was utterly impossible. Pat Howard, a tall raw-boned figure, full six feet high, with the remnant of a shirt upon his shoulders, reaching no lower than his loins, under which a blanket was rolled round, resembling a petticoat, and leaving an amazing length of train behind, one arm entirely void of covering, thick bushy hair and whiskers, with a pair of hands and a beard outtravelling the shades of night, now made his appearance. "Halloo, Pat!" cried Harvey; "why you look like a comet revolving round the rays of a farthing candle." This drew my attention to the speaker. He was neither sitting, lying, nor kneeling, but appeared to be in all three postures at the same time. His efforts to get disengaged had forced his head through the sail, and his struggles had twisted it several turns round his throat, threatening strangulation, but displaying a most formidable cravat. On being relieved from this superfluous article of dress, how was I surprised to find the old boy had been all this while actually hanging by the middle in a running noose thrown over him, and hauled taut upon deck for this purpose! "Lower away!" bellowed Pat, turning the old quarter-master round on his jack like a roasting capon, "lower away handsomely." It was done, and he stood once more on his legs. "I'll trounce the young rogue for this!" exclaimed Harvey, "I'll keel-haul the young lubber! No more sleeping in his watch!"—"Whisht,—whisht,—dinna mak a blathering about it, but gang your ways, and let honest men sleep," said Sanders; while Pat assisted me in arranging my hammock and shifting my dress. Pascoe now appeared: "Why, Harvey, what's the matter here?"—"Matter!" cried the enraged veteran; "I'll tell you what, young sir, you've played these tricks too long, and now—"—"You'll go and have a glass of grog," exclaimed the midshipman, interrupting him. "Ay, ay, with all my heart; but no more of the monkey."—"I kenn'd as much—I kenn'd as much," roared Sanders; while with a heavy heart and dear-bought caution, I once more essayed to enter my bed, and with Pat's assistance succeeded. But sleep departed from me. The novelty of my situation, the discipline I had undergone, with the smarting of my shins, all combined to keep me awake; and 'twas not till very near morning that I closed my weary eyes, and forgot all my cares and troubles in a sweet refreshing slumber.

MAKING A FORTUNE.

MARK BRATTS, who had for more than a twelvemonth paid courtship to poor Jane, had obtained her father's consent to their union, whenever he could realize a sufficient sum to begin the world with in a prudent and respectable way. The precarious life of a fisherman, however, appeared to Mark to hold out but little prospect of wealth enough either to gain or to support a wife; and he resolved upon obtaining the object of his wishes as speedily as possible in some other way. A man named Simpson, a notorious smuggler in the neighbourhood, was known to have amassed a considerable property; and Mark resolved to offer himself to serve as one of the crew on board his lugger, hoping that in a trip or two he might earn sufficient to claim his promised bride. He was accepted aboard; and the day following the little vessel spread her light sails to the breeze, and took her course for Holland. Mark possessed a little money which he laid out in a venture, trusting thereby to clear so much as would enable him to claim as his bride the object of his love. It was a stormy day when the inhabitants of Llan-dudno were roused by the report of guns from seaward, the wind blowing furiously right on shore. It was about the time that the smuggler's vessel was expected, and those interested in her safe arrival hastily ran to this promontory to ascertain if she

was in sight, or in danger, for a king's cutter was known to be cruising on the coast. It was just dawn; the sea was running mountains high; and within a league of the rocks, they perceived two vessels within half a mile of each other. The first was a small lugger carrying a press of canvass that seemed to run her hull under as she made directly for the headland, and her masts bent like reeds to the fury of the tempest. As she approached the headland, a number of kegs piled one upon another on the decks, were observed to vanish into the deep by the dozens, being flung overboard by the busy crew. They were within a mile of the shore, when the revenue cutter, hauling her wind, poured a broadside of grape-shot into the smuggler, so well directed that several were seen to fall from their stations in various parts of the vessel. Still they carried every stitch of canvass, knowing that there was water enough for the light lugger to cross the bar after they had rounded the point, and that the revenue cutter would be sure to strike upon the sands if she attempted to follow them half a mile further, being of much heavier tonnage. Besides, she was already in some peril, by venturing so far in shore, with a gale blowing heavily from the north-east. She was soon within hail of the head, and the cliffs were covered with human beings, gazing eagerly upon the little craft beneath it, when suddenly a chain-shot from the cutter carried away her mainmast, which fell over the side. To cut away the stays and clear the wreck was the work of a minute, and the smuggler's bark swept like a sea bird round the great Orme's Head, into the Bay of Conway; but not until their pursuers had sent another broadside into her hull as they stood off shore. As the Typhon, the name of the king's vessel, turned from the pursuit, the daring outlaws sent up a shout of triumph, which was echoed from those upon the rocks; and after a slight shock which the lugger received, as she crossed the sand-bank, they floated safely in smooth water. But where was Jane? Foremost of that crowd which gathered on the rocks, when the firing was first heard, flew the light form of the loving maiden, like a young eagle glaring for its mate. She stood upon the extreme verge of the cliff, unconscious of every thing save the peril of her lover—her eyes fixed upon the vessels, straining as they would crack their strings, to discover the form of him who had her heart in keeping; and as the vessel glided under the headland, she hung over the brink of the precipice, gazing upon the dead and dying, with whom the decks were strewn. But she saw him not. With the swiftness of the sea mew, she followed the course of the smuggler along the shore; and when at last she saw the white sails gathered to the yards, and the vessel riding safely at anchor in the rocky bay, she leaped into a boat and rowed herself to its side. A moment, and she jumped upon the deck, calling wildly for poor Mark. But no one answered her. With hair dishevelled, and eyes glancing fire, she turned each dead man's face up to the sky. At length a headless trunk met her distracted gaze. A bright gold ringlet of hair, tinged with the smuggler's blood, and fastened to the breast of his shirt, the blue pea-jacket she gave Mark at his departure, and the brass buckles which her father wore, and presented to him as a pledge of future favour, all flashed conviction on her mind, that it was the mutilated form of her lover. A wild scream, which struck terror into the hearts of the daring crew, proclaimed her heart was broken; and falling on his mangled corpse, she instantly expired.

THE TWO OCEANS.

Two seas amid the night,
In the moonshine roll and sparkle,
Now spread in the silver light,
Now sadden, and wail, and darkle.
The one has a billowy motion,
And from land to land it gleams;
The other is sleep's wide ocean,
And its glimmering waves are dreams.
The one with murmur and roar
Bears fleets round coast and islet;
The other, without a shore,
Ne'er knew the track of a pilot.

AN EVENING SCENE AT SEA.

How fair is the scene, and in grandeur transcendent!
 The expanse of the ocean begirt by the sky;
 The blue vault of ether in glory resplendent,
 And the sun's parting radiance all burst on the eye!

No breezes now whisper, no rippling is flowing,
 Save the ring where the salmon just sprung from the wave;
 Yon broad shield of fire see the welkin is glowing,
 And sinking serene to the deep amber cave.

On the golden fringed sky as the last beam is dancing,
 And yet dim's the lustre of vesper's fair star;
 A mild purple tint on yon canvass is glancing,
 And from the smooth deep shoots reflected afar!

But now the fresh zephyrs bestir the still ocean,
 And rock the grey Mew on its surface asleep;
 While the moon-beams remote with a quick trembling motion,
 Announce her ascent from the bed of the deep!

In modest effulgence she slowly advances,
 And though half obscured in a thin crimson veil;
 Her visage more sweet through this artifice glances,
 And her tresses of silver float loose in the gale.

Up the portal of heaven now bright she is riding,
 And the stars in obeisance retreat from her blaze;
 How great is that Power o'er their motions presiding,
 Hark! in silence of night rolls the tide of his praise!

SUFFERINGS OF CAPTAIN YOUL.

When the Fly cruiser, belonging to the East India Company, with despatches, was captured by the French privateer, La Fortune, in the Gulph of Persia, at the latter end of 1804, the packets were thrown overboard, to prevent them falling into the hands of the enemy.

It appears that Mr. Flower, who was a passenger on board the Fly, had taken very correct bearings of the ship's situation, at the time the letters were thrown overboard. When landed soon after, at Bushire he communicated his observations to Captain Youl and Mr. Loane; and they being all strongly impressed with the idea of the possibility of recovering the packet, purchased a vessel, and having provided creepers, and other necessary apparatus, set sail towards the spot where the packet had been dropped, near the Isle of Khen.

At the end of three days their labours were crowned with success; they instantly weighed anchor, and were proceeding down the gulph, on their way to Bombay, with the recovered packet, when they were unexpectedly attacked by two pirate boats belonging to Jochassum, and full of armed Arabs, who, boarding the vessel, and cutting and stabbing all whom they met, forced the whole crew overboard. Nine, out of sixteen, were wounded, and all must have perished miserably, had not a long-boat, which accidentally picked them up at sea, been in tow at the time. In it they took refuge, and the Arabs finally took them into one of their boats, and landed them at Ejamaum, a small town on the Arab side, about thirty miles from Noselkeim: it has a good harbour, and appears to be their place of rendezvous. There they were detained thirty-three days, subject to every hardship; and at the end of that time, to complete their misery, were about to be sold as slaves, when a Wahabee chief, who heard that they were English, and who had known the British resident at Bussora, interfered, and procured them a passage to Khen. They were landed at that island, after having been stripped of everything except their shirts and trousers, and the packet, the great source of their labours and sufferings. Two days were now devoted to drying the letters, which had been about five weeks in the sea, and their purpose was not yet effected, when ten Jochassum boats appeared in sight. The unhappy men, instantly carrying off the packet, sought shelter among the rocks, where they remained for two days and nights,

exposed to every hardship, and nearly perishing with hunger and thirst.

Meanwhile, the pirates burnt and laid waste the villages on the island, which forced the wretched inhabitants to pass over to the main land; so that on the departure of the pirates, our sufferers were left the undisturbed and solitary possessors of the island. After waiting four days longer for an opportunity of crossing the continent, they obtained a passage to the neighbourhood of Ararack; on their arrival at that place, they learned that the pirate boats had anchored there, and were committing the same havoc as at Khen. Thus pursued by misfortune, they were forced to walk to Cheroo, a distance of nearly forty miles. This town is under the government of Sheik Aga Mahomed, who, at first, received them in a friendly manner: but finding them without money, and stripped of everything valuable, he drove them from the house which he had provided for them, and treated them with the most unfeeling cruelty and contempt. For some nights in excessive bad weather, they had no covering but an inverted boat, under which they took refuge.

Finding at length no probability of being enabled to proceed on their voyage by sea, they determined to walk on foot to Bushire. After two days march from Cheroo, they reached Nochyloo, without shoes or stockings; where, to their great surprise and joy, they found that Sheik Rama had invited them to his island of Busheab, and supplied them with everything his house afforded with the kindest hospitality. Nevertheless, in consequence of their past sufferings, they were all seized with a fever and ague. The extreme state of debility to which, from their long hardships, they were all reduced, joined with the want of medicine and medical advice, made their illness extremely severe; and though Sheik Rama gave them a boat, in which they arrived at Bushire, on the 4th of January, 1805, Captain Youl, worn out with sickness and fatigue, died on the 5th, and was followed to the grave by Mr. Flower, on the 7th. Some of the seamen likewise died; but Mr. Loane recovered.

The Bombay government ordered a very liberal allowance to be paid to the parties concerned, and to the families of such of them as died.

RE-CAPTURE OF THE BRIG MARY.

The brig, Mary, R. Tucker, was captured by an American privateer, off the coast of Portugal, who took the crew, except the master and a lad, and put on board six Americans. When off the Azores, four of them being below, the master and boy determined to attempt the re-capture of the vessel, for which purpose they had previously secured a bayonet, with which they despatched the two men on the deck. Those below hearing the scuffle, one of them succeeded in getting on deck; this man the master seized, and got over the side of the ship, while the boy threw the hatch over and fastened it down, which gave them complete command of the vessel, and were enabled to reach Fayel in six days.

SONG OF THE WATER SPIRITS.

[There is a beautifully poetical superstition prevalent in some of the islands of the Indian Ocean, that the hour of the tempest is the season of rejoicing among the spirits of the deep, and that previous to the bursting of the storm, the low moaning of the wind is their warning voice to mortals.]

Retire, retire!

For in his chariot the mighty spirit,
 That doth the blue depth of ocean inherit,
 Is passing by.

Retire, retire!

For in this night the sea king shall
 Hold his stupendous carnival
 Upon the trembling sea.

Retire, retire!

For it is not given to mortal eye,
 The secrets of the deep to try,
 Retire or perish!

SUFFERINGS OF EIGHT SEAMEN IN GREENLAND.

On the 1st of May, 1630, three ships left England under the command of Captain William Goodler, and having a fair wind, arrived safely at their destined port in Greenland, on the 11th of June following; their orders were, to stay at the Foreland until the 15th of July, and in case they should not by that time meet with success in fishing, then to send one of the ships to the eastward, to a place about eighty leagues distant, which at the latter end of the year is much frequented by whales. A second of the three ships was designed for Green Harbour, about fifteen leagues to the southward of the third ship, the *Salutation*, on board of which were the eight seamen, the subject of the following narrative, appointed to stay at the Foreland until the 20th of August; but the captain having made a good

voyage at Bell Sound, despatched a shallop with orders for them to join him there, that they might take in some of his train oil, by joining their forces, make the fleet so much stronger for the defence of the merchants' goods homeward-bound, the Dunkerquers being very strong and rife at sea in those days. Accordingly, on the 8th of August they directed their course to the southward, towards Green Harbour, there to take on board twenty of their men who had been sent into the smaller vessel to assist in navigating her.

The wind being contrary, they were obliged to lie to. On the 15th the weather was calm and clear, the ship being a few leagues from Black Point, and about five from a place called the Maiden's Paps, which abounds in venison, the master sent eight of them in a shallop to hunt and kill deer for the ship's provision. These were William Fakely, Gunner; Edward Pelham,



ADVENTURES OF EIGHT ENGLISH SEAMEN, LEFT BY ACCIDENT IN GREENLAND, IN 1630.

gunner's-mate; John Wise and Robert Goodfellow, seamen; Thomas Ayres, whale-cutter; Henry Bett, cooper; and John Dawes and Richard Kellet, landmen. They left the ship, and taking with them a musket, two lances, a tinder-box, and a brace of dogs, they directed their course towards the shore, where they arrived in four hours; the weather being at the time fair and clear, and in every respect favourable to their intentions. That day they killed fourteen deer, and being weary with rowing and hunting, they made a repast on such provisions as they had brought with them, resolving to rest on shore that night, and to return on board the next day.

In the meantime, however, the weather grew thick, the wind shifted to the south, and drove a great quantity of ice between the shore and the ship, which, to avoid the danger to which she was exposed, was obliged to put off to sea, so that the men on

shore entirely lost sight of her. Uncertain as to their fate, and the weather growing still thicker, they considered it their best course to hunt along the shore, and make the best of their way to Green Harbour, where they might go on board the other vessel, until their own should come into port.

Thus coasting along, they killed eight more deer, which they took on board the shallop, and on the 19th arrived at Green Harbour; but, to their great surprise and astonishment, they found that the ship was gone. They were utterly at a loss how to account for her departure, as they knew that she had not sufficient provisions on board to last till she reached home.

Finding themselves thus disappointed in their expectations, and it being within three days of the time fixed for the departure of the vessels from the coast, they resolved to proceed with all possible expedition to Captain Goodler, at Bell Sound;

and in order to make the better way, they threw all their venison overboard. Bell Sound is situate about sixteen leagues to the southward of Green Harbour, and the first night they had proceeded about halfway to a point of land called the Low Ness, where there came on so thick a fog, that they were obliged to lie-to between two rocks, from the night of the 17th till the following day at noon; when the weather having cleared a little, they prosecuted their voyage; but having no compass, and neither of them being pilot enough to know the land, they overshoot Bell Point at least ten leagues to the southward, towards Horn Sound.

Some of them, meanwhile, conceived that it was impossible they could be so long in proceeding eight leagues, and were confirmed in the opinion that they had gone beyond the place they

intended, by observing that the land trended away towards the east. They therefore, contrary to the judgment of their gunner, William Fakely, who had been in the country five or six times before, altered their course, and steered away to the northward. They had now actually approached within two miles of Bell Point, when Fakely looking about declared they were on a wrong course, and most of the company being persuaded by the positive manner in which he spoke, they turned the boat's head a second time to the westward, which was the cause of all the subsequent misery and hardships they endured.

Thus, on the 20th of August, they were a second time running as far to the southward as before; but as there was no likelihood of their discovering the place they were in search of, they again turned the shallop to the northward, Fakely still persisting in his former

opinion, in which they no longer placed any confidence, and he refused to steer the boat any more. The weather continued, fair, and an east wind springing up they took advantage of it, and set sail. The wind increasing, carried their shallop along with great velocity, so that on the 21st they arrived at Bell Point, when the wind shifted and blew right out of the sound at E.N.E., with such fury, that they were obliged to take in their sail, and by the help of their oars approached to within two miles of the shore.

They found that this was the place they had been so long seeking, nor could Fakely himself forbear to acknowledge his error. They immediately sought a harbour for the shallop and having brought her into it, two of the men were despatched by land to the tent at Bell Sound, which was ten miles distant from the place where they landed, to see

whether the ships were still there. Of this, however, they had little hope, as the period fixed for their departure was past, and the wind had been favourable for putting to sea. The men upon their arrival found their fears verified, that the ships had left the road, and returned to their companions with the melancholy tidings; but as it was impossible that the vessels might be at Bottle Cove, three leagues distant on the other side of the sound, they resolved to proceed there. They arrived at that place on the 22nd, but finding no ships, they had little hope of deliverance from the dangers in which they were involved. If they had resolved to follow the ships, they had neither pilot nor compass to direct them, and would be exposed to the most imminent danger of perishing by the drifting ice; if, on the other hand, they resolved to stay at Bell Sound, they would have no other prospect than that of a miserable and

lingering death, as they were totally unprovided with the means of passing the winter in such an inclement climate.

Nor were their apprehensions altogether without foundation. They well knew that neither Christian nor Heathen had ever before inhabited that desolate region; they also remembered that the merchants had offered great rewards to any persons who would venture to pass the winter on this coast, besides providing them with everything necessary for such an undertaking, yet they could never find any so hardy, as to expose their lives to such a perilous experiment. They had also heard that the Russia Company had once procured the reprieve of some criminals convicted of capital offences, to whom they promised not only pardon for their crimes, but likewise considerable gratuities, if they would undertake to remain one whole year in Greenland, and that every way provided for, both in clothes and victuals, and all things needful for their preservation. These poor wretches, to escape immediate execution at home, resolved to make trial of the adventure. Upon their arrival there, however, the aspect of desolation which this dreary region exhibited, struck them with such horror, that they resolved rather to return to England, and to expiate with their lives the crimes they had committed, than to remain there, though with the assured hope of obtaining pardon. The captain who carried them out, being a humane man, would not compel them to stay, contrary to their inclinations, but carried them back to England, where, through the intercession of the Russia Company, they escaped that death to which they had been condemned.

To men in their situation, these recollections were not calculated to afford much encouragement: and another circumstance more terrible to them than both the former, for it was likely to be their own case, tended greatly to augment their apprehensions, this was the lamentable fate of nine men, who had been abandoned in the same place, and by the same master, who had left these eight men behind, who had all died miserably upon the place, their carcasses having been found mangled by the savage bears and hungry foxes, which are the only inhabitants of this comfortless country. Their lamentable end was, indeed, sufficient to have daunted the spirits of the most resolute and enterprising.

Their fears, however, did not proceed entirely from the dreadful example of others, but the consideration of their want of everything necessary to sustain the life of man, struck them to the heart. They were not only unprovided with clothes and food, but entirely destitute of a habitation capable of sheltering them from the chilling cold. After spending some time in silent anguish, knowing that delay could only be productive of new dangers, they began to conceive hope, even out of the depths of despair. Rousing their benumbed faculties, they began to consider the most probable method of preserving themselves in that place, seeing that all hopes of returning to England that season were then quite frustrated. It was unanimously agreed to take the opportunity of the next fair weather, and to proceed to Green Harbour, to hunt and kill venison for part of their winter provision.

Accordingly, on the 25th of August, the wind and weather being both fair, they set off for Green Harbour, where they arrived in twelve hours. Having landed, the first thing they did was to construct a tent with the sail of their shallop, pitched up and spread upon the oars; under this shelter they resolved to rest that night, and the next day to return to their hunting. The weather proving fair and clear, they made their sleep the shorter, and, in the morning, equipping their shallop as well as they could, they proceeded to Cole's Park, a place about two leagues distant; and which Ayres assured them abounded with venison. They did not find so many deer as they expected from his report, but killed seven that day and four bears, whose flesh they likewise intended to lay up for provision.

The weather beginning to be overcast, and not likely to continue favourable for hunting, they returned the same night to Green Harbour, where they made a tent as before, and betook themselves to rest. The next morning, finding the weather to be clearing up, six of them prepared to go a hunting with their two dogs, leaving Fakeley and Dawes in the tent to provide some refreshment against their return.

On their departure from the tent, they rowed towards Cole's Park. In the way, on the side of a hill by the sea side, they discovered seven deer feeding, on which they landed, and by the help of their dogs, killed six of them. The weather being then again overcast, they thought it of little purpose to go any farther at that time, but resolved to hunt along the side of the hill, and at night returned to their tent. As they proceeded they killed six more deer, when it began to blow and rain, and to be very dark; upon which they hastened towards the tent with a view to rest for that night, and on the next day to renew their hunting. This design being prevented by the unfavourable state of the weather, they got the bears and venison which they had killed on board the shallop, and finding another boat which had been left behind by some ship, they loaded it with the greaves of whales, boiled the same year, which they found in great quantities strewed upon the ground. Dividing themselves into two equal companies, Fakeley, with John Wise, and two landsmen, took charge of one shallop, while Pelham, Goodfellow, and two men went on board the other, intending with the next fair weather to return to Bell Sound, where they designed to winter. Every thing was ready for their departure, when they were overtaken by so intense a darkness, that they were obliged to remain that night where they were; and the following day being Sunday, they resolved to rest in order to observe it with the greater respect.

The weather on Monday morning being fair and clear, they set off at day-break; but after rowing about four hours, the sky began to be overcast, and the wind blew so hard that it was impossible for them to reach Bell Sound. The next morning they reached Bottle Cove, where they were obliged to remain, as the violence of the wind prevented them from proceeding farther. Having fastened the head of one of the shallops, to the stern of the other with a rope, they cast anchor and went on shore, leaving the boats riding in the Cove. In the meantime the wind increasing, blew with great violence into the cove, and the sea ran so high that their anchor came home, and the shallops being dashed against the shore, sunk with all their provisions. Some of it having been washed out of the boats by the waves, they found it floating up and down the beach. Their feelings can only be conceived, when, running out of the tent, they saw the best part of their provisions, the only hope of their lives, which they had taken such pains and run such risks to procure, in danger of being utterly lost, or, at any rate, spoiled by the salt water. In this dilemma, they saw no other way of saving the remainder of their store, ready to be washed away by the billows, than to run into the sea and thus get to their shallops, which they drew on shore by means of a hawser, and then ranged along the coast, seeking and taking up such of their provisions as had been washed out of the boats.

On the 3rd September, the wind having died away, and the weather proving more favourable to their design, they launched their shallops, and on the same day reached Bell Sound, where their first business was to secure their provisions. Their next occupation was to take a particular survey of the place, and especially the great tent, that being the intended place of their habitation the ensuing winter. The great tent, as they called it, was a kind of house built of timber in a very substantial manner, and covered with Flemish tiles; it was about eighty feet in length and twenty feet in breadth, and had been erected for the coopers to work and lodge in, during the time they were making casks for barrelling the train oil. The weather soon after their arrival became very cold, and the frost was so severe that they durst not venture on another voyage to Green Harbour, as they were apprehensive that the Sound would freeze, and thereby prevent them from returning to their tent; for they knew it would be in vain to attempt the journey by land, as the country was so extremely mountainous.

In order that they might better secure themselves from the cold, they resolved, with all possible expedition, to build a smaller house within the larger one. They commenced, therefore, by taking down a small building which stood near the other, in which the men lodged while they made the oil. They took away the materials, which furnished them with one hundred and fifty deal boards, besides posts and stanchions or rafters, and from three chimneys of the furnaces for boiling

oil, they brought a thousand bricks. They also found three hogsheads of very fine lime, and fetched another from Bottle Cove: this they mixed with the sand of the sea shore, and made very excellent mortar. They immediately set to work, but the cold was so intense that they were obliged to keep up two large fires to prevent the mortar freezing. Fakeley and Pelham undertaking the masonry part, they began to raise a wall of the thickness of one brick against the inner planks of the side of the tent, and while they were laying the bricks, the rest of the company were otherwise employed, some in taking down the bricks, others in making them clean and carrying them to the tent in baskets, some in making mortar and cutting boards to build the other side, and some in curing their venison.

Having built the two outermost sides of the tent with bricks and mortar, and the former being nearly all used, they were obliged to construct the other two sides in the following manner. They first nailed the deal boards on one side of the post or stanchion, to the thickness of a foot, and on the other side in the same manner; then filling up the vacant space with sand, it became so tight that not a breath of air could penetrate.—The vent of the chimney led into the greater tent, being the breadth of one deal board, and about four feet in length. Their small tent was about twenty feet in length, sixteen in breadth, and about ten feet in height. The roof was of deal boards, laid over five or six times, the middle of each plank covering the joining of the two underneath, so that no wind could possibly find its way between. As for the door, besides making it as close as it would shut, they lined it with a bed which they found there, and which prevented the entrance of the air, whether it was open or shut. They made no windows, so that all the light they received was from the vent of their chimney, through the greater tent, by removing two or three tiles from the roof. Their next work was to set up four cabins, where they lay two and two, on the deer-skins dried, and which they found to be extremely warm and comfortable. The next subject which occupied their attention, was that of fuel; they examined all the shallops which had been left ashore by different ships, and found seven of them so crazy as not to be serviceable for another year; these they made bold with, and broke up, and then carried them into their house, where they stowed them away over the beams, in the manner of a floor, intending also to stow the rest of their firing over them, so as to make the outer tent warmer, and to keep the snow from drifting into it through the tiles.

The weather having now become much colder, and the days very short, or rather no day at all, they began to stave some empty casks, which had been left there the year before, which they did to the extent of one hundred tons, at least; they also made use of some planks, and two old coolers for cooling oil, and whatever they thought might be spared, without detriment to the next year's voyage. They thus collected all the firing they possibly could, with the exception of the shallops and coolers, the destruction of which might have materially affected the success of the next year's voyage, to the great injury of the company, whose advantage these men, being their servants, invariably consulted. Considering the length of time they were likely to remain in this dreary situation, they felt the necessity of husbanding their stock as much as possible; to effect which, they soon discovered the following method. When they raked up their fire at night, with a large quantity of ashes and embers, they put a piece of elm-wood into the middle of it, which, after lying sixteen hours, they found, upon breaking it up, that it was all on fire: this method they regularly continued, and their fire never went out for about eight months.

Being now provided with as good a habitation as they could reasonably expect, and a fair supply of fuel, a small quantity of drift-ice appeared in the sound, on the 12th of September: on a piece of this ice they discovered two sea-horses asleep, and instantly launching one of their boats, they hastened to attack them; after rowing some time, they came so near that the shallop touched one of them, when Fakeley struck a harpoon into the old one, which the rest soon dispatched with their lances. The younger, being unwilling to leave her dam, continued to swim about the boat till they also killed her with

their lances. They then hauled them into the boat, and, rowing ashore, flayed their prizes, and cut them into pieces. On the following day they also killed another in the same manner.

The night had now increased so much, and the cold became so intense, that they lost all hope of obtaining any more provisions before the spring, as they could only now and then expect to kill a bear that might chance to straggle near them.—Having, therefore, taken a more accurate survey of their stock of provisions, which they found much too small for their company, and the time they had to remain, they agreed to come to an allowance, to stint themselves to one reasonable meal a day; and on Wednesdays and Fridays to allow themselves only the fritters or greaves of the whale, which was a very loathsome food; and on this diet they continued for about three months.

Their clothes and shoes were by this time worn to pieces, and it was therefore necessary to invent some method of repairing them. This they effected by contriving thread of rope yarn, and needles of whale-bone. The nights were now very long, and by the 10th of October, the cold was so intense, that the sea was frozen over. Being thus prevented from pursuing their usual occupations, and having nothing upon which to exercise their minds, their imaginations began to be harassed with a thousand distressing ideas. They had now more than sufficient leisure to bewail their miserable condition, to reflect on their separation from their wives and children, and to imagine how afflicting to them, and to their parents, must be the thoughts of their fate. At other times they cheered themselves with the consolation which their friends might derive from the hope that it would please the Almighty to preserve them till the following year. Sometimes they varied their griefs, now complaining of the cruelty of the master of their vessel who left them in these distresses, and then not only excusing, but lamenting both him and his company, as they feared they might have been overtaken by the ice, and thus miserably perished.

Tormented thus in mind with doubts, fears, and griefs, and in body with hunger, cold, and want, the hideous monster despair began now to present himself to their imaginations in his most terrible form, and endeavoured to seize them as his prey. Reflecting, however, that they ought not to give themselves too much to grief, they redoubled their prayers to the Almighty for strength and patience in their miseries, and by his blessing, banishing those desponding thoughts, they again cheered themselves up to use the best means for their preservation.

On again inspecting their provisions and dreading lest their fuel should fail them, they thought it best to roast half a deer every day, and stow it in hogsheads, leaving as much raw as would serve them to roast a quarter every Sunday, and the same for Christmas-day, and other such like occasions.

To their great mortification they found that all their whale fritters were almost spoiled by the wet, which they had taken; and had grown mouldy by lying so close together. They also discovered that they had not a sufficient quantity of bear and venison to allow themselves five meals a-week, as heretofore; they therefore abridged their stomachs of another meal, so that for three months afterwards they fed three days in the week on the unsavoury and mouldy fritters, and feasted the other four on bear and venison; and, to add to their distresses, they not only were in want of meat, but began now to want light also: all their meals were suppers; even the glorious sun, as if unwilling to behold their miseries, concealed his face under the sable veil of the darkest night.

From the 14th of October, to the 3rd of February, they never saw the sun, nor did he, during that period, ever appear above the horizon. The moon, however, when not obscured by clouds, shone both day and night as bright as she appears in England. The sky it is true was frequently very much overcast all the winter time, so that they could not always see the moon so well, nor discern in what point of the compass she was. They had, indeed, a kind of daylight which glimmered upon them, about eight hours a day; this was in October; but from that time till the 1st of December, even that light was shortened ten or twelve minutes a day. From the 1st to the 20th of December, there appeared no light at all; but that whole period was one continued night; all they could perceive was, that now and then, in clear weather, a glare of white, like the dawn of day,

appeared towards the south; but not any light. This continued to the 1st of January, when they could perceive that the day began to increase a little.

During this period of darkness, they could not tell with certainty when it was day or when night, excepting by an observation which Pelham, the gunner's-mate kept, in the following manner. First bearing in mind the number of the epoch, he made his addition by a day supposed, though not absolutely to be known, on account of the darkness, by this he judged the age of the moon, and kept such an account of the time, that when, afterwards, the ships arrived, and they met their countrymen, he could tell them the day of the month as exactly as they could tell him.

At the beginning of this dark and irksome season, they sought some means of preserving a light. This they accomplished, when, having found a piece of sheet lead over the seam of one of the coolers, they ripped it off, and made three lamps of it. These they supplied with oil, which they found in the cooper's tent, and making wicks of rope-yarn, they kept them continually burning, which was a great comfort to them in their extremity.

Thus, although they neglected nothing that could contribute to their preservation, yet they could not secure themselves from that depression of spirits which was naturally produced by the reflection on their wretched condition. In the painful feeling of their misery, they sometimes indulged in reproaches against those who had involved them in such distress; but at other times they considered it as a punishment for their former wicked lives, and humbling themselves before the mighty hand of God, they cast themselves down in prayer, two or three times a day, which was a practice they continued during the whole course of their misery.

The new year now commenced, and as the days lengthened the cold increased, till at length it became so intense, that it raised blisters on their flesh, as if they had been burned; and if they touched iron it would adhere to their fingers, like bird-lime. Sometimes, if they only went out to fetch a little water, the cold would seize them in such a manner that they would return with their bodies as sore as if they had been cruelly beaten.

During the early part of the winter, they found water under the ice that lay upon the beach. The water issued from a cliff of ice and ran into a hollow in the beach, where it was covered with a thick ice, which they daily broke with pickaxes at a certain place, and took as much water as they wanted for drinking. This continued till the 10th of January, when they were obliged to make shift with snow-water, which they obtained by putting hot irons into the snow, and this was their drink until the 20th of May.

By the end of January, the length of the days had increased to seven or eight hours. About this time they took another survey of their provisions, which they found to be so short that they could not expect them to last above six weeks longer. This again filled them with apprehensions of famine; but, as in all their other extremities, they had recourse to the great Father of all, whom they knew could help them, although at that time they saw no room for hope.

In this manner they passed their time till the 5th of February, which, though a fair clear day, proved intensely cold. It was near noon when the clouds which had obscured the morning sky being dispersed, Aurora, with her golden face, once more smiled upon them. The glorious sun with his glittering beams began to gild the tops of the lofty mountains, and the whiteness of the snow lit up the brilliancy of the sun's rays, afforded the most cheering and animated spectacle; and, to add to their joy, they observed a she-bear with a cub approaching their habitation, on which, seizing their lances, they sallied forth to meet her. The old one soon discovered and hastened towards them, but they gave her such a gallant reception with their lances, that she fell down biting the snow with rage, but the cub ran away and escaped. The weather was so intensely cold that they could not remain out any longer; retiring, therefore, to the tent, they first warmed themselves, and then returned to secure their prize. Having flayed her, they cut the carcase up into pieces of about a stone weight, one of which

served them for their dinner, and upon this bear they lived for three weeks. It proved to be very good eating, and even better than the venison: but upon eating the liver, their skins peeled off, though it is a remarkable circumstance, that several who were ill before eating of the liver, recovered their health immediately after.

This supply being exhausted it became absolutely necessary to seek some other provision, or to begin upon their cask of roasted venison, which they were very unwilling to do, for fear it should be consumed before the fleet arrived from England. These fears, however, were soon banished, as their habitation was soon visited by great numbers of bears. They counted, at different times, at least forty of these animals, of which they killed seven, one on the 2nd of March, another on the 4th, and on the 10th, one of extraordinary size, being not less than six feet in height. These they flayed and roasted on wooden spits, as they had no other kitchen furniture, except a frying-pan, which they found in the tent; and the flesh proved to be as good savoury meat as any beef could be. Having now a tolerable stock of provisions, they increased their allowance, eating frequently two or three meals a day, which gave them new strength and spirits.

The days had now lengthened considerably; and several kinds of birds, which had deserted those parts during the winter, began to resort thither for the purpose of breeding. On the arrival of these birds, the foxes, which all the winter remain in their burrows under the rocks, make their appearance in search of prey. They set three traps for these animals, baiting them with the skins of the birds, which they found on the snow; for the legs of this fowl, which is about the size of a duck, are placed so near the rump, that when once it alights upon the ground, it is seldom or ever able to rise again. In this manner they caught about fifty foxes, all of which they found to be good eating. They also took a bearskin, and laying the flesh side upwards, they made springs of whalebone, in which they caught above sixty of the above mentioned birds.

On the 16th of March, one of their two mastiff dogs left the tent, in the morning, and never returned to them, so that they were ignorant of what became of him.

The weather having grown warm, by the 1st of May, they were able to go abroad in quest of more provisions. They therefore went out every day, but met with nothing till the 24th of May, when, discovering a buck, they thought to have hunted him down with their dog, but he had become so fat and lazy, that he would not pursue the deer. Seeking farther, they found a number of the eggs of the willock, a bird about the size of a duck, but there being only two of them, they could not carry home above thirty. The next day they intended to have returned for more, but it proved so cold, with an easterly wind, that they could not stir out of the tent.

Staying at home, therefore, on the 25th, they that day omitted their ordinary practice in fair weather, of going every day or every second day, to the top of a mountain, to see whether the main ice in the sound was broken. This had not been the case till the preceding day, when a violent wind coming from the sea, broke the ice, and then shifting to the east, carried it out to sea, and for a great way cleared the sound. The ice, however, still lined the shore to the distance of at least three miles from their tent.

On the 26th of May, they being then all at home, two Hull ships entered the sound. The master knowing that some men had been left behind the year before, and anxious to learn if they were still living, sent off a shallop, and ordered the men to row as fast up the sound as possible and then to proceed to the tent by land. Upon their arrival, they found the shallop which had been hauled from the tent to the water, with the intention of seeking for seahorses, the first fair weather, and equipped with every thing necessary for the expedition; and although they doubted the possibility of any men being able to survive a winter in Greenland, still this sight gave them some room for hope. Taking their lances, therefore out of the boat, they advanced towards the tent.

Those in the tent heard nothing of them, as they were assembled in the inner tent, and about to go to prayers, excepting Thomas Ayers, who was still in the outer tent. The Hull men, on coming up, hailed with the usual seaman's cry, "Hey!"

which he answered. This threw them into the greatest amazement; and those within hearing the noise, immediately run out of the tent, all black as they were with the smoke, and their clothes torn to rags with wearing them so long. The uncouth appearance which they presented increased the surprise of the Hull men; but perceiving they were the very men that had been left there the year previous, they joyfully embraced them, and accompanied them into the tent, where these strange adventurers set before their deliverers the best fare they could, which was venison roasted about four months before, and a cup of cold water, which, for the sake of the novelty, they kindly accepted.

Having satisfied, as well as they were able, the numerous inquiries which were made, they agreed to return with the Hull men on board the ship, when they were welcomed in the heartiest and kindest English manner. They remained on board till the arrival of the London fleet, which they were told was expected to arrive the next day.

After waiting three days, which seemed inexpressibly tedious, so desirous were they of hearing from their wives and children, the London fleet, to their great joy, arrived in the port on the 28th of May. They immediately went on board Captain Goodler's ship, where that gentleman received them in the kindest manner, giving orders that they should have anything in the ship, that might do them good, and renew their strength; at the same time furnishing them with clothes at his own cost.

After a fortnight's rest and refreshment, they all perfectly recovered their health and strength, upon which the captain sent Fakely, Wise, Ayres, and Goodfellow, according to their desire, to the ship to which they had belonged. It was naturally to be expected that after enduring such hardships, partly through the master's means, they would be as kindly welcomed as the prodigal that was lost and found again; but they had no sooner entered the ship, than he called them runaways, and used other harsh and unbecoming expressions. The others remained with Captain Goodler, from whom they experienced the kindest treatment.

They were now contented to remain in this inhospitable region till the 20th of August, when, with joyful hearts, they embarked for their native land; and though sometimes crossed with contrary winds, they at length came safely to anchor in the river Thames; and thus by the blessing of God, all eight of them reached home safe and sound.

LOSS OF THE DE GRAVE, CAPTAIN YOUNG.

THE De Grave, a fine ship, of the burthen of seven hundred tons, and carrying fifty-two guns, passed through the Downs on February the 19th, 1701. She was commanded by Captain William Young, and destined for Fort St. George, in the East Indies, where she arrived in safety. She sailed from thence to Bengal, where they had the misfortune to lose the captain and first mate, in consequence of which the command devolved upon the late captain's son, who was second mate, and Mr. John Benbow, one of the sons of Vice-Admiral Benbow, who had gone out as fourth mate, became second mate from Bengal.

They sailed for the Cape of Good Hope, but the ship ran aground in attempting to go out of the river, and she stuck fast; however, the next high tide she floated again, and put to sea with little or no damage, as was then imagined; but very shortly after she was discovered to be so leaky, that they were obliged to keep two chain pumps constantly going. They sailed in this condition for above two months before they reached the island of Mauritius, then inhabited by the Dutch, who received them very kindly, gave them all the assistance in their power, and permitted them to erect and fit up a tent upon the shore, into which, having unladen the ship in order to search for the leak, they brought the greater part of the cargo; but, after a long scrutiny, they were unsuccessful in finding the leak. They remained about a month at the island of Mauritius, and then taking on board about fifty Lascars, sailed directly for the Cape of Good Hope. There were then about one hundred and seventy hands on board, and though the Lascars were not of much service in

point of navigation, yet they were of great utility in relieving the English seamen from the labour of pumping. The resolution which they had thus rashly taken of putting to sea before the leak had been stopped, or even discovered, proved fatal to them; for, in a few days afterwards, the water gained upon them to such a degree, that, notwithstanding the pumps were kept incessantly going day and night, it was with the utmost exertions they kept the vessel above water, though they were still six hundred leagues from their intended port.

The ship's company, upon the belief that common danger put them all on an equality, represented to Captain Young the utter impracticability of carrying into execution his design of proceeding to the Cape; and that, under the circumstances, the wisest course would be to make the nearest land, which was that of Madagascar, to the southward of which they had sailed about a hundred leagues. The captain thought proper to comply with this advice, and endeavoured to run the ship on shore; but this was also found to be impracticable: they, therefore, when within a quarter of a mile of the coast, first let go an anchor, then cut down all their masts and rigging, and threw their guns and heavy goods overboard, in the hope of being able to make the ship swim nearer, but this being found to be impossible, and having already lost their long-boat and pinnace, they resolved upon making a raft, which they effected in the course of the night; and, on the following morning, Mr. Pratt, the chief mate, went on shore in a little boat, accompanied by four men, and taking with him a rope, by which they proposed to warp the raft. Before they were able to reach the land, the boat was stove to pieces, but the men escaped and secured the rope, by which they brought the raft on shore with the remainder of the ship's company, except the captain, who remained on board the ship till the last moment, and did not quit her till he found she was going to pieces, when he threw himself into the sea and swam ashore.

Immediately on their landing, the crew were made prisoners by the king of that part of the island, and were carried about fifty miles up into the country, where they found a Captain Stewart and a Captain Drummond, with a few of their ships' crew, in the same situation as themselves, and who soon gave them a better insight into their situation, by assuring them that the king would never permit them to return again to Europe, and that he intended to make them serve him as soldiers or slaves, in the prosecution of his wars with the neighbouring tribes. This intelligence, it may well be imagined, instead of allaying their fears, struck them with the utmost consternation.

In this miserable state of affairs, a consultation was held by Captains Drummond, Stewart, and Young, in conjunction with Mr. Pratt and Mr. Benbow, in which Captain Drummond stated it as his opinion, that the only expedient by which they could recover their liberty, was to seize the black king and march off with him prisoner to some other province of the island, where ships more frequently touched at; and to this project they agreed. Mr. Benbow highly approved of the proposition, and assisted with great courage in the execution of it, which was performed with greater ease than they could reasonably have expected; and the king, the queen, and their son, were made prisoners; but at the instance of Captain Young, from motives of compassion, the queen was released. It is hardly possible to conceive an enterprise displaying more boldness in the design, and greater courage and intrepidity in the execution than this, where fifty or sixty white people, and not above half of them armed, openly and daringly carried off a black prince out of the midst of his capital, and in the sight of some thousands of his subjects, better armed than themselves. They were, however, restrained from firing upon the whites by the threat of Captain Young to kill their king if they attempted it.

Great as had been the ability exercised in carrying the foregoing scheme into effect, they were guilty of great mismanagement afterwards; for, upon a proposal being made by the negroes to ransom their king for six guns, it was agreed to deliver him up, upon a supposition that the blacks would not then follow them any further; and, notwithstanding Mr.

Benbow was strongly opposed to this arrangement, and showed them the mischievous consequences which must necessarily ensue from such an injudicious measure; it was carried into effect. The king being given up, the blacks still continued to follow them, though at a greater distance, until at length it was agreed that they should also give up the prince, presuming that this would certainly put an end to the pursuit. They, however, took with them, by way of hostages, three persons, who, as they were informed by the blacks, were three of the principal men in the country. Two of them very soon afterwards made their escape, and the blacks, so far from discontinuing the pursuit, came closer up to them than ever, and even fired on them, which they had not done before.

The weakness of their own conduct, and the wisdom of Mr. Benbow's advice, were now apparent to all of them; and as it was obvious that, under existing circumstances, they had no chance left but to fight, they began to arrange their little army in order of battle. Thirty-six armed men were divided into four bodies, which were commanded by the three captains and Mr. Benbow; but after an engagement, which lasted from noon till about six o'clock in the evening, a treaty was entered into. The proposition on the part of the negroes was, to have their arms given up to them, and promising, on that condition, to give them their liberty; and this proposition, though in itself of such mischievous tendency, and strongly opposed by the better judgment of Mr. Benbow, yet they were mad enough to accept it, at the persuasion of Captain Young.

When this arrangement came to be put into execution, Captains Drummond and Stewart, with four or five of their men, refused to deliver up their arms, and marched off unperceived in the night, accompanied by Mr. Benbow, and arrived at Port Dauphin in safety. The remainder of the party were cruelly murdered, none of them escaping, with the exception of Robert Drury, a boy of fifteen or sixteen years old, whom they preserved and made a slave. Mr. Benbow, after remaining several years among the negroes, where he lived after their manner and went naked, made his escape on board of a Dutch vessel, the captain of which had been well acquainted with his father, and, for his sake, treated him with great kindness and respect. After a few months he arrived safely in England, and lived many years afterwards.

LOSS OF THE MICHAEL, CAPTAIN HUTTON, JANUARY 7, 1701.

The Michael, of London, of the burthen of 330 tons, commanded by Captain Richard Hutton, sailed from the Downs on January 5, 1701, bound for Lisbon, for the purpose of taking in a cargo of St. Ube's salt. At starting they had a fine east wind, but by the time they got to the South Foreland, it shifted to the north-west.

The next morning, between four and five o'clock, they were off the Isle of Wight, when the wind freshened, and increasing to a violent storm, the weather became thick and sleety; they were accordingly forced to reef their topsails, and at eight o'clock, the gale still increasing, they took them in. Having taken in their mainsail about half-past eleven, they now ran with their foresail until about two o'clock in the morning, when suddenly the ship struck upon the Caskets, near Alderney, and so precipitous was the concussion, that the bowsprit was the first thing that touched.

Surprise at the suddenness of the shock, and consternation at the probability of their fate, now seized the crew: and though ignorant how to act, or what to do, each one prepared to shift for himself. Five men got out on the mainmast, and four others dropped from the fore-yard; but the remainder, consisting of the captain and six men, shared the fate of the unfortunate vessel, which was suddenly dashed to pieces; nor could those who were saved, by any possibility, afford the slightest assistance to their perishing companions, on account of the excessive darkness of the night.

The nine men thus providentially rescued from a watery grave, viz., Thomas Mead, chief mate; Stephen Hutchins, se-

cond mate; John Mow, John Baldock, Ambrose Rawlinson, Nathaniel Freeman, William Trotter, and Isaac Leader, seamen; and the cabin boy; were, from the loss of their clothes, exposed to the inclemency of the weather; they were also destitute of bread and provisions, with no lodging but the hard rock, and no shelter but two huts, which they made out of some pieces of board; these in some degree kept the wind from them, but were no protection against the rain, nor the spray when the tide was up. At low water they were forced to seek their food amongst the holes of the rocks, where they found a species of shell-fish called limpets, but not a sufficient quantity for their subsistence. They also fed upon a sea-weed which grew upon the rocks, somewhat similar in appearance to mallows.

After they had been five days upon the rocks, their increasing wants obliged them to kill their dog, which had been wonderfully preserved on a small rock near them; and the flesh of this poor half-starved animal was eagerly devoured by the wretched survivors, without being either roasted or boiled.

For fourteen days they continued in this miserable manner; and though during all this time they suffered severely from the want of food, yet they had an abundant supply of fresh water, from the incessant rains which continually filled the holes in the rock, out of which they took plentiful draughts!

Their small quantity of provisions beginning daily to decrease, they had nothing before their eyes but the dismal prospect of perishing by famine; and what added to their anguish and despondency, was their having once had a sight of the Express Advice-boat, which overlooked them in spite of all their endeavours to make themselves visible. They were also aware that all vessels sailing near this place carefully avoided the rocks on which they were, and this consideration made them almost despair of receiving future assistance.

On January 20, John Taskard, master of a ship at Lymington, set sail from Guernsey, bound to Southampton. When he came in view of the Caskets, he was told by his son that he could see men upon them; which induced the old man to take up his glass and look at the rocks; when, providentially, he espied one of the wretched sufferers waving his cap; upon which he immediately steered for the rock. There being a great sea at the time, he came to an anchor to the leeward of the rock, and to the inconceivable delight of the shipwrecked crew, sent his little boat, which took them all off the rocks, and carried them on board his vessel. So great were their transports of joy, at such almost unlooked-for relief, that on entering the boat, they could scarcely speak; nor could they make use of their feet, which were all swelled and sore, with the exception of Stephen Hutchins, the second mate, who was a stout man, and by whose encouragement the others were chiefly supported during their calamities.

On the 21st they all arrived in safety at Southampton, where they were taken care of and treated with great humanity by the mayor of the town.

"STIMULATING" A SHIP'S CREW.

AFTER one of Sir Edward Hughes's drawn battles with M. Suffrein, in the East Indies, the British admiral sent to the captains of the fleet, desiring them to stimulate their respective crews previous to the next day's expected encounter. As his commander was desperately wounded, it fell to the lot of the late Captain C. H. Lane, then a lieutenant, to carry this into effect; and he did it irresistibly.

All hands were immediately piped on deck; when Mr. Lane, holding in his hand Sir Edward's order, in *hoc modo loquitur*—"My brave fellows, I have received the admiral's commands to stimulate you. I do not clearly understand his meaning; but if it is that I am to tell you to beat those *parley-vous*, tomorrow, I am sure he might have saved himself the trouble; but, my lads, I am ordered to stimulate you, and you must therefore consider yourselves stimulated accordingly."

Roars of hearty laughter, and three tremendous cheers attested that the lads enjoyed the humour of the address, though they had fought severely, and passed the day dinnerless; and we must give them full credit for their cheerfulness.

SHIPWRECK AND SUFFERINGS OF M. DE BRISSON.

IN the month of June, 1785, M. de Brisson left France, in the ship *St. Catherine*, Captain Le Turc, for Isle St. Louis. At midnight, on the 10th of July following, they found themselves between the coast of Africa and the Canary Islands, in a sort of creek formed by rocks. Under an impulse of alarm, the captain steered the ship towards the shore, and, being driven with great force by the currents, she struck three times, and then remained fixed and motionless. She resisted the attacks of the sea, during the whole of the night, although at every instant it seemed ready to swallow her up. Towards morning the storm abated, when M. de Brisson, with all the crew, got to land; and these unfortunate people, finding themselves in a desert and unknown country, ascended the

highest rocks, but could perceive only an immense white sandy plain, on which a few plants, bearing a small seed, in shape and size resembling that of mustard, were scattered. These plants, which the Moors call *avezoud*, and of which they make a sort of paste to regale themselves, branch forth like coral. At a distance appeared several hillocks, which, overspread with a sort of wild fern, resembled a thick wood.

Advancing towards these hillocks, they found a number of camels feeding, from which they inferred that the country was inhabited. To the poor seamen, who were almost perishing with hunger and thirst, this was an important discovery. Some of the natives, who were watching the camels, soon perceived the Europeans, and, giving the alarm, the latter were shortly surrounded by Moors, who, in the excess of their joy, uttered the most terrific shouts. The unfortunate



SHIPWRECK AND SUFFERINGS OF M. DE BRISSON, AND HIS COMPANIONS, ON THE COAST OF CAPE BLANCO.

sufferers, being dispersed about, were ferociously seized, and stripped; those who attempted resistance being wounded and struck to the earth.

At the time of this barbarous treatment, M. de Brisson perceived a Moor unarmed, whom, from his dress, he recognised to be one of those who had accompanied the king, Alikouri, on a visit which he had paid him at Isle St. Louis. De Brisson therefore ran and threw himself at his feet, as did M. Devoize, the second officer of the ship, and five of the crew who had not left him. They soon found, however, that they were as unfortunate as their companions; for the Moor received them with contempt, and, in an angry tone, inquired of M. de Brisson, who he was, whence he came, and what brought them all there? He answered, by sketching the form of a ship on the sand, and, by the assistance of gestures, and

a few Arabic words which he had picked up at Isle St. Louis, he made the Moor comprehend, that they had been shipwrecked, and, imploring his aid to convey them to their place of destination, added that he had the means of compensating him for his trouble. The last remark was perfectly understood by the Moor, to whom it afforded great pleasure. He immediately softened his features, and placed his fingers between those of M. de Brisson, as a proof of friendship, and that they would remain united for ever. The Moor now demanded the property to which M. de Brisson had alluded, and received two watches, one of them a repeater, two chains, a gold stock buckle, two pair of silver shoe buckles, a brilliant ring, a silver goblet and cover, and two hundred and twenty livres in cash. Affecting an air of mystery, he secreted the treasure in his blue shirt, being more pleased with the money

than with all the other articles, and promised M. de Brisson that he would never abandon him. By surrendering his property, he had expected to gain the kindness of those into whose hands he had fallen; instead of which he found it a source of great misfortune. The Moor inquired at what part M. de Brisson had been shipwrecked; and on being informed he called several of his people, and made a sign to them to follow him. M. de Brisson, from the manner in which they approached, was aware that his protector was a man of some consequence, and he afterwards found that he was one of the priests, called a talba.

The moors, on reaching the sea-shore, shouted with joy; but so great was their eagerness for plunder, that they soon quarrelled among themselves. Several of them swam off to the wreck, with the view of obtaining what they could; those who remained on shore expressing their fears of not receiving their share. The women in particular were quite outrageous.

The news of the shipwreck soon spread itself over the country; the savages, in great numbers, made towards the shore; and several lives were lost in their contentions respecting the plunder. The women, enraged at not being able to get to the ship, fell upon the unfortunate Frenchmen, and partly stripped them, disputing all the time who should possess the clothes of M. de Brisson, they being better than those of his companions.

The talba, who had become the master of the shipwrecked crew, although a priest, was a warrior by profession. Finding that the number of savages increased every minute, he felt himself under the necessity of joining with two friends for the purpose of securing that portion of the plunder which he had got together. Arrangements having been made, both for dividing the plunder and the slaves: the three Moors retired from the others for the purpose of sharing their booty. The Frenchmen were then led to a miserable hut, covered with moss, about a league distant from the sea, where they were crowded together, and rigorously searched, lest they might have concealed some valuables. Nothing being found on them, they were stripped quite naked, and even robbed of their shirts and handkerchiefs. M. de Brisson then learned that the talba, his master, was called Sidy-Mahamet-Del-Zouse, of the tribe of Labdesseba, the most ferocious of any in the desert, and the irreconcilable enemy of the Wadelims, who are not much their superiors in civilization.

Sidy-Mahamet having buried the treasure which he had acquired, in the sand, returned to the beach to get his share of the plunder of the ship. During his absence, a troop of Wadelims attacked the retreat of the Europeans, pulled them out by the throat and the hair of the head, and then began to fight with each other for the few clothes which had been left on M. de Brisson. In their jealousy and rage, they not only stripped him to the skin, but pursued him behind some heaps of sand, knocked him down, almost beat him to death, and were preparing a rope to strangle him; when one of the men whom the talba had left with him, came running out of breath, and accused them of having violated the asylum of Sidy-Mahamet, carried off his slave, and trodden under foot the sacred book of their religion. He told them, that the talba, enraged at the indecency of their sacrilegious conduct, had demanded that the old men of both parties should assemble to try the criminals in council, and that the only means of appeasing his wrath would be to give up his slave. This menace had a good effect, and the captive was instantly liberated. The Moor who had thus interposed in his behalf, was called Nonegem: he conducted M. de Brisson to the place where the council was assembled, and, the trial immediately commencing; the liberator, as avaricious as he was cunning, contended that the Frenchman was his slave, as he had rescued him from those who would have carried him off. He grounded his pretensions also on having seen M. de Brisson give his master several articles of value. Enraged at these impertinent remarks, and particularly at the exposure of his little treasure, Sidy-Mahamet cast a look of fury and indignation at Nonegem, and exclaimed, "This Christian is mine; he threw himself into my arms of his own accord, and I have promised to protect him, and to take him to King Alikouri.

I pledged my word that I would do this; and I look up to the tribunal for a decision in my favour, instead of for Nonegem, who ought to be severely punished." Nonegem replied, "As the slave cannot be mine, he shall die by my hand." On this he drew a poniard, intending to dispatch the captive, who stood appalled with terror. Without betraying the least emotion, however, Sidy-Mahamet threw over himself a sort of chaplet, of considerable length, and took up a little book which hung at his waist: in an instant the women rushed towards M. de Brisson, tore him from Nonegem, and delivered him over to the enraged priest, dreading lest he should issue an anathema against his adversary. This conduct of the women, and authoritative act of the talba, were immediately approved and applauded by the whole of the council. It should be observed, that the talbas, marabouts, or priests, always wear a long string, containing a hundred and fifteen little black balls, which they use in the same manner as the Catholics use chaplets.

M. de Brisson was now taken to his companions, who were in the neighbourhood. He found them in a pitiable state, almost starving; as, during the three days which they had been confined, their only food had been a small portion of wheat flour, spoiled by sea-water, mixed with some barley-meal, which had been for a long time kept in goat-skins. While partaking of this wretched meal, a friend of Sidy-Mahamet came and apprised them of the approach of the Wadelims, advising them to hide themselves without delay, as those people were coming from all parts to seize upon the slaves and treasure. Profiting by this advice, the talba, together with the Europeans, hid themselves behind some sand-hills, where they remained, until some Moors of their own tribe, who were anxiously employed in preserving the plunder, came to reinforce them. A guide then set out before the Frenchmen, and, by erecting little pyramids of stones at certain distances, pointed out to them the road which they had to take. This precaution was adopted for the purpose of avoiding the outskirts of the enemy, particularly those of the Wadelims; who, whether friends or enemies, are equally to be dreaded on account of their avarice. At break of day, all those who possessed Christian slaves came with them, and, having joined the Frenchmen, the whole body marched off for the interior of the country, where the families of their respective owners resided.

To the Europeans this journey was extremely fatiguing; they were almost dying with hunger and thirst, by which, on moving the tongue, they experienced such pain, that they were fearful of asking even the most simple question. Being under the necessity of following the steps of the camels, whose pace was hastened, they were exhausted by fatigue; yet, to avoid being surprised, they were compelled to make several counter-marches, by which they occupied a fortnight in making a journey which was generally performed in five days.

After having climbed mountains of a prodigious height, covered with small greyish flints, as sharp as those of muskets, they descended into a sandy plain nearly covered with thistles, where the cavalcade rested. M. de Brisson having walked till his feet were excoriated, could proceed no further; upon which his master made him get up behind him on a camel, the rough movements of which inflicted on him the most excruciating pain; and, being naked, and having no means of preventing the friction of the camel's hair, he was soon so chafed that the blood ran down the sides of the beast. This sight afforded much amusement to his master, who, the better to enjoy it, urged the camel to a quicker pace. At length, unable any longer to endure the torture, M. de Brisson threw himself off upon the sand, experiencing no other injury by the fall than a few scratches from the thorny thistles.

Towards evening they met their guide and halted, when M. de Brisson, no longer able to move, and suffering all the horrors of starvation, threw himself behind a bush, and implored the termination of existence. They soon forcibly pulled him from his retreat, to make him unload the camels; but, tired of his life, he resisted their efforts, and knocked down the Moor who disturbed him: on which the latter ran off and fetched his master, who, however, assured his captive that he had nothing to fear.

The shipwrecked seamen, while sitting under the bushes, witnessed some preparations which appalled them with terror. The Moors put a quantity of stones into a brasier, and, having made them red hot, they lifted up a large stone, and dug a hole in the ground, occasionally shouting with laughter, and repeating the name of Brisson. They at length called him, and made him approach the hole which they had digged; but how great was his surprise when he saw them draw forth from the hole, in which he thought they were going to bury him, a large skin full of water, a sack of barleymeal, and a newly-killed goat. His alarm subsided, the sight of the provisions inspiring him with new life: he saw them fill a large wooden bowl with water, into which they put a quantity of meal, and then, by throwing into it the red-hot stones, they made it boil; by which means they produced a sort of gruel, which they kneaded in their hands and swallowed without chewing. A very small quantity of brackish water, with some of the same steeped meal, served for the repast of the captives, the goat being reserved for the following day. Their guide, who went before them, had procured those provisions from a neighbouring village, and had concealed them beneath the stones. M. de Brisson observed that the resentment of the Moor whom he had struck was converted into acts of kindness and attention, as he brought him a larger share of food than was allotted to the others. At the close of the meal they all laid themselves down to sleep behind the bushes.

On the following morning, at daylight, a signal was given for their departure; and M. de Brisson, with the other slaves, were ordered to assemble the camels and load them. This having been performed, the troops set off, and at noon stepped in a plain, which afforded not a single tree to shelter them from the rays of the sun. After unloading the camels, the slaves were employed in digging up roots to make a fire; a labour which, from all the trees, roots, and grasses of this country being thorny, is exceedingly troublesome. At length, the fire having imparted a sufficient degree of heat to the sand, they entirely covered the goat with it; and while the slaves were keeping up the fire, their masters regaled themselves with the raw fat of the animal, which they seemed highly to enjoy. When the goat was dressed, the Moors, without even taking the trouble to strike off the sand, devoured it with a most incredible voracity; after which they threw the bones to the slaves, telling them to make haste and get their dinner, that they might reload the camels.

Towards evening they descried some tents on a little eminence. The inhabitants of this village, as it proved to be, came in crowds to meet the travellers; but, far from expressing compassion towards the unfortunate captives, they overwhelmed them with insults, and subjected them to the most inhuman treatment. Two of M. de Brisson's comrades were treated with extreme cruelty, the women being more ferocious than the men. The owners made but slight resistance; rather congratulating themselves that the slaves, instead of the purthens of the camels, became the objects of their attention. M. de Brisson, who was at a little distance from his camel, perceiving a man aiming at his face with a double-barrelled musket, presented his breast and told him to fire; on which the assassin, struck by his firmness, let the piece fall from his hands. At the same instant, de Brisson was struck on the head by a stone, and for a moment lost his senses; but, on recovering himself, he burst into a rage, and loudly called for vengeance. Terror was spread through the village, the offending inhabitants of which took flight. One of them, however, before he ran off, gave de Brisson a blow on the head with his musket, which made him vomit blood. The unfortunate man was unable to recognise the fellow who had injured him; but, by his complaints, he excited the curiosity of several of the savages, who seemed pleased with the answers which he gave to their numerous questions.

To prove that he knew the king Alikouri, and that he had been his friend at Isle St. Louis, de Brisson attempted to imitate the *eguems*, or buffoons, whom that prince had in his suite: by this kind of drollery he afforded much pleasure to his master, who made him repeat his imitations several times, and at last employed him this way to divert the people, who,

he feared, would steal his property. De Brisson was immediately surrounded by crowds of men, women, and children, who gave him a little camel's milk, as a reward for his exertions.

The travellers, having remained one day in this village, obtained a supply of three or four days' provisions from the inhabitants, notwithstanding the cold reception which they had at first experienced. They then proceeded eastward, passing over large plains, covered with white, flat, and round flints, not a single plant being visible: the horizon appeared to be loaded with a reddish vapour, which resembled, in different parts, the flames from volcanoes. The small pebbles, pricking the feet of the Frenchmen, occasioned a sensation similar to the burning occasioned by sparks. The air contained neither birds nor insects; and the silence which prevailed was so profound, as to produce a sort of terrific effect on the mind. If by chance a breath of air arose, the traveller immediately experienced an extreme lassitude, his lips becoming chapped, his skin parched, and his whole body covered with painful carbuncles. The Moors, who had retired to these regions in order to avoid the payment of certain tributes, were afflicted by the atmosphere as much as their slaves; for so inhospitable is the country, that even the most ferocious animals will not enter it.

On leaving the first of these plains, they entered another, where the wind had raised the sand into hillocks, the intervals of which produced a few odoriferous plants, which the half-famished camels voraciously devoured. They afterwards came to a valley surrounded by mountains, in which, for the first time, they discovered some brackish fetid water: such was their thirst, however, that they drank it with indescribable pleasure. Towards evening they had the good fortune to fall in with a hospitable horde, from whom they experienced a favourable reception, and who pointed out the route for the remainder of their journey; a very seasonable piece of information, as their guide had lost his way.

The brother-in-law of de Brisson's master, one of the chiefs of the district, took particular care of the slaves, and sent them a meal of ostrich flesh and camel's milk. He appeared affected at the fate of M. de Brisson, and said to him, with much tenderness, "Unfortunate Christian! my brother has long been my debtor; if you will attach yourself to me, I will make arrangements with him to obtain you." This proposition, though it affected de Brisson, made him tremble, as it indicated a long captivity, while he had flattered himself that his present state would soon be changed: he therefore entreated his master not to consent to such an arrangement. "Be easy," replied the Moor, "you shall not leave me, unless to go to Senegal or Morocco, and that shall soon take place." This assurance gave indescribable joy to the captive.

Having rested three days with the tribe called Laroussye, they continued their journey towards the residence of their conductors; where they arrived at the expiration of sixteen days, almost reduced to skeletons, after suffering the most dreadful fatigue and misery. On their approach, the travellers were perceived ascending a hill, and several black slaves came to meet them. At a short distance, the children made the air resound with shouts of joy; and the women placed themselves erect at the entrance of the tents, to give their husbands a respectful reception. As the latter approached, the women came forward, and, with a submissive aspect, each placed her right hand on her husband's head, which she kissed, after prostrating herself to the ground. At the close of this ceremony, they looked with much curiosity towards the slaves, and then insulted them in the grossest manner, spitting in their faces, and throwing stones at them. The children, imitating the example of their parents, pinched them, pulled their hair, and tore their flesh with their nails.

A division was now made of the slaves; Messrs. Devoise, de Brisson, and Beaudre, were taken by Sidy-Mahammet. As soon as his family had done caressing him, M. de Brisson asked which of the women who surrounded him was his favourite; on which he pointed her out. The captive then approached her, and presented her with a double handful of cloves, which her husband had carefully kept for her, that he might meet with a favourable reception—these women being passionately

fond of aromatic scents, particularly that of cloves. She received the present with the most insulting *hauteur*, and then kicked him from the tent. A minute afterwards, she commanded the slaves to unload the camels; and then set one to clean a sort of kettle, and sent another to pull up roots for fuel. While she was giving these orders, her dear husband was fast asleep, with his head on the lap of one of his concubines.

The unfortunate Frenchmen, though thus condemned to an excess of fatigue, misery, and opprobrium, nevertheless, occasionally experienced some relaxation, owing to the interference of their master; but the cruelty of his wife was incessant, and at length became unbearable. The Moors never inhabit the same place for a length of time; but when the half-starved herds have devoured all the pasturage, they change their position, and remove to a spot which is more favourable. The care and labour attendant upon such changes were the task imposed upon the French slaves; and from the frequency of these movements, they were absolutely exhausted. One day, Devoise and Beaudrè, were beaten almost to death, and left senseless on the sand, because they were unable to perform the required services. For a long time they were compelled to the dire necessity of seeking their food along with the cattle; and on these occasions their only nutriment was plants and snails. De Brisson was possessed of sufficient strength and firmness of mind to resist all these hardships; but he was soon also compelled to harness the camels to the plough, to attend to the tillage and sowing of the lands; and his master, when he finished his own jobs, would let him out to other Moors for a portion of milk. He would inevitably have fallen under the fatigue, if some hope of liberty had not remained with him, and if he had not been enabled occasionally to steal some barley and mutton, in addition to the small quantity of food which they allowed him.

The unfortunate Devoise, being older, and not so strong in constitution, could not long withstand such hardships. Daily he prayed for death, which at length came to his relief. M. de Brisson paid him the last duties of humanity. Beaudrè also died, and his body was devoured by ravens and serpents.

M. de Brisson at length obtained the permission of his master to write to Mogadore, which the Moors call *Soria*. He addressed his letter to the French consul, and gave a melancholy account of the hardships which he suffered. It was conveyed by a Jew, who travelled through that part of the desert; for the Jews who are born in the desert live on good terms with the Moors, and adopt nearly the same customs; but the Jewish inhabitants of the towns, being more rigid observers of their religious maxims, receive far worse treatment. A second favour, more important than the former, occurred by chance. Another Sidy-Mahammet, who was sheriff of the tribe of Trarzas, had occasion to pass through the place where M. de Brisson was enslaved, and they recognised each other. The sheriff spoke so highly of him to the brother-in-law of his master, Sidy-Sellem, that the latter, who was naturally humane and compassionate, made a second attempt to purchase him, and the bargain was at length concluded. The price of transfer was five camels. Sidy-Sellem was the first who informed M. de Brisson of the change, which was soon confirmed by his former master, and they separated on the best terms. Brisson, on returning with his new owner, met with a companion of his misfortune, who had been baker of the wretched ship, and they travelled together under the protection of Sidy-Sellem. Their master had given them a camel to ride on, without a saddle, and they proceeded in this manner for some days; but the motion of the animal was so fatiguing that they were obliged to quit it and travel the rest of the way on foot. This journey was difficult, but much less so than the former, as their master took them through villages where water was plentiful, and the people were less brutal. Brisson, however, had a shocking encounter with some Moors of the tribe of Telkannes. They fired two muskets at him, which luckily missed him; two Moors then seized him, and were about to carry him off, when Sidy-Sellem, who was at some distance behind, came forward, on the report of the guns, and loudly complained of the outrage; but the Moors told him that they had taken the slave

for a thief who had run away. Sidy-Sellem pretended to believe them, and the travellers continued their journey.

The Moors of this tribe are the worst off of any in the desert. They live amongst hills which are formed entirely of sand raised by the wind; and it is so difficult to penetrate into their retreats, that it is a common saying, that they endeavour to conceal themselves from the rays of the sun: the plains in the neighbourhood contain great numbers of enormous serpents, which do not permit the cattle to approach them.

At length the travellers reached the town of Goudadum, which is the refuge for all the rebels of the desert: it is divided into two parts, each of which has a governor; but the only superiority between them is that which is given by fortune. All the houses are built alike, and receive their light from the door and the roof, which is uncovered. Four large walls surround the space which contains the houses, and the whole circumference has only one gate, which is guarded by large dogs; each individual has also a dog for his own security, because they have as much to fear from their neighbours as from strangers. The town, however, carries on a considerable trade, and has several markets, which resemble our fairs: they have for sale great quantities of the most beautiful wool, and fine woollen stuffs, of which they make their clothing. The merchants who carry them into the interior of the country give in exchange camels and gold from the mines of Bambouk; they also receive for those articles wheat, barley, dates, horses, tobacco, salt, gunpowder, combs, mirrors, and other articles of hardware. This commerce is chiefly carried on by Jews, who are exposed to the most outrageous insults, which they nevertheless bear patiently, on account of the great advantages which they derive from the traffic. The travellers remained eight days at Goudadum. From thence to Mogadore, they met with nothing but villages, and castles built on the summits of high mountains. At a distance these look like superb palaces; but on approaching them, their walls are found to consist of nothing but mud, and are built in the most shapeless and disgusting forms. They were now not so well fed; and the nearer they approached to a town, the less was the hospitality which they experienced. At length, after a journey of sixty-six days, they arrived at Mogadore, where Messrs. Dupras and Cabannes came to them, and assured them that their misfortunes were at an end. They took with them Sidy-Sellem and his son, and their house became the asylum of the whole party. The same day, M. de Brisson and the baker were presented to the governor of the place, who informed them that they must proceed to Morocco, as the emperor desired to see all the Christian slaves, and give them their liberty.

Eight days afterwards, Sidy-Sellem and the party set off for Morocco; they were furnished with mules, a tent, provisions, and men to wait on them; and, after a journey of four days, they reached the capital. They immediately repaired to the house of the French consul-general, where they were to remain till they could be sent to France; and were afterwards taken before the emperor, whom they found sitting in a sort of coach body. He looked at M. de Brisson for some time, and then told him that he had been wrecked through his own fault, by not keeping far enough from the shore. He then asked for ink and paper, and traced with a reed the four principal points of the compass, to indicate that Paris was northward; after which he scratched about dozen Roman characters, and gave the paper to M. de Brisson, asking him if he could read it? On repeating a few other questions, to show how well he was informed, he observed, that the rebels of the desert had ill-treated him, and desired to know what they had taken from him. M. de Brisson told him all that had happened; on which he said, "I do not command in the country where you have been taken; that is, the people are beyond my authority." He wished to know how M. de Brisson had got to his capital; and on being told, he ordered Sidy-Sellem to be brought before him. He asked him, if he had given a high price for the Frenchmen, and what he intended to do with them. To which Sidy-Sellem replied, that he had no other intentions than to prostrate himself at

the feet of his sovereign, and do the homage of a slave. He then inquired, whether the Wadelims and Lebassabas had any other Christian prisoners. Sidy-Sellem, in the most submissive manner, answered, that there were several whom he could easily collect, if the emperor would give him orders. The emperor, however, dropped the conversation; but he ordered the Frenchmen to be guarded for the present, and supplied with provisions from the royal kitchen. The next day, the consul claimed them, and they were given up. M. de Brisson and the baker embarked for France; and Sidy-Sellem retired, well satisfied with the generosity of the consul.

THE OLD SEAMAN.—A SKETCH FROM NATURE.

I LIKE a sailor. He is the oldest boy that wears a jacket; frank, generous, playful, and somewhat pugnacious. Not that he will fight for nothing; but he will battle for glory, for that is like a ship's name; or, if men wear wooden shoes, he will drum them for it, though he should get a leg made of the same leather. Talk of "our wives and liberties,"—he will fight for "Doll of Wapping," and get into a French prison. But for laurel—or wreaths of it, he would rather win rolls of pigtail; and as for palms—"*Palma qui meruit ferat*,"—he has lost his hand and the palm with it. Immortality is not his aim; but he is a Dryad up to his knees; and so far, he will not die like "*all flesh*." Gout, or cramp, or rheumatism, what are they to him?—he is a stoic as far as the timber goes. Wooded, but not watered, for he hates grog, except for the liquor that is in it.—He looks like a human peg-top; you might spin him with a coil of cable. Talk of your improved rollers, and drilling machines, and sowing machines, he is the best dibble for potatoes—but that will soon enough be discovered of him when he comes to his parish. One of his arms, too, is a fin; and he has lost an eye. It is the starboard one, and looks as if it had the wind in it—but it was blown out with gunpowder. He was in the Spitfire, off Cape Cod, when she took fire in the gun-room, and flew up like a rocket! He went aloft almost to his cherub, and when he came down again he was half-dead and half-blind; one window, as he said, was as dark as night; but he makes light of it. All his bereavements—eye—arm—leg—are trifles to him: one, indeed, is a standing jest. He often takes off his wooden leg. Diogenes was nothing to him as a philosopher: he is proud even of his misfortunes. Whilst others bewail their scratches and plaster their razor cuts, he throws open his blue jacket, and shows the deep furrowed scars, and exclaims, "talk not to me of *seams*!"

To see an old seaman is to see a man. An old soldier, in the comparison, looks like an old woman—perhaps, because his uniform is red like her cloak. But a sailor has fought with more adversaries—the fire of the foe—the ice of the North Pole—the struggle of the winds, and the assault of the wild waters. The elements are his playmates, and his home is the wide sea. "He is," says Sir T. Overbury, "a pitched piece of reason, caulked and tackled, and studied to dispute with tempests." He has encountered shrieking hurricanes—billows, like mountains with the white sheet a-top—and rocks, like the door-posts of death! He has circumvented the quick-sand, and been too cunning for the deep! Wind, wave, rock, showers of shot, bayonet and cutlass—he has withstood them all, either by force or skill. What a fine flesh and blood trophy—and some wood too—is he of various victories! The roaring sea, the howling gale, the thundering cannon—his old adversaries—sing his triumph over them. What has he not braved and endured? We "love him for the dangers he has passed," as the gentle Desdemona loved her husband, the Moor, the more he recounted of his perils. He can talk too of—

Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch'd heav'n;

And of the cannibals that each other eat.

The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads

Do grow beneath their shoulders.

A good lie, to do him justice, is no labour to him; but, on

the other hand, he is as freely credulous. It was he who saw the man hunted by devils into Vesuvius, or Ætna, as it is written and witnessed upon oath in his log-book. Tell him that sparrows may be caught with salt upon their tails and he will believe you; for he knows that cod-fish are so taken. He has great faith in the kraken. If you will credit him, he has hooked one larger than the sea's bottom, with the best bower-anchor; and he has seen the sea serpent and the mermaid. Some, at least, of his wonders he can show you: he has a flying-fish in his chest, and a young dolphin—besides cock-roaches, which eat up one's linen in the West Indies; but the blue shark he has given to a friend. The green parrot, too, he has parted with, but with more kindness than discretion; for he sent it to an old aunt, and she was pleased with the gift; but the bird, it turned out, blasphemed, and she was still more shocked at the giver. It is worth one ear to listen to him when, with these marvels, he talks over his voyages, his engagements, his adventures, and above all, his residence among the savages; and how he made Christians of them—and some of them, as he says, d—d good ones too! On this matter he is eloquent; won to it, perhaps, by the remembrance of the flattering court paid to him by the great king Eea Tooa, and the pearly smiles of the black princesses. Only on one subject is he more eloquent—HIS SHIP. There he luxuriates: there he talks poetry! It is a doubt whether he could describe his mistress better. She sits upon the spray—speaking pastorally—like a bird. She is the fleetest of the fleet. Tacking, or close hauled, or under bare-poles, there is none can compass with her. To see her in full dress—sky-scrapers, and royals, and stud-sails, is to fancy one of those lady-ships, who, from Trojan galleys, were changed into sea-nymphs:

She walks the waters like a thing of life,
And seems to dare the elements to strife.

For all that he has endured, our marine has only been a gunner's-mate; but "one man is born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and another with a wooden ladle." Poor Bill was not a spoon-bill. He was brought up to the sea; for he was born on board ship, cradled on the ocean, schooled in the fleet, and should have married a mermaid, but, as the tale goes, she jilted him, and he took up with Nancy Dawson, with whom he fell in love because she was so like the ship's figure-head. At twelve years old he was wrecked in the Agamemnon: at fourteen he was taken in the Vengeur; and at thirty he was blown up in the Spitfire. What a sea-fortune! But he never quarrelled with his profession, nor—as his mother sometimes advised him—*threw up the sea*. He was never sick of it. At last, in the engagement off Trafalgar, under the immortal Nelson, he lost his arm by a shot; but, binding it up, he persisted in remaining upon deck, if it were only, as he said, to have satisfaction for it—the next broadside carried away both his legs. He was then grafted. Now he is ancient and quite grey; but he will not confess to age; "It is through going to the North Pole," he says, "for there the hares turn white in winter." Such a fragment as he would be a fit inmate of the noble hospital at Greenwich; but he is an out-pensioner, and wanders through the country: he preferred it.

It was at a farm-house, in Berkshire, that I met with him, and learned these snatches of his history. The dogs barked, as they do at a beggar; and the people of the house said, "There comes old Bill!" and in came this "Ancient Mariner," thrusting a fistful of ballads before him. He stumped in with a fine smiling assurance, and heaving his old glazed hat into the middle of the floor, took possession of a low elbow-chair by the fire. His old bronzed forehead was rugged and weather-beaten like a rock, and the white hair sprinkled over it like the foam of his own ocean. A lean puckered eye-lid seemed to squeeze the light out again from one little grey twinkling eye: but the other was blind and blank. His face was red, and cured by the salt sea air, and warranted "to keep in any climate;" but his cheeks were thin, and his nose and chin were sharp and prominent. Still he smiled, and seemed to wear a happy heart that had never been among breakers, and he sang one of his old sea songs with a firm jolly voice. He only wanted more

rum and tobacco to set the world at defiance; and he thought it hard he could not have them. "Have you no parish?" asked the farmer, who was himself an overseer. "Parish!—ay, to be sure I have," said the old tar, "every man has his parish; but no one likes to go to it that has got his limbs, thank God, and can go about picking where he pleases." "But they will relieve you." "Ay, ay, I know that," said the sailor, shaking his head; "they offered me as good as eight shillings a week, if I would give 'em up my pension, and go into their House of Correction; but I liked my liberty better." "But you would at least have a house over you; and as much soup and gruel—" "Soup and gruel!" said the old man, with a brisk volley of oaths; "soup and gruel!—what! a man here that has fought for his king and his country, and lost his precious limbs, and ate beef and biscuit, to be fed upon pap and spoon victuals! No, damme—but come, hand us over a drop of that ale to sop my crust in."

WRECK OF THE "SEVERN" SCREW-STEAMER.

Two new iron steamers, the *Severn* and *Avon*, fitted with the Archimedean screw and high-pressure engines, were started in opposition to the old line of steam-packets between Bristol and Newport, South Wales, on Saturday, May 4th, 1844. When about to start, the *Severn* was lying at her berth, near the Newport bridge, with her bow towards the bridge, her stern being down the river, or in the direction of Bristol. At this time the tide was running up the Newport river very strongly, at about seven knots an hour; and of course near to the bridge the current produced by the tide shooting through the arches of the bridge was much stronger. The signal for starting having been given, the captain commenced swinging the vessel round, and cast off the stern-chain, depending upon the bow-rope, and the power of the engine for bringing her round with her head to the tide, and thus getting her under weigh. At this moment, when the order was given to back her, it was found that the screw would not revolve; the vessel immediately swung round, and, carried with the run of the tide, struck with her bow the wedgelike buttress of the bridge, and recoiling, almost instantly struck with her side against another buttress with such force that everyone on the bridge fully expected to see her turn clean over. At this moment, the scene was truly distressing—the spectators on shore, as well as their friends on board, screaming dreadfully. Boats were instantly put in requisition, and the passengers, upwards of fifty in number, were fortunately all got on shore; but not without great difficulty. The pumps were then rigged, and exertions made to save the steamer, other persons being employed in the meantime in removing luggage, &c., which was safely effected. In about an hour and a half, however, she was seen to go down, the captain and crew having only just jumped into some boats, previously to her sinking; indeed, they stayed by her so long that their boats were swamped; but the crew were fortunately picked up and rescued, though not until some of them had been drawn under the bridge, and to some distance above it.

The cause of the catastrophe is thus explained in the "Times" report, the information having been received from a gentleman connected with her engineering department, and who was on board at the time of the accident. He says that on the arrival of the *Severn* at Newport, on Saturday, it was intended to put a new screw into her; when the captain stated it to be so late upon tide, that if it were done, he should not have time to swing her round in the slack tide. The intention was then abandoned, and shortly after, while the cargo was being landed, the vessel grounded, upon which the captain, finding that she could not be swung until the next tide, the screw she was then working with was removed, and a new one put in; and, this gentleman says, that almost immediately up to the time of the water covering the screw all was free and everything right, for he himself turned round the screw by hand. The steam was then got up, and no danger was apprehended. Upon the orders being given on Saturday evening, the screw was put in motion, but before it had made a single revolution it stopped, and the vessel drifted up the river. She then struck forward, but only bent

the iron; the after-strain was, however, so great, that it shortly became a rent, and her fore compartment instantly filled with water (the vessel being built in water-tight compartments). Every exertion was made, until the water rushing over her decks, she filled and sank, rolling heavily over. Still no cause could be assigned for the non-action of the screw; but, on the tide leaving her, a chain was discovered firmly twisted round the screw, which had thus caused her destruction. How the chain came there is a complete mystery, as all her mooring chains have since been examined and are safe, and the captain and crew say that they had no such chain on deck. The vessel subsequently rolled over with every tide, and had a rent in her side from the deck to her keel, large enough for men to walk in and out.

At low water, as the wreck lay dry, the owners were enabled to examine her damages. It was then discovered that she had a transverse fissure in her larboard bends, the iron plates of which were rent asunder, from two to three feet wide, and from six to seven feet long, caused by her coming in contact with the pier, and the constant friction produced by the action of the tide upon the vessel. During the whole of Saturday night, men were engaged in repairing the breach and lightening the vessel, but the tide returning on Sunday morning, carried the vessel back against the bridge, sweeping away a large portion of her bulwarks; for a few moments she righted, but such was the force of the tide, that she fell over on her larboard side, and her masts coming in contact with the bridge, they snapped asunder, and, with her standing rigging, were carried away with the tide. During the whole of Sunday, the workmen were engaged in covering the breach with boards, and caulking every joint, stopping all the ports, scuppers, hatchways, and making every effort to get out and keep out the water on the return of the tide; a number of empty barrels were put into the hold, with a view to buoy her up; strong warps and chains were attached and a steam-tug procured, so that on the flood-tide they might be enabled to bring her head to the stream; but, notwithstanding every exertion made, the assistance of the tug-boat and fifteen stout brewery horses, such was the force of the tide that it was found impossible to move her. On the ebb of the tide, the vessel was carried down the river forty or fifty yards, upon a hard gravelly bottom, considerably abrading her keel and bottom plates; and on the flow she was carried back to her old position against the bridge, where she now remains, on her beam-ends, a complete wreck. The vessel, it is believed, belongs to Messrs. Stothem, Slaughter, and Co., of Bristol, and was considered to be one of the finest boats leaving that port.

SHIPWRECK OF TWO ENGLISH VESSELS IN THE YEAR 1700.

FATHER TACHARD, one of the six Jesuit mathematicians who, by the order of the king of France, accompanied the embassy sent to the king of Siam in 1685, returned to India, for the last time, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, accompanied by several Jesuits destined for the missions of India and China. The Princess, the vessel in which they sailed, left Port Louis on March 7th, 1701.

Their voyage was prosperous till they arrived at the Comorro Islands, where they were obliged to remain at anchor a long time at the island of Johanna, and afterwards tack about for a month in the channel of Mozambique. On the 14th of August, they set sail from Johanna with a fair wind, but they had scarcely proceeded seven or eight leagues when it again fell calm: the currents carried them towards the island of Moali, and afterwards to the west coast of Angasi, the most extensive of the Archipelago of the Comorro Islands, where for several hours they lay at anchor.

Their anchoring in this place proved a remarkable dispensation of Providence in behalf of two poor Englishmen, who had been upon the island two years, destitute of everything, and exposed to the insults and cruelty of the barbarous natives. The captain of the Princess had sent the long-boat on shore for something that was wanted, and lay-to, waiting for her three or four hours. On the return of the boat, they were greatly surprised to see on board of her, two men quite

naked, of a haggard and death-like appearance; one of them appeared to be about thirty years of age, but the other did not seem to be more than twenty. These men, upon being questioned, stated that they had been shipwrecked near the island of Mayote, having been carried upon sunken rocks by the violence of the current. One of them belonged to an English East-Indianman, and the other came from Boston, where he had joined some English buccaneers. The loss of these two vessels occurred in consequence of the pilot of each of them having mistaken the Island of Mayote for that of Moali. Those of the passengers and crews who escaped were treated by the natives with great humanity, as long as their numbers rendered them formidable; but being soon reduced in numbers, by various disorders, produced, in some, by the insalubrity of the climate, in others by intemperance, and in some, by melancholy and vexation, till there were not more than fifteen or sixteen, the barbarians were no longer intimidated, and soon sought the means of depriving them of all they had with difficulty saved from the wreck, and even of their lives.

Of these truly miserable men, seven were French, three Germans, and the remainder English or Dutch. Their numbers daily diminished, and seeing one after the other die of misery, they came to the resolution, at all events, to leave the island where they were, as they had no hope of being visited by a European vessel, the port being inaccessible even to ships of the smallest size. With this view they constructed a boat, out of the remains of the two vessels, of sufficient magnitude to hold them all, as well as the chests of specie which they had preserved. Their preparations being completed, they had intended to embark the following day, when the king of the island, suspecting their intention, sent to demand their boat, which, he said, he liked very much, though it was obvious that this was only a pretext for seizing their money. The Europeans immediately assembled on the shore, in their little hut; and after a consultation among themselves, they unanimously agreed to return the king of Mayote as civil a denial to his request as possible. They were aware that after this step their destruction would most certainly be attempted, and it was therefore necessary that they should use more vigilance and caution than ever. Upon the barbarians receiving their answer, and knowing that they must be in want of powder, because they did not go out shooting so frequently as at first, they immediately collected in great numbers, surrounded their little hut, and made a furious attack upon them, while the besieged, who had some little powder remaining, made a long and vigorous defence.

The barbarians were so enraged at the determined resistance of these men, now driven almost to desperation, and their not being able to force the entrenchment, that they resolved to set fire to the hut: this they soon carried into effect, and as it was constructed only of thick mats, and covered with straw and the bark of trees, it was quickly enveloped in the devouring element. Most of those within were miserably burnt, while those who escaped half-roasted were not more fortunate, as they were put to death without mercy. Of the whole company, only three Englishmen escaped, which they did by concealing themselves till the fury of the combat and the carnage had ceased. The natives afterwards took compassion on them, and furnished them with a small boat and four men, by which they were conveyed to Angasi, the largest of the Comorro Islands.

The unfortunate men met with a favourable reception from the king of the western part of the island, where they landed. At first he maintained them at his own cost, but soon being weary of this hospitality, he dismissed them to seek their own subsistence. For eighteen months they lived upon coconuts, and the milk which they procured from the cows which had strayed from home. One of the three, being of a weaker constitution, was unable to bear up long against the hardships of such a life: he soon fell sick and died, upon which his two companions prepared to perform the rites of interment; but the natives of Angasi, persuaded that the soil of their island would be profaned by the corpse of a European, would not permit them to carry their intentions into effect, and they were obliged to consign the body to the deep.

Such were the details of their misfortune given by these two Englishmen. They were on the shore when the boat landed, but perceiving that those on board of her were Frenchmen, and consequently enemies to their nation, they were silent, fearing that they might refuse to take them away; but at length, seeing the boat put off again, they swam towards her, calling to the men to wait for them, and exerted themselves so effectually that they soon overtook her. They were received and brought on board, where the narrative of their distresses, and the deplorable state in which they still were, excited general commiseration; every one was solicitous to afford them relief and supply them with provisions and clothes. Upon their arrival at Surat, the elder of the two repaired to the English factory; and the other, who said that his father was a Dutchman, but had settled at Boston, went to reside among the Dutch.

PLEASURES OF THE SEA.

WALKING with a lady on the quarter-deck when the ship is rolling, in endeavouring to save yourself, pull the lady over you. This untoward circumstance draws from you the most earnest apologies, which only increase the virulence of the fair spinster, and you are obliged to pocket the charming epithets, "Stupid fellow," "Awkward creature;" and part to speak no more.

Showing your agility before the assembled passengers, by ascending the rigging, find your way down much quicker than you went up, by slipping from the ratlines, which have been recently tarred; by which fall you are minus some few inches of skin from your nose, hands, and shins, besides spoiling your new suit of clothes.

Being rather scanty of clean linen, resolve to have a general wash, for which purpose you tow over the major part of your little kit, when, from the injudicious manner in which you have tied the knot, you have the mortification of seeing the whole riding on the hoary billows—one satisfaction only remaining to you, that you know where they are.

SAILORS.

THE eccentricity of British sailors is proverbial, and displays itself in the heat of action, and the calm of peace. How many interesting anecdotes are related of these bulwarks of Britain; and how many more a close observer in one of our seaports might record! After the battle of Camperdown, in which the plan of breaking the line was adopted so successfully, it became a favourite amusement with the sailors who came on shore, to hire coaches, or post-chaises, and mounting the roofs, form a line, and cross each other in the streets. The top of a coach, is the post of honour with a British tar. A sailor in his way to town some years ago, rode on the top of a post-chaise, until a heavy rain induced him to go inside. He overtook a marine, who asked him to give him a lift. "That I will," said the sailor, getting out, and again mounting the roof of the coach, "go down below, but shiver my timbers if any marine shall ever board a vessel I am in."

Careless of danger, an English sailor sees nothing but victory and prize-money in an engagement. "There," said a British tar, when his captain did not deem it advisable to attack a Spanish vessel under a large convey, "There goes fifty pounds of my money for ever."

Ever jealous, and ever proud of his country, a British sailor will not see it second in anything. After a severe engagement with the Dutch fleet, under De Ruyter, which was a drawn battle, the vessels of each fleet lay alongside each other, incapable of further hostility. A Dutchman, anxious to show his agility, ran up to the top of the mainmast, and stood on his head on the summit. A British sailor, jealous for the honour of his country, mounted his mast with equal agility, but in attempting to invert his position, he fell, the ropes broke his fall, and he reached the deck without receiving any injury. Turning to the Dutchman, who had witnessed his exploit, he said, "There, do that if you can."

During the campaign in Egypt, some sailors in the harbour of Alexandria, took it into their heads that they would go and

drink a bowl of punch on the top of Pompey's pillar. How to get there, was, however, a matter of some difficulty, but not too great for a sailor to surmount. A paper kite was made fly directly over the pillar. A two-inch rope was then tied to one end of the string, and drawn over the pillar by the end to which the kite was affixed. By this rope, one of the seamen ascended to the top, and in less than an hour, a kind of shroud was constructed, by which the whole company went up and drank their punch, amidst the shouts of the astonished multitude who had collected round the spot. The sailors, eight in number, left the initials of their names engraved on the pillar. They discovered what was not before known, that there had formerly been a statue on the pillar, the foot and ankle of which are still remaining.

NARRATIVE OF THE LOSS OF THE SIDNEY.

WHICH RAN UPON A DANGEROUS ROCK OR SHOAL, MAY 20, 1806.

THE Sidney left Port Jackson on the 12th of April, 1806, bound to Bengal. Intending to proceed through Dampier's Straits, her course was directed as nearly as possible in the track of Captain Hogan, of the Cornwallis, which, as laid down in the charts, appears a clear safe passage. On the 20th of May, at one a.m. in latitude 3 deg. 20 min. South, long. 146 deg. 50 min. East, we ran upon a most dangerous rock or shoal; and this reef is not noticed in any map or chart, it appears that we were its unfortunate discoverers.

"On Sunday, over the taffrail, we found twenty-five fathoms water; over the larboard gangway, six fathoms; over the starboard side, only nine feet; and over the bows, twelve feet. One of the boats was immediately got out, with a bower-anchor; but on sounding ten fathoms distance from the ship, found no ground at sixty fathoms.

"It must have been high water when we struck; for at that time there was no appearance of any reef or breaker; but as the water subsided, the shoal began to show itself, with a number of small black rocks. The ship had been striking very hard, and began to sue forward. At three a.m. there was six feet water in the hold, and increasing rapidly; at five o'clock the ship was settling aft, and her top-sails parting from the floor-heads.

"Upon consultation with my officers, it was the unanimous opinion, that the ship was irrecoverably gone, and that no exertions could avail for her safety. We therefore employed all hands in getting the boats ready to receive the crew, one hundred and eight in number. Eight bags of rice, six casks of water, and a small quantity of salted beef and pork, were put in the long-boat, as provisions for the whole. We were prevented from taking a large stock, as, from the number of people, the three boats were barely sufficient to receive the whole with safety.

"We remained with the Sidney till five p.m. on the 21st of May, when there were three feet water on the orlop deck: we now thought it full time to leave the ship to her fate, and to seek our safety in the boats. Accordingly, Captain Forest embarked in the long-boat, with Mr. Trounce, second officer, and seventy-four Lascars; Mr. Robson, first officer, and Stalkart, third, with sixteen Lascars, were in the cutter; and the jolly-boat was allotted to fifteen Dutch Malays, and one Seapooy.

"Being desirous to ascertain the position of the reef, by making the Admiralty Islands, shaped our course accordingly, steering N. by E. half E. During the night it blew fresh, and the long-boat making much water, we were obliged to lighten her, by throwing overboard a great quantity of lumber, and two casks of water. The three boats kept close in company, the long-boat having the jolly-boat in tow. The wind increased as the morning advanced, and a heavy swell rising at ten a.m. the jolly-boat sunk while in tow by the cutter, and all on board, to the number of sixteen, unfortunately perished. It was lamentable to witness the fate of these unhappy men, and the more so, as it was not in our power to render them the smallest assistance.

"At noon, on the 22nd, we saw the Admiralty Islands, N.N.E. distant three or four leagues; and as we had run about

fifty-eight miles in the boats, up a N. by E. half E. course, the situation of the shoal, on which the Sidney struck, was accurately ascertained, and will be found as laid down.

"From the Admiralty Islands, we continued standing to the westward; and, on the 25th, made a small island; we stood towards it, and, from its appearance, I was induced to land, hoping to obtain a supply of water. Mr. Robson, myself, and twenty of the best of our hands, armed with heavy clubs, brought from New Caledonia, our fire-arms being rendered useless from exposure to heavy rains, approached in the cutter, and landed through a heavy surf, to the utmost astonishment of the inhabitants, who, as far as we can judge from appearance had certainly never before seen people of our complexion. The men were tall and well made, wearing their hair plaited and raised above the head—they had no appearance of Malays, nor of Caffres; and excepting their colour, which was of a light copper, they had the form and features of the natives of Europe; they were entirely naked. We saw a number of women, who were well formed with mild, pleasing features.

"We were received on the beach by about twenty or thirty of the natives, who immediately supplied each of us with a cocoa nut. We then succeeded in making them understand we wanted water, upon which they made signs to us to accompany them towards the interior of the island; we did so; but after walking above a mile, they conducted us into a thick jungle; and, as their number was quickly increasing, I judged it imprudent to proceed further, and returned to the beach, where I was alarmed to find the natives had assembled, to the number of one hundred and fifty, or upwards, armed with spears, eight or ten feet long. One of them, an old man of venerable appearance, and who seemed to be their chief, approached and threw his spear at my feet, expressive, as I understood it, that we should part with our clubs in like manner. Perceiving at this time a crowd of women to have got hold of the stern part of the cutter, and endeavouring to haul her on shore, from the grapple with which we had come to, we hastily endeavoured to gain the boat; the natives followed us closely, some of them pointed their spears at us as we retreated to the boat, and some were thrown, though happily without effect; and to us they appeared to be very inexpert in the management of their weapons. On my getting into the water three or four of the natives followed me, threatening to throw their spears; and when I was in reach of the boat, one of them made a thrust, which was prevented from taking effect by the interference of Mr. Robson, who warded off the weapon. When we had got into the boat, and were putting off, they threw at least two hundred spears, only one of which took effect, which gave a severe wound to my cook, entering immediately above the jaw, and passing through the mouth.

"Having thus escaped from this perilous adventure, we pursued our course, and got as far as Dampier's Straits, as favourably as our situation could admit. Being now within reach of land, the Lascars became impatient to be put on shore. It was in vain that I endeavoured to persuade them to persevere; they would not listen to argument, and expressed their wish, rather to meet with immediate death on shore, than to be starved to death in the boats. Yielding to their importunity, I at length determined to land them on the N.W. extremity of the island of Ceram, from whence they might travel to Amboyna, in two or three days. On the 9th of June, being off that part of the island, Mr. Robson volunteered to land a part of the people in the cutter, to return to the long-boat; and the cutter to be then given to such farther part of the crew as chose to join in the party first landed. Mr. Robson, accordingly, went on shore with the cutter; but, to my mortification, after waiting two days, there was no appearance of his return, or the cutter.

"We concluded that the people had been detained either by the Dutch or the natives; yet as the remaining part of the Lascars were desirous to be landed, we stood in with the long-boat, and put them on shore, near the point where we supposed the cutter to have landed the people.

"Our number in the long-boat was now reduced to seventeen, viz. myself, Mr. Trounce, Mr. Stalkart, fourteen Lascars, and others. Our stock of provisions consisted of two bags of

rice, and one gang cask of water: with this stock we conceived we might hold out till we reached Bencoolen, for which port we determined to make the best of our way. We fixed the allowance of provision to each man, at one tea-cup full of rice, and a pint of water *per diem*; but we soon found it necessary to make a considerable reduction in this allowance.

"We proceeded on through the Straits of Bantam, meeting, in our course, several Malay prows, none of which took notice of us, excepting one, which gave chase for a day, and would have come up with us, had we not got off, under cover of a very dark night. Continuing our course, we passed through the Strait of Sapay, where we caught a large shark. Our spirits were much elated by this valuable prize, which we lost no time in getting on board; and, having kindled a fire in the bottom of the boat, he was roasted with all expedition; and such was the keenness and extent of our appetite, that although the shark must have weighed 150 or 160lbs. not a vestige of it remained at the close of the day. We suffered most severely from our indulgence; on the following day, we were all afflicted with the most violent complaint of the stomach and bowels, which reduced us exceedingly, and left us spiritless and languid, inasmuch, that we seriously despaired of our safety.

"On the 2nd of July, I lost an old and faithful servant, who died from want of sustenance. On the 4th, we made Java Head; and at the same time, caught two large boobies, which afforded all hands a most precious and refreshing meal. On the 9th, at midnight, came to off Pulo Penang, on the west coast of Sumatra. At daylight we endeavoured to weigh our anchor, and run close in shore; but we were so much exhausted, that our united strength was insufficient to get up the anchor. We made a signal of distress, on which a sandpan with two Malays, came off. As I was the only person in the long-boat who had sufficient strength to move, I went on shore with the Malays. On landing, I found myself so weak, that I fell upon the ground, and was obliged to be carried to an adjoining house. Such refreshments as the place afforded, were immediately sent off to the long-boat; and we recruited so quickly, that in two days we found ourselves in a condition to proceed on our voyage. On the 12th of July we weighed, and, on the 19th anchored off Rat Island, at Bencoolen.

"Here I met with an old friend, Captain Chauvet, of the *Perseverance*, whose kindness and humanity I shall ever remember, and gratefully acknowledge. On the day following my arrival, I waited on the president, Mr. Parr, from whom I received every kindness and attention.

I left Bencoolen on the 17th of August, in the *Perseverance*, for Penang, where I arrived on the 27th, and where I was most agreeably surprised to meet with my late chief mate, Mr. Robson: who, with the *Lascars*, landed on Ceram, and had safely reached Amboyna, where they were received by Mr. Cranston, the Dutch governor, with a humanity and benevolence that reflect honour on his character. The governor supplied them with whatever their wants required; he accommodated Mr. Robson at his own table; and on his leaving Amboyna furnished him with money for himself and people, refusing to take any acknowledgement or receipt for the amount. He also gave Mr. Robson letters to the governor-general of Batavia, recommending him to his kind offices. Such honourable conduct from the governor of a foreign country, cannot be too widely promulgated.

"From Amboyna Mr. Robson embarked in the Dutch frigate, *Pallas*, for Batavia, fell in with, and was captured by his Majesty's ships *Greyhound* and *Harrier*, and brought to Prince of Wales' Island.

"From Penang I went to Bengal, with the *Varuna*, Capt. Denison, and arrived safely in Calcutta, a few days ago."

LOSS OF THE SALADIN.—SUSPECTED PIRACY.

THE above vessel, 243 tons commanded by Captain Mackenzie, bound from Valparaiso to London, was lost on the 21st of last May, near Ireland harbour, Nova Scotia. Since then, circumstances have transpired which lead to a very strong impression that, a horrible act of piracy and murder was committed previous to her destruction, which has engaged the naval and civil authorities of Halifax since the time of her loss, and, although nothing at present of a positive character

has transpired to fix the crime upon a portion of the ship's crew, there is much reason to fear that, if not guilty of the more serious crime, they are not quite blameless as regards the lesser one. So strong was this impression entertained by the authorities at Halifax, that the crew had been taken into custody, and had undergone an examination, and from the evidence collected, in the words of the writer of a letter received at Lloyd's, "There can be but one opinion as to the fate of the officers." From the particulars furnished by Lloyd's agent, it appears that this vessel, was bound from Valparaiso to London, with a cargo of 70 tons of copper, guano, and 8,500 dollars in specie, and some bars of silver; that she left the former port on the 17th of February last; that Captain Mackenzie, her commander, died about the middle of April, and the mate about three days after; the second mate and two men were subsequently lost from the foreyard; that no log had been kept after the 14th of April, about the time the captain died, or any notice of sickness on board up to that date, (circumstances it will be perceived, of a very suspicious nature,) and that the complement of men when the vessel was lost was six. She went on shore, however, during a thick fog, which certainly gives some reason to suppose that she may have been lost accidentally; but, at the same time, it does not do away with the impression that such an opportunity may not have been waited for.

The Admiralty Court at Halifax had taken possession of the cargo saved from the wreck in consequence of the suspicion of piracy. All the letters on board which were supposed to contain invoices, bills of exchange, or bills of lading, are said to have been torn open by the crew, and that many were missing, as also, about one thousand dollars. The articles saved from the wreck, consisted of 730 pigs of copper, seven bags containing about 7,564 dollars, thirteen large and one small bars of silver, two chronometers, one gold, and one silver watch, with all the material, &c. The most suspicious indications of one of the most revolting crimes to civilized nations having been committed, is the sudden death of the captain, for sudden it would imply to have been the case, from the fact that no mention of sickness having been made in the log-book at any period of the voyage previous to his death. The next suspicious circumstance, is the death of the mate, upon whom, by the decease of her commander, devolved the charge of the vessel, &c., and subsequently that of the death of the next officer in authority on board, which, though it is alleged to have occurred, together with that of two of the crew from falling off the foreyard, when all things are taken into consideration, afford some grounds for supposing it to have been anything but an accident, and this appears to have been the view taken at Halifax upon the subject.

The *Saladin* belonged to Messrs. Johnson and Cargill, of Newcastle.

SAILORS AND THEIR MONEY.

It was a usual saying of King Charles II. that sailors got their money like horses, and spent it like asses. The following story is somewhat an instance of it. One sailor coming to see another, on pay-day, desired to borrow twenty shillings of him. The monied man fell to, telling out the money in shillings, but a half-crown thrusting its head in, put him out, and he began to tell again; but then an impertinent crown-piece was as officious as his half-brother had been, and again interrupted the tale; so that, taking up a handful of silver, he cried, "Here, Jack, give me a handful when your ship's paid; what a pox signifies counting it?"

EPITAPH ON A SAILOR.

Here lies honest Jack, to the lobsters a prey,
Who lived like a sailor, free, hearty, and gay;
His rigging well-fitted, his sides close and tight,
His bread-room well furnished, his main-mast upright;
When death, like a pirate built solely for plunder,
Thus hailed honest Jack, in a voice like thunder:—
"Drop your peak, my old boy! and your topsails throw back,
For already too long you've remained on that tack,"
Jack heard the dread call, and without more ado,
His sails flattened in, and his bark she bronched too.

LOSS OF THE COMMERCE.

The brig *Commerce* commanded by Captain James Riley, sailed from the mouth of Connecticut river on the 6th of May, 1815, on her voyage to New Orleans. When in the gulf-stream, the brig was drifted out of her course sixty miles in a few hours, during which she several times touched her keel on the S.W. part of the Craysford reef, but fortunately received no damage. As this was the first time in the course of the captain's experience, that any vessel he had been in, had unexpectedly struck the bottom, he felt so surprised that he could scarcely believe what had happened was really true. The vessel, however, safely arrived at New Orleans, and from thence they had a pleasant voyage to Gibraltar.

On the 23rd of August, 1815, they set sail from Gibraltar,

with the intention of going by the way of the Cape de Verd Islands, to complete the lading of the vessel with salt. On the morning of the 24th they passed Cape Spartel, at from ten to twelve leagues, and steered off to the W.S.W. It was the intention of the captain, as they had a fair wind, to make the Canary Islands, and pass between Teneriffe and Palma; but although they got two observations at noon, neither of them could be much depended upon, as the weather was very thick and foggy. The thickness of the fog also prevented them from seeing any land, and on the 27th they found that they were in the latitude of $27^{\circ} 30' N.$, having by the force of the current differed in their latitude one hundred and twenty miles, and thus passed the Canary Islands without seeing any of them. From this the captain concluded that they must have passed through the intended passage without discovering the land on either



LOSS OF THE COMMERCE, CAPT. JAMES RILEY, AUG. 29, 1815.

tide, more particularly as it was in the night which was very dark; or, to use his own words, "as black as pitch;" nor could they conceive a contrary opinion, as they had a fair wind all the way, and had steered but one course ever since they left Cape Spartel.

Soon after this they got an observation, but on the 28th the fog became as thick as ever, and the darkness seemed, if possible, to increase. Captain Riley got up his reckoning toward the evening, and carefully examined it all over, to make sure that he had committed no error; and caused the mates to do so with theirs. Having, by this means, ascertained that they were correct in their calculations, he altered their course to S.W. which ought according to their reckoning to have carried them nearly on the course he wished to steer, which was for the easternmost of the Cape de Verd Islands; but the weather becoming more

foggy towards night, and it being so thick that they could scarcely see the end of the jib-boom, he rounded the vessel to and sounded with one hundred and twenty fathoms of line, but found no bottom. They consequently continued on their course, still reflecting on what could be the cause of their not seeing land, as he had never before passed the Canaries without seeing them, even in thick weather, or at night-time.

Captain Riley now came to the determination to haul off to the N.W. by the wind, at ten o'clock at night, as they would then be by the log only thirty miles north of Cape Bassedor. He came to this determination about nine o'clock, and thought, at the time, that his fears had never so much prevailed over his judgment and his reckoning. He ordered the light sails to be hauled and the steeringsail-booms to be rigged in snug, which

was done as fast as it could be by one watch, under the immediate direction of Mr. Savage.

They had just got the men stationed at the braces for hauling off, as the man at the helm cried "ten o'clock." Their trysail-boom was on the starboard side, but ready for jibbing; and without dreaming of any danger being near, the helm was put to port. The captain had been on deck all the evening himself. The vessel was running at the rate of nine or ten knots, with a very strong breeze and high sea, when the main boom was jibbed over, and just at that moment he heard a roaring sound. The yards were braced up, and all hands were instantly called up. The captain at first imagined it was a squall, and was very near ordering the sails to be lowered down; but to their dismay, he directly afterwards discovered breakers, foaming at a most dreadful rate under their lee. For an instant they were flattered by a hope,

that as there were no breakers in view ahead, they would still be able to fetch her off, and the anchors were consequently made ready; but these hopes vanished in an instant, as the vessel was carried by a current and a high sea directly towards the breakers, and she struck. All the sails were taken in as rapidly as they were able to effect it; the best bower-anchor was let go, and every precaution taken to avert the impending destruction of the vessel; but surge after surge came thundering on, and, in spite of her anchors, drove her partly with her head ashore. Such was the violence with which she struck, that the shock made every man start from the deck.

Fully aware of the utter impossibility of saving the ship, and confident that she would very shortly bilge, and fill with water, the captain ordered all the provisions which could be got at to be brought on deck, in the hope of saving some of them; and

as much water as possible to be drawn from the large casks. They then staved several quarter-casks of wine, and filled them with water. In these attempts he was warmly seconded by the whole of the crew; all were obedient to every order given, and the most perfect calmness pervaded their whole proceedings. As the vessel was only in ballast trim, she was stout and high; but the sea was so high that it combed over her stern and swept her decks with every wave; notwithstanding which they managed to get the small boat in on deck, and to sling her to keep her from staving. They also cut away the bulwark on the larboard side, so as to prevent the boats from staving when they should get them out, and cleared away the long-boat, and hung her in tackles, the vessel all the time continuing to strike very heavy and filling fast. They had, however, secured five or six barrels of bread, and three or four of salted provisions.

They had, as yet, been so busily employed, that no pains had been taken to ascertain what distance they were from the land; nor had any of them yet seen it: but, in the meantime, all the clothing, chests, trunks, &c. were got up, and the books, charts, and nautical instruments, were stowed in them, in the hope of their being useful to them in future.

The vessel being now nearly full of water, the surf making a complete breach over her, and fearing she would very soon go to pieces, Captain Riley prepared a rope, and having got a glimpse of the shore, at no great distance, put it into the small boat, and taking Porter with him, they were lowered down on the larboard side of the vessel, where she broke the violence of the sea, and made it comparatively smooth. They shoved off, but on clearing away from the bow of the vessel the boat was overwhelmed with a surf, and they were plunged into the

foaming surges. They were instantly driven along by the current, aided by what the seamen call the underflow, or recoil of the sea, to the distance of about three hundred yards to the westward, covered, nearly all the time, by the billows, which, following each other in quick succession, scarcely gave them time to draw their breath, before they were again literally swallowed by them; till at length they were thrown, together with their boat, upon a sandy beach. After recovering their breath, which they had nearly lost, and ridding their stomachs of the salt water, which had found its way into them, their first care was to turn the water out of the boat, and haul her up the beach out of the reach of the surf.

They found the rope that was made fast to her still remaining; this they carried up along the beach, directly to leeward of the wreck, where they fastened it to sticks, about the thickness of handspikes, that had drifted on shore from the vessel, and which they drove into the sand, by the help of other pieces of wood. Before leaving the vessel, the captain had directed that all the chests, trunks, and everything that would float, should be hove overboard; and this the men were now busily employed in doing, the vessel lying about one hundred fathoms from the beach, at high water.

In order to save the crew, a hawser was made fast to the rope they had on shore, and which Captain Riley and his mate hauled to them, and made it fast to a number of sticks which they had driven into the sand for the purpose; it was then hauled on board the wreck and made fast. This being accomplished, the long-boat was lowered down, in order to save the provisions, which had already been stowed in it, and two hands steadied her by ropes fastened to the rings of her stern and stern-posts over the hawser, so as to slide, keeping her bow to the surf; in which manner they reached the beach, carried on the top of a heavy wave. The violence of the shock against the beach stove the boat, but by great exertions they saved the three barrels of bread in her, before they were much damaged, and also two barrels of salted provisions.

There were now four of them on shore busied in picking up the clothing and other things which drifted from the vessel, and carrying them out of the reach of the surf. It was by this time daylight, and high water; the vessel careened deep off shore, and the captain made signs to those on board to have the masts cut away, in the hope of easing her, that she might not go to pieces. They were accordingly cut away, and fell on her starboard side, making a better lee for a boat alongside the wreck, as they projected considerably beyond her bows. The masts and rigging being gone, the sea breaking very high over the wreck, and nothing left to hold on by, the mates and six men, who were left on board, though still secured as well as they could be on the bowsprit, and in the larboard forechannels, were yet in imminent danger of being washed off by every surge. The long-boat was stove, and it being impossible for the small boat to live in such a sea, the great object now was to save the lives of the crew by means of the hawser. The captain, therefore, made signs to them to come one by one on the hawser, which had been stretched out for that purpose. John Hogan was the first that ventured, and having pulled off his jacket, took to the hawser and made to the shore. When he had got clear of the lee of the wreck, every surf buried him, combing many feet above his head; but he still held fast by the rope, with a death-like grasp, and as soon as the surf had passed over him, proceeded on towards the shore. At that moment another surf, more powerful than the first; unloosed his hands, and threw him within the reach of those who were on the beach, when they laid hold of him and dragged him to the shore; they there rolled him on the sands, until he discharged the salt-water from his stomach, and he shortly afterwards revived. The captain kept in the water, up to his chin, steadying himself by the hawser, while the surf passed over him, to catch the others as they approached; and thus, with the assistance of those already on shore, he was providentially enabled to save all the rest from a watery grave.

All hands being now safely landed, their first care, after returning thanks to the Almighty for his merciful deliverance of them from death, was to secure the provisions and water which they had succeeded in getting on shore, as they knew

it was a barren land. They carried them up to a distance of fifty yards from the water's edge, and formed a kind of tent over them by means of their oars and steering-sails. They now encouraged a hope that they should not be discovered by any human being on this inhospitable coast, but that, by repairing the long-boat, and taking advantage of a time, when the weather was calm, they might embark and reach some of the Cape de Verd Islands, or some European settlement down the coast.

While they were thus employed in securing what they had been fortunate enough in saving, they saw a human figure approach their clothing and other goods which lay scattered along the beach for a mile to the westward of them. It was a man, who directly he reached the spot, began plundering their clothing. Captain Riley went towards him with all the signs of peace and friendship which he could make; but the stranger was exceedingly shy, and made signs for him to keep his distance, while he, all the time, seemed intent upon plunder. The savage was unarmed, and Captain Riley continued to approach until he was within about ten yards distance from him.

The native who had thus so intruded upon them, appeared to be about five feet seven or eight inches in height, and of a complexion something between that of an American Indian and a negro. The only article he had about him to cover his nakedness, was a piece of coarse woollen cloth that reached from below his breast nearly to his knees. His hair was long and bushy, more resembling a pitch-mop than anything human, sticking out, in all directions, six or eight inches from his head; his face resembled that of an orang-outang, more than that of man; his eyes were red and fiery, and lighted up with a peculiar expression of malignity, ferocity, and cunning; his mouth, which stretch nearly from ear to ear, was well lined with sound teeth and a long black curling beard, which descended from his upper lip and chin down upon his breast, and gave him a most horrid and frightful appearance. Captain Riley could not but imagine that those well set teeth were sharpened for the purpose of devouring human flesh, particularly as he conceived he had before seen, in different parts of the world, the human face and form in its most hideous and terrific shape. He appeared to be very old, yet fierce and vigorous; and was soon joined by two old women of similar appearance, whom the captain supposed to be his wives. These two looked a little less frightful, though their two eye-teeth stuck out like hog's tusks, and their tanned skins hung in loose plaits on their faces and breasts, but their hair was long and braided.

A girl who appeared to be from eighteen to twenty years of age, and was nothing near so ugly as her elder companions, and five or six children of different ages, apparently from six to sixteen years, were also in company, and were all of them entirely naked. They brought with them a good English hammer, with a rope lanyard through a hole in its handle, which had most probably belonged to some vessel that had been wrecked on that coast. They had also with them a kind of axe, and some long knives, slung on their right sides, in a sheath suspended to their necks. They now felt themselves of sufficient force to act with impunity, and commenced a bold and indiscriminate plundering of everything they could lay their hands on. They broke open trunks, chests, and boxes, and emptied them of their contents, carrying the clothing on their backs up to the sand hills, where they spread them out to dry.

They tore open the feather beds, which they emptied of their contents, as they wanted only the cloth which formed the covering, and appeared to be highly amused with the flying of the feathers before the wind; indeed it seemed, by their manner, that they had never before seen such things.

Captain Riley had shipped an adventure of silk-lace veils and silk handkerchiefs, and these were among the goods which had been cast upon the beach. The former of these the man, women, and children tied round their heads and legs, and all appeared to be delighted with their good fortune. The crew were exasperated at the bare-faced robbery which was going on, and wished to take vengeance on the natives for their insolence.

ence and plundering; but the captain convinced them of the folly of driving off these wretches, as they would return with numbers and murder them on the spot. He therefore let them take whatever they pleased, with the exception of their water and provisions, which, as they could not live without them, he was determined to defend to the last extremity. On their first reaching the shore, he divided one thousand dollars among the crew, in the hope that it might prove useful to them in helping them to get released from the inhospitable shore on which they had been thrown, and to reach their homes. Their first determination was now to endeavour to effect the necessary repairs to the long boat, which had been stove on reaching the beach; and as the wind lulled in the afternoon, at low water one of them succeeding in reaching the wreck, where he procured a few nails and a marling-spike, with which he got safe ashore.

On an examination of the boat, it was found that the timbers were in so crazy a state, and the nails which held them together so eaten by the rust, that she would not hold together nor support her own weight in turning her up in order to get at the bottom. Captain Riley, however, tacked her timbers together as well as he could, which was very imperfectly, as he had bad tools to work with, and the crew being no longer restrained by his authority, having broached a cask of wine, and taken copious draughts of it, to dispel their sorrows, were most of them in such a state, that instead of assisting him they only tended to increase his embarrassment. However, he at last got the boat turned up, and found that one whole plank was out on each side, and very much split. He tacked the pieces in with the assistance of Mr. Savage, Horace, and one or two more, and then chinned a little okum into the seams and splits, as well as they could, with their knives, continuing their work upon her until it was quite dark.

Night had now spread her sable mantle over the face of nature, the savages had retired, and all was still, save the restless and unwearied waves which dashed against the deserted wreck, and tumbled among the broken rocks a little to the eastward of them, where the high perpendicular cliffs, jutting out into the sea, opposed a barrier to their violence, and at the same time threatened inevitable and certain destruction to every ill-fated vessel and her crew, that should unfortunately approach too near their immovable foundations, and which the Commerce and her crew had only escaped by a few rods. In speaking of this part of his adventures, Captain Riley says, that from the time the vessel struck, to this moment, he had been so entirely engaged by the laborious exertions which their critical situation demanded, that he had had no time for reflection, till now it rushed like a torrent over his mind, banishing from his eyes that necessary sleep which his fatigued frame so much required. He was too fully conscious of the unwelcome truth that he was on a barren and inhospitable coast; before him lay the tempestuous ocean, whose bosom was continually tossed and agitated by wild and furious winds, blowing directly on shore, without the aid of vessel or boat sufficient for their escape; for he thought it impossible that their shattered long-boat could live at sea, even if they should succeed in urging her through the tremendous surges that broke upon the shore with such violence, that the whole coast trembled with the shock. Behind them were savage beings bearing human form, indeed, but in its most terrific appearance, whose object he knew, from what had already passed, would be to rob them of their last resource—their provisions; and he did not doubt but that they would be sufficiently strong in the morning not only to accomplish what he fancied they meditated, but to take the lives also of the unfortunate crew, or seize upon their persons and doom them to perpetual slavery, till death should in mercy rid them of their miseries.

It was the first time he had ever suffered the horrors of shipwreck, and he had left a wife and five young children, on whom he doated, and who depended entirely on his exertions for their subsistence. His children would have no father's, and perhaps no mother's care to direct them in the paths of virtue, to instruct their ripening years, or to watch over them and administer the balm of comfort in the time of sickness; no generous friend to relieve their distresses and save them from indigence, degradation, and ruin. These sad reflections

caused him great distress of mind, nor could he cease to shudder at these imaginary evils which his own melancholy thoughts added to his real ones, until he was forced mentally to exclaim, "Thy ways great Father of the universe are wise and just; and what am I, an atom of dust, that dares to murmur at thy dispensation?"

The night passed away as slowly and tediously as though misery had lengthened it into ages; but at length the eastern horizon exhibited signs of approaching daylight chasing darkness before it, not to usher to their view the cheering prospect of approaching relief, but to unfold new scenes of suffering wretchedness and distress. As soon as it was fairly light, the old man came down to them, accompanied by his wives, and two young men, apparently of the same family. He was armed with a spear of iron, having a handle made of two pieces of wood spliced together, and tied with cords. This was in length about twelve feet. On approaching them, he held the spear balanced in his hand, making motions as if he intended to throw it at them; he then ordered them off to the wreck, at the same time pointing to a large drove of camels that were descending the heights to the eastward of them, while his women were running off whooping and yelling with a horrible noise, throwing up sand in the air, and beckoning to those who had charge of the camels to approach. The captain ran towards the beach, and seized a small spar that lay there, in order to parry off the old man's lance, as a handspike was not long enough; who, in the meantime, approaching the tent in a fury, where the people still were, and by slightly pricking one or two of them with his lance, and pointing at the same time towards the camels, succeeded in frightening them, which appeared to be his object, as he did not wish to call for help, lest he should be obliged to give up part of the spoil to those who assisted in his capture. They made their way as speedily as possible to the small boat, while the captain parried off the old man's spear with his spar, and kept him at a distance. There is not the slightest doubt but that the savage would have hurled the dart at him, but for the fear of losing it altogether.

The small boat was now dragged to the water, but the first sea instantly filled it; they had, therefore, no resource, except trying to get either to the eastward or westward. Abandoning their provisions, they tried to retreat eastward, but were opposed by this formidable spear. Though youth and numbers were on their side, yet being unarmed they could make but little progress, for the old man was active to an extraordinary degree, considering his apparent age. He would fly from them like the wind, and return with equal speed; and was also joined by the other Arabs, who assisted him in driving the poor unfortunate mariners to the shore, while the women and children kept up a continued hideous yelling. They now turned over the long-boat, which, as before mentioned, had been slightly patched up, and all embarked in her for the wreck, which they succeeded in reaching with the boat half full of water. All hands got on board the wreck, with the exception of the captain and another, who could hardly keep the boat from sinking, though they were baling her with two buckets. The old man and his small party were now joined by other Arabs, armed with scimitars, who came running from the eastward, all of whom hallooed to the sailors, brandishing their naked weapons, and bidding them defiance. The old man then came down to the beach, and with his axe staved in the heads of all their water-casks and casks of wine, allowing their contents to run into the sand; and then gathered up all the trunks, chests, instruments, books and charts, with which they formed a pile, and setting fire to it, consumed the whole. Being thus deprived of their provisions and water, and everything they had saved from the wreck, they found no other alternative open to them, but to endeavour to get to sea in their leaky boat, without water, provisions, or instruments, or assistance of any kind, or to stay where they were, and be washed off the wreck by the fury of the sea.

In this dreadful emergency, yet not quite reduced to despair, they made preparations to leave the brig, by getting a few bottles of wine and some slices of salt pork. As they had also lost their oars, they split a plank, in order to make substitutes

for them, and then attempted to shove off; but, in an instant a surf struck the boat, and she filled. The sight of their deplorable situation seemed to excite pity even in the breasts of the savages, who had driven them from the shore; they came down to the water's edge, bowed themselves to the ground, beckoned to the sailors to come on shore, at the same time, making all the signs of peace and friendship, of which they were capable; but finding they would not be induced to trust themselves on shore, one of the Arabs ran and fetched a goat skin of water, with which the old man went into the water up to his armpits, and beckoned Captain Riley to come and fetch it, and drink. Being thirsty, and finding they had no other chance of obtaining water, Captain Riley went by means of the hawser to the beach, where the old man met him, and gave him the skin of water, which he immediately carried off to the wreck. This done, the old man expressed a wish to go on board the wreck; Captain Riley seeing no possibility of escaping except with their assistance, again went on shore, where the old man and his companions expressed every possible demonstration of good-will and peace towards these distressed seamen. He suffered the old man to pass to the wreck, while he remained on the beach; and when the people hauled the old man on board, he endeavoured to make them understand that they must retain possession of him until he, the captain, was released from the Arabs on shore; but unfortunately the noise of the surf prevented them from hearing his commands.

After the old Arab had fully satisfied his curiosity, by looking with the greatest possible attention at everything he could see, which was nothing more than the wreck of the contents of the hold floating about in her, and making a strict inquiry for baftas, for fire-arms, and for money, he came on shore. When he had got very near the beach, and Captain Riley was about to rise to meet him, he was suddenly seized by two of the stoutest Arabs, grasping him like lions, while at the same instant the women and children presented their daggers, knives and spears to his breast. To strive against such fearful odds, would have been instant death, and he was, therefore, obliged to remain quiet, while the countenances of all those around him assumed the most horrid and malignant expressions of demoniacal fury. They gnashed their teeth at him, and struck their daggers within an inch of every part of his head and body. All this time he was held fast by the young men, whilst the old one seizing a sharp scimitar, laid hold of his hair, at the same instant, and made a motion as if to cut his throat or his head off. The poor horror-stricken captain believed his last moments were come: but the old man, after lightly drawing his scimitar across the collar of his shirt, which he slightly cut, released him.

When the old man had quitted his hold, and the captain hailed his people, their hopes began to revive, and one of them came on to the hawser to know what they should do. He told him he must instantly bring on shore all the money that they had on board; but unfortunately being in water, at some distance, and on account of the noise which was occasioned by the surf, the sailor could not hear the concluding part of the order, which was they should not part with any of the money until the captain had been fairly released. The man returned on board, and all hands being naturally anxious to procure their commander's release put their money, which they still had about them, to the amount of about a thousand dollars, into a bucket, and slinging it on a hawser, Porter shoved it along before him near to the beach, and was about to bring it up to the place where Captain Riley sat; who, however, with considerable difficulty, prevented him from doing so, as the surf made such a roaring that he could not hear him, though he was then only a few yards distant; but he at last understood the captain's signs, and remained in the water until one of the young Arabs went and received it from him. At this time the old man was seated alongside of Captain Riley, holding a scimitar pointed to his breast.

The bucket of dollars was instantly brought and poured into one of the old man's blankets, when he bade the captain rise and go with him, both the old and the young men urging him along by both arms, with their daggers drawn before, while the women and children were behind him, with the spear and their knives at

his back. In this manner they made him go over the sand drifts, to the distance of three or four hundred yards, where they seated themselves and him upon the ground. The old man next proceeded to count and divide the money, which he did by making three heaps of it, counting into each heap by tens, and so dividing it exactly. He then gave to the young men one-third or heap; one to his two wives, and the other he kept to himself. Each of them secured their own share by wrapping and tying it up in some of the clothing which they had plundered the sailors. During the process of dividing the spoil which was intended as the ransom of Captain Riley, they had let go his arms, though they were still standing around him; his first thought was that if he could not effect his escape, that his fate was decided: he knew they could outrun him if he leaped from them, and was too fearfully conscious that should he attempt and fail, they would plunge their weapons into his heart. He, however, resolved to risk it, and with that view made a slight movement at a moment when he thought all eyes were turned from him; but one of the young men, seeing his manœuvre, made a lunge at him with his scimitar; he eluded the force of the blow by falling backward on the ground, notwithstanding which the weapon pierced his waistcoat. The Arab was about to repeat it when the old man bade him to desist.

The money being now distributed and tied up, they made Capt. Riley rise with them, and were all going together from the beach, holding him by the arms, with naked daggers all around him. There appeared no possible means of escape, when the thought suddenly suggested itself to him of tempting their avarice; he accordingly, by signs gave them to understand that there was more money in the possession of the crew, the idea of which seemed to please them: for they instantly returned with him to the beach again, and sent off the money to a place of security by a young man and a boy. When they had approached to within a hundred yards of the beach, they made Captain Riley seat himself on the sand between two of them, who held his arms, and bade him order the money on shore. He knew that there was none on board the wreck or in the boat, but he imagined that if he could get Michael Antonio on shore he should be able to effect his escape. He hailed accordingly, and made signs to the crew for one of them to come near the shore; but as they saw, by every movement of the natives, that his situation was dreadfully critical, not one of them was inclined to venture. The captain waited more than an hour under repeated threats of immediate death, and was made to halloo with all his might, until he became so hoarse that he could scarcely make himself heard by those around him. At length the pity of Mr. Savage for his condition overcame his fears, and he ventured on the hawser, and reached the beach in safety. He was about to approach Captain Riley, when he would most certainly have been seized as the Captain was, but he endeavoured to make him understand by signs that he must stay in the water, and keep clear of the natives if he valued his life; but Mr. Savage, not being able to hear him, and not comprehending the meaning of his signs, those who were keeping guard over Captain Riley supposing him to be giving the other orders to fetch away the money, obliged him to get up and approach a little nearer, until he made him understand what he wanted. Mr. Savage then returned on board the wreck, and the captain was taken back to his former station.

After the lapse of rather more than an hour, Antonio left the vessel and came to the beach, where he had no sooner arrived than the natives flocked around him, with the expectation of getting more money; but soon finding that he had none, they commenced beating him violently, and the children cutting him with knives. In vain he fell upon his knees and begged for his life; the inhuman Arabs paid no regard to his entreaties, till Captain Riley, in the hope of saving him from their fury, told him to let them know by signs that there was money buried where the tent stood; and where a new spy glass, a hand-saw, and several other articles had been buried, together with a bag of four hundred dollars. The natives, on comprehending his signs, immediately went to the spot and commenced digging.

The captain was seated on the sand in the no very enviable position of having the old man on his left, with his spear up-

lifted in his right hand pointing to his heart, and on his right stood the stoutest of the young men with a naked scimitar in his right hand pointing to his head. Both weapons were within six inches of him, and his guards within a foot of him on each side. His first consideration was, that as soon as anything should be found by those who were digging, they would naturally speak and inform those who guarded him of the circumstance, and as he was pretty certain that both of them would look round, as soon as the discovery of the treasure should be announced, he carefully drew up his legs under him, but without exciting suspicion, in order to be ready for a start, as they had let go his arms some time before. The place where they were digging was partly behind them on the right, and, as he expected, upon their making a noise, both his guards turned their heads and eyes from him, towards those who were digging, when he instantly sprang out from beneath their weapons and flew to the beach. He was running for his life and soon reached the water's edge, where knowing that he was pursued and nearly overtaken, he plunged into the sea with his head foremost, and swam underneath the surface of the water as long as he could hold his breath, then rising to the surface he looked round on his pursuers. The old man was within ten feet of him up to his chin in water, and was in the act of darting his spear through the captain's body; when a surf providentially rolling over saved his life, and dashed the Arab and his comrade on the beach. Captain Riley was at some distance westward of the wreck, but swimming as fast as possible towards her, while surf after surf broke in towering heights over him, he was enabled, by almost superhuman exertions to reach the wreck, when he was taken into the boat over the stern by the assistance of the crew. He was so far exhausted, that he could not immediately witness what passed on shore, but some of the crew observed that the Arabs stood almost motionless on the beach at the edge of the water, until the captain was safe in the boat, when they ran towards poor Antonio and plunging a spear into his left breast, downwards, laid him dead at their feet. They then picked up what things remained, and all of them made off together.

Hostilities had now commenced, and they could not doubt but that the merciless ruffians would soon return in great numbers, and murder them all, as they had already done the unfortunate Antonio. The wind blowing strong, and the surf breaking outside and on the wreck twenty or thirty feet high, the hope of getting to sea in their crazy long-boat was indeed but faint. She had been thumping alongside the wreck, and on a sand-bank all day, and taking in as much water as two men constantly employed with buckets could throw out. The deck and outside of the wreck were fast going to pieces, and the other parts could not long hold together. The tides, by being low, together with the sand-bar that had been formed by the washing of the sea from the bow of the wreck to the beach, had very much lessened the danger of communicating with the shore during the day; but it was now returning to sweep everything from the wreck, aided by the wind, which blew a gale on shore every night. To remain on the wreck or to go on shore was almost certain death. The boat could no longer be kept afloat alongside; and being without provisions and water, if they put to sea they must soon perish. They had neither oars nor rudder to the boat, nor compass nor quadrant to direct their course, but as it was their only chance, they resolved to try and get to sea, expecting, nevertheless, that they would be swallowed up by the first surf, and thus be launched into eternity altogether.

In the first place a man was sent on shore to get the two broken oars that were still lying there, while another made his way into the hold in search of fresh water. He dived in at the hatchway, which was covered with water, and after coming up under the deck on the larboard side, found, as he expected, just room enough to breathe, and to work among the floating feasks, planks, and wreck of the hold. After much labour he found a water-cask partly full, and the bung tight, with which a small keg, after much trouble, was filled, and a good drink given to each man. The man now returned with the oars, and then went again, of his own accord, and got the bag of dollars. They got the small boat's sails into the boat, with a spar that

would do for a mast, and the brig's fore-topmast staysail, the keg of water, a few pieces of salt pork, a live pig, weighing about twenty pounds, and a few damaged figs. Everything being now ready, the captain earnestly endeavoured to encourage the crew in their dangerous attempt, representing to them, that it was far better for them to be swallowed up altogether by the ocean, than to be brutally murdered by the relentless savages.

As they surveyed the dangers that surrounded them, wave followed wave, breaking with a dreadful crash just outside of them, that there appeared no possibility of their getting safely beyond the breakers, without a special interference of Providence in their behalf, and which interference, in any case, the captain had always before doubted. Every one trembled with dreadful apprehension, and each imagined that the moment they ventured past the vessel's stern, would be his last. The captain then said, "Let us pull off our hats, my shipmates and companions in distress." It was done in an instant, when lifting up his eyes and his soul towards heaven, he thus fervently prayed:—

"Great Creator and Preserver of the Universe, who now seest our distresses, we pray thee to spare our lives, and permit us to pass through this overwhelming surf into the open sea: but if we are doomed to perish, thy will be done; we commit our souls to the mercy of thee our God who gavest them: and, oh, universal Father, protect and preserve our widows and children."

At this very moment the winds, as if by Divine command, ceased to blow. They immediately hauled the boat out. The dreadful surges that were nearly brushing upon them, suddenly subsided, making a path for their boat about twenty yards wide, through which they rowed her out as smoothly as if she had been on a river in a calm, whilst on each side of them, and not more than ten yards distant, the surf continued to break twenty feet high, and with unabated fury. They had to row nearly a mile in this manner, when all were so fully convinced that they were saved by the interposition of Divine Providence, in this particular instance, that all joined in returning thanks to the Supreme Being for his bountiful mercy.

As soon as they reached the open sea, and had gained some distance from the wreck, the surf returned, combing behind them with the same force as on each side of the boat. They then fitted up the mast which they had brought with them, and set the small boat's mainsail.

They were now fairly launched on the bosom of the wide ocean; and, trusting in that Providence who had already shown them such an especial mark of his over-ruling hand, they sailed from that inhospitable shore where they had experienced nought but relentless cruelty.

Captain Riley and his fellow-sufferers had not long departed from the scene of their misfortunes, before the wind veered to the eastward, and thereby enabled them to fetch past the point of the cape, though the boat had neither keel nor rudder. It was sunset when they got out, and night coming on; the wind, as usual, increased to a gale, before morning, so that they expected every moment to be swallowed up by the high sea which was running. In this emergency a consultation was held as to their most advisable course of proceeding, when, after mature deliberation, it was resolved to keep to sea.

After two days of stormy weather, it became more moderate on the 31st, though the weather was still very thick and hazy. Their pig nearly dead for the want of water, they killed it, taking especial care however to save the blood, which they divided among them and drank, as their thirst was now becoming almost insupportable. They also divided the pig's liver, intestines, &c. between them, and ate some of them, as they were fresh, to satisfy, in some measure, their extreme thirst. Thus this day passed away, having as yet seen no vessel to relieve them. They had determined to save their urine for drink, which they accordingly did, in some empty bottles, which they had in the boat, and found great relief from the occasional use of it; for being obliged to labour by turns to keep the boat above water, their thirst was much more severely felt than if they had remained still. The night came on very dark and lowering, and the sky seemed big with an impending tempest;

the wind blew hard from the N.E., and before midnight the sea combed into the boat in such quantities, that several times she was more than half full of water. All hands were earnestly employed in baling out the water with hats, and anything else they could find, each firmly believing that his final hour had arrived, and confidently expecting that every approaching wave would bury him for ever in a watery grave.

The boat rocked like an old basket, letting in water at every seam and split, her timbers working out or breaking off. The nails that had been put in while they were last on shore were kept from entirely drawing out, merely by the pressure of the water, acting on the outside of the boat. Vivid flashes of lightning shot across the gloom and rendered the scene doubly terrific.

Amidst these accumulated horrors the morning broke; it was the first of September. Thirst pressed upon them, which they could only allay by wetting their mouths twice a day with a few drops of wine and water, and as many times with their own urine. All this day and the succeeding night the wind continued to blow with increasing violence, and the boat to work and leak as much as before. Worn down with fatigues and long continued hunger and thirst, scorched by the burning rays of the sun, and no vessel appearing to relieve them, their little store of water diminishing as well as their strength, every hope of succour by meeting with a vessel entirely failed them, so that in the afternoon of the 2nd of September, the captain represented to his companions, that as they were still alive after enduring so many trials, it was his advice to put about and make towards the coast again; that if they continued at sea they must inevitably perish, and that they could but perish in returning to the land; that they might still exist four or five days longer, by means of the water and provisions that remained, and that it might be the will of Providence to send them on the coast where their vessel had been wrecked, and where, perhaps, means were prepared to bring about their deliverance and restoration to their country and their families. All seemed convinced that it was so, and they immediately put about with a kind of cheerfulness such as had not brightened their countenances since the occurrence of their first disaster.

On the morning of the 7th they discovered land, and continued to approach it, driving along to the southward by a swift current, roaring like a strong tide in a narrow rocky passage, until sunset. The surf was breaking high among the rocks near the shore, and they being now very near the land, and seeing a small spot that bore the appearance of a sand beach, they made towards it. They were instantly carried on the top of a tremendous wave upon the sand, so that when the surf retired they were high and dry. Without them, and in the track they came, numerous fragments of rock reared their craggy heads, over which the surf foamed, as it retired, with a dreadful roaring. They got out of the boat and carried up the little remains of their water and provisions, and the night coming on soon after, they busied themselves in preparing a place in the sand to lie on, where, after wetting their mouths with water, and eating a few slices of pork they laid down to rest.

On the morning of the 8th of September, as soon as it was light, being much refreshed by their undisturbed sleep, they agreed to leave all they had that was cumbersome and heavy, and try to make their way to the eastward, in the hope of finding a place to dig for water, while they had strength yet remaining; or to get to the surface of the land above them, where they hoped to find some herbage or vegetable juice to allay, in some degree, the burning thirst, which now became more painful than ever, by their catching a few muscles that were found on the rocks and which were extremely salt.

Having agreed to keep together and to render each other mutual assistance, they divided among them the little water they had, each one receiving his share in a bottle, in order to preserve it as long as possible; and then taking a small piece or two of pork which they hung on their backs, either in a spare shirt or a piece of canvass they bent their way towards the east, leaving all their clothes, but those they had on and their jackets. Before starting, the captain buried the bag of dollars, and induced each man to do the same by every one he

had about him, as he was convinced that money had been the cause of their former ill-treatment, by tempting the natives to practice cruel and treacherous means, in order to extort it from them. They now proceeded, as well as they were able, close to the water's side.

The land was either nearly perpendicular or jutting over their heads, rising to the height of five or six hundred feet. Their journey was perilous in the extreme; sometimes forced to climb over masses of sharp and craggy rocks, from two to three hundred feet in height, then to descend again by letting themselves down from rock to rock, until they reached the water's edge; now waiting for a surf to retire, while they rushed, one by one, past a steep point up to their necks in water, to the rocks more favourable on the other side, by clinging fast hold to which they kept themselves from being washed away by the next surf, until, with each other's assistance, they clambered up beyond the reach of the billows. The beating of the ocean and the force of the currents, against this coast, had undermined the precipices in such a manner, that vast masses of rock, sand, and gravel had given way and tumbled to the shore. Rocks falling on rocks had formed chasms through which, at times, they had to pass for a long distance, and surmounting one obstacle it only seemed to open to their view another still more dangerous. At one place they were obliged to climb along on a narrow ledge of rocks, between forty and fifty feet high, and not more than eight inches broad, those at their backs, being perpendicular; and a little higher up huge pieces that had been broken off from near the surface, and stopped on their way down by other fragments, seemed to totter, as if on a pivot, directly over their heads, whilst the least slip must have plunged them into the dreadful abyss below, where the foaming surges would instantly have dashed them to pieces against the rocks. Their shoes were nearly all worn off, their feet were lacerated and bleeding, the rays of the sun striking on their emaciated bodies, heated them, as they thought, nearly to dissolution; and under the towering cliffs there was not a breath of air to fan their blood, which was almost boiling.

Thus passed this day with them, and when night came on it brought with it new distresses. They had advanced along the coast not more than about four miles this day, with all the exertions they were capable of, without finding any change for the better, in their local situation, whilst their strength was continually diminishing, and no circumstance occurred which could in any way revive their hopes.

They spent the two succeeding days in clambering among the rocks under the high cliffs, suffering from hunger, till, after unremitted exertions, they found a place by which they were enabled to ascend to the plain above, where no object was seen as far as the eye could reach—not a tree, a shrub, or a blade of grass that might afford the smallest relief to expiring nature. They travelled along the edge of the cliff till a little after sunset, when, as the captain was encouraging his men to proceed, one of them exclaimed, "I think I see a light." It was the light of a fire.

Joy thrilled through their veins like the spark of an electric shock, and hope once more revived them; they however, determined to wait till the morning before they presented themselves to the Arabs. On the morning of the 13th of September they agreed to go forward and meet the natives, who, as soon as they discovered them, came running towards them in the most frantic manner, with drawn scimitars, and stripped them of every thing they had on, amid the most frantic yells. A fierce contention then ensued between the savages with respect to dividing the plunder and the prisoners, they cut each other with their scimitars in the most horrid manner, so that the blood ran down in streams.

After watering their camels and loading them, and their other preparations being concluded, the Arabs departed for the interior; and the unfortunate crew of the *Commerce* were forced to walk and drive the camels, while the sand was so soft and yielding, that they sunk up to their knees at every step. Thus they mounted the sand hills, the blazing heat of the sun's rays dashing on their naked bodies, and reflected from the sand, their feet and legs cut to the bone by the sharp craggy rocks and stones, in addition to their excessive weakness, which the dysentery had increased, rendered their passage up

through this chasm or hollow so severe, that they were almost deprived of life. Captain Riley became so exhausted, that he was obliged to stop in the sand, until, by the application of a stick to his back, by their drivers, he was forced up to its level where they made the camels lie down to rest.

The Arabs had been much amused at observing the difficulty of the sailors in ascending the height, and kept up a continual laugh, while they were whipping them forward. Their women and children were also on foot, and went up without the smallest difficulty or inconvenience, though it was extremely hard for the camels to mount; and before they got to the top, they were covered with sweat and froth.

Having selected five camels for the purpose, one for each of those who were to ride, they put them on the humps, to which they were obliged to cling by grasping the long hair with both hands. Captain Riley states, that the back-bone of the one he

was on was only covered with skin, and as sharp as the edge of an oar's blade; his belly being distended with water, made him perfectly smooth, leaving no projection of the hips to keep him from slipping off behind, and his back was as steep as the roof of a house, and so broad across as to keep his legs extended to their utmost stretch. In this manner he was slipping down to his tail every moment; he was, however, forced to keep on, while the camel rendered restive at the sight of his strange rider, was all the time running about among the drove, and making a most woeful bellowing; and as they have neither bridles, halters, nor anything whereby to guide or govern them, all he had to do was to stick on as well as he could.

The Arabs, both men and women, were very anxious to know where they had been cast on shore, whether to the eastward or westward; and being satisfied on that point, as soon as they had placed them on the camels and given the women



directions how to steer, they each mounted his camel, seated themselves on the small round saddle, and then crossing their legs on the animal's shoulders, set off to the westward at a good trot, leaving the poor prisoners in charge of the women, some of whom were on foot, and urged the camels forward as fast as they could run. The heavy motions of the camel, not unlike that of a small vessel in a heavy head-beat sea, were so violent, aided by the sharp back-bone, as very soon to excruciate parts of their bodies. The inside of their legs were also so dreadfully chafed, that the blood dripped from their heels; while the intense heat of the sun had scorched and blistered their bodies, so that they were covered with sores, without anything to administer relief. Thus bleeding and smarting under the most excruciating pain, they continued to advance in a south-east direction, on a plain, flat, hard surface of sand, gravel, and rock, covered with small sharp stones.

It seemed as if their bones would have been dislocated at every step; hungry and thirsty, the night came on, and no indication of stopping: the cold night wind began to blow, chilling their blood, which ceased to trickle down their lacerated legs, yet acting on their blistered skins, increased the intensity of their pains beyond description. They begged to be permitted to get off, but the women paid no attention to their entreaties, intent only on getting forward. They designedly slipped off the camels when going at full trot, risking to break their necks by the fall, and trying to excite their compassion to get a drink of water, which the Arabs call sherbet; but the women paid no attention to their prayers, and compelling those who had fallen to remount, they kept the camels running faster than before.

Captain Riley observes, that this was the first time he had attempted to walk barefoot since he was a school-boy, and here

they were compelled to keep up with the camels, running over the stones, which were nearly as sharp as gun-flints, and cutting their feet to the bone at every step. It was here that his fortitude and philosophy failed to support him; he cursed his fate aloud, and wished that he had rushed into the sea before he gave himself up to these merciless beings in human form. It was now too late; he would have put an immediate end to his existence, but had neither knife nor any other weapon with which to perform the deed. He searched for a stone, intending, if he could find a loose one sufficiently large, to knock out his brains with it, but his search proved in vain. This paroxysm passed off in a minute or two, his reason returned, and he recollected that, his life was in the hands of the power that gave it, and that "the Judge of all the earth would do right." Then running with all his remaining strength, he soon came up with the camels, regardless of his feet and the pain he was suffering; and felt perfectly resigned, and willing to submit to the will of Providence and the fate that awaited him.

At daylight on the 15th September, they were all called on to proceed. The females struck their tents, and packed them on camels, together with all their goods, while they made the poor seamen walk and keep up with the camels, though they were so stiff and sore all over, that they could scarcely refrain from crying out at every step, such was their intense agony; and still pursuing their route to the south-east. In the course of the morning the captain met Mr. Williams, in a most dreadful state; he had been riding for about three hours in the most excruciating torture: he was still entirely naked, his skin had been burned off, and his whole body was so exceedingly inflamed and swelled, as well as his face, that he could only be recognised by his voice. He said that he had been obliged to sleep naked in the open air every night, that his life was fast wasting away amid the most dreadful torments, that he could not live one day more in such misery, and that his mistress had that morning taken pity on him and anointed his body with grease. "But," said he, mournfully, "I cannot live. Should you ever get clear of this dreadful place, and be restored to your country, tell my dear wife that my last breath was spent in prayers for her happiness." He could say no more, for tears choked his utterance. His master at this instant arrived, and drove on his camel, which was a large one, and moved forward with very heavy motions; and as he turned from him, the captain could see the blood trickling down the sides of the camel and off his feet.

In this way, sometimes riding, sometimes walking, they continued to wander over the desert in different directions, suffering intensely from the heat of the sun by day, and the cold winds at night. Receiving no nourishment during this period, with the exception of about half a pint of camel's milk per day, hunger had preyed on them to such a degree, that they even bit off the flesh from their arms. In one instance, the captain was forced to tie the arms of one of the men behind him, and in another instance, two of the men having caught one of the boys, about four years of age, out of sight of the tents, were about to dash out his brains with a stone, for the purpose of eating his flesh: he luckily came up and rescued the child from their voracity. They were so frantic with hunger, as to insist upon having one meal of his flesh, when they would die willingly.

At length, on the 21st of September, about the middle of the day, two strangers arrived, riding two camels loaded with goods. Their names were Sidi Hamet and Seid, from the confines of Morocco. Hamet was fortunately on his way to Morocco; and after much debate and altercation with the owners, he succeeded in purchasing five of the wretched sufferers, viz. Captain Riley, Mr. Savage, Horace, Clark, and Burns, with a view of carrying them to Swerah or Mogadore, where Captain Riley assured him, they would be redeemed the moment they arrived. This stipulation was confirmed to the satisfaction of Hamet, after having exacted from Captain Riley the most solemn protestations that he spoke the truth, assuring him, that if it proved otherwise, his own life, and the perpetual slavery of his companions, would be the forfeit. Sidi Hamet's means did not allow him to purchase any more of the crew, and they were left behind, scattered in different parts of the desert. The sufferers had no reason to regret their change of master; Hamet was,

comparatively, a humane man. He bought an old camel, nearly dead with age, which he killed, and allowed them a plentiful repast on its blood and entrails; he made shoes for them of its skin, and gave each a piece of old blanket or goat's-skin to protect him from the sun. Thus clad and refreshed, they started on their northern tour across the desert. The company consisted of Sidi Hamet, Seid, a young Arab, the five prisoners, and three camels; and they began their march about the 1st of October.

In a few days they arrived at a part of the desert which was very sandy, so that they sunk in nearly up to the knees at each step, in sand that was scorching hot. The camels were, therefore, stopped, and all of them mounted on them, when, on their rising up, they saw before them vast numbers of immense sand-hills, stretching as far as the eye could reach, from the north to the south, heaped up in a most terrific manner; they soon arrived among them, and were struck with horror at the sight: huge mountains of loose sand piled up like drifted snow, towered two hundred feet above their heads, on every side, and seemed to threaten destruction to the whole party. The loose sands blew before the trade-winds, cutting their flesh like hailstones, and very often covering them from each other's sight, while the gusts which followed each other in quick succession, were rushing by.

After a painful march on the desert they came in sight of the ocean, about the middle of October, and travelled along the coast. On the 17th, the black tops of high mountains appeared in the distant horizon, to the eastward, and soon after they came to the cultivated land.

On the 22nd of October they went forward, driving their own camels only, and Hassan having taken the young one, they had but three remaining, so they rode by turns, crossing the deep hollows which had been worn down by the rains and other causes, until the afternoon, when they were forced to have recourse to the sea-beach to get past one of those deep places, whose sides were so steep as to render a passage down it impracticable. When they gained the beach they found themselves on a narrow strip of land, which was then dry, the tide being out; this extended in length eight or ten miles, but from the water's edge to the perpendicular cliffs on their right, not more than ten yards: these cliffs appeared to be about one hundred and fifty feet in height. As they proceeded along this narrow beach, and had passed over half its length, the huge cliffs overhanging them on their right, and the ocean on their left, just as they were turning a point, they observed four men, each armed with a scimitar and a musket, spring from beneath some jutting rocks to intercept their march. Their masters were at this time on their camels, but they instantly jumped off, at the same time preparing their guns. To retreat would betray fear and lead to inevitable destruction, so they determined to advance two against four, and Sidi Hamet, though in so weak a state as to be thought incapable of walking, before he saw these men, now ran towards them with his musket in his hand, while Seid, the cruel coward, lagged behind; so true it is that the most generous and humane men are always the most courageous. The foe was but a few paces from them, and stood in a line across the beach. Sidi Hamet holding his gun ready to fire, demanded if it were peace, while he eyed their countenances to see if they were deceitful. One of them answered, "It is peace," and extended his hand to receive that of Sidi Hamet, who gave his right hand, suspecting no treachery; but the fellow grasped it fast, and would have shot him and Seid in a moment, but at this critical juncture two of Hassan's men came in sight, running like the wind towards them, each having a good double-barrelled gun in his hand, all ready to fire. The robbers saw them as they turned the point, and the fellow who had siezed Sidi Hamet's hand instantly let go, turning the affair off with a loud laugh, and saying he only did it to frighten him. His excuse was deemed sufficient, merely because they were not sufficiently strong to resent the insult; and they accordingly proceeded on: but these fellows, who were stout and active, hovered around the poor prisoners, endeavouring to separate them from their masters, with the view of seizing on them as their own; which Sidi Hamet observing, ordered them to keep

close to the camels' heels, while he and his company kept between them and the banditti.

When the robbers found the master too vigilant for them, they took French leave, running along the beach with incredible swiftness, and taking up and throwing stones, that would weigh from six to eight pounds, with a jerk that made them whiz through the air like cannon-balls. They threw them against the rocks, which resounded with the blow, and many of the stones were dashed to pieces as they struck, that they would certainly have killed a man at the distance of fifty yards.

Soon after this event, the brothers drove off some camels which they were obliged to restore. The disappointment about which produced a terrific quarrel respecting the division of their slaves. They clutched each other like lions, and with fury in their looks, each tried to throw the other to the ground; though Seid was the largest and stoutest man, they writhed and twined in every shape until both fell; but Sidi Hamet was undermost. Fire seemed to flash from their eyes, while they twisted round each other like a couple of serpents, until Sidi Hamet, by superior activity or skill, disengaged himself from his brother's grasp, and both sprang upon their feet. Instantly they snatched their muskets at the same moment, and each retiring a few paces with great rapidity and indignation, tore the cloth covers from their guns, and presented them to each other's breasts with dreadful fury. Sidi Hamet having had a moment's reflection, whilst priming and cocking his piece, discharged both barrels in the air, and presented his naked breast to Seid, who declined firing; but wreaked his vengeance on Mr. Savage and the boy Horace, the latter of whom he seized by the breast and dashed him on the ground with all his force. The violence of the blow was such that he lay stretched on the ground apparently dead, and was with great difficulty recovered.

After suffering great hardships, the party arrived at Widnoon, or River Noon, in the southern part of Suse; and in three days after, they reached the village of Stuca. Fortunately, Mr. Wiltshire, the English consul at Mogadore, agreed to ransom them, and they proceeded towards that place.

They continued their journey without any material interruption until they arrived in the vicinity of Mogadore or Swearah. Here their deliverer, who had received news of their coming, dismounted from his horse, and was prepared to behold some of the most miserable objects that his imagination could paint. He led his horse along the south angle, and near the wall; Rais was by his side, when at an opening past the corner, Captain Riley heard Rais exclaim, in Spanish, "There they are." At this sound they looked up and beheld their deliverer, who, at that instant, had turned his eyes upon them. He started back with surprise, and, for a moment, the blood seemed to fly from his face; but recovering himself a little, he rushed forward, and clasping Captain Riley to his breast, exclaimed, "Welcome to my arms, my dear sir; this is truly a happy moment." He then took each of the others by the hand, and welcomed them to their liberty, while tears trickled down his manly cheeks; and the sudden rush of all the generous and sympathetic feelings of his nature, nearly choked his utterance; then raising his eyes towards heaven, he said, "I thank thee, great Author of my being, for thy mercy to these my brothers." He could add no more; his whole frame was so agitated, that his strength failed him, and he sunk to the ground. They, on their part, could only look up towards heaven in silent adoration, while their hearts swelled with indescribable sensations of love and gratitude to the all-wise, the all-powerful, and ever-merciful God of the universe, who had conducted them through so many dreadful scenes of danger and suffering, had controlled the passions and disposed the hearts of the barbarous Arabs in their favour, and had finally brought them to the arms of such a friend. Tears of joy streamed from their eyes, and Rais bel Cassin was so much affected at this interview, that in order to conceal his weeping, he hid himself behind the wall; for the Moors as well as the Arabs hold the shedding of tears to be a womanish and degrading weakness. After a short pause, when Mr. Wiltshire had in some measure recovered, he said, "Come, my friends, let us go to the city, my house is already prepared for your

reception." The mules were led up, and they were placed on them, and rode off slowly towards Mogadore.

On their arrival at Mogadore, Mr. Wiltshire conducted them to his house, had them all washed, clothed, and fed, and spared no pains nor expense in procuring comfort, and administering with his own hand, night and day, such refreshments as their late sufferings and debility required. Of the miserable condition to which these men had been reduced, one instance will suffice to show. Captain Riley says, "I was weighed at the instance of Mr. Wiltshire, and fell short ninety pounds, though my usual weight for the last ten years had been over two hundred pounds. The weight of my companions was less than I dare to mention, for I apprehend it would not be believed that the bodies of men, retaining the vital spark, should not have weighed forty pounds."

LOSS OF THE SHIP, GANGES,

Which foundered off the Cape of Good Hope, May 29, 1807, T. Harrington Commander, and of the Miraculous Preservation of all the Crew.

The Ganges had been in a leaky state for some time previous to the unfortunate accident which happened to her; indeed so much so, as to render it indispensably necessary that she should proceed under easy sail, and that the most prudent and cautious measures should be adopted by the captain and officers in the conduct of her.

On the 21st of May, 1807, it was Captain Harrington's misfortune to separate in a gale of wind from his Majesty's ship Concord, and the Hon. Company's ships, viz. Bengal, Lady Jane Dundas, Asia, Walthamstow, and Alexander. The next morning, the Hon. Company's ship St. Vincent, only being in sight, Captain Harrington placed himself under the orders of Captain Jones, who, with the most watchful and unceasing care, continued to keep as near the Ganges, as circumstances would admit, from that time till the day on which she foundered.

On that day (May 29) they had light airs, and cloudy at p.m.; a light breeze and fair at a.m.; the swell much gone down, but the ship still rolling dreadfully, and rendering it dangerous for boats to take persons on board, whether astern or alongside.

At a quarter past noon, the St. Vincent being still nearly four miles from the Ganges, there being seven feet water in the well; the stern post being now four inches off the dead wood, and the ship ungovernable by the helm; got the launch at all risks alongside, having in vain attempted to put the ladies on board of her out of the stern gallery, though the railing was cut away for the purpose.

At length, at three-quarters past noon, the launch left the Ganges, with all the passengers, except a Mr. Rolliston, of the Bombay Civil Establishment, who insisted, in a manner the most friendly to Captain Harrington, and the most honourable to himself, in remaining on board until he and his officers quitted the ship.

At one p.m. the yawl left them with the sick people, and some others of the ships company and soldiers of his Majesty's 77th regiment still working at the pumps, with unabated vigour and good will. At three p.m. they had 8 feet water in the well, and the ship was settling fast. At half-past four they had nine feet water in the well, and the launch being seen on her return, the people were called up from the pumps.

Both cutters were now hoisted out, and sent off as full as prudence would admit, with orders not to return. At five, the launch, yawl, and one of St. Vincent's boats, came alongside, and by half-past five they all left the ship completely filled, the third and fifth officers being in charge of the launch and yawl.

Immediately after the departure of the boat, the remainder of the crew were mustered, and there being forty-nine men still on board, (the captain, Mr. Rolliston, the first, fourth, and sixth officers included) the pumps were set again to work, as the night was closing in fast, and the St. Vincent still at some distance from them.

At six p.m. the captain, in company with the chief officer, gunner, and carpenter, visited the gun-room for the last time, and found that the head of the stern-port had forsaken the transom full six inches; the gun-board-seam of the counter was two inches open, for six or seven feet down at least; the wood ends five inches off the stern-port, and all the counter-timber gone at the heels.

At half-past eight p.m. the *St. Vincent* boat and the yawl, once more came alongside, and then were the pumps finally quitted by the captain's orders. The two boats having been filled, were despatched to return no more. About five minutes afterwards the launch came up, and at three-fourths past eight the captain, Mr. Rolliston, first, fourth, and sixth officers, with all that remained of the ship's company, quitted the unfortunate *Ganges*, with three cheers from all; and twenty minutes afterwards they got on board the *St. Vincent* in safety, where they were most humanely and affectionately received by Captain Jones.

At the time of the last party's quitting the *Ganges*, she had ten feet water in the well, and had settled half way up her bends, so that she was wholly ungovernable by the helm; and the poop, quarter-deck, and upper-works, generally were in motion. Thus her destruction was inevitable.

At daylight, the *St. Vincent*, having made but little progress in the night, saw the *Ganges* about five miles off, with her masts, yards, and sails in the same situation as the preceding evening. At seven a.m. Captain Jones, in compliance with Captain Harington's request, bore up towards her, and at nine, the latter, accompanied by Mr. Rolliston, the chief, and fourth officers, and a full complement of men for the boat, pulled towards her in the launch, with the hope of saving some part (however small) of the property on board. As they approached the ship, they observed the water running out of the scuttles on the gun-deck, and the fore-castle was at times buried in the waves. Under such circumstances, the ship being evidently in a sinking state, they conceived it most prudent to relinquish their object, and therefore immediately returned to the *St. Vincent*, at that time not more than a quarter of a mile distant.

About four minutes before noon they got alongside of her again, and fortunate it was they did so; for scarcely had the launch been secured in that situation, before the *Ganges*, with three close-reefed top-sails set upon her fore and main-yard square, cross-jack-yard braced up, and mizen stay-sail-sheet aft, fore-sail in the brails and helm lashed a-lee, in a most extraordinary manner, paid off before the wind, and, in the lapse of one minute, sunk entirely, going down head foremost, with all her mast standing, except the main-top-mast, which, on the main-yard touching the water, broke off at the cape and fell forwards, leaving on the minds of upwards of four hundred persons, who were witnesses to this most awful scene, an impression, which perhaps, by the feeling heart can be conceived, but never by the ablest pen be faithfully described! This unfortunate vessel was lost off the Cape of Good Hope, in lat. 38 deg. 22 min. S long. 19 deg. 50 min. E. of Greenwich.

Though not less than two hundred and nine persons were on board the *Ganges* a few hours before she sunk, yet our readers will, no doubt, feel great satisfaction when we state that not a single life was lost. This general, as well as miraculous preservation, must give them additional pleasure, when they consider the then state of the weather, which must have rendered the hoisting out of the boats extremely difficult and dangerous. The officers discharged their several duties, in the most exemplary manner; the passengers nobly and handsomely offered their meritorious services in a very trying and perilous situation, and entered into them immediately on being accepted, in a manner highly honourable to themselves and exceedingly gratifying to the captain; and with respect to the ship's company (among whom may be classed a number of men of his Majesty's 77th regiment working their passage home), they united all the good qualities of British seamen and British soldiers, when placed together in scenes of danger and distress, till they could no longer be of service to the cause in which they were engaged.

ACCOUNT OF A CANADIAN CANNIBAL.

THE hardships, at one time, endured by those adventurers, who in the dreary countries around Hudson's Bay, in North America, were engaged in commerce with the Indians, were sometimes very great. The severity of the winter, beginning as early as October, and continuing till April, the scarcity of provisions, and the risk they were continually exposed to, from the treachery or the hostility of the native tribes, all contributed to their sufferings, and the danger and unpleasantness of their situation. It required great art to deal with the savages. Notwithstanding the cruelty of the latter, they were capable of exhibiting remarkable instances of generosity and kindness; but they had no self-denial, and were constantly importuning the traders for rum, which, when they received, they drank in immoderate quantities. When they were intoxicated, neither life nor property, within their reach, were safe. Frequently a whole party of them drank it till all the most ferocious passions and propensities of their nature were excited; when, sounding their terrific war-whoop, they attacked one another, and killed men, women, and children indiscriminately. In consequence of which, the servants of the Canadian companies were strictly prohibited from selling spirituous liquors to the Indians; but the use of rum in their bartering transactions was found useful, as the traders often purchased furs and skins, and other commodities, much cheaper after plying the poor creatures with drams and intoxicating draughts.

During the continuance of the intense cold, the traders in the remote districts, when their provisions became short, and the traps they had set in the woods failed in producing anything, frequently had no resource but the arrival of Indians to supply their wants, or send out a party to forage for themselves. They were sometimes, in consequence, reduced to great privations, and in such circumstances, the appearance even of a straggling savage or two, was anxiously looked for and welcomed with joy.

The poor uncivilized and untutored children of the woods, were not so thoroughly brutal and treacherous as were many of the French-Canadians who were in the employment of the traders. The crimes of which some of these men were guilty, are a disgrace to human nature; and we have now to record two most atrocious acts committed by one of them, who did not long escape the punishment due to the enormity of his guilt. The principal features of the following narrative are extracted from Long's travels.

Near the Skunk's-head lake, which is between Lake Nipigon and Lake Manotoye, a Mr. Fulton, a trader, resided. During the cold season, he, and those with him, were reduced to great hardships from the want of provisions; inasmuch that he was obliged to divide his men into two parties, by casting lots in the usual way, as to which party should hunt and fish, and which should remain with him. The fishing party consisted of Charles Janvier, Francis St. Auge, and Lewis Dufroy, all natives of Canada; who being provided with axes, ice-cutters, and fishing materials, set off, and at the expiration of eight days, arrived at a convenient place, where they built a hut, in which they lived for some time tolerably well; but fish failing them, and having no success in hunting, they were almost starved. In this situation, the diabolical purpose entered into the heart of Janvier, who, being the strongest man, supported hunger better than his companions, that he would kill the first Indian who should come in his way. This resolution he did not scruple to announce to his companions, who endeavoured to dissuade him from it. In the height of their distress, Janvier perceived a savage at some distance, with a load at his back, and instantly returning to the hut, apprized his poor dispirited partners of their approaching relief. The Indian arrived, took off his load, which was only two otters and a couple of hares, and gave them to Janvier, who received them with great satisfaction; and when he had skinned them, they boiled them in the kettle without cleaning them, so extreme was their hunger. This seasonable relief was soon devoured, and from the eagerness with which Janvier ate, and the satisfaction which

appeared in his countenance when he looked at the savage, the men were in hopes he had forgot the rash determination he had formed, and flattered themselves his mind was not so depraved as to entertain a thought of doing an injury to the man whose timely assistance had saved their lives. The next morning, the Indian told them he was sorry he could not assist them further, having no ammunition, but that he was going to Mr. Fulton for a supply.

Janvier, his heart being untouched even by the kindness he had received, now prepared to carry his dreadful design into execution. He desired the unsuspecting Indian to assist him in placing a large log of wood on the fire, as his companions were unable to do it from weakness, caused by their long sufferings. The savage cheerfully complied, and stooping to take it up, Janvier, watching his opportunity, knocked him down with an axe, and dragged him to the door of the hut, where he cut him up, and with the most unfeeling barbarity, put as much of the flesh of his deliverer into the kettle as he thought sufficient for a meal. When it was ready, he compelled Dufroy and St. Auge to partake of it, and obliged them to kiss the cross which hung at his breast, and swear by all the saints never to reveal the transaction, threatening at the same time, that if they did, they should share the same fate.

Intimidated by his threats, and the certainty that he would fulfil them, they solemnly promised perfect compliance with his injunctions. Impelled by extreme hunger, they overcame their first aversion to the unnatural food, and ate immoderately of the horrid meal; they soon after fell sick, and were overtaken with violent retchings. During their illness they complained to each other, in whispers, that it was eating the Indian's flesh that had caused their sickness. Janvier, overhearing them, called them fools and rascals, and asked them if they were afraid that the

savage would come to life again; and with an insolent sneer, desired them to tell him "which they thought the best part of a man?" The poor fellows, seeing the monster they had to deal with, could only reply that they were very sick, and could not tell the cause. In a few days, having no other provisions, the Indian was eaten up, and Janvier determined, if no other food could be obtained, to have more human flesh. To this end, he sought an opportunity to quarrel with St. Auge—Dufroy not daring to interfere in the dispute. Janvier willing, however, to appear as plausible in the eyes of Dufroy as possible, widened the breach very artfully; till pretending he was no longer able to contain his anger, he asked Dufroy if he did not think St. Auge deserved the Indian's fate for daring to say he would reveal the circumstances he had so solemnly sworn to conceal. Dufroy, dreading the consequence of differing with him, said he thought St. Auge to blame. Upon which Janvier immediately struck St. Auge with an axe, and killed him as he did the Indian. He then cut him up, and boiled a part, of which he obliged Dufroy to partake, he being afraid to show any reluctance. Fortunately for Dufroy, who had become naturally very apprehensive that he would be the next victim, the weather became more mo-

derate, and having caught plenty of fish, he took courage, and proposed returning to their master, to which Janvier consented. Intoxicated with ideas of his superiority, Janvier compelled Dufroy to drag him in an Indian sly to Mr. Fulton's house. A cruel imposition upon him, and a dreadful labour to a weak, emaciated man; but knowing he was unable to resist, and being threatened with death if he disobeyed, Dufroy made a virtue of necessity, and did what the tyrant desired him with seeming cheerfulness. On the journey he was frequently reminded of his oath, and the fatal consequences that would attend him, if he should ever divulge the secret, which Janvier assured him would cause his instant destruction.

Mr. Fulton was much rejoiced at their return, being in want of his men, as the Indians were daily coming in with their winter hunt; but missing St. Auge, he made inquiry after him, but received no explicit answer. He then addressed Janvier directly, as to the reason of his absence. The latter replied, that St. Auge was gone on a hunting excursion with a chief whom Mr. Fulton knew, and that he would soon return. One of the Canadians present contradicted him by saying, that could not be true, as the chief referred to had left Mr. Fulton's house only the day before their return. Janvier then said he might be mistaken in the

chief, as he was not well acquainted with him; and Dufroy, for fear of a discovery at that time, changed the conversation, in hopes of pleasing Janvier.

Several days elapsed, and St. Auge not returning, Janvier was again questioned, who told them as before, and appealed to Dufroy for the truth of his assertions, which the latter was obliged to confirm. Mr. Fulton, not being perfectly satisfied examined them apart. From Janvier, of course, he could not obtain any information; but Dufroy hesitated, and at last said he had sworn not to reveal the circumstances of his absence, but that St. Auge would never return. Mr. Fulton endeavoured to convince him that the violation of an oath so imposed was no crime, and in the end he convinced the Canadian that the allegation was so far from being binding in the sight of God, that it would be a sin of a most heinous nature in him to conceal the truth; adding, as an additional argument to induce him to disclose the matter, that if he himself was perfectly innocent, he could not have any honest motive for secrecy, and that he had no occasion to dread the resentment of Janvier, as he (Mr. Fulton) would engage to protect him from all hazard by the discovery. Thus persuaded and encouraged, Dufroy disclosed the whole affair; but requested Mr. Fulton's secrecy, which he promised, until the conversation should be renewed; when it was agreed that Dufroy should relate every particular in Janvier's presence. The latter was repeatedly urged by the rest of the men, to give them some information respecting the absence of St. Auge; but he remained obstinately silent. Some of them went so far as to accuse him, in plain terms, of knowing too much about him, but he treated their insinuations with indifference.

Mr. Fulton having disposed of all his goods, prepared to leave



[MR. FULTON SHOOTING THE CANADIAN.]

his wintering ground, and every thing being properly arranged, the party set out. The first night after their departure, Mr. Fulton loaded a brace of pistols, and having previously acquainted his men with Janvier's atrocities, informing them of Dufroy's confession, and the punishment he intended for the villain, he came out of his tent, and stood by the fire, round which the Canadians were seated. The conversation about St. Auge being purposely renewed, Mr. Fulton remarked it was cruel to leave him in the woods with the Indians, and especially blamed Janvier, as he was the foreman of the party, and, therefore, responsible for the others. Janvier, nettled at the subject being again mentioned in such a particular way, for guilt is soon angry, replied that St. Auge was able to take care of himself, and that he had no controul over him. Dufroy was then censured, and Mr. Fulton said he ought to know something of the cause of the disappearance of his companion; upon which, in accordance with a plan previously agreed upon, he divulged the whole transaction, and gave a full account of every particular of Janvier's conduct. Janvier attempted to wound Dufroy with a dagger which he drew from a side pocket, but he was prevented, and the weapon wrested out of his grasp. He persisted in denying the charge, which he did with the most solemn assertions, and the most unparalleled effrontery. Mr. Fulton then thought it a proper time to interfere and to cover Janvier, if possible, with confusion, he asked him "which was the best part of a man?" Janvier started; but not losing his self-possession, he replied with ready insolence, that those who had eaten human flesh could easily tell. But being repeatedly urged, and at length thrown off his guard, he exclaimed in great wrath. "the feet," and attempted to make his escape; but he was soon secured. The party, encouraged by his partial confession, and by the signs of guilt which he had unequivocally evinced, pressed the charge, until at length he confessed the crimes he was accused of, and declared, that in a similar situation, he would kill his brother.

Mr. Fulton could no longer suppress his resentment, and going up to Janvier, he told him that he was an abandoned villain; first, for killing a harmless Indian, who had generously relieved his wants, and afterwards eating him like a cannibal; that, not content with these atrocious acts, he had added to his guilt by another foul and deliberate murder, on a defenceless man, his companion; fellow-labourer and friend; that he was a disgrace to human nature, and ought not to be suffered to live a moment longer. Then, turning towards the others, he said, "He has confessed the murders with which he was charged. He is deserving of death—he hath earned it—shall such a monster be allowed to live!" "No, no," cried they all, "let him pay the penalty of his guilt!" Without allowing Janvier time to reply, Mr. Fulton drew a pistol from his belt, and shot him through the head. The men were ordered to bury him, which they did with every mark of indignity and dishonour, tumbling his body into the hastily opened grave, as if it had been that of a dead dog. In the morning, Mr. Fulton continued his journey, and surrendered himself to the nearest commanding officer, who, on a close examination into the whole circumstances of this extraordinary case, honourably acquitted him, and ordered his immediate discharge, but recommended him not to venture again into those parts where the Indian was killed, lest the savages should hear of the transaction, and resent the death of one of their tribe.

SHIPWRECK OF THE ST. JAMES, OFF THE COAST OF AFRICA, IN 1586.

In the month of May, 1586, intelligence was received at Goa, of the loss of the admiral's ship, the St. James. The account of this disaster stated, that after doubling the Cape of Good Hope, the captain, thinking there was no danger, proceeded under full sail without observing his charts, or at least not with the attention he ought. Having a favourable wind, he made much way in a short time, but was driven out of his course, towards the rocks called Bassas de India, distant about 50 leagues from the island of Madagascar, and seventy from the continent.

Perceiving they were so near these rocks, and in imminent danger of striking upon them, several of the passengers, who had frequently traversed those seas, were much alarmed. They represented to the captain, that being in the midst of rocks, it was extremely dangerous to suffer the ship to run under full sail, particularly during the night, and in a season when tempests were very frequent. The captain regardless of their prudent remonstrances, exerted his authority, ordered the pilots to follow his commands, adding that the king's commission entitled him to obedience, and that his opinion ought to be taken in preference. However, the same night, the vessel was driven towards the rocks, and struck without a possibility of being got off. A confused cry of distress resounded, in every direction, from a multitude composed of five hundred men and thirty women, who having no other prospect before their eyes but inevitable destruction, bewailed their fate with the bitterest lamentations. Every effort to save the ship proved ineffectual. The admiral (Fernando Mendoza), the captain, the first pilot, and ten or twelve other persons instantly threw themselves into the boat, saying they would seek upon the rocks a proper place for collecting the wreck of the ship, with which they might afterwards construct a vessel large enough to convey the whole of the crew to the continent. With this view they actually landed on the rock, but being unable to find a spot proper for the execution of their design, they did not think proper to return to the ship, but resolved to steer towards the African coast. Some provisions which had been thrown in haste into the boat, were distributed among them; they then directed their course towards the continent of Africa, where they arrived in safety, after a voyage of seventeen days, and enduring all the horrors of famine and tempestuous weather.

Those who remained on board, finding that the boat did not return, began to despair of saving their lives. To add to their distress, the vessel parted between the decks, and the pinnace was much damaged by the repeated shocks she sustained from the fury of the waves. The workmen, though very expert despaired of being able to repair her, when an Italian, named Cypriano Grimaldi, leaped into her, accompanied by ninety of the crew, and assisted by most of those who had followed him, instantly set to work to put her into a condition to keep the sea.

Those who could not get on board the pinnace, beheld her bearing away from the wreck with tears and lamentations. Several who could swim threw themselves into the sea, in the hopes of overtaking her; and some were on the point of getting on board, when their more fortunate comrades, fearing they should be sunk with the weight of all those who endeavoured to obtain admittance, pushed them back into the sea, and with their sabres and hatchets cut, without mercy, the hands of such as would not quit their hold. It is impossible to describe the anguish of those who remained on the floating fragments of the wreck, and witnessed this barbarous scene. Seeing themselves cut off from every resource, their cries and lamentations would have melted the hardest heart. The situation of those in the pinnace was not much better, their great number, the want of provisions, their distance from the land, and the bad condition of the crazy bark that bore them, contributed to fill them with gloomy presentiments. Some of the most resolute, however, to prevent the anarchy and confusion which would have aggravated their misery, proposed to their companions to submit to the authority of a captain. To this they all agreed, and immediately chose a nobleman of Portuguese extraction, but born in India, to command them, investing him with absolute power. He instantly employed his authority in causing the weakest, whom he merely pointed out with his finger, to be thrown overboard. In the number of these was a carpenter, who had assisted in repairing the pinnace; the only favour he requested was a little wine, after which he suffered himself to be thrown into the sea without uttering a word. Another, who was proscribed in the same manner, was saved by an uncommon exertion of fraternal affection. He was already seized, and on the point of being sacrificed to imperious necessity, when his younger brother demanded a moment's delay. He observed that his brother was skilful in his profession, that his father and

mother were very old, and his sisters not yet settled in life; that he could not be of that service to them which his brother might, and as circumstances required the sacrifice of one of the two, he begged to die in his stead. His request was complied with, and he was accordingly thrown into the sea. But this courageous youth followed the bark upwards of six hours, making incessant efforts to get on board; sometimes on one side and then on the other, while those who had thrown him over endeavoured to keep him off with their swords. But that which appeared likely to accelerate his end proved his preservation. The young man snatched at a sword, seized it by the blade, and neither the pain, nor the exertions made by him who held it, could make him quit his grasp. The others, admiring his resolution, and moved with the proof of fraternal affection which he had displayed, unanimously agreed to permit him to enter the pinnace. At length, after having endured hunger and thirst, and encountered the dangers of several tempests, they landed on the coast of Africa, on the twentieth day after their shipwreck, and there met with their companions who had escaped in the first boat.

The rest of the crew and passengers left on the wreck likewise attempted to reach the land. Collecting some loose rafters and planks, they formed a kind of raft, but were overwhelmed by the first sea, and all perished, excepting two, who gained the shore. Those who had reached the coast of Africa had not arrived at the end of their sufferings: they had scarcely disembarked when they fell into the hands of the Caffres, a savage and inhuman people, who stripped and left them in the most deplorable state. However, mustering up their courage and the little strength they had left, they arrived at the place where the agent of the Portuguese, at Sofala and Mozambique, resided. By him they were received with the utmost humanity, and after repose a few days after their fatigues, they reached Mozambique, and repaired from thence to India. Only sixty arrived out of all those who had embarked in the *St. James*; all the rest perished, either at sea, of fatigue, or hunger. Thus the imprudence of an individual occasioned the loss of a fine vessel, and the lives of above four hundred and fifty persons.

Upon the captain's return to Europe, the widows and orphans of the unfortunate sufferers raised such loud complaints against him, that he was apprehended and put into prison; but he was soon afterwards released. The former catastrophe was not a sufficient lesson for this self-sufficient and obstinate man. He undertook the command of another vessel in 1588, and had nearly lost her in the same manner, and in the same place. Fortunately at sun-rise he discovered the rocks, towards which he was running with the same imprudence as in his former voyage. But on his return from India to Portugal he was lost, together with the vessel he was on board of, thus meeting with the just punishment of his culpable obstinacy and misconduct.

SHIPWRECK OF THE PROVIDENCE, CAPTAIN BROUGHTON, IN A VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY TO THE NORTH PACIFIC OCEAN, IN THE YEAR 1797

CAPTAIN (at that time lieutenant) Broughton sailed with Captain Vancouver, on his voyage of discovery, as commander of the *Chatham* tender, in 1791, and was sent home from Nootka, with despatches, by Captain Vancouver. In October 1793, he was appointed to the *Providence*; a ship which had been commanded by Captain Bligh, and which had lately returned from the West Indies, after having conveyed the bread-fruit from Otaheite. The *Providence* was completely equipped for the purpose of sailing on a voyage of discoveries; but Captain Broughton did not ultimately sail on his mission till February 1795. His orders were secret, with an additional one to put himself under the command of Captain Drury, of his Majesty's ship *Trusty*, and to proceed to sea with his convoy, then bound for the Mediterranean. Capt. Broughton proceeded by Teneriffe and Rio Janiero: on the 10th of June, made Gough's island, and, August 18th anchored in Port Stephen's, where our voyagers remained a week. Here they found, residing with the natives, four Englishmen, who had deserted in a boat from Port Jackson five years before. Being

assured of good treatment, they were with much difficulty prevailed on to come on board. Some of them were married; but they left their wives and children with little regret. On the 27th of August, the *Providence* reached Port Jackson, where she remained till the 13th of October. Thence she directed her course to the north of New Zealand, touched at Otaheite, and on the 1st of January, 1796, reached the Sandwich Islands. Here Captain Broughton learned, from an American vessel, that Captain Vancouver, with the *Discovery* and *Chatham*, had sailed for England. At Owyhee, Captain Broughton obtained ample supplies of hogs, which were sent off from Tamaah-maah, by the influence which John Young, a British seaman, who had been a resident in the island for six years, had over that chief. The cattle which had been left on the island had bred, and were in excellent order; the goats had multiplied prodigiously. Captain Broughton added a male and female to their number, leaving some geese, ducks, and pigeons. It is the opinion of Captain Broughton that any vessel may now touch at Owyhee in safety, and be amply supplied with refreshments. On the 22nd of February the *Providence* sailed for Nootka Sound, and anchored there on the 17th of March. The ship requiring much repair, she was there hove down, and did not quit the Sound till May. Capt. Broughton then proceeded along the north-west coast of America, and stopped in the bay of Monterey.

"It was now necessary," says he, "I should come to some determination respecting my future proceedings. My orders from the Admiralty were, that I should survey the southern coast of the south-west part of South America, upon the idea that Captain Vancouver, who had similar orders, would not be able to fulfil them. But as I now had certain intelligence that he had left this port eighteen months before, and that both the ships, *Discovery* and *Chatham*, under his command, were in good condition; I had not the smallest doubt of his ability to comply with his instructions, particularly as I had information of his sailing from Val Paraiso, in latitude 30 deg. S. for that purpose. As this was the case, my proceeding in future depended upon my own discretion; and I wished to employ his Majesty's sloop under my command, in such a manner as might be deemed most eligible for the improvement of geography and navigation. I therefore demanded of the officers their sentiments in writing, respecting the manner in which these discretionary powers allowed to me might most effectually be employed. The result of their opinions, I was happy to find, coincided with my own, which was to survey the coast of Asia, commencing at the island of Sakhalin, situated in 50 deg. north latitude, in the southern part of the sea off Ochotz, and ending at the Nanking river, in 30 deg. north latitude. My intention was also to complete the survey of the adjacent islands, viz. the Kuriles, and those of Jesso and Japan, left unfinished in Capt. Cook's last voyage. I thought such a survey would be very acceptable to geographers! for the limits of both the continents of Asia and America would then be known, as far as navigation was practicable, and a knowledge of the Northern Pacific Ocean would be completed. Another reason for my undertaking this voyage was, that as yet the astronomer had met with no opportunity of complying with his instructions from the Board of Longitude, in making observations, and ascertaining unknown places; our line of navigation having hitherto led us to follow the track of Captain Vancouver. In any other part of the Northern Pacific Ocean there appeared little to be done, except that of settling the position of a few islands, in themselves of little consequence; but a survey of the coast of Asia, and the adjacent islands, promised to be of more service to the science of geography than that of any islands left unexplored in those seas. As this survey could not probably be completed before the middle of the year 1798, I proposed spending my time in that pursuit till Christmas, and then go to Canton for stores and provision, and continue the survey early in the year."

Captain Broughton accordingly steered for the Sandwich Islands and thence sailed across the Northern Pacific Ocean, to the Japanese and Kurile islands, which he continued surveying during the months of September, October, and November; and in December he arrived at China. In July, however, at the island of Onchow, the boat's crew being on

shore to barter for provision, an unprovoked murder of two of the marines, by the natives, took place. The cause of this barbarous act was not ascertained.

At China, Capt. Broughton purchased a very fine schooner, of between eighty and ninety tons; and in April, 1797, as soon as the monsoon permitted, he sailed to prosecute his voyage, with fifteen months' provisions on board both of the vessels. In May, however, a dreadful and unexpected accident happened, which had nearly terminated their farther progress; we mean the loss of the Providence, which struck upon a reef of rocks, off some island distinguished in the charts by the name of Typinsan, about a hundred leagues from the east part of Formosa. The following account of this misfortune, which commenced with May 16, is given by Capt. Broughton.

"Light airs and fine weather. At 5 h. the boat returned, as we stood to north-west, with a fresh breeze.

"May 17. We steered east, with the intention of examining the north side of the islands we had passed to the south last year; and the schooner's signal was made to steer E. by S.; at two p.m. we just discovered a small sandy island from the deck, bearing S. 15 deg. E. 5 leagues. At 3 h. we saw another island, bearing E.; and we hauled E.N.E., and at 4 h. the schooner's signal was made to haul her wind on the larboard tack. At half past five, we hauled our wind, and shortened sail for the schooner to be put up with us. At seven p.m. an hummock making like an island, beyond the extreme of the other island, bore S. 60 deg. E. and at the extreme point of land seen bearing E., now bore S. 10 deg., W. about five leagues. At this time the mate of the watch, from the mast-head, reported that there was no land to be seen to the east or north of the Hummock Islands, nor in any other direction; neither was there the smallest danger in view from the appearance of the coast to the S.E. on our lee-beam. I therefore stood on, meaning to tack at 8 h. and ply to the windward till day-light. The moon we expected to rise at midnight, and the schooner was not yet up in her station. The ship lay N.E. half north, going at four knots and a half, with her main tack on board. Immediately after taking the bearing, I left the deck to protract our situation, which I found to be on the north side of the island we had passed on the third of December last year (called by the natives Typinsan), and which blowing weather prevented our having any communication with.

"About half-past seven, while water was seen a-head, and upon each bow, and reported to the officer of the watch (Lieut. Vashon); and almost directly after, the ship struck upon a reef of coral rocks. Having felt the shock, which was not yet violent, I instantly went upon deck, and by the way met Mr. Vashon coming to acquaint me with the disaster. The officers and men were upon deck in a moment, and the sails instantly braced a-back. It appeared to me that the helm was a-weather, and the ship's head about E.N.E., sails all full. Had the helm been put a-lee, on seeing the danger, I think we should have escaped it.

"The proper signals were made to the schooner, and the master sent to anchor her as near as possible to heave by her. The ship soon after paid off, with her head to the eastward, and we hauled up the mainsails, shivering the other sails, to let her go round without acquiring head-way. Before she paid off to the southward she again struck, fore and aft, and remained fixed at last with her head due south. Breakers were then upon each bow, and we had from five to fifteen fathoms in the starboard chains, and only two and a half fathoms at times both a-head and astern. Having choaked the rudder, the top-masts were struck, and we began hoisting the boats out, the lower yards having been kept for that purpose. At this time the ship did not strike violently, and only made nineteen inches water. Unfortunately the wind freshened from the N.N.W., and the sea began to break with great force, which soon knocked the rudder off; we secured it with hawsers. It was now nine o'clock, and we only waited the schooner's anchoring to attempt heaving off, and in the meantime began hoisting out the long-boat, during which period the ship made water very fast; and the violent shocks she received rendered it doubtful whether the masts would stand. The water increased so much upon the pumps, that before the long-boat

was out we had seven feet water in the hold. At this time the schooner had anchored near us in twenty-five fathoms, and the master returned on board, when the ship suddenly changed her position, swinging round from south to north, by the east, and striking more violently than ever. Before we could carry our hawsers to the schooner, the carpenter reported the water was up to the orlop deck, and the ship having bilged forward, we therefore gave up the idea of attempting to heave off; for had we succeeded, the ship must have inevitably foundered.—The spare pumps were down the fore-hatchway, but the water still increasing upon the gun-deck, rendered all our exertions useless. The officers were unanimous with me in opinion that nothing could be done to save the ship, and to cut away the masts would have no effect upon her, as she was settling fast forward, from her being bilged, as we imagined, in her larboard bow. It now became highly necessary to preserve the people; and the boats were ordered ready for their reception, while they were employed in trying to collect arms and ammunition, with armourers' and carpenters' tools; but the ship lying nearly on her beam-ends, and the gun-deck being full of water the washing of the bulk-heads to and fro, chests, &c. prevented their saving many. On one side of the ship we had only six feet of water, and on the other three and a half fathoms. The fore-part of her was immersed in the sea, and the surf breaking over the upper deck. As nothing more could be procured for the present, the ship's crew were sent into the boat, which was happily effected without any accident; and soon after eleven o'clock they reached the schooner in safety, but with the loss, both to officers and men, of everything belonging to them. The pinnace returned for myself and the remaining officers; and at half an hour after midnight we quitted the Providence, leaving her a perfect wreck to the mercy of the sea.

"The moon rose at about 12 h. and the wind increased; but having both anchors down in foul ground, we thought it prudent to take one of them up. At four a.m. we parted the other cable; and fortunately resting the right way, we made sail, and most happily escaped another shipwreck, which must have proved fatal to many of us. We were now doubly thankful in our present situation, miserable as our prospects were; but by comparison of what our fate had nearly been, we had every reason to be contented with our lot, and to rejoice in our preservation."

WRECK OF THE WINDSOR CASTLE STEAMER.

It appears that the Windsor Castle sailed from Granton to Dundee on Tuesday, October 2nd, 1844, with a great number of passengers, to witness the embarkation of the Queen. The passage to Dundee was performed both safely and with expedition, and about four o'clock in the afternoon the Windsor Castle left the west protection wall of Dundee with passengers to the number of nearly 250, on her return home. The vessel steered directly out to the royal squadron, which had not yet got under weigh, and sailed five or six times round the Albert and Victoria, in order to gratify the passengers with a view of her majesty and her royal consort, both of whom appeared on the deck, and graciously acknowledged the enthusiastic and oft-repeated cheers of those on board the Windsor Castle.

The royal yacht left the roadstead at half past four o'clock, followed by the other steam-vessels, and by the Windsor Castle, When off the town of St. Andrew's, the Victoria and Albert followed by the Black Eagle, the Princess Alice, the Stromboli, and the Eclair, were seen far a-head, rapidly fading from the sight. It was now half-past seven o'clock; the vessel had reached the East Neuk of Fife, and all things were apparently going on safely and speedily (a party were dancing to music on deck), when suddenly a loud cry was heard from those in the fore-castle to stop and back the engine, which was scarcely done when the vessel, still under the impulse of its former velocity, came with a tremendous crash against the beacon on the North Carr Rock. Instantaneously the air was rent with shrieks from the women and children, the men rushing backwards and forwards in great confusion. Some passengers clung to each other, appalled with the prospect of immediate destruc-

tion; others, with great presence of mind; began to lay hold of carpet-stools, pieces of wood, and other lumber lying on the decks, by which they might support themselves in the event of the vessel sinking, while several gentlemen divested themselves of nearly all their clothes, so that they might with more chance of success be able to sustain themselves on the ocean. At the moment the vessel struck, a large party were below at dinner. When the sea-water had attained a considerable depth in the engine-room and the main cabin, the vessel lurched to one side; upon observing which, the passengers rushed to the high side of the vessel, which was thus swung over to the same side, causing the passengers to betake themselves again to the opposite side; and thus the vessel was kept rolling from side to side, the sea-water being by the motion lashed up on either side of the vessel's hold. In this awful and helpless condition, the helm was put hard a-port; and after a lapse of nearly twenty minutes, passed in gloomy suspense, the Windsor Castle grounded, most providentially, as was afterwards found, between two large rocks, a little to the east of Kilminning, and about two miles from Crail. The only boat belonging to the steamer was then lowered, by which the female passengers were conveyed ashore in six voyages. Boats and other aid were then obtained from Crail, and the remainder of the passengers were providentially landed in safety. Up to this time the weather had continued favourable; but it now began to blow a violent gale, which continued all night, causing a heavy sea to beat against the vessel; consequently, the steamer, on the return of the tide, shifted from its first position, and was driven violently on a ledge of rocks close by, against which it continued to grate till it was broken in the back, and became a total wreck. It is stated that had the vessel struck the North Carr Rock stem on, she would immediately have split in two. As it was, she made a sliding stroke over the rock, some of the iron stanchions of the beacon, by the concussion, opened up the joining of two plates immediately under the bulkhead, through which the water rushed into the vessel.

The Windsor Castle is stated to have been built on the Clyde, and to have been one of the strongest iron vessels of her size afloat.

Mr. Landells, at the moment the vessel struck, was in the after cabin, in conversation with the steward; and before they got on deck she went right over on her beam-ends. Mr. Landells adds:—"My first thought was to fill my life-preserving coat, which I did directly; and, on looking round, saw the beacon against which we had struck, which I at first took for the funnel of another steamer, which I supposed we had run foul of. The captain immediately ordered her head to be put in shore, and we made all speed towards it. By this time I had mounted to the top of the paddle-box, where I remained till we came in sight of land, when all fear left me. I cannot give you any idea of the scene on deck: all were looking with eager eyes towards the shore, except a group of perhaps twenty or thirty persons, that seemed to have given way to complete despair, yelling, shouting, and wringing their hands. In the fore part of the ship, I saw twelve persons holding on by a plank. They had lifted one end off the deck, and placed it on the gun-whale of the ship: thus they patiently waited the result. On the vessel being stopped, the screams were again as loud and and terrific as when we first struck; the ship gave one or two rolls, and then settled very quietly upon the rock. Three large fishing-boats from Crail came very quickly towards us, having the wind and tide in their favour. When they left, there were yet about ten or twelve of us remaining on deck. The boatmen promised to return as soon as they could; they had got about two miles to go before they could land, and we had no hope of getting off till they returned. As the tide had fallen, so that neither the small boat nor the large one could land near the wreck, I now went forward with some friends on board to see what sort of a place we were in. The moon got out, and we were delighted to see the vessel was quite dry at the bows. I then got down to the bows by a rope and landed safely; several people came towards us with torches. It was a romantic scene: the huge black-looking ship, the moon lighting the sea, the black rocks, and the people with torches, altogether made a fine effect. To get to the shore was yet a difficult task, as the rocks were so very rough; but we succeeded and got to

our inn. I went down to the wreck next morning, and was surprised to find it covered with water. I waited till the tide went down a little, and got a boat, and went on board to see if I could save my box. The vessel had broken in two, and everything was floating about in the greatest confusion: we had a pretty cabin, and it was quite painful to see the beautiful furniture and things floating about at the mercy of the sea. We saved a few passengers' luggage, but I could not find my own, and returned to shore, thinking it had washed away on my landing, one of the coastguard men told me there were two boxes at a cottage a little way off, and, to my joy, one of them was mine. I put it on my shoulder, and had to carry it about three miles along a coast, the like of which I never saw before, or wish to see again."

This catastrophe presents another instance of the inefficient manner in which steam-vessels are provided with the means of escape in case of accidents. "In this case; it is truly awful to think that, had the vessel gone down immediately, there was no apparent means by which, in any human probability, one of 250 individuals on board could have been saved. There was only one boat, and that so small as to be incapable of holding more than half a dozen persons, which in the frenzy of the moment would have been, undoubtedly, swamped by the eager multitudes rushing into it. Does not such a state of matters call upon the government to devise some means of compelling every seagoing steam-vessel to carry at least two or three good boats? The paddle-box boats of Captain Smith have been found in several instances of invaluable service, and every steam-vessel should be provided with them, or with other efficient means of preserving life in cases of danger. The Windsor Castle had also no apparatus for making signals, neither gun nor rocket was on board, and vain was the attempt of the despairing multitude, by uniting their voices, to bring help from the nearest land, which, at least, was four miles distant from them!"

An Irish serjeant was once sent to keep a look out after the enemy. Not having made his appearance at the proper time, the officer of the picket went to see what had become of him, when, to his astonishment, he observed Paddy ramming several ball cartridges, occasionally peeping over a bank. The moment he observed his officer, he held up his fore finger, as a signal for silence. The officer, looking over the bank, saw a body of French cavalry approaching, and added: "You stupid fellow! can't you see that immense body of cavalry!" "Yes, sure, and I was just after preparing my musket to tell them the time of the morning." They had scarcely time to reach their station unobserved, before the French charged them; and Paddy had a hard task to keep off the foe, to whom he was so anxious to tell the time of the morning.

ANECDOTE OF GENERAL MINA.

The following fact is highly characteristic of Spanish punctilio and of the personal honour of Mina. In 1814, when he had made his escape into France from persecution at home, he was, under some pretext or other, arrested by the order of the king of France. Louis the 18th, however, though he had not the firmness to set the Spanish patriot at liberty, was yet too just to give him up to his pursuers—he therefore permitted Mina to reside in France on his parole of honour. When, on the irruption of Bonaparte in 1815, the king was driven out of his capital, Mina, instead of feeling released from his parole, or of compromising with Napoleon, whom he considered an usurper, made his way through France to Ghent, to present himself to the king, and to receive his majesty's commands as to the place, either of confinement or parole, where he was to reside!

A SEA SURGEON.

A SEA officer, who for his courage in a former engagement, where he had lost his leg, had been preferred to the command of a good ship, in the heat of the next engagement, a cannon ball took off his wooden deputy, so that he fell upon the deck: a seaman thinking he had been fresh wounded, called out for a surgeon. "No, no," said the captain, "the carpenter will do this time."

LOSS OF THE MEDUSE.

It is almost impossible for the imagination to conceive a more complicated picture of misery and horror than that presented by the unfortunate crew of *La Meduse*, who took refuge upon the raft, and whose situation is depicted in the engraving. Indeed, there is hardly an instance in the whole history of maritime disaster, which presents, in such fearful association, the black catalogue of miseries and crimes so often attendant upon accidents at sea. The fierce passions of uneducated man, goaded into madness by desperation, and bursting in fury into acts of mutiny and murder; the gnawing pangs of hunger and thirst, till the exhausted frame, unable to move, is only excited into action by craving for the most loathsome sustenance;

the constant exposure to the burning rays of the sun, the chilling winds at night, and unceasing immersion in the sea, till the flesh breaking out in horrible disease, becomes revolting to the sight: these form a picture of human misery so dreadful to contemplate, that the reader becomes naturally incredulous of the possibility of human nature surviving such complicated horrors. It is, nevertheless, a plain statement of facts, unembellished by ornament or fiction.

The French possessions on the west coast of Africa, extending from Cape Blanco to the mouth of the Gambia, having been restored at the general peace, in 1814, an expedition, consisting of a frigate and three other vessels, was sent, in the month of June, 1816, to take possession of them. It was complete in all its parts, as the French expeditions usually are, including men of science, artisans, agriculturists, gardeners, miners, &c.



LOSS OF LA MEDUSE, FRENCH FRIGATE, IN 1816.

amounting, with the troops, to nearly 400 persons, exclusive of the crews. The naval part was intrusted to M. de Chaumareys, who had the command of the frigate, *La Meduse*, of forty-four guns.

Owing to a very relaxed state of discipline, and ignorance of the common principles of navigation, this frigate was suffered to run aground on the bank of Arguin. Attempts were made to get her off, but it was soon discovered that all hopes of saving her must be abandoned, and that nothing remained but to concert measures for the escape of the passengers and crew. Some biscuits, wine, and fresh water, were accordingly got up and prepared for putting into the boats, and upon a raft which had been hastily constructed; but, in the tumult of abandoning the wreck, it happened that the raft, which was destined to carry the greatest number of people, had the least share of the

provisions: of wine, indeed, it had more than enough, but not a single barrel of biscuit.

There were five boats; in the first were the governor of Senegal and his family, in all thirty-five; the second took forty-two persons; the third twenty-eight; the fourth, the long-boat, eighty-eight; the fifth, twenty-five; and the jolly-boat, fifteen, among whom were four children, and some ladies. The military had, in the first instance, been placed upon the raft—the number embarked on this fatal machine was not less than 150; making, with those in the boats, a total of 397.

On leaving the wreck, M. Corréard, geographical engineer, attached to the expedition, who had volunteered to accompany his men on the raft, wishing to be assured that proper instruments and charts for navigating it had been put on board, was told by the captain that ever thing necessary had been pro-

vided, and a naval officer appointed to take charge of it; this naval officer, however, jumped into one of the boats, and never joined them.

The boats pushed off in a line, towing the raft and assuring the people on board that they would conduct them safely to land. They had not proceeded, however, above two leagues from the wreck, when they, one by one, cast off the tow-lines. It was afterwards pretended that they broke; had this even been true, the boats might at any time have rejoined the raft; instead of which they all abandoned it to its fate, every one striving to make off with all possible speed.

At this time, the raft had sunk below the water to the depth of three feet and a half, and the people were so squeezed one against another, that it was found impossible to move; fore and aft, they were up to the middle in water. In such a de-

plorable situation, it was with difficulty they could persuade themselves that they had been abandoned; nor would they believe it until the whole of the boats had disappeared from their sight. They now began to consider themselves as deliberately sacrificed, and swore, if ever they gained the shore, to be revenged of their unfeeling companions. The consternation soon became extreme. Every thing that was horrible took possession of their imaginations; all perceived their destruction to be at hand, and announced by their wailings the dismal thoughts by which they were distracted. The officers, with great difficulty, and by putting on a show of confidence, succeeded in restoring the men to a certain degree of tranquillity, but were themselves overcome with alarm on finding that there was neither chart, nor compass, nor anchor on the raft. One of the men had fortunately preserved a small

ocket-compass, and this little instrument inspired them with so much confidence, that they conceived their safety to depend on it; but this treasure was soon lost to them, as it fell from the man's hand, and disappeared between the openings of the raft. None of the party had taken any food before they left the ship, and hunger beginning to oppress them, they mixed the biscuit, of which they had about five-and-twenty pounds on board, with wine, and distributed it in small portions to each man. They succeeded in erecting a kind of mast, and hoisting one of the royals that had belonged to the frigate.

Night at length came on, the wind freshened, and the sea began to swell; the only consolation now was the belief that they should discover the boats the following morning. About midnight the weather became very stormy; and the waves broke over them in every direction.

"During the whole of this night," said the survivors, "we struggled against death, holding ourselves closely to the spars which were firmly bound together; tossed by the waves from one end to the other, and sometimes precipitated into the sea; floating between life and death; mourning over our misfortunes, certain of perishing, yet contending for the remains of existence with that cruel element which menaced to swallow us up; such was our situation till break of day—horrible situation! How shall we convey an idea of it which will not fall far short of the reality?"

In the morning the wind abated, and the sea subsided a little; but a dreadful spectacle presented itself—ten or twelve of the unhappy men, having their limbs jammed between the spars of the raft, unable to extricate themselves, had perished in that situation; several others had been swept off by the violence of

the waves. In calling over the list it was found that twenty had disappeared.

All this, however, was nothing to the dreadful scene which took place the following night. The day had been beautiful, and no one seemed to doubt that the boats would appear in the course of it, to relieve them from their perilous state; but the evening approached, and none were seen. From that moment a spirit of sedition spread from man to man, and manifested itself by the most furious shouts. Night came on; the heavens were obscured with thick clouds; the wind rose, and with it the sea; the waves broke over them every moment; numbers were swept away, particularly near the extremities of the raft; and the crowding towards the centre of it was so great, that several poor wretches were smothered by the pressure of their comrades, who were unable to keep on their legs.

Firmly persuaded that they were all on the point of being swallowed up, both soldiers and sailors resolved to soothe their last moments by drinking till they lost their reason. They bored a hole in the head of a large cask, from which they continued to swill till the salt water, mixing with the wine, rendered it no longer drinkable. Excited by the fumes, acting on empty stomachs and heads already disordered by danger, they now became deaf to the voice of reason; and boldly declared their intention to murder their officers, and then cut the ropes which bound the rafts together; one of them, seizing an axe, actually began the dreadful work. This was the signal for revolt; the officers rushed forward to quell the tumult, and the man with the hatchet was the first that fell—the stroke of a sabre terminated his existence.

The passengers joined the officers, but the mutineers were still the greater number; luckily they were but badly armed, or the few bayonets and sabres of the opposite party could not have kept them at bay. One fellow was detected secretly cutting the ropes, and immediately flung overboard; others destroyed the shrouds and halyards, and the mast, deprived of support, fell upon a captain of infantry, and broke his thigh; he was instantly seized by the soldiers and thrown into the sea, and was saved by the opposite party. A furious charge was now made upon the mutineers, many of whom were cut down. At length this fit of desperation subsided into egregious cowardice; they cried out for mercy, and asked forgiveness on their knees. It was now midnight, and order appeared to be restored; but after an hour of deceitful tranquillity, the insurrection burst forth anew: the mutineers ran upon the officers like desperate men, each having a knife or a sabre in his hand, and such was the fury of the assailants, that they tore their flesh and even their clothes with their teeth. There was no time for hesitation; a general slaughter took place; and the raft was strewn with dead bodies.

Some palliation must be allowed on account of their miserable condition; the constant dread of death—want of rest and of food—had impaired their faculties; nor did the officers themselves entirely escape. A sort of half-waking dream, a wandering of the imagination, seized most of them: some fancied they saw around them a beautiful country, covered with the most delightful plantations; others became wild with horror, and threw themselves into the sea. Several, on casting themselves off, said calmly to their companions, "I am going to seek for assistance, and you shall soon see me back again."

On the return of day it was found that in the course of the preceding night of horror, sixty-five of the mutineers had perished, and two of the small party attached to the officers. One cask of wine only remained. Before the allowance was served out, they contrived to get up their mast afresh, but having no compass, and not knowing how to direct their course, they let the raft drive before the wind, apparently indifferent whither they went. Enfeebled with hunger, they now tried to catch fish, but could not succeed, and abandoned the attempt.

"It was necessary, however," said the survivors, "that some extreme measure should be adopted, to support our miserable existence; we shudder with horror, on finding ourselves under the necessity of recording that which we put into practice; we feel the pen drop from our hands; a deadly coldness freezes all our limbs, and our hair stands on end. Readers, we

entreat you not to entertain, for men already too unfortunate, a sentiment of indignation; but to grieve for them, and to shed a tear of pity over their unhappy lot."

The "extreme measure" was, indeed, horrible; for the unhappy men whom death had spared in the course of the night, fell upon the carcases of the dead, and began to devour them. Some tried to eat their sword-belts and cartridge-boxes, others devoured their linen, and others the leathers of their hats; but all these expedients, and others of a still more loathsome nature, were of no avail.

A third night of horror now approached; but it proved to be a night of tranquillity, disturbed only by the piercing cries of those whom hunger and thirst devoured. The water was up to their knees, and they could only attempt to get a little sleep by crowding closely together, so as to form an immovable mass. The morning's sun showed them ten or a dozen unfortunate creatures stretched lifeless on the raft; all of whom were committed to the deep, with the exception of one, destined for the support of those who, the evening before, had pressed his trembling hands in vowing eternal friendship. At this period, fortunately, a shoal of flying-fish, in passing the raft, left nearly 300 entangled between the spars. By means of a little gunpowder and linen, and by erecting an empty cask, they contrived to make a fire; and mixing with the fish the flesh of their deceased comrade, they all partook of a meal, which, by this means, was rendered less revolting.

The fourth night was marked by another massacre. Some Spaniards, Italians, and negroes, who had taken no part with the former mutineers, now entered into a conspiracy to throw the rest into the sea. The negroes had persuaded the others that the land was close to them, and that once on shore, they would answer for their crossing Africa without the least danger. A Spaniard was the first to advance with a drawn knife; but the sailors seized and threw him into the sea. An Italian, seeing this, jumped overboard; the rest were easily mastered, and order was once more restored.

Thirty persons only now remained, many of whom were in a most deplorable state, the salt-water having entirely removed the skin from their legs and thighs, which, with contusions and wounds, rendered them unable to support themselves. The remains of the fish and the wine were calculated to be just enough to support life for four days; but in these four they also calculated that ships might arrive from St. Louis, to save them. At this moment, two soldiers were discovered behind the cask of wine, through which they had bored a hole for the purpose of drinking it; they had, just before, all pledged themselves to punish with death whoever should be found guilty of such a proceeding, and the sentence was immediately carried into execution, by throwing the culprits into the sea.

Their numbers were thus reduced to twenty-eight, fifteen of whom only appeared to be able to exist for a few days; the other thirteen were so reduced, that they had nearly lost all sense of existence. As their case was hopeless, and as, while they lived, they would consume a part of the little that was left, a council was held, and after a deliberation, at which the most horrible despair is said to have prevailed, it was decided to throw them overboard. "Three sailors and a soldier undertook the execution of this cruel sentence. We turned away our eyes, and shed tears of blood, on the fate of these unfortunate men; but this painful sacrifice saved the fifteen who remained; and who, after this dreadful catastrophe, had six days of suffering to undergo, before they were relieved from their dismal situation." At the end of this period, a small vessel was descried at a distance; she proved to be the *Argus* brig, which had been despatched from Senegal to look out for them. All hearts on board were melted with pity at their deplorable condition. "Let any one," say our unfortunate narrators, "figure to himself fifteen unhappy creatures, almost naked, their bodies shrivelled by the rays of the sun, ten of them scarcely able to move; our limbs stripped of the skin; a total change in all our features; our eyes hollow and almost savage; and our long beards, which gave us an air almost hideous."

Such is the history of these unfortunate men. Of the 150

embarked on the raft, fifteen only were received on board the brig, and of these six died shortly after their arrival at St. Louis.

Of the boats, the whole of which, as we have already stated, deserted the raft soon after leaving the wreck, two only (those in which the governor and the captain of the frigate had embarked) arrived at Senegal: the other four made the shore in different places, and landed their people. The whole party suffered extremely from hunger, thirst, and the effects of a burning sun reflected from a surface of naked sand; but with the exception of two or three, they all reached Senegal.

The governor, recollecting that the *Meduse* had on board a very large sum of money, sent off a little vessel to visit the wreck; but as if, it should seem, that no one part of this wretched expedition should reflect disgrace upon another, with only eight days' provisions on board, so that she was compelled to return, without being able to approach it. She was again sent out with twenty-five days' provisions, but being ill found in stores and necessaries, and the weather being bad she returned to port a second time. On the third attempt she reached the wreck, fifty-two days after it had been abandoned; but what were the horror and astonishment of those who ascended its decks, to discover on board three miserable wretches just on the point of expiring.

It now appeared that seventeen men had clung to the wreck when the boats and the raft departed; their first object had been to collect a sufficient quantity of biscuit, wine, brandy, and pork, for the subsistence of a certain number of days. While this lasted, they were quiet; but forty-two days having passed without any succour appearing, twelve of the most determined, seeing themselves on the point of starving, resolved to make for land; they therefore constructed a raft, or float, which they bound together with ropes, and on which they set off with a small quantity of provisions, without oars and without sails, and were drowned. Another, who, had refused to embark with them, took it into his head, a few days afterwards, to try for the shore; he placed himself in a hen-coop, dropped from the wreck, and at the distance of about half a cable's length from it, sunk to rise no more. The remaining four resolved to die by the wreck; one of them had just expired when the vessel from Senegal arrived; the other three were so exhausted, that a few hours more would have put an end to their misery.

About the time when this dreadful event occurred, the *Alceste* frigate, which had been sent by the king of England with an ambassador on a special mission to the emperor of China, was also wrecked. But how different were the consequences in the case of the English ship to those which occurred in that of the *Meduse*. The two frigates were wrecked nearly about the same time—the distance from the nearest friendly port pretty nearly the same; in the one case all the people were kept together, in a perfect state of discipline and subordination, and every one brought safely home from the opposite side of the globe—in the other case, each seems to have been left to shift for himself, and the greater part perished in the horrible way we have just seen.

ADVENTURE WITH A PIRATE.

A NOBLE ship of 600 tons was on her outward passage to India, with a valuable cargo of specie and American goods. Before doubling the Cape, a suspicious-looking vessel was discovered dead to windward, under a press of canvass, bearing down upon the Indiaman. The experienced eye of the captain instantly enabled him to determine that she was a small light schooner, an acquaintance with which would not be desirable. He had few arms, and although his crew was true as steel, they could not contend with a well-armed pirate. The ship was therefore put before the wind, and every rag of canvass packed upon her that she could bear. The eye of the captain rested for a time upon his bending masts, covered with canvass to the very trucks—was then turned upon his gallant crew, who collected, having entire confidence in his skill and courage—and

at last settled long and stedfastly upon the chase. She gains—she gains—and there are many hours yet of daylight. A ship has the advantage of a small sharp craft with a floating sheet but yet she gains. The danger is pressing—is imminent—when lo! a new and terrible enemy appeared, far to leeward—a black cloud rises slowly from the horizon, and gives but too surely an intimation of what may be shortly apprehended. The ship cannot shorten sail, for the chase will be upon her—and the captain's plan was instantly laid. Every man was ordered to his post. The heavens grew more portentous every moment—but the pirate did not start a tack or sheet, as the captain hoped he would, and allow him to gain a little before the hurricane came on. The wind freshens—the masts yield to the tremendous pressure which they have to sustain—the teeth of the stoutest seamen are set firm in the apprehension that they will go by the board. The steady eye of the captain is fixed upon the gathering tornado. At last it comes—the ocean in the distance is white with foam, and he who was before so quiet and unmoved is now animated to tremendous exertion. "Let all go fore and aft," sung out clear and loud—"clew up and clew down!"—"lay aloft!"—were orders which followed each other in quick succession, and were as quickly obeyed. The flapping sails are rapidly secured—the wind lulls—the tornado is upon them, taking them aback. The ship falls off—she bends to the gale, until her yard arms are in the waves—she begins to move through the water with a constantly accelerated motion.

The pirate, with the quickness of perception, so common among men of their class, instantly comprehended his advantage. He was near two miles dead to leeward of the Indiaman, which made greater headway under her bare poles than he did. The hurricane could not last long; he would therefore be close on board of her when it passed over, and she must then fall an easy prey to him.

The captain of the noble merchantman saw it all. There was but one fearful way to escape. He had a gallant and staunch ship under him—she had not yet sprung a spar, nor split a sail—he had an extremely valuable cargo; and his men—he could not see them strung up to the yard-arm, on the principle that "dead men tell no tales." He therefore set his fore-topsail and close reefed main-topsail, which urged his ship through the water with great velocity. The little black pirate saw the plan, and attempted to make sail; but all would not do, and he saw that his only chance for safety was, if possible, to elude the shock at the very moment of the expected concussions.

Nearer, still nearer the shouts are heard;
They are chasing the ship with the speed of a bird:
The furrow is deep in the waters they sever,
And the ship they pursue will go down for ever!

On came the prison of souls to view,
Enveloped in clouds of a fiery hue;
Her bellying sails gave way to the blast,
And bent the lithe topsail and stately mast,
While in strong relief on the lurid glow,
Was painted each spar of the "mariner's foe."
On—fearfully on!—the warm blood froze.
As the shriek of undying thirst arose—
An instant she passed! and the trough of the sea
Received the trim form of the daring and free.

The ship came down upon him with terrific precision. "Hard to port!" shouted the pirate to the helmsman. "Hard to port!" echoed the merchantman to his. One tremendous crash—one wild, frantic shriek of despair—and all was hushed in death.

A SOLDIER'S GREAT COAT

Is almost his best friend; it warms his cold and frozen heart, keeps off the intruding blast of the night, and the chilly dew of the morning; forms a good, comfortable, and a soft pillow, and a good seat. In dark cold nights it hides his breastplate from the vivid flash of the enemy's cannon, and he can keep his watch unseen.

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

(A NEW VERSION.)

"There is no speculation in those eyes
That thou dost glare withal."—SHAKSPEARE.

It was on a lovely morning in October, that Jack Thompson, and his three partners, the owner and crew of the Jolly Lamplighter pilot-boat, were seen hauling her down the steep shingly beach of the small fishing village of Eisenberg, some few miles to the westward of Hamburg.

When viewed from a distance at high-water, the town appears as if just emerging from the waves, while, almost from the very strand, a precipitous rock rises up, crowned by an ancient church, whose grey and weather-beaten walls, visible some leagues at sea, have often cheered the home-sick mariner with the hope of mingling once again with the companions of his youth. Years have made but little alteration in the place; a few old-fashioned houses, sundry groups of fishermen's cottages, huddled irregularly together, a dock nearly choked with mud, and a rude pier, composed of unhewn granite blocks, form the most prominent features of Eisenberg.

Jack Thompson, the owner of the pilot-boat, which by this time had been pushed into the water, had formerly rated as an able seaman on board a British seventy-four; from thence he passed into the merchant-service, and, being cast upon the German coast in a tempest, which left not another of his shipmates to tell the story, had domesticated himself at Eisenberg, and gained his living as a pilot, by preserving other vessels from the fate which his own ship had so unhappily met with.

Although the denizen of a foreign country, Jack Thompson still adhered to the natty costume of the British sailor: his blue jacket, small hat placed jauntily upon one side of his head, his highly polished shoes, and gracefully curled love-locks, might all have passed muster upon the deck of the "Billyruffian." His companions were Germans of the true breed: Hans Gutterblutt, his mate, was of Upper Saxony, and set up for a wit. Rodolph Lintz, and Molk Vanderspiegel, being of Coblentz, were practical men, and said nothing.

"I say, Hans," said the owner, taking his place at the helm, "I say, the wind's coming round—we'll have some of the squalls off the coast to-day. What d'ye think of standing out to west'ard? I hard tell of some square-rigged craft in that direction—Dutchmen from Batavia belike—they'll want a pilot, surely, and mayhap a boat's crew."

"Oh, to be sure, Meester Van Thompson," replied the animated Hans Gutterblutt; "you are always in de richt. I do remember fifteen years at Sluys, my grandmother—"

"Pass me aft that sheet, you Jarman lubber," interrupted his chief; "Molk! sprit the the mainsail—haul away, now." The boat's keel grated through the loose sand, she glided from the shore with a free wind and a flowing sail, and dashed through the rippling waves, which had already begun to glitter in the morning ray. While the Jolly Lamplighter was holding on her rapid course, her careless crew lay stretched along the thwarts, or bent over the gunwale, gazing listlessly upon the sparkling foam that bubbled at her side: at times the hoarse but not unmusical voices of the Germans would be lifted up in some old national hymn; while the Englishman, who happened to be in a taciturn mood, keeping his watchful eyes fixed upon the sails, with an occasional glance to windward, solaced himself in silence with a quid of tobacco.

The day was now far spent, and this had been, apparently, an unsuccessful trip for our boat's crew: they had been out some leagues to sea, without the appearance of any vessel likely to require their assistance. At length, tired of the pursuit, they stood in for the harbour: the hazy evening was near its close, as they slowly worked their way against an ebb tide.

"Well, that's as rum a go as ever I seed," exclaimed Jack Thompson, suddenly starting up.

"Der Teufel!" ejaculated Hans Gutterblutt; "Der Teu-

fel!" growled Rudolph Lintz; and "Der Teufel!" re-echoed the sagacious Molk Vanderspiegel.

And the astonishment of the boatmen was well founded. Rapidly doubling the rocky point which shelters the small haven from the westerly gales, a large square-rigged vessel hove in sight, with all her canvass spread, and every spar landing.

"What is she—where did she come from?" was the exclamation of the vivacious mate.

"It's no odds where she comes from," said the owner; "she's a stranger, or she'd never poke her bowsprit among them rocks: howsomever, a good pilot might bring her safe off yet."

"Oh, Meester Van Thompson," interrupted the mate, "I am fearful she is not a Christian craft. See what a breeze of wind she have got, and we have not got von breath!"

"That is because we are becalmed here under the land. She's a jolly three-master, and a Dutchman by her build; so out with the oars, my hearties, and we'll just run alongside and hail her."

"Oh, Meester Van Thompson," shouted Hans, "do not be such rash man—she is der Teufel, or we would have seen him before—she is de 'vlying Dutchman,' and de 'phantom ship.' I remember fifteen year at Sluys—"

"Belay your jawing tackle, you jarman lubber; ye havn't as much brains as would bait a mackarel-hook. If so be as y're afeard, I'll put ye ashore on the rock, and board the barque myself."

Accordingly he ran the boat into a little creek or gully between the rocks, and the next moment he found himself deserted by a crew, who, in the hour of real danger, would never have quitted his side, but who wanted sufficient moral courage to encounter with him an unknown or supernatural enemy.

By the time that Hans and his companions had gained the summit of the cliff, the night had become dark and foggy. They looked anxiously towards the point where the strange vessel had appeared, but their most intense scrutiny could not discover any trace of her—not a spot was apparent upon the waste of waters, nor even one glimmering light to indicate the presence of a solitary boat upon the fishing station: dense masses of vapour rolled slowly in from seaward, and a heavy ground swell had begun to break upon the rocks beneath; the clouds drifted furiously athwart the murky sky, and all things seemed to prognosticate a dreadful stormy night.

"Oh, he is gone, and der Teufel has got him!" said Hans Gutterblutt, as with heavy heart, he joined his two comrades on their march homeward. "Oh, he was such a nice man, and did sing! Oh, I shall never hear him sing Jolly Dick de Lamplighter more."

The night, as was expected, had become wild and tempestuous; but towards morning the gale lulled, and the sun rose vividly upon the ocean: the waves, though the storm had passed away, still chafed and broke into sheets of white foam against the opposing cliffs of the rocky projection.

At an early hour, the disconsolate mate, with his silent companions, walked down to the pier, meditating upon the mysterious fate of his unlucky superior, when, like a spirit from the other world, they beheld Jack! the identical Jack Thompson! leaning against the stock of an old anchor, and composedly smoking his deeply-tinted Meerscham pipe. He greeted them with a nod and a knowing wink. "Tausend Teufeln!" cried Hans; "here is Meester Von Thompson, and der Jolly Lamplighter, both alive."

The report that our hero had been pilot to a phantom ship on the preceding evening spread with great celerity. Old and young crowded round him, but he evaded all their inquiries; and it was not until evening, that, seated with a few particular cronies, he gave the following recital of his adventures:—

"When I pushed off from the rock," said he, "I confess I did feel a little flabbergasted. Howsomever, there was no use in turning back; so I put the helm up, and before ye could say Jack Robinson, I was alongside the barque. A great big-bellied Dutchman she was, with studding sails set aloft and alow; but what bamboozled me most was, sink the noise or word was to be heard a-board. She was more likely

floating church-yard than a decent Dutch craft. Howsoever, I ran the yawl close under the mizen-chains, and hailed her as loud as I could bawl, 'Barque a-hoy!' 'Hilloa!' answered a black-looking swab, popping his mug over the starboard quarter. 'Does your honour want a pilot?' says I. 'Yes,' says he, very civil; 'step a-board, we'll pay you well—heave out a line there!' Well, into the chains I jumped, and who d'ye think stepped up to me but old Davy Jones himself—a regular devil with cloven hoofs, and a thundering long tail, with horns to match it!

"It was der wilde Yager," interrupted Hans.

"Hold your jaw, ye Jarman lubber," 'Well,' says he; 'what cheer, Jack Thompson,' says he, quite coolly, though his eyes were burning in his head like a couple of hand-grenades. 'Then,' says he, 'Jack Thompson, go to the wheel and work the ship.' 'Ax your pardon, but which is the skipper, sir?' says I, as bold as brass. 'I'm the skipper,' says he, making a low scrape—"at your service." 'You the skipper! well, that's a rum one, at any rate,' thinks I; 'a nice mess I've got into. Well, I was obligated to take the helm, and it warn't till then I discovered that every man of the crew was the very moral of old Davy the skipper; howsoever, to give the devil his due, they were good seamen, and did their duty like men-of-war's-men. Well, not to be spinning out a long yarn, I worked the ship out of her berth amongst the rocks, without so much as breaking a barnacle on her keel; and when fairly got into the offing, taking off my hat very civilly, I wished the captain a good voyage, and was just stepping into the yawl that lay alongside, when he stopped me. 'Jack Thompson,' says he, 'you're a rele trump, and did ye're duty like a man: here's something to drink my health with!'—and he hauled a long purse of golden shiners out of his breeches-pocket. I was rather taken aback when I saw the guineas glimmering through the net-work; howsoever, I waur'n't going to sell my precious soul in that way. 'Ax your honour's pardon,' says I, 'but I never takes money from gentlemen of your honour's quality.' 'Well, my lad,' says the skipper, not a bit vexed, 'you must at least take a glass of grog afore you go. Fireblood!' says he, to a young devil, who was sitting smoking a pipe in the main-hatchway; 'jump, and fetch me the bottle.' 'The devil bottle you,' thinks I; but there was no use in being obstipulous. Well, when the youngster came up, he filled a glass for me first. 'After your honour, sir,' says I, making a leg. 'Here's to the continuance of our acquaintance,' says he, bolting the whole, glass and all; then, filling another, and wagging his tail, he handed it to me. To be sure it smelt like rale Jamaickey, and my lips were smacking to taste it; but, recollecting it was only a scheme of the old shaver to weather upon me, I made believe to drink it, and, when I thought he was not minding, shied the tippie over my shoulder. But he was not to be done so easily: 'Jack Thompson,' says he, turning round in a terrible passion, 'd'ye think I'm to be humbugged in that lubberly fashion? Is that the way to sarve good liquor, you swab?' 'I ax your honour's pardon, sir,' says I. 'Hold your jaw, you lubber! I treated you like a gentleman, but you took neither my money nor my drink, and it shall be worse for you. You think yourself a monstrous clever fellow, Mister Thompson; but I'll show you the difference.'" With that he gave the deck three slaps with his long tail, and in the twinkling of a hand-spoke there blew a hurricane from every point of the compass, with such thunder and lightning as old Davy himself knows how to manufacture; and before I could bless myself, the whole ship, captain, crew, and all, had sunk to the bottom, like a lump of lead, and I was left on the surface swimming for my life. I saw the "Jolly Lamplighter" within an oar's length of me: I struck out like a dolphin, and in a brace of shakes was safe aboard her. It was blowing pretty fresh at the time; but I weathered out that gale, as I had done many a one before it; and now here I am, ready to laugh in Master Davy's face, and be his pilot the next time he comes into these parts."

Such was Jack Thompson's history of his adventure; which soon, by the industry of the gossips and wonder-hunters of the village, became the conversation of the country for miles round. Every one retailed it with such alterations, modifications, and

exaggerations as suited his taste, until it grew too horribly marvellous for human ears.

In a few months after his exploit, Jack gave up the "Jolly Lamplighter" to his mate, Hans Gutterblutt; purchased a large smack—seldom went to sea—sporting a gold watch of alarming dimensions, with a steel chain and fifteen seals; and, in short, became a man of note in the village, second in importance only to old Fritz Letterboxen, the postmaster. The worthy householders of Eisenberg marvelled at his sudden elevation; but they did not grow a whit the wiser, for Jack left them to wonder on, until they had fairly tired their imaginations.

I ought, perhaps, to conclude here; but, in justice to my readers, I must add, that many years afterwards it was whispered that Jack, one night in a mellow mood, had hinted that the unearthly barque was, in fact, a rich Dutch smuggler, that had got amongst the rocks in the fog; and that for his service in piloting her out, he had received a bag of ducats, which he scrupled less to accept than the purse of diabolical gold.

However that may be, it is certain that Jack cannot, to this day, relate, without a roguish leer of the eye, and a significant hitch of the trousers, the story of his adventure with the "*Flying Dutchman*."

DESTRUCTION OF THE BELLE AMY.

WALTER VIVIAN was the younger of three brothers, of a respectable and comparatively affluent family, in the middle rank of society; but who had for many years been engaged in that precarious, and afterwards illicit, traffic which the excise laws of the period were enacted to suppress. He was a well-educated young man, of excellent address, brave, spirited, reckless, generous, but, unfortunately, the dupe and the instrument of his elder brothers. The latter had been actively and extensively engaged in the contraband trade; but as their wealth increased, and as the laws were more rigorously enforced they retired from the more hazardous part of the trade, and became merely the agents of the smugglers, and the purchasers and disposers of the illicit commodities. They were the part owners of a large and beautiful lugger, called the Belle Amy, that flew over the channel like a bird, dashed over the breakers and bars where no king's ship dared to follow, and that landed more cargoes on the coast than any six of the fleet of his majesty's "honest rogues," the free traders of Cornwall. The three brothers, John, Thomas, and Walter Vivian, were partners in the profit of this trade, Walter commanded the lugger. His generous habits, his daring and enterprising disposition, won him the affections of his crew, who, young as he was, loved him as if he had been their father. His speculations were so eminently successful, that his very success excited the jealousy of his less fortunate competitors. All were active and fearless enough, but none were so fortunate as Walter Vivian and the Belle Amy. The king's cruisers were numerous and vigilant, and many a severe conflict took place, and many a smuggler was taken, and not a few burned in the offing, in sight of the owners; but the Belle Amy had hitherto escaped. She had been chased, but never taken—fired upon, but never injured—and sometimes attacked by cruisers that suffered seriously for their temerity. Vessels had been wrecked that had lain in wait for her; and many an armed flotilla, too adventurous by far, which threatened to board her, has she either blown out of the water with her guns, or cut down, man by man, as they scaled her sides. The revenue board, however, were determined to spare no exertions in order to capture her. A sloop-of-war was sent to hover over that part of the coast where she generally landed her cargoes; and it is said that secret information had been given to its commander as to the time when he might expect the arrival of Vivian.

It was a breezy night, at the end of September, two hours after sunset, the young moon in the sky partly obscured by light clouds, when a firing was heard in the bay, a light blazed on H— head, and anon the Belle Amy, under every inch of canvass she could bear, came dashing into H— harbour.

Instantly not fewer than 300 persons, men and women, old and young, were on the beach, some preparing to *run* the goods. Joy, impatience, and the mingling sensations of hope and fear, were in the countenances of all. For about half an hour before the smuggler entered, the firing had ceased. She was scarcely at her moorings, when the cliff-light already alluded to was quenched, and another, considerably to the westward, and on a peak which overhung a tremendous ridge of rocks, bare at low water, glared upon the heavens, and threw its murky light far over the foam and billows of the sea. But Captain Stanmer was not to be lured to destruction by an artifice so palpable. Just as the broadside of the *Belle Amy* was turned to the beach, and the order given to undo the hatches, four boats, well manned and armed, pulled into the harbour with as much precision as if they had come in the wake of the smuggler.

The moment these boats were discovered from the shore, a yell proceeded from the women, so wild, so shrill, so piercing, that it made the hearts of the stoutest quake. Not a moment was to be lost. The men on the beach stood in ghastly silence, while their friends aboard the *Belle Amy*—taken by surprise, and awed by the boldness of the measure—had scarcely time to run to their arms, before the boarding party was under their quarter. The boats were commanded by Captain Stanmer himself, and a conflict ensued which baffles description. For nearly an hour was the fight maintained—arm to arm, pike to pike, cutlass to cutlass—so close, that after the first discharge no re-loading of fire-arms took place. The pistol was fired and flung at the head of the assailant; while the eternal clash of steel, the groans, the imprecations, the heavy plunge of the slain in the water, proved that the strife was bloody and desperate. From some unknown cause or other, the vessel at length caught fire. The flames burst out from the fore-castle, amid the still-continued clang of swords. The spectacle was awful. The men were seen engaged at every part of the lugger—each struggling for his life, or bent upon terminating that of his antagonist—their faces lurid and distorted—wild, frantic, and horrible, in the glare of the bursting flames. How the conflict might have ended, it is hard to conjecture—the smugglers apparently had the worst of it—they seemed to be overpowered—their comrades and abettors on shore could lend them no assistance; and at this instant, too, another king's boat was seen coming to the aid of the former. But at the same important moment, also, Walter Vivian was observed among the few men who still struggled for the mastery of the *Belle Amy*'s deck, engaged hand to hand with Captain Stanmer. The flames were spreading with a rapidity which left but small space to fight upon; and a doubly awful interest was excited in the breasts of the spectators by the fear—by the almost certainty—that the lugger would blow up. Captain Stanmer was at length seen to fall—whether accidentally or not, could not be ascertained—and almost at the same moment Walter Vivian sprang from the gunwale into the sea, and swam towards the beach, where he was received, amid mingled screams and tears, by many hundreds of persons, by some of whom he was instantly conveyed to a place of safety. The fifth boat had little to do. The flames had nearly finished the *Belle Amy* before it came alongside. To attempt to save the cargo was vain—to land and attack defenceless women, at the hazard of being cut to pieces by the infuriated partisans of the Vivians, would have been fruitless—the boat consequently put to sea; and next morning scarcely a trace of the wreck was to be seen.

When the intelligence of this fatal and disastrous affair reached the government, they offered a large reward for the apprehension of the younger Vivian. The detachment of military along the coast had orders to make a rigid search for him—the number of the cruisers were doubled—the magistrates were called upon by royal proclamation, to institute an inquiry, and to assist the military in apprehending all persons suspected of being implicated, in order that an example might be made of the lawless men who had been guilty of so sanguinary an outrage. But in spite of all these precautions, Walter succeeded in escaping to a cave a few miles from the Land's End, which opened on a wild and unfrequented sea-beach: in which he lay concealed until such time as a vessel could be procured to carry him out of the country. Indeed, at that unsettled

period, it would have been a dangerous instance of loyalty for any authority in the west of Cornwall, to be officially diligent in hunting forth the outlaw. Even the appearance of being anxious for his apprehension would have been dangerous. The smuggler was universally considered the injured party. Thousands of their families depended for their bread upon the traffic—prejudices were strong against the new laws—the passions of the lower orders were in a ferment—murmurs akin to revenge were heard on all sides; and a loyal attachment to the law was very generally considered to be “more honoured in the breach than the observance.”

LOSS OF THE WINTERTON.

The following narrative affords to sea-faring men a convincing example of the necessity of incessant vigilance, and the danger of trusting in the slightest degree to conjecture when there is any uncertainty. Of what importance is it advancing during the night a few leagues, out of thousands that must be traversed in a voyage, while the indulgence of such impatience may prove the wreck of a noble ship, and the destruction of hundreds of human lives?

The *Winterton*, East Indiaman, commanded by Captain Dundas, sailed from England, in the spring of 1792, with every favourable circumstance that could flatter the expectation of those on board of a prosperous voyage; the ship was both roomy and sound, and the crew as orderly as ever undertook a voyage to India. Captain Dundas was a commander of experience, had previously sailed to India in the same capacity, and was considered in every respect a good seaman and an able officer.

Nothing of consequence occurred during their passage to the Cape, where they arrived on the 20th of July, and remained till the 1st of August. Having then completed their taking in water, and other necessities, they sailed at daylight with a fresh breeze which continued two days, when the wind became variable, but it soon returned to its original point.

On leaving the Cape it was the intention of Captain Dundas to take the outward passage to India, but the variable winds obliged him to deviate from his original design; and on the 10th he bore away for the Mozambique Channel. Being baffled for some days with light variable winds and calms, their progress was inconsiderable; but on Sunday, the 19th, a south-west breeze sprung up, which they had every reason to believe was the regular monsoon, as the ship was then in about 27 deg. of south latitude.

Before standing to the northward, Captain Dundas was particularly desirous of making the island of Madagascar, somewhere near St. Augustine's Bay, so that they might avoid the Bassas de Indias, a shoal uncertainly laid down in the charts; and with this view they steered east, by compass, from noon of the 19th until midnight. The captain was then on deck, and altered the course to E.N.E. He had two time-pieces, one of which had served him in his former voyage, and by it he had constantly made the land with the greatest degree of exactness. From these and from several sets of lunar observations taken four days before—the whole of which coincided with the time-pieces—he concluded with confidence that at midnight they were eighty miles from the nearest part of the coast.

For about two hours they steered E.N.E., when the captain came again upon deck; and observing the lower steering-sail to lift, he ordered the ship to be kept N.E. by E. The wind at that time was S.S.E., a moderate breeze, the ship going six knots an hour, and a fine clear starlight night.

Every possible attention was paid to the look-out, Captain Dundas himself with a night-glass looking carefully in the direction of the land; but so perfectly was he satisfied of the correctness of his time-pieces, that sounding was never once mentioned. A little before three o'clock he pointed out the ship's place on a chart, making it upwards of sixty miles from the land; and when he left the deck at three he gave order to steer at N.E., observing, at the same time, that they could

not on that course make more than six miles of casting before daylight, and that if they were nearer to the land than he supposed, it was impossible to avoid seeing it before any accident could occur.

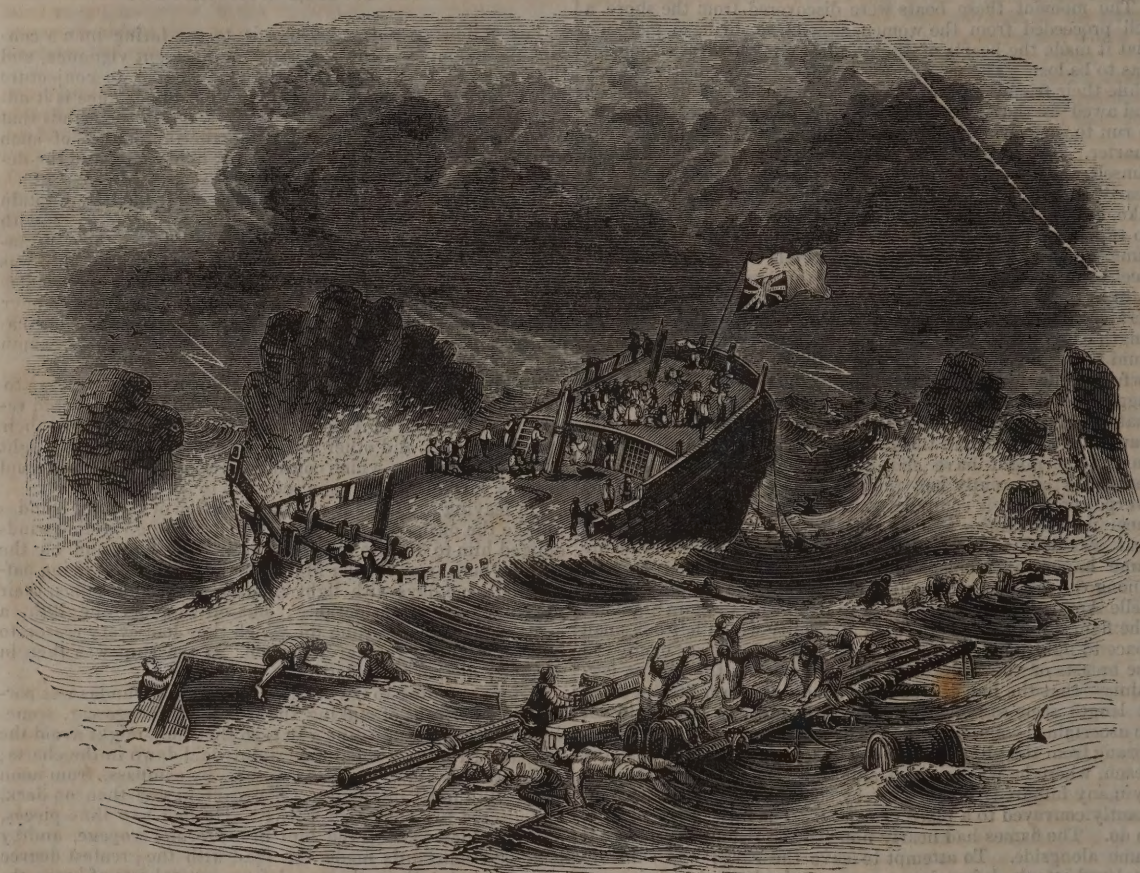
The captain had not left the deck above seven or eight minutes, when the ship struck, going between six and seven knots. The shock was scarcely perceptible, except to the man at the helm; the water was perfectly smooth; no breakers or surf were heard; and yet, notwithstanding the clearness of the night, there was no land discernible. The circumstances were particularly unfortunate, it being then new moon and high water.

The jolly-boat and yawl were instantly got out, and found five fathom water not a hundred yards astern; the sails were

immediately thrown a-back, and every exertion made to get the ship off, but without success. The kedge-anchor, with a nine-inch hawser, was then carried out into five fathom, by which they strove to heave the vessel off, but all their efforts were ineffectual. In the next place, the sails were hauled, the top-gallantmasts and yards struck, the long-boat got out, the booms rafted alongside, and the upper deck entirely cleared.

Daylight now disclosed to them the dangers of their situation. The ship was on a reef of rocks, about six miles from the land, and within the outer reef, and nearly half-way to the shore, was another, which was nearly covered at high water.

The reef on which the Winterton struck, extended as far as they could see to northward, and to the south nearly the



LOSS OF THE WINTERTON, CAPTAIN DUNDAS, AUGUST 20TH, 1792.

length of St Augustine's Bay. As the tide ebbed the ship beat violently, and began to leak, upon which a party of recruits who were on board were set to the pumps, where they continued as long as they could be of any service. By eight o'clock the rudder was beat off, the sheathing came up alongside, and there were only eight feet water under the bows; but as the vessel then lay comparatively quiet they began to entertain a hope of being able to get her off with the next high tide.

After breakfast they commenced getting the guns overboard, which was done one at a time by means of the long-boat, and they were dropped at some distance from the ship, in order that she might not strike on them when she should again be elevated by the tide: at the same time a party was engaged in

heaving up the rudder and securing it alongside. After about half the guns had been got away, a strong surf was occasioned by the sea-breeze setting in fresh, so that the boats could not remain alongside: however, they continued to lighten the ship by throwing overboard such heavy articles as would float; and at high water, about three in the afternoon, they again made every exertion, but in vain, to heave the ship off. Probably it was fortunate for them that they could not succeed in their endeavours, as by this time the leak had gained so much on the pumps, that had their exertions proved successful, they would have found it impossible to keep the ship afloat, and she must consequently have foundered in deep water.

As the vessel appeared to be irrecoverably lost, it became

an object of the greatest importance to provide for the safety of the crew and passengers; and with a view to accomplish so desirable an end, as well as surrounding difficulties would admit, every effort was made to keep the ship together as long as possible. The masts were cut away in order to relieve the ship; and those spars that were saved from the heavy surf were stored up for the purpose of constructing rafts.

Their situation now became melancholy in the extreme; the ship was likely to float a wreck, for all their endeavours could but prove abortive, while every circumstance seemed to combine against them; yet, resolved to do their best, they collected a quantity of beef, bread, liquors, and other necessaries, with some barrels of gunpowder, muskets, and whatever was judged most necessary, and put them into the long-boat; but, fearful of the infatuation of intoxication to which sailors are prone, even in such an awful condition, might prove fatal to some of them, they staved every cask of spirits that could be reached.

At sunset the second mate and the purser were sent on shore in the yawl, to seek a convenient place for landing; and the other boats, with some people to watch them, were moored astern of the ship at some distance, to keep them clear from the surf. Captain Dundas observed the latitude at noon, according to which the reef where the ship had struck was about sixty-three miles north of the bay of St. Augustine in the island of Madagascar.

In the course of the evening the captain had the people assembled; and in a short address, wherein he adverted to the situation of the vessel, he directed the route they were to take after getting on shore, and stated the great probability of their meeting with a ship at the bay of St. Augustine's. He particularly insisted on the absolute necessity of paying the strictest obedience to the commands of their officers, at the same time assuring them of his advice and assistance, and concluded by stating it to be his fixed determination to abide by the ship, until he was convinced of the impossibility of saving every person on board. This manly address did not fail to produce the desired effect, and it was received with three cheers, and a general promise of acquiescence in his and his officers' commands.

About midnight they were alarmed by the cries of people in distress, and upon repairing to the deck, had the mortification to see the three boats dashed to pieces by the violence of the surf. The wind had increased during the night, which occasioned it to break out much farther than they expected. With feelings of anguish and horror they beheld the poor fellows who had been in the boats struggle to reach the ship, while the violence of the surf seemed to preclude the possibility of their preservation. With the utmost exertion of those on board the ship, they could only succeed in saving three out of ten; whilst many, almost in the act of grasping a rope, were driven far out to sea and perished. They were thus deprived of the only means of reaching the shore; and the same time the ship beat with such violence upon the rocks, that it was doubtful whether she would hold together till the morning. Their consternation and distress during the few remaining hours of darkness must be left to the imagination to conceive, and the horrors of the night were augmented by the ignorance of their real situation.

At daylight, on the 21st, they immediately began to construct rafts of what spars and planks they had, and passed the cables overboard to get at some that were upon the orlop-deck; they also cut the beams of the poop, shored the deck up, and got it ready for a raft. About nine in the morning the yawl, with the utmost difficulty, rowed off from the shore through a tremendous surf, and soon afterwards came within hail, but was desired to keep at a distance, as she could not safely come alongside. Those who were on board her reported that the beach was everywhere covered by a surf as far as they could see. Soon afterwards the boat returned to the shore, and they saw no more of her for several days. Three or four rafts then left the ship, carrying nearly eighty persons, who succeeded in reaching the shore in safety.

The sea-breeze was this day much stronger than before, and the surf consequently much heavier, which increased

towards the evening, till it became so violent, that the hawser, which held the ship-stern to, parted; and about sunset the vessel drove with her broadside upon the rocks, the sea making a complete breach over her. At seven o'clock she parted at the Chestree, when all who remained crowded upon the quarter-deck and poop. Mr. Chambers, the first-mate, though repeatedly urged to save his life, remained inactive, declaring his conviction that all his efforts would be ineffectual; and, with a perfect resignation to his own fate, requested every one to provide for his own safety. The ship soon afterwards broke up, when a scene ensued of such misery, destruction, and horror, as has been rarely equalled and, perhaps, never exceeded. The third, fourth, and fifth mates left the wreck at this instant, on a raft, which they had constructed for the purpose, and were rapidly wafted from their ill-fated ship, beyond reach of the piercing cries of misery, which, issuing from more than two hundred people, involved in the most complicated affliction, may be conceived, but language fails in attempting to portray.

Those on the raft, after driving all night in the expectation that they should soon reach the shore, were most miserably deceived, when, on the approach of daylight, they could not even see land; but, knowing the direction in which it lay, they made strenuous exertions and got on shore about three o'clock on the 22nd.

On journeying to the southward, they found that the poop had driven on shore, with sixty people on it, among whom were five ladies and several gentlemen. They could give no account of the captain; but it was subsequently ascertained from the carpenter, that after the poop went away, the star-board side of the wreck floated, broadside uppermost, when Captain Dundas was washed through the quarter-gallery, and was seen no more.

The rest of the people got on shore, some on pieces of the wreck, and others in canoes, in which the natives came off to plunder the remains of the ship; but it was not till Sunday the 26th that the last of them landed. On mustering the survivors, it was ascertained that Captain Dundas, Mr. Chambers, three young ladies, and forty-eight seamen and soldiers, had perished. Many articles from the wreck were thrown upon the beach, but the natives secured everything of value, and threatened with death those who attempted to oppose them, and not satisfied with this, they even plundered and stripped the poor destitute creatures whenever they could find an opportunity. This disposition on the part of the natives, together with the loss of their boats, rendered it totally impossible for them to save any part of the treasure or cargo.

In a few days the whole of the survivors arrived at Tulliar, the residence of the king of Baba, where, for some days, they remained in a state of the most anxious suspense for the fate of the yawl, as on that alone depended their most distant hope of relief, as the season was then so far advanced, that it was extremely improbable that any vessel would touch at the bay until the following year. They were, however, soon relieved from their anxiety by the arrival of the yawl in the river Tulliar, when they immediately got her up to the town, and placed a guard over her to prevent the natives from stealing her iron-work, which they certainly would have done had they been at any distance from the king's residence.

A consultation of the officers was now held to consider the best course to pursue under the existing circumstances, at which it was agreed that Mr. John Dale, the third mate, should proceed to Mozambique, and endeavour to procure a vessel and that every person should exert himself to get the boat ready with all possible despatch. Having no tools or other necessary articles, the carpenters could only put a false keel to her; and, with the burthen board, raise her about five inches forwards; but they managed tolerably well with regard to sails; and, fortunately, a compass had been put into the boat on the evening of the 20th of August, and a quadrant had been picked up on the beach: they could not, however, procure a chart, or a single book of navigation, but a small geographical grammar, obtained from one of the soldiers, ultimately proved the means of preserving their lives.

On the 12th of September, their preparations being complete, the third mate sailed, accompanied by the fourth officer, four seamen, and M. de Souza, a passenger, whose knowledge of the Portuguese language was likely to prove of considerable service to them. They made a tolerable progress to the northward, with a pleasant westerly breeze for about two days, and then the wind shifted to N.N.E. and never came fair again; and what added greatly to their disappointment, was the discovery that their small stock of provisions, consisting chiefly of cakes made of Indian corn, had become quite rotten and so full of maggots, that they had nothing to subsist upon but a few raw, sweet potatoes and a little sugar-cane, with half-a-pint of water a day for each man. They were obliged to restrict themselves to this short allowance, as although they had about twenty-five gallons of water when they sailed, yet the greater part of it, being contained in calabashes, was lost, from the motion of the boat upsetting and breaking them.

On the 20th of September they made the coast of Africa, in the latitude of 18° S., having been carried by the currents considerably further to the westward than they expected. They had been for three days endeavouring to get to the northward, but the wind still keeping N.E., they were unable to make any progress; and their stock of water decreasing very rapidly, they judged it imprudent to persist any longer in their design of reaching Mozambique, and changed their course to Sofala, a Portuguese settlement, situate in $20^{\circ} 30'$ S. latitude, to which they were directed by the little book before-mentioned.

During the run they put into two rivers, thinking it lay in one of them; and meeting with some inhabitants who spoke Portuguese, they were advised to apprise the governor of their wish to visit that place. The governor, when informed of their situation, immediately despatched a letter, with a seasonable supply of provisions, and a pilot to conduct them to Sofala, where they arrived on the 29th of September. Through the aid of M. de Souza, they informed the governor of their late melancholy disaster, and solicited his assistance and advice how to act. He received them with great kindness and humanity, and desiring that they would not think of anything for a few days but recruiting their wasted strength, he furnished them with clothes, of which he observed they stood in great need; but with all his hospitality, there was a certain reserve in his behaviour, for which they did not know how to account. Probably he doubted their veracity, and suspected them to be part of the crew of a French ship, come with the intention of kidnapping the natives; but their ragged and squalid appearance by no means justified such an apprehension.

His suspicions, however, soon vanished, and he then informed them that only one vessel came there annually; that she had sailed about a month before; and would not return again till the following June; adding, that as the N.E. monsoon had set in, it would be impracticable to reach Mozambique then, but that he would give them guides, if they chose, and what was necessary to undertake a journey to Senna, an inland Portuguese settlement, from whence they might have an opportunity of getting to the capital. At the same time, he represented the undertaking in so unfavourable a light, together with the length of time which was likely to intervene before any opportunity might occur of enabling them to proceed any further, that, on mature deliberation, they abandoned all thoughts of it, and directed their attention to a boat belonging to the governor, about the size of an Indiaman's long-boat, and made an application for it. The governor, at first made some scruple on account of payment, but Mr. Dale offering to grant a bill on the East India Company for the amount, he declined it, and made them a present of the boat.

With this they intended to proceed to De Lagoa Bay, which, with moderate winds, they might have accomplished in a week. They knew that, at that time of the year, some South Sea ships must have been there, as forty or fifty generally arrive in the course of the year; and were they so fortunate as to effect their object, it would not have been a difficult matter to have engaged one, or two if necessary, to transport the people from Madagascar to the Cape of Good Hope, for which place Mr. Dale had been instructed to procure a vessel had he reached Mozambique. In case they should not have

succeeded in the first project, they determined to make for the Cape, under the idea that some ship would probably pick them up before reaching it.

Having, through the kindness of the governor, procured everything necessary for their intended voyage, they set sail on the 12th of October, but their ill-fortune had not yet forsaken them. They had been three days at sea, with constant foul winds, and had not proceeded more than forty miles, when they found their boat so extremely leaky, that, with their utmost exertions, they could scarcely keep above water. After various and frequent escapes from imminent danger which they experienced, they regained Sofala, which although at so short a distance, they did not reach until the 20th of October.

Their reception was now widely different from what had attended their first arrival. The governor scarcely deigning to speak to them, sent for Mr. Dale, and Mr. Wilton, the fourth officer; and without so much as inquiring the reason of their putting back, or into what difficulties they had experienced, gave them to understand that he was preparing to despatch some letters to Killeman, and that they must immediately make themselves ready to accompany the person who was to carry them. It was in vain they represented their sickly and debilitated state, occasioned by the various and unremitting fatigues which they had lately undergone—it was in vain that they urged the necessity of rest to repair their broken constitutions and wasted strength—the governor was inexorable, and deaf to all their entreaties. They then applied to him for some kind of conveyance, when he offered a kind of palanquin to the two officers, but positively refused any assistance to M. de Souza or the seamen. This was rejected with indignation; and, having provided themselves with some cloth to purchase food for subsistence on their journey, they left Sofala on the 1st of November.

They were totally at a loss to account for the conduct of the governor, so repugant to the common feelings of humanity, and so directly at variance with what they experienced at the other Portuguese settlements; but their subsequent knowledge of the governor's character, removed their surprise at his inhospitable behaviour, as it appeared that such acts were congenial with his nature.

By the 20th of November, they had travelled above two hundred miles through a miserable tract of country, very thinly inhabited, which might perhaps have been the result of the slave trade at Mozambique. Sometimes, in the course of forty miles, there was neither a hut nor a creature to be seen, and to prevent any accident from the numerous wild beasts which infest the country, they took the precaution of surrounding themselves at night with fire. But the excessive heat of the climate, added to intense fatigue which they had endured, so totally overpowered them, that they remained for a whole fortnight in the most deplorable state, until the governor of Senna hearing they were on the way, despatched palanquins for them. They arrived there the 6th of December, where every care and attention was paid to them; but notwithstanding they received all the medical assistance which the place afforded, Mr. Wilton, a most worthy active, and promising young officer, and two seamen, died in a short time after their arrival.

On the first notice of a vessel being ready to sail, the remainder of the party left Senna, in a vessel bound for Killeman, where they arrived in a few days. From thence they embarked on board a sloop, and on the 12th February, 1793, Mr. Dale, and M. de Souza, reached Mozambique, being five months after sailing from Madagascar.

On their arrival they immediately waited upon the governor, and detailed to him the loss of the Winterton, as well as every circumstance which had occurred to them since they departed from the island of Madagascar. Mr. Dale also informed him, that he had been deputed by his unfortunate friends and shipmates to solicit the aid of the Mozambique government in their behalf, and prayed him, no less in his official than his individual capacity, to send a vessel for the relief of those in whose behalf his assistance was entreated. To this appeal the governor replied, that he felt every inclination to afford them the assistance they craved; but that he was prevented

from fulfilling his intentions, by reason that there was no ship belonging to her majesty the Queen of Portugal then in the harbour. In this situation of affairs, Mr. Dale considered himself empowered, from his official employment, to freight a private vessel to the island of Madagascar; which the liberal conduct of the governor enabled speedily to equip for the intended voyage.

As a French vessel was about to sail to the Mauritius, on board of which M. de Souza intended to take his passage, Mr. Dale embraced the opportunity of entrusting to his care official letters to the East India Company as well as to the different presidencies in India. In these he informed them of the melancholy loss of the *Winterton*, and the various exertions that had been made to alleviate the sufferings of the survivors, and to lessen the burden of those sorrows in which he had left them involved.

Mr. Dale sailed from Mozambique on the 1st of March, and after a tedious passage of twenty-three days anchored in Saint Augustine's Bay, in Madagascar; from whence he immediately repaired to Tulliar, to apprise his unfortunate companions that a vessel was arrived and ready for their reception: but it is impossible to depict the miserable state in which he found the whole of the survivors. Overwhelmed with despondency, their calamities had increased by the attacks of a malignant fever; and as no kind of surgical stores had been saved from the wreck, they were entirely destitute of medicines to alleviate its baleful effects; and being deprived likewise of the necessities of life to which they had been accustomed, the number of people, including passengers, was reduced to one hundred and thirty, although nearly double that number had been saved from the wreck.

Under circumstances so peculiarly severe, such was their emaciated condition that it was ten days before the embarkation of the survivors was completed, although every exertion was made to expedite so desirable an event. At length they sailed from Madagascar on the 3rd of April, and on the 11th arrived at Mozambique, having lost seven people by the way, two of whom were passengers.

They experienced a most flattering reception from the governor and inhabitants of Mozambique, whom their forlorn condition inspired with sentiments which do honour to humanity. They prepared an hospital for the reception of the sick, and vied with each other in soothing and unremitting attention to the ladies: but although the sick received every medical assistance that could by possibility be procured, yet the insalubrious climate of Mozambique so retarded the re-establishment of their health, that during a stay of two months about thirty of them died, while the sickness of the survivors continued.

As no ship belonging to the Portuguese government had arrived in the harbour, the governor was still as unable to afford them a vessel for their conveyance as on their former requisition. Mr. Dale, therefore, in conjunction with Mr. Dunn, the purser of the *Winterton*, and Lieutenant Brownrigg, of the 75th regiment, was reduced to the alternative of again freighting a private vessel in the name of the East India Company, in order to transport them to Madras.

On the 10th of June they sailed from Mozambique, and on the 13th anchored at Joanna, with the intention of procuring provisions and other necessities, which having accomplished, they left the island on the 19th, having experienced from its generous inhabitants every aid that was in their power, and every attention which humanity could dictate. It was at this period that they concluded all their difficulties surmounted, and a fond but delusive hope beginning to dawn upon their minds, that they anticipated a safe and expeditious passage to Madras, when on the 7th July in 5° 40' N. lat. and 63° E. long. they were captured by *Le Mutin*, a privateer, from the Isle of France. To increase their vexatious disappointments, they were till this time entirely ignorant of the commencement of hostilities between Great Britain and France.

The people of the privateer took Mr. Dale, Lieutenant Brownrigg, and twenty-two seamen and soldiers on board their vessel, and put an officer and a number of their own men on board the captured vessel, with orders to conduct her to the Mauritius with all possible despatch. The privateer im-

mediately proceeded on her cruise, during which the distress occasioned by their accumulated misfortunes, was in a slight degree alleviated by the polite attention of the French captain and his officers. She continued cruising until the 15th of July, when she entered the road of Tutecorin, where she fell in with and engaged a Dutch East Indiaman, the *Ceylon*, commanded by Captain Muntz. After an engagement which lasted about fifteen minutes, the Dutchman proved victorious, and the privateer struck, to the great satisfaction of the unhappy prisoners.

Our old allies were happy in the opportunity of liberating Englishmen from confinement; and Captain Muntz insisted upon their partaking of a handsome entertainment on board the *Ceylon*, during which he was informed of the principal circumstances, of their heavy and repeated misfortunes. They then repaired to Callancoetah, where they remained till an order arrived to prepare a large boat for their conveyance to Madras, at which place they arrived in perfect safety on the 20th of August, 1793, being exactly twelve months since their unfortunate shipwreck.

At Madras Mr. Dale embarked, with some of his unhappy friends, on board the *Scorpion* sloop of war, homeward bound. Nothing material occurred during the passage, excepting that they were chased by a French frigate, and experienced foul winds and repeated calms, by which their progress was so retarded, that it was generally supposed that the *Scorpion* had either foundered at sea, or had been taken by the enemy. At length, however, they arrived in safety on British ground, and so eager were the poor fellows to see their different relatives, that they got on shore at the Land's End, having first received protections from impressment from the captain of the sloop.

Of the fate of those who remained on board their own vessel when taken by *Le Mutin*, and ordered to steer to the Mauritius, no intelligence has ever been received in this country, notwithstanding the most diligent search was set on foot by direction of the East India Company, in order to ascertain it.

THE SOLITARY MAN OF THE OCEAN.

It was on the evening of her departure for a transatlantic voyage, that the quarter-deck of an English man-of-war, lying in the Tagus, was splendidly illuminated in honour of a farewell entertainment given by the British officers to a favoured selection of the residents of Lisbon.

No scene of gaiety presents a more picturesque appearance than that exhibited by the festive decorations of a full-sized man-of-war; and, on the present occasion, the *Invincible* was not behind her sisters of the ocean in the arrangements of her marine festivities. Her quarter-deck was covered by an awning of gay and party-coloured flags, whose British admixture of red glowed richly and gaily in the light of the variegated lamps, which, suspended on strings, hung in low rows from the masts and rigging of the vessel. Below, the tables of the ward-room were spread with the most delicate and even costly refreshments. All was mirth, and apparently reckless gaiety; and it seemed as if the sons of Neptune, in exercising their proverbial fondness for the dance, and acknowledged gallantry to their partners, had forgotten that the revolution of twenty four hours would place a world of waters between them and the fair objects of their devotion, and would give far other employment for their limbs than the fascinating measures to which they now led them.

There were, however, two beings in that assembly whose feelings of grief, extending from the heart to the countenance, communicated to the latter an expression which consoled ill with the gaiety of the surrounding scene. One of these countenances wore the aspect of an intense grief, which yet the mind of the possessor had strength sufficient to keep in a state of manly subjection; the other presented that appearance of unmixed, yet unutterable woe, which woman alone is capable either of feeling or meekly sustaining in silence. Christian Loeffler and Ernestine Frederberg had been married but

seven days, yet they were now passing their last evening together ere Loeffler sailed, a passenger in the *Invincible*, to the Brazils. Why circumstances thus severed those so recently united by the holiest ties, and why the devoted Ernestine was unable to accompany her husband, are queries that might be satisfactorily answered if our limits permitted. But the fact alone can here be stated.

The husband and wife joined the dance but once that evening, and then—publish it not at Almack's—they danced together! Yet their hearts sickened ere the measure was ended; and retiring to the raised end of the stern, they sat apart from the mirthful crowd, their countenances averted from those faces of gladness, and their eyes directed towards the distant main, which showed dismal, dark, and waste, when contrasted with the bright scene within that gay floating house of pleasure.

The revels broke up; and ere the sun had set on the succeeding day, the so recent pleasure-vessel was ploughing her solitary way on the Atlantic; her festive decorations vanished like a dream, and even the shores that had witnessed them were no longer within sight.

On the second day of the voyage, the attention of Loeffler was forcibly arrested by the livid and almost indescribable appearance of a young seaman, who was mounting the main-shrouds of the vessel. Christian called to him, inquired if he were ill, and, in the voice of humanity, counselled him to descend. The young man did not, however, appear to hear the humane caution; and ere the lapse of a few seconds, he loosed his hold on the main-yards, which he had reached, and rushing, with falling violence, through sails and rigging, was quickly precipitated to the deck. Loeffler ran to raise him; but not only was life extinct, even its very traces had disappeared, and—unlike vitality—the features of the youth had assumed the livid and straightened character of a corpse long deprived of its animating principle.

The log-book, however, passed a verdict of "accidental death, occasioned by a fall from the main-yard," on the youth's case; and as such it went down in the marine record, amidst notices of fair weather and foul, notwithstanding Loeffler's repeated representations of the young seaman's previous appearance. Christian's testimony was fated ere long to obtain a fearful credence. On the succeeding day several of the crew sickened; and ere the lapse of another twenty-four hours, death as well as sickness began to show itself. The captain became alarmed, and a report was soon whispered through the vessel that the hand of some direful, base, or revengeful Portuguese had mingled poison with the festive viands which had been liberally distributed to the whole crew at the farewell entertainment of the *Invincible*. Loeffler, although a German, was no great believer in tales of mystery and dark vengeance. A more fearful idea than even that of poison once or twice half-insinuated itself into his mind, but was forced from it with horror.

The wind which had blown favourably for the first ten days of the voyage, now seemed totally to die away, and left the vessel becalmed in the midway ocean. But for the idle rocking occasioned by the under swell of the broad Atlantic waves, she might have seemed a fixture to those seas; for not even the minutest calculable fraction in her latitude and longitude could have been discovered, even by the nicest observer, for fourteen days. All this while a tropical sun sent its burning, searching rays on the vessel, whose increasing sick and dying gasped for air; and unable either to endure the suffocation below, or the fiery sunbeams above, choked the gangways in their restless passage to and from deck, or giving themselves up in despair, called on death for relief. The whole crew were in consternation; and they who had still health and strength left to manage or clear the ship, went about their usual duties with the feelings of men who might, at a moment's warning, be summoned from them to death and eternal doom.

Loeffler had shown much courage during these fearful scenes. One night, after having for some time attended the beds of the sick and dying, he retired to his couch, and endeavoured to gain in slumber a brief forgetfulness of all the thoughts that weighed down his spirits. But a death-like sickness came over him; his little cabin seemed to whirl round as if moving on a

pivot, while his restless limbs found no space for their feverish evolutions in his confined berth. Christian began to think that his hour was coming, and he tried to raise his soul in prayer; but while he essayed to fix his thoughts on heaven, he felt that his reason was fast yielding to the burning fever which seemed almost to be consuming his brain. He called for water, but none heard or answered his cries. He crawled on deck, and, as the sun had now set several hours, hoped for a breath of the fresh air of heaven. He threw himself down, and turned his face towards the dark sky. But the atmosphere was sultry, heavy, oppressive. It appeared to lie like an insupportable weight on his chest. He called for the surgeon, but he called in vain; the surgeon himself was no more, and his deputy found a larger demand on his professional exertions than his powers, either physical or mental, were capable of encountering. A humane hand at length administered a cup of water. Even the very element was warm with the heat of the vessel. It produced, however, a temporary sensation of refreshment, and Loeffler partially slumbered. But who, can describe that strange and pestilential sleep? A theatre seemed to be "lighted up within his brain," which teemed with strange, hideous, and portentous scenes, or figures whose very splendour was appalling. All the ship seemed lit with varied lamps; then the lamps vanished, and, instead of a natural and earthly illumination, it seemed as if the rigging, yards, and sails of the vessel, were all made of living phosphor, or some strange ignited matter, which, far and wide, sent a lurid glare on the waters. Loeffler looked up long masts of bright and living fire, shrouds whose minutest interlacings were all of the same vivid element, yet clear, distinct, and unmixed by any excrescent flame which might take from the regular appearance of the rigging; while the size of the vessel seemed increased to the most unnatural dimensions, and her glowing top-masts—up which Loeffler strained his vision—seemed to pierce the skies. He groaned, struggled, tried to thrust his arm violently from him, and awoke.

He found his neck distended to torture by a hard and frightful swelling, which almost deprived his head of motion, and caused the most excruciating anguish, while similar indications on his side assured him that disease was collecting its angry venom. The thought he had often banished now rushed on Christian's mind; and a fearful test, by which he might prove its reality, now suddenly occurred to him. It seemed as if the delirium of his fever were sobered for a moment by the solemn trial he was about to make. He was lying near one of the ship lights. He dragged himself, though with difficulty, towards it; he opened the breast of his shirt. All was decided. Three or four purple spots were clustered at his heart. Loeffler saw himself lost. He cast a languid and fevered glance toward the sullen waters which rolled onwards to the Portuguese shore, and murmured "Farewell! farewell! we meet not till the morning which wakes us to eternal doom." He next called for the surgeon. With difficulty that half-worn-out functionary was summoned to the prostrate German. "Know you," said Loeffler, as soon as he saw him, "know you what fearful foe now stalks in this doomed vessel?" He opened his breast and said solemnly, "The Plague is amongst us!—warn your captain!" The professional man stooped towards his pestilential patient, and whispered softly, "We know all—have known all from the beginning. Think you that all this fumigation—this smoking of pipes—this separation, as far as might be, of the whole from the sick, were remedies to arrest the spread of mortality from poisoned viands? But breathe not for heaven's sake, your suspicions among this hapless crew. Fear is, in these cases, destruction. I have still hopes that the infection may be arrested." But the surgeon's words were wasted on air. His patient's senses, roused only for an instant, had again wandered into the regions of delirious fancy, and the torture of his swollen members rendered that delirium almost frantic. The benevolent surgeon administered a nostrum, looked with compassion on a fellow-being whom he considered doomed to destruction, and secure, (despite his superior's fate) in what he had ever deemed professional exemption from infection, prepared to descend to the second deck. He never reached it. A shivering fit was succeeded by deathly-sickness. All the

powers of nature seemed to be totally and instantaneously broken up; the poison had reached the vitals, as in a moment—and the last hope of the fast-sickening crew was no more! Those on deck rushed in overpowering consternation to the cabin of the captain. Death had been there, too! He was extended, not only lifeless, but in a state of actual putrescence!

The scenes that followed are of a nature almost too appalling, and even revolting, for description. Let the reader conceive (if he can without having witnessed such a spectacle) the condition of a set of wretched beings, pent within a scorching prison-house, without commander, without medical assistance; daily falling faster and faster, until there were not whole enough to tend the sick, nor living enough to bury the dead; while the malady became every hour more baneful and virulent, from the increasing heat of the atmosphere, the number of living without attendance, and dead without a grave.

It was about five days after the portentous deaths of the surgeon and commander, that Loeffler awoke from a deep and lengthened, and, as all might well have deemed a last slumber, which had succeeded the wild delirium of fever. He awoke like one returning to a world he had for sometime quitted. It was many minutes ere he could recollect his situation. He found himself still above deck, but placed on a mattress, and in a hammock. A portion of a cordial was near him. He drank it with the avidity, yet the difficulty, of exhaustion, and slightly partook of a sea-mess, which, from its appearance, might have been laid on his couch some days previously to the sleeper's awakening. Life and sense now rapidly revived in the naturally strong constitution of our young German. But they brought with them the most fearful and appalling sensations.

The sun was blazing in the midst of heaven, and seemed to be sending its noontide ardour on an atmosphere loaded with pestilential vapour. With returned strength, Loeffler called aloud; but no voice answered him. He began to listen with breathless attention; not a sound, either of feet or voices, met his ear. A thought of horror, that for a moment half-stilled the pulsation at his heart, rushed on Loeffler's mind. He lay for a moment to recover himself, and then collecting his powers of mind and body, quitted his couch and stood on deck. God of mercy! what a sight met Loeffler's eye! The whole deck was strewn with lifeless and pestilential corpses, presenting every variety of hue which could mark the greater or less progress of the hand of putrefaction, and every conceivable attitude which might indicate either the state of frantic anguish, or utter and hopeless exhaustion, in which the sufferers had expired. The hand, fast stiffening in its fixed clasp on the hair; the set teeth, and starting eyeballs, shewed where death had come as the reliever of those insupportable torments which attend the plague when it bears down its victim by the accumulated mass of its indurated and baleful ulcerations. Others who had succumbed to its milder, more insidious, yet still more fatal (because more sudden and utterly hopeless) attack, lay in the helpless and composed attitude which might have passed for sleep; but the livid and purple marks of these last corpses, scarce capable of being borne to their grave in the "integrity of their dimensions," showed that the hand of corruption had been even more busy with them than with the fiercer and more tortured victims of the pestilence. The "Invincible," once the proudest and most gallant vessel which ever rode out a storm, or defied an enemy, now floated like a vast pest-house on the waters; while the sun of that burning zone poured its merciless and unbroken beams on the still and pestiferous atmosphere. Not a sound, not a breeze, awoke the silence of the sullen and baleful air; not a single sail broke the desolate uniformity of the horizon: sea and sky seemed to meet only to close in that hemisphere of poisonous exhalations. Christian sickened; he turned round with a feeling of despair, and burying his face in the couch he had just quitted, sought a moment's refuge from the scene of horror. That moment was one of prayer; the next was that of stern resolution. He forced down his throat a potion, from which his long-confirmed habits of sobriety would formerly have shrunk with disgust; and, under the stimulus of this excitement, compelled himself to the revolting office of swallowing a food which he felt necessary to

carry him through the task he contemplated. This task was two-fold and tremendous. First, he determined to descend to the lower decks, and see whether any convalescent, or even expiring, victim yet survived to whom he could tender his assistance; and, secondly, if all had fallen, he would essay the revolting, perhaps the impracticable office of performing their watery sepulture.

Loeffler made several attempts to descend into those close and corrupted regions ere he could summon strength of heart or nerve to enter them. A profound stillness reigned there. He passed through long rows of hammocks, either the receptacle of decaying humanity, or—as was more often the case—dispossessed of their former occupiers, who had chosen rather to breathe their last above deck. But a veil shall be drawn over this fearful scene. It is enough to say that not one living being was found amid the corrupted wrecks of mortality which tenanted the silent, heated, and pestiferous wards of the inner decks. Loeffler was ALONE in the ship! His task was then decided. He could only consign his former companions to their wide and common grave. He essayed to lift a corpse; but—sick, gasping—and completely overcome—sunk upon his very burden! It was evident he must wait until his strength were further restored; but to wait amid those heaps of decaying bodies seemed impossible.

Night sunk upon the waters. The German began to stir in the soul of Loeffler. He was alone—the stillness was so unbroken as to be startling. Perhaps within a thousand miles there might be no living human being. He felt himself a solitary, vital thing among heaps of dead whose corpses here and there, emitted the phosphoric light of putrescence. He started at every creak of the vessel, and sometimes fancied that he descried through the darkness, the well-known and re-animate face of some departed shipmate. Still he felt that his strength was returning in a manner that appeared almost miraculous; and that same night saw many an appalling wreck of humanity consigned to decent oblivion. On the evening of the following day, but one human form tenanted that deserted ship. As he saw the last of her gallant crew sink beneath the waves, Christian fell on his knees, and—well acquainted with the mother tongue of his departed companions—he took the sacred ritual of their church in his hand. The sun was setting and by its parting beams Loeffler, with steady and solemn voice—as if there were those might hear the imposing service—read aloud the burial-rites of the Church of England. Scarcely had he pronounced the concluding blessing ere the sun sunk, and the instantaneous darkness of a tropical night succeeded. The noise of the sharks dashing from the waters, to see if more victims awaited their insatiable jaws, was the only response to the obsequies of that gallant crew which had now disappeared for ever.

A few sails were still furled, and uncertain whether they were the best or the worst that might be hoisted, Loeffler determined to leave them, preferring the chance that should waft him to any port, to the prolonged imprisonment of the Invincible.

Christian sunk down, as he concluded his strange and dismal office, completely overwhelmed by physical exertions and the intensity of his hitherto-stifled feeling. But there was no hand to wipe the dew from his pale forehead; no voice to speak a word of encouragement or sympathy.

And where was it all to end? Loeffler was no seaman; and therefore, even if one hand could have steered the noble vessel, his was not that hand. Doubtless, the plague had broken out in Portugal; and, consequently, the Invincible, who had so recently sailed from her capital, would (as in all similar cases) be avoided by her sisters of the ocean.

These thoughts suggested themselves to Christian's mind, as, gradually recovering from the senselessness of exhaustion, he lay stretched on deck, listening to the scarcely perceptible noise of the water as it faintly rolled against the side of the vessel, and as softly receded; while his soul, as it recalled the form of his best-beloved on earth, rose in prayer for her and for himself.

Week after week passed away, and still the Solitary Man of the Sea was the lone occupant of the crewless and now partially

dismantled Invincible. She had been the sport of many a varying wind, at whose caprice she had performed more than one short and useless voyage round the fatal spot where she had been so long becalmed; but still, as if that were the magical, and even malevolent centre of her movements, she seldom made much way beyond it; and light deceitful breezes were constantly followed by renewed calms. A tropical equinox, was, however, drawing near, though the lone seaman was not aware of its approach. The time which he had passed in the anguish of disease, and the aberrations of delirium, had appeared to him of much greater length than its actual duration; and as no tongue survived to correct his error, he had lost all calculations of the motions of time. He listened, therefore, with an ear half fearful, half hopeful, to the risings of the blast. At first it began to whistle shrilly through the shrouds and rigging; the whistle deepened into a thundering roar, and the idle rocking of the ship was changed into the boisterous motion of a storm-beaten vessel. Loeffler, however, threw himself as usual on deck for his night's repose; and wrapped in his sea-cloak, was rocked to slumber even by the stormy lullaby of the elements.

Towards midnight the voice of the tempest began to deepen to a tone of ominous and apparently concentrating force, which might have startled the most reckless slumberer. Sheets of lightning—playing from one extremity of the sky to the other—shewed wide-spread sheets of surge running towards the ship with a fury that half-suggested the idea of malevolent volition on their part; while they dashed against the sides with a violence which seemed to drive in her timbers, and swamped the deck with foam and billows. Whether any of these storm-tossed waves made their way below—or whether the ship, so long deprived of nautical examination, had sprung a leak in the first encounter of the tempest—Loeffler could not determine; but the conviction that she was filling with water forced itself on his mind. He again cast his eyes to the north-eastern horizon, and again uttered aloud—"Farewell! farewell!"

The storm subsided, and the moon, rising over dense masses of cloud—which dispersed from the mid-heaven, now cumbered the horizon—saw our young German lying, in the sleep of confidence and exhaustion, on the still humid deck. He slumbered on, unconscious that the main-deck was now almost level with the waves—unconscious of the dark gulph preparing to receive him. The very steadiness which the waters, accumulating within her, had given to the ship, protracted the fatal repose of the sleeper. He woke not until his senses were restored, too late, by the gushing of the waters over the deck.

Down, down, a thousand fathom deep, goes the gallant and ill-fated vessel; and with her—drawn into her dark vortex—sinks her lone and unpitied inhabitant!

It was in less than a month after this event that Loeffler awoke in a spacious and beautiful apartment, the windows of which opened upon a garden of orange and lime-trees, whose sweet scent filled the air, and whose bright verdure and golden fruit showed gay and cheerful in the sunshine. Christian believed that his awakening was in Paradise; nor was the thought less easily harboured, that the object he best loved in life stood by his couch, while his head rested on her arm. "And thou too," he said confusedly—"thou too hast reached the fair land of peace, the golden of God!"—"His senses are returning—he speaks—he knows me!" exclaimed Ernestine, clasping her hands in gratitude to Heaven.

She had just received her husband from the hands of the stout captain of a Dutch galliot, whose crew had discovered and rescued the floating and senseless body of Christian on the very morning succeeding the catastrophe we have described. The humble galliot had a speedier and safer passage than the noble man of war; and, in an unusually short time, she made the harbour of Lisbon, to which port she was bound. It is needless to add that the German recovered both his health and intellects, and lived to increase the tender devotion of his bride, by his recital of the dangers and horrors of his Solitary Voyage.

OLD ZEKE DYER'S YARN.

EZEKIEL DYER, or, as he was always familiarly called, Old Zeke, was a genuine sailor of the old school, delighting in long yarns, big quids of tobacco, and a glass of grog; not that Zeke was ever known to be "the worse for liquor;" no, no, he was a staunch advocate for temperance in his own way, namely—that every man should take "jeest as much, and no more, than he can well bare; for you see," he would say, giving his duck pantaloons an expressive hitch, and rolling his huge quid to a lodgment between his gums and cheek, that it might be no impediment to his tongue, "you see, some kind o'craft is built shoal, and carries little or nothing in the shape of cargo or ballast, while another'll be deeper made, and carries a nation sight more; now, 'twould be redickilous to put as much cargo into the shoal concern, as into the deeper—jeest so it is with a man's head; you'll see one that's clear'n upshot by one glass, and another that'll keep stiff and above board with well nigh on to a quart." Here he gave his mug a complacent sip, and a wink to the bystanders, as much as to say, "You can make the application to suit yourselves."

I remember Old Zeke when I was a child, as always being seated on a rude bench near to the "Ferry House," in a little village that bore the euphonious name of Perpooduck. Always in passing back and forth, I as much expected to see Old Zeke on the bench under the sign-post, as to see the sign. It would have been no less strange if Zeke had failed to regard us school children with a most comical cast of the mouth, intended for a smile, in which the under lip did service in the shape of a dam to hold back the supply of tobacco, and a most peculiar twinkle of his small red eye, intended as approval. I know I am describing a somewhat unattractive sort of personage, and yet Old Zeke was a universal favourite. Apparently the idlest man, in an idle and decaying village, he was, in fact, the busiest man there. Never were such long yarns as Old Zeke told! Lucky for him, that his lot fell where the people had little to do but listen. Then, not a mischievous boy in the full tide of successful experiment in his mad pranks, but would drop his head and desist, did the eye of Old Zeke fall upon him. The disobedient were subdued and reformed by the admonitions of the old man. A group of boys were always collected about him to listen to his stories; but did a neighbouring door open, and the shrill, prolonged scream of a matron summon one of them home, Zeke would stop his narration, fix his eye upon the boy, and wait till he moved to go; often adding—"That's right, Bill, or Jack," as the case might be, "always mind your mother; a mother's curse, or a mother's sigh, is heavy lading, and always sure to carry down the ship;" then, perhaps, he would leave the tale unfinished to relate one more to the point.

Perpooduck stands directly opposite the flourishing little city of P., with its white houses, and many churches, its bustling quays and quiet streets, its hospitality and exclusiveness its handsome women and talented men, and many other things, as the advertisements say, too numerous to mention. Well, Perpooduck, that is, eight or ten houses, the Ferry House, a fish-house, a decayed wharf, one shop, and a meeting-house, most forlornly perched upon the top of a bleak wasted hill, about a mile, from the worshippers, and a school-house, which almost indecorously turns its back upon the opposite city, as it in contempt of its churches, school-houses, and indeed everything appertaining thereto. Well, to start again, all this at one time was the great place,—"the town;" it was first settled, the shipping was built there, sailed from there, and the fashionables lived there. But all this was years and years ago, for even the people of Perpooduck, unpromising as they might seem to be to make such an immense discovery, actually did perceive after the rising and falling of the tide twice every twenty-four hours, for about seventy years, that the water upon the opposite side was really more bold, and better adapted to the purposes of commerce, than that upon which they lived, where the flats, for something like a half a mile, are full of "honey-pots" and little breathing holes for clams. Well, no sooner were these great discoveries made, than the fate of Perpooduck was sealed. From being "the town," she became only a miserable appendage

to her more flourishing neighbour. Everything went to decay. People looked askance at those who crossed the ferry, to know if they really were "Pooduckers," for thus was the term corrupted, or whether they were attached to the Fort, a military station at the entrance of the harbour. It was a sad time for the Pooduckers, for thus we may as well designate them.

This was the state of affairs at the time of our history, for history it is. Old Zeke had belonged to the place in its palmier days, when he had been mate to "as neat a ship as ever carried sail," but times were changed, and Zeke changed with them. The shipping declined; one after another decaying from age, or perishing at sea, and Zeke, who never thought of sailing in a ship belonging to the obnoxious side of the harbour, was finally thrown out of employment, and became a village idler; tolerated by the matrons, a crony with the men, and the favourite of all the little lovers of sea-stories, and eaters of gingerbread and candy.

Often might the old man be seen about the old fish-house, helping to turn the fish upon the flakes where they dried in the sun, or standing about the neglected ship-yard, where he had seen many a good ship upon the stocks in days gone by. At such times, his rugged and good-natured face assumed a comical expression of sentiment as he looked round where the grass was springing amid chips of timber, and the rust lay heavily upon corroding bolts and chains. The sight was sure to lead him into an enumeration of all the vessels he had there seen launched, their names, owners, and whole history, down to the final catastrophe of storm and wreck. Happy the child who caught him in these moods, for Old Zeke would be sure to relate tales of peril and "hair-breadth escapes," well worth the hearing.

At one time there was an impulse given to business even in Pooduck, and a brig was actually reared on its stocks. Great was the excitement everywhere in the village, but greatest of all in the person of Old Zeke. It would seem as if the fire of his youth were renewed. He blew the smoke from his pipe with a brisker air, jerked his pantaloons twice as often, and even set his old tarpauling jauntily upon his head. He would sit for hours on a stick of timber, listening to the click-a-click of the workmen, as if the sound were the best of music, and so in fact it was to the old man, reviving the days of youth, and relieving the monotony of age.

It was a great day when the Brig Lydia was launched—great was the throng of people, and great the exultation of the Pooduckers, Old Zeke shook his head when she stuck in her course to the sea; but when she reached it, his hurrah, thrice repeated, was loud and long. Then came the rigging. Zeke was as much on the alert, as if the property had been his own, splicing ropes, uncoiling cables, and always joining the workmen in every song, whether in tune or out, for it would be a severe day when a sailor couldn't make his own tune. Well, the brig was rigged and went to sea, and Old Zeke again renewed his rounds, from the ferry-house to the fish-house, and thence to the ship-yard, where he would stand looking off upon the water with a sad and half vacant look. Then was the time for a story, and though Old Zeke would call us all sorts of land-lubber names when we gathered about him, yet there was always a twinkle of the eye, that showed that it pleased him.

I must tell one of Old Zeke's last stories, because it was the one that made the deepest impression upon my mind; first premising, that Zeke was a firm believer in omens and presentiments, in mermaids and ghosts. As to that, so were most of his hearers, very few of us having become so unfortunately wise as to lose the zest of a wild story by any unreasonable doubts as to its verity. So, then, we were all able to listen with staring eyes, "goose flesh," and hair crawling upon our heads.

OLD ZEKE'S YARN.

I was mate in the trim ship Morgianna Richard Lee, commander. The Morgianna was as nice a craft as ever dipped the water, but a doomed ship from the very first. She was owned by old —, as big a rascal as ever escaped the halter. He cheated the workmen out of nigh about half their wages by his parlaying blarney, and that too after keeping them on

half allowance of grog. No good would come of it, and so in truth she stuck when going off the stocks, which was saying as plain as dumb thing could say, that she hadn't a long cruise to run. I was right loath to go in her, any way, but Richard Lee was to be captain, and no sailor could refuse to sail under him. He was as true as steel, nobody ever knew him to flinch, let the case be what it might; and then, he carried an eye that took the soul out of the toughest seaman that ever opened a pair of clam-shells.

"Do sailors always have to open clam?" said Tommy D., who was on a visit from the country. We all laughed, and Zeke chuckled him under the chin, and said—"Yes, when he opens his lips." But, as I was saying, Cap'n Lee had a terrible eye full and black as a squall; but then he had a true sailor heart,—didn't climb into the ship through the cabin winder, but come regally up from the forecabin.

Well, we'd been cruising about the West Ingy Islands, exchanging freight and so-forth, and on our return vyge, somewhere in latitude—"Oh, never mind the latitude, nor longitude neither," cried a dozen little shrill, sharp, eager voices, all in one breath. Well, well, we was somewhere in the Gulf-Stream. It was my watch on deck, and a pale young man, that went out for his health, because he writ poetry, and set up nights makin faces at the moon, came and stuck himself down astern of me. I didn't like it jest right, for I was thinkin of Sukey Bacon, and a nice gal she was. Howsomever, I tried to look civil, and said nothing. He had sat there about half an hour, when I, tipping an eye all around the horizon, to keep a look-out for squalls, that are always keeping the deuce to pay in them seas, I see a brisk light off to the nor-east.

"What's the kick-up off there," says I, sposin' it to be some craft a-fire. With that the young man run down, and up comes Cap'n Lee, his great eyes looking as if they was'n't never made to shut, no how.

"What have we her?" says he, seizing the speakin'-trumpet, and puttin' it to his mouth, as if he fear'd nobody; for the thing was bearing down upon us, before a light wind, and we could see her spars, and sails, and her light rigging in the midst of the flame. Soon as she came in speakin' distance, Cap'n Lee hailed her.

"Ship-a-hoy, Mr. Beelzebub; where are you from, where bound, and what's your cargo?"

My hair stood right on end, and the strange sail came down upon us, and almost touched our stern. 'Twas an awful sight. I must say she'd a ben a nice model for a ship, barrin' the pattern was made by old Nick himself; but every thing was so trim and easy, and she lay down to the water so handsome, that I was sure she must some time or other have been a sailor hull, to do the thing so handsomely. To be sure, where her hull touched the water, there was a terrible frizzlin'. Well, down she came alongside, and, sure enough, we could see old Nick himself standing to the helm, like any Cap'n; and there chained fast, with a red-hot chain, stood old —, the owner of the Morgianna. He gin us a terrible look as he went by, and lifted up both hands in a way that was piteous to behold. But I really believe his mouth was sewed up, or he would have spoke.

Cap'n Lee laid his hand, solemn-like, upon my shoulder, "Zeke," says he, "I believe Satan has got his due," and he took out the log-book, and sat down the circumstance, and the latitude and longitude, day of the month, week, and hour of the night. Well, we had a rough time of it after this, squalls and gales; was blown off two or three times. After a time we got in, and the first news we heard was, that old — was dead. Cap'n Lee looked at me, and I looked at him. We found out jest the time the old sinner died, and sure enough, 'twas jest the same hour and minnit that we saw him off there, aboard that blazing craft, smokin' with brimstone.

So much for the story of Zeke. The old man got up and walked away, for the recital had wrought powerfully upon his own imagination, and we children stood huddled together with pale faces; and little Tommy D. had grasped my arm so tightly, as to leave black and blue spots for a long time afterwards.

A FISHING SMACK RUN DOWN AT SEA.

It was three days from our sailing for the North Sea, with the wind foul, and the weather thick and squally, that, being then off Harwich, it moderated, when we made moresail, and stood on; and next morning in the cold, miserable, drenching haze of an October daybreak, we passed through a fleet of fishing-boats at anchor. "At anchor," thought I, "and in the middle of the sea!" but so it was, all with their tiny cabooses smoking cheerily, and a solitary figure, as broad as it was long, stiffly walking to and fro on the confined decks of the little vessels. It was now that I knew the value of the saying, "a fisherman's walk, two steps and overboard." With regard to these same fishermen, I cannot convey a better notion of them than by describing one of the two north sea pilots whom we had on board. This pilot was a tall, raw-boned subject, about six feet or so, with a blue face (I could not call it red) and a hawk's-bill nose of the colour of bronze. His head was defended from the weather by what is technically called a south-west—pronounced a sow-west—cap, which is in shape like the *thatch* of a dustman, composed of canvass, well tarred, with no snout, but having a long flap hanging down the back, to carry the rain over the cape of the jacket. His chin was embedded in a red comforter that rose to his ears. His trunk was first of all cased in a shirt of worsted stocking-net; over this he had a coarse linen shirt, then a thick cloth waistcoat; a shag jacket was the next layer, and over that was rigged the large cumbersome pea-jacket, reaching to his knees. As for his lower spars, the rig was still more peculiar; first of all, he had on a pair of most comfortable woollen stockings, what we call fleecy hosiery—and the *beauties* are peculiarly nice in this respect—then a pair of strong fearnought trousers; over these again are drawn up another pair of stockings, thick, coarse, rig-and-furrow, as we call them in Scotland, and above all these were drawn a pair of long, well-greased, and *liquored* boots, reaching half-way up the thigh, and altogether impervious to wet. However comfortable this *costume* may be in bad weather, on board, it is clear enough that any culprit so swathed, would stand a poor chance of being saved, were he to fall over-board. The wind now veered round and round, and baffled and checked us off, so that it was the sixth night after we had taken our departure from Harwich before we saw Heligoland Light. We then bore away for Cuxhaven, and I now knew, for the first time, that we had a government emissary of some kind or another on board, although he had hitherto confined himself strictly to the captain's cabin.

All at once it came on to blow from the north-east, and we were again driven back among the English fishing-boats. The weather was thick as butter-milk, so we had to keep the bell constantly ringing, as we could not see the jib-boom end from the fore-castle. Every now and then we heard a small, hard, clanking tinkle, from the fishing-boats, as if an old pot had been struck instead of a bell, and a faint holla of "fishing-smack," as we shot past them in the fog, while we could scarcely see the vessels at all. The morning after this particular time to which I allude, was darker than any which had gone before it; absolutely you could not see the breadth of the ship from you; and as we had not taken the sun for five days, we had to grope our way almost entirely by the lead. I had the forenoon watch, during the whole of which we were amongst a little fleet of fishing-boats, although we could scarcely see them, but being unwilling to lose ground by lying-to, we fired a gun every half-hour, to give the small craft notice of our vicinity, that they might keep their bells a-going. Every three or four minutes the marine drum-boy, or some amateur performer—for most sailors would give a glass of grog any day to be allowed to beat a drum for five minutes, on end—beat a short roll, and as often as we drove along under a reefed fore-sail, and close-reefed top-sail, we could hear the answering tinkle before we saw the craft from which it proceeded; and when we did perceive her, as we flew across her stern, we could only see it, and her mast, and one or two well-swathed hardy fishermen, the whole of the little vessel forward being hid in a cloud.

I had been invited this day to dine with the captain, Mr.

Splinter, the first lieutenant, being also one of the party. The cloth had been withdrawn, and we had all had a glass or two of wine apiece, when the fog settled down so thickly, although it was not more than five o'clock in the afternoon, that the captain desired the lamp might be lit. It was done, and I was remarking the contrast between the dull, dusky, brown light, or rather the palpable London fog that came through the skylight, and the bright yellow sparkle of the lamp, when the second lieutenant, Mr. Treenail, came down the ladder. We have shoaled our water to five fathoms, sir,—shells and stones. Here, Wilson, bring in the lead. The leadman in his pea-jacket and shag-trousers, with the rain-drop hanging to his nose, and a large knot in his cheek from a junk of tobacco therein stowed, with pale, wet visage, and whiskers sparkling with moisture, while his long black hair hung damp and lank over his fine forehead, and the stand-up cape of his coat immediately presented himself at the door, with the lead in his claws—an octagonal-shaped cone, like the weight of a window-sash, about eighteen inches long, and two inches diameter at the bottom, tapering away nearly to a point at the top, where it was flattened and a hole pierced for the line to be fastened to. At the lower end—the butt-end as I would say—there was a hollow scooped out, and filled with grease, so that when the lead was cast, the quality of the soil, sand, or shells, or mud, that came up adhering to this lard, indicated, along with the depth of water, our situation in the North Sea; and by this, indeed, we guided our course in the absence of all opportunity of ascertaining our position by observations of the sun.

The captain consulted the chart—"Sand and shells? why you should have deeper water, Mr. Treenail. Any of the fishing-boats near you?"

"Not at present, sir; but we cannot be far off some of them."

"Well, let me know when you come near any of them."

A little after this, as became my situation, I rose and made my bow, and went on deck. By this time the night had fallen, and it was thicker than ever, so that standing beside the man at the wheel, you could not see farther forward than the booms; yet it was not dark either—that is, it was moonlight, so that the haze thick as it was, had that silver gauze-like appearance, as if it had been luminous in itself, that cannot be described to any one who has not seen it. The gun had been fired just as I came on deck, but no responding tinkle gave notice of any vessel being in the neighbourhood. Ten minutes, it may have been a quarter of an hour, when a short roll of the drum was beaten from the fore-castle, where I was standing. At the moment I thought I heard a halloo, but I could not be sure. Presently I saw a small light, with a misty halo surrounding it, just under the bowsprit.

"Port your helm," sung out the boatswain, "port your helm, or we shall be over a fishing-boat!"

A cry arose from beneath; a black object was for an instant distinguishable, and the next moment a crash was heard. The spritsail-yard rattled, and broke sharp off at the point where it crossed the bowsprit; and a heavy smashing thump against our bows told, in fearful language, that we had run her down. Three of the men and a boy hung on the rigging of the bowsprit, and were brought safely on board; but two poor fellows perished with their boat. It appeared, that they had broken their bell, and although they saw us coming, they had no better means than shouting, and showing a light, to advertise us of their vicinity.

THE SEA.

BEHOLD the ocean in its might!

Is there a nobler, finer sight?

What in all nature is so free,

As the glorious bright blue sea;

When in a storm its billows rise,

Foaming and dashing towards the skies,

Or when again, 'till still as sleep,

The bright moon shining o'er the deep,

Presents a sight so grand—so free,

Each wave exclaims "Sweet Liberty!"

LOSS OF THE DODDINGTON.

THE Doddington, East Indiaman commanded by Captain Samson, sailed from the Downs, April 23rd, 1755, in company with the Pelham, the Houghton, the Edgecourt, and the Streatham all in the service of the East India Company. They cleared the channel in about a week from their departure, during which Captain Samson discovered that his ship sailed faster than any of the others; and, unwilling to lose the superiority by keeping company with them, he stood on alone, and soon lost sight of them.

On the 20th of May, he made Bonavista, one of the Cape de Verd Islands, in 16° of north lat., and on the 21st got into

Porto Pryor (Praya) Bay. It now appeared that either he had been mistaken in supposing that his ship outsailed the rest of the fleet, or that he had lost time by the course he had been steering, for the Pelham and the Streatham had reached the bay two days before him. The Houghton arrived soon afterwards; but the Edgecourt did not come in until the 26th.

On the 27th, the Doddington, Houghton, Streatham, and Pelham, having taken in their supply of water, proceeded on their voyage in company, leaving the Edgecourt in the road. They continued together until the following day, when Captain Samson thinking their course far too easterly, ordered the Doddington to be kept south; and after a fine run of seven weeks, she made the land of the Cape of Good Hope.



LOSS OF THE DODDINGTON, CAPTAIN SAMSON, JULY 17, 1755.

On the 5th of July, their departure was taken from Cape Needles, just after doubling the Cape of Good Hope, and the vessel having steered eastward about twenty-four hours, between lat. 35° 30' and 36°, the captain ordered her to be kept E.N.E. In this course she continued till about a quarter before one on the morning of Thursday the 17th of July, when she struck.

The officer from whose journal were taken the materials for this narrative, was at the time of the accident asleep in his cabin; but being suddenly awakened by the shock, he started up in the utmost consternation, and hurried upon deck, where all the terrors of his situation rushed upon him at once. The men were dashed overboard by the violence of the sea rolling over them, and the ship breaking in pieces at every

stroke of the surge. On crawling over to the larboard side of the deck, which lay highest out of the water, he found the captain, who said that in a very little time they must all perish; in a few minutes a sea parted them, and he saw him no more. He managed, by dint of great exertion, to get back to the quarter-deck, though he was very much bruised, and had the small bone of his left arm broken; the other portion of the ship being under water, and completely shattered to pieces.

In this dreadful situation, when every minute he expected would be the last of all that yet remained, he heard the welcome cry of "land!" and looked eagerly about him; but notwithstanding he saw something which he supposed had been taken for land, he believed it was only the surge of the sea on the other side of the breakers. At the same instant, the sea

broke over him with such violence, that it not only forced him from his hold, but stunned him by a violent blow on the eye. The effect of the blow was such, that he lay insensible till after daylight: but he still continued on the wreck, and on recovering found himself fixed to the plank by a nail that had been forced into his shoulder. Besides the pain of his wounds and bruises, he was so benumbed with cold, that he could scarcely move either hand or foot. He now observed that several of the crew had been enabled to get on the rocks which were near, and he called out to them as loud as he could; but they were not able to give him any assistance, so that a considerable time elapsed before he was capable of disengaging himself from the wreck and getting ashore.

This shore was a barren uninhabited rock, situate in 33° 44'

south lat., and distant about 250 leagues east of the Cape of Good Hope; and upon it were assembled Mr. Evan Jones, the chief mate; Mr. John Collet, Mr. William Webb, and Mr. S. Powell, second, third, and fifth mates; Richard Topping, carpenter; Neil Bothwell and Nathaniel Chisholm, quarter-masters; Daniel Ladova, captain's steward; Henry Sharp, surgeon's servant; Thomas Arnold, a black, and John McDowal, servants to the captain; Robert Beaseley, John Ding, Gilbert Cain, Terence Mole, Jonas Rosenbury, John Glass, Matthew Taylor, and Hendrick Scanty, seamen; Mr. John Yets, midshipman; and John Lister, Ralph Smith, and Edward Dysoy, mattresses. These persons, in number twenty-three, were the only survivors of 220 that were on board when the ship struck.

Their first care was to search for some covering among the

things that had been thrown on the rocks from the wreck, and in this they succeeded almost beyond their expectations; but the attainment of fire, which was their next necessity, was not easily accomplished. Some of them made an unsuccessful attempt to kindle two pieces of wood by rubbing them together, while others diligently searched the rocks in anxious endeavours to find something that might act as a substitute for flint and steel. After some time, they found a box containing two gun-flints and a broken file, which was a most joyful acquisition, though they were still destitute of anything that would kindle from a spark, and until a substitute for tinder could be found, the flint and steel were useless. A further search became therefore absolutely necessary, when by dint of great perseverance, they discovered a cask of gunpowder, which, to

their great disappointment, proved to be wet; but on a more narrow inspection, they found a small quantity at the bottom that had suffered no damage: and some of this bruised on a linen rag, served them very well for tinder.

A fire was soon made, and the bruised and wounded collected round it, while the others went in search of further necessities, without which the rock would have afforded them but a very short respite from destruction. A box of wax candles and a case of brandy were the first brought in, and soon afterwards another party returned, stating that they had discovered a cask almost full of fresh water, which was of greater consequence than the spirits. Mr. Jones brought in several pieces of salt pork; and others arrived driving seven hogs before them, which had been taken on

shore alive. They could also see, at some distance, several casks of water, flour, and beer; but it was not then possible to get them over the rocks.

It now became necessary to provide some shelter for the approaching night; all hands were therefore employed in making a tent of some canvass that had been cast ashore; but the quantity was so small that the tent would not hold them all, and for fear of being overflowed, they were obliged to erect it on the highest part of the island, which was covered with the dung of a water-fowl, a large species of gannet, that much frequented it. They had passed the day without food, and were now deprived of rest during the night; for not only had they sunk a foot deep into the dung, but the wind was so tempestuous that their fire was scattered, and before they could collect the embers, the rain extinguished them. On renewing their search in the morning, they found, to their great mortification, that all the casks which they had seen the preceding night, with the exception of one of flour, and another of beer, had been staved against the rocks. These, however, they secured; but the tide flowing up soon after, interrupted their proceedings; they were therefore called together to eat their first meal, and some pork was boiled for their dinner.

Sitting down thus desolate and forlorn to a repast which they were wont to share in the convivial cheerfulness which is inspired by the consciousness of plenty, they were so struck by the sense of their present condition, that they burst into passionate exclamations, and wringing their hands, looked around them in all the wildness of despair. As their thoughts amidst such tumultuous emotions, naturally hurried from one subject to another, in quest of some source of comfort, it was suggested by one of them as a ground of hope for them all, that as the carpenter was among them, he might build a strong sloop, provided he could obtain some tools and materials. All attention was immediately directed towards the carpenter, who declared his belief that if tools and materials could be found, he should be able to build a sloop that would carry them to a port of safety; and though at that time they entertained no prospect of procuring either, nor of being able to victual such a vessel, had it been built, yet no sooner had they rested their deliverance but one remove beyond total impossibility, than they seemed to think it neither improbable nor difficult; they began to eat without repining, the boat engrossed their whole conversation, and they not only debated on her size and rigging, but to what port they should steer, whether to the Cape or De Lagoa.

As soon as their repast was finished, some remained to mind the tent, while the rest eagerly dispersed in search of materials for their projected sloop, but they did not succeed in finding any that day.

On Saturday, the 19th, they secured four butts of water, one cask of flour, one hoghead of brandy, and a small boat, which had been thrown up by the tide in a shattered condition, but no tools were found with the exception of a scraper. Next day they had the good fortune to discover a hamper containing files, gimlets, sail-needles, and an azimuth compass-card; they also found two quadrants, a carpenter's adze, a chisel, three sword blades, and a chest of treasure. As a prodigious surf was rolling in all the day before, it was reasonable to expect that something would be thrown up, and search was consequently made early in the morning. At ten o'clock, all assembled to prayers, and not going out again till after dinner they found most of the government and company's packets, which they carefully dried and laid aside.

While searching about the beach, they found the body of a female, which they recognized to be that of Mrs. Collet, the wife of the second mate, who was then himself at a little distance; and knowing the mutual affection which subsisted between this couple, Mr. Jones, the chief mate, walked up to Mr. Collet, and, engaging him in conversation, took him to the other side of the rock while his companions dug a grave, to which they committed the body after reading the burial service from a French prayer-book which had been washed ashore with the deceased.

Having thus paid the last tribute to one of their unfortunate number, and concealed from their unhappy messmate a sight

which would have sensibly, if not fatally, affected him, they found means in a few days to gradually disclose to him what they had done, and restore to him the wedding ring which they had taken from her finger. He received it with great emotion, and afterwards spent many days in raising a monument over her grave, by piling up all the square stones he could find, and fixing an elm plank at the top, inscribed with her name, her age, the time of her death, and some account of the fatal accident by which it was occasioned.

On Monday, the 20th of July, they recovered some more water and pork, also some timber-plank, canvass, and cordage, which they joyfully secured for the projected boat, though still in want of many implements indispensable for the carpenter to proceed with his work. He had just completed a saw, though he had neither hammer nor nails; it happened, however, that one of the seamen, Hendrick Scanty, a native of Sweden, and who had been a smith by profession, having picked up an old pair of bellows, told his companions that by the aid of a forge, which they could build by his directions, he could furnish the carpenter with all necessary tools as well as nails, as plenty of iron could be obtained by burning it out of pieces of the wreck driven ashore. The smith began immediately to mend the bellows, and the three following days were occupied in building a tent and forge, and in collecting timber for the use of the carpenter, who was also employed in preparing the few tools already in his possession, that the boat might be begun as soon as possible.

On Thursday, the 24th, the carpenter, with the assistance of Chisholm, the quarter-master, began to work on the keel of the vessel, which it was determined should be a sloop thirty feet in length, by twelve in width. The smith also finished his forge, and laid in a quantity of fir for fuel; and he and the carpenter continued thenceforward to work with indefatigable diligence, except when prevented by the weather. The smith having, fortunately, found the ring and nut of a bower-anchor, which served him for an anvil, supplied chisels, axes, hammers, and nails, as they were required, and the carpenter used them with great dexterity and despatch until the 31st of the month, when he fell sick.

The lives of the company being so dependent on the carpenter's exertions, they watched his recovery with the utmost impatience and anxiety, and to their unspeakable joy he had so far recovered on the 2nd of August, as to be able to resume his work. In the meantime the stores which had been saved from the wreck, had become so nearly exhausted, that it was necessary to restrict each man to an allowance of two ounces of bread a-day, as it was resolved to keep the salt-pork to victual the new vessel which was preparing. Their water also fell so short, that they were obliged to have recourse to several expedients. In digging a well, they were disappointed in their hopes of finding a spring. They succeeded in knocking down several of the gannets that settled on the top of the rock; their flesh, however, was of a rank, fishy taste, and as black as a sloe. As another expedient, they made a catamaran, or float, on which they proposed to go out fishing with such hooks and lines as had come ashore. They also killed several seals, but all who partook of them were seized with sickness.

When driven to very great necessity, they killed a hog; but they were generally successful in fishing, and sometimes sent out two rafts at a time. On one occasion, Mr. Collet and Mr. Yets, the midshipman, while engaged in this manner, were driven nearly out to sea, where they must inevitably have perished. They had been out fishing on the 20th of August, until about four in the afternoon, when they weighed and endeavoured to return; but the wind suddenly freshening from the westward, they found that instead of gaining a head, they drove off very fast. Their companions on shore, though they saw their distress, knew not how to assist them; they, however, sent out another float with kellicks and ropes, which they hoped would enable them to ride till the wind moderated, but the surf was so great that three times the raft overset, and the men were obliged to swim back. All this time they saw their friends driving out to sea, and were just resigning them to certain destruction, when the carpenter sent word that he could make the little boat tight enough to float, with one man baling,

This inspired new hopes and gave them fresh courage, and every one was ready to venture to assist their comrades. The carpenter despatched the boat in a quarter of an hour, and she soon overtook the float and received the two people on board. This additional burden caused the water to gain so fast on the boat, that notwithstanding the utmost exertions, she was so full when they came in, that in a few minutes more the boat must have sunk, and all have perished.

This accident made them afraid to venture any more upon a raft, and the carpenter set to work upon the boat and put her into complete repair. Their supplies, both from sea and shore, became now very precarious; the gannets would sometimes settle in amazing numbers, like a vast cloud, and then totally disappear for several days together, which made them very desirous of finding some way to preserve them from putrefaction, so that they might store up the surplus of a successful day to serve when they could catch neither gannets nor fish. They made several unsuccessful attempts to cure both fish and fowl, by smoking; they then tried to make salt, and which very nearly proved fatal to them all. The smith had made a copper vessel for the experiment, upon which they commenced operations, ignorant of the fact that in making salt they were making verdigris, a virulent poison. They, however, succeeded in making salt, which was so intolerably offensive to the taste, from the admixture of the poison, that they threw it away; some few, however, who ventured to swallow it were seized with violent colic, retchings, and cold sweat, which sufficiently convinced them of the danger they had escaped.

On September 3rd, having been nearly seven weeks upon the rock, during which time they had frequently seen a great smoke upon the main land, these unfortunate people determined to send a boat thither to see what assistance could be obtained. For this purpose Taylor, Bothwell, and Rosenbury, set out on a voyage of discovery, the people making a great fire at night on the highest part of the rock, as a signal to them.

During the absence of these adventurers, they were thrown into the greatest possible consternation by an accident which the carpenter met with. He cut his leg with the adze so severely, that there was great danger of his bleeding to death, particularly as they had no surgeon among them, nor anything to apply to the wound. With much difficulty the blood was at length staunch, and the wound healed without the intervention of any bad symptom.

The boat was impatiently expected on Saturday, the 6th of September, as there had been above forty hours of fair weather; but nothing being seen of her by noon, the people became very uneasy. Just as they were sitting down to dinner, they were agreeably surprised by two of their own number, who came running over the rocks to announce her approach. At this joyful intelligence they simultaneously started up and ran to the beach, in the confident hope that they had succeeded in their enterprise; but they soon discovered that the boat was rowed by only one man, who plied both oars, and consequently concluded that the other two had been lost or detained. Presently, however, another was seen to rise from the bottom of the boat, and their speed was a little increased.

Dinner was now entirely forgot, and all was impatience for the arrival of their companions, which took place about an hour afterwards. The two men were Rosenbury and Taylor, who, the instant they had landed, threw themselves on the ground, and in fervent ejaculations returned thanks to the Almighty for his providential care in bringing them back to the rock, which, barren and desolate as it was, they considered an asylum from a more distressing situation. They exerted their last effort to bring the boat to the shore, when their strength forsook them at once, and they were unable to rise from the ground without assistance.

Every one was anxious to procure them refreshment as soon as they were brought into the tent, as they found the boat destitute both of provisions and water. Some fish was hastily cooked, and as soon as they had had their meal, they fell into a sound sleep, which, to the credit of their messmates, they did not disturb, although their curiosity must have been great, to hear a relation of their adventures, upon which their own deliverance so much depended.

The account which they gave, when they awoke, was to the following purport.

"About three o'clock on the day of their departure, they got round a point about six leagues to the eastward of the rock, which, as they approached, had the appearance of a double point. This gave them some encouragement to hope that they should find a harbour between the two points; but they were disappointed, as a high surf ran all along the coast. About five o'clock they ventured to pull into the shore, but the moment they got into the surf the boat was upset, by which Bothwell was unfortunately drowned. They reached the shore in a very exhausted condition, being destitute of everything but a small keg of brandy. On recovering a little, they crawled along the shore in search of the boat, as they had no other shelter from wild beasts, which might be expected to come abroad in the night, and after some search found her; but they were too weak to get her up, and were obliged to lie down on the sand with no other covering than the branches of a tree. In the morning they again searched for the boat, which the surf had driven from the place where they left her, and in walking along the coast saw a man who, on their approach, ran away into the woods. Soon afterwards they discovered their unfortunate companion, Bothwell, who had been dragged some distance up the sand and mangled by some wild beast; which so terrified them, that rather than undergo the dread of passing another night on shore, they resolved to return immediately.

"They were, however, prevented, by a fresh gale from the west, that, before they could put back, overset the boat and drove them along the shore; but once more, after much struggling and swimming, they got safe on land, exhausted by their exertions, and faint with hunger. Soon afterwards they met with a fruit resembling an apple, which they eagerly devoured without knowing either its name or quality; but, fortunately, it did them no harm: and, somewhat refreshed by their repast, they managed to get the boat on shore, where, turning it keel upwards, they crept under it to sleep.

"Wearied by their late fatigues, they slept till the dawn of day next morning, when peeping out from under the edge of the boat, they saw the feet of several animals, which, by their claws, they supposed to be tigers, and which induced them to remain until the day had well broke, whence, once more looking out, they saw the feet of a man. On this discovery, they crept from below, to the great amazement of a poor savage, and two other men and a boy, who were at some distance. When they had all collected, and were a little recovered from their surprise, the savages made signs to the sailors to go away, which they endeavoured to do, though they began to move very slowly; but they had not got far from the boat when a considerable number of the natives ran down upon them with their lances. Rosenbury, as he went along, had picked up the mast of the boat, and a pistol which had been washed ashore, and thus armed, he imprudently turned round upon the natives, and, exerting all his strength, advanced towards them in a threatening attitude, supposing they would have been frightened, and retreat into the woods. It happened, however, that he was mistaken, for, instead of running away, they began to whet their lances. Taylor thought it was now time to try what could be done by supplication, and, throwing himself upon his knees, piteously cried for mercy, while Rosenbury took refuge in the water. The savages commenced stripping Taylor, who quietly permitted them to take his shoes and his shirt; but when they attempted to take his trousers, he entreated them, by gestures, not to leave him quite naked, on which they thought fit to desist. They then made signs to Rosenbury, who was all this time swimming about in the sea, to come to them, and on his refusal, from the fear of their killing him, they pointed to Taylor, to intimate that he had not been killed. On his coming up, they offered him no violence, but only held the boat's mast and the pistol to him, as deriding his attempt to frighten them. The clothes they seemed very much pleased with, and divided them amongst themselves as far as they would go; then beginning to rifle the boat, they took away all the rope they could find, the hook by which the rudder hung to the stern-post, and then began to knock the stern to pieces for the iron which they saw about it. With the exception of

absolute destruction to these hapless mariners, this was the greatest calamity they could sustain; and, rough as they were they burst into tears, and entreated the savages with such agony of distress to spare their only chance of regaining their friends, that they suffered the boat to remain without further injury.

Encouraged by such an appearance of kindness, and impelled by hunger, they solicited for something to eat, with which request the natives complied; and having brought them some roots, again made signs for their departure. With the assistance of the savages, they once more launched the boat and got into it; but the wind blowing strong from the west, they could not put off. The natives therefore consented to their remaining another night under the boat; and the following morning proving fine, with an easterly wind, they launched the boat for the third time, and returned to their companions on the rock."

The carpenter and the smith continued with praiseworthy assiduity at work upon the vessel till Sunday, the 29th of September, the people, in the meantime, being busy in securing such stores as were from time to time thrown up from the wreck. They also recovered some casks of fresh water which they were solicitous to keep for sea store, as their escape depended as much upon fresh water, as upon the vessel which was to carry them.

After prayers, which was a duty regularly and publicly performed every Sunday, the officers discovered that the chest of treasure had been broken open, and the greater part of it carried away. This may appear strange, that those whom their danger had made religious, should at the same time be guilty of theft, and that, too, in a situation in which the possession of gold could not contribute in the slightest degree to their subsistence or their means of escape; but it should be remembered that on a ship being lost, all the sailors lose their wages, and whatever is cast ashore is considered by the sailors as common property. The men, therefore, who ventured secretly to take what they deemed their share of this treasure, were not conscious of acting dishonestly, but only designed to secure what they feared their officers would monopolise, and thus prevent disputes, which, in their circumstances, might terminate fatally. The officers finding that none would own knowing anything about it, proposed to write the form of an oath to be administered separately to each individual, themselves taking it first. But to this the majority immediately objected; for though they might not suppose themselves guilty of a crime by taking the treasure, they were aware that it would not only be immoral but impious to swear that they had not taken it; and as the minority were not in a condition to enforce their proposal, the matter was suffered to rest without further inquiry.

On the 6th of October they found a fowling-piece, which was a valuable acquisition, although the barrel was much bent; but this was soon made serviceable by the carpenter, and used with great success for shooting the birds, which before they could only take by knocking them down by a stick.

On the 11th of October, the gannets, which had for some time forsaken the rock, were observed hovering around in great numbers, which made them hope that they would settle there and lay their eggs, in which they were not disappointed. For nearly three months they had a constant and plentiful supply, and then the laying season terminated.

On the 20th of October, Mr. Collet, Mr. Webb, and two others, once more ventured out on the raft; but the wind springing up fresh, the raft broke loose, and they were driven to the other side of the rock, where they were obliged to remain all night among the seals, without any shelter or refreshment. The next day at noon the wind abated when the boat ventured out, and brought them off, leaving, the boat behind.

Amidst all their privations, from the scanty supply of provisions and water, their health remained in a great measure entire; and on the 15th of February, 1756, they launched their little vessel, which they named the "Happy Deliverance." Next day their little pittance of stores was put on board; and on the 18th they left the rock, where they had lived just seven months, and which, at parting, they called Bird Island.

Their provisions consisted of six casks of water, two live hogs, a firkin of butter, about four pounds of biscuit for each man, and ten days' subsistence of salt provisions in bad condition, at the rate of two ounces a-day per man.

They weighed anchor at one in the afternoon, and set sail with a light breeze from the west, for the river St. Lucia, on the coast of Natal; but misfortune still seemed to attend them. For five days they met with nothing but adversity, and during twenty-five in succession, their provisions were almost exhausted, and rapid currents carrying them so far out of their course, that a favourable wind was but little service to them. Despairing at last of being able to make the river St. Lucia, they resolved to change their course for the Cape of Good Hope, and, accordingly, on the 2nd of March, they bore away for the west.

The three following days the wind increased to such prodigious violence that it blew a furious storm, and their frail bark shipped such heavy seas, that they expected each wave, as it rolled over, to dash her to pieces. On the morning of the fifth, however, fine weather ensued, and on the seventh it was a perfect calm, when they cast anchor about three-quarters of a mile from a shore where they observed several natives coming down from the mountains towards them.

Encouraged by this sight they attempted to land, and Arnold, the black servant, was sent on shore, accompanied by two seamen, with a string of amber beads, as a present to the Indians. After a mutual interchange of civilities he obtained some Indian corn, fruit, and water, in a calabash, with a promise of sheep, oxen, and other necessities; but the wind continuing westerly, the boat returned with a supply only sufficient for four days.

The vessel coasted along until the 10th of March, when the wind changed to the east, and they cast anchor in twelve fathoms, about half a mile from the shore. Several Indians came down and invited them to land, but they considered it impracticable; and though they were tempted by the appearance of goats and bullocks, which were daily driven before their eyes to meet them on shore, they were obliged to endure the tantalizing spectacle till the 14th when two men were sent off in the boat, and succeeded with great difficulty in reaching the shore. The wind fell the same evening, and seemed tending towards the west, which made them apprehensive that they should not be able to ride at anchor all night. Signals were therefore made, by showing lights, to induce their two comrades on shore to come down to the beach, and get off before the surf rose too high. No intelligence of them was obtained until six in the morning, when it was too late to get them on board; trusting, therefore to find some more favourable place, they made signals for the men to proceed along the shore, while the vessel followed in the same direction. They had not advanced more than two leagues, when the vessel, working close to the shore, anchored in five fathoms water.

A boat was sent out with four men, two of whom were employed in recovering those ashore, and the other two in sounding the mouth of a river, where they were in great hopes of finding sufficient water for the vessel to pass over the bar. About three hours afterwards, the two men on shore were seen with the four belonging to the boat, but they were afraid to embark on account of the height of the surf.

All night on board was spent in a state of the greatest uneasiness. At break of day they weighed anchor and stood still nearer the shore; but observing their companions were yet afraid to venture, they gave them to understand that if they did not immediately return, or show the possibility of entering the river, they should be obliged to abandon them for want of provisions. These menaces produced the desired effect, and two of them braved the violence of the surf, and gained the bark in safety.

They weighed anchor at eleven o'clock the following forenoon, and at two o'clock in the afternoon, crossed the bar, and cast anchor in two-and-a-half fathoms.

Their first consideration was, how to traffic for provisions and other necessities; but this consultation did not last long, as the whole stock they had to offer in exchange consisted of brass buttons, nails, iron bolts, and copper hoops, of which the

natives seemed extremely fond. These they carried on shore, and showing them to the natives, imitated the bleating of sheep and lowing of cattle, which the Indians quickly comprehended, and brought two small oxen, which were purchased for a piece of copper and three or four brass buttons. They also sold at the same time a quantity of grain, resembling Guinea corn, which they hoped to preserve; but to their great disappointment, it became mouldy in the course of three days.

They remained in this place for about fifteen days, during which they frequently penetrated for ten or twelve miles up the country. The inhabitants always testified great friendship for the English, often ate with them, and seemed to enjoy the European method of preparing food. Hunting was their principal occupation, their only weapons being lances, and two short clubs with a large knob at the end. They wore few clothes during the daytime, but at night covered themselves with a well dried bullock's hide, which they had the art of rendering very pliant; they also wore pieces of skin round the ankles, knees, and arms.

The activity and address of these men in throwing the spear, was so great, that at the distance of thirty or forty yards, they could strike at an ear of corn set up as a mark. They also practised another exercise, which consisted in dancing and leaping in a circle, uttering the most discordant noises, and all the while actively wielding their lances.

The crew were extremely surprised to find among these savages, who were quite black and had woolly hair, a youth about twelve or fourteen years of age, perfectly white, with European features, fine light hair, and altogether different from the natives of the country. He was treated as a servant, and the savages sent him upon their errands, but at the same time they appeared to live in great friendship with each other.

The sailors having thus, by the intervention of Divine Providence, collected a considerable quantity of provisions, they weighed anchor at five in the morning of the 29th, and stood over the bar. Here there was a dangerous surf running, which almost stove the vessel, and their being becalmed, put them in great hazard, of being shipwrecked on the rocks. At last they succeeded in getting over the bar, and sailed for the river St. Lucia, where they arrived on the sixth of April, without any remarkable occurrence.

Having landed, they signified to the natives their wish to trade with them, but the Indians intimated that they wanted nothing but small beads; however, on being shown some copper buttons, they brought bullocks, fowls, potatoes, gourds, and other provisions. No bullocks could be purchased, for the natives wanted copper rings, large enough for collars, in exchange. Of the fowls, they gave five or six for a small piece of linen, and the other things in proportion.

The English remained here three weeks, being engaged in traversing the country, and endeavouring to obtain such articles as they wanted. The Indians set a great value on copper, and on being shown the handle of an old box, offered two bullocks for it, which were immediately accepted, and driven on board the vessel. In manners the natives appeared proud and haughty, possessing none of those endearing qualities which had characterised those whom the English had lately left. They differed also in the manner of preparing their food, which here was done with greater neatness; they were also more cleanly in their persons, and bathed every morning, apparently as an act of devotion which was never observed among the others. They wore no kind of ornament, but their chief pride seemed to be in keeping their hair in great order. Of their women they appeared to be jealous, and kept a strict watch over them.

On the 18th of May, a favourable breeze springing up from the west, attended with good weather, they weighed anchor at seven in the morning, and set sail. About a quarter of an hour before high water, when almost on a bar which crossed the river, some of them were imprudent enough to lower the sail and cast anchor on a sand bank. Nine men then got into the boat, and rowed towards the shore, declaring they would rather run any risk among the savages, than be drowned to a certainty in endeavouring to cross the bar. Those on board hesitated whether to attempt the passage or return; but the

wind and tide driving the vessel out of the river, made them apprehensive that if the tide fell, she would strike the bar, and be dashed to pieces. At length they weighed the anchor trusting that they should be able to save the vessel and preserve their lives, but were very soon carried among the breakers, when they were in the most alarming situation, there being only eight feet of water, while the vessel drew five. After being in this situation for more than half an hour, in momentary expectation of instant destruction, the surface of the sea suddenly became as smooth as glass, and they left the river St. Lucia in safety. Those who had gone ashore in the boat, and most of whom had nothing on but a shirt and a pair of trousers, followed along the coast on foot.

On the 20th of May, the Happy Deliverance safely arrived in Lagoa Bay, where they cast anchor in nine fathoms water. There they found the Rose, a snow, commanded by Captain Chandler, in which some of them requested a passage to Bombay. Having remained in this place about three weeks, they were joined by three of their comrades who had gone ashore at St. Lucia, and who arrived in a canoe, stating that their six companions were on the other side of Lagoa Bay waiting for an opportunity to come over.

The officers judging themselves now in the most convenient situation for securing the treasure, packets, and other effects of the Doddington, sent four or five men on shore, and two on board the snow. Mr. Jones then came to the vessel in Captain Chandler's pinnace, well manned and armed, and carried off to the snow all the money, plate, and letters he could find in her, in order that they might be given up on her arrival at Madras. Those who remained in the vessel being apprehensive of a second visit, which might have proved very disagreeable, took an opportunity of escaping during the night with the vessel.

On the 25th of May, the Rose sailed for Madagascar, for the purpose of completing her cargo, as, in consequence of some misunderstanding with the natives, they had driven away above a hundred head of cattle after having sold them. In the afternoon a vessel came in sight, which, on approaching, proved to be the bark. The carpenter and one of the seamen coming on board the snow, persuaded Captain Chandler to purchase their little vessel for five hundred rupees, and he gave his note for that sum. They told him that they had recovered the six men who had gone ashore at St. Lucia; but three of them were already dead, and two extremely ill from the great fatigues they had suffered in travelling. These also died a few days afterwards.

Captain Chandler continued his course to Madagascar, in company with the little bark, and after a voyage of twenty-two days arrived there on the sixteenth of June, and anchored off Morondova. They were followed by the Carnarvon, commanded by Captain Norton Hutchinson, which likewise arrived there on her voyage from Europe to China. The packets and treasure being destined for Madras were put on board this vessel, which left Morondova on the 1st of July and having arrived at Madras about a month afterwards, the whole were delivered according to their original destination.

BOAT ACTION IN THE BAY OF CADIZ.

In the battle off Cape St. Vincent, Nelson's conduct had been particularly distinguished for skill and gallantry, and conducted in no small degree to the victory which was on that occasion gained over the Spanish fleet. In consequence of this, in the month of April, 1797, he was promoted to the rank of rear-admiral, still continuing with the squadron under Earl St. Vincent. This squadron being engaged in blockading Cadiz, it was resolved to bombard that place: for that purpose, Earl St. Vincent fixed upon Admiral Nelson, persuaded that whatever could be effected by a consummate union of presence of mind and bravery he would undoubtedly accomplish. Accordingly, the command of the advance squadron was given to him; and during the night of the 3rd of July, he proceeded on his hazardous enterprise with the Thunder-bomb, covered and protected by the launches and barges of the fleet. The Thunder advanced

to within 2,500 yards of the garrison of Cadiz, and everything was prepared to commence a bombardment, which promised the most successful results, when it was discovered that the principal mortar had been so much used, as to be unfit for safe and effectual service. Under these circumstances, Admiral Nelson was obliged to direct the Thunder to retire: as soon as the Spaniards perceived this, they sent out an immense number of mortar gun boats, and armed launches, with the intention and expectation of cutting her off. This Admiral Nelson most effectually prevented: he had gone in his own barge, having on board only its usual complement, the coxswain and ten men; and with this small force, and in this comparatively defenceless boat, he advanced to the support and protection of the Thunder. The Spaniards who had come out to cut her off, were not deficient in intrepidity; nor did they hesitate to try their strength with Admiral Nelson. Don Miguel Tyrason commanded the Spanish flotilla; and in his boat he advanced against the barge of the British admiral. The disproportion in the comparative strength of the two boats, rendered this a contest in which Nelson delighted, and which was worthy of him; and it was still more worthy of him, and pleasing to his noble soul, in that his opponents evinced the most determined and persevering resolution and intrepidity. The conflict was long and doubtful; they fought hand to hand with their swords: his faithful coxswain, John Sykes, was wounded in defending the admiral, and twice saved his life by parrying several blows that were aimed at him, and mortally wounding his adversaries. The Spanish commandant fought till, out of twenty-seven men that were on board of his barge, eighteen had been killed, and himself and all the remainder wounded; then, but not till then, he acknowledged the superiority of Admiral Nelson, by surrendering himself prisoner. Notwithstanding the fate of Don Miguel Tyrason, the other part of the Spanish flotilla continued to fight with great obstinacy; but not being able, with all their efforts, to succeed in the object for which they had come out, they returned, or rather were driven back, into the harbour of Cadiz.

HAIL TO THE FLAG.

"Hail to the flag—the gallant flag! Britannia's proudest boast;
Her herald o'er the distant sea, the guardian of her coast;
Where'er tis spread, on field or flood, the blazonry of fame!
And Briton's hail its mastery, with shouts of loud acclaim.

Hail to the flag—the gallant flag, in battle or in blast;
Whether 'tis hoisted at the peak, or nail'd to splinter'd mast;
Though rent by service or by shot, all tatter'd it may be,
Old England's tars shall still maintain its dread supremacy.

Hail to the flag—the gallant flag, that Nelson proudly bore,
When hostile banners waved aloft, amid the cannon's roar!
When France and Spain in unison the deadly battle close,
And deeper than its own red hue the vital current flows.

Hail to the flag—the gallant flag! for it is Victory's own,
Though Trafalgar re-choes still the hero's dying groan;
The Spaniards down'd their jaundiced rag on that eventful day,
And Gallic eagles humbly crouch'd acknowledging our sway.

Hail to the flag—the gallant flag! come hoist it once again;
And show the haughty nations round, our throne is on the main:
Our ships are crowns and sceptres, whose titles have no flaw,
And our guns are legislators, dispensing cannon law.

Once more then hail the gallant flag! the seaman's honest pride,
Who loves to see it flaunt the breeze, and o'er the ocean ride;
Like the genius of his country, 'tis ever bold and free;
And he will prove, wh'er flies, we're sovereigns of the sea.

CAPTURE OF THE GENERAL WASHINGTON.

THE General Washington, an American vessel, commanded by Captain Alexander Boyle, and destined for the Archipelago, sailed from New Orleans at the mouth of the great river Mississippi, and embracing the advantage of a favourable breeze, soon gained an offing. They stretched across the gulf of Mexico, and having made Cape Florida, they shaped their course through the Bahama Islands, and entered the Atlantic Ocean.

The wind continuing fresh for several days, they crossed the Tropic of Cancer in an oblique direction, and steered direct for the island of Madeira, where they touched and watered, and got under weigh again as soon as possible. For several days the wind continued baffling; but again becoming steady, they were enabled by going two points free, to run at the rate of nine knots an hour.

They now began to enter the Straits, but not without signs of falling in with their sworn enemies, the Barbary corsairs. They consequently prepared to meet them in the best manner they could; but chiefly depended on the quality of their vessel, she being a remarkable fast sailer. On approaching the Straits, the wind headed them, and blew in squalls: but soon after the wind shifted, and at length settled in a favourable point, upon which they crowded as much sail as the ship could bear, carefully avoiding the African coast as much as possible, as they observed several galleys lurking along shore.

After a speedy passage, they weathered Cape Bona-Silicia, lying several leagues on the larboard, and then directed their course to Malta. The wind soon afterwards died away, and they made but little progress, except by the current which always runs upward. In this state they drifted on with their sails flapping, when suddenly at night-time, the man on the look-out, vehemently sung "a sail!" and on the approach of day-light, two large galleys full of men were seen rowing towards them.

Having not an instant to lose, they prepared for close quarters each man resolved to fight to the last; but the ship not having steege way, they could not bring their guns to bear, except the bow-chasers, which were two six-pounders; they, however, saluted them with grape and canister, which made great havoc among the infidels. The leading galley then ran right on board, and carried away their spritsail-yard; part of the crew then boarded the Washington, but were as quickly repulsed, many of them who escaped the sword finding a watery grave.

The galley now becoming entangled with the bows of the Washington, and swinging broadside to, the former had an opportunity of pouring in a greater number of men, and the second galley having by this time approached, ran the Washington on the quarter, by which her force was divided; the crew, notwithstanding, made a gallant resistance, and a desperate struggle ensued. The infidels at last made a desperate rush on board, headed by their chief, who, stepping on the cat-head, fired his pistol at the mate, but fortunately it missed fire; he then made a blow at him with his sabre, which the mate parried, and plunging at the corsair with a short boarding-pike, he thrust it through his body, and the infidel fell back into his own galley a corpse.

The rest of the crew who were defending the quarter, having lost so many of their brave companions who had been killed or desperately wounded, began now to give way; and the pirates being enraged at the fall of their chief, attacked them with such fury and in such numbers, that the few remaining brave fellows were obliged to retreat to the hatchway, and seek shelter below from the cruelty of their vile assassins. Resistance was now of no avail; they asked for quarter, which was granted; but not from any feelings of humanity, to which their savage breasts were strangers, but from a hope of plunder—from a desire to increase the misery of the few surviving wretches, and dispose of them for slaves.

They were now ordered to come on deck, one by one, when their hands were tied behind their backs; and this was no sooner done and they had retired below, than they heard a

great confusion among the pirates, which was occasioned by the galley plunging against them with great violence. It appeared that when she first boarded the General Washington, she had started a plank forward, and otherwise materially injured her bows; they, however, managed to stop the leaks, and having set-to at the pumps, they soon freed her.

These savages having now secured all their prisoners and divided them, it was the lot of the mate to be put on board the galley which had received the injury, where he was immediately recognised as the person who had killed their captain, and was consequently treated with a greater degree of barbarity. He was inhumanly driven to the chains which were intended to fetter him, and when lashed like a dog, he was spurned and spit upon by the piratical crew; but this cruel treatment he

bore with silent resignation, though not without the most painful and indignant sensations.

The weather still continuing calm, the two galleys shot a-head and took the prize in tow, which being heavily-laden, they were obliged to treble man their oars, and the current running contrary to their destination, made the labour so excessive, that the rowers, exhausted from fatigue, soon began to drop. In this dilemma, the chains of the captives were knocked off, and they were placed as substitutes for the rowers. For several hours these poor wretches toiled with all their strength; their back stripped even of their shirts, and severely galled by the lash which compelled them to the labour; their bodies weakened for want of nourishment, and exhausted with the excessive severity of their barbarous task-masters. But provi-



CAPTURE OF THE GENERAL WASHINGTON, CAPTAIN ALEXANDER BOYLE, BY TWO BARBARY CORSAIRS.

dentially, a breeze sprung up, which rendered it neither necessary nor safe to row any longer, so they cast off, and as it was still favourable, they were ordered to lie on their oars, which was a great relief to these unfortunate sufferers.

As the evening approached, the sky became overcast, and a violent gale arose, which, with the roughness of the sea, prevented their using their oars any longer, there being every appearance of a heavy storm. The night becoming exceedingly dark, they lost sight of the other galley, and the Washington, which she had in tow; and as the sea increased, the leaks, which had not been sufficiently fortified, gained upon them to such an alarming extent, that all their efforts to preserve the galley were ineffectual; she was rapidly going down.

They now began to clear their boat and hoist her out, when

she had no sooner touched the water, than as many as she could hold, which was about half the crew, got in, leaving the remainder and the prisoners, to take their chance in the sinking galley.

Those who were in the galley saw no more of the boat, and in a few minutes, the sea made a complete breach over the leaky vessel; but each one was so occupied with the thoughts of his own preservation, that no attention was paid to the transactions of their fellow-sufferers. Fortunately for the mate, he could swim remarkably well, having had great practice in the early part of his life; but after long struggling, he began to consider all his efforts fruitless. The sea at this time was running terrifically high, when something struck against him, which proved to be one of the oars that a few hours

before had been the occasion of so much misery. He immediately grasped and clung to it, and this support, with his own skill in swimming, enabled him to encounter the waves for some time; but being completely at their mercy, he was at length rendered nearly insensible, till a sudden and severe shock roused him from his lethargy, he scrambled at something before him in the convulsive pangs of his death-like agony. This was a quantity of sea-weed, which he continued to hold fast till repeated surges drove both him and the weeds over some small rocks which severely bruised him in several parts; but the rocks served as a barrier against the fury of the sea, and breaking the force of the waves, enabled him to crawl to the craggy shore, which, after many painful efforts, he effected.

Here he remained above the reach of the sea; but worn out and exhausted from fatigue, hunger, thirst, cold, and bruises, that at last his senses were benumbed like his body, and he fell into a heavy death-like sleep.

He did not rouse from this torpid state until the following noon, and would probably have never awakened, but that the sun, by his happy influence, darted his genial rays upon him, and gradually re-kindled that vital animation which seemed almost fled, when he awoke, he stared with horror and surprise at the surrounding prospect; the clouds, indeed, were dissipated; but still the gradually-subsiding surge lashed the shore, exhibiting the bodies of many of his poor mangled shipmates, stretched breathless on the beach. In the first agony of his feelings he burst into tears, which gave some relief to his sinking spirits; and then summoning all his strength and fortitude, he removed the bodies, one by one, above the reach of the sea, and then covered them with sea-weed.

Having paid this last tribute of respect to his deceased companions, he began to feel the want of nourishment, having fasted for nearly two days and a half; but he fell in with some shell-fish which had been thrown up by the late gale, and on which he made a sumptuous repast. He was also well supplied with water, as the rain which had accompanied the storm, had filled the cavities of the rock.

He passed the evening, and greater part of the next night, in painful reflections on his late disaster and present gloomy situation; but towards the break of day he became more composed, and indeed somewhat reconciled to the little spot upon which Providence, in its mercy, had rescued him from destruction; and indulged a hope of its further goodness in delivering him, or at least suffering him to breathe his last in quietness on the rock, death even being preferable to slavery among such barbarous infidels.

He remained here three days, solacing himself with having escaped the barbarians; but this consolation he lost all of a sudden by the unwelcome sight of a sail approaching the rock, and which he soon discovered to be the second galley which had come in quest of her consort. On nearing the rock, and perceiving several pieces of the wreck, the pirates hoisted out their boat, and getting under the lee of the rock, landed in smooth water.

The mate as soon as he perceived the galley, endeavoured to find a hiding-place; but his search proved in vain, as the rock afforded none. It was about 600 yards in circumference, and almost covered with coarse sand and shells, except the summit where he found the rain water. As a last resort under these untoward circumstances, he crawled to the water's edge, and stretching himself at full length upon his face, assumed the appearance of being drowned. The pirates soon began to explore the beach, and observing several heaps of weeds turned up, particularly examined them, and of course were not a little surprised at discovering the graves of the unfortunate Americans; but as their interment had evidently been the work of human hands they renewed their search till they at last perceived the mate stretched on the beach.

Having turned him with his face upwards, they found that he was not only warm, but that he breathed; upon which, severely shaking him, and bestowing sundry hard blows and kicks, they obliged him to lay aside the counterfeit of death, when he was immediately conveyed on board, and interrogated about the wreck. This examination took place by means of a

Portuguese renegado, who had long been in the service of pirates, and who could speak English pretty well.

As soon as the pirates had been apprised, by means of the interpreter, of all the particulars relative to the lost vessel, they steered for Tripoli. The mate, in the meantime, learned from the renegado, that it had been agreed between the two galleys, that in case a separation should take place either during the night or in a storm, that they should make for a small island in the gulf of Mahomet. Here they had touched, but not finding the other galley, had gone in search of her, till deeming her irrecoverably lost, they had discontinued their search.

It is impossible to describe the feelings of satisfaction of both the mate and his companions, whom he found on board the galley, in thus again seeing and conversing with one another, of their painful feelings of distress, on being informed of the melancholy fate of the crew.

The situation of the harbour where they lay was on the sea coast, the entrance to it being very narrow, and forming a basin capable of accommodating several vessels. The town is surrounded with high walls, and strengthened in many parts with bulwarks and other fortifications. There are but two entrances to the town, one on the north by the haven, and the other on the south by the main land, each of them secured by forts.

Four days after their arrival, accounts reached Tripoli of the loss of the prize, and all hands on board, except three. It seems that the pirates not being sufficiently skilled in naval tactics and the English mode of rigging, were unable to manage the ship, which was thus left to the mercy of the storm, and was very soon dashed to pieces on a rocky lee shore.

The disappointment and rage of the infidels at this loss was very great. So valuable a prize thus suddenly snatched from their grasp, was a calamity which sorely galled these barbarians, and which they knew not how to brook. The galley soon became in an uproar; nothing being heard but the most vile jargon and execrations, and not even Mahomet escaped the lash of these infidels.

The unfortunate captives were soon after conveyed on shore, and sold without distinction. The mate was purchased by a Jew merchant, who let his slaves to hire by the day to drag stones for repairing the town walls which had been damaged by the late storm, particularly that part which lay next the sea, and which was almost swept away. This employment lasted a considerable time, and proved excessively irksome, as the immense weight of the pieces of rock which he had to drag, encumbered by his chains, were more than his reduced strength could bear; and whenever he attempted to alleviate his sufferings by temporary rest, he was instantly goaded by the galling lash, to resume his heart-breaking toil.

The repairs of the wall being at length completed, and the Jew merchant having no further employment for him, he was again sold to a native merchant, who was immensely rich. Here he was obliged to carry water, to remove the dust of the place, convey the merchandize to warehouses, and perform all manner of drudgery. At other times, he attended the merchant and his daughter on their frequent excursions into the country, where his occupation was to drive the mule on which the lady rode, seated within a frame-work, drawn round with curtains, and covered with a kind of canopy, and sometimes he attended his young mistress to the mosques, where a service called *sala* is performed five times a-day; but as none are compelled to attend, there are few, but the most zealous, who resort to it at all times.

The men wear next their skin, a large linen frock and drawers, over which is fastened with great gold or silver buttons, a loose coat of cloth or silk, which hangs almost down to the knees. Their sleeves cover only their elbows, so that turning up their shirt sleeves upon them, their arms are almost naked. They shave all their hair off, with the exception of a lock which they suffer to grow on the crown of their heads, under the belief that by that Mahomet will pull them into Paradise. Some cut off the whole beard, reserving only two large mustachios: those, however, who are stricken in years, wear their beards long and cut round. They use turbans made of red wool, and wound up in a piece of cotton five or six yards in length. At their girdles they wear three knives, two large and one small, which are

fitted in a silver scabbard about a foot long, adorned with torques and other stones, often of very great value.

The women are habited almost like the men, only that they have a fine linen cloth on their heads, instead of a turban. The rich often wear five or six pendants in each ear, and bracelets of jewels on their arms. Before they go into the streets to walk, they throw over them a cotton cloak, which completely covers them, and hangs down to their feet; they also tie a string of pearls upon their foreheads, and a fine kerchief before their eyes, so that they should not be known as they pass in the streets. They are very particular in beautifying themselves, and not only paint their eyebrows and eyelids black, but also their hair, with burnt antimony.

As the mate had many opportunities of being abroad, he several times met with some of his shipmates, particularly those who had been sold to the planters or farmers who resided a short distance from the town; and one or more of these he was nearly certain of meeting with on the market-day, as part of their employment was to convey the produce of the country to market. On occasions of this kind, it must naturally be supposed that they lightened their hearts by sympathising one with the other.

The mate, by his steady behaviour and attention to business, soon gained the confidence of his master, who frequently required his attendance on him abroad. It happened, on one of these occasions, that the merchants were summoned to a sale of slaves that had formed the crew of a Portuguese polacre just brought into the harbour. It appeared that the crew of the polacre had made a desperate resistance, which occasioned the death of their captain and half the crew; the remainder of them seemed to be young and healthy men and therefore brought a good price in the market. The mate's master and two other merchants, having bought six of the youngest, he was ordered to convey them to the prison, where it was found necessary to lodge them until they had further decided on their purchase, followed on the road by his master and the merchants.

Early on the following morning, he was ordered to convey the six men to his master's house, and for that purpose waited on the head gaoler, who accompanied him into the prison. On approaching, they found the outer gate wide open; and proceeding farther towards the second gate, the first object which presented itself was the body of the under-gaoler, lying dead, and weltering in his blood. Alarmed at the sight, they hastily withdrew to the outer gate, and called loudly for assistance; and having obtained the aid of several officers, they re-entered the prison, when they soon discovered that the six men they were in search of had made their escape. By this time, the news had reached the merchant, who hastened to the prison on foot to make a strict search, but it proved unsuccessful. As, however, none of the vessels or boats were missed from the harbour, it was evident that the runaways were lurking somewhere on shore, and this was soon proved to be the case. On a strict search being made along the coast, they were found on the evening of the third day, hidden among the rocks, close to the sea, waiting for an opportunity to seize on the first boat they could find.

The prisoners having been brought back, they were immediately brought before the cadi, and after a very short examination, the ringleader of them was condemned to be executed on the following day. On occasions of this sort, it is usual for all the slaves to be sent to witness the exhibition, in order to deter them from making similar attempts; and on this opportunity the mate did not find his master backward in sending him, particularly as he was so deeply interested.

At the appointed time there was a great concourse of people assembled, and the mate found himself much gratified in thus having an opportunity of meeting with several of his shipmates and countrymen, though they could not but sincerely deplore the melancholy cause which had occasioned this vast assemblage, particularly as they saw the consequences which must inevitably ensue from any unsuccessful attempt on their part to recover their own liberty, should they ever endeavour to put it into practice.

The workmen having finished the platform where the un-

happy culprit was to suffer the extreme penalty of the law, two large posts or supporters of wood, and a heavy cross beam were exhibited, bearing some resemblance to a gallows. As soon as the wretched criminal had ascended the platform, he was ordered to climb the ladder placed against one of the posts, with the executioner, who, on his gaining the top, thrust a large iron hook, suspended by a strong chain, into the palm of one of his hands, and by that means hung him to the cross beam. The ladder was then placed on the other side, where the miserable culprit being dragged towards it, had a similar iron hook, fastened to a chain, driven through the sole of one of his feet; and in this inhuman and barbarous manner the poor man was suspended, and consequently lingered long in the most insufferable torments, till a merciful death released him from the barbarity of the infidels.

This exhibition had a deep effect on the minds of the mate of the Washington and his shipmates, and making up their minds as to the consequences, they resolved to seek the first opportunity of leaving this abominable country. They had received orders to attend the following day at the place of execution, when another wretch was doomed to undergo the same horrible ceremony. To behold such another revolting exhibition, would have been heart-breaking to them all; but they could not overlook the opportunity which it afforded them of undertaking their own scheme. They accordingly assembled at an earlier hour on the following morning, when, on further consultation, one of them proposed that they should attempt their escape as soon as possible; he informed them that, adjacent to his master's country-house, which was situate five miles from Tripoli, and one from the sea coast, he was constantly employed in gardening, except when sent to Tripoli with the produce of his labour, and that he was well acquainted with a small creek near his master's house, at the top of which were two or three small huts occupied by fishermen, who always moored their boats at night close to their huts, and kept a large dog chained on board in order to guard them, as they slept on shore. He therefore proposed to poison the dog that evening, in order to prevent his giving an alarm. This, at the first view, seemed a very flattering and promising proposal, and all at once agreed to adopt it; but, on further reflection, seven men rushing into an open boat without food, water, or necessities of any kind, having a vast sea before them, which they must, in all probability, encounter for many days, threw a momentary damp upon their spirits at the impracticability of adopting it.

The mate at last suggested, that as that day was the last of August, and the approaching 5th of September being the festival of the prophet Mahomet, for the celebration of which they were then making great preparations, each man should save a certain portion from his allowance of food every day, and deposit it in a secret place. As this feast of the prophet would be a general holiday, there was no doubt but that all classes of people would be absorbed in their religious duties; and it was equally certain, that the fishermen before mentioned, would, on that day come to Tripoli. To this proposition they readily agreed, and consented to be guided by the mate.

They then appointed a place at some distance from the town, and a certain hour for meeting, in order to put their stratagem into execution; and each of them promised, in the interim, to save all the provisions and necessities which he could, in order to make a general stock. This consultation being over, the execution of the unfortunate Portuguese seaman commenced. He seemed to bear his fate with less resignation than the other, and the executioner was obliged to have recourse to compulsion before he submitted to his fate. It was supposed that these two who suffered, were those who actually committed the murder of the under-gaoler; but as there was no fair trial, this was only a matter of conjecture. The judges of this arbitrary government sentence whom they please; some are punished, whether guilty or not, as examples to the rest; and when they think it expedient that an example should be made; they select for that purpose those who are the least serviceable to their masters, or with whom their masters are most willing to part.

As soon as the miserable victim had ceased struggling, and

was released by death from the barbarity of his tormentors, which was not till nearly sunset, the people began to disperse; but the mangled corpse was left to hang until a certain hour the next day, it being the rule that the bodies of those who suffer in this way should be exposed for so many hours, in order to render the punishment the more impressive.

The American seamen having shaken hands with great cordiality, now parted full of the pleasing hope of soon quitting this barbarous place, and once more beholding their native land the land of liberty and civilization; though every hour seemed a month until the happy arrival of the appointed time.

On the evening of the 5th of September, they punctually met at the place appointed, and proceeded with all speed to the place which had previously been mentioned by one of them. Having boldly entered the huts, they found only two old women and a child, the rest having gone to the *Sala* at Tripoli, as they expected. The women were alarmed at their intrusion and seemingly conscious of their design, fell on their faces to the earth, and prayed for mercy; but the child, who seemed the most courageous, was dexterously making towards the door, till they put a stop to the little one's egress, who would, in all probability, have given an alarm, and thereby defeated their project. The mate held the little girl in his arms, while his companions began to soothe the old women by repeated assurances that no harm should come to them, if they would but keep quiet. Prudence, however, obliged them to secure the old ladies with the aid of cords, at the same time kindly assuring them of their harmless intentions. Having thus prevented any alarm, they began to supply themselves with whatever necessaries lay in their way, and fortunately found some black bread and dried fish, which having seized, they hastened to the boat.

It now occurred to the mate, that the dog which was left to guard the boat, might prove a very disagreeable antagonist; but as it was probable he was acquainted with the child, he thought it advisable to take her with him in his arms, in order to obtain the creature's favour. The child, however, was very unwilling to go with him, till by repeated assurances of his care, which were confirmed by several kisses, she remained quiet. Thus prepared, he entered the boat first, and made the child speak to the dog, which rendered him quiet immediately; he was fastened to a long chain, which the mate loosened, and seizing an opportunity, threw him overboard. His companions now joined him, when he desired the child to return to her friends, and release them from their bondage; and having set her on shore for this purpose, they shoved the boat off. The dog swam to shore and joined the child, who remained for some time where they had left her, watching their motions. Indeed this little girl expressed much satisfaction at being able to assist them, and by her smiles and manners, seemed to congratulate them on their escape.

They, fortunately, found a nine-gallon cask of water in the boat, which proved of considerable service to them. They had to row a considerable distance before a breeze sprung up; but at length meeting with a propitious gale, they spread their sail and shaped their course for Malta, where, with some difficulty, they arrived twelve days after, exceedingly fatigued and exhausted.

Here they providentially found a ship bound for England, on board of which they took their passage, the captain readily accepting of their services for the same. Nothing remarkable occurred during the voyage, and in a short time they reached their native country in safety; with the blessings of which they were the more deeply impressed from the severity of the sufferings which they had so recently endured in another.

A TROUBLESOME RETINUE.

A CERTAIN captain, who had made a greater figure than his fortune could well bear, and the regiment not being paid as was expected, was forced to put off a great part of his equipage; a few days after, as he was walking by the road-side, he saw one of his soldiers sitting cleaning himself under a hedge: "What are you doing there, Tom?" said the officer. "Why faith, sir," answered the soldier, "I am following your example, getting rid of part of my retinue."

MURDER AT SEA, AND A HURRICANE.

ONE fine evening, the sun had set bright and clear, after a most beautiful day, and we were bowling along right before it, rolling like the very devil; but there was no moon, and although the stars sparkled brilliantly, yet it was dark, and as we were the sternmost of the men-of-war, we had the task of whipping in the sluggards. It was my watch on deck, and presently was heard a gun from the commodore, who showed a number of lights.

"What is that, Mr. Kennedy?" said the captain to the old gunner.

"The commodore has made the night-signal for the sternmost ships to make more sail and close, sir." We repeated the signal, and stood on, hating the dullest of the merchantmen in our neighbourhood to make more sail, and firing a musket shot, now and then, over the more distant of them. By and bye we saw a large West Indianman suddenly haul her wind, and stand across our bows.

"Forward, there," sung out Mr. Splinter, "stand by to fire a shot at that fellow from the gun-boat, if he does not bear up. What can he be after?"

"Get a musket and fire over him," said Sergeant Armstrong, to a marine who was standing close by him in the waist.

It was done, and the ship immediately hove up on her course again. We now ranged alongside of him on his larboard quarter. "Ho! the ship ahoy!" "Hillo!" was the reply.

"Make more sail, sir; and run into the body of the fleet, or I shall fire into you; why don't you, sir, keep in the wake of the commodore?" No answer. "What meant you by hauling your wind just now, sir?"

"Yesh!" responded a voice from the merchantman.

"Something wrong here," said Mr. Splinter. "Back your main-topsail, sir, and hoist a light at the peak. I shall send a boat on board of you. Boatswain's mate, pipe away the crew of the jolly-boat." We also hove-to, and were in the act of lowering down the boat, when the officer rattled out, "Keep all fast with the boat; I can't comprehend that chap's manoeuvres for the soul of me. He has not hove to." Once more we were within pistol-shot of him. "Why don't you hove-to, sir?" All silent.

Presently, we could perceive a confusion and noise of struggling on board, and angry voices, as if people were trying to force their way up the hatchway from below; and a heavy thumping on the deck, and a creaking of the blocks, and rattling of the cordage, while the main-yard was first braced one way and then the other, as if two parties were striving for the mastery. At length a voice hailed distinctly, "We are captured by a—!" A sudden sharp cry, and a splash overboard, told of some fearful deed. "We are taken by a privateer or pirate," sung another voice. This was followed by a heavy crunching blow, as when the spike of a butcher's axe is driven through a bullock's forehead deep into the brain.

By this time all hands had been called, and the word had been passed to clear away two of the foremost carronades on the starboard-side, and to lead them with grape. "On board there—get below all you of the English crew; as I shall fire with grape," sung out the captain.

The hint was now taken. The ship at length came to the wind—we rounded to under her lee—and an armed boat, with Mr. Treenail and myself, and sixteen men with cutlasses, were sent on board.

We jumped on deck, and at the gangway Mr. Treenail stumbled and fell over the dead body of a man; no doubt the one who had hailed last, with his skull cloven to the eyes, and a broken cutlass blade sticking in the gash. We were immediately accosted by the mate, who was lashed down to a ring-bolt close by the bits, with his hands tied at the wrists by sharp cords, so tightly that the blood was spouting beneath his nails.

"We have been surprised by a private schooner, sir; the lieutenant of her and twelve men are now in the cabin."

"Where are the rest of the crew?"

"All secured in the fore-castle, except the second mate and boatswain, the men who hailed you just now; the last was knocked down on the head, and the former was stabbed and thrown overboard."

We immediately released the men, eighteen in number, and armed them with boarding pikes.

"What vessel is that astern of us?" said Treenail to the mate. Before he could answer, a shot from the brig fired at the privateer showed she was broad awake. Next moment Captain Deadeye hailed "Have you mastered the prize crew, Mr. Treenail?"

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Then keep your course, and keep two lights hoisted at your mizen-peak during the night, and blue-peter at the main-topsail yard-arm when the day breaks. I shall haul my wind after the suspicious sail in your wake."

Another shot, and another, from the brig; the time between each flash and the report increasing with the distance. By this time the lieutenant had descended to the cabin, followed by his people, while the merchant crew once more took charge of the ship, crowding sail into the body of the fleet.

I followed him close, pistol and cutlass in hand, and I shall never forget the scene that presented itself when I entered. The cabin was that of a vessel of 500 tons, elegantly fitted up; the panels filled with crimson cloth, edged with gold mouldings, with superb damask hangings before the stern windows and the side berths, and brilliantly lighted up by two large swinging lamps hung from the deck above, which were reflected from, and multiplied in, several plate-glass mirrors in the panels. On the recess, which in cold weather had been occupied by the stove, now stood a splendid grand piano, the silk in the open work above the keys corresponding with the crimson cloth of the panels; it was open, and a Leghorn bonnet with a green veil, a parasol, and two long white gloves, as if recently pulled off, lay on it, with the very mould of the hands in them.

The rudder-case was particularly beautiful; it was a richly-carved and gilded palm-tree, the stern painted white, and interlaced with golden fretwork, like the lozenges of a pineapple, while the leaves spread up and abroad on the roof.

The table was laid for supper, with cold meat and wine, and a profusion of silver things, and all sparkling brightly; but it was in great disorder—wine spilt, and glasses broken, and dishes of meat upset, and knives, and forks, and spoons, scattered all about. She was evidently one of those London West Indianmen, on board of which I knew there was much splendour and great comfort. But, alas! the hand of lawless violence had been there. The captain lay across the table, with his head hanging over the side of it next to us, unable to help himself, with his hands tied behind his back, and a gag in his mouth; his face purple from the blood running to his head, and the white of his eyes turned up, while his loud stentorian breathing but too clearly indicated the rupture of a blood-vessel on the brain.

He was a stout portly man, and, although we released him on the instant, and had him bled and threw water on his face, and did all we could for him, he never spoke afterwards, and died in half an hour.

Four gentlemanly-looking men were sitting at table lashed to their chairs, pale and trembling, while six of the most ruffian-looking scoundrels I ever beheld, stood on the opposite side of the table in a row fronting us, with the light from the lamps shining full on them. Three of them were small but very square mulattoes; one was a South American Indian, with the square high-boned visage, and long, lank, black glassy hair of his caste. These four had no clothing besides their trousers, and stood with their arms folded, in all the calmness of desperate men caught in the very act of some horrible atrocity, which they knew shut out all hope of mercy. The two others were white, Frenchmen, tall, bushy-whiskered, sallow, desperadoes; but still, wonderful to relate, with, if I may so speak, the manners of gentlemen. One of them squinted and had a hare lip, which gave him a horrible expression. They were dressed in white trousers and shirts, silk sashes round their waists, and a sort of blue uniform

jackets, blue Gascon caps, with the peaks, from each of which depended a large bullion tassel, hanging down on one side of their heads. The whole party had apparently made up their minds that resistance was vain, for their pistols and cutlasses, some of them bloody, had all been laid on the table, with the butts and handles towards us, contrasting horribly with the glittering equipage of steel, and crystal, and silver things, on the snow white damask table cloth.

They were immediately seized and ironed, to which they submitted in silence. We next released the passengers, and were overpowered with thanks, one dancing, one laughing, one crying, and another praying. But, merciful heaven! what an object met our eye! Drawing aside the curtain that concealed a sofa, fitted into a recess, there lay, more dead than alive, a tall and most beautiful girl, her head resting on her left arm, her clothes disordered and torn, blood on her bosom, with her long black hair loose and dishevelled, and covering the upper part of her deadly pale face, through which her wild sparkling black eyes, protruding from their sockets, glanced and glared with the fire of a maniac's, while her blue lips kept gibbering an incoherent prayer one moment, and the next imploring mercy, as if she had still been in the hands of those who knew not the name of mercy; and anon, a low hysterical laugh made our very blood freeze in our bosoms, which soon ended in a long dismal yell, as she rolled off the couch upon the hard deck, and lay in a death-faint. Alas, the day!—a maniac she was from that hour. She was the only daughter of the murdered master of the ship, and never awoke, in her unclouded reason, to the fearful consciousness of her own dishonour and her parent's death.

The Torch captured the schooner, and we left the privateer's men at Barbadoes to meet their reward; and several of the merchant sailors were turned over to the guard-ship, to prove the facts in the first instance, and to serve his majesty as impressed men in the second—but scant measure of justice to the poor ship's crew.

After this we experienced, with little intermission, most dreadful weather for two weeks, until at length we were nearly torn in pieces, and the captain was about abandoning his ground and returning to Port Royal, when it came on to blow with redoubled violence. We struggled against it for twelve hours, but were finally obliged to heave-to, the sea all the while running tremendously high.

About noon on the day I speak of the weather had begun to look a little better, but the sea had if anything increased. I had just come on deck, when Mr. Splinter sung out—"Look out for that sea, quarter-master! Mind your starboard helm! Ease her, man—ease her!"

On it came, rolling as high as the fore-yard, and tumbled in over the bows, green, clear, and unbroken. It filled the deep waist of the Torch in an instant, and as I rose, half smothered in the midst of a jumble of men, pigs, hen-coops, and spare spars, I had nearly lost an eye by a floating boarding-pike that was launched at me by the jangle of the water. As for the boats on the booms, they had all gone to sea separately, and were bobbing at us in a squadron to leeward, the launch acting as commodore, with a crew of a dozen sheep, whose bleating, as she rose upon the crest of a wave, came back upon us, faintly blending with the hoarse roaring of the storm, and seeming to cry, "No more mutton for you, my boys!"

At length, the lee-ports were forced out—the pumps promptly rigged and manned—buckets slung, and at work down the hatchways; and although we had narrowly escaped being swamped, and it continued to blow hard with a heavy sea, the men, confident in the qualities of the ship, worked with glee, shaking their feathers, and quizzing each other.

But anon, a sudden and appalling change came over the sea and the sky, that made the stoutest among us quail and draw his breath thick. The firmament darkened—the horizon seemed to contract—and the sea became black as ink. The wind fell to a dead calm: the teeming clouds descended, and filling the murky arch of heaven with their whirling masses, until they appeared to touch our mast-heads; but there was

neither lightning nor rain, not one glancing flash, not one refreshing drop; the windows of the sky had been sealed up by Him who said to the storm, "Peace, be still."

During this death-like pause, infinitely more awful than the heaviest gale, every sound on board, the voices of the men, even to the creaking of the bulk-heads, was heard with startling distinctness; and the water-logged brig having no wind to steady her, laboured so heavily in the trough of the sea, that we expected her masts to go overboard every moment.

"Do you see and hear that, sir?" said Lieutenant Treenail to the captain.

We all looked eagerly forth in the direction indicated. There was a white line in fearful contrast with the clouds and the rest of the ocean, gleaming on the extreme verge of the horizon. It grew broader; a low increasing growl was heard! a thick blinding mist came driving up a-stern of us, whose small drops pierced into the skin like sharp hail.

"Is it rain?"—"No, no, salt, salt."

And now the fierce spirit of the hurricane himself, the sea Azrael, in storm and in darkness, came thundering on with stunning violence, tearing off the snowy scalps of the tortured billows, and with tremendous and sheer-force, crushing down beneath his chariot wheels, their mountainous and howling ridges into one level plain of foaming water. Our chain-plates, strong fastenings, and clenched bolts, drew like pliant wires; shrouds and stays were torn away like the summer gossamer, and our masts and spars cracking before his fury like dry seeds in autumn, were blown clearly out of the ship, over her bows into the sea.

Had we shown a shred of the strongest sail in the vessel, it would have been blown out of the bolt-rope in an instant; we had, therefore, to get her before the wind by crossing a spar on the stump of the foremast, with four men at the wheel, one watch at the pumps, and the other clearing the wreck. But our spirits were soon dashed, when the old carpenter, one of the coolest and bravest men in the ship, rose through the forehatch, pale as a ghost, with his white hair streaming straight out in the wind. He did not speak to any of us, but clamped off towards the capstan, to which the captain had lashed himself.

"The water is rushing in like a millstream, sir; we have either started a *but*, or the wreck of the foremast has gone through her bows, for she is fast settling down by the head."

"Get the boatswain to *father* a sail, then, man, and try it over the leak, but don't alarm the people, Mr. Kelson." "Stand by, to heave the guns overboard." "Too late, too late—oh God, that cry!" I was stunned and drowning; a chaos of wreck was beneath me, and around me, and above me; the blue agonised gasping faces, and struggling arms and colourless clutching hands, and despairing yells for help, where help was impossible, when I felt a sharp bite on the neck, and breathed again. My Newfoundland dog, Sneezer, had snatched at me and dragged me out of the eddy of the sinking vessel.

For life, for dear life, nearly suffocated amidst the hissing spray, we reached the cutter—the dog and his helpless master. For three miserable days I had been exposed, half-naked and bareheaded, in an open boat, without water, or food, or shade. The third fierce cloudless West Indian moon was long passed, and once more the dry burning sun sank in the west, like a red-hot shield of iron.

In my horrible extremity, I imprecated the wrath of heaven on my defenceless head, and shaking my clenched hands against the brazen sky, I called aloud on the Almighty, "Oh, never let me see him rise again!" I glared on the noble dog, as he lay dying at the bottom of the boat—madness seized me—I tore his throat with my teeth, not for food, but that I might drink his hot blood; it flowed, and, vampire-like, I would have gorged myself: but as he turned his dull, grey, glazing eye on me, the pulse of my heart stopped, and I fell senseless. When my recollection returned, I was stretched on some pliant leaves, in a low smoky hut, with my faithful dog lying beside me, whining and licking my hands and face. On the wide joists that bound the rafters of the roof together, rested a light canoe with its paddles, and over against me, on the wall, hung some Indian fishing imple-

ments, and a long-barrelled Spanish gun. Underneath lay a corpse, wrapped in a boat-sail, on which was clumsily written with charcoal, "The body of John Deadeye, Esq., late commander of his Britannic Majesty's sloop *Torch*."

There was a fire on the floor, at which Lieutenant Splinter, in his shirt and trousers, drenched, unshorn, and death-like, was roasting a joint of meat, while a dwarfish Indian, stark naked, sat opposite to him, squatting on his hams, more like a large bull-frog than a man, and fanning the flame with a palm-leaf. In the dark corner of the hut, half a dozen miserable sheep shrunk, huddled together. Through the open door, I saw the stars in the deep blue heaven, and the cold beams of the newly-risen moon were dancing in a long flickering wake of silver light on the ever-heaving bosom of the ocean, whilst the melancholy murmur of the surf breaking on the shore, came booming on the gentle night-wind. I was instantly persuaded that I had been nourished during my delirium; for the fierceness of my sufferings were assuaged, and I was comparatively strong. I anxiously inquired of the lieutenant the fate of our shipmates.

"All gone down in the old *Torch*; and had it not been for the launch and our four-footed friend there, I should not have been here to have told it; but raw mutton with the wool on, is not a mess to thrive on, Tom. All that the sharks have left of the captain, and five seamen, came on shore last night. I have buried the poor fellows on the beach, where they lay, as well as I could, with an oar-blade for a shovel, and the bronze ornament there (pointing to the Indian) for an assistant." Here he looked towards the body, and the honest fellow's voice shook as he continued. "But seeing you were alive, I thought if you did recover, it would be gratifying to both of us, after having weathered it so long with him through gales and sunshine, to lay the kind-hearted old man's head on its everlasting pillow, as decently as our forlorn condition permitted."

As the lieutenant spoke, Sneezer seemed to think his watch was up, and drew off towards the fire. Weak and famished, the poor brute could no longer resist the temptation; but, making a desperate snatch at the joint, bolted through the door with it, hotly pursued by the bull-frog. "Drop the leg of mutton, Sneezer," roared the lieutenant, "drop the mutton—drop it, sir, drop it, drop it." And away raced his majesty's officer in pursuit of the canine pirate.

After a little, he and the Indian returned, the former with the joint in his hand; and presently the dog stole into the hut after them, and patiently lay down in a corner, until the lieutenant, good-humouredly threw the bone to him after our comfortless meal had been finished. I was so weak that my shipmate considerably refrained from pressing his society on me; and we therefore all betook ourselves to rest for the night.

A STORM.

WE sailed with a convoy for Bombay and China, but destined to cruise ourselves in the neighbourhood of the Cape of Good Hope. We had not quitted port more than a week when we encountered a very severe gale. It was the first time I had beheld the sea in such commotion, and the spectacle was awfully grand. The noble ship was borne like a weed upon the ocean, at the mercy of the tempest, which howled through the rigging, so as to deaden the shouts of the seamen, while furling the heavy sails upon the yards. Billow after billow beat over us; and as the rolling waves dashed up their frothy crests to heaven, roaring in the wildness of their fury, I could not help thinking how different the noise was from the comparison of my poor mother, when she heard the rain patter into the water-butt. The convoy, too, very heavily laden Indianmen, and transports with troops, were scattered in every direction; but now and then we could distinguish one or two, as they appeared for a moment on the summit of the foaming surge, like dim specks on the verge of the horizon.

Night came, and brought its frowning horrors—a pitchy darkness, which seemed almost palpable to the touch, hung with

a funereal gloom above, whilst the wild waves lashed by the raging tempest into sparkling foam, served but to render the blackness of the heavens more dense and horrible. At the commencement of the gale the wind was dead against us, and the ship was hove-to under a close-reefed main-topsail; but towards night the wind veered in our favour, and we flew through the liquid element with astonishing rapidity. The shifting of the gale had produced a still wilder commotion in the waves, which seemed to be struggling for the mastery. Wave after wave came raging after us, and threatening to engulf the frigate; but like a bird upon the wing, the gallant vessel lifted to the swell, and rushed down the steep abyss, tracking her path with brilliancy and light.

Morning at length appeared; the wind had again changed and the ship was once more hove-to. But if the gale of the preceeding night had been furious, it now came with redoubled violence, and the stately vessel which had so lately steered her course in majesty and pride, lay writhing and groaning between the billows, like the soul of the mighty struggling with the last pangs of mortality.

Orders were given to furl the foresail, and about sixty of the best seamen sprang aloft to execute the command. Already had they extended themselves upon the yards, and were gathering up the folds of the heavy canvass, when a tremendous sea came, like an Alpine mountain, rushing towards us. As the poor wretch, when the fierce eye of some famished beast of prey is glaring on him, stands fixed and immoveable, so did the poor seamen suspend their labours, when they saw the waters of destruction approaching. No human voice could warn them of their danger, no hand could be outstretched to save. There seemed to be a momentary stillness in the storm, and a shuddering instinct crept through every spirit—a horrible dread of they knew not what.

Still onward rolled the wave; it struck the vessel on the bows, and threw its portentous burden on the deck. A crash, mingled with a wild, tumultuous yell, ensued; and when the spray had cleared, it was found that the foremast had been swept away, and upwards of fifty brave fellows were buried in the waves. Some still remained entangled in the rigging, but man after man was washed away, till only one was left. We could see him, we could speak to him; but only that Power who holds the tempest in his hand, could rescue him from death. There he struggled; blank despair in every feature, as his strong limbs writhed round the shattered mast, and with convulsive agony, he buffeted the waves. Oh, what avail was human strength in such an hour of peril? His hold relaxed—it became weaker—and slowly he settled in his watery grave.

I need not describe the effects which such a scene produced upon the mind of a boy not thirteen years of age; and even at this moment, so strong are first impressions, the crash, the yell, and the agonised contortions of that drowning man, are present to my mind in all their horrors.

The storm abated, the wreck was cleared, a jurymast was erected, and once more the stately frigate held her way upon the glassy surface of the wave. The first duty was to collect the convoy, and heavy forebodings of their fate were whispered among the crew. One by one, however, they gathered round us, showing manifest indications of the recent storm.

There is something peculiarly interesting to a seaman in the assembling of ships after a gale of wind. It occasions a sensation that a landsman cannot feel, unless it is that sort of melancholy satisfaction when friends meet who have surmounted adversity together, but with the apprehension of similar calamity still before them. Several of the convoy were yet undiscovered, and as the evening was closing in, the heavy report of a distant gun came booming along the waters. Another and another followed in rapid succession, and the frigate's course was directed towards the spot, whence the sounds proceeded.

The sun went down in glory; its radiance tinged the bosom of the liquid element; but it never rose again on those whose signals of distress we heard. They must have seen his last beams arching the heavens with their golden brightness, and light and hope must have expired to them for ever.

The wind opposed our progress, and the swell still rolled against us, though it was now only the heaving of the sea, without its breaking violence. Still we approached nearer to the object of our search, as the noise of the guns was more distinct, and the flashes were plainly visible. At length, about midnight, by the help of glasses, a dismayed vessel was distinguished rolling like a log upon the waters. Every nerve was strained, every effort was made to intimate that assistance was at hand, and the boats were prepared to give succour, or to snatch from destruction. The sight was eagerly bent towards the spot where the clear horizon was broken by the dark object of our good intentions. Suddenly the curve appeared connected; in vain the eye sought the vessel in distress, for nothing obstructed the union of sky and ocean, and "She's gone! She's gone!" was simultaneously exclaimed by officers and men.

Yes, she was gone; and the gallant ship that had endured the fury of the tempest, sunk when its wrath was spent: but that tempest had doubtless shaken her stout frame, and rent her joints asunder. Yet it was hard to perish almost within the grasp of safety.

Hopes were still entertained that some, if not all, had escaped in the boats. Our own were hoisted out, and having neared the supposed spot, were immediately despatched. The morning dawned in magnificence and splendour; the sun rose in glorious majesty; but his earliest beams glanced on a scattered wreck, that told a tale of death. The boats were actively employed in passing to and fro, but no appearance of a human being could be discerned. The launch was discovered bottom upwards, and another boat broken nearly in two. The truth was soon disclosed, for the name *Atlas*, on the stern of the launch informed us, that nearly 200 victims had perished in the deep. How the catastrophe had happened, could only be matter of conjecture.

One of our boats fell in with some spars, which were lashed together so as to form a kind of floating raft, and, on turning them over, a scene presented itself that filled every soul with anguish. A young female, apparently about twenty-two, with an infant fastened to her body, had been secured to the timber; perhaps the last sad office of a tender husband, who, in the affectionate solicitude of his heart, had vainly hoped to rescue them from death. They were taken on board the frigate, sewed up in a hammock, and again consigned to that element at once their destruction and their grave.

INDIAN GRATITUDE.

A MERRY shout rung upon the wandering breeze, as a group of glad children emerged from the confinement of a school-room into the gay sunlight and balmy atmosphere of summer. There was a music in that shout, breathing the very spirit of freedom, happiness, and hope; a music which echoed all the rapturous feelings of childhood, and which burst from the heart and lip only in that sunny period of existence.

It was a beautiful sight to see these fairy creatures, tossing the curls from their beaming eyes, and dancing away over the pleasant landscape that surrounded them. Their career afforded an apt illustration of the manner in which we perform the sweetest portion of the journey of life. Now they would speed onward, with the fleetness of the wind, after a butterfly that flitted before them, and anon they would linger by the way-side and gather wild flowers to garland their joy-illuminated brows. Thus they went on, meeting pleasure at every step, and finding, in each successive object that presented itself to their eyes, a new source of enjoyment.

After varied roaming here and there, the light-hearted wanderers found themselves upon the banks of the river that skirted their homes. It was a beautiful stream, and it presented a fine picture as it went sparkling away in the mellow sunlight, through the green and pleasant hills that enclosed it. But the children had no eye for its beauties; their attention being suddenly and entirely absorbed by a novel, and to them, startling object. Drawn upon the shore among some over-

hanging bushes which had prevented their seeing it until they were quite near, they beheld a frail bark canoe. It contained a young Indian woman, who held an infant, and a dark-browed man who bent his piercing eyes frowningly upon the little group of tremblers before him. Many of these children had never seen an Indian, for the tribes once inhabiting that portion of the country had long since departed to more western climes; but they had all heard vivid and terrible descriptions of the red-men; and all listened to tales of savage barbarity until their cheeks paled and their frames shuddered with apprehension. The sudden hush of their merry voices, and the quick shadows that settled upon their bright faces, told the alarm with which they regarded the strangers. For one moment they stood spell-bound by fear; and the next they turned and fled from the spot. But, one of them, a pretty and resolute-looking little girl, still remained. She stood gazing at the boat and its occupants, with a timid curiosity that expressed itself most eloquently in every lineament of her innocent face. She appeared desirous to obtain the goodwill of the strangers, but she knew not how to make the first advances towards acquaintance. At length she remembered having heard that the Indian race were peculiarly susceptible to kindness, that they never forgot a favour. Yielding to the impulse awakened by this reflection, she turned and darted away. It was nearly half a mile distant, but her rapid footsteps soon traversed the intervening space. There she gathered a basket full of gifts—fairy playthings, toys, trinkets, cakes and fruits, were all mingled together in hurried and strange confusion. With a load which was almost too much for her strength, she hastened back to the boat and laid her offering at the feet of the strangers. They received it with many simple expressions of gratitude, and the little girl, finding her benevolent desires still unsatisfied, took from her neck a costly and beautiful string of coral, and clasped it around that of the infant. The smile of delight that beamed upon the face of the mother at this act of kindness to her child, and the grateful expressions that crossed the dark features of the father, were more eloquent than words, and the giver felt herself amply rewarded. At that moment, another Indian, who had been to the neighbouring village, and for whom the strangers had been waiting, returned, and they prepared for departure. As they sailed away, the little girl stood looking after them with that deep feeling of satisfaction which warms the heart after the performance of a generous deed. She then left the spot to rejoin her companions, and soon forgot, in wild sports and joyous pastimes, the simple act of kindness she had performed.

Years after this little incident, and far away from the spot where it transpired, a proud steamer was ploughing its pathway through the tranquil waters of a noble river. The season was spring, in its first brightness and beauty; the time morning, in its first flush of rosy loveliness, and the scene one of Nature's fairest, in its wildest state of magnificence.

The boat was ascending the Mississippi river, and as it careered along through that picturesque region, many an admiring eye was bent upon the fine and ever-varying landscape. Among those who seemed most gratified by the exceeding loveliness of the scene, were two persons who were themselves the objects of much admiring attention. They were both young, both beautiful, and both happy—happy to a degree beyond all measure, if the radiance of the face revealed aright the sunshine of the soul. The gentleman possessed a handsome and dignified face, with a form such as our dreams bestow upon a hero of ancient days. He seemed a fit protector for the lovely and delicate being at his side, who looked up to him with an expression of firm and trusting confidence which was itself a perfect type of the holy faith of woman. It was easy to discover that this young couple had chosen to tread the path of life together, and that, as yet, their way was strewn with the most beautiful flowers of hope.

From their youth, beauty, and superior refinement of manners, the newly married pair, for such in truth they were, seemed the "observed of all observers." But none gazed upon them with more apparent interest than a group of Indians, who composed a portion of the boat's passengers. These Indians were the last remnant of a once powerful

and warlike tribe, who were now leaving their homes and heritage to seek a resting-place in the wild regions of the far west. One of the dark-browed men, in particular, manifested a peculiar admiration for the young bride. He gazed earnestly and unceasingly upon her face; he lingered near to catch the sound of her voice, and wherever she moved, his eyes followed her, as if they were fascinated by some magic spell.

The boat was passing through a portion of the stream wider and more picturesque than any it had yet traversed. The river had become narrower, the current much more rapid, and dark rocks and high hills frowned in savage grandeur on either side. As the crowd of passengers were gazing in voiceless admiration upon the wild magnificence of nature, the silence was suddenly broken by a fearful noise. There was a mighty shock—and then arose the mingled sound of many voices, crying out in tones of agony and terror—"We are lost!" The steamboat had struck some hidden and fatal obstruction in the river, and her strong timbers were crashing and severing like a frail sapling in the stroke of the thunderbolt. There was no time for deliberation—no chance for selecting a mode of preservation—the boat was rapidly going down, and the many terrified beings, thus suddenly menaced with destruction, sought each the readiest means of avoiding death. Some leaped boldly into the rapid current and swam stoutly towards the shore; others, who could not swim, clung eagerly to some frail object which was to be their support in the deep waters to which they were about to commit themselves, and many ran wildly about upon the decks, frantically calling upon some loved name or seeking some dear friend who had, perhaps, already met a dreadful doom.

Among those who acted, in that trying moment, with firmness and composure, the young pair above alluded to were conspicuous. As soon as the husband became assured that the destruction of the boat was inevitable, he calmly divested himself of some portion of his attire, whispered a few words of encouragement to his companion, and then twining his left arm around her slender waist, he leaped into the water. He was an expert swimmer, and imagined that he could easily bear his light and lovely burthen in safety to the shore. But this hope was destroyed by an unlooked for accident. In springing from the boat he struck his left arm violently against a floating plank, and when he endeavoured to raise it, he found it rendered powerless by the shock. This was truly alarming, but with great presence of mind he entreated his wife to cling firmly to the support thus thrown in their way. All that he could now do, was to lay hold of the plank himself, and look around for assistance. There was none near—nothing that met his eye could afford the faintest hope of rescue! As he felt the powerful current rapidly bearing them down the stream, he strove to raise his disabled arm to guide their frail support towards the shore. But his efforts were vain, and the remorseless waters seemed eagerly hurrying him on to destruction. He could have resigned himself calmly to the fate which now seemed inevitable, but for the fearful thought that his beloved wife must share it. This agonising reflection, added to the pain of his wounded arm, rapidly diminished his strength. Despair began to paralyse his energies, and he struggled in vain against the faintness that was fast overpowering him. He imagined himself dying, and called out to his companion—

"Cling firmly to the plank, dearest, and God will send thee aid. I die—farewell!"

"No, no!" she screamed, in the shrill accents of indescribable anguish, while she loosed her hold of the plank and clung frantically to his sinking form. "No, no, if thou perish I will not be saved. Better far to die with thee than live to lament thy loss." At the same moment she relinquished all efforts to keep herself from sinking, and resigned herself to a power which she believed to be death. But it was only insensibility stealing over her, and after a time she awoke as from a strange and troubled dream. The noise of rushing waters seemed still sounding in her ears, and her form yet seemed tossed about at the mercy of the restless waves. For some moments she vainly endeavoured to recall the remembrance

of what had occurred. She was lying upon a little island in the middle of the stream. Some person was carefully supporting her head; and looking up to ascertain who was near her, what was her astonishment to behold the dark featured Indian who had so strangely and earnestly regarded her during the voyage. This brought the remembrance of the recent catastrophe vividly to her mind, and uttering a faint low cry of anguish, she darted a glance of fearful inquiry around. That look was answered by beholding its object lying near, weak and almost exhausted like herself, but safe from the terrible fate which had threatened him. Then joy, unutterable joy, took possession of her heart. She asked not how they had been saved, she cared not to know—it was enough to see the beloved one whom she had last beheld sinking beneath the wave, now safe and unharmed before her; and a sense of holy gratitude and tranquil happiness, excluded all other thoughts.

The greeting of the young pair was such as might be imagined between persons, like them, rescued from the very grasp of death. When the first deep gush of fervent happiness passed away and allowed other thoughts to arise, they turned to their kind preserver to offer the warmest acknowledgements for the service he had rendered them. He received their thanks with a smile, but when they spoke of reward for his noble deed his features expressed dissatisfaction. His reply to their offers of reward was characteristic of the Indian race, for it expressed all that was necessary in few but fitting words. It also explained that which before appeared mysterious in his conduct.

"Maneko," he said, "wants no recompense; he would scorn to receive pay for what was only an act of duty. The beautiful white girl has forgotten the poor Indian whom she long ago befriended, but he can never forget her. The gift she took from her own fair neck still rests upon the bosom of his child, and the remembrance of her kindness is still warm in the heart of his wife. Many times have the forest leaves withered in the breath of Autumn since the little white girl smiled kindly on the strangers. She was then like a spring flower just opening its beauties to the light, and she is now like a tall tree standing in the pride and glory of its summer loveliness; yet, Maneko remembered her again, despite the change, and his heart warmed with the desire of returning her kindness. It has pleased the Great Spirit to grant him an opportunity, and now his soul is satisfied."

And thus it was! The grateful Indian had recognised the fair young bride as the child who had, a number of years before, conferred upon him a slight, but never forgotten favour. In the fearful moment of the boat's destruction, he had resolved to save her, or perish in the attempt. For some time his kindly intentions were frustrated by the confusion of the scene, and by the disappearance of the lady and her husband. When, at length, he did discover them, they were floating far away down the river, and it required his utmost exertions to reach them. Even then he would not have been able to save them, if they had not been near a little island, which afforded a safe and secure resting-place to the insensible couple and the almost exhausted preserver.

Thus were two young beings rescued from a fearful death, and restored to hope and happiness, life and love, by the influence of one little act of kindness. Surely deeds of benevolence are like

"Flower-seeds by the far winds strewn;"

they take root in almost every soil—they spring up in the most rugged and lonely places; and they shed light and grace and beauty around the most desolate scenes!

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

A LARGE American brig, bound from Havannah to Boston, had been captured in this very channel by one of our men-of-war schooners, and carried into Nassau; out of which port, for their own security, the authorities had fitted a small schooner, carrying six guns and twenty-four men. She was commanded by a very gallant fellow—there is no disputing that; and he must needs emulate the conduct of the officer who had made the capture: for in a fine clear night, when all the officers were

below rummaging in their kits for the killing things they should array themselves in on the morrow, so as to smite the fair of New Providence to the heart at a blow—whiss—a shot flew over our mast head.

"A small schooner lying-to right a-head, sir," sung out the boatswain from the forecabin.

Before we could beat to quarters, another sung between our masts. We kept steadily on our course, and as we approached our pigmy antagonists, he bore up. Presently we were alongside of him. "Heave-to," hailed the strange sail, "heave-to, or I'll sink you."

"The devil you will, you midge," thought I.

The captain took the trumpet—"Schooner, a hoy!"

No answer. "D—n your blood, sir, if you don't let every thing go by the run this instant, I'll fire a broadside. Strike to his Britannic Majesty's sloop, Torch."

The poor fellow commanding the schooner had by this time found out his mistake, and immediately came on board; where, instead of being lauded for his gallantry, I am sorry to say he was roundly rated for mistaking his majesty's cruiser for a Yankee merchantman. Next forenoon we arrived at Nassau.

THE SEAMAN'S TALE.

SWIFT to the embracing deep,
Of British architects the theme and boast,
Rushed our devoted bark;
With loud acclaims the echoing welkin rung,
As first around the circling waves she flung
That Hamoaze's bosom sweep.
Pride of Britannia's sea-girt coast,
Her name became each seaman's toast,
And long her waving flag was blest
With constant victory.

Our crew a dauntless band,
The cheering song—the battle—or the dance,
With equal ardour shared;
Hearts volatile as air; yet bold as light,
In every clime they eager sought the fight,
And shock each hostile strand.
Descried on ocean's wave, what chance
Waits on thy hapless cruiser's, France!
What hope! when Britain's tars advance?
Favourites of victory!

In danger's utmost hour,
When sleep's embraces drowsy landmen fold,
Determined to the last,
Our heroes braved the storm—the lightning's flash,
Howls the wild wave—the pealing thunder's crash,
But vain their power
To sink with fear our seamen bold;
Calmly the tempest they behold,
Firm, though the death-winged demon rolled
His dread artillery.

In Biscay's stormy Bay
Stealing along, a galley fleet espy,
Our death-devoted bark!
Ah, what could valour, what could skill avail,
Opposed to three, one solitary sail,
In such unequal fray?
(A lion in the toils). To fly
We scorned—no aid, no succour nigh—
'Twas ours indignantly to die
Or gain the victory.

Peace to the immortal brave
Who fell that fatal day—a gallant few—
Now ocean deep at rest:
Ye sank! supporting nobly Britain's fame,
Unstruck her flag, unstained the glorious name
That rules the subject waves.
Your country's tears are yours—the due
Well earned, of such a matchless crew;
And England, as she cries adieu,
Embalms your memory!

LOSS OF H.M.S. HINDOSTAN.

Hrs Majesty's ship Hindostan, of fifty-four guns, was converted into a store-ship, carrying thirty guns, and commanded by Captain J. Le Gros. At the time of the unfortunate accident she was on her way to Malta, having on board eleven medicine-chests, and sundry naval stores for the use of the hospital. On the evening of the 29th of March, 1804, being in company with the Phœbe, and a transport, then off Cape St. Sebastian, a violent storm from the N.W. came on so suddenly, that before they could take in the sails, they were all split, with the exception of the foresail, and the greater part of the canvass was blown overboard, and during the gale they parted company with his majesty's ship Phœbe. As the ship laboured violently, the mortar-raft on the main-

deck fetched away, as well as the boats on the quarters, which all hands were instantly employed in securing. The gale abated the following evening, and the crew were engaged in repairing the damage which the ship had sustained in her sails and rigging.

On April 2, about seven o'clock in the morning, a thick smoke was observed to ascend from below; and all hands were immediately called up, the engine was set to work without loss of time, and the buckets kept employed in supplying it with water. The courses were hauled up, and the hammocks got up and stowed away; the galley fire was put out, and several of the ports were opened to give light below. From the course of the smoke, and the report made, the fire was supposed to be on the orlop-deck, abreast of the larboard chess-tree; the engine was therefore played there, and a vast



LOSS OF H.M.S. HINDOSTAN CAPTAIN J. LE GROS APRIL 2, 1804.

quantity of water thrown down. Though no fire was visible, yet the smoke increased so fast in the orlop, that it was impossible for the people to remain there; upon which scuttles were cut at several places forward in the lower deck. Still, with the exception of the smoke, there was no appearance of fire; but they continued incessantly pouring water down the scuttles and hatchways. The fore-hatchway was then partly cleared down to the orlop-hatches, when, from the heat of the tarpaulin over them, it became evident that the fire was among the stores in the fore-hold. It was before impossible to form a conjecture concerning the cause of this alarming accident; but it was now supposed that in the gale of the 30th of March, some of the medicine-chests in the hold had been broken by the working of the ship, and that a spontaneous combustion had been produced by some of the

inflammable materials which they might have contained; and the frequency of occurrences of a similar nature appear in a great measure to confirm this conjecture.

The smoke had by this time become so overpowering, that the people were unable to work on the orlop deck; the lower deck hatches were therefore ordered to be laid on, the ports lowered down, the scuttles, which had been opened, to be choked up, and every means taken that were possible, to endeavour to smother the fire. This having been done, the ship was hove-to about half-past eight; the boats were then hoisted out, and the marines ordered to be under arms to prevent any but the boat-keepers from getting into the boats. Soon after there was a cry of a strange sail being in sight, and, in consequence, a signal of distress was hoisted; but the report proved to be false.

At a quarter-past nine, they wore ship to the N.W. and made every exertion to sail for the land, occasionally firing guns. The people were employed in supplying water, launching the spars overboard for a raft, and getting the gunpowder out of the magazine, and throwing it overboard; but the smoke soon increased to such a degree, that it was impossible for the people to remain at work below. An attempt was therefore made to drown the powder in the magazine by throwing water down, as there was no cock for that purpose; but about eleven o'clock, every one was obliged to discontinue his exertions, as several had been suffocated and brought up for dead. They all, however, afterwards recovered, excepting Francis Burke, who was steward to the purser of the Victory.

As the magazine was still the principal cause of alarm,

those carpenters and shipwrights who were on board as passengers, readily volunteered their services, and succeeded in cutting scuttles into it, through one of the ward-room and one of the gun-room cabins. While they were thus occupied, the smoke increased aft so rapidly, that it became absolutely necessary to close up the after-hatchway on the main-deck; the fore and main-hatchways having already been secured. The chinks of the doors, seams, &c. of the ward-room, were filled up to keep out the smoke. The scuttle in the captain's after-cabin was then opened, and people set to work to haul up the powder and heave it overboard; but so severe was this duty, that many of the men employed were brought up apparently lifeless.

At noon they had an indistinct view of the land, bearing N. W. by W., distant about three or four leagues, latitude by ob-

servation, $41^{\circ} 59' N.$ The people were still busily engaged in clearing the magazine and supplying water, when about half-past twelve they were thrown into the utmost consternation by a violent out-burst of smoke, followed by flames, which rose to half the height of the mainmast, threw off the upper deck gratings, and rushed up the larboard gunwales, abreast of the chess-tree, threatening immediate destruction. In the general confusion which this circumstance naturally created, two men, James Jeffery and James Kelly, in attempting to get into the boats, were drowned. The main-topsail was backed so as to be in readiness to take to the boats; but when the first burst of the fire had passed off, the flame so far subsided, that they were enabled to get the tarpaulins, &c. again over the hatchways, and in some measure to fasten them down. The ship was now fast drawing in with the land and as they then sup-

posed themselves to be to the leeward of Cape Crux, they threw overboard the signal-books and private signals, together with all public and private despatches, to prevent any chance of their falling into the hands of the enemy; and having previously fastened weights to them, saw them all sink. They then hauled down the numeral signal for being in distress, and left flying the reel-ensign at the fore-topmast-head, and blue ensign at the ensign staff, both reversed; and then threw overboard all the other flags and the hammocks which were upon deck.

In the meantime, the people who had been employed in clearing the magazine had run up from below, bringing with them several of their number who were so suffocated as to be apparently dead: this accident had been very frequent during this day, but none of them had suffered so severely as Mr. Banks,

the acting lieutenant, and Mr. Pearce, the gunner; the former having been brought up five times during the morning, in a state of suffocation, and the latter four times. The smoke, however, soon cleared away again in the ward-room and magazine, and a third attempt was made to get up the remaining powder, and also to save the ship's books; but they found it quite impracticable to accomplish either of these objects.

At half-past one the breeze freshened, and at length blew so strong, that they were obliged to take in top-gallant sails. All further communication with the fore part of the ship was now cut off, and the men who were at work were obliged to leave that duty, and use every possible exertion to keep the hatchways covered, while others were employed in incessantly pouring water down by the main and mizen masts, the capstan, wheel-ropes, and every place whence the smoke issued the most, in order, if possible, to prevent the fire from gaining ground abaft; but in spite of all their exertions, and the means which were taken to suppress the fire, it still gained upon them, and the case of the mizenmast in the captain's cabin having already caught, and the flames frequently bursting through the lee-ports, particularly those forward, there was no other alternative than clearing away the mortar-raft which was stowed over the quarter-deck, and to get in readiness to save the crew, about which the shipwrights and others were immediately employed.

At about a quarter-past three, they got a hawser made fast to the raft, and launched her overboard; and a few minutes after four, the Hindostan ran aground in the Bay of Roses, at about half a mile distant from the shore, and three miles to the N.E. of the town of Ampurius la Escala. They immediately clewed up all abaft, leaving the fore-topsail and jib set, in order to prevent the ship from swinging with her head to the wind.

By this time eleven Spanish boats had put off from Escala, and were pulling towards them. The crew of the Hindostan immediately manned their boats, and began to land the passengers and people, while the carpenter, with his crew, assisted by those passengers who were shipwrights, were ordered upon the raft, to endeavour, if possible, to scuttle the ship on the lee-quarter; but as they had not been able to save but very few of their tools, they could not accomplish this effectually, and the wind soon after shifting, blew so much of the smoke aft, that they were obliged to desist from this attempt; and the raft, with as many men as could be placed upon her, was then ordered to be put off from the ship and endeavour to reach the land. The Spanish boats which had come off to their assistance, could not be prevailed upon, on any account, to come close to the ship, but some of them took in the men from the boats and carried them safe ashore.

At about five o'clock the devouring element had made such fearful progress, that it was found impossible for any one to remain on board longer with any chance of safety. All had now left the ship, excepting Captain Le Gros, the first lieutenant, and the master, who descended by the stern-ladders into one of the yawls and pulled to windward of the ship, and Mr. Banks, the second lieutenant, who did the same in the other yawl; but as they judged it dangerous to remain near her, they made for the town of La Escala, where, from its blowing fresh, they did not arrive till nearly seven o'clock in the evening. The launch, which was the first boat ordered on shore, having landed the consul of Tripoli and his family, and all the women and children, had, by the time the captain had left the ship, gone with the jolly-boat to the assistance of the raft, which had drifted considerably to leeward, and towed it to shore; but the men were so entirely exhausted by the excessive fatigues which they had undergone, that they were only able to haul up the jolly-boat, and were therefore obliged to leave the raft and launch lashed together, and secured to the beach by tow-ropes. This party, in marching past where the ship lay at about half-past six, saw the fire bursting frequently from her ports and hatchways. At half-past eight, when they arrived at La Escala, she appeared to be one entire sheet of flame, and at half-past nine she blew up, having drifted as she became lighter, to some distance from the shore.

Immediately upon landing, Captain Le Gros waited on the principal officers of the town; and through their assistance pro-

vided a house for the ship's company, where the exertions of the previous day were forgotten in the soundness of their slumbers. The next morning, not a vestige of their ill-fated vessel was to be seen; and upon mustering the crew, the only persons who were missing were the two who were lost as before stated, when the flames first burst forth, and Francis Burke, who was suffocated, as already described, in endeavouring to clear the magazine. The total number of persons, men, women, and children, who were landed from the Hindostan, amounted to two hundred and fifty-nine.

The next morning they were visited by Mr. Edward Gayner, an English merchant of the town of Roses, who very kindly offered his services, and procured them a supply of provisions, and other necessaries for the ship's company; the men were then removed to a large detached house, to the eastward of the town, and put under quarantine. On being mustered the following day, April 4, it was found that John Colquhoun and William Montgomery, two supernumerary boys, were missing.

On the 5th the articles of war were read, and Joseph Birch, a supernumerary marine, received twenty-one lashes for drunkenness and disobedience of orders.

The two yawls, with a lieutenant in each, were sent to look out in the bay for the remains of the ship, to see if anything could be saved from the wreck, and also to bring the launch and jolly-boat to La Escala. They returned at two o'clock in the afternoon, bringing the jolly-boat with them, but the launch having been staved, they were obliged to leave it behind. They had not been able to discover the wreck, or any remains of the ship, but they found that that part of the mortar-raft on which some of the crew had landed, and which they had left secured to the beach, had been moved about half a mile to the northward of where the launch lay, that it had been cut to pieces, evidently by axes, and a great deal of it was carried away.

On the 7th, the wind blew so fresh, and the weather looked so threatening, that it was deemed inadvisable to send the boats out again. Near La Escala, they found the upper part of the mortar-raft, drifted ashore, and burned to pieces.

On Sunday, the 8th of April, they sent off despatches to Lord Nelson, the commander-in-chief, giving him the particulars of the dreadful accident by which they had just lost their vessel, and also to the secretary of the Admiralty, in a vessel which was hired by Mr. Gayner for that purpose, at the especial request of Captain Le Gros. After the accustomed ceremony of mustering the ship's company, they performed divine service, offering up their heartfelt thanksgivings to Divine Providence for his late signal mercy in delivering them from such imminent perils. At eleven o'clock they again sent the two yawls, with the first lieutenant and master, to endeavour, if possible, to discover the wreck; they were attended by a fishing-boat, the master of which had promised to point out the spot where the wreck lay, but after a fruitless search till six o'clock in the evening, they returned without having found anything.

On the 9th, at daybreak, the first lieutenant and master were again sent out with the two yawls in quest of the wreck, with instructions to the lieutenant to go alongside of an English frigate which had come to an anchor in the bay the previous evening, and to inform her of their distressing situation. This proved to be his majesty's ship Juno. At nine o'clock the yawls succeeded in discovering the wreck, at nine fathoms and a half below the surface of the water, when they immediately put a buoy on her. At eleven o'clock the boats returned with the intelligence of their success in discovering the remains of their once gallant vessel, and half an hour afterwards, they were relieved from the disagreeable and irksome confinement of quarantine, by the arrival of the pratique master from Roses, who immediately released the officers, passengers, and crew. At noon, Captain Richardson of the Juno, came on shore at La Escala, to arrange with Captain Le Gros for the disposal of the numerous body who had been thus suddenly thrown upon a foreign shore, only escaping with their lives, when it was agreed that the Juno should take the whole of them, officers, crew, and passengers, which was accordingly carried into effect the following morning at day-

break, by means of the two yawls and jolly-boats, assisted by the boats belonging to the Juno. At noon, Captain Le Gros, accompanied by Captain Richardson, went on board the Juno, leaving Lieutenant Tailour on shore at La Escala, to look after some of the men that were missing.

On the 11th, at eight o'clock in the morning, the second lieutenant was despatched with the two yawls belonging to the Hindostan, to endeavour to bring off the launch from the beach; but they found the surf so high, that it was impossible for the boats to land. Captain Le Gros afterwards accompanied the masters of both vessels to the wreck of the Hindostan, and soon afterwards Lieutenant Tailour returned on board with some of the men who were missing, and reported that others had been taken up by the Spanish government at Gerona. However, with the exception of James Key, an able seaman, who had been missing since the 10th, and the two boys, Colquhoun and Montgomery, the whole of the absentees returned by the thirteenth.

In pursuance of an order from Vice-admiral the Right Honourable Lord Viscount Nelson, K. B., and commander-in-chief of his majesty's ships and vessels on the Mediterranean station, dated the 18th April, a court-martial was held on board his majesty's ship, the Royal Sovereign, at sea, on Thursday the 19th, under the presidency of Sir Richard Bickerton, Bart., Rear-admiral; when, after thoroughly investigating all the circumstances attending the loss of the Hindostan, they were of opinion, that the fire originated among the stores in the fore-hold, from some unknown cause, near the place where some medicine chests were stowed, and which increased to such a degree as to baffle all efforts to extinguish it; and most fully acquitted Captain Le Gros, the officers, and ship's company, from any blame on account of the transaction.

RETRIBUTION; AN INCIDENT AT SEA.

It is now some five-and-twenty years ago that I was junior lieutenant of as sweet a frigate as ever spread canvass to the breeze, and as it was my first appointment, I was not a little proud of my white lapelles, for I could with truth declare that, as I had the pleasure of wearing them, so also I had honestly won them. We were stationed in that part of the world so terrific to the imagination of Europeans—the West Indies; but I must acknowledge that, though it was precious hot, yet I found it rather pleasant than otherwise.

We were cruising in the Gulf of Florida—the merry old craft playing all sorts of antics in the numerous currents—poking her nose to whatever point of the compass pleased her for the time, in spite of helm or braces—and not unfrequently threatening to resemble the black fellow's schooner, that “run in de bush for ‘n yam apple.”

One night, to the northward of Anguilla, just clear of the Salt Keys Bank, we had a smart gale from N. E. and we reached away upon the starboard tack under close-reefed top-sails, fore-topmast, staysail and trysail, top-gallant yards on deck, and top-gallant masts struck. Towards morning the breeze lulled, so that we were enabled to shake out a couple of reefs; and the bubble of a sea that had been kicked up by the wind was soon smoothed down by the run of the stream.

At daylight, we saw a large ship right a-head of us, with her topmasts gone, the wreck still hanging over the side; whilst to leeward, running away large, under a heavy press of canvass, was a low black schooner, which, as she was nearly end on, looked something like a negro's head with a large ostrich plume floating on the waters. What she was became instantly known, and no small degree of excitement prevailed amongst the watch as soon as the name was uttered—“the Black Bloodhound”—which was alike applied to the pirate vessel and the marauding chief, and of whose peculiarities the most wonderful accounts had obtained currency and credence.

There was nothing the schooner could not be made to do, except speak, and the captain had the same peculiarity, for all (and I am thinking they were but very few) who escaped from

his clutches declared that he carried on the several duties of commander, judge, jury, and chief executioner, by dumb show. The fellow was described as hideous in appearance, ferocious by nature, and cruel from an instinctive love of human flesh. The Black Bloodhound, small as she appeared upon the ocean, was nearly two hundred tons admeasurement, and carried twelve eighteen pounder carronades, one long two-and-thirty in amidships, upon traversing slides, with an heterogeneous crew of seventy men from all nations.

“Keep her clean rap full, Quarter-master,” said I, as descending the companion ladder, I hastened to perform my duty, as officer of the watch, by giving information to the captain. “Two sail in sight, sir,” exclaimed I, on opening the cabin-door; “a ship about half a league distant ahead, with her topmasts gone”

“Well, sir, you had no occasion to disturb me for that,” replied he. “Stand on and hail her, and let me know what she is. I have not had five minutes sleep throughout the night, and had just got into a snooze, and here you come to rouse me out, merely to tell me”

“The Black Bloodhound is on our lee-beam, sir, about five miles off,” rejoined I, interrupting him rather unceremoniously.

“You don't say so, Mr. —?” uttered he, making but one spring out of his cot; and drawing on a pair of loose flannel trousers; and throwing his cloak around him, he neither waited for shoes nor hat, but was instantly on deck, with his glass, reconnoitring the strangers. One look at the stranger was sufficient to betray her character, whilst the ship in distress was evidently a capture, and that she had been plundering her.

“Turn the hands up; make sail, Mr. —,” said the skipper, as cool as a melon.

“The watch square the main-yard—lower the quarter-boat down—put twelve men into her, armed—and be ready, Mr. — to shove off and take charge of the ship. Do the best you can to repair the damage, and keep the frigate in sight as long as possible. Up helm, sir, directly you get on board, and stand after me. Should you part company run for Jamaica. Bear a hand, sir: you have not a moment to spare for chest or bedding.”

The orders were promptly obeyed; the word flew swiftly along the decks that the Black Bloodhound was under our lee, and produced greater alacrity amongst the people than the shrill call of the boatswain's mate. The boat was lowered, and as the frigate launched gallantly ahead, in less than ten minutes from my quitting the captain's cabin I was alongside the strange ship; while the frigate, under a cloud of sail, pursued the flying pirate.

During the bustle I had picked out twelve of the best seamen from the many who volunteered; for so strong is the love of novelty or change in the mind of a tar, that he will undergo any hazard or privation to indulge it. Had the first lieutenant not been so fully engaged, I much question whether he would have allowed me to carry away such excellent hands; as it was he had no time to muster or inspect them, and thus I got clear off with my crew, fourteen in all, including myself and a master's mate.

On ascending to the deck a scene of devastation and blood presented itself, such as could only be witnessed under similar circumstances. Bales and cases broken open lay about in every direction. Elegantly-bound books, silks, muslins, lace, music—in short, something of everything, mutilated, torn, and defaced—were scattered in every part fore and aft, and much of it saturated with human gore. The topmast and topgallant gear hanging down increased the confusion, whilst here and there a dead body, horribly mangled, completed the dreadful spectacle.

My faculties were for a few minutes utterly benumbed. I had seen many a bloody corpse upon the deck of a battle-ship without shrinking; but these—these fell by the remorseless hand of the murderer, and not in fair with a gallant foe. The men had followed me very closely, and were waiting for orders, when one of the men caught me up in his arms (I am a little fellow) and ran aft to the taffrail. At first I was much incensed and almost suspected a mutiny, particularly as I saw the rest very busy about the mainmast, from which several of them hurried down the main-hatchway, whilst others descended by

the companion hatch. It was the work of a moment. "What the devil do you mean by this Jackson?" said I, addressing the man who still held me, apparently ready to jump overboard.

"She's on fire, for'ard, sir," answered he respectfully; "and there was a train, with a lighted match close to it, leading to a barrel o' powder that stood alongside o' you, sir; and as I've heard you say you can't swim, sir, why I hopes no offence in the regard o'trying to save you, sir."

Instinct alone could have prompted this simultaneous movement, and I felt humbled and abashed that I should so far have suffered the shock my nature received to unman me as to give my men the advantage of the discovery. I could not, however, but be much gratified at this token of esteem manifested towards me. "This will never do, Jackson," said I gratefully: "we must stand our chance, my boy, sink or swim. Come, let us see if we can't lend them a hand."

He immediately complied; but the danger had in a great measure ceased through the activity of the men, who had destroyed the communications which had been laid to the powder, ready to blow the ship up. A slight explosion took place down forward, but a plentiful supply of water soon extinguished the fire, and we commenced clearing the wreck; so that in a short time we were running after the frigate, under the fore-sail, mizen staysail, and driver. But in a couple of hours we lost sight of her altogether, and the chase we had not seen for some time.

"There's a—of a sight in the cabin, sir," said Jackson, as soon as the hurry of duty had somewhat subsided; "I've been down overhauling the lockers for a palm and needle and some twine, in the regard that the first lieutenant didn't give us a sufficient allowance of time to get my ditty-bag a long with me, sir. There's four on 'em with their throats cut from clew to earing, and there's a sort of a soughing or groaning abaft by the rudder-case; so that thinks I to myself, I'll just tell the officer, and mayhap—"

"You're right, Jackson; it may be some poor wretch still in existence," said I; and for the first time from my coming on board I went below. The cabin-deck was strewn with a variety of articles, and nearly in parallel lines to each other, with their arms tightly pinioned, lay four bodies, each with the head nearly severed from the neck. The cabin was large and handsome, and the dress of the sufferers indicated that they had been passengers.

In a state room on the starboard fore part of the cabin lay a male and female in a most disgusting position, as if the fiends delighted in every species of evil that could possibly outrage human nature. They were both dead; and beneath the bed-place they occupied was a smaller one, in which was a female child about three years old, cruelly murdered by cutting the throat.

"It's aft here, sir, as the noise is," said Jackson (who had followed me below) going to the rudder-case. I went to the spot and listened, and certainly there were sounds of a peculiar kind, but I thought they were merely caused by the weight of the rudder on the gudgeons, till, on opening a small door of what appeared to be a cupboard, the upper part of a human being

became visible, and we soon had the melancholy gratification of rescuing a fellow creature from a premature death. I say melancholy gratification, for he had been so inhumanly maltreated, that it was really shocking to look upon him. He continued for a long time in a state of insensibility, but by the application of some cordial which we found, and restoring him to the air, he recovered animation, though his mental faculties seemed at first to be much impaired. He raved of bloodshed and murder, called upon the names of Emma and Eliza, shrieked for his children; and bodily pain, which must have been excruciating, was absorbed in the more agonised anguish of the heart. He was apparently about five and forty years of age, but his face had been so scored with knives, that it was impossible to make out a feature of his woeful countenance.

Through dint of strenuous perseverance, by four o'clock in the afternoon, we had jury, fore, and main top-masts up, and the top-gallant sails set for top-sails, and as we had lost sight of the frigate, I hauled up with a fine breeze, intending to go round Cape St. Antonio, the western extremity of the island of Cuba; and as we had made all tolerably snug, we sought for some refreshment, having brought with us only a bag of bread and a few pieces of salt junk. Our search however, was unavailing, for though we found a case of claret and

a quarter cask of Madeira, yet we discovered nothing—not even a biscuit—in the way of food.

Compelled to make ourselves content upon the fare we had, preparations were made for cooking, and whilst some were attaching weights to the murdered dead for the purpose of sinking them, others were employed washing away the crimson pools that stained the polluted deck.

I used my best endeavours to soothe and tranquillize the mind of the wretched sufferer, who still existed, and gradually became more and more conscious, till at length his rationality returned, and he proved to be the mate of the ship,

and brother to the captain, who had been murdered by the pirates. Everything that could be done to alleviate the poor fellow's torture was tried, but he was so dreadfully burnt (the wretches having scored him like pork, rubbed gunpowder into the interstices, and then fired it off,) with other grievous injuries. —And perhaps I may as well relate here the narrative which I obtained at intervals, and by disjointed parts.

"We sailed," said the mate, "from New York, and as my brother the captain had purchased some property in Jamaica, we were bound to Montego Bay, where, with his family, consisting of a wife and two daughters, one sixteen, and the other thirteen, he purposed landing."

"But there was one younger than you mention," said I without making other reference, to what I had before witnessed.

"Oh yes, sir," replied he, "there were two—two dear innocents—they were mine, sir—they were mine—the children of one who died a short time before we left New York; and they were going to remain with their uncle whilst I was at sea. I need not ask you how you came to know the fact of their being aboard, for the dreadful massacre is yet before my eyes. Oh God! that I could wipe away the remembrance of it for



ever. Yet no! Almighty Father, grant that the hour of retribution may come and I am content to suffer till that time.

"We made a very fair passage, sir, till yesterday afternoon, when the piratical schooner hove in sight, and not liking her appearance, we carried on through thick and thin, under the vain hope of falling in with some of the British cruisers. Oh, sir, had it pleased Providence to have sent you to our succour yesterday—but I will not arraign the decrees of unerring wisdom. Yet when I think of my murdered little ones, and all dear relations—all—all gone—oh, sir, it is more than my spirit can endure.

"The schooner overhauled us very fast, yet still we cherished the prospect of escape or succour, till in a sudden squall, in which we did not shorten sail, our three topmasts came down, and then we sank into despair. The females had been secreted in the hold under a heap of lumber; and whilst I was looking at the wreck, my brother came to me.

"Amos," said he, "let me commune with you apart," and I walked aft with him in silence. "Amos," continued he; and there was a fierce, fiery restlessness in his eyes as he looked in mine; "Amos," repeated he, "our children, could you bear to see them," and he paused and grasped my arm in a convulsive clutch. "Amos, answer me: would it not be better that they should die, than fall in the power of yon hellish gang?"

I caught his meaning, but I could not speak. "Did not the chosen people of the Most High," he continued, "save their wives and daughters from pollution by—" he ceased, and a sickly tremor came over him as he felt terrified at his own thoughts.

"God had departed from them, Daniel," said I, soothingly; "but we do not know that he will visit us in judgement! Pray to him in this hour of peril, that his wrath be not stirred up against us! We must use the means, Daniel; it is for Him to bless our efforts." "Thou counselest well, Amos," returned he; "we will use the means, and," he added, raising his hands to heaven, "Lord deliver us for thy name's sake!"

"We worked hard to clear the wreck, but the schooner was alongside of us before we had well commenced; and in a few minutes her boat full of men, shoved off to board us. 'Amos,' said Daniel, 'be near me, my brother; and be firm. Yet, yet,' added he, whilst his eyes again flashed fiercely, 'I would not torture them; and if the lambs are to be slain—'

"Peace, Daniel," returned I; "God sees not as man sees."

"Well, sir, the pirates boarded us, and then commenced a series of the most diabolical outrages that infernal ingenuity could invent and perpetrate. No resistance was offered; for it would have been useless. The passengers were taken into the cabin, and tortured to make confession where the money was concealed. It was in vain they endeavoured to appease the wretches, by resigning every thing. Some articles of female apparel were discovered, and the pirate chief, his face concealed beneath a black mask, made signs to one of his followers, who demanded where the owners were?"

"To the honour of the seamen, they resisted every attempt to wring the secret from them; but one of the passengers, a poor weak, terrified lad, under the expectation of saving himself, betrayed their hiding-place, and the next minute his throat was cut, and he lay a corpse upon the deck. Never shall I forget the look of Daniel when his wife and daughters were brought up, and tried to run to him for protection. Emma was just at the age of ripening beauty; and Eliza was nearly as tall as her sister, though not so well favoured in feature. A motion from the chief, and they were seized by some of his fiends in human form; and when Daniel would have rushed forward to attempt their rescue, a blow from the chief's sabre cut him down. Then ascended up to heaven wild shrieks of horror and supplications for deliverance.

"There, too, stood my innocents—the wretches, could not they spare infancy? Oh no! their feet were swift to shed blood—although it were the blood of babes! but I cannot speak of them, sir—they are safe in another and a better world—whilst I!—ay, the hour of retribution will come. When Daniel recovered sensibility, it was to see his daughters forced over the side into the pirates' boat; and as they clung to their mother,

who held them with an inseparable grasp, the tendons of her arms were divided by a sharp weapon; and as they still embraced, a ruffian drew his knife across my sister's throat, and she was a quivering corpse. Daniel was lashed down to the ring-bolts—powder was placed round him, and exploded, to make him confess that money was somewhere in his keeping. For myself I was suspended by the wrists in the main rigging, and there, oh God! will the scene never pass away from my eyes?—there, sir, I saw my children practised on by every hellish device; and there, too, in my sight—the sight of a father—the remorseless villains butchered them."

Here he ceased for a while, entirely overcome with the horror of recollection, and his convulsive sobbings seemed as if they would rend his breast. In a short time he grew more calm, and proceeded:—

"It would be a sickening task, sir, to detail all the atrocities practised by these devils. Murder after murder followed in rapid succession, and then they commenced plundering. My poor brother looked at me, and then was, or at least I thought there was an expression of reproach upon his countenance as he mournfully shook his head; but he could not speak as the inhuman wretches had cut out his tongue.

"Throughout the night did this scene continue; and it grew more and more dreadful when heightened by intoxication. The pirate chief never removed his hideous mask—he had returned once to the schooner, but remained only a short time; and when he came back poor Daniel was cast loose, a rope was rove through a block upon the main-stay, a noose was put round his neck, and he was run up till his convulsive throes ceased, and he was lowered down to recover. Three times was this repeated; but the third time had effectually terminated his sufferings, and he was thrown down the skylight into the cabin.

"How I contrived to escape I can hardly tell. I remember being cut down and falling to the deck, where some one dragged me to the companion hatch; and as they raised me up for a launch down the ladder, a voice whispered in my ear, 'There's a sail in sight—hide yourself if you can.' The next moment I was precipitated below, and in a few minutes, finding no one in the cabin, I crawled to the place where you found me, and sunk into insensibility. You see the manner in which I have been treated; but God will grant me strength for the hour of retribution. I have prayed for it, sir—the groanings of my spirit have ascended up to the throne of omnipotence; I have implored with the pleadings of faith—and I feel assured, that ere long, my petitions will be answered."

There could be no doubt, that the schooner had made the frigate out before we had caught sight of her, and thus was enabled to gain a considerable advantage. "What sort of a man is he you call the pirate chief?" inquired I.

"Of his features I can say nothing; for they were concealed, and consequently it was impossible to ascertain his age," replied the mate; "but he was of middle stature, well-built, and active. Every signal or sign he made showed the heart of a devil."

That night it was calm, and for three days we drifted at the mercy of the currents. Sometimes a light air of wind would tantalize us, but it soon subsided again; and as our stock of provisions began seriously to decrease I put the men upon short allowance. But this was not the worst—our water was nearly gone, and under a vertical sun this was no joke.

On the fourth day, however, we got a fine breeze, and as the frigate did not appear I determined to run into the Havana to obtain victuals, and water, and the next morning we were safe at anchor within the Moro Castle, and all hands busily at work. Unfortunately I had no papers to show my authority in taking charge of the ship; but, by one of those occurrences which are especially ordained, I happened to have my pocket-book, containing my commission, and a deposition was taken before the authorities of the actual state of the case.

The Spaniards used many pretexts for doubting and discrediting the evidence of myself and my men, for the purpose of seizing the vessel, but the English and American official residents promptly came to my aid, and we were allowed to remain unmolested. Medical assistance was obtained for the mate but no persuasions could induce him to go on shore.

I had landed early one morning to expedite the labours of the men, and feeling fatigued, entered a coffee-house to obtain refreshment. Whilst sitting at the table a young man in a Spanish undress naval uniform approached, and, stiffly saluting me, took his seat on the opposite side. His age appeared to be about five-and-twenty; his face was remarkably handsome, and there was a sort of careless recklessness in his look which characterised a tar of the old English school—in fact there was nothing of the Spaniard about him but his dress, and I very soon became convinced by his manners that he was a countryman. His beverage was wine; and as he raised the tumbler to his lips, he uttered in good English, though with somewhat of an Irish accent, “Signor teniente, your health.”

I bowed in token of acknowledgment; and a conversation ensued, in which he announced himself an Irishman by birth, but nearly the whole of his existence had been passed in the United States and Spanish America, and he was then in the personal suite of the governor, with a rank of a first lieutenant in the navy. His manners were extremely engaging; but there was a sort of hardened bravado at times about him which strikingly contrasted with his usual gentlemanly deportment.

We talked of our several national services, and his observations manifested acuteness and intelligence. The capture of the Yankee by the pirate naturally engaged some portion of our attention, and he listened to the details with much earnestness.

At length he proposed a walk through the city; but this I politely declined, urging the necessity for my speedy departure for Jamaica, as an efficient excuse. The fact, however, was, that I did not like to commit myself with a man of whom I knew nothing, and I was not pleased at seeing a seaman in any other uniform than that of his natural country. He accompanied me, however, to the boat, and looking upon the six men that were at work, paid a high compliment to their admirable appearance.

“How many such have you in the frigate?” inquired he.

I replied, “Three hundred and twenty.”

“But you have more than these in the Yankee,” said he; “strong as they are, they are barely sufficient to handle her.”

“They do very well,” answered I, somewhat evasively. “I have no wish for more; especially as the frigate will, no doubt be somewhere in the neighbourhood looking for us.”

“I should like very much to run to Jamaica with you,” said he; “the governor, I think, would grant me permission, if you would give me a passage. When do you sail?”

I told him, on the following day if possible; and he was perfectly welcome to a passage.

“Well, then,” added he, “I will obtain leave of absence, and be on board in the morning;” and so we parted.

I completed all my arrangements, and by night was ready for sea, intending to take advantage of the land-breeze in the early part of the dawn to make an offing. Accordingly, soon after sunrise we had sail upon the ship; the anchor was purchased, and we stood out. A canoe came alongside, and a note was handed up by a negro, who instantly shoved off again. It was from my acquaintance of the coffee-house, stating the failure of his application for leave of absence, and wishing me a pleasant passage.

The mate had been very carefully attended to; and as most of his injuries were of an external nature, he found great relief from the applications prescribed by the doctor; nor was his bodily strength much diminished. He was a tall, robust, and muscular man, apparently of great physical power; but he belonged to that enduring sect founded by William Penn, whose object is peace and good-will to all.

We rounded Cape St. Antonio in capital style, and then hauled up for Jamaica; but we had light baffling winds and calms till nearly abreast of the Isle of Pines, and then we had it more steady.

It was early one morning—the master’s mate (he was an Irish youth of the name of O’Brien) had the watch—and I was soundly sleeping on a mattress upon the deck, dreaming of home, when I felt myself roughly shaken, and O’Brien, with staring eyes an eager look, exclaimed,—“By the powers but she’s there again, sir.”

“Who’s there?” inquired I, jumping up in a hurry, and observing the men using my glass to examine something to windward. “What is it, O’Brien?”

“Why, then, it’s the devil herself, Mr. ———” replied he; “she’s got away from the old hooker, and will be down upon us before we can say pase.”

I went to the gangway—took the glass, and directed it towards a sail in-shore of us. There was no mistaking the rig, or the cut of her sails: a curious sensation crept over me—it was the Black Bloodhound, and she was standing out towards us. The atmosphere was rather hazy; but I sent a man aloft to see if he could discover any other strange sail, and he reported several small craft in with the land, and a vessel of some kind or other on the lee-bow, but he could not make out what.

I communicated the circumstance to the American mate, who, so far from feeling alarmed, expressed considerable satisfaction. “I shall die, sir,” said he, “but the hour of retribution is at hand.” I called the men aft, and described the inevitable consequence of falling into such murderous hands, and demanded whether they would stand by me in resisting to the last.

“If you’ll ownly give orders, sir,” said Jackson, advancing a little before the rest, “we’ll hold on by you for a highland moon; and I’m bless’d if we don’t larn the scoundrels a trick or two afore we’ve done. Won’t us, boys?”

A brief assent announced their willingness; and we instantly commenced preparations for defence. I had found a couple of eighteen pounder carronades in the hold whilst at Havana, and got them mounted. There was plenty of powder on board, but no shot; and all hands set immediately to work to collect langridge of all kinds to atone for the deficiency: iron hoops were broken in small pieces—glass bottles were in readiness—spike-nails—in short, everything of an offensive nature that we could gather was tied up in canvass of a dimension to enter the muzzles of the guns; and each man amongst us had his musket, a brace of pistols, a bayonet, and cutlass. I gave the American my musket and bayonet, reserving my other arms to myself: and thus we presented a formidable little band of fifteen, expecting an attack of probably more than seventy. But when I considered that

“Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just,”

I felt but little apprehensions as to the result. The awning was spread over the quarter-deck, and I directed the stops to be cleverly stranded so that a strong jerk would bring the whole of it down together. Our carronades were loaded, and secured in midships, just before the after-hatchway, so that we might, on seeing which side the pirate would take, bring them both to bear together. A shot from his long gun, that passed over us, was a warning to heave-to; but we still carried on, to gain as much time as possible, and induce him to believe that we were under great alarm.

“May I request a favour, sir?” said Amos, in a tone of great solemnity.

“If it does not interfere with my arrangements, you may ask, and have all that I can do for you,” replied I.

“It’s only to let one of the men reeve a line through that block upon the mainstay, sir,” said he, pointing aloft to the block at which his unfortunate brother had been suspended, and which still remained in its original position, though I had ordered its removal. “You may deem my request a strange one,” added he: “but grant it me, sir; Jackson, here, will lend me a hand, and you shall see that retribution will have its day.”

I certainly did not much heed what his intentions were, for my thoughts were otherwise too busily engaged; but I told Jackson to get the rope rove, as much as anything to satisfy him; as there seemed to be a sort of mysterious communing between them. Another shot from the schooner passed through both topsails; but as the weather began to thicken, I still carried on, though without the smallest hope or expectation of getting away. In another quarter of an hour she ranged under our lee-quarter, and poured in a broadside, which, however, injured no one. My brave fellows had anticipated her movement, and the two carronades were promptly at the midship-ports, covered over with the boat’s sails.

"Ho—the ship, ahoy!" exclaimed a voice from the schooner; "heave-to, and send your boat aboard directly."
 "Ay, ay, sir," answered I, aloud; but, whisperingly added—"Stand by, my men—square the mainyard lubberly fashion;" and then aloud—"Back the main-top-sail."

My orders were well obeyed—only a few of my men appearing; and the pirates, fancying we had but little strength, and knowing that there were no guns when they were last on board, crowded the nettings and rigging to have a look at us; they were so close that we could hear even the tread of the men upon her deck; when suddenly luffing up (as the schooner had forged a-head so as to be abreast the fore-channels), I gave the word "fire!" The carronades were admirably pointed and the execution they did exceeded my most sanguine expectation. The schooner filled her topsail, and stood on till she brought us in line with her stern, and then her long gun was pointed abaft, and cut us up most miserably—the shots ploughing the deck, and tearing and rending everything before them—but still without wounding a single individual; for, except myself and the man at the helm, every soul else was in the hold.

I concluded that she meant to sink us; and as some of the shots struck the ship below the breast-hooks, she made a good deal of water: but the men were prompt with such materials as they could find for plugs, and there was no immediate danger. Finding, however, that we made no further resistance, he got out two large boats, and going about, kept them out of sight to windward, and stood towards us till he got within half a cable's length of our weather-bow, when he again tacked, and the boats, filled with men, shoved off to board us. Hastily scanning the armament with my glass, I distinctly saw the pirate chief in a black mask, and should have taken him for a negro, had not Amos exclaimed, in a suppressed voice,—"It is he—he comes—and the hour of retribution has arrived."

My carronades had been reloaded, and my gallant fellows, with incredible speed, dragged them forward to the middle port, which was closed. It was a moment of fearful excitement—the boats were close to us, nearly under the bows—when open flew the port, and they got the full benefit of the discharge—killing, and crashing, and wounding, but we could only fire one gun before the wretches were scrambling up the head, and on to the fore-castle.

I had retreated with my men to the larboard waist, so as to place the long boat between us and the assailants, and directed them to be sure of their aim, and fire—they did so, and ten of the pirates fell to rise no more, "Now lads," shouted I, "your pistols and cutlasses, and the day's our own."

We made a desperate rush a sharp hand-to-hand struggle ensued, and we were the victors, having the Black Bloodhound himself among the prisoners. In an instant the American darted at him, tore the mask from his face, and I beheld the handsome features of my coffee-house acquaintance at Havanna. I had not a moment, however, to bestow upon the recognition so as to renew our intimacy, for about a dozen men had crowded back into one of the boats, and were making off on their return to the schooner.—The second carronade, however, speedily supplied the place of that which had been discharged, and pointing it myself I awaited the dispersion of smoke to ascertain the issue. On its clearing away, I saw the boat filled with water, and the men who yet lived were swimming around her.

A loud shout abaft now attracted my attention, but the smoke from the gun still clung to the rigging aloft, yet I could indistinctly see the American and Jackson, and several of the men, clustered together at the gangway, and following the direction of their looks up to the mainstay, there was the body of the Black Bloodhound writhing in the convulsive agonies of death—Amos was right—his hour of retribution had come.

I hastily ran aft to stay this illegal execution, but was too late—the carcase, which but a few minutes before had been full of life and animation, now hung suspended without motion—the vital principle had fled.

Amos knelt upon the deck, the blood flowing freely from fresh wounds he had received in his breast and on his head,

and presenting a most ghastly spectacle. "Lord, now let thy thy servant depart in peace," uttered he, in a low but fervent tone; "Thou heardest my petition, and hast granted the prayer thereof, blessed be thy holy name." I shuddered to hear the name of the Deity addressed in terms of gratitude for the indulgence of revenge, and should have expressed my disgust, but a shot from the pirate came crashing through the bows—and Amos lay at my feet a headless corpse.

"The schooner means boarding, sir," shouted O'Brien "Uphelm," cried I, running aft—"tend the braces men, and trim the sails, as she gathers good way." The ship payed off, and the schooner, observing our manœuvre, gave us a broadside that scratched two of my men out of the book of life, and wounded three others. I must own that a sickness of heart came over me when I witnessed this destruction of so many of my gallant band; but Jackson suddenly aroused me by a shout—"the ship, sir,—the frigate—hurrah I knew old Ironsides (the name by which the captain went among these men) wouldn't leave us—hurrah boys!—every b——y rogue on 'em will be strung up just like ingons."

I looked, and there, sure enough, was the dashing craft emerging from the fog, under a heavy press, and coming down to our rescue. One of the pirate's boats was yet lying under our bows—the frigate was too close for the schooner to get away; so manning the boat with six men, I prepared to board.

In another quarter of an hour I stood upon the pirate's deck—no creature was to be seen, but mangled dead and wounded lay in all directions. I brought the vessel to the wind, lashed her helm a-lee, and then went into the cabin urged by an irresistible impulse, to ascertain the fate of the young females.

They were there—the eldest was sitting crouched in a corner her long hair hanging over her neck and bosom, and her eyes wildly glaring with unnatural ferocity. The youngest was extended at full length, with her head resting in her sister's lap, and her face turned up with a fixed expression on the countenance of the elder. I spoke soothingly, but the only answer returned was an hysterical laugh—alas! one was a maniac, and the other a corpse!

The boats from the frigate boarded us soon after, and my command was transferred from the Yankee to the schooner—the body of the chief still hung at the mainstay, nor would Captain ——— suffer it to be lowered down—and a fair breeze springing up, we steered for Jamaica; and entered Montego Bay with the human sacrifice still exposed. Upwards of forty of the pirates had been killed or wounded the rest expiated their crimes on the gallows. The young surviving female of the American family never properly recovered her reason, but she inherited the property of her father, and lived on it many years, refusing every offer of marriage that was made her.

The uncle and niece were buried in the same grave. The planters very handsomely presented me with a valuable gold-mounted sword, and the men with ten doubloons each: the beautiful craft was purchased into the service, raised upon, and spoiled; and the body of the pirate chief, enclosed in an iron frame, was suspended from a gibbet just above high water mark—a signal instance of just RETRIBUTION.

SWIMMING.

THE French minister of marines has made it imperative, that all men, of whatever rank, employed in the naval service, should be able to swim.

BRED TO THE SEA.

THE late Captain O'Byrne, of gambling memory, having made a bet on the subject of Admiral Payne, wrote the following note:—

"Dear Payne,—Pray were you bred to the sea?" To which the following answer was returned: "Dear O'Byrne,—No; but the sea was bred to me."

LOSS OF THE BETSEY

THE sloop *Betsey*, commanded by Philip Aubin, and bound for Surinam, sailed from Carlisle Bay, in the Island of Barbadoes, on the 1st of August, 1756. The vessel was about eighty tons burthen, built entirely of cedar, and freighted by Messrs. Roscoe and Nyles, merchants, of Bridgetown, with a cargo consisting of all kinds of provisions and horses. The latter part of the cargo was in consequence of a law which the Dutch passed, that no English vessel should be permitted to trade with the colony, unless horses constituted a part of her cargo, as they were then greatly in want of a supply of these animals; and this condition was so rigidly enforced by the Dutch, that if the horses chanced to die on the passage, the master of the

vessel was obliged to preserve the ears and hoofs of the animals, and to make oath, upon entering the port of Surinam, that they were alive when he embarked and destined for that colony.

The coast of Surinam, Berbice, Demerara, Orinooka, and all the adjacent ports are low lands, and inundated by large rivers which discharge themselves into the sea. All along this coast the bottom is composed of a kind of mud or clay, in which the anchors sink to the depth of three or four fathoms, and upon which the keel sometimes strikes without stopping the vessel. The sloop being at anchor three leagues and a half from the shore, in five fathoms water, the mouth of the river Demerara bearing S. by S.W., and it being the rainy season, the crew drew up water from the sea for their use, which was as sweet and good as river water. The current occasioned by the trade winds, and the numerous rivers which fall into the sea, carried



LOSS OF THE BETSEY, CAPTAIN AUBIN, AUGUST 5, 1756

them at the rate of four miles an hour towards the West and North-west.

In the evening of the 4th of August, they were tacking about between the latitudes of ten and twelve degrees north, with a fresh breeze, which obliged them to reef the sails. At midnight the captain found that the wind increased in proportion as the moon, which was then on the wane, rose above the horizon, and that the sloop, which was deeply laden, laboured excessively; he therefore would not retire to rest until the weather became more moderate, but told his mate, whose name was Williams, to bring him a bottle of beer, and both of them sat down. While thus occupied, the vessel suddenly turned with her broadside to windward. The captain called to one of the seamen to put the helm a-weather, but he replied it had been so for some time; he then directed the mate to see if the cord was not entangled, but

he answered that it was not. At this instant the vessel swung round with her head to the sea and plunged, and immediately her head filled in such a manner that she could not rise above the surf, which broke over them to the height of the anchor-stocks; and they were very soon up to their necks in water, and everything in the cabin was washed away, while some of the crew, which consisted of nine men, were drowned in their hammocks without uttering a cry or groan. When the wave had passed, the captain took the hatchet that was hanging up near the fire-place, to cut away the shrouds, so as to prevent the ship from upsetting, but his efforts were in vain. The vessel upset and turned over again, with her masts and sails in the water; the horses rolled one over the other and were drowned, forming altogether a spectacle the most melancholy that can be conceived.

They had but one small boat, about twelve or thirteen feet in length, and she was fixed, with a cable coiled inside of her, between the pump and the side of the ship. Providentially for their preservation, there was no occasion to lash her fast, but at this time they entertained no hope of seeing her again, as the large cable within her, together with the weight of the horses and their stalls, entangled one among another, prevented her from rising to the surface of the water.

In this dreadful situation, holding on by the shrouds, and slipping off his clothes, the captain looked around him for some plank or empty box, by which he might preserve his life as long as it should please the Almighty, when he perceived his mate and two seamen hanging by a rope, and imploring God to receive their souls. He then advised them to undress, as he had done, and to endeavour to seize the first object that could assist them in preserving their lives. Williams, the mate, followed his advice, stripped himself quite naked, and instantly betook himself to swimming, at the same time looking out for anything he could find. He had not been in the water many minutes, before he cried out "Here is the boat, keel uppermost!" upon which the captain immediately swam to him, and found him holding on to the boat by the keel. They then set to work to turn her, but their exertions were unavailing, till at length Williams, who was the strongest and heaviest man of the two, contrived to set his feet against the gunwale of the boat, while he laid hold of the keel with his hands, and with a violent effort nearly succeeded in turning her. The captain being to windward, pushed and lifted her up with his shoulders on the opposite side, till at length, with the assistance of the surf, they turned her over; but she was full of water. The captain then got into her, and endeavoured, by means of a rope belonging to the rigging, to draw her to the mast of the vessel, as, in the intervals between the waves, the mast always rose to the height of fifteen or twenty feet above the water. He passed the end of the rope fastened to the boat once round the head of the mast, keeping hold of the end; and each time that the mast rose out of the water, it lifted up both him and the boat: he then let go the rope, and by this expedient the boat was about three-fourths emptied; but having nothing to enable him to disengage her from the mast and shrouds, they fell down upon him, driving him and the boat again under water.

After repeated attempts to empty her, in which he was cruelly wounded and bruised, he began to haul the boat, thus filled with water, towards the vessel by the shrouds; but, by this time, the sloop had sunk to such a depth, that only a small part of her stern was visible, upon which the mate and two other seamen were holding fast by a rope. He then threw himself into the water, with the rope that was attached to the boat in his mouth, and swam towards them, to give them the end of the rope to lay hold of, in the hope that by their united strength they would be able to haul the boat over the stern of the vessel, to accomplish which they exerted their utmost efforts; and at this instant the captain nearly had his thigh broken by a shock of the boat, as he was between her and the ship. At length they succeeded in hauling her over the stern, but in this manœuvre they had the misfortune to break a hole in her bottom. The captain, as soon as his thigh was a little recovered from the blow, jumped into her with one of the men, and stopped the leak with a piece of his coarse shirt. This man not being enabled to swim, had not stripped like the others; and had thus preserved his coarse shirt, a knife that was in his pocket, and an enormous hat in the Dutch fashion. The boat being fastened to the rigging, was no sooner cleared of the greatest part of the water, than the captain's dog came to them, running along the gunwale; they took him in, and returned thanks to Providence for thus sending provision for a time of necessity. A moment after the dog had entered, the rope broke with a jerk of the vessel, and the boat drifted away, leaving the mate and the other seamen hanging to the wreck. The mate had fortunately found a small spare topmast, which afterwards served them for a rudder, and with this they swam to the boat, where they were assisted in by the others, and soon afterwards they lost sight of their ill-fated bark.

It was then about four o'clock in the morning, as they judged by the dawn of day, which was then beginning to appear, so that about two hours had elapsed since the calamity that had compelled them to abandon their vessel. That which prevented her foundering sooner, was their having on board about a hundred and fifty barrels of biscuit, as many or more sacks of flour, and three hundred firkins of butter, all of which floated upon the water, and were soaked through but slowly. As soon as they were clear of the wreck, they kept the boat before the wind as well as they could; and when it grew light, they perceived several articles that had floated from the vessel. Soon after the captain saw his box of clothes and linen, which had been carried out of the cabin by the violence of the waves. This unexpected circumstance gave great joy, as the box contained some bottles of orange and lime juice, a few pounds of chocolate, sugar, &c. Reaching over the gunwale of the boat they laid hold of the box, and made use of every effort to open it on the water, for they could not think of getting into the boat a box of size and weight sufficient to sink her; but in spite of all their endeavours, they were, to their unutterable disappointment, obliged to leave it behind, with all the good things it contained; and to add to their distress, the efforts they had made to accomplish what they desired, had almost filled their boat with water, and had more than once nearly sunk her.

They however had the good fortune to pick up thirteen onions, but were unable to reach any more, although they saw many. These thirteen onions and the dog, without a single drop of fresh water, or any liquor whatever, were all that they had to subsist upon; and they were at that time, according to the computation of the captain, about fifty leagues from land, having neither masts, sails, nor oars to direct them, nor any description of article, except the knife of a sailor who could not swim, his shirt, a piece of which they had already used to stop the leak in their boat, and his wide trousers. This day they cut the remainder of his shirt into strips, which they twisted for rigging, and then went to work, alternately, to loosen the planks with which the boat was lined, by dint of time and patience, cutting round the heads of the nails that fastened them. Of these planks they made a kind of mast, which they fixed, by tying it to the foremost bench; a piece of board was substituted for a yard, to which they fastened the two parts of the trousers which served for sails, and assisted in keeping the boat before the wind, while they steered with the small topmast, which the mate had brought on board.

As the pieces of plank which they had detached from the inside of the boat were too short, and were not sufficient to go quite round the edge, they were obliged, when the sea ran very high, to lie down several times along the gunwale on each side, with their backs to the water, in order to prevent the waves from entering the boat; and thus with their bodies to repel the surf, whilst the other, with the Dutch hat, was constantly employed in baling out the water; besides which the boat continued to make water at the leak, which they were unable to stop entirely.

It was in this melancholy situation, and all of them quite naked, that they kept the boat before the wind as well as they could. The night of the first day after their shipwreck arrived before they had well completed their sail; but although it became quite dark, they contrived to keep the boat running before the wind at the rate of about a league an hour. The second day was more calm; they each ate an onion, at different times, and soon began to feel the effect of thirst. Towards night the wind became violent and variable, sometimes blowing from the north, which caused them great uneasiness, as they were then obliged to steer south, in order to keep the boat before the wind, and their only hope of being saved was on their proceeding from east to west.

On the third day their sufferings were excessive, as they had not only to endure hunger and thirst, in themselves sufficiently painful, but also the heat of the sun, which scorched them in such a manner, that from the neck to the feet, their skin was as red and as full of blisters as if they had been burned by a fire. Smarting under this accumulation of bodily pain, the captain seized the dog, and plunged the knife into his throat. They caught his blood in the hat, receiving in their hands and

drinking what ran over, and then drinking in turn out of the hat, with which they felt themselves very much refreshed.

The fourth day the wind was extremely violent, and the sea very high, so that they were more than once on the point of perishing; it was on this day, in particular, that they were obliged to make a rampart of their bodies to repel the waves. About noon a ray of hope dawned upon them, but only to experience bitter disappointment. They perceived a sloop, commanded by Captain Southey, a particular friend of Captain Aubin, which, like the Betsey, belonged to the island of Barbadoes, and was bound for Demerara; and this vessel came so near that they could see the crew walking upon the deck, and shouted to them; but unfortunately they were neither seen nor heard. Being obliged by the violence of the gale to keep the boat before the wind, for fear of foundering, they had passed her a great distance before she crossed them, the sloop steering direct south, and they bearing away to the west. This disappointment so discouraged the two seamen, that they refused to make any more exertions to save their lives; in spite of all that could be said, one of them would do nothing, not even bale out the water which was every minute gaining upon them. In vain did the captain have recourse to entreaties, and, falling on his knees, implored the assistance of the obdurate seaman; he remained unmoved; till at length the captain and mate prevailed, by threatening to kill them instantly with the topmast, which they used to steer by, and to kill themselves afterwards, in order to put a period to their misery. This menace seemed to make some impression on them, and they resumed their occupation of baling as before.

The captain this day set the others the example of eating a piece of the dog with some onions: it was with great difficulty that he swallowed a few mouthfuls, but in the course of an hour afterwards he felt that this small morsel of food had given them new vigour. The mate, who was of a much stronger constitution, ate more. One of the men also tasted it; but the other, whose name was Comings, absolutely refused to swallow a morsel, protesting that he could not.

The fifth day was more calm, and the sea much smoother. At day-break they perceived an enormous shark, full as large as the boat, which followed them for several hours as a prey that was evidently destined for him: they also found in the boat a flying fish, which had dropped there during the night; this they divided into four parts, which they chewed to moisten their mouths, and it proved a very seasonable relief, though so little inadequate to their necessities, that on this day, when pressed with hunger and despair, the mate, Williams, had the generosity to exhort his companions to cut off a piece of his thigh, in order to refresh themselves with the blood and support life. The wind freshened during the night, and they had several heavy showers, when they tried to get some rain-water by wringing the trousers which served them for a sail, but when they caught it in their mouths it proved to be as salt as that of the sea, the men's clothes having been so often soaked with sea-water, that they, as well as the hat, were impregnated with salt. They had, therefore no other resource, but to open their mouths, and catch the drops of rain as they fell upon their tongues to cool them; after the shower was over they again fastened the trousers to the mast.

On the sixth day the seamen, notwithstanding all the remonstrances of the captain and mate, persisted in drinking sea-water, which purged them so excessively that they fell into a kind of delirium, and were no longer of the slightest service in managing their frail bark. As for the others, they each kept a nail in their mouths, and, from time to time, sprinkled their heads with water to cool them; from these ablutions they found their heads were more easy, and themselves generally better. They also tried several times to eat of the dog's flesh with a morsel of onion, and thought themselves fortunate if they could get down three or four mouthfuls.

On the seventh day the weather was fine, with a moderate breeze, and the sea perfectly calm. The two men who had drunk sea-water grew so weak about noon that they began to talk wildly, like those who are light-headed, not knowing any longer whether they were at sea or on shore. The captain and mate were also so weak that they could hardly stand on

their legs, or steer the boat in their turns, much less bale the water from the boat, which now made considerably at the leak.

On the morning of the eighth day, John Comings died, and about three hours afterwards the other seaman, George Simpson, also expired. That same evening, just before the sun had withdrawn his light, they had the inexpressible satisfaction of discovering the high lands on the west point of the island of Tobago. Hope inspired them with courage and infused new strength into their limbs. They kept the head of the boat towards the land all night, with a light breeze and a strong current, which was in their favour. The captain and mate were that night in an extraordinary situation; their two comrades lying dead before them, with the land in sight, having very little wind to approach it, and being assisted only by the current which drove strongly to westward. In the morning, according to their own computation, they were not more than five or six leagues from the land, and that happy day was the last of their sufferings at sea. They kept steering the boat the whole day towards the shore, though they were no longer able to stand. Towards evening the wind lulled, and at night it was a perfect calm; but about two o'clock in the morning the current cast them on the beach of the island of Tobago, at the foot of a high shore between Little Tobago and Man-of-War Bay, which is the easternmost part of the island. The boat soon bulged with the shock; and her two fortunate occupants crawled to the shore, leaving the bodies of their two deceased comrades in the boat, and the remainder of the dog, which, by this time, had become quite putrid.

They clambered as well as they could, on all-fours along the high coast, which rose almost perpendicularly to the height of three or four hundred feet. A great number of leaves had fallen on the place where they were, from the numerous trees which grew over their heads, and these they collected to lay down upon while they waited for the coming daylight. As the dawn appeared they began to search for water, and found some in the holes of the rocks, but it was brackish, and not fit to drink. They also found on the rocks several kinds of shell-fish, some of which they broke open with a stone, and chewed them to moisten their mouths.

Between eight and nine o'clock in the morning they were perceived by a young Carib, who was alternately swimming and walking towards the boat. As soon as he had reached it, he called his companions with loud shouts, at the same time making signs of the greatest compassion. His comrades instantly followed him, and swam towards the captain and mate, whom they had perceived almost at the same time. The eldest of the party, a man apparently about sixty years of age, approached them with the two youngest, whom they afterwards learned were his son and son-in-law. At the sight of the poor sufferers, these compassionate men burst into tears, while the captain endeavoured, by words and signs, to make them comprehend that he and his mate had been at sea for nine days, in want of everything. The Caribs understood a few French words, and signified that they would fetch a boat to convey them to their dwelling. The old man then took a handkerchief from his head, and tied round the captain's head, and one of the young Caribs gave Williams his straw hat; the other swam round a projecting rock and brought them a calabash of fresh water, some cakes of cassava, and a piece of boiled fish; but they had been so long without food that they were unable to eat any. The two others took the corpses out of the boat and laid them upon the rock, after which all three of them hauled the boat out of the water. They then departed to fetch their canoe, leaving the poor shipwrecked mariners with every mark of the utmost compassion.

About noon they returned in their canoe, to the number of six, and brought with them, in an earthen pot, something resembling soup, which they thought to be delicious. Of this they partook, but the captain's stomach was so weak that he immediately cast it up again. In less than two hours they arrived at Man-of-War Bay, where the huts of the Caribs were situated. They had only one hammock, in which the hospitable natives laid the captain, while the women, who were in the hut, made them a very agreeable mess of herbs and

broth of quatracas and pigeons. They also bathed his feet with a decoction of tobacco and other plants, and every morning the man lifted him out of the hammock and carried him in his arms beneath a lemon tree, where he covered him with plaitain leaves to screen him from the sun. There they anointed the bodies of the poor sufferers with a kind of oil, to cure the blisters raised by the sun. Their compassionate entertainers had even the generosity to give each of them a shirt and a pair of trousers, which they procured from the ships that came from time to time to trade with them for turtles and tortoiseshell.

The method pursued by the natives in healing the numerous wounds which had broken out on the bodies of these unfortunate mariners, was this: after they had completely cleansed the wounds, they kept the patient with his legs suspended in the air, and anointed them morning and evening, with an oil extracted from the tail of a small crab, something resembling what the English called the soldier-crab, because its shell is red, and which is obtained by bruising a quantity of the ends of their tails, and putting them to digest upon the fire in a large shell. After thus anointing them they were covered with plaitain leaves till the wounds were healed.

Thanks to the nourishing food procured them by the Caribs, and the humane attention which was bestowed upon them, the captain was able, in about three weeks time, to support himself upon crutches, like a person recovering from a very severe illness; but anxious to return to his own friends, as early as possible, he cut his name with a knife upon several boards, and gave them to different Caribs to show them to any ships which might chance to approach the coast. Still they almost despaired of seeing any arrive, when a sloop from Oronooko, laden with mules, and bound for St. Pierre, in the island of Martinique, touched at the sandy point on the west side of Tobago. The Indians showed the crew a plank, upon which was carved the name of Captain Aubin, and acquainted them with the dreadful situation of him and his companion, which those on board the vessel related, when they arrived at St. Pierre. Several merchants with whom Captain Aubin was acquainted, and who traded under Dutch colours, happened to be there at the time, and they transmitted the information to the owners of the Betsey, Messrs. Roscoe and Nyles, who instantly despatched a small vessel in quest of the survivors, who, after living about nine weeks with this benevolent and hospitable tribe of savages, embarked and left them; their regret at doing so being only equal to the joy and surprise which they had experienced at meeting with them.

As the vessel was ready to depart, the natives furnished them with an abundant supply of bananas, figs, yams, fowls, fish, and fruits, particularly oranges and lemons. The captain had nothing to give them in return, as an acknowledgment for their generous treatment, but the boat, which they had repaired and used occasionally for visiting their nests of turtles, which being larger than their canoes, was more adapted to the purpose. Of this he made them a present, and his friend, Captain Young, who commanded the small vessel, assisted him to remunerate his benefactors, by giving them all the rum he had with him, which was about seven or eight bottles. He also gave them several shirts and trousers, some knives, fish-hooks, and sail-cloth for the boat, with needles and hooks.

At length, after two days spent in preparations for their departure, they were obliged to separate. The Caribs came down to the beach to the number of about thirty men, women, and children, and all appeared to feel the deepest sorrow, particularly the old man, who had acted as a father to them. When the vessel left the bay, the tears flowed from their eyes which still continued fixed upon their departing friends, and they remained upon the beach, in a line, until they lost sight of the vessel.

It was about nine o'clock in the morning when the vessel sailed, steering north-east, and in three days after they arrived at Barbadoes, where they received, from the whole island, marks of the most tender interest and the most generous compassion; indeed, the benevolence of the inhabitants was unbounded. The celebrated Dr. Hilery, the author of a treatise on the diseases peculiar to the island, came to see them accom-

panied by Dr. Silihorn, and both prescribed various remedies, but without effect. Both of them were unable to speak but with the greatest difficulty. Williams remained at Barbadoes, but the captain, being more affected and less robust, was advised, by the physicians, to return to Europe. In compliance with their advice he went to London, where he was attended by some of the most celebrated physicians; and, after a judicious treatment of about five months, he was so far restored to a state of convalescence, as to be enabled to resume his ordinary avocation.

DESTRUCTION OF THE BEAUTY.

It was at the close of a sultry day in July, that the large contraband cutter, the *Beauty*, with a rich cargo on board, set all her sails, and rapidly neared the coast of Kent. It was nearly dark, the tide was at low water, and everything seemed favourable for the disembarkation of their cargo: while a single light, displayed from a jutting crag, showed Frank Hardy, her commander, that his accomplices on shore were all ready, and only waited his arrival to commence operations.

Frank was the only son of a half-pay officer, who had resided many years on the coast of Kent, near the Cove. He was brought up as a gentleman, but on his father's death found himself a beggar. Being a high spirited youth, he soon resorted to that unfortunate trade which caused his death. He had been several voyages to sea, and having succeeded in laying by sufficient, this was to be his last voyage; and the day after his return had been fixed upon as the day on which his union was to take place with Jane d'Arcy, the daughter of one, who, though much reduced, was still the first man in the place. It was, then, with a heart throbbing with joy and expectation, that Frank observed the rapid approach of his vessel to the shore, and indulged in pleasing anticipations of the morrow.

The wind blowing from the land, was on the larboard quarter, in which a high rocky point, running far out into the sea, protected the vessel from the observation of the craft in the distant bay. Everything was as favourable as could have been wished, and it was now getting quite dark enough for the enterprise; although it blew what the sailors call a snoring breeze, and the tide already beginning to flow, rose on meeting the opposite wind, in a rough, coarse jabble.

"Luff, my lad, luff," cried Hardy, as the vessel plunged into the vast shadow of the cliffs; "keep her away; give her plenty of it—don't you see our lights along shore?—to starboard!"

"Ay, ay, sir," answered the man at the helm; "but I've just been thinking—look up at that there moonraker of a peak—if that is not something more than the beam of a tree running upon the summit, standing against the sky. By George! it is down—there are land-sharks after us!"

"True, true!" said Hardy, musing; "but never mind, there is only one; and even if he happen to be an enemy, we shall have our business over; if we manage cleverly, he can hardly get round to us. Bear right down upon the light!"

The impetus of the vessel was hardly diminished by the precautions of the helmsman and the lowering of the sails, when her keel, towards the bows, grated upon the sand, and stuck hard and fast. The hatches were then thrown open, and the goods handed, piece by piece, to the accomplices, who had by this time gathered round the bowsprit, to the number of ten or twelve. This employment had continued for about twenty minutes; during which time the cargo, as soon as it quitted the ship, disappeared in the ledges of the rock, being instantly snatched away by the smugglers to a place of safety, by paths only known to themselves. It now became almost dark, and this, added to the roughness of the sea, which howled along the shore, and dashed on the vessel in angry torrents, rendered the operations of the sailors both difficult and dangerous. Hardy, with his accustomed prudence—and to which, in fact, was owing the success of his usual boldness—had caused the shore-lights to be extinguished the moment his ship touched the beach; but, now, when the happy termination of the adventure appeared so near, and was only rendered doubtful by the increasing darkness of the night, he promptly gave

the word for re-lighting them, with several others from the vessel.

The exertions of the sailors were now renewed with double eagerness, and the scene became singularly animated. The lights rushing and flaring along the land, and dancing among the rocks, as if borne by the night-fiends themselves—the strange wild faces of the men, as they were now illumined for a moment by the red flame, and now disappeared in the gloom—the blackness of the overhanging cliffs, their fantastic summits only faintly observable far overhead, against the dull sky—the rocking and plunging of the vessel, that swung by her bows as if fixed on a pivot—the hoarse roaring of the troubled sea, and the portentous flashing of the spray, as the waves rushed against the ship, mounted, split, and, parting into innumerable fragments, swept over her decks from stem to stern—all conferred a character of strange interest upon the picture, heightened to intensity by the ideas of terror, mystery, and ferocity, inspired by its details.

In the midst of the hurry and confusion, the voice of their young commander again broke upon the ear of that half-savage group.

"Avast!" he cried, in a tone, stern, sudden, and yet subdued. "Out with the lights! Steady!" The lights hissed in the water and disappeared; and for a moment almost the only noise heard was the swinging of the rising storm. At length the sound of voices and hurrying footsteps rose distinctly in the distance. The mate, who had thrown himself down, and put his ear to the sand, jumped furiously up, and exclaimed with an oath, "There are not a dozen of them! There is no need to fly—out with your cutlasses, my lads! Steady—stand fast!"

The preventive-service men rushed on—the smugglers made a desperate resistance, beat them back, and gained their vessel again; when just as Hardy (who had remained till the last) was mounting the side, the preventive officers rallied—he was pulled backwards, and a violent blow on the head from the butt-end of a musket, put an end to his existence. The cutter immediately swung off and got out to sea, when an alarm of fire was raised—a cloud of smoke and flame rose up from the fore-hatchway, which, licking the masts and spars, ran up and caught the rigging and gear aloft, while below it burned with intense fury. The hull was soon burned to the water's edge. The water rushed in like a mill-stream. She gave a sudden heel and down she went, head foremost, while her unhappy crew split the heavens with their piercing cries. Meantime the inhabitants of d'Arcy's house had been alarmed by the tumultuous noise of numerous persons carrying some weighty object; and soon afterwards a servant entered the room, and exclaimed, "The preventive-service men have brought the body of a captain of a smuggler, which has been found at the Cove!" Jane, followed by her friends, instantly started up and ran to the room in which they had laid him—it was her Frank: she gave one wild convulsive shriek, fell into the arms of the man who had been left to watch the body, and was soon laid gently down by the lifeless body of her lover—the dead by the dead. A few days after they were interred in one grave.

THE WRECKERS OF ST. AGNES.

THERE are few parts of England more wild and desolate than the mining districts of Cornwall. Nature, as a counterpoise to the treasures which she has lavished on this region of her bounty, has imparted to its features a most forbidding aspect. Bleak and barren plains, unenlivened by vegetation, with neither tree nor shrub to protect the traveller from the wind that sweeps across their surface, and danger in every step from the innumerable shafts by which they are intersected.

It is truly an inhospitable country; and the nature of the inhabitants seems quite in accordance with its unfriendly characteristics—repulsive and ungainly in appearance, disgusting and ferocious in manner, cruel by nature, and treacherously cunning. Not a step have they gained from the barbarous state of their savage ancestors. I allude more particularly to the town and district of St. Agnes, near Truro, and its people. St.

Agnes is a small place, situated on the coast of Cornwall, about ten miles from Truro, across one of those sterile plains, almost covered with the refuse of mines, and perforated in every direction, like a gigantic rabbit-warren. The road, so called, through this waste, is little better than a track, which it would be difficult and dangerous to traverse, without a guide. Many a wanderer has found a nameless grave by venturing across those dreary moors.

It was late in autumn when I visited St. Agnes, and it was towards the close of a gloomy day that I found myself at the residence of Capt. Thomas, so I shall call him, whose acquaintance I had made in London, and who had succeeded in persuading me that the only sure way to make a fortune was by investing a trifle of ready money in a copper-mine. He held the rank of captain by the custom of the country, as a mine is conducted like a ship, by a captain and officers. The captain was rather a decent specimen of his caste; for, where all are combinations of the miner, smuggler, wrecker, and, consequently, ruffian, a man of even decent manners is something. He had one fault, however, which I afterwards discovered,—he would have considered it a most meritorious employment to have robbed even his own father, rather than not to have robbed at all.

Our repast being over, and I, like a witless booby, having invested my bank-notes in his pouch, in exchange for certain bits of paper he was pleased to call shares, and having received from him, in addition to such valuable considerations, the most flattering congratulations on the prospect of immediate wealth, he proposed an adjournment to the "Red Dragon," or red something,—I almost forget, it is so long since,—where he assured me I should meet a most respectable society, and where I might pick up much valuable information. They were all particular friends of his—captains and pursers of mines.

It was a dismal night. When we sailed out, a thick mist was gathering around: the sea was breaking against the huge rocky cliffs of the adjacent coast, with a deafening roar; and at intervals was heard the distant thunder. It was with no uncomfortable feeling that I felt myself safely housed at the rendezvous of the choice spirits of the mines.

The party to which I was introduced was seated at a long deal table, in a spacious apartment, half-kitchen, half tap-room, at the upper end of which appeared a blazing fire, beneath a chimney-porch of a most ancient and approved formation. On one side of the room, a door opened into a small parlour, and in the corner was a little bar, for the host to dispense to his customers their various potations from his smuggled treasures. For, although it was not a trifle of Schidam or Cognac that would satisfy these congregated worthies, I question whether the king could afford to pay the salaries of the commissioners of excise, if the greater portion of his lieges were not more considerate customers than our friends of the "Red Dragon."

The arrival of Captain Thomas was hailed with marked satisfaction. We were soon seated, and in a twinkling a large tumbler of hot brandy-and-water was placed before me, and a pipe thrust into my hand. The conversation, which was rather loud when we entered, was now suddenly hushed, and intelligent glances were quickly interchanged, which I saw related to myself. Thomas understood it, and said, "You need not be afraid; that gentleman is a particular friend of mine, and a great patron of the mining arts."

I then begged to assure the company of my veneration for miners and mines, and all connected with them. There was a visible brightening up at this declaration, and doubtless at that moment various were the plans of swindling and rascality which shot through the stolid brains of that pleasant coterie to put my devotedness to the proof.

"A likely night this, Captain Thomas," said a beetle-browed, shock-headed, short, muscular man, whose small dark eyes peered from beneath a brow of peculiar ferocity.

"Uncommonly likely!" returned the other, "and if we should have a bit of luck to-night, it would not be a bad beginning this winter."

"Ah!" said the former, who answered to the name of Knox, "my wife says she thinks Providence has deserted our coast; we haven't had a godsend worth telling about these two years.

I've seen the time when we've had a matter of a dozen wracks in a season." "Well, never mind, Master Knox," said a pert-looking, snub-nosed fellow, named Roberts, whom I, at first glance, took for an attorney, but afterwards found he was a mining agent. From his more constant intercourse with Truro, he was rather better dressed than some of his companions; but his town breeding gave him no other advantage than a conceited, saucy air.

"Never mind, Master Knox," said he, jingling a bunch of seals which peeped from beneath a waistcoat of that worthy, "you have made the most of your luck, and if you don't get any more you won't harm." "Why, yes," said the fellow, drawing out a handsome gold watch, which accorded curiously with his coarse attire. "I don't complain of the past; and yet I had a narrow escape with this; if it hadn't been for my boy Jem, I should have lost it."

"He's a cute child, that boy of yours," remarked one. "There never was a better. I'll tell you, sir," said he, addressing me. "It's two years ago come December, on a Sunday, when we were all in church, that we had news of a wrack. Well, off we all started; you may be sure, and the parson not the last, to see what it had pleased God to send us. We found on coming up, that it was a French Indiaman. She had gone to pieces off the rocks, and the goods were floating about like dirt. I wasn't long in making the most of it; and Jem was just going off for the cart, when I spied, half covered with weed, and hidden by a piece of rock, the body of a Frenchman. I soon saw I had got a prize, for he was loaded with money and trinkets. These I quickly eased him of, seeing as he'd never want 'em; but to make sure, I hit 'un a good slap over the head just to see whether the life was in 'un or no." (Here one or two of the auditors grinned.) "Well, I was just going away, when I see'd a diamond ring on his finger, and the finger being swelled with the water, I cuts it off" (displaying at the same time a knife of rather formidable proportions) "and walks off with my goods. I hadn't been gone far, when little Jem runs after, crying, 'Dad, dad! hit 'un again, dad! he grin'th, he grin'th!'

I looked back, and sure enough that rascally French thief—whether it was drawing the blood or not, I don't know—but he was moving his arm about, and opening his eyes, as though he were bent on taking the bread out of my mouth. This put me in a precious rage—these Frenchmen are always a spiteful set, and hate Englishmen as they hate the devil. So I makes no more ado but I hits 'un a lick with the tail of a rudder lying close by, and I'll warrant me he never come to ask for my goods."

The miscreant chuckled over this horrid recital with all the self-satisfaction that another might feel at the recollection of a virtuous action; whilst his companions, to whom no doubt the story was familiar, felt no other sensations of uneasiness at its recapitulation than from the recollection that they had not been able to do the same thing. Knox was evidently the ruffian *par excellence*. I beheld others around me, the expression of whose countenances would have hung them at any bar in England without any other evidence; yet none ventured to boast of crime; Knox was the only open professor of villany, and seemed to claim his right of pre-eminence. I have been in many parts of the world, and have encountered ruffians of every country and grade; but never before did I have the fortune to hear depravity, and of such a revolting character, so freely confessed, so unblushingly avowed.

"Well, Knox," said Thomas, after a short pause, "so you have seen Hibbert Shear. How's poor Bill Treuddick?"

Knox placed his finger significantly on his cheek.

"How," said the other, "dead?"

"Dead as mackerel," returned Knox, "you know I was in it, and a sharp brush we had. Poor Bill had three balls in him; he died the same night." A universal expression of sympathy followed this announcement, and various were the questions put by different individuals as to the details of his death. It appeared that he was killed in an engagement with a revenue cruiser.

"He was as likely a lad as ever ran a cargo," said Thomas; "where did you bury him?"

"Alongside of the guager, I s'pose," said Roberts, who ventured a sidelong glance of malicious meaning, though ap-

parently half-doubtful of the consequences. I never saw so speedy a change in human being as that remark produced in Knox. In an instant, his brow became as black as the storm which now raged with appalling violence without.

"What has thee to do with that, thou pert, meddling coxcomb?" said he, as he fixed his black eyes, almost concealed by their overhanging brows, on the object of his wrath. "Now mark me, Master Roberts; play off no more of thy jokes on me. This is not the first time I have warned thee; but it shall be the last."

I learned afterwards that the gauger alluded to was Knox's half-brother, who was supposed to have met with his death by the hands of his relation, and his body flung down a shaft near the sea, now known by the name of the Guager's Shaft. What confirmed the suspicion was, that he was known to have frightful dreams about his murdered brother, and some said that he was known to tremble like a child if left alone at night. Be that as it might, however, a ferocious altercation was now proceeding between Knox and a friend of Roberts, who had replied to the other's threats, which appeared likely to proceed to serious consequences, had not the attention of all parties been diverted by a loud and continued knocking at the outer door. This seemed so unusual an occurrence that the host hesitated to unbar, for never was a stranger known to arrive at St. Agnes at such an hour, and on such a night too; for we heard the rain descend in torrents, and the thunder growling at intervals.

The knocking continued vehemently, and although we were too many to fear anything like personal danger, yet I could see an evident though undefinable fear spreading throughout the party, sufficiently expressed by their anxious glances. In no one was such an expression more visible than in Knox. It was the result of some superstitious feeling, which the conversation of the night, and the awful storm now raging about them, had called into play.

The knocking was now fiercer than ever, and the host was at last, constrained to unbolt and unbar; the guest, whoever he was, would take no denial. As the door opened, in stalked a tall, weather-beaten-looking man, enveloped in a huge shaggy great-coat, and a broad oil-skin hat on his head.

"What the devil dost thee mean by this?" he said, dashing his hat upon the floor, and shaking the rain from his coat like a huge water dog—"keeping a traveller outside your gates on such a night!" At this moment, during a lull in the storm, was heard a heaving booming sound from the sea.

"A wrack! a wrack!" shouted Knox; and instantly a dozen fellows were on their legs ready to rush forth like thirsty blood-hounds on their prey. "Keep your places, you fools!" cried the stranger; "if she goes ashore, it will be many miles from here, with the wind in this quarter." They all seemed to acknowledge the justice of the remark by sulkily resuming their places. "I've heard the guns some time," continued the stranger; "but she has good offing yet, and she may mahage to keep off. I'd lay my life she is a foreign craft, they're always in such a plaguy hurry to sing out." The company had leisure by this time to seat themselves and resume their pipes. They likewise, seeing he was no ghost, took the liberty of scanning their guest. He was not very remarkable, further than being a tall, muscular man, with short curling black hair, immense bushy whiskers, meeting under his chin, and large black eyes. Altogether it was not an unpleasant countenance. He did not apologise for his intrusion, but called at once for his pipe and glass.

"Did you come from Truro side?" asked Knox. The stranger took a huge whiff, and nodded assent.

"Who might have brought you across the moors?" "Dost thou think no one can tread the moors but thyself, and the louts of St. Agnes?"

"None that I ever heard of, except Beelzebub," said Knox, peering from beneath his brows suspiciously on the new comer.

The stranger laughed.

"The path is dangerous by night," said Thomas; "few strangers find the way alone."

"Then I am one of the few, for here I am," said he.

"I've lived here man and boy, these forty years," said

Knox, "I never knew a stranger to do that before! And thou must be a stranger, for I've never seen thee." "Art sure of that?" Knox again scanned him attentively.

"I never saw thee before."

"You see, then, a stranger can find his way in these parts. I came by the Guager's Shaft. Thou know'st the Guager's Shaft?" said he, significantly.

"Hell!" said the other, furiously, "dost thou come here to mock me? If thou dost, thou'dst better return, afore harm comes of thee."

"Thou'rt a strong man," said his opponent; "but I am so much a stronger, that I would hold thee with one arm on yonder fire till thou wert as black as thy own black heart. Come, thou need'st not frown on me, man; if thou hast a spark of courage, I'll put it now to the test."

"Courage! I fear neither thee nor Beelzebub!"

"I'll wager thee this heavy purse of French *louis d'ors* against that watch and ring that befits thy finger so oddly, that thou durst not go into yonder room alone, and look on the face that shall meet thee there."

"Thou'rt a juggler and a cheat—I'll have nothing further to say to thee."

"There's my gold," said he, throwing a heavy purse on the table; "look at it—count it; a hundred as bright *louis* as ever were coined in France, against thy watch and ring, not worth the half!" The eyes of the wrecker glistened at the bright heap of gold.

"What is the wager?" he demanded.

"If thou durst go into yonder room, that I will raise the form of one whom thou would'st most dread to see."

"I fear nothing, and believe thee to be a cheat."

"There's my gold."

"Take the wager!" cried several of Knox's friends; "we'll see thou hast the gold."

"Done!" cried Knox, with a sort of desperate resolve, which the cheers of his friends and the sight of the gold helped him to assume; and he placed the ring and watch on the heap of *louis*.

"I must have arms and lights."

"Take them," said the stranger; "but before you go, I will show you a portion of your property you have never discovered." He took up the ring, and touching the inside with the point of a pin, a small aperture flew open, and disclosed a small space filled with hair. It was not till that moment it was discovered that the stranger had lost the little finger of the left hand! For a moment all was still as the grave. A frightful feeling seemed to pervade the breast of every one around. It was as though the murdered stood before them to claim his own! The stranger broke into a loud laugh. "What the devil ails you all? Are you afraid of a man without a finger?" and his laugh was louder than before.

"I'll not go into the room," said Knox, in a low, broken voice.

"Then the watch and ring are mine," said the stranger.

"You have forfeited the wager;" and he began to fill the bag with the coin.

"It's a base juggle to rob me of my property," cried Knox, whose courage returned as he witnessed the unghostlike manner in which the stranger fingered the money.

"Keep to your wager, man," cried Thomas, "we'll see you rightly dealt with. He can no more do what he says, than raise the Prince of Darkness himself."

"Will you stand to your bargain?" asked the stranger.

"I will; and defy the devil and all his works." He took a candle and a loaded pistol, and went towards the room. If ever the agony of a life were condensed into the short space of a few minutes, that was the time. Ruffian as he was, he was a pitiable object. Pale and trembling, without making an effort to conceal his distress, he paused and turned, irresolute, even at the threshold of the door. Shame and avarice urged him on. He entered the room and closed the door.

If I say that I looked on as a calm spectator of these proceedings, I should say falsely. I began to grow nervous, and was infected with the superstitious feeling which had evidently taken possession of my companions. The only unconverted person was the stranger; at least, he was apparently so.

He very coolly tied up the money, watch, and ring in the bag, and placed them on the table. He then took two pieces of paper, and wrote some characters on both: one he handed to Thomas; it was marked with the name of Gauger; the other he kept himself. He advanced to the fire, which was blazing brightly, and, muttering a few words, threw into it a small leaden packet, and retired at the same moment to the end of the room. The flames had hardly time to melt the thin sheet-lead, ere our ears were greeted with the most terrific and appalling explosion that I have ever in my life heard, and as though the elements were in unison, a deafening thunder-crash shook the house to its very foundation. Every man was thrown violently to the ground; the chairs and tables tumbled about, as though imbued with life; every door was burst open by the shock, and hardly a pane of glass remained entire. This, with the screams of the women, and the groans of the men, if any one could withstand, without actual terror taking possession of his heart, he must be a bolder man than I was. For several minutes (for so it appeared to me) did we lie on the floor in this state, expecting, momentarily, the house to fall over us in ruins. All was, however, silent as death, except the pealing of the thunder, and the roaring of the storm; so that when the sense of suffocation was somewhat removed by the fresh air forcing through the open doors and windows we ventured to hail each other.

It was some time, however, before we could get a light; and that accomplished, our first care was to look to our friend in the back parlour. We found him lying on his face, quite insensible, and bleeding from a wound in the head, which he must have received in falling. We brought him into the large room; and after a time, when people could be brought to their senses, we procured restoratives. I never shall forget the wild and ghastly look with which he first gazed round him. He looked around, as though seeking some horrid object. "It's gone," he cried; "thank God!—what a horrid sight!—who saw it?" "Saw what? who?" asked Thomas. "Just as bloody and ghastly as when I pitched him down the shaft," cried he, incoherently.

"Hush! hush!" said Thomas; "collect yourself—you don't know what you're talking of."—"Who says I murdered him?" cried the miserable being before us. "Who says I got his money? He's a liar, I say—a liar! His money is sunk with him. Let 'em hang me—I am innocent—they cannot prove it!" It became too distressing. Fortunately for the feelings of all, the unhappy man, or rather maniac, relapsed into insensibility, and in that state was conveyed home.

It was not till then that we thought of the stranger. No trace of him could be found. The money, ring, and watch had disappeared.

Strange were the rumours abroad the next day at St. Agnes. Some men going very early to work, averred they saw a horseman flying over the moors, crossing shafts and pits, without once staying to pick his way. It could have been no human horseman, nor steed, that could have sped on such a wild career. There was another report, which accounted for the appearance and disappearance of the stranger in another way. Some smugglers reported, that on that night they saw a beautiful French smuggling lugger sheltering from the gale in a little unfrequented bay along the coast. It might have been one of the crew, who had made himself acquainted with the circumstances he mentioned, and which was no secret, and made this bold dash for a prize; but this version of the story was scouted, as quite unworthy of the slightest credit. The former was the popular belief.

ACCIDENT TO H.M.S. LEANDER, DECEMBER 6, 1802.

FROM CAPTAIN BASIL HALL'S VOYAGES.

On the 6th of December we sailed from Halifax, with a fresh north-westerly wind, in a day so bitterly cold, that the harbour was covered over with a vapour called "the Barber," a sort of low fog, which clings to the surface of the water, and sweeps along with these fierce winter blasts in such a manner as to cut one to the very bone. The "Barber" is evidently caused by a condensation of the moisture close to the water in this severe temperature. As the thermometer, when we sailed

stood at eleven degrees below Zero, nothing but the violence of the wind which broke the surface into a sheet of foam, prevented our being frozen up in the harbour, like Parry and his north-western voyagers at Melville Island.

On our dashing by one of the lower wharfs of the town of Halifax, just before coming to the narrow passage between George's Island and the main-land, on the south-side of this magnificent inlet, a boat put off to us, having a gentleman on board, who, by some accident, had missed his passage. He succeeded in getting alongside the ship; but, in seizing hold of a rope which was thrown to him from the main-chains, one of the boatmen, in his hurry, caught a turn with the line round the after-thwart, instead of making it fast forward. The inevitable and immediate consequence of this proceeding was to raise the stern of the boat quite out of the water, and, of course, to plunge her nose under the surface. I suppose even a landsman will comprehend how this happened, when it is mentioned that the ship was running past at the rate of ten knots.

In the twinkling of an eye, the whole party, officer boatmen, and all were seen floating about, grasping at the oars or striking out for the land, distant, fortunately, only a few yards from them; for the water thereabouts is so deep, that a ship in sailing out or in may safely graze the shore. Considering the intensity of the cold, we were quite astonished to see people swimming away so easily; but we afterwards learned from some of the party, that, owing to the water being between forty and fifty degrees warmer than the air, they felt, when plunged into it, as if they had been soured into a hot bath. The instant, however, they reached the pier, and were lugged out, like half-drowned rats, they became literally enclosed in firm cases of ice from head to foot! This very awkward coat of mail could not be removed without considerable difficulty; and one of them told me, that he could not move at all till he had been laid for some hours in a well-warmed bed, between two other persons, and for several months afterwards he remained too unwell to leave his room.

For us to stop, at such a place and time, was impossible; so away we shot like an arrow, past Chebuctohead, Cape Sambro, and sundry other fierce-looking, black promontories of naked rocks, smoothed off, apparently, by the attrition of some huge and transient deluge, which, in ancient days, must have submerged all that part of America lying between the shores of Lake Erie on the west, and Boston and New York on the south and east.

But we had no time, on the day I speak of, for any such geological speculations. The breeze, which rose rapidly to a hard gale, soon split our main-topsail to threads, and sent the fragments crackling off to leeward in the storm, in such grand style, that, to this hour, I can almost fancy I distinguish the noise in my ears. I know, indeed, few things more impressive than the deep-toned, thunder-like sounds caused by the flapping of a wet topsail in such a fierce squall as this, when both the sheets are carried away, and the unconfined sail is tugging and tearing to get clear of the yard, which bends so fearfully that even the lower mast sometimes wags about like a reed. I certainly have heard crashes amongst the clouds far louder than the sounds alluded to, but have seldom known thunder-peals more effective and startling than those of a sail going to pieces in such a tempest of wind and rain.

I was standing, where I had no business to be, on the weather-side of the quarter-deck, holding on stoutly by one of the belaying-pins, and wondering in what catastrophe this novel scene was to end. I had an obscure idea that the ship was going to the bottom; but the admiral looked up to the splitting sail as composedly as possible, and only desired that the main-top-men, whose exertions were quite useless, should be called down, out of the way of the ropes, which were smacking about their heads. Yet I could see, every now and then, the weather-wise glance of the veteran's eye directed to windward, in anxious hope that matters would mend; but they only became worse. At last, when the foremast seemed to be really in danger, for it bent over like a cane, though the foresail had been reefed, he waited not to run through the usual round of etiquettes by which, on board ship an admiral's commands are

generally transmitted, by regular steps, down to the executive; but exclaimed, with a voice so loud, that it made me start right over to the lee-side of the deck:—

"Man the fore-clue-garnets!"

In the next minute the sail rose gradually to the yard, and the groaning ship, by this time sorely strained to her innermost timber, seemed to be at once relieved from the pressure of the canvass which had borne her headlong, right into the seas, making the old barks tremble from stem to stern, as if she were going to pieces.

The next thing to be done was to get in the jib-boom, in order to ease the bowsprit. In effecting this operation, rather troublesome at all times, one of the primest of our seamen fell overboard. He was the second captain of the fore-castle, and the steadiness of his admirable skill as a steersman had, one day, elicited the complimentary remark from the captain, that he must surely have nailed the compass-card to the binnacle. On this and other accounts he had long been so much esteemed in the ship, that more than the usual degree of regret was felt for his melancholy fate. I saw the poor fellow pitch headlong into the water, and I watched him as he floated past, buoyant as a cork, and breasting the waves most gallantly, with an imploring look towards us, which I shall never forget, but in less than a minute he was out of sight. A boat could hardly have lived in such weather, and no further attempt was made, or perhaps could have been made, to save him, than to throw over ropes, which fell short of their mark. Although we soon lost all traces of the drowning seaman, it is probable he may have kept sight of us, as we drifted quickly to leeward under our bare poles, long after we had ceased to distinguish his figure in the yeast of waves. This gale, the first I ever saw, was also one of the fiercest. It lasted for three days, totally dispersed our little squadron, well nigh foundered one of them, the Cambrian, and sent her hobbling into Bermuda some days after us, with the loss of her mainmast and all her three topmasts.

THE SAILOR'S GRAVE.

Oh! far from his native land he died,

In youth's sweet opening day—

E'en as the flower, in summer pride,

Is torn from earth away.

Far from his home's bright sunny bowers,

On the dark stormy main,

He languished through long weary hours

For that dear home again.

For lonely the dying sailor lay,

Uncheered by one kind tone:

The joyous light of hope's cheering ray

With health's bright hours had flown.

No mother was near to soothe his head,

And catch his parting sighs;

Strangers stood by the loved one's bed,

And closed his dying eyes.

They gave him unto the stormy deep—

The young, the loved, the brave!

And the dark billows, with sudden sweep,

Closed o'er the Sailor's Grave!

His father rests 'neath yon marble tomb,

Where the sad willow weeps;

And where the red roses brightly bloom

His fair young sister sleeps.

The flowers around their graves now cling,

Planted by love's fond care;

Holy and sweet are the thoughts they bring

Of the loved sleepers there.

But, alas! o'er him no friend may weep,

Nor flower brightly wave;

Alas, for him! for the stormy deep

Is the young Sailor's Grave!

ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN RICHARD FALCONER.

I was born at Bruton, a market-town in Somersetshire, of parents tolerably well to pass in the world. My mother died when I was very young. My father had been a great traveller in his youth, and, frequently repeating his adventures abroad, I had a great desire to follow his steps. I often begged he would let me go to sea with some captain of his acquaintance; but he would reply, "Stay where you are; you know not the hazards and dangers that attend a sea life: think no more of going to sea, for I know it is only the desire of youth, prone to change; and if I should give you leave, one week's voyage would make you wish to be at home again." I used all the arguments I could think of to move

my father from his opposition, but without effect. My father was not to be moved; and thus I lived two years longer with him in expectation of a change in his mind. At last an event happened that furthered my desires, and although it was the ruin of our family, I confess I did not feel it in its full force.

My father was a supervisor of a tax upon the burning of pipes, and having collected a sum amounting to £3,800 to pay to government, he was robbed of the whole by an exciseman, who made his escape. My father employed all possible means to apprehend him, but all his endeavours were fruitless; and finding his affairs in a desperate condition, he resolved to retire to some part of the world where he might be secure from the law. One morning, just before his voluntary exile, he called me to him. "Richard," said he, "you have often been desirous of going to sea, and I have always endeavoured



ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN RICHARD FALCONER. WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

to dissuade you from it; but as what has happened has made it impossible for me to continue upon the place of my birth, the patrimony of my ancestors, I must recommend to you that way of life which I should never have chosen, but that the exigency of my affairs will not allow me to provide in any other way for you. Here," continued he, "take this hundred pounds, which I can ill spare out of my little fortune; but since it is all that I can do for you, take it, and may Heaven prosper your undertakings! May the blessing of a father always live with you, whose prayers shall ever be sent to the Almighty Creator for your welfare. Here is also a recommendation for you to Captain Pultney, of Bristol, whose friendship I am sure will be of service to you." Then, with tears in his eyes, he embraced me, gave me his blessing, and took his leave for ever, for I have not beheld him since.

No. 30.

I had now nothing more to do than provide a little luggage, in order to go to Bristol. I packed up my things in a portmanteau, and gave them to an old servant of my father's who would see me as far as Bristol for his sake. We set out in the morning, and reached it by noon. I inquired for Captain Pultney, and soon found him out; I informed him who I was, and gave him my father's letter.

Captain Pultney received me with great cordiality, and promised to procure me a good berth; and when by his advice, I had studied the mathematics, and he thought me capable of performing the duties of mate, he sent me on board the Albion frigate, commanded by Captain Wise; and on the 2nd of May, 1699, we set sail, bound for Jamaica, with a fair wind. As soon as we lost sight of land, I began to be extremely sea-sick, and bore the rough jokes of the sailors

very indifferently. One cried out, "There's an excellent master's-mate; he'll hit Jamaica to a hair, if the island was no bigger than a bunghole." However, in a day or two, I was perfectly recovered, and was never troubled with any sickness afterwards.

Nothing material happened to us till we entered the Bay of Biscay, when we encountered a dreadful storm; the billows ran mountains high, and our vessel seemed to be the sport of the waves. A ship that overtook us the day before, and accompanied us, was sometimes lost through the height of the waves, though they were not half a furlong distance; and this continued for three days, when the storm abated something of its fierceness, though it still blew very hard. The other vessel, by firing a gun and showing a signal, made it appear she was in distress; but the sea ran so high, that it

was impossible to give them any assistance, yet we bore down, being to windward, to be as near as possible without danger to ourselves. We found that she had sprung a leak, and though they had had all hands by turns to pump, yet the water gained on them. They begged us to hoist out our boat as their own was stove, and we accordingly put out our long-boat with two men in her; but the rope that held her to the ship unfortunately broke, and she drove away with the two men in her, and we never afterwards heard of them. They were undoubtedly lost, or perished of hunger, as we were more than twenty leagues from any shore. The ship sunk in less than ten minutes afterwards, with fifty seven men on board, of whom four only were saved by clinging to the ropes we had thrown out.

And here we ought to admire the interference of Provi

SKETCHES OF CAPTAIN JONES'S VOYAGE TO JAMAICA

dence; for this vessel was a pirate-ship, commanded by Captain Jones, who left Dover in a large open boat, and when near Ostend, stole, during the night, on a French ship, murdered the captain and some others, and set all the sailors on shore who would not unite in their designs. They had also resolved to attack us when the storm was over. The four we saved consisted of three Englishmen and one Frenchman, who said they were forced, with several others, by Captain Jones, to enter on that course of life; but whether true or false, they behaved with great propriety during our voyage.

On the 28th of May we made the Canaries, and saw the peak of Teneriffe, that island, or rather rock, of stupendous height. On the 4th of July, we anchored in Carlisle Bay, Barbadoes, after a desperate action with a pirate who boarded us, and was beat off. On the 20th of July we sailed for Ja-

maica, on the 1st of August anchored at Nevis, and on the 7th of September, arrived in Port Royal harbour.

Now, finding our affairs would detain us half a year longer, I obtained leave of the captain to go in a sloop, with some of my acquaintances, to get logwood on the South American coast, at the Bay of Campeachy; and on the 25th of September we set sail on this expedition. The manner of getting this wood is as follows:—A company of desperate fellows go together in a sloop, well armed, and land by stealth (to avoid an encounter with the Spaniards, to whom the country at that time belonged); but in case of any resistance, the whole crew attend on the cutters ready armed, to defend them. We sailed merrily on our course for six days together, with a fair wind towards the bay; but on the seventh, the clouds darkened, and the welkin seemed all on fire with lightning,

and the thunder roared louder than ever I heard it in my life. In short, a dreadful hurricane approached. The sailors had furl'd their sails and lowered their topmasts, waiting for it under a double-reefed foresail. At length it came with extreme violence, which lasted three hours, until it insensibly abated, and brought on a stark calm. We then loosened our sails in expectation of the wind, which stole out again in about half an hour. About six in the evening, we saw a water-spout, an aerial cloud that draws up the salt water of the sea, and distills it into fresh showers of rain. This cloud comes down in the form of a pipe, of a vast thickness, and, by the force of the sun, sucks up a great quantity of water. After it had continued about half an hour on the water, it drew up insensibly, by degrees, till it was lost in the clouds; but in closing, it shut out some of the water, which fell into the sea again, with a noise like that of thunder, and occasioned a smoke in the water that continued for a considerable time.

October the 6th, we anchored at Trist Island; in the Bay of Campeachy, and sent our men ashore at Logwood Creek, to seek for the logwood cutters, who immediately came on board. The bargain was soon struck; and, in exchange for our rum and sugar, and a little money, we got in our lading in eight days, and set sail for Jamaica on the 15th day of October. Now, getting up to Jamaica again generally takes up two months, because we are obliged to ply it all the way to windward. I one day went down into the hold to bottle off a small parcel of wine I had there: coming upon deck again, I wanted to wash myself, but did not care to go into the water, so went into the boat astern that we had hoisted out in the morning to look after a wreck. Having washed and dressed myself, I took a book out of my pocket, and sat reading in the boat; when, before I was aware, a storm began to rise, so that I could not get up at the ship's side as usual, but called for the ladder of ropes that hangs over the ship's quarter, in order to get up that way. Whether it broke through rottenness, as being seldom used, I cannot tell, but down I fell into the sea; and though the ship tacked about to take me up, yet I lost sight of them through the duskiness of the evening, and the storm. I had the most dismal fears that could ever possess any one in my condition. I was forced to drive with the wind, which, by good fortune, set in with the current; and having kept myself above water, as near as I could guess in this fright, four hours, I felt my feet every now and then touch the ground; and at last, by a great wave, I was thrown and left upon the sand: yet, it being dark, I knew not what to do; but I got up and walked as well as my tired limbs would let me, and every now and then was overtaken by the waves, which were not high enough to wash me away. When I had got far enough, as I thought, to be out of danger, I could not discover any thing of land, and I immediately conjectured that it was but some bank of sand, that the sea would overflow at high tide. Whereupon I sat down to rest my weary limbs, and fit myself for death; for that was all I could expect, in my own opinion: then all my sins came flying in my face. I offered up my fervent prayers, not for my safety, because I did not expect any such thing, but for all my past offences; and I may really say I anticipated my dissolution with a calmness that led me to hope I had made my peace with heaven. At last I fell asleep, though I tried all I could against it, by getting up and walking, till I was obliged, through weariness, to lie down again.

When I awoke in the morning, I was amazed to find myself among four or five very low sandy islands, separated half a mile or more, as I guessed, by the sea. With that I began to be a little cheerful, and walked about to see if I could find any thing that was eatable; but to my great grief I found nothing but a few eggs, which I was obliged to eat raw. The fear of starving seemed to me to be worse than that of drowning; and often did I wish that the sea had swallowed me, rather than have thrown me on this desolate island; for I could perceive, by the evenness of them, that they were not inhabited either by man or beast, or anything else but rats, and several sorts of fowl. Upon this island there were some bushes of a wood they call burton wood, which used to be my shelter at night; but to complete my misery, there was not to be found one drop of

fresh water anywhere, so that I was forced to drink sea water for two or three days, which made my skin come off like the peel of a broiled codlin. At last my misery so increased, that I often was in the mind of terminating my life, but desisted from the expectation I had that some alligator, or other voracious creature, would come and do it for me.

I had lived a week upon eggs only, when, by good fortune, I discovered a bird called a booby sitting upon a bush, I ran immediately, as fast as I could, and knocked it down with a stick. I never considered whether it was proper food, but sucked the blood and ate the flesh with such a pleasure as none can express but those who have felt the pain of hunger to the same degree as myself. After I had devoured this banquet, I walked about and discovered many more of these birds, which I killed. My stomach being now pretty well appeased, I began to consider whether I could not with two sticks make a fire, as I had seen the blacks do in Jamaica, and at last happily accomplished it. I picked several of my boobies, and broiled them as well as I could; and now I resolved to come to an allowance.

At night, I and my fellow inhabitants endured a great storm of rain and thunder, with the reddest lightning I had ever seen, and well drenched we all were. As for myself, my clothes, which were only a pair of thin shoes and thread stockings, and a canvass waistcoat and breeches, were soundly wet; but I had the happiness to find in the morning several cavities of rain water, which put in my head a thought of making a deep well, or hollow place, that I might have water continually by me, which I brought to perfection in this manner: I took a piece of wood, and pitched upon a place under a burton tree, where, with my hands and the stick together, I dug a hole, or well, big enough to contain a hog'shead of water; then I put in stones and paved it, and got in and stamped them down hard all round, and, with my stick, beat the sides close, so that I made it capable of holding water. But the difficulty was how to get the water there, which I at length effected by means of a sort of bucket made from part of my clothing. I now felt greatly cheered with my prospects, and thought I should not be very badly off for a while; for besides the water for my drink, I had already broiled forty boobies, designing to allow myself half a one a-day. I had a small Ovid, printed by Elzevir, which was in my trousers pocket when I was going up the ladder of ropes; and, by being pressed close, was not quite spoiled, but only the cover off, and a little stained with the wet. This was a great mitigation of my misfortune; for I could entertain myself with this book under a burton bush, till I fell asleep. I remained always in good health, only a little troubled with the headache, for want of a hat, which I lost in the water, in falling down from the vessel's side. But I remedied this as well as I could, by gathering a parcel of chicken-weed, which grows there in plenty, and strewing it over the burton bushes under which I sat. Nay, at last, finding my time might be longer than I expected, I tore off one of the sleeves of my shirt, and lined a cap that I had made of green sprigs, twisted with the green bark that I peeled off.

I had been here a month by my reckoning, and in that time my skin looked as if it had been rubbed over with walnut-shells. I several times thought to have swam to one of the other islands; but as they looked only like heaps of sand, I believed I had got the best berth, so contented myself with my present station. Of boobies I could get enough, who built on the ground, and another bird that lays eggs, which I used to eat, but I never ventured to taste the eggs. I was so well satisfied with my boobies, that I did not care to try experiments. The island which I was upon, seemed to me to be about two miles in circumference, and was almost round. On the west side there is a good anchoring-place, for the water is very deep within two fathoms of the shore. God forgive me! but I often wished to have had companions in my misfortune, and hoped every day either to have seen some vessel come that way, or a wreck where, perhaps, I might have found some necessities which I wanted. I used to fancy, that if I should be forced to stay there long, I should forget my speech; so I used to talk aloud, ask myself questions, and answer them. But if any body had been by to have heard me, they would

certainly have thought me bewitched, I often asked myself such odd questions. All this while I could not inform myself where I was, nor how near any inhabited place.

One morning, which I took to be the 8th of November, a violent storm arose, which continued till noon. In the meantime I discerned a bark labouring with the waves for several hours; and at last, with the violence of the tempest, perfectly thrown out of the water upon the shore, within a quarter of a mile from the place where I observed them. I ran to see if there were any body I could assist, when I found four men (being all there were in the vessel) busy about saving what they could. When I came up with them, and hailed them in English, they seemed mightily surprised; and asked me how I came there, and how long I had been there. When I told them my story, they were concerned for themselves as well as for me, for they found there was no possibility of getting their bark off the sands, the wind having forced her so far: with that we began to bemoan one another's misfortunes; but I must confess to you, without lying, I was never more rejoiced in my whole life, for they had on board plenty of everything for a twelvemonth, and not any article spoiled. Their lading (which was logwood) they had thrown overboard to lighten the ship, which was the occasion of the wind forcing her so far. Had they kept in their lading they would have bulged in the sands, half a quarter of a mile from the place they did, and the sea flying over them, would not only have spoiled their provisions, but perhaps would have been the death of them all. By these men I understood to what place I had got, namely, one of the islands of Alcranes, which are five islands, or rather large banks of sand, for there is not a tree or bush upon any but that where we were. They lie in the lat. of 22° north, twenty-five leagues from Yucatan, and about sixty from Campeachy town. We worked as fast as we could, and got at everything that would be useful to us before night. We had six barrels of salt beef, three of pork, two of biscuit, a small copper and iron-pot, some wearing apparel, and a spare hat, which I wanted mightily. We had, besides, several kegs of rum, one of brandy, a chest of sugar, some gunpowder, and one fowling-piece, with many other very useful things. We took off the sails from the yards, and, with some pieces of timber, raised a hut big enough to hold twenty men, under which we put the beds that we got from the bark. It is true we had no shelter from the wind, for the trees were so low they were of no use. I now thought myself in a palace, and was as merry as if I had been at Jamaica, or even at home in my own country. In short, when we had been there some time, we began to be very easy, and to wait contentedly till Providence should fetch us out of this island. The bark lay upon the sands, fifty yards from the water, when at the highest, so that I used to lie in her cabin, by reason there was no more beds ashore than were for my four companions, to wit, Thomas Randal of Cork, in Ireland, whose bed was largest, which he did me the favour to spare a part of, now and then, when the wind was high, and I did not care to lie on board; Richard White and William Musgrave, of Kingston, in Jamaica; and Ralph Middleton, of Cowes, in the Isle of Wight. These men, with eight others, set out of Port Royal about a month after us, bound for the same place; but the latter, lying ashore, and wandering too far up the country, were met, as it is supposed, by some Spaniards and Indians, who set upon them in great numbers. Yet, nevertheless, by all appearance, they fought desperately; for when Mr. Randal and Mr. Middleton went to seek for them, they found all the eight dead, with fifteen Indians, and two Spaniards. All the Englishmen had several cuts in their heads, arms, breasts, &c., that made it very plainly appear they had sold their lives dearly. They were too far up in the country to bring down their dead, so they were obliged to dig a hole in the earth, and put them in as they lay, in their clothes. As for the Indians and Spaniards, they stripped them, and left them above ground as they found them, and made all the haste they could to embark, for fear of any other unlucky accident that might happen. They set sail as soon as ever they came on board, and made the best of their way for Jamaica, till they were overtaken by the storm that shipwrecked them on Make Shift Island, as I had named it.

Now, we had all manner of fishing-tackle with us, but we

wanted a boat to go a little way from shore to catch fish; therefore we set our wits to work, in order to make some manner of float, and at last we pitched upon this odd project: we took six casks, and tarred them all over, then stopped up the bungholes with corks, and nailed them close down with a piece of tarred canvass. These six casks we tied together with some of the cordage of the vessel, and upon them we placed the skuttles of the deck, and fixed them, and made it so strong, that two men might sit upon them; but for fear a storm should happen, we tied to one end of them a coil or two of small rope, of 500 fathoms long, which we fixed to a small stake on the shore. Two of our party went out (as for my part I was no fisherman) in order to see what success they should have; but returned with only one nurse, a fish so called, about two feet long, something like a shark, only its skin is very rough, and, when dry, will do the same office as a seal-skin. The same, boiled in lemon-juice, is considered an excellent remedy for the scurvy, by applying pieces of the skin to the calves of the legs, and rubbing the body with some of the liquor once or twice. We sent out our fishermen the next day again, and they returned with two old wives, and a young shark, about two feet long, which were dressed for dinner, and they proved excellent eating. In the morning following we killed a young seal with our fowling-piece. This we salted, and it ate very well, after lying two or three days in the brine.

We passed our time on this Make Shift Island as well as we could, and invented several games to divert ourselves. One day, when we had been merry, sorrow, as after gaiety often happens, stole insensibly on us all. I, as being the youngest, began to reflect on my sad condition, spending my youth on a barren island, without hopes of being ever redeemed. Whereupon Mr. Randal, who was a man of great experience, and had gone through many sufferings, gave me considerable comfort in my affliction, both by a narrative of his own mishaps, and by a plan he laid before us of a means of getting off the island. "Mr. Falconer, and my fellow sufferers," said he, "but it is to you," pointing at me, "that I chiefly address myself, as you seem to despair of a safe removal from this place more than any other. Is not your condition much better now than you could have expected it to have been a month ago? There is a virtue in manly suffering; as to repine seems to doubt of the all-seeing Power which regulates our actions. Our bark is strong and firm; and by degrees, I do not doubt, but with time and much labour, to get her into the water again. I have been aboard her this morning, when you were all asleep, and examined her carefully, inside and out, and fancy our liberty may soon be effected. I only wonder we have never thought before of clearing the sand from our vessel, which, once done, I believe we may launch her into deep water."

Having spent the night in reflection on what had passed, the next morning we went to work to clear the sand from our vessel, which by continually working on for sixteen days together, resting only on Sunday, at last we effected. The next thing we had to do was to get poles to put under our vessel to launch her out; which we got from the burton wood, but with much difficulty, as we were forced to cut a great many, before we could get such that were fit for our purpose. After we had done this, we returned God thanks for our success hitherto; and, on the day following, resolved to thrust off our vessel into the water, but we were prevented by Mr. Randal being taken ill of a fever, occasioned, as we supposed, by his great fatigue in working to free our ship from the sand, wherein he spared no pains to encourage us, as much by his actions as his words, even beyond his strength. The concern we were all in upon this, occasioned our delay in not getting our vessel out. Besides, one hand out of five very much weakened our strength. Mr. Randal never thought of his instruments till now, when he wanted to let himself blood; but, not feeling them about his clothes, we supposed they might have been overlooked in the vessel: so I ran immediately to see if I could find them; and, getting up the side, my very weight pulled her down to the sand, which would have crushed me to death if I had not sunk into the hollow that we had made by throwing the sand from the ship. I crept out in a great fright, and ran to my companions, who, with much ado, got her upright; and afterwards we fixed

some spare oars on each side to keep her up from falling again, for the pieces of wood that was placed under her were greased, to facilitate her slipping into the water, and we had dug the sand so entirely from her, that she rested only by them, which occasioned her leaning to one side with my weight only. When we entered into the vessel, and our endeavours to find the box of instruments were fruitless, we were all mightily concerned, for we verily believed that bleeding would have cured him; nay, even he himself said, that if he could be let blood, he was certain his fever would abate, and he should be easier; yet to see with what a perfect resignation he submitted to the will of heaven, would have inspired one with a true knowledge of the state good men enjoy after a dissolution from this painful life. He grew still worse and worse, but yet so patient in his sufferings, that it perfectly amazed us all. He continued in this manner a whole week, at the end of which time he expired. After our sorrow for his death was somewhat abated, we consulted how to bury him, and at last agreed on committing his body to the hole in the sand which I had dug for my well. After fulfilling this melancholy duty, the whole of our thoughts were bent on our vessel, and the means of escape from the island.

On Monday, the 31st of December, we launched our vessel out into the sea, and designed to set sail the next day from the island upon which we had been so long confined. After we had fixed her fast with two anchors and a hawser on shore, we went on board to dine and make ourselves merry, which we did very heartily; and, to add to our mirth, we made a large can of punch, which we never attempted to do before, as we had but one bottle of lime-juice in all, which was what indeed we designed for this occasion. In short, the punch ran down so merrily, that we were all in a drunken condition. When it was gone, we resolved to go to rest; but all I could do, could not persuade them to lie on board that night in their cabins, without a bed: they would venture, though they were obliged to swim a hundred yards before they could wade to shore; but however, they got safe, which I knew by their hallooing and rejoicing.

Having brought my bed on board, I went to rest very contentedly, which I did till next morning: but oh! horror! when I had dressed myself, and gone on deck to call my companions to come on board to breakfast, which was intended overnight, and afterwards to go on shore, and bring our sails and yards on board, and make to sea as fast as we could, I could not see any land! which so overcame me on the sudden, that I sunk down on the deck, without sense or motion. How long I continued so I cannot tell, but I awoke full of the sense of my melancholy condition; and ten thousand times, in spite of my resolution to forbear, cursed my unhappy fate that brought me to that deplorable state. Instead of coming on board to be frolicsome and merry, we should have given thanks to Him who gave us the means which rendered us no longer subject to such hardships that we might probably have undergone, if we had been detained longer on that island. I had no compass, neither was I, of myself, capable of ruling the vessel in a calm, much less if there should a storm happen, which is too frequent in this climate.

After I had vented my grief in a torrent of words and tears, I began to think how the vessel could have got to sea without my knowledge. By remembrance of the affairs of the night before, I found, by our eagerness and fatal carelessness, we had forgotten to fasten our cables to the geers; and, pulling up the hawser which we had fastened to one of the burton trees on shore, I perceived that the force of the vessel had pulled the tree out the earth. Then I too late found that a hurricane had risen when I was sound asleep and stupified with too much liquor. When I began to be something better contented in my mind, and thought of sustaining nature, almost spent with fatigue and grieving, one great comfort I had on my side, which my poor wretched companions wanted, was provision in plenty, and fresh water; so that when I began to consider coolly, I found I had not that cause to complain of which they had, who were left on a barren island, without any other provision than that very same diet

which I was forced to take up with when first thrown on shore.

I remained tossed upon the sea for a fortnight, without discovering land; for the weather continued very calm, but yet so hazy, that I could not perceive the sun for several days. One day, searching for some linen that I had dropped under the sacking of my bed, for I did not lie in a hammock, I found a glove with seventy-five pieces of eight in it, which I took, and sewed in the waistband of my trousers, for fear I should want it some time or other. I made no scruple in taking it, for I was well assured it had belonged to poor Mr. Randal. Besides, I had heard the other people say that they were sure that he had money somewhere; and, after his death, we searched for it, but could not find any.

January the 20th, 1700, I discovered a sail near me; but she bore away so fast, that there was not any hope of succour from her, and I had not anything to distinguish me. I supposed, though I could see them, yet they could not see me, by reason of my want of sail, which would have made me the more conspicuous. The next day I discovered land, about six leagues to the south-west of me, which, I observed, my vessel did not come nigh, but coasted along shore. I was well assured it was the province of Yucatan, belonging to the Spaniards, and was the place we came from. Now, all my fear was that I should fall into their hands, who would make me do the work of a slave; but even that I thought was better than to live in continual fear of storms, and tempests, or shipwreck.

I coasted along in this manner for two or three days, and at last discovered land right a-head, which I was very glad of, but yet mixed with fear, in not knowing what treatment I should have. On January the 30th, I made the bay and town of Francisco di Campeachy, as it proved afterwards, and was almost upon it before I was met by anything of a ship or a boat; but at last two canoes came on board, with one Spaniard and six Indians, who were much surprised when they understood my condition, by speaking broken French, which the Spaniards understood. They immediately carried me on shore, and thence to the governor, who was at dinner. They would have had me stay till he had dined; but at his hearing of me, commanded me to come in where he was at dinner with several gentlemen and two ladies; and though it is very rare any one sees the women, yet they did not offer to veil themselves. I was ordered to sit down by myself at a little table placed for that purpose, where I had sent me of what composed their dinner, which was some fish, fowls, and excellent wine of several sorts.

After they had feasted me for two or three days, they sent me about, with several officers appointed by the governor, to make a gathering, which we did with success, for in three days we had got seven hundred and odd pieces of eight; and two merchants there were at the charge of fitting up my bark, in order to send it for my poor companions, and to hearten us up, some bottles of fine wines, two bottles of citron water for a cordial, chocolate, and several other useful things: but the difficulty was to get seamen to go with me. At last they remembered they had five Englishmen, that were prisoners there, and taken in the Bay of Campeachy, upon suspicion of piracy; but nothing could be proved against them, and they were freed without any ransom. I indeed received as much humanity among them as could be expected from any of the most civilised nations.

All things being prepared, on the 15th of February, 1700, we set sail from Campeachy Bay, after paying my acknowledgments to the generous governor; but having nothing to present him worth acceptance but my Ovid, I gave him that, which he took very kindly, and said he would prize it mightily, not only in the esteem he had for that author, but in remembrance of me and my misfortunes. We plied it to the windward very briskly, and in fifteen days discovered the isles of the Alcranes; but we durst not go in within the shoals, because we were all ignorant of the channel. So we cast anchor, and hoisted out our boat, with two men and myself, and made to shore, where we found my three companions, but in a miserable condition, and Mr.

Musgrave so faint and weak, that they expected he could not live long.

They mentioned to me that when they awoke, after I had drove off in the vessel in the dark from the island, they were all in despair to find the ship gone, which they perceived was occasioned by a hurricane, that they were assured was violent, because it had blown down their tent, though without awaking them. But when they began to consider they had no food, and but very little fresh water, which was left in a barrel without a head in the tent, their despair increased. But as no passion can last long that is violent, it wore off with their care for sustenance, which they diligently searched for; and not finding any quantity of eggs or boobies, the dreadful fear of starving came into their minds, with all its horrid attendants. They had been five days without eating or drinking, for the boobies had retired, out of fear or custom, to some other place; neither could they find one egg more; and weakness came so fast upon them, with hunger and drought, that they were hardly able to crawl, so they thought of nothing but dying. When at last, they remembered the body of good Mr. Randal, that had been buried a week, which they dug up without being putrified; and that poor wretch, who helped to support our misfortunes when alive, with his sage advice, now was a means of preserving their life, though dead. We arrived in time to save them from continuing this horrid cannibalism, and having seen the remains of my old friend once more consigned to the tomb, we all got on board our vessel, in order to sail as soon as the wind would rise, it being stark calm, and continued so two days. At last it blew a little, and we weighed anchor, and stood out to sea, yet made but little way. I now was master or captain of a ship, and began to take upon me accordingly. We were nine men, all English; that is, myself, Richard White, W. Musgrave, and Ralph Middleton, my old companions; John Stone, W. Keater, Francis Hood, W. Warren, and Joseph Meadows, the five men given me by Don Antonio, who, as I said before, were taken on suspicion of piracy.

A thought came into my head that had escaped me before. I considered if these were really pirates, being five to four, they might be too powerful for us, and perhaps murder us. One day we all dined together upon deck, under our awning, it being very calm weather. I then asked the five men, what was the reason that they were taken by the Spaniards for pirates? Upon this they seemed nonplussed; but Warren soon recovered himself, as well as the rest, and spoke for the others in this manner:—"We embarked on board the ship Bonaventure, in the Thames, bound for Jamaica, whither we made a prosperous voyage; but after taking in our lading, on our way home, we were overtaken by a storm, in which our ship was lost, and all the men perished, except myself and four companions, who were saved in the long-boat. But the reason we were taken for pirates was, that making to shore to save ourselves, we saw a bark riding at anchor without the port of Campeachy, which we made to, in order to inquire whereabouts we were, and to beg some provisions, our own being gone. On entering the vessel, we found but two people in it; the third, jumping into the water, swam on shore, and brought three boats filled with Spanish soldiers, which came on board before we could make off." "Make off!" said I. "What, did you design to run away with the vessel?" "No," answered Warren, with some confusion; "but we did design to weigh anchor, and go farther in shore, that we might land in the morning, it being late at night."

I must confess I did not like the fellow being nonplussed now and then, in not knowing what to say, but, upon consideration, thought it might be for want of words to express himself better; so for that time I took no more notice, not weighing it in my mind: but in the evening Mr. Middleton came to me, with a face of concern, and told me he did not like these fellows' tale. "Why so?" said I. "Because I observe they herd together," answered he, "and are always whispering and speaking low to one another. If a foreboding heart may speak, I am sure we shall suffer something from these fellows, that will be of danger to us."

Upon this I began to stagger in my opinion of their honesty, and therefore we resolved to stand upon our guard. We took

no notice of our conference then to our two other companions but resolved to stay till night, having a better opportunity then, as we lay together in the cabin aft. When we were to go to supper, we called one another to come; but the five sailors excused themselves by saying they had dined so lately that they had no stomach as yet: whereupon we had an opportunity to converse together sooner than we designed, for being at supper, we opened the matter to our other two companions, and they agreed immediately that we were in some danger; so we resolved in the middle watch of the night to seize them in their sleep. We were to have the first watch, which we set at eight o'clock; then they were to watch till twelve; and then, in their third watch, between one and two, we had concluded to seize upon them as they slept; that is, four of them, for one of them watched with us, which was Frank Hood, the cook, whom we agreed to seize and bind fast, towards the latter end of the watch, and to threaten him with death if he offered to make the least noise.

As soon as ever our first watch was set, we sent Mr. Musgrave to prepare our arms. In about half an hour, or thereabouts, Warren called to Hood upon deck (they lying below), to get him a little water, "for he was very dry," he said: whereupon the other went down immediately with some water in a can to him. As soon as he was gone down, I had the curiosity to draw as near the scuttle as I could, to hear the discourse. Now, you must know, Hood, our cook, had been employed that day about searching our provisions, our beef casks and pork to see what quantity we had, that we might know how long it would last; so that the others had not an opportunity to disclose their design to him. As soon as he was gone down, I could hear Will Warren say to him, "Hark ye, Frank, we had like to have been smoked to-day; and though we had contrived the story that I told you, yet I was a little surprised at their asking me, because then I did not expect it; but we design to be even with them in a very little time; for hark ye—" said he, and spoke so low that I could not hear him: upon which, the other said, "There is no difficulty in the matter; but we need not be in such haste, for you know, as we ply it to windward, a day or two can break no squares, and we can soon (after effecting our design) bear down to leeward to our comrades, that we left on shore; for I fancy," added he, "that they have some small suspicion of you now, which in time will sleep, and may be on their guard: therefore it is better to wait a day or two."

"No; we'll do it to-night when they are asleep," replied Warren; whereupon there were many arguments, *pro* and *con*, as I fancied. A little while afterwards Hood came up again; and after walking up and down, fixing his eyes often upon me—who, in the mean time, was provided with a couple of pistols under my waistcoat, and which, indeed, were their own, that we had hung up ready charged, in our cabin (which was one reason of their design to attack us in our sleep)—Hood, as I said before, seemed to fix his eyes frequently on me, for, till now, I never watched in the night.

Hood's conduct became more mysterious; at last, said he, very softly, "If you please Mr. Falconer, I have a word or two to say to you, that much concerns you all." "What is it?" said I. "Why," answered he, "I would have the rest of your companions ear-witnesses too;" with that I called them together; "but," said he, "let us retire as far from the scuttle as we can, that we may not be heard by any below deck." So we went into the cabin, and opened the scuttle above, that Mr. Musgrave, who steered, might hear what was said. When we had sat down upon the floor, Hood began as follows:—"My four companions below have a wicked design upon you: that is to seize you, and put you into the boat, and run away with the vessel; but I think it is an inhuman action, not only to any one, but to you in particular, that have been the means of their freedom." Upon this (finding his sincerity), I told him that we were provided against it already; and, with the consent of my companions, I told him of our design of seizing them in the third watch. "But," said he, "they intend to put their project in practice their next watch; therefore I think 'twill be more proper for us to counterplot them, and seize them this. As they have no arms," said I, "and we have, we need not fear them."

We had several debates about this, which took up too much time, to our sorrow; for Warren, mistrusting Hood, it seems got up, and listened; and when he found that we retired all of us to the cabin, he got upon deck, and, stealing softly, came so close that he overheard everything we said, which, as soon as he understood, he went immediately to his companions, who waited impatiently, as they told us afterwards, and let them know all our discourse; whereupon, without pausing, they resolved to attack us immediately, in the midst of our consultation; which was no sooner resolved upon than done. For we were immediately surprised by their seizing us, which they did with that quickness, and so unperceivable, that we were all confounded and amazed: they had got two pistols in our consternation, which they clapped to our breasts. In this confusion I had forgotten mine, that were at my girdle (or else we might have been hard enough for them); neither did I remember them till they found them about me. They shut the cabin-door on the inside till they had bound us, and never minded Mr. Musgrave's knocking and making a noise, till they had secured us; which done, they opened the door and seized him, who came to know what the matter was, for we had no candle in the cabin; and he, hearing a noise amongst us, thought we were seizing Hood, and called to us to forbear (as he said afterwards), and make haste, for he was going to tack about, though we did not hear him; on which, he clapped the helm a-lee, and came down to fetch us out to haul off the sheets, &c., and was seized; and the sails fluttered in the wind, by reason she was veering round when the helm was a-lee.

After they had fixed the vessel, and it was broad day, they came and unbound our legs, and gave us leave to walk upon deck; whereupon I began to expostulate with them, particularly Warren, as he seemed to have a sort of command over the others. "And what," said I to him, "do you design to do with us, now you have your desire?" "Do with you? why, by and bye, we design to put you into the boat, and turn you adrift; but, for that Hood, we'll murder him without mercy! A dog, to betray us! but as you have not so much injured us, we'll put you immediately into the boat, with a week's provisions, and a small sail, and you shall seek your fortune, as I suppose you would have done by us." "No," answered I; "we only designed to confine you till we came to Jamaica, and there to have given you your liberty to go where you had thought fit. Put us ashore at any land that belongs to the English, and we will think you have not done us an injury." "No," said he; "we must go to meet our captain and fifty men, upon the mainland of Yucatan, where our vessel was stranded, not to be gotten off. Our first design, when we were taken in our boat, was to get us a vessel to go buccaneering, which we had done at Campeachy, if it had not been for the Indian that swam on shore, unknown to us, and brought succours too soon."

When they had got every thing ready, that is to say, a barrel of biscuit, and another of water, about half a dozen pieces of beef, and as much pork, a small kettle, and a tinder-box, we were better provided than we expected, by much: besides, they granted us four cutlasses, and a fowling-piece, with about four pounds of powder, and a sufficient quantity of shot; together with all poor Mr. Randal's journals, after their perusing them, and finding them of no use. When this was done, Warren ordered them to tie Hood to the mast of the vessel, and was charging a pistol to shoot him through the head, not considering it was charged before; for it was one of those I had at my girdle, and which they took from me; but in his eagerness and heat of passion he did not mind it. We all intreated for the poor fellow, and he himself fell upon his knees, and begged, with all the eloquence he had, to spare him and let him go with us; but Warren swore bitterly nothing should save him; with that he cocked his pistol and levelled it at Hood, but firing, it split into several pieces, and one struck Warren into the skull so deep, that he was breathing his last upon deck. One of the bullets grazed upon the side of my temple, and did but just break the skin: as for Hood, he was not hurt; but with the fright and noise of the pistol (as we supposed), laboured with such an agony of spirit, that he broke the cords that tied him by the arms, though as thick as a middle finger, and fell down, but rose immediately; and not finding himself

hurt ran to us and unbound our arms unperceived by the other two, who were busy about the unfortunate Warren; and though they were called to by those that steered (who ran immediately to prevent it, yet they did not mind it, they were so concerned about Warren. Before he that steered came, Hood had unbound me, and stopped the fellow (Meadows) by giving him a blow with his fist that knocked him down. In the meantime, I had unbound White, Musgrave, and Middleton, and we went and seized upon the other two pirates, as now we called them nothing else.

After we had bound them in our turn, we went to see what assistance could be given to Warren, when we found that a piece of the barrel of the pistol had sunk into his skull, and that he was just expiring; but yet he sat up with great resolution. "You have overpowered us," said he, "and I likewise see the hand of heaven is in it: I was born of good honest parents, whose steps, if I had followed, would have made my conscience easy to me at this time; but I forsook all religion, and now, too late, I find that to dally with heaven is fooling one's self: but yet, in this one moment of my life that is left, I heartily repent of all my past crimes, and rely upon the Saviour of the world that died for our sins to pardon mine." With that he crossed himself and expired. I must confess I was very sorry for the unhappy accident of his death, but yet glad that we were at liberty, and felt something easy that the poor soul repented before he expired.

After we had secured our Tartars, we threw Warren overboard, and bore to the wind; for after our first tacking about in the morning, when the bustle happened, they bore away with tack at cat-head, as being for their purpose. The three men that were left, desired us to let them have the boat, and go to seek their companions, which we refused, not having hands enough to carry our vessel to Jamaica. But we promised them, if they would freely work in the voyage, they should have their entire liberty to go where they thought fit, without any complaints against them. Upon this, we began to be a little sociable as before; and they all declared that what they did was at the instigation of Warren.

The next day we discovered a ship to the windward of us, that bore down upon us with crowded sails. We filled all the sails we had, and endeavoured to get away from her as fast as we could, but all to no purpose. We saw they gained upon us every moment; and therefore seeing it was not possible for us to escape, we backed our sails and laid by for them that they might be more civil if they were enemies. As soon as ever they came up with us they hailed us, and ordered us to come on board, which we durst not deny, when Mr. Musgrave and I, with Hood and White, for rowers, went on board them. We found by Hood's knowing them that they were his captain and comrades. Now, as Hood said, we did not know how we should behave ourselves, or what we should say about Warren; but we only told the captain how we met with his men, and that they were redeemed upon my account. He never asked particularly for Warren, but how they all did; and when they sent on board to search our vessel they soon came to the truth, for the other three told them the story, though not with aggravated circumstances; upon which poor Hood was tied to the mainmast, lashed with a cat-o-nine-tails most abominably, and after that pickled in brine, which was more painful than the whipping; but it kept his back from festering, which it might otherwise have done, because they flay the skin at every stroke; and then wash it with brine, which is called whipping and tickling. After this, they would not keep him among them, but sent for the other three men from our vessel, and ordered us all on board, with another of their men who was ill of a dangerous fever, which they feared might prove infectious. They did not take any thing from us, as we expected at first; only gave us this sick man to look after, which we were very contented with; so we parted with them very well satisfied, but much more so when we were out of sight, fearing they had forgotten themselves, and would send for us back, and take our provisions from us, or some mischief or another; for pirates do not often happen to be so courteous.

Two nights after we had parted from the pirate, we encountered a dreadful storm, that lasted two days without

abating; and our poor bark, which was none of the best, was tumbled and tossed about like a tennis-ball, yet we received no damage, but that she would not answer the helm; so we were obliged to let her go before the tempest, and trust to the mercy of heaven for relief. We, in the middle of the storm, discovered land right a-head, which put us all into our panics. We endeavoured to bring our vessel to bear up to the wind, but all to no purpose, for she still drove nearer the shore, where we discovered several tokens of a shipwreck, as pieces of broken masts, and barrels swimming on the water, and a little farther, men's hats. Then we began to think that we certainly should run the same fate—when, as soon as thought, our bark was driven on shore in a smooth sandy bay, where we had opportunity to quit her, which was happy for us; for the sea washed over her with such violence, that we had not any hopes of her escaping the storm, and thought, of course, we should be torn to pieces.

When we were ashore, we all concluded it could be no other land but the south of Cuba island, belonging to the Spaniards. We were then in a terrible fright lest we were near any place that belonged to the Indians; for Musgrave assured me that there were some parts of the south-side of Cuba that Indians dwelt in, in spite of the Spaniards, and massacred them, wherever they met with them, or any other whites. We remained all night in great fear; and though we found the storm abated, or rather a calm succeeded, yet we durst not stir till the moon rose, and then we walked towards our vessel, which we found all on one side; but, by good fortune, most of our provisions were dry, which mightily rejoiced us. But all the vessel's rigging and masts were shattered and torn to pieces, and some part of her quarter wrung off, so that she could not be of any use to us if we could have got her upright. We took out all our provision, and our arms, with two barrels of gunpowder, that were dry, the rest being damaged with water and sand that had got in. We had arms enough, as having those that belonged to the three sailors that were taken in the pirate, which we supposed they had forgotten; so we were six men well armed, with each a musket, a case of pistols, and a bayonet, besides two cutlasses, if we should need them. By the time we had taken every thing out, day approached, and then we designed, altogether, well armed, to go and view the country. John Rouse was very well recovered of his fever, but a little weak; yet his heart was as good as the best of us; so we resolved, if we were set upon by the Indians, to defend ourselves to the last drop of blood, choosing rather to die by their hands in fight, than to be tortured after their usual manner.

When we had placed our provision and other necessities, safe behind a tuft of trees that grew close by the water-side, we fixed our arms, and ventured to walk up into the country, which we did in all directions that day, four or five miles, but could not discover any living creature, nor any sign of inhabitants; only in one place the grass seemed to be lately trodden, but whether by man or beast, we could not discover; so being tired, we went back again to our station, where we ate heartily, and at night we laid ourselves upon the grass, and fell asleep, for we durst not lie upon the sails we had got for that purpose, as they were not dry, though spread all day long.

I was awakened the next morning by a company of lizards creeping over me, which is an animal frightful enough to look at, but very harmless, and great lovers of mankind. They say that these creatures, if any person lie asleep, and any voracious beast, or the alligator, which comes on shore often, is approaching the place where you lie, will crawl to you as fast as they can, and, with their forked tongues, tickle you till you awake, that you may avoid, by their timely notice, the coming danger. I got up, being roused by these animals, and looked about me, but saw nothing except an odd kind of a snake, about two feet long, having a head something like a weasel, and fiery eyes, like a cat; as soon as it spied me, it ran away, and my dog after it, but he did not kill it.

We now resolved on another walk to discover what inhabitants were our neighbours, whether Indians or Spaniards; if Indians, we designed to patch up our boat, which had several holes in it, and make off as fast as we could, and row northward, till we came to some place inhabited by Spaniards: but

if we found the latter, to beg protection, and some means to get to Jamaica, whereupon we ventured out with these resolutions.

We had not gone far before my dog began to bark, when, turning my head on one side, I beheld a black approaching us; and, being startled at the sight, I cocked my piece, and resolved to fire at him; but he called to me in English, and told me he did not come to do me any harm, but was a poor distressed Englishman that wanted food, and was almost starved, having eaten nothing but wild fruit for four days: upon that I let him come near, when he was soon known by Rouse to be William Plymouth, the black trumpeter to the captain that commanded the pirate ship. Upon this, knowing him, we sat down and gave him some provision, which we had brought with us, because we designed to be out all day.

After he had refreshed himself a little, we asked him how he came into this island? To which he answered, "We were cruising about Cuba, in hopes of some Spanish prize, when a storm arose and drove us upon a rock, where our ship was beaten to pieces, and not above eighteen men saved beside the captain." "And did that wicked wretch escape the shipwreck?" said I. "Yes," answered Plymouth, "but to undergo a more violent death; for as soon as ever we landed, we wandered up in the country to seek for some food, without any weapons but a few cutlasses, having lost our fire-arms; but, however, we all got something or other to defend ourselves on shore, such as long clubs, which we took from the trees we found in our walks. Our captain resolved, if he met with any Indian or Spanish huts, he would murder all that he found in them, for fear they should make their escape, and bring more upon us. Thus he encouraged his men to follow him with their clubs: 'We will walk,' said he, 'till we find some beaten path, and there lie hid till night, when we may go on to some house, and come upon them undiscovered, by which means we may get provision and other arms: for the Indians of Cuba use fire-arms as well as the Spaniards, and are full as dexterous in using them as any Europeans. After travelling about ten miles to the north-west, we discovered a path, upon which a halt was commanded; and we retired into the woods again till night, and dined upon what fruits we could get upon the trees."

"About two hours before night, a dog smelt us out, and, running away from us, barked most furiously; upon that we were afraid of being discovered, which fear proved true; for in half an hour, or thereabouts, after the dog left us, we were saluted with several arrows and musket shot, that killed three men, and wounded me in the foot; but it proved the means of saving my life; for as soon as our men perceived what had happened, they ran as hard as they could to meet the danger; knowing they could do no good till they came to handy-blows. I, in endeavouring to follow them, found my hurt, which prevented me keeping up with the rest; but I could hear and see them at it. About 200 Indians set upon our men, and in half an hour killed them every one. I saw the captain lay about him desperately, but at last he fell, being run through the throat with a wooden stake. As soon as ever the Indians had conquered, or rather murdered them, they fell to stripping them as fast as they could, and carried them off, together with their own dead, which were many, for the English sold their lives very dearly.

"After they were gone, I ventured to steal out from behind a row of bushes, where I had placed myself to see what had happened. I went to the place of battle, where I found two of our men that they had left, with all their arms; so I took up one of their best muskets and a cutlass, and made farther into the wood, for fear of being caught, which I should have been, if I had stayed a quarter of an hour longer; for I soon heard them coming, screaming, and hallooing, back to fetch the other two bodies and their arms, as I conjectured.

"I walked as far as my injured foot would let me that night, and out of the danger of the Indians, as I thought, and then laid me down to sleep as well as I could, being very hungry and sadly tired, and slept very well till morning, when I proceeded forward in my painful journey, and directed my coast north-east, thinking that was the best way to avoid the Indians, and probably to meet with some Spaniards, whom I knew inhabited

towards the north; the Havannah, the capital city of the whole island, being seated there. I wandered for four days, eating nothing but fruit in the woods; but laying myself down about an hour ago, to rest myself a little, I thought I heard the tongues of Englishmen, which, to my great joy, proved true. I left my musket behind the bushes, for fear of alarming you; but now, after returning God and you thanks for this timely nourishment, I'll go and fetch it; which he did. It was easily known to be an Indian piece, for they rudely carved it all over with several figures of birds and beasts."

"Now," said I, to my companions, "you see the reward of wickedness. The pirate was not suffered to go on long in his crimes; for though justice has leaden feet, yet they always find she has iron hands."

After poor Plymouth had refreshed himself, we set forward

and walked along till we came to a road that seemed to be the main road of the island. Here we consulted what we should do; whether we should go on, or return for more provision. We resolved to go a little distance from the road, for fear we should meet with more of the Indians, and run the same fate with the other Englishmen. But Plymouth told us we were a great way from the place where his countrymen were killed (for Plymouth, though born in Guinea, would always call himself an Englishman, being brought over very young); so we resolved, one and all, to venture.

We sent up prayers to the Almighty for our safety, and went on with an idea that we should come off with success; but we had not gone far, when we heard the reports of several muskets, and shouting in a barbarous manner behind us. Looking that way, we saw a mulatto riding, as fast as ever his mule could



carry him: when he came up to us, he stopped, and cried in Spanish, "Make haste! run!—the Indians are coming upon you. They have killed several Spaniards already, and are fighting with them!" Mr. Musgrave, who understood Spanish very well, interpreted what he said to us, and asked how far they were off. He answered, "Just by;" and hearing another shout, put spurs to his mule, and left us in an instant. We found, by the shouting and the firing, that they would be immediately upon us; so we retired out of the road to let them pass, and laid down upon our bellies that they might not discover us. Immediately came by about twenty Spaniards, on horseback, pursued by nearly a hundred Indians. Just as they came by us, one Spaniard dropped, and crept into a bush on the other side of the road; and presently the Indians followed, shouting in a horrid manner, who, being very swift on foot, outran an ordinary horse, and overtook the Spaniards again; and they had thrown away their fire-arms, to make them the lighter to run as we supposed. The Spaniards knew they would soon overtake them, so only ran to charge their pistols, and stayed till they came up; then discharged them to put them in confusion, and then ran again to prolong the time, in hopes of some aid. All this we understood by the Spaniard who crept into the bush undiscovered by the Indians, he being the foremost in flight. He told us, moreover, that about three leagues further, there was a fort belonging to the Spaniards, to stop the Indians, they using to make inroads before that fort was built, even to the gates of the city of Havannah. Upon this we consulted, and resolved to follow on the edge of the road, to see if we could be useful. We soon came even with them, for they were in a narrow place, and the Spaniards kept

them at bay pretty well. By good fortune there was a high hedge, made by trees, and all along as we went, which hindered us from being discovered. Here we resolved to fire upon them, altogether, and then run farther up, and, if possible, get out into the road and face them.

Accordingly, we agreed to fire, four and three, and the first four to charge again immediately. Mr. Musgrave, Mr. Middleton, Mr. White, and myself, agreed to fire first; then Hood, Rouse, and Plymouth: which, as soon as we had taken good aim, we did; and firing at their backs, killed four downright, and wounded several; for I had ordered them to put two bullets into each piece. As soon as ever we had fired our muskets, we let fly one pistol each, and then the other three fired their guns. After a good deal of fighting and skirmishing, we put the savages completely to the rout. However, we took four of them prisoners, and tying their hands behind them, fastened them to two of our foremost horses, the rest following after, that they might not get loose.

We were met on the road by twenty Spanish horse, with each a foot soldier behind them, who were upon the full gallop to our assistance, having been alarmed by the mulatto that rode by; but I believe some were glad they came too late. The officers and the rest saluted us very courteously, when they heard how luckily we came to their assistance; but they fell a-whipping the poor naked Indians so barbarously, that, though they deserved, I could not bear to see it done; and though the blood followed every lash, yet they never cried out.

We were well entertained at a gentleman's house at dinner, with provision dressed after the English way, and all manner of sweet-meats, and cool wines. As soon as we had dined, we were obliged to get on horseback, and away for the Havannah, which we reached about six o'clock in the evening. We had rooms allotted us; and several Englishmen and Irishmen came to see us, who lived there.

I met there with a priest, whom I am sure harboured nothing of cruelty in his breast, for he came to see us every day, and in such a friendly manner, that charmed us all. He was always sending us one good thing or other, and would take us to divert us abroad. He understood Latin very well and some English. On the Sunday he preached an excellent sermon in Spanish, in order to excite charity in the auditors, and let us have what was necessary for carrying us to Jamaica. The next day he brought us to the value of £50 in Spanish dollars, which were collected at the church-doors for us. There was a small vessel upon the stocks, that was bought of the owners for us, and a collection made in the town for money to pay for it. This was very agreeable news, and we were told our vessel was ready, and therefore we might go when we pleased. It was as neat a one as ever was built by the Spaniards, and carried between thirteen and fourteen tons. We had all sorts of provision sent on board for half a year, or more: so that we only stayed for the wind to rise, it being quite a calm. While we remained there, the four unfortunate Indians were executed in the midst of the parade.

When all was over, Father Antonio took us home to his lodgings, to give us a small collation for the last time, as the next day we all designed to lie on board, in expectation of the wind rising. In the morning we paid our hearty acknowledgments to all our benefactors, and went on board; where we had not been a quarter of an hour before an extraordinary message came from the governor for Plymouth, our black, who went without any hesitation, and returned with a present from the governor of several bottles of rack, Spanish wines, fowls, rice, and brandy, with twenty pieces of Spanish gold, as the messenger told us, in recompense for the loss of our companion; for the governor had sent for Plymouth to know if he would serve him in the quality of his trumpeter, and a pension should be settled on him for life. Plymouth thought fit to accept of it, as having no master, nor knowing when he should have one; but he got leave to come on board to bid us farewell, which he did in a very affectionate manner; so we parted with Plymouth, and with hearty thanks recommended him to father Antonio for all his favours. Plymouth had a trumpet given him by the governor as soon as he came on shore, which he brought with him, and so sounded all the way in the boat, as

he went back again, to oblige us, for really he sounded extraordinarily well, and had learned to play on several other instruments, having a tolerable understanding in music. The wind rising, we weighed anchor, and left port with three huzzas, and a volley of small arms (having no cannon), and in two days lost sight of the island of Cuba.

The weather continued favourable, so that we arrived at Jamaica without meeting anything remarkable in our passage. As soon as we had cast anchor, I ordered the boat to be made ready to carry me on board my own ship, which I saw riding there. But when I got up the ship's side, I found my clothes selling at the mast, at "Who bids more?" which is the method as soon as the person is dead or killed; the first harbour they anchor in, the clothes of the deceased are brought upon the deck and sold by auction; the money to be paid when they come to England, for it generally happens that sailors have not any till they come home again.

They were at the last article when I came up to the ship's side, which was a pair of black worsted stockings, that cost, I believe, about 4s., which went off at 12s. 6d., though they had been worn. As soon as I was seen by them, some cried out, "A ghost! a ghost!" and others ran away to secure the clothes they had bought, suspecting that now I would have them again. When they were satisfied of my being alive, and were told my story, they were all rejoiced at my good fortune, but none could be prevailed upon to let me have my clothes again; so I took up the slop-book, and cast up what they were sold for, and found what cost me about £20, were sold for four times the money. When I was satisfied in that, I called every person, one by one, that had bought any of my clothes, and struck a bargain with them for ready money, and bought them for about £10, as the ready money pleased them mightily.

Captain Wise being sick ashore, I went to pay him a visit where he was mighty glad to see me, believing that I had perished. He told me that the vessel hung lights out for several hours, that I might know where to swim, and laid by as long as the wind would permit; as the crew acquainted him when they came into harbour. The captain told me that he did not think he should live long, therefore was extremely glad I was come to take charge of the ship, which would have sailed before if she had been in a condition to bear the sea. From thence I went on board my new bark, and settled my affairs with my new companions, who were very sorry to think of parting from me. Hood and Rouse desired they might be received on board as sailors, and go to England with us; for Hood was an Englishman, and Rouse had friends there. Besides, it was as easy to go from England to Bermudas, as from Jamaica. So I spoke to the captain, who was very well pleased to receive them, as he had lost five men by the distemper of the country. Captain Wise died in a week after my coming, and left me executor for his wife, who lived at Bristol.

As soon as we had buried him, I went on board with my two men, designing to sail in three days at furthest, which I would have done before, but that I was hindered by wanting a chapman for our bark, as we had shares to dispose of. When I came on board, the master told me he had no occasion for the two men to add to their charge. "That is as I shall think fit," said I; "for the power is in my hands no." "And who put that power into your hand?" said the master. "He that had power to do so," said I; "the captain;" whereupon I showed him in writing. He told me "it did not signify anything, and that I should find no one of the sailors would obey a boy incapable to steer a vessel. It would be a fine thing," added he, "for my mate to become my captain; and as I was designed by the captain to have the command of the vessel before you came, so I intend to keep it." "But," said I, "this paper, signed by his own hand, is but of two days date, and you cannot show any thing for the command, as you pretend to; therefore I'll make my complaint to the governor, and he shall right me." "Ay, ay, do so," said he; "I'll stand to anything he shall command."

Whereupon Rouse, Hood, and myself, went into the boat again, and rowed on shore; but the governor was six miles

up in the country; and as it was pretty late, we designed to wait for his coming home, which, we were told, would be in the morning early; so I went on board the bark and lay there all night, the ship lying beyond the quays, two leagues from the harbour, in order to sail. The next morning, getting up with an intent to wait upon the governor, and looking towards the place where the ship lay over night, I found she was gone; and casting my eyes towards the sea, saw a ship four or five leagues distant from us, which we supposed to be ours. I immediately went on shore, and found the governor had just come to town, and made my complaint. He told me there was no remedy, but to send immediately to Blewfield's Bay, where he supposed they would stop to get wood, which was usual with our ships that were bound for England; whereupon there was a messenger ordered for Blewfield's Bay, whom I accompanied, to give instructions to the officer that commanded at the fort to seize the master of the ship, and order him before the governor at Port Royal; so we got on horseback and reached it in three days, it being almost a hundred miles. When we came there, we found several ships in the harbour, but none that we wanted; so we waited a week, all to no purpose; for she passed the bay as mistrusting our design. Upon this we were obliged to return with heavy hearts, and tell the governor of our ill success, who pitied me, and told me he would see me shipped in the first vessel bound for England: so I went on board my own bark, where they were all glad to see me, though sorry I was so disappointed. Now I was very glad that I had not disposed of my bark, for I thought it might be of use to me. We consulted together to know what was best to do; at last I made a bargain with them, if they would venture with me in our bark to England. Upon this we agreed; and with what money I had, I began to lade my vessel with things to traffic with. I bought a good quantity of indigo, some cotton, sugar, and rum. In short, I laid out the best part of my money; and on the 1st of June, 1700, set sail with a fair wind, and steered our course to England.

We put in at Blewfield's Bay for the convenience of getting wood and water, and when we were provided, steered our course onward as fast as possible; but as soon as we came within ten leagues of the Havannah, a Spanish man-of-war of forty guns came up with us, and commanded us to strike our sails, which we did immediately; and coming on board us, were surprised to find us all Englishmen, not expecting other than Spaniards, from the build of our vessel: whereupon they made us all prisoners, and sent fifteen men on board us to carry the vessel into the Havannah. Telling them how we came by the vessel did not signify any thing, for they said we were pirates, and had seized it; and our pass, which we had from the governor of Havannah, not being to be found, made things appear so different to what they really were, that it had on the face of it a very suspicious appearance. We were very much afraid we should find a great number of difficulties in obtaining our liberty, especially if they proceeded to their station, which was St. Jago. But it happened much better than we had any reason to expect; for she proceeded directly to the Havannah, where we knew every thing would be placed in a true light again. When we were anchored, and the people came on board us, we were soon known, and the captain, going to the governor, was informed of the matter; so we were released immediately, and had a visit made us from father Antonio and honest Plymouth, who were mightily rejoiced to see us. We were detained two days before we could get away; and then we set sail with a brisk gale, first saluting the town.

In two days after our sailing, we made Cape Florida, and entered the gulf which bears the same name, and passed it without danger. But here a sudden calm overtook us, as frequently happens, when you are past the gulf; and the current set strong to westward, occasioned, as we supposed, by the opening of the land upon that coast. The calm lasted for four days, we were insensibly carried within half a league of the shore; but a little breeze rising from land, helped us farther out again. Still our danger increased; for we soon perceived three large canoes, making towards us, full of armed Indians.

We had not much time to consult what to do, for they gained upon us every moment. Now death, or something worse than

death, stared us in the face; and most of us thought this the last day we had to live. "Come, friends," said I, "if we must die, let us die bravely, like Englishmen." We charged our four guns with double and round, and our pateraroes with musket balls: the rest of our arms we got in readiness, and resolved to die fighting, and not suffer ourselves to be taken, to be miserably butchered, as all the Indians of Florida do when they get any whites in their power. We resolved to fire our six muskets upon them, as soon as they came within reach; so we took our aim, two at each canoe, and fired upon them, which did them some damage, for they stopped upon it. Whereupon we made the best of our way, but they soon pursued us with loud and rude shouts.

By this time we had charged our pieces the third time, which we fired as before, but did more execution, as they were nearer to us; and now we charged them the fourth time, and laid them along upon the deck for a further occasion.

Looking towards the shore, we saw eight more of their canoes standing towards us. This put us upon making all the sail we could; and the sea breeze being now pretty strong, we had good way. Being anxious to avoid killing the poor and ignorant creatures, we made all the sail we could, and as they could not keep up with us, we soon left them far behind. We now sailed on with a prosperous gale, and met with no incident worth recording, till Thursday, the 15th of July, when we discovered land, which amazed us all, for we did not think of falling in with any land till we saw England. We went to consult our charts, and saw we were near Newfoundland: and finding that, we steered directly into St. John's harbour, which is the most commodious in the island, and capital of that part of Newfoundland which belongs to the English, and we were well pleased.

After being there two days, we set sail, and made our course to England, July 25th, 1700. We met with no extraordinary accident in our passage, till we discovered the Land's End, on the 21st of August. How rejoiced I was to see my native country, let them judge that have been placed in the same condition that I have. I may with truth say, that the transports I felt, on first seeing the white cliffs of the island that gave me birth, exceeded the joy I received when I was delivered from the most imminent danger.

LOSS OF H.M.S. LA TRIBUNE,

CAPTAIN BARKER, NOVEMBER, 1797.

LA TRIBUNE was one of the finest frigates in his Majesty's navy, mounted 44 guns, and had recently been taken from the French by Captain Williams, in the Unicorn frigate. She was commanded by Captain S. Barker, and on September the 22nd, 1797, sailed from Torbay, as convoy to the Quebec and Newfoundland fleets. In latitude 49 deg. 14 min., lon. 17 deg. 22 min., she fell in, and spoke with his majesty's ship Experiment, from Halifax; and lost sight of all her convoy on the 10th of October, in lat. 46 deg. 19 min., lon. 32 deg. 11 min.

About eight o'clock in the morning of the following Thursday, they came in sight of the harbour of Halifax, and approached it very fast, with an E.S.E. wind, when Captain Barker proposed to the master to lay the ship to till they could procure a pilot. The master replied that he had beat a 44-gun ship into the harbour, that he had frequently been there, and, as the wind was favourable, there was not the slightest occasion for a pilot. Captain Barker, confiding in these assurances, went into his cabin, where he was employed in arranging some papers which he intended to take on shore with him. In the meantime, the master, who placed great dependence on the judgment of a negro, named John Cosey, who had formerly belonged to Halifax, took upon himself the pilotage of the ship. By twelve o'clock the ship had approached so near the Thrum Cap shoals, that the master became alarmed, and sent for Mr. Galvin, the master's mate, who was sick below. On his coming upon deck, he heard the man in the chains sing out "By the mark five!" the black man forward at the same time crying out, "Steady!" Galvin got on one of the carronades to observe

the situation of the ship, while the master ran, in great agitation, to the wheel, and took it from the man who was steering, with the intention of wearing the ship; but before this could be effected, or Galvin was able to give an opinion, the ship struck, Captain Barker immediately went on deck, and reproached the master with having lost the ship. Seeing Galvin likewise on deck, he addressed him, saying, that knowing he had formerly sailed out of the harbour, he was surprised that he could stand by and see the master run the ship on shore; to which Galvin replied, that he had not been long enough on deck to be able to give an opinion.

They instantly made signals of distress, which were answered by the military posts and ships in the harbour; and from these, as well as from the dock-yard, boats were immediately sent to the relief of the Tribune. The military boats, and one of those from the dock-yard, with Mr. Rackum, the boatswain in ordinary, reached the ship, but the wind was so much against them, that in spite of all their exertions, the others were unable to get on board. The ship was immediately lightened by throwing overboard all her guns, except one, which was retained for signals, and every other heavy article, so that about half-past eight o'clock in the evening the ship began to heave, and at nine o'clock they got her off the shoals. About three hours before she had lost her rudder, and they now found, upon examination, that she had seven feet water in her hold. The chain-pumps were instantly manned, and their exertions so well sustained, that they soon began to gain upon the leaks. By the advice of Mr. Rackum, the captain ordered the best bower-anchor to be let go, but this did not succeed in bringing her up. He then ordered the cable to be cut; and the jib and fore-topmast-staysail were hoisted to steer by. During this interval a violent gale, which had come on at S.E. kept increasing, and the ship was fast driven on to the western shore. The small bower-anchor was soon afterwards let go; at which time they found themselves in thirteen fathoms water, and the mizenmast was then cut away.

It was now ten o'clock, and as the water was gaining rapidly upon them, the crew had but little hopes remaining of being able to save either the ship or their lives. At this critical period Lieutenant Campbell quitted the ship, and Lieutenant North was taken into the boat out of one of the ports. From the moment at which the former left the ship, all hopes of safety had vanished; the ship was rapidly sinking, the storm was increasing with redoubled violence, and the rocky shore which they were fast approaching, resounding with the deafening roar of the rolling billows, presented nothing to those who might survive the loss of the ship, but the expectation of a more painful death, by being impetuously dashed against precipices, which, even in the calmest day, it is impossible to ascend. Dunlass, who was one of the survivors, declared that about half-past ten, as near as he could conjecture, one of the men who had been below came to him upon the fore-castle, and told him it was all over. A few minutes afterwards the ship took a lurch, like a boat nearly filled with water and going down; on which Dunlass immediately began to ascend the fore-shrouds, and, at the same moment, casting his eyes towards the quarter-deck, he saw Captain Barker standing by the gangway looking into the water, and, directly afterwards, he heard him call for the jolly-boat. He then saw the lieutenant of marines coming towards the taffrail to look, as he supposed, for the jolly-boat, which had been previously let down with men in her: but the ship, at that instant, made a second lurch, and directly went to the bottom: after which, neither the captain nor any of the other officers were again seen.

The scene, which before had been peculiarly distressing, now became truly awful: more than two hundred and forty men, besides several women and children, were floating on the waves, each vainly endeavouring to save himself, and making the last struggle to preserve life. Dunlass, who has been already mentioned, gained the fore-top, while Mr. Galvin, the master's mate, with great difficulty got into the main-top. When the ship sunk, he was below directing the men at the chain-pump, and the manner of his preservation was rather singular: as the ship sunk, he was washed up the

hatchway, thrown into the waist, and from thence into the water, and, as he plunged, his feet struck against the rock. On ascending to the surface, he swam to gain the main-shrouds, when three men suddenly laid hold of him: he had almost given himself up for lost, when, to disengage himself, he suddenly dived under the water, which made them let go their grasp. On again rising, he swam to the shrouds, and having reached the main-top, he seated himself on an arm chest that was lashed to the mast.

From the observations of Galvin in the main-top, and Dunlass in the fore-top, it appeared that more than one hundred persons were hanging to the shrouds, the tops, and other parts of the wreck, for a considerable time; but from the length of the night and the severity of the storm, nature became exhausted, and, during the whole of the night, they continued dropping off and disappearing. The cries and groans of the unhappy sufferers, from the bruises which many of them had received, and as their hopes of deliverance began to fail, were truly appalling, and continued throughout the night, but became very feeble towards the morning, on account of the few who survived.

About twelve o'clock the mainmast gave way with a loud crash, having at that time about forty persons in the main-top and shrouds, the whole of whom were again precipitated into the water, where the greater number of these unhappy wretches perished, ten of them only being able to regain the top, which rested on the main yard, and the whole remained fast to the ship by some of the rigging. When morning broke, four only were alive of the ten who had reached the top, and ten only were alive on the fore-top, of whom three were so exhausted and so helpless, that before any relief arrived, they were washed away; soon after three others also perished, and thus four only were at last left alive on the fore-top.

The place where the ship went down was barely three times her length to the southward of the entrance into Herring Cove. During the night the inhabitants came down to the point opposite to where the ship had sunk, and kept up large fires, and were so near, that they could converse with the people upon the wreck.

The first exertion that was made for their relief was by a boy of only thirteen years of age, belonging to Herring Cove, who, though men hesitated to attempt it, dared to venture off by himself in a small skiff, about eleven o'clock the next day. This intrepid youth, with great labour and extreme risk to himself, boldly approached the wreck, and backed in his little boat so near as to take off two of the men from the fore-top, which were all his boat would safely hold. And here was exhibited a trait of generous magnanimity which ought not to pass unnoticed. Dunlass and a man named Monro, had, throughout this disastrous night, preserved their strength and spirits in a greater degree than their companions in misfortune, whom they endeavoured to cheer and encourage when they found their spirits sinking. These two, upon the arrival of the boat, might easily have stepped into it, and thus have terminated their own sufferings, at the expense of the lives of their two companions, who were unable to stir, but lay exhausted on the top, wishing not to be disturbed, and seemed desirous of perishing in that situation; but these generous fellows did not hesitate a moment as to which of them should be rescued, but remaining themselves upon the wreck, they saved their unfortunate companions even against their will. Lifting them up, they, with the greatest exertion, placed them in the little skiff, when the noble boy rowed them triumphantly to the Cove, and had them immediately conveyed to a comfortable habitation. After shaming, by this example of his humanity and intrepidity, many older persons who had larger boats, he again put off with his little skiff; but, with all his efforts, he could not succeed in again approaching the wreck. His noble example, however, was not entirely thrown away, for he was soon followed by four of the crew who had escaped in the Tribune's jolly-boat, and by some of the boats belonging to the Cove. By their joint exertions, the eight men who were then remaining on the tops were saved; and these, with the four who had saved themselves in the jolly-boat, were the whole of the survivors of this fine ship's company.

BRUTAL MASSACRE OF A BRITISH OFFICER AND BOAT'S CREW.

THE following unprovoked and atrocious massacre took place in the year 1820. In consequence of a letter from a British merchant, complaining of the piratical seizure of his vessel in the Rio Pongas, on the coast of Africa, by a notorious slave-dealer of the name of Curtis, (a descendant of one of the old English slave-dealers, by an African woman), Lieutenant Hagan, of the *Thistle*, then on that station, thought it right to send in Mr. Inman, a midshipman, to demand her release. Curtis, and (as it afterwards appeared), one Vignes, the master of a Dutch brig, of one hundred and eighty tons, engaged in the slave-trade, fell upon the boat's crew, and murdered Mr. Inman and six of his people, with every circumstance of the most revolting barbarity. Two of the men, who were saved, and subsequently made their escape, deposed, that, with seven others, including the officer, they were dragged on shore, stripped, and exposed to a vertical sun for a considerable time; that after a consultation with Curtis, Vignes, and two others, mates of slave-vessels, it was agreed that the Europeans should be put to death, but that these two, being men of colour, should be sold for slaves; that the officer, seamen, and marines were shot by order of Curtis, in the presence of them (the deponents), amidst the exulting shouts of many hundred persons; that the bodies of the sufferers were disinterred, by order of Mungo Brama, king of the country, and carried away by wolves, having previously been mutilated by this inhuman tyrant. Such atrocities could not be suffered to pass unpunished, and, accordingly, a signal vengeance was inflicted on the savage perpetrators. The *Myrmidon*, Morgiana, Snapper, and *Thistle*, under the command of Captain Leeke, with a detachment of the second West India regiment, under Major Chisholm, were despatched to the river Pongas. After some resistance, they succeeded in setting fire to eight towns belonging to the miscreants, Curtis and Mungo Brama, which, with all the property they contained—ivory, rice, rope, cotton, and other goods, were wholly consumed. The loss on our side consisted of three men wounded, and one who died of fatigue. Four of the *Thistle's* boat's crew, who had been seized and detained as prisoners, were released, and from them the fate of their unfortunate companions was further ascertained.

EXTRAORDINARY DELIVERANCE.

On the morning of the 28th of December, 1802, there was a heavy gale of wind from the N.E., which blew with such violence, that vessels, unable to enter the port of Trieste, were obliged, after loss of anchors, to run for shelter to the coast of Istria. An Ionian ship, the *Eliza*, Captain G. Margari, let go two anchors in the roads, but dragging there, she was driven five miles out to sea, when a third anchor brought her up. On the following morning she was seen totally dismasted, and in the greatest distress; they were perceived from the shore near the old Lazaretto, with outstretched arms, supplicating for relief. This the fury of the storm prevented being given. The owner of the *Eliza*, who was on shore at the time, used every effort to induce, by offers of high rewards, some of the sea-faring people of the port to undertake to carry out assistance to the ship, or, at any rate, to save the crew and passengers; but no one dared to attempt it, and it was momentarily expected she would go down. During two whole days and nights she remained in this agonizing state; it was lamentable to behold the ship exposed to the pitiless storm, the crew in vain making signals for aid, the waves breaking over them incessantly, and the cold intense. On the morning of the 30th, application was made to Mr. W. Morgan, jun., the proprietor of the steam-vessel *Empress Caroline*, which runs between Trieste and Venice, as the last hope, who instantly acceded to the request; but it being then dark, and the violence of the wind continuing, nothing could be attempted before daylight. Every preparation having been made, four English seamen volunteered to assist the small crew of the steam-vessel; when, on the 31st, in the morning,

she left the harbour. Mr. Morgan having generously determined to share with his people the dangers they had consented to encounter, the quays and vessels, crowded with spectators, cheered them as they passed, the wind blowing still a furious gale. The *Empress Caroline* was soon alongside the *Eliza*, whose desolate situation was almost indescribable—a total wreck, and enveloped in ice, as the seas that had been constantly breaking over her for three days, freezing as they fell, had formed her broken masts, yards, &c.; into one solid body; the crew, who had not tasted food since the storm came on, with the exception of two, benumbed and half dead. With the greatest difficulty the end of a hawser was got on board, which the two poor seamen, with still greater difficulty, succeeded in making fast. Signs were then made to them, as the violence of the wind rendered all attempts to hail them inaudible, to cut their cables, which finally they effected. The steam-vessel then made sail, and conducted the *Eliza* to a sheltered place in safety. On the following morning, the storm still continuing, Mr. Morgan returned to accomplish what he had so successfully begun, and brought the vessel into port, amidst the acclamations of an immense concourse of people, who crowded the shores to witness their return. Nothing can exceed the gratitude of the fifteen persons who were thus snatched from destruction, and who all declared they could not have survived another night. The whole population of Trieste joined in commendation of the humanity and intrepidity of the owner, engineer and crew of the *Empress Caroline* steam-vessel, who, when all others had refused to make the attempt, voluntarily risked their lives, and, setting danger at defiance, succeeded in preserving the lives of fifteen of their fellow-creatures.

THE IMPRESS.

HARK! how the church bells with a sudden peal
Stun the glad ear. Tidings of joy have come,
To crown each anxious hope. Two gallant ships
Met on their element; they met, they fought,
And England triumph'd—

Yet there was one who died
'Mid that day's glory, whose obscurer name
No great historian's page will chronicle;
'Twas in the catalogue of slain.—Thank God!
The sound is not familiar to my ear.
But it told me after, that this man
Was by compulsion's violence roughly forc'd
From his own home, and wife, and little, ones,
Who by his labour liv'd;—that he was one,
Whose uncorrupted heart could keenly feel
A husband's love, a father's anxiousness;—
That from the wages of his toil he fed
The distant dear ones, and would talk of them
At midnight when he trod the silent deck
With him he valued—talk of them, of joys
That he had known—Oh God! and of the hour
When they should meet again, till his full heart,
His manly heart, at last would overflow,
Even like a child's with very tenderness.
Peace to his honest spirit! Listlessly
It came, and merciful, the ball of death;
For it came suddenly and shatter'd him,
And left no moment's agonizing thought
On those he loved so well.—

—He, ocean deep,
Now lies at rest. Be thou her comforter.
Who art the widow's friend! Man does not know
What a cold sickness made her blood run back,
When first she heard the tidings of the fight;
Man does not know with what a dreadful hope
She listened to the names of those that died;
Man does not know, or knowing will not heed,
With what an agony of tenderness
She gaz'd upon her children and beheld
His image who was gone. O God! be thou
Her comforter, who art the widow's friend.

LOSS OF THE REPULSE.

THE Repulse was one of the ships belonging to the Channel fleet, under the command of Sir Allen Gardner, but had been detached for the purpose of intercepting provision vessels going into Brest. On the night of the 10th of March, 1800, she struck upon a sunken rock, supposed to be the Mace, about twenty-five leagues south-east of Ushant. The crew made good a landing on one of the Glenen islands, about two miles from the continent. Here the captain, and most of the officers, were made prisoners, and sent to Quimper; but Mr. Rothery, the first lieutenant, Mr. Gordon, the fifth, Mr. Finn, the master, two midshipmen, and eight seamen, got into the larger cutter; and, on the fourth day after leaving the ship, during which interval they experienced bad weather, and were, at times, near perishing, arrived safe at Guernsey.

The following letter from one of the officers who escaped, to his father, gives a full account of the loss of the Repulse, and likewise of the adventures of the boat's crew, from the time of their quitting the ship till their arrival at Guernsey:—

Guernsey, March 13, 1800.

"My dear Father,—I embrace the opportunity of a packet sailing for England, to acquaint you with the unfortunate fate of the Repulse. Coming off the Penmarks, in company with the Agamemnon, on Saturday, the 9th of March, it then blowing a very heavy gale of wind, Captain Alms was thrown down the companion-ladder, by the rolling of the ship; by which accident some of his ribs were broken, and he was much bruised. The same day, we parted company with the Agamemnon, in chase of a strange sail to leeward; and, about six in the evening, we came up with and re-captured the Princess Royal packet, from the West Indies. Next morning, Captain Alms, finding himself much worse, resolved to put into Torbay. We accordingly bore up and shaped a course, which, if our reckoning had been correct, would have carried us far enough to the westward of Ushant. But, unfortunately, owing to the thickness of the weather (not having had an observation for some days), and to the different set of the tides, which are very strong on this coast, the ship had got nearly three degrees to the east of her reckoning; and at twelve o'clock the same night, going under an easy sail, that the prize might be able to keep up, breakers were discovered ahead. It was extremely foggy, and the ship was going at the rate of about seven knots, with the wind almost right aft, so that our endeavours to clear the danger were ineffectual. In a moment, the ship struck with great violence, and was instantly so completely surrounded with rocks, that we could not even see the opening which we had entered. In this dreadful situation we continued nearly three quarters of an hour, the ship, from the great surf that ran among the rocks, striking so violently, that we every moment expected she would go to pieces.

"I shall not attempt to describe the appearance of so many men, with certain and almost instant death staring them in the face; but I cannot forbear observing, that those whom I ever considered the greatest reprobates now became the greatest cowards, and were so overcome by their awful situation, that they were totally unable to exert themselves for their own preservation. We had no hopes of deliverance. The prize was, indeed, in company, and we kept firing guns, to inform her of our danger. It was, however, absolutely impossible for us to receive any assistance from that quarter; and if our firing enabled her to escape herself, it was as much as we could expect. That nothing on our part might be left untried, the sails were hove aback, and, with the divine assistance, the ship backed astern, clear of the danger.

"Our joy on this occasion was, however, of short duration, for the ship made so much water that in half an hour it reached as high as the orlop deck; and the rudder having lost all command, there appeared to be no other chance of saving our lives than by running for the coast of France. Accordingly, having got her head round to the eastward, we made all the sail we could. We had now sufficient employment for all hands; some were busy at the pumps, others were engaged in throwing the

guns overboard, and otherwise lightening the ship; while others, again, were employed in lining a sail with beds, blankets, &c., which being got over the bows, and bowed taut up to the ship's bottom, was of very great service. The water being considerably above the orlop deck, we were enabled to bail at the hatchway; by which, and the wonderful exertions of men actuated by the fear of death, we were enabled to keep her afloat till five o'clock, when, to our inexpressible joy, the echo of the report of one of our guns announced our being near the land, the fog being so thick that we could not see the length of the ship. But judge what must have been our sensations when we found ourselves within half a ship's length of a lee shore, bounded by a precipice as high as our mast-head, against which the sea broke with excessive violence, and on which we were running with great rapidity. The only chance of preservation we now had was by letting go an anchor, which, however, did not bring us up. At the moment when we expected to be dashed to pieces, our jib-boom almost touching the precipice, Providence again interposed in our behalf, and the eddy wind, reverberating from the rock, took the sail aback, and most miraculously saved us from destruction.

"We now cut the cable, and the ship drifted along the shore, till we cleared a rugged point a quarter of a mile to the leeward of us, when she filled and ran up under a weather shore, which, being very high, sheltered us a good deal. Here we grounded, but, from the heavy surf, the ship continued striking with such violence, that we were afraid she would go to pieces before we could leave her. We therefore made what haste we could in getting the boat out, and then cut away the masts, when she lay tolerably easy.

"As I had early in the morning resolved within myself to attempt escaping in one of the boats, rather than be made prisoner, I mentioned my design to Mr. Gordon, the fifth lieutenant who readily agreed to accompany me. The eight-oared cutter being hoisted, I got into her, as she was the best boat for the purpose, under pretence of seeking a landing-place; and having taken on board as many men as she could conveniently carry, I landed them to the leeward of the point, about a mile from the ship, and then returned for another cargo. Having disclosed my plan to the boat's crew, I sent one of them on board the ship for a compass, boat's mast, sails, &c. but, to my infinite mortification, he could only get a compass, the boat's sail being down in the store-room. The pilot now came into my boat to go on shore. I thought if I could secure him it would be a great point, and I was glad to obtain his concurrence.

"I had made four or five more trips between the ship and the shore, when Mr. Rothery, the first lieutenant, called to me to take him on board, which I did, and was agreeably surprised to find that Mr. Gordon had acquainted him with our secret, that he was resolved to go with us, and had made some provision for the voyage. It consisted of some pieces of hung beef, which, though raw, was better than nothing, a small quantity of bread, and half-a-dozen of brandy, as he imagined, but which afterwards proved to be wine. When I mentioned our want of sails, he replied, that we must make shift to supply that deficiency with some table-cloths and sheets which he had brought with him.

"We still continued going and returning, till almost all the people were landed, and on our way had fortunately picked up the jolly-boat's mast and sail, and the masts and yards belonging to several other boats, so that the only article we now wanted was water. I recollected the fire-cask in the mizen chains, which we desired a man to push overboard. Having picked it up and taken it in, with Mr. Gordon, we again committed ourselves to the mercy of the waves, and the care of Providence.

"But before I leave the ship, it will be proper to mention the number of lives that were lost. When we first struck upon the rock, five of the crew, whose apprehensions were too powerful for any other consideration, got into a boat that was hung over the quarter, and, in their hurry to escape, cut one of the tackles by which the boat was suspended, while they kept the other fast. The boat, consequently, hung by one end, and they were all thrown out and drowned.

"I forgot to mention, that, while the boats were employed in landing the people, those on board had thrown the ends of

several hawsers on shore, which the peasantry made fast to the rock, and which being hauled taut on board, they could go on shore upon them with great ease. Two men, however, being intoxicated, fell off the hawsers into the water, and perished. These, together with four marines, who lay upon deck dead drunk at the time we came away, and who, I believe, were not afterwards carried on shore, are, as far as I know, all that suffered on this occasion.

"Having a fair wind, we set the jolly-boat's sail for a fore-sail; then made a sparing breakfast, and thought to recruit our spirits with a dram, when, to our great disappointment, we found we had nothing but wine. This was not the greatest of our misfortunes, for, upon broaching our water, we found it so strongly impregnated with the varnish with which the cask had been so frequently laid over, that it was scarcely drinkable, and even made some of us sick.

"One of the men having, fortunately, some sail-needles in his pocket, all hands turned to sail-making, some sewing, and others unlaying rope, and making it into twine. A table-cloth and a sheet, sewed together, made an excellent main-sail; and out of a piece of canvass we happened to have in the boat we contrived to make a mizen-mast, so that in a couple of hours we had a complete suit.

"About twelve o'clock, we were much alarmed by being becalmed among the Penmark rocks, and they were obliged to pull hard to avoid being dashed to pieces against them. We soon afterwards had a fine breeze, and about five, found ourselves close in with the land, a few miles to the southward of Cape Raz. The wind was so scant that we could barely lie along shore, and were obliged to pass several signal-posts, at each of which the enemy had a gun, so that we every moment expected to be fired at. I believe, by our being so badly rigged, and white sail, they took us for Frenchmen.

"About dusk, we had another narrow escape among a reef of rocks, which lay off Cape Raz, and upon which we were set by a very heavy swell, and a strong tide. It was now nearly dark, and, as it had every appearance of blowing hard, we ran down into a deep bay, a little to the southward of Brest harbour, purposing to come to an anchor till the morning; but, in luffing up round a point, under which we intended to take shelter, we were much surprised by the appearance of something like a fort, and soon found our fears realized, when the sentinel hailed us in French, which he did twice. We now bore up, and made sail from it as fast as we could, and I fancy were out of reach before they could get a gun ready, as we saw several lights moving about.

"Some of the boat's crew now thought our undertaking so desperate, that they proposed to surrender, rather than run any further risk. It was, however, agreed to wait till daylight and we accordingly came to an anchor in the middle of the bay, not daring to trust ourselves any more in shore. About eleven, the wind having moderated, and the moon shining bright, we got under weigh, and ran between the Saints and the main, which is a very dangerous passage. By two o'clock next morning we were clear of Ushant, having also passed between that and the main. We were now in high spirits to think we had got clear of the coast of France, and regaled ourselves with an additional glass of wine; having also a fair wind for England, which continued all that day till four in the afternoon, when to our great distress, it fell calm, at a time when, by the distance we had run, we computed ourselves at not more than eight leagues from Plymouth. At seven, a breeze sprung up from the northward, and at eight it blew extremely violent, with a heavy sea. The gale continued to increase till eleven, when our situation became very alarming; exposed to a heavy gale of wind in the middle of the English Channel, in an open boat, with the sea breaking over us in such a manner that we expected each succeeding wave would overwhelm the boat, and terminate our existence.

"The pilot, after some consideration, proposed to us, as the only chance we had remaining, to bear up for the islands of Guernsey or Jersey. To this proposal we all would readily have acceded, but were of opinion, that if he once put the boat before the sea, she would immediately fill. During our consultation, a singular circumstance occurred, which deter-

mined us to follow the pilot's advice. Three distinct flashes of lightning were perceived, at regular intervals, in the south-east, which was exactly the direction the islands bore from us. This the superstition of the boat's crew immediately interpreted as a signal from heaven; we therefore bore up, and stood in the same direction in which we had observed the lightning.

"Next morning the gale rather abated; and about two o'clock in the afternoon, to our inexpressible joy, we discovered the island of Guernsey; but the wind falling, we did not make the land till late the following morning."

A SAILOR'S REFLECTION ON DEATH.

DEATH is at all times solemn, but never so much so as at sea. A man dies on shore,—his body remains with his friends, and the mourners go about the streets; but when a man falls overboard at sea, and is lost, there is a suddenness in the event, and a difficulty in realizing it, which gives to it an air of awful mystery. A man dies on shore,—you follow his body to the grave, and a stone marks the spot. You are often prepared for the event. There is always something that helps you to realize it when it happens, and to recall it when it has passed. A man is shot down by your side in battle, and the mangled body remains an object and a real evidence: but, at sea, the man is near you—at your side; you hear his voice—and, in an instant, he is gone, and nothing but a vacancy shows his loss. Then, too, at sea, to use a homely but expressive phrase, you miss a man so much. A dozen men are shut up together in a little bark upon the wide, wide sea, and, for months and months, see no forms and hear no voice but their own, and one is taken suddenly from among them, and they miss him at every turn. It is like losing a limb. There are no new faces or new scenes to fill up the gap. There is always an empty berth in the fore-castle, and one man wanting when the small night-watch is mustered. There is one less to take the wheel, and one less to lay out with you upon the yard. You miss his form and the sound of his voice, for habit had made them almost necessary to you; and each of your senses feels the loss. All these things make such a death peculiarly solemn; and the effect of it remains upon the crew for some time. There is more kindness shown by the officers to the crew, and by the crew to one another. There is more quietness and seriousness. The oath and the loud laugh are gone. The officers are more watchful, and the crew go more carefully aloft.

THE OLD SMUGGLER.

IMMEDIATELY after the 42nd regiment disembarked in Egypt, in 1801, under the command of the brave Abercrombie, orders were given not to fix their bayonets nor to load their muskets till they were all ashore, although the enemy's shot was falling in and round the boats like hail. After the regiment had formed into line on the beach, which was done in the coolest manner, under a destructive fire from a French battery, and a battalion of infantry on the heights in front, Major Stirling gave the word, "Fix bayonets!" In a moment the order was executed. The officer then followed with "Prime and load!" but the words had hardly escaped his lips when an individual in the ranks vociferated, "No prime and load, but charge bayonets and by Got immediately."

The entire corps, as one man, instantly obeyed this energetic command, ascended the heights at a charge, and carried the enemy's position with cold steel in the most gallant style. But the question immediately arose, who was the person that gave the counter order; and on inquiry it was found that the individual who assumed the command was no other than "Donald Black," a private soldier, and an old smuggler from the Isle of Skye.

ON ACCIDENTS TO STEAM VESSELS.

BY CAPTAIN BASIL HALL.

IN the United States of America, every steam-boat has the steersman placed so far forward in the vessel that he can readily distinguish, even at night, any vessel which is meeting him, or any boat or any obstacle which lies in his course. The utility of this method of steering any vessel moving so fast as a steam-boat in a crowded river, even in day-time, need scarcely be insisted upon. But when the darkness of night is superadded, its advantages become still more obvious, and the plan ought certainly to be adopted in every boat navigating the river. In practice, nothing can be more simple than the American mode of steering. The tiller is generally shipped abaft the rudder, in order to leave the quarter-deck quite free for the passengers. The tiller ropes are then led, through blocks, on the quarter, and along small trunks, to the foremost part of the vessel, where they are again rove through blocks, and made to pass round the barrel of an ordinary steering-wheel, which being raised on a platform to the height of ten or twelve feet above the deck, and not far from the bows of the ship, the helmsman can distinctly see objects before him, and by the proper movements of the wheel, readily avoid them.

It has been objected to this adaptation of the steering process, that the weight and friction of the ropes would be so great that the proper degree of celerity of movement could not be commanded. But I have myself, often, and with the greatest ease, steered boats as large as any of ours on the Mississippi and elsewhere, and I know that in other respects there exist no technical difficulties in the way of its universal adoption. It is well known to professional men that only one person can steer a ship properly in an intricate navigation; and even those who are not bred to the sea, well understand that when a vessel, going at the rate of many miles an hour, is threading her way amongst shoals and boats, and numberless vessels, some meeting her, some crossing her, and some going in the same direction, there ought to be the most immediate communication between the sense of sight which is to distinguish these objects, the practised intellect which is to decide what is proper to be done, and the hand by which the regulating impulse is to be given to the guiding power. In other and plainer words, the helmsman ought to see what he is about, and not to act by the command of another.

In America, the pilot himself is always at the wheel, and being raised up in the manner I have described, in the bows of the vessel, he can distinguish every obstacle, and know at once how best to steer clear of it. With us, the matter is very different. The helmsman is fixed in the worst position possible, at the very sternmost part of the vessel, where he can see nothing:—firstly, owing to the want of elevation; secondly, to the intervention of the masts and the chimney; thirdly, to that of the crowds of passengers and their carriages and luggage; and fourthly, to his being at the whole length of the ship further from the object to be avoided. To remedy this inconvenience what is done by us? The pilot stations himself on the top of one paddle-box, the captain on the other—both bad positions for seeing directly ahead. Only one of them ought to call out to the steersman what to do; but, as the responsibility is shared by both, each of them does in practice interfere, as I have often, indeed, heard contradictory orders given by them respectively, while the bewildered helmsman knew not which way to turn the wheel. All this is bad enough in day-time, but I need not say how the confusion is worse confounded when it is dark, and when it is blowing and raining, and when several men have to be stationed along the deck to pass the word, as it is called, from the pilot to the helmsman, especially when the noise and bustle of the passengers hunting for their carpet bags, increase the difficulty.

My wonder, accordingly, has much more often been excited how these vessels get on at all, than that occasional accidents should occur. I must add, that when the remedy is so simple, so cheap, and has been so effective, it is altogether inexcusable in those who have the power to regulate such things, that this plan has not been universally adopted in our

river boats. The only objection I have ever heard urged against this plan of steering, is, that when the vessel left the river, and entered a rough sea, the steersman would be needlessly exposed in the bow, and that, in point of practice, he would be better if placed abaft, in the usual situation, than so far forward.

In answer to this, it need only be said that nothing could be easier than to have another wheel and tiller-ropes, fitted in the ordinary way, but the tiller not shipped till required, at which time the tiller used for the wheel in the bows might be unshipped, or the ends of the tiller-ropes cast off. In short, I think you will take my word for it, that technically considered, nothing can be more simple than this device, which, by placing the whole power of guiding the steam-vessel in the hands of the pilot (or of a man who stands by his side), will not only essentially add to her safety, and that of all the other boats on the river, but enable her speed, to be greatly accelerated, without incurring nearly so much risk as at present.

THE SEA-BOY'S DEATH.

FIVE long and dreary years have passed,
The sea-boy comes not home!
His aged mother's form at last,
Is hastening to the tomb.

Her raven-hair has turned quite grey,
Her once bright brow is sad—
She sits all lone the summer's day,
And mourns her sailor-lad,

The wintry storm is hush'd! the shore
Is darken'd by the wing
Of blackest night!—she hears the roar
Of wild winds slumbering.

Nor, that alone is heard—a moan
Sweeps by the widow's cot—
"Hark! was not that a piteous groan!"
The mother slumbers not.

She rushes to the wreck-strewn sand,
Who can the mother paint?
When lifeless on the wave-worn strand,
(Her sinking heart so faint).

She sees a sea-boy! all so pale;—
Then dropping by his side,
The mother's sight begins to fail—
She heeds not coming tide.

Clasp'd in her arms—the next day's sun
Rose on the sleeping boy;
Whose early race on earth was run—
The widow's only joy!

Through his torn vest, close to his heart,
A silken bag she found;
Her portrait that!—"No more to part"—
The motto written round.

They never parted more! That sea,
The sailor's place of rest,
Engulf'd them both. The sea-boy! he
Slept on his mother's breast!

SINGULAR CAPTURE.

ENGLISH history does not record a more daring action than that of Edward Stanley, an English officer, at the attack of one of the forts of Zutphen, in the Low Countries, in the year 1586. Three hundred Spaniards defended the fort, and when Stanley approached it, one of them thrust a pike at him to kill him; he seized hold of it with both his hands, and held it with such force, that the Spaniards, unable to wrest it from him, drew him up into the fort. He instantly drew his sword, and dispersed all that were present: this so astonished the garrison, that it gave Stanley's followers time to storm the fort, and establish themselves in their conquest.

LOSS OF THE KILLARNEY STEAMER.

THE Killarney, a fine steamer, nearly new, belonging to the Bristol company, and capable of carrying a cargo of two hundred tons, exclusive of coals, left the quay at Cork about half-past nine o'clock on the morning of Friday, January 19, 1838, on her voyage to Bristol, the wind blowing hard from the south-east. She had on board eight cabin passengers, viz., Richard Callaghan, Esq., brother of the member for Cork; Lieutenant Nicolay, of the 99th regiment; Dr. Spolasco and his son; Robert Lawe, Esq., and Mrs. Lawe; Mr. John Collis, of Castlecooke, and Mr. Thomas Foster, of Ballymaloo, both of whom were apprentices to Mr. Robert Beamish, the engineer; there were also thirteen deck passengers, and the crew, consisting of George Bailley the captain, George Rowles the mate,

six seamen, two engineers, four firemen, two coal-trimmers, a steward and stewardess, and three assistants, and the cabin-boy; being a total of forty-three persons on board: she had also about ninety tons dead weight of cargo, and six hundred and fifty pigs, two hundred and fifty of which were in the forehold, and the remainder on deck.

After she passed the light-house, it was blowing what the sailors term "half a gale;" the vessel, from the number of pigs on board, dipped rather much, and having shipped some seas, the passengers became alarmed, and, with the crew, requested the captain to put back. With this the captain complied, and when they had nearly reached Poor Head, he put about and returned to Cove. It was then about three o'clock, and Lieutenant Nicolay, and Richard Callaghan, Esq., went on shore, whence the former proceeded to Spike, and after dining with



LOSS OF THE KILLARNEY STEAMER, JANUARY 20TH 1831.

some of his brother officers, again went on board the Killarney, but the latter returned home and gave up the voyage. The wind had by this time somewhat moderated; but still the evening was so threatening, and the passengers, who were below after dinner, unwilling to risk their lives, having heard that the captain was about to put out again, sent up for him to protest against it. The captain, we understand, did not go down, and in a few minutes they heard the engine at work, and the vessel was under weigh. They started up in terror; a melancholy foreboding of the catastrophe seemed to have seized them, and poor Nicolay exclaimed, "I trust in God we may see our friends again." Poor fellow! to him, and to three-fourths of those embarked with him, that hope was not to be realized.

It was just eight o'clock when the vessel was quitting the No. 31.

harbour. She stood for Ballycotton, the wind increasing every moment until it blew a full gale, and the vessel going very slowly. This continued until midnight, the vessel rolling dreadfully, the pigs bearing her down to leeward, and every wave that struck her causing her to dip so deeply that she shipped several seas. A great quantity of water poured down into the forehold, the hatches having been left open, as there were about two hundred and fifty pigs in it. There were about four hundred pigs on deck, and in order to lighten the vessel the captain directed all hands to exert themselves to throw them overboard. Exert themselves they did, till four o'clock in the morning; but overboard it was impossible to get the pigs: in the language of one on board, "they clung to the vessel as if they were destined to be her destruction," and she leaned so much, that the sailors were unable to attack them

with effect. One man, however, contrived to seize two of them in his arms, and throw them over the side. Up to four o'clock on Saturday morning, they managed, by means of the air or engine pumps, to work the hold tolerably clear of the water that was shipped, but at that hour some small coal got into the pumps and choked them. The water then rose rapidly, until reaching the level of the fire, it rushed in and extinguished it. The engines no longer moved, and all was given up for lost. Even the stout hearts of some of the sailors failed them—they seemed completely paralysed. Many of them, however, held out, and all that man could do the captain did to encourage and help them.

The scene in the cabin was not without its interest. With one exception, all was silence—we might say, despair. But one voice was to be heard—and that the voice of a woman!

The passengers had quitted their beds. They were congregated in the ladies' cabin, and there amid the terrors of the storm and the roarings of an ocean that threatened every instant to engulf them, a lady's voice ascended to heaven for mercy! That lady was Mrs. Lawe. Nothing could exceed the magnanimity of this lamented woman. She endeavoured to cheer her companions in misfortune, and some of the sailors who went down to the cabin she exhorted not to be daunted, but to put their trust to God, who could protect them on the sea as well as on the shore. During the whole time that she was engaged in prayer (the passengers, deck and cabin, assembled around her), she held one of her husband's hands clasped in hers, and this she continued until the vessel having neared the fatal rock, the steward ran down, and called to them to go on deck—that they were all lost!

While matters proceeded thus in the cabin, the sailors and some of the deck passengers were engaged in endeavouring with buckets to lighten the vessel of some of the water in the hold; and after several hours' hard work, they so far succeeded as to be able, about twelve o'clock on Saturday, to get the steam partly up again. They were at this time utterly ignorant of where they were, or whither they were going, for the fog was so dense that no object was visible; they endeavoured to keep the vessel's head to the wind, but after some time they found that they were going to leeward. The jibsail was then set, in order to keep her steady, but no sooner was it run out than it was blown into ribands. About three o'clock the fog cleared away, and they saw land behind them, but what land it was they could not tell; one took it for Poor Head, another for Roche's Tower, and the captain, we believe, for Kinsale Head.

It was then blowing a complete hurricane; the coast was covered with rocks, and they saw that if they drifted towards it, destruction was inevitable. By the captain's orders the mainsail was set, and the engine-men were directed to do their utmost to get up the steam, in order to keep her off. The steam, unfortunately, was so weak as to be of no assistance—it scarcely moved the crank; and the sail had to be hauled down, lest it should throw her on her beam-ends. The staysail was then tried, in the hope that it would enable them to round the point, but they could not haul it out. Mr. Foster then pointed out a bay, which he said was Robert's Cove, and recommended the captain to run the vessel in there, as there was a boat harbour in it, and beach her. The captain said he did not think there was a harbour there, but at all events it would be impossible to make it. The vessel was all this time drifting nearer

the rock on which she ultimately struck; and in about an hour after Mr. Foster had given the recommendation alluded to, the captain got the vessel round, and endeavouring to make for Robert's Cove. Just as he had got her before the wind, she was, however, pooped by a tremendous sea, which carried away her taffrail, taffrail rail, the wheel, and the two men who worked it (John Price and James Atfell), the companion, the binnacle, and the breakwater. Price and Atfell fortunately caught part of the rigging, and were saved; but the sea which did the damage carried away the bulwarks, with some of the steerage passengers who were standing near the funnel, and cleared the deck of all the pigs that were on it.

It was when the vessel was nearing the rock, and before she put about, that the steward went down to call the cabin passengers on deck, and they were on their way up when the sea passed over the vessel. A second sea succeeded almost immediately, and scarcely had Mr. Lawe and Mr. Nicolay stepped on the quarter-deck, when they were hurried overboard. Mr. Lawe was taken in the "break" of the sea, and dashed, his head downward, against the paddle-box, by which, it is supposed, his brains must have been beaten out; Mr. Nicolay was taken up, whirled round several times as if in a whirlpool, and swept away. These two seas had the effect of bringing her head somewhat to windward again, when a third sea rapidly succeeded, and drove her on the rock. It was then between four and five o'clock. The first stroke she gave, the carpenter (James Mason) jumped on it, as did also a deck passenger, but the landing-place was so narrow that there was not room for both, and the latter fell into the water and was drowned. After striking, the vessel receded; she soon struck again, and continued receding and striking for some time, during which some of the sailors, the first-mate, and the captain landed. When the latter got on the rock, a rope was thrown to him and to the mate, that they might endeavour to keep the vessel to the rock. Most—we believe all—of the sailors and some of the passengers were saved in this way, only one landing at a time. The steward, Michael Sheehan (a native of Cork), scrambled along the vessel to look for Mrs. Lawe. He found her on the deck near the funnel, calm and collected. He brought her to the quarter-gallery (part of the vessel at that moment striking) and loosing the rope, he handed it to her and directed her to it; and, when the vessel next struck, to leap into the sea, and they would drag her to the rock. She did so, and was drawn up part of the rock, but having let go the rope, and the wave returning immediately, she was carried away when it receded, and never seen again. Sheehan leaped almost at the same moment with Mrs. Lawe, and was saved. The last persons that left the vessel were a sailor and a woman—the latter supposed to be the stewardess. She appeared to be senseless; and the sailor, who seemed to have brought her from the cabin, had her in his arms. He leaped from the vessel, and reached the rock, the woman under one arm; but the footing was narrow, and the rock was shelving. He had room for little more than his toes, and was obliged to endeavour to hold on with the fingers of one hand, but the weight of the woman inclining him backwards, they were carried off in the same manner as Mrs. Lawe. Had not the sailor endeavoured to save the stewardess, the poor fellow might unquestionably have saved himself.

The manner in which some of the lives were lost was peculiarly affecting. Dr. Spolasco had his little son in his arms, soothing and supporting him, and when the vessel struck he flung him with all his strength towards the rock, the child reached the rock, though the violence of the effort nearly sent the father overboard. When the latter gained the rock he again took him in his arms, and, by clasping him closely, endeavoured to keep him warm. "Kiss me, papa," said the little fellow, "we shall soon meet no more." The child was right. In a few minutes he got on his feet ventured a short distance from his father's side, and, benumbed we suppose by the cold, dropped from the rock and was drowned.

As soon as Sheehan loosed the rope to give it to Mrs. Lawe, the vessel, having nothing to confine her, swung round, and the next sea that struck her drove her against the rock; her deck opened, she divided into two, fore and aft, and all that had been unable to quit her in order to reach the rock, perished. In an

hour after, with the exception of the engine and the paddle-wheel, not a vestige of the vessel or of her machinery was visible.

There were about twenty-five persons on the rock. The sailors had contrived to clamber to the sheltered side, but the situation of the passengers was pitiable in the extreme. Mr. Foster, who had on but a shirt and waistcoat, was seated astride on a projection of the rock, his face towards the sea. Under him was Mr. Collis, his back to the sea, his toes resting on a narrow ledge, and his fingers clinging in a crevice. Alongside the latter was the engineer, M^rArthur, next to whom, side by side, were Dr. Spolasco, Mary Leary, and Sheehan, the latter lying on his face and hands, and every sea washing over him. Over them were the steward's brother (Ward), the captain, the mate, a boy in the care of pigs for the Messrs. Adams, and the cabin-boy. The person on the side next the land observing some country people—about eighteen or twenty—on the rock, they shouted to them, hoping to attract their attention, but there was no answer. The probability is that the shout never reached the land, but they saw the people subsequently descend and carry off some of the pigs that had been washed ashore. Night then came on. About 11 o'clock the wind rose and blew terrifically, but amid the raging of the storm a startling shriek was heard. Poor young Foster had lost his hold, and tumbling head-long immediately past his friend, Mr. Collis, his neck was heard to crack on the hard rock, and he fell into the sea!

He was not the first, however, that fell. The engineer, M^rArthur, some time previous, had called to his companions that he was unable to hold any longer. He put his hands into his pockets in order to warm them, but just as he did so, a sea washed him from his slender footing. As he passed, he made a grasp at Dr. Spolasco. Had he caught him, both must have perished, but he only touched him. He contrived to catch part of the rock, however, about twenty feet lower down, by which he held on for some time, every sea washing over him, and eventually succeeded in regaining the position he had lost. Soon after Mr. Foster fell, Ward, who had been dropping asleep, was heard to fall—then followed the Messrs. Adams' boy—and then, towards morning, the cabin-boy.

When morning broke, they, with some difficulty, clambered upon the rock, and got to the sheltered side. The great difficulty now was to get a rope to reach them. On Sunday, ducks with ropes fastened to them were sent out—only one reached, and that they were not able to catch. Wire was attached to bullets, and rope to the wire, and sundry shots were fired, but without the rope reaching the unfortunate people. The gentry around were all present, giving their assistance:—Captain Knolles, of Oatlands, and his son, Richard Knolles, Esq., George Daunt, Esq., and Arthur Daunt, Esq., of Newborough, Dr. M^dDermott, Charles Newenham, Esq., Mr. Hull, of the coast-guard, at Roberts' Cove, and his brother—and, "though last, not least," Lady Roberts, of Britfieldstown. Nothing could exceed her ladyship's attention to the sufferers when rescued. Sir Thomas was not at home.

On Sunday, when all efforts to reach them with a rope by the above-mentioned means were found vain, Mr. Hull, brother to the officer of the coast-guard, suggested the fastening a long rope to one part of the promontory, and carrying it along the beach to the other side, until a rope, dependent from the middle of it, was brought within reach of those on the rock. This was effected, but the dependent rope was so weak, and it was so late—then after four o'clock, and just dark—that it was necessary to give over further exertions for that evening, and, direful as was the alternative, leave the sufferers exposed to the fury of another night. In the course of the day, worn out by hunger and fatigue, M^rArthur the engineer, and Jephson the black cook, died. Here the survivors had to remain until Monday. Their sufferings it would be impossible to describe, and their agony, when they saw the attempt to rescue them on Sunday abandoned—when darkness settled down upon the deep, and they could no longer distinguish the figures of the persons on the cliff above them, it would not be easy to imagine. Their sole sustenance during the two tedious days and nights they were doomed to this dismal destiny, was a little salt water and the few scraps of sea-weed that they could

gather from one of the bleakest and most barren rocks on the coast. The night, however, was not so tempestuous as the preceding, and at daylight many were on the spot to give their assistance, Lady Roberts among the first.

On Monday morning, Captain Manby's life-preserving apparatus was brought from Kinsale, but the same difficulty was experienced in reaching the rock with the rope. Shots were again fired from guns and small cannon brought for the purpose, but without success, and Mr. Hull's plan was again resorted to. This succeeded; Captain Manby's apparatus was affixed to the centre rope, and about eleven o'clock, two loaves of bread, and a little wine and spirits, were lowered to them—the first they had partaken of since Friday. After refreshing themselves, they were hauled up in the cradle, one by one, the woman first.

The following were drawn up—Mr. Collis, Doctor Spolasco, a woman, passengers; the captain; George Rowles, mate; William Hancock, John Price, John Champion, Charles Goodlin, J. Atfell, and William Peterson, seamen; G. Porter, coal-trimmer, and J. Mason, carpenter, who died soon after.

When landed, they seemed all in a state of collapse. The respiration was perfect; but all their feet were swollen, and the circulation was scarcely perceptible.

They were all put into neighbouring cottages, and attended to under the immediate superintendence of Lady Roberts, who provided them with covering, gruel, and other nourishing drink. Dr. McDermott, and indeed all in the vicinity, were most attentive. Mr. Collis, who appeared to have suffered less than would have been supposed, was taken to Britfieldstown, Sir Thomas Roberts's, and the captain to the water-guard station; the rest were comfortably provided for, and seldom were individuals more in want of it, they having been the whole of Saturday night (and a most dreadful night it was), all Sunday and Sunday night, exposed to both winds and waves—besides which they were wet before they left the vessel. The woman who lay on the rock, and was rescued, had on nothing but her night-dress and a small handkerchief. The stewardess was washed ashore with only buskins on her. Mrs. Morris, whose husband, a tanner, is among the dead, had two stays on, and one hundred and eighty sovereigns stitched between the linings. These were rifled when she floated ashore, as well as some rings that were on her fingers!

Among those who distinguished themselves on this trying occasion, were Lieutenant Irwin, R.N., inspecting commander of the coast-guard at Kinsale, and Lieutenant Charlesson, chief officer, of Oyster Haven.

It was considered, after a lengthened investigation, that the captain did his utmost to save the vessel and passengers; but that the great number of pigs on board, accelerated her destruction.

LOSS OF THE MIDAS,

CAPTAIN RICHARD CLARK, JANUARY 1, 1838.

THE brigantine Midas, of 168 tons, commanded by Captain Richard Clarke, sailed from Odessa at ten a.m., on Wednesday, December 27, 1817, bound to Falmouth; for orders, in company with the brigantine Hope, Captain Gottridge, of Liverpool, bound to Glasgow, and the brig Defiance, of Clay. When they weighed from Odessa, the wind was blowing so strong from the northward, that several foreign vessels which were ready for sea remained at anchor. The three English ships, however, double reefed their fore-topsails and made sail. They ran in company during the whole of the night of the 27th, and the next afternoon, at four o'clock, they made the land about thirty miles to the northward of Cape Kalacri. The breeze still continued to blow strong from the same quarter; but the weather being clear, the captains of the three ships, after having closed and spoken before dark, agreed to run during the night under easy sail, as they were of opinion that by these means they would make the Bosphorus the following morning. At nine p.m. the wind increased to a gale, and the weather also becoming very thick, the Midas was hove-to under a close-reefed mainsail; and she continued drifting throughout the night S. by E., their reckoning being corrected about two knots an hour.

The next morning, Friday, December 29, they again saw their late companion, the Hope, also hove-to; but neither the Defiance nor any other vessel was then in sight. No further communication took place between the Midas and the Hope; and notwithstanding the thick weather, they remained in sight of each other all day, but after dark they parted company and met no more. The Midas continued hove-to until Sunday, the 31st; the gale still unabated, and the sun was so clouded, that the slight observations obtained by the quadrant on this day could not be relied on. Shortly after noon, land was again made, which they thought to be the entrance of the Bosphorus, bearing about S.W. Accordingly all the reefs were let out, and the Midas now ran for the supposed entrance; the captain or the mate keeping a continual look-out on the fore-topsail yard. After running for about an hour and a half, the captain began to suspect that he had been deceived by the fog and snow on the land, and as the weather was gradually becoming more thick, the captain thought it would be more prudent, as it was a case of doubt, to haul off the shore, than continue running. The Midas was, therefore, brought-to, the wind on the larboard tack, and the first reef taken in in the fore-topsail and mainsail. At five, p.m., after a short lull, the gale again increased, the weather became thicker than ever, and they lost sight of the land. Orders were immediately given to close-reef the fore-topsail, reef the foresail, and double reef the mainsail; which was done.

At six, p.m., the gale still continued to increase, with a heavy sea running, when the fore-topsail was handed. The Midas was still on the larboard tack, lying about E., the wind being N.N.E. and the captain now feared that no exertions which they could make, would long keep her off a lee-shore; but little more could be done, and to add to the horrors of the scene, darkness closed around them.

At seven, p.m., all hands were called aft, and informed of the position of the ship, and also that no hope could be entertained of being able to prevent her going on shore before day-light. About half an hour after midnight, high land was seen close under the lee-beam, and in five minutes more the ship began to strike hard, and a heavy sea broke over her, which soon carried the body of the mainsail out of the bolt-ropes, and split the foresail. The rocks and shore being close to leeward, all prepared to attempt a landing. The captain and one man made for the main-rigging, as the main-mast careened over the land; the former dropped too soon, and was unfortunately drowned; but the latter happily succeeded in his attempt, and was followed by all the crew, with the exception of one boy and the mate, who were in the fore-rigging. At this moment, the fore-mast fell, and the head of it luckily lodged on the rocks to leeward, by which the mate and the boy left the ship, which was then beginning to break up.

The wreck of the Midas took place the first hour of the new-year. The only life that was lost was that of the captain; but one seaman was missing, George Houston, of Bristol, who fell from aloft the night before, and was somewhat injured. He was left with a boy, named Richard Hare, in a mill, while the rest of the crew went out in search of a village; but he crawled away from the boy, who was frost-bitten, and has not since been heard of. At day-light, the exploring party retraced their footsteps in the snow, which was knee-deep, and came back for Hare. All now proceeded to the wreck, when they found that only part of the poop of the Midas remained, the rest of the ship being broken up, and strewn along the shore, intermixed with the casks of tallow which had formed the cargo. Again leaving the spot, and walking about ten miles, they came to a small village, where the people crowded round them, and gave them food and lodging, and forwarded the mate to Nicomedia, a five days' journey, on horseback, across the mountains. From thence he went to Constantinople, in a Turkish schooner-yacht belonging to the Capitain Pacha, which lost her masts during this short voyage, and soon after returned to the wreck to execute the orders he had received at Constantinople. The Hope, which accompanied the Midas at the commencement of the voyage, arrived safely at Constantinople and proceeded to her destination.

INDIAN REVENGE AND TREACHERY.

The wars with the Indians in North Western America, on the shores of the Pacific Ocean, are but little celebrated in history, and probably but little would be known of the numerous tribes in that quarter, were it not that the spirit of trade penetrates to every part of the globe, where a commodity of exchange is to be found: the spoils, however, of these wars, are before our eyes—they are suspended in Regent-street and Oxford-street—they adorn the winter robes of our ladies of fashion. The Indian furrier chief is far removed from civilization, and holds his hunting grounds partly by force and partly by barter; he selects his spot, fortifies himself, and surrounds himself with tame Indians and a half race of Canadian trappers; these fight with the Indians who quarrel with him, and trade with those who covet rum and tobacco.

But the trader in furs has still more formidable enemies than the ferocious savages: a few leagues distant from him is the agent of a rival company, who holds a kind of court, as he himself does, enticing the Indian to his market, offering higher prices; and not unfrequently, when art and stratagem fail to obtain him a preference, he sallies forth with his forces to exterminate his opponent. Such are the wars of the Hudson

Bay Company, and that called the North West, between whom a bloody rivalry exists, which in bitterness, activity, and perhaps in acts of courage, vie with any which have been carried on in Europe. The fur trader of the North American deserts and wilds, has to contend with climate, want of food, and other privations in solitude, together with an armed rival near him, and the treacherous Indians around him. The agents of these companies remain for years in pathless and solitary places, far from the habitation of any society, but that of

savages: these are their only neighbours, excepting their rivals in trade. The Indian character, in one respect, resembles that of the Spaniard; he never forgets an insult or a blow;—if he receives the latter, the rankling of his soul allows him no peace until it is revenged. All the qualities of cunning, art, and perseverance, are brought into play for the attainment of that one object. The following account of the loss of a ship, and the murder of the crew, is highly illustrative of this spirit of revenge.

In the year 1811, a vessel sailed from Columbia, for the purpose of obtaining furs from the Indians, carrying out such articles of commerce as the Indians desire in the exchange for their commodity of various skins, collected in their hunting wilds and pathless woods. This vessel belonged to a company, having on board, besides the captain, an agent to manage the trade, and an interpreter to assist him in his conferences with the natives; the vessel, however, after she left Columbia, was never afterwards heard of, until within a few years since, when another voyager and trader was sent out by an opposition company. The interpreter on board the vessel lost, was an Indian, a native of Gray's Harbour, and it was from him the history of what befel the vessel and crew was collected.

A few days after she had sailed from Columbia, the vessel anchored near a considerable village called New Whitby, which is in the vicinity of Nootka. With the inhabitants of this place, a smart trade was immediately opened;—the agent and his men were so well received, that they were induced to sleep two nights on shore: however, during the agent's absence from the ship, several of the natives went on board and carried furs for the captain to purchase. Unfortunately the captain lacked all those qualities which so pre-eminently distinguished the celebrated circumnavigator, Cook; his manners were unbending, and rough in the extreme, and consequently but ill-fitted to come into immediate contact with savages, whose character, upon every occasion should have entered into his consideration. One day having caught a principal chief in a petty theft while on board the vessel, the captain struck him a blow; it appears that the chief immediately went on shore, and got up a conspiracy with his fellow countrymen to cut off the vessel. This, however came to the ears of the trusty interpreter, who forthwith made it known to the agent on shore, in consequence of which they immediately hastened on board, and conferred with the captain, warning him to be prepared against any attack. The latter roughly replied, he never could believe that a parcel of lazy, thieving Indians could have the courage to attack such a



THE SAVAGES ATTACKING THE CREW OF THE TRADER.

vessel as his. In the intermediate time, the disappearance of the agent, and the men who were with him on shore, made the natives apprehensive that their scheme was discovered; they, therefore, in order to lull all suspicion, visited the ship in small parties, totally unarmed, thinking, without doubt, to throw their intended victims off their guard. The chief who had been struck, and who was at the head of the conspiracy, to obtain his revenge, played the part of a dissembler, and visited the ship in an apparently friendly manner, affecting to have

forgotten the obnoxious and offensive blow. At length it was made known that the ship intended to leave Whitby. Very early on the morning previous to the day named for her departure, two large canoes, containing each about twenty men, came alongside, bringing with them bundles of fur, apparently for exchange and trading; the sailor, therefore, unhesitatingly allowed them to come on deck. In a short time, two other parties, equally strong in numbers, arrived in canoes carrying beaver, otter, and other valuable skins. To none of these was any opposition made to their coming on board, although the captain had been previously put on his guard; the officer of the watch, however, seeing a great number of other canoes pushing off from the beach, became suspicious, and forthwith apprised the captain of what he thought were the intentions of the Indians.

The agent, the captain, and the interpreter, being all now upon deck, the latter remarked that they all wore short cloaks or mantles of skins, which was by no means a general usage among them; and, addressing the captain, he intreated that he would lose no time in clearing the ship of the intruders. This additional caution was however lost upon this confident and

fearless man; he treated the idea of the Indians taking the ship with contempt, remarking, that with the arms they had on board, they were a match for three times their number.

By this time the sailors were all on deck, indiscriminately interspersed in disorder with the natives, and that in such a manner, that the gangways were all so blocked up, that it was impossible for the men to perform their duty about the ship.

The captain at length seeing the inconvenience, thought proper to request they would retire; to which they paid no manner of attention. He then told them he was going to sea, and had given orders for the men to weigh the anchor, and that he hoped they would depart quietly; but if they refused, he would use force. He had scarcely uttered this threat, when, at a signal given by the before-named chief, a loud horrible yell was set up by all the assembled savages, who, without parley, simultaneously commenced an attack upon the officers and the crew, drawing their weapons, consisting of knives, bludgeons, and short sabres, from under their cloaks, where, until this moment, they had remained undiscovered.

The captain, although upon this occasion imprudent and incautious, was still a bold and resolute man, and probably, had he and the crew been properly armed, they would have beaten the natives hand to hand, notwithstanding their superiority of numbers. The moment the attack was commenced, he took out his jack-knife, and defended himself with almost unparalleled resolution, quickly ripping up the bowels of four of the assailants, and wounding many others; the savages which were nearest him, retired in dismay, leaving, for a moment, a space around him clear. He had made a desperate and destructive defence, when being himself wounded, and exhausted from loss of blood, he for a second leaned to rest himself against the tiller-wheel, grasping his knife, and casting his eyes alternately at his enemies, and the way to the cabin, towards which he had made many ineffectual attempts to approach through the throng of savages that were opposed to his passage. His mind was perhaps, engaged at this instant in resolving upon another effort to reach a spot where he could furnish himself with arms, and where it is probable he thought alone he should be a match for the whole body of natives then besetting him with deadly and murderous views of revenge. At this juncture he received a blow from behind, on the back part of the head; it was given with a weapon called a *pantumangan*, a kind of bludgeon having flat sides with blunt edges; it was a dreadful stroke, and the captain was felled to the deck. The death-dealing knife fell from his grasp, his muscles were unstrung, and the savage butchers rushed upon his powerless body to use their knives in extinguishing any remains of life there might be left, and then throwing the mangled corpse overboard.

The agent was one of the first attacked. An Indian gave him a severe blow with his flat bludgeon, which, however, only partially stunned him, whereupon he was seized by five or six others, who threw him overboard into a canoe alongside, but whether he was intended for the canoe or the water is uncertain; he however quickly recovered himself, and was permitted to remain there uninjured for some time, only to suffer a second death. The last time this ill-fated gentleman was seen, his head was hanging over the side of a canoe, and three savages, armed with bludgeons, were battering out his brains.

When the captain fell, the interpreter was close to him, on which he jumped overboard, expecting to share the same fate; but being uninjured, from the water, he was taken by some women into a canoe, and there covered up under some mats.

While these events were occurring, the crew were vigorously maintaining a brave, but unequal conflict with the savages, for life. At length, the boatswain and two others, having dealt death around them with handspikes, which they had seized at the moment of attack, and having no other means of defence, fought their way to the cabin, which they knew was well furnished with arms. After well securing the door, it is probable they found time to recruit their spirits with a dram, and prepare for the further work of death. The Indians having seen and felt the courage and prowess of these men when armed only with handspikes, and being perfectly aware that they were now in a depot of fire-arms, became more cautious in their movements; they dreaded the effects of more

deadly weapons in the hands of men who so well knew how to use them.

The three men in the cabin were allowed a moment's reflection; they at once saw that as all the crew besides themselves, were either dead or dying around them, that whatever numbers they might yet have strength to bring down, they must in the end, with six or seven hundred savages on the deck, and as many more around the ship, be overpowered. The boatswain said, looking out of the cabin window, and seeing the number of natives in their canoes upon the water, "There is no hope of escape! opposition is useless, but we will have our revenge, and it shall be a terrible one." Immediately two of them set about laying a train of powder from the magazine into the cabin. While this dreadful preparation was in hand, the third man addressed the savages in the canoes from the cabin window. He told them they intended to sell their lives as dearly as possible, and stated how many they thought, with the arms in their possession, they should be enabled to kill, offering, however, the alternative of their being allowed to depart unmolested; adding they would give up the ship, without firing a shot, if the ship's boat was brought to the window, and all the canoes withdrew from her while they made their escape in the boat. After some little negotiation, the pinnace was brought astern, when the three remaining heroes of this devoted crew, after effecting their dreadful arrangements in the cabin, lowered themselves into the boat from the cabin window. Seeing, in accordance with the stipulated terms, that no obstacle was interposed to their departure from the vessel, they fired the fatal train, and as speedily as possible pushed off towards the mouth of the harbour.

Hundreds who were watching their movements, now rushed on deck, or towards the vessel, eager to share the spoils of the prize, yelling shouts of victory: but short was the duration of their triumph. Just as they had burst open the cabin door, the explosion of the magazine took place, and in an instant upwards of three hundred savages were hurled into eternity, while as many more were dreadfully mutilated. The interpreter, who had, at this crisis, reached the shore, stated that he saw fragments of the ship, and parts of human bodies, such as heads, arms legs, &c., which were thrown on shore, besides other signs of this dreadful catastrophe, which floated in from the harbour for several days.

The original intention of the conspirators was, to have taken the agent sent out, as prisoner, to have secured him and the vessel, and to have exacted a ransom for them, but subsequently the love of gain gave way to the desire for revenge.

The first impression of the surviving savages was, that the great *Master of Life* had sent forth the *Evil Spirit* from the waters, to punish them for their ill-treatment of the whites. These superstitious fears, however, subsided towards night, and they then saw that the event was brought about by the three fugitives. A pursuit was determined on in the same spirit of revenge as that which had moved them, in the first instance, to murder the captain and his crew. The three unfortunate men, after reaching, with great difficulty, a bay, where they hoped to escape observation, landed and laid themselves down to sleep, that they might, the next day, feel refreshed, the better to encounter new troubles. The Indians, however, ever expert at a trail, discovered their retreat, and while they lay exhausted, and insensible to fear, these relentless savages beat their brains out; thus mingling their spirits with those of their companions, who had but a few hours earlier shared a similar fate.

THE DEVIL'S OWN.

THE Temple corps, which many years ago was distinguished by its plain elegant dress and steady order, was inspected by the Earl of Harrington. As he rode along the line, before the review, his Lordship stopped to salute its commander, and said, "This is the Law Association, sir?" "Yes, my lord," to which the Earl rejoined, "I do not find any one that speaks a word; I never saw lawyers so silent." "We have no pay, my lord," replied Colonel Erskine.

LOSS OF THE SHIP NABBY.

On the 19th of December, 1804, the ship *Nabby*, Philip Chandell, master, sailed from Liverpool for Boston, with a cargo of salt, crates, dry goods, &c. with the wind at E.S.E. On the 21st, the ship sprung a leak, which continued to gain upon them, notwithstanding both their pumps were kept constantly going. Finding the leak still increasing, they hauled their wind in order to gain a port. Standing along by the wind, they made Mizzen-head, on the western coast of Ireland. Not being able to gain to windward of it, and then having six feet water in the hold, and the men much fatigued with three days and nights incessant pumping, they tried for Beervhaven, in Bantry Bay.

By this time the ship became water-logged, and the wind still a-head, they determined upon gaining the shore, and saving, if possible, a part of the cargo. Accordingly, on the 25th, in the morning, they ran into a small cove on the south side of the bay, and let go their anchor in eight fathoms water, about twenty-five yards from the shore. They then loaded their boat with provisions and part of their effects, and then sent on shore, where they were left in the care of the mate and one man.

While they were loading the second boat, the country people began to collect on the shore, to the amount of about two hundred men and women. Immediately on the arrival of the boat again on shore, which contained all the effects of the officers and crew, together with all the ship's papers, the inhabitants attacked the defenceless crew, and inhumanly robbed them of all their clothes, papers and money, and from some of the crew their hats from their heads, and shoes from their feet. Not content with this, they proceeded on board the ship, where all they could lay their hands upon fell a prey to their rapacity, threatening with instant death such as opposed them. About dark the robbers left the ship, and carried their spoil into the mountains, when the crew left her also, and proceeded to a miserable hut in the mountains, where they passed a most melancholy night. Early on the morning of the 26th, Richard Donovan, Esq., a gentleman living eight miles from where the ship was lost, came to their assistance, and conducted the whole ship's company to his house. To the benevolence and humanity of this worthy gentleman, and his humane family, they were indebted for the preservation of their lives, without whose friendly assistance they must inevitably have perished. Early on the morning of the 28th, David Mellefont, Esq., of Bantry, together with Captain Scott and Lieutenant Griffin, with a party of forty soldiers, went from Bantry in order to search for the stolen property; upon the approach of whom the robbers immediately left their huts and fled to the mountains. To this gentleman, and to Jonas Baldwin, Esq., they were also much indebted for their active benevolent exertions.

THE MUTINY.

—“I, in mine own woe charm'd,
Could not find death where I did hear him groan;
Nor feel him when he struck.”

In the summer of the year 18—, I was the only passenger on board the *Alceste* merchantman, which was bound to the Brazils. One fine moonlight night I stood on the deck and gazed on the quiet ocean, on which the moonbeams danced. The wind was so still, that it scarcely agitated the sails, which were spread out to invite it. I looked round; it was the same on every side—a world of waters: not a single object diversified the view, or intercepted the long and steady glance which I threw over the ocean. I have heard many complain of the sameness and unvarying uniformity of the objects which oppose themselves to the eye of the voyager. I feel differently; I can gaze for hours, without weariness, on the deep, occupied

with the thought it produces; I can listen to the rush of the element as the vessel cleaves it; and these things have charms for me which others cannot perceive.

I heard, on a sudden, a noise, which seemed to proceed from the captain's cabin, and I thought I could distinguish the voices of several men speaking earnestly, though in a suppressed tone. I cautiously drew near the spot from whence the noise arose, but the alarm was given, and I could see no one. I retired to rest, or rather to lie down, for I felt that heavy and foreboding sense of evil overpower me, which comes we know not how or wherefore; and I could not sleep, knowing that there had been disputes between the captain and his men, respecting some point of discipline, and I feared to think what might be the consequences. I lay a long time disturbed with these unpleasant reflections; at last, wearied with my thoughts, my eyes closed, and I dropped to sleep: but it was not to that refreshing sleep which recruits the exhausted spirits, and by a while “steeping the senses in forgetfulness,” renders them fitter for exertion on awakening. My sleep was haunted with confused and hideous dreams, and murder and blood seemed to surround me. I was awakened by convulsive starts, and in vain sought again for quiet slumber; the same images filled my mind, diversified in a thousand horrid forms. Early in the morning I arose, and went above, and the mild sea breeze dispelled my uneasy sensations.

During the whole of the day nothing seemed to justify the fears that had tormented me, and everything went on in its regular course. The men pursued their occupations quietly and in silence, and I thought the temporary fit of disaffection was passed over. Alas! I remembered not that the passions of men, like deep waters, are most to be suspected when they seem to glide along most smoothly. Night came on, and I retired to rest more composed than on the preceding evening. I endeavoured to convince myself that the noises I had heard were but the fancies of a disturbed imagination, and I slept soundly. Ill-timed security! About midnight, I was awakened by a scuffling in the vessel; I hastened to the spot; the captain and one of his officers were fighting against a multitude of the ship's crew. In a moment afterwards I saw the officer fall. Two fellows advanced to me, and, clapping pistols to my breast, threatened instant death if I stirred or spoke. I gazed on the bloody spectacle; the bodies which lay around, swimming in gore, testified that the mutineers could not have accomplished their aim with impunity. I was horror-struck; a swimming sensation came over my eyes, my limbs failed me, and I fell senseless.

When I recovered, I found myself lying on a bed. Everything was still. I listened in vain for a sound, and lay a considerable time; at last I arose and walked about the ship, but could see no one. I searched every part of the vessel, and visited the place of slaughter, which I had, at first, carefully avoided. I counted nine dead bodies, and the coagulated blood formed a loathsome mass around them. I shuddered to think I was desolate—the companion of death.

“Good God!” said I, “and they have left me here alone!” The word sounded like a knell to me. It now occurred to me, it was necessary the bodies should be thrown overboard. I took up one of them, dragged it to the side, and plunged it into the waves; but the dash of the heavy body into the sea reminded me more forcibly of my loneliness. The sea was so calm, I could scarcely hear it ripple by the vessel's side. One by one, I committed the bodies to their watery grave. At last, my horrible task was finished. My next work was to look for the ship's boats, but they were gone, as I expected. I could not bear to remain in the ship; it seemed a vast tomb for me. I resolved to make some sort of a raft, and depart yn it. This occupied two or three days; at length it was completed, and I succeeded in setting it afloat.

I lowered into it all the provisions I could find in the ship, which was but little, the sailors having, as I imagined, carried off the remainder. All was ready, and I prepared to depart, and trembled at the thought of the danger I was about to encounter. I was going to commit myself to the ocean, separated from it only by a few boards, which a wave might scatter over the surface of the waters. I might never arrive

at land, or meet with any vessel to rescue me from my danger, and I should be exposed without shelter, and almost without food. I half resolved to remain in my present situation; but a moment's reflection dispelled the idea of such a measure. I descended. I stood on my frail raft, and cut the rope by which it was fastened to the ship. I was confused to think of my situation; and could hardly believe that I had dared to enter alone on the waste of waters. I endeavoured to compose myself, but in vain. As far as I could see, nothing presented itself to my view, but the vessel I had left; the sea was perfectly still, for not the least wind was stirring. I endeavoured, with two pieces of board, which supplied the place of oars, to row myself along; but the very little progress I made alarmed me. If the calm should continue, I should perish of hunger. How I longed to see the little sail I had made, agitated by the breeze! I watched it from morning till night—it was my only employment—but in vain. The weather continued the same. Two days passed over. I looked at my store of provisions; it would not, I found, last above three or four days longer, at the farthest. They were quickly passing away. I almost gave myself up for lost. I had scarcely a hope of escaping.

On the fourth day since my departure from the ship I thought I perceived something at a distance; I looked at it intently—it was a sail. Good heavens! what were my emotions at this sight! I fastened my handkerchief on a piece of wood, and waved it, in hopes that it would be observed, and that I should be rescued from my fearful condition. The vessel pressed on its course; I shouted; I knew they could not hear me, but despair impelled me to try so useless an expedient. It passed on—it grew dim—it vanished—it was gone! I will not attempt to describe the torturing feelings which possessed me, at seeing the chance of relief which had offered itself destroyed. I was stupefied with grief and disappointment. My stock of provisions was now entirely exhausted, and I looked forward with horror to an excruciating death.

A little water which had remained, quenched my burning thirst. I wished that the waves would rush over me. My hunger soon became dreadful, but I had no means of relieving it. I endeavoured to sleep, that I might for a time forget my torments; and my wearied frame yielded for awhile to slumber. When I awoke I was not, however, refreshed; I was weak, and felt a burning pain at my stomach. I became hourly more feeble; I lay down, but was unable to rise again. My limbs lost their strength; my lips and tongue were parched; a convulsive shuddering agitated me; my eyes seemed darkened, and I gasped for breath.

The burning at my stomach now departed—I experienced no pain—but a dull torpor came over me; my hands and feet became cold; I believed I was dying, and I rejoiced at the thought. Presently I lost all thought and feeling, and lay without sense, on a few boards, which divided me from the ocean. In this situation, as I was afterwards informed, I was taken up by a small vessel, and carried to a sea-port town. I slowly recovered, and found that I alone, of all who were on board the vessel in which I had embarked, had escaped death. The crew, who had embarked in the boats, after murdering the captain, had met their reward—the boats were shattered against a rock.

LOSS OF THE NEVA CONVICT SHIP.

THE ship *Neva*, of eight hundred and thirty-seven tons, commanded by Captain J. H. Peck, left Cork on the 8th January, 1835, bound to Sidney, having a crew on board of twenty-six men, a surgeon, a superintendent of the convicts, Dr. R. Stevenson, R.N., one hundred and fifty female convicts, fifty-five children, and nine free emigrants. Three of the passengers, it appears, died on their passage, and one child was born, so that at the time the vessel struck, she had on board no less than two hundred and forty souls!

For some weeks the voyage was pursued under the most favourable circumstances; the wind was tolerably fair, and,

though there was some sickness among the passengers and convicts, everything seemed to prognosticate a speedy and propitious voyage. Alas! how soon was that assurance of safety changed to horrors of the most awful description. Danger lurked in their path, and Death, with all his terrors, stood, unseen before them. However, little deeming that their existence was so rapidly drawing to a close, they thought not of the future, till warned by the terrors to which they were subjected.

At about noon on the 13th of May, according to the ship's reckoning, she was ninety miles from King's-Island, at the entrance of Baas Straits, and everything wore a favourable aspect. A good look-out was now kept for land, which was accordingly made on the 14th of May at two o'clock in the morning. In about two hours after breakers were suddenly discovered right ahead, and immediate orders were given to tack by Captain Peck, who was then busily engaged in his various duties on the deck. Without the loss of a single moment, the vessel was then placed in stays; but, to the consternation of all on board, she immediately struck, unshipped her rudder, and became quite unmanageable. At this moment of terror the wind was very strong, and the ship was under double-reefed topsails. Scarcely had the crew and passengers recovered from the alarm into which they had been thrown by this astounding fact, when the vessel again struck most violently on the larboard bow, swung broadside heavily on the reef and directly bilged.

Horror now succeeded to the consternation and alarm into which all the parties on board had been thrown by this unexpected and melancholy event. Self-preservation seemed to be the one prevailing feeling that actuated every breast, and the captain was loudly called upon to render what assistance he could to rescue those who were under his care from the perils and dangers in which they were involved. He endeavoured to soothe and console them under their misfortunes, and earnestly besought them to restrain their terror as much as possible under these trying circumstances; but the imminent danger of their situation rendered them desperate, and their cries of deliverance rose louder and louder, as the danger of the ship became every moment but more apparent.

By whose orders we know not, but the pinnacle was now lowered, and the captain, the surgeon, the superintendent of the convicts, and two of the crew, got into her, and endeavoured to make off from the now evidently sinking vessel. At this period of dismay and confusion, the doors of the prison were burst open by the violence with which the ship had struck, many threw themselves over the side of the vessel, and clinging to the boat, quickly swamped her, when, horrible to relate, all, except the master and the two sailors, perished amidst one wild cry of horror and despair.

With the greatest difficulty the captain contrived to regain the ship, when, without losing a moment of time, he ordered the long-boat to be launched, and that care should be taken to prevent a similar accident to that which had just befallen them, by too many endeavouring to force their way into her. After having taken the utmost caution to secure, as they believed, their own deliverance from a dreadful death, the long-boat was at length pushed off; but scarcely had they got away from the ship, when the boat was upset by the violence of the surf, and the whole of the party precipitated into the sea.

The master and the chief-mate, being good swimmers, once more succeeded in saving themselves from the death which appeared, even to themselves, to be inevitable. With extreme difficulty they managed to reach the ship, but scarcely had they got on board, when a new horror awaited them—the vessel went to pieces, and every hope of preservation vanished like an unsubstantial dream.

The scene at this moment was most awful, and wholly indescribable. The vessel had been divided into four parts, each of which was covered with the terror-stricken females in the light dress in which they had just before simultaneously rushed from their beds, and with the remaining part of the crew, were clinging wildly to all parts of the wreck, and screaming for help in the most piteous manner. This was, indeed, a moment of terror, which would have appalled even the boldest. Situated as they were upon a frail and shaking wreck, not one gleam of

hope broke in upon to cheer or inspire them. Beneath, and all around, were the lashing waves, roaring aloud as if eager to engulf them. Above, the winds howled in hideous triumph over the work of devastation and death which they had caused, and rocking the frail and disjointed wreck, so that each moment seemed to the terrified creatures as if it would be their last in this world. Every plank and joist creaked as the contending elements warred furiously with each other, and insecure as this place of refuge seemed, the hearts of the poor creatures quailed lest it should sink and bury them in the yawning abyss of water. Nor was it long before their worst apprehensions were verified. The vessel, parted as it was, soon afterwards went to pieces, the final work of destruction was completed, and the whole of those on board, were precipitated, shrieking with horror, into the raging ocean!

In this perilous situation, nearly the whole of the unfortunate sufferers were consigned to an untimely death. About two-and-twenty persons, however, consisting of some of the crew, and a few of the convicts, were carried, by clinging to various disjointed portions of the wreck, to King's Island, which was situate at the distance of about nine miles from the spot where this distressing accident had taken place. But their struggles to gain the shore were desperate and severe, and it was not till after they had been in the water for a period exceeding eight hours, that they at last succeeded in attaining the much-desired land. Of these twenty-two suffering creatures, seven shortly afterwards died, from absolute exhaustion and the excessive fatigue to which they had for so long a period been subjected.

After having buried the bodies of their unfortunate com-



LOSS OF THE NEVA CONVICT SHIP, CAPTAIN J. H. PECK, 14th MAY, 1833.

panions in misery, and having, in some degree, recovered from the cold and fatigue they had endured, the remaining fifteen succeeded, after considerable difficulty, in erecting a temporary tent of the few things that were occasionally washed ashore from the wreck of the Neva. In this dreadful situation they were not suffered to perish by the Providence who had hitherto preserved them from the fate that had befallen their late companions in misery—a few provisions were washed ashore from the vessel; and upon the scanty supply thus afforded, they contrived, with economy, to subsist for about fifteen days.

At this period, most singularly, and as events now make it appear, most fortunately for the survivors of the Neva, a small vessel, the Tartar, belonging to Hobart Town, and the property of Mr. C. Friend, was wrecked on another part of the same island. The whole of the crew had been saved, and, like

the others, had erected a tent as a place of shelter, till a vessel should arrive to take them from that cheerless spot. Whilst they were thus waiting for the anticipated succour, their attention was excited by the numerous portions of a wreck which they found on the sea-shore.

Actuated by curiosity, and a desire to ascertain whether any of the crew of the ill-fated vessel had escaped, the men, belonging to the Tartar, commenced a journey round the island, in order to satisfy themselves upon the subject. In this expedition they encountered perils and fatigue of no ordinary kind, and after a search of two or three days, arrived at the tent which had been erected by the survivors of the unfortunate Neva. The meeting between these fellow-victims of adversity, was most affecting. Their hearts at once yearned towards each other as if they had been brothers, and uniting

themselves in one association, they resolved to remain together until they should be relieved from the solitary island upon which they had been thrown.

The crew of the Tartar had been accompanied by a sealer, a passenger in that vessel, who had luckily saved several of his hunting dogs. With the assistance of these sagacious animals they soon afterwards succeeded in taking a walaby, upon which the persons on the island lived until the period of their release from this scene of desolation and despair. Each day men were placed upon the loftiest eminences near the sea-coast, in order to discover whether any vessels passed within view, and in the event of a ship, being seen, to hail her by whatever signals they could make. Whilst some of the party were thus employed others were engaged in fishing and hunting, whilst the remainder busied themselves in increasing the comforts of the tents which they had erected for their shelter, from the inclement season, which had just set in, in those latitudes.

The sufferings, both mental and bodily, to which these poor creatures were subjected, it would be impossible to describe. A thousand thoughts of home and distant friends, were ever flitting through their minds. They remembered with regret the happiness that had once been theirs, and contrasting it with the misery to which they were at present doomed, despair at last yielded to the hopes they had once formed of escaping from the wretched situation in which their lot was cast. Day after day passed wearily by, and still no succour came to these heavily afflicted creatures, till at last they almost began to regret that the raging elements which had destroyed so many of their companions, had not involved them in the same dreadful fate.

At last, on the 15th of June, exactly one month from the time of the wreck taking place, Mr. Friend arrived at the island, in the Sarah Ann, another of his vessels. It happened, by chance, that Mr. Friend was passing King's Island for the whaling station at Portland Bay, and went on shore, the signals made giving him reason to suppose that there were some persons there in distress. Upon landing, he was immediately surrounded by nearly the whole number of the shipwrecked persons, who hailed him joyfully as their deliverer from misery and death. Mr. Friend assured them that he would do all in his power to alleviate their distress, and consoled them with the promise of landing them, at Launceston as speedily as possible. They then collected together all the bodies that they could find of the unfortunate creatures who had been washed ashore from the wreck, and pronouncing over them the solemn rites of Christian burial, consigned to the grave no less than one hundred of their fellow human beings.

This melancholy duty performed, the whole of the shipwrecked persons, with the exception of two seamen, and one female convict, who, at the time, were at the other side of the island, the survivors of this awful calamity were got on board the Sarah Ann, preparatory to their departure from this sterile island. A fair wind befriended them, and on the 27th of June they arrived in safety at Launceston, in New Holland.

As soon as the local government was made acquainted with the disastrous affair, the cutter Shamrock was despatched to King's Island, for the purpose of taking off whatever persons might have been left there, and to pick up any portion of the wreck, or government stores, which might have floated on shore. On arriving at the place of destination, the two sailors and the female convict were found, who, on discovering that their fellow-sufferers had left the island, were reduced to a state of absolute despair. Upon seeing the cutter their confidence once more returned, and they joyfully hastened on board the vessel that was to bear them from that land of inhospitality and horror. The crew of the cutter then collected together what portions of the wreck of the Neva and her stores they could find, and having buried a few more bodies that had been drifted on shore, they quitted the island and landed them in safety at Launceston, where the whole of the survivors received that care and protection they so much needed in their deplorable condition.

Had there have been proper attention paid by those whose duty it was to attend to the shipment and safety of the convicts, in all probability the catastrophe might have been greatly ameliorated, if not avoided.

THE SEA BIRD'S CRUISE.

A strong north-west wind had blown for many days, down the Chesapeake Bay, and detained at anchor a small vessel, which would have willingly made its way against it. The schooner, for such it was, thus wind-bound, lay in the entrance of South river, and under the lee of a narrow and thickly wooded point, which here thrusts its bluff extremity into the Chesapeake.

In modern times, the dark appearance of the schooner, its black hull and yards, unrelieved by the dingy yellow of the naked masts, would have excited disagreeable suspicions in the mind of the passing mariner; and, even at the period of our story, about the year 174—, there was that in the general aspect of the vessel, which, almost indescribably, was calculated to make the fair trader give it a wide berth on meeting; though, perhaps, after all, its distinctive marks were to be found only in the trig and seamanlike style in which the sails were bound to the spars, the tautness of the running rigging, and the fresh paint which gleamed upon the sides.

In the bay phrase, it was a "clever craft," but still had a rakish look about it, not common to an every-day acquaintance, a *noli me tangere* cut, which cried "hands off" to all new comers. The smoke that curled from the caboose or galley, and spread itself among the rigging, was, for some time, the only evidence that the schooner was inhabited.

At last, however, the head of a sailor slowly emerged above the comings of the fore-hatch, and the whole man soon after appeared, in his full proportions, upon the deck. He looked about him, as if to ascertain the state of the wind and weather, walked to the dog-vane on the taffrail, shook the hour-glass, whose sand had nearly run, peered over the bow to see how the tide set against the cable, and finally disappeared down the companion way. In a short time he returned to the deck, accompanied by two persons, whose appearance indicated a higher rank.

The first was evidently the master of the vessel—a short spare man, of the middle age, upon whose face warmer suns than that of America had left their token, in an almost olive complexion. His features were strongly, but not disagreeably marked. On the contrary, there was much good temper in the twinkle of the small grey eye, which glanced rapidly around from beneath the heavy fleshy lid above it; and it was only in the firm compression of the thin, colourless lips, that the spirit to control the crew of his vessel could be recognized. His dress was that of a sailor, in his "go ashore" habit, with the exception of a silver-hilted cutlass, swinging at his side.

His companion was a young man, of perhaps eight-and-twenty, above the middle size, and dressed after the fashion of the time, bold and forward in his carriage, yet not ungraceful—frank, indeed, rather than rude or coarse, and of an open-hearted expression of countenance, and a pleasant smile, which more than atoned for any brusquerie of manner. They both, like the sailor, noted the wind and tide; and the master, having finished his observations, gave a few short, quiet orders to the man who had summoned him on deck.

By this time, the mates, two thorough-going seamen in their appearance, had joined the trio near the main hatch, and the loud, shrill whistle of the sailor first mentioned, brought at least twenty hands from below, to obey the orders of the commander. The effect of these was apparent in a few moments.

The handspikes were thrust into the windlass, and a dozen turns were sufficient to trip the anchor in the shallow water off the point. Another turn, and the schooner was free. The head fell off from the wind, as the jib was run up, and fore and mainsail swelling as they were extended to the generous breeze, the vessel shot from beneath the land, and sped across the bay, towards the opposite and low shores of Kent island. Topsails and gaff topsails were now added; and with all her canvass set, the schooner flew gallantly along. When their immediate services were no longer wanted, the crew, one by one, silently disappeared, leaving those only upon deck who were essential to the attempt now made, to beat the vessel against the north-wester, in her course up the Chesapeake.

During all this time, the master had been busily engaged, and now that the schooner was fairly under weigh, he rejoined the young man, before alluded to. "Off at last," was the first sentence; "and if the wind don't rise, and the tide runs as it does now, an hour will see us at the mouth of the Severn."

"High time we were there," was the reply: "thou didst bargain, captain, to land me at home a week since; but thou hast hugged Thomas's point, as if it were thy mistress; refused to let me land, refused to send thy boat up with me, and kept me for the sake of my society, more a prisoner than a passenger."

"Hoot, man, there it is again. How often have I told thee, that when I left the West Indies, where the bargain thou speakest of was made, I had no idea of finding a king's vessel upon the waters of the Chesapeake. There's no use in mincing matters, master Orrin, and my trade won't bear inquiry."

"Sure enough, Captain Giles Heatherby," answered the other, laughing; "I verily believe thee, man: and I thank thee from my heart, that, when Beckett brought the tidings that a cruiser was in the Severn, thou didst not cut cable, make all sail, and away, before the north-wester, to the ocean."

"Faith, Master Orrin, it was not for the want of inclination, but for want of time. Beckett chose, like a fool, to lose himself in the woods on his way from town, where I sent him when the north-wester first drove me under the point, and the king's ship came down by water, as fast as Beckett brought the tidings by land. I have no objection to a fight when there's a chance for a free trader; but when I saw the sails of the cruiser, from royals to courses, sweeping down the bay, and could now count her teeth grinning on me in the twilight, as I followed her with the glass—I tell thee, Master Orrin, I wished thee at the very devil, or at least safe in the West Indies. Nothing but the twilight saved the Sea Bird from the king's docks, and Giles Heatherby from——" Heatherby here made a significant motion with the fore finger of his right hand, casting, at the same time, a glance to the end of the fore topsail yard of the Sea Bird, which left no doubt of his meaning.

"However, as I said before, that's past, so no more of it. I've waited, until I'm sure the enemy's departed; and now, with the bay to myself—and it's not the first time either—I'll try, when I do leave it, to leave it in ballast only."

"And I suppose Captain Heatherby, that thou hast held me fast, to make all safe."

Giles shrugged up his shoulders at this remark of Orrin, and with his peculiar, but good natured smile, answered, "Why, thou mightst have said, that perchance the Sea Bird's cargo was not invoiced, or cleared; and they set more value upon those invoices here, than among the islands, or on the main. And besides that, I loved thee, man, and wanted thy company. As it is, I'll land thee safe; and should there ever be a quarrel about invoices, I'll expect thee to stand my friend. Thou hast been my passenger from the West Indies, and by this time knowest the Sea Bird and her master; and the master trusts thee."

The last words were uttered in a low and serious tone, and with marked emphasis. The appeal was not to be misunderstood, and Orrin answered, "Yes, Heatherby, had I known thy free trade notions sooner, I scarce had troubled thee with my company. Some of the meetings on the ocean let me into thy secrets; but thou hast acted truly by me, and thou mayest trust me."

"I do," was the reply; and I yet may stead thee still further, than with a passage from the Gulf.

During the latter part of this conversation, the schooner had rapidly neared the shore of Kent island, and the smoother water, immediately ahead, showed, that in another moment the vessel would be upon the flats. "Helm a-lee!" shouted the master, and the instant after, the schooner ran all shaking into the wind.

As the starboard jib-sheet was still held taut, the head fell to leeward, the topsail yards were pointed in another direction, and before the vessel had lost its way, every sail was

filled, and upon the long leg of the tack, the Sea Bird stretched up for the mouth of the Severn. Onward she sped, though now with less velocity than before, for now was her time of struggle with the wind; and with every sail close hauled, and sometimes even shivering, as she luffed more and more up the bay, to clear the flats to leeward, the schooner, to use sailor phrase, crawled steadily along. At last the mouth of the river opened over the larboard bow, and Heatherby gave orders to bear away, for the purpose of entering it.

The sailor on duty had already put his helm up, when Orrin sprang forward, and with a powerful arm again luffed the vessel on the course she was leaving. Heatherby's eyes flashed fire, at this interference of his passenger; and in short fierce tones, he ordered him below, and advanced as if to strike the seaman, who had permitted his command to be disobeyed. With his right hand still on the tiller, and thrusting the helmsman behind him with the other, Orrin stood between Heatherby and the sailor.

"Stand off, Captain Giles Heatherby," he said, "and lay not thy hand on the hilt of the cutlass. Nay, tell me not that thou art master of the schooner, with such round oaths," he continued, as the other, in vehement language, would have interrupted him: "I know it, man, I know it: but I know still better the harbour of Annapolis. Look at that sand bar, the end of which will soon be off the larboard quarter, and tell me how the Sea Bird would have appeared, high and dry upon it, when the tide fell."

Orrin pointed to the bar as he spoke, clearly defined by the comparative smoothness of the water above it. "There, take the helm now," he added to the terrified sailor behind him, "and bear away until you open yon cleared field upon the tall tree on the bank, then luff until you have the Severn straight before you; bear away again, when you range that house with the opening in the woods, and you may anchor any where, near the long low point putting out to right of the town."

He left the helm, as he spoke, and advanced towards Heatherby, who stood, convinced of the necessity of the interference which had so provoked him, conscious of the apology which he owed, and yet reluctant to make it. "Are we to be friends, Captain Giles," said Orrin, holding out his hand, "or must we quarrel in the last half hour of our three week's voyage?"

The firm compression of the other's lips gradually relaxed, the deep furrow disappeared from between his brows, the steady fixedness of his eye yielded to the usual expression of good humour, as he took the proffered hand, and answered, "Nay we, quarrel not now, Master Orrin; thou didst move me much though. It was for common safety, however, and let it pass. Thou knowest," he continued—passing his arm through his companion's, and moving from the immediate neighbourhood of the helmsman—"Thou knowest the tenure of my command here. I am obeyed, because the rascals under me fear me, and have confidence in my skill; and with the like of them, it's better to be high and dry on a sand bar, than, having once given an order, to change it. A few more such interferences, and every scoundrel would presume to cry 'starboard,' when I cried 'port.'"

Further conversation there was between the master and his passenger, until the schooner's course was laid direct to her intended anchorage. The topsails were clewed up, the gaff topsails brought upon the deck, the flying jib and foresail hauled down, and, under jib and mainsail, and with diminished speed, the vessel approached the long, low point indicated by Orrin. Gradually, the remaining canvass was taken in, and, like one wearied with a toilsome journey, the Sea Bird offered but small resistance, when the anchor dropped from the bows, and moving sluggishly on, she was brought up at the extremity of the cable that allowed her.

It was evening, just before the setting of an autumnal sun, that the schooner thus terminated her voyage, and dropped anchor in the port of her immediate destination. She formed another picturesque object in a landscape surpassingly beautiful. She had left the broad waters of the bay, and directly before her, at the bottom of a small, and now unruffled cove, lay

nestled the village or town of Annapolis, then the principal place in the province of Maryland.

To the right, the eye followed the blue waters of the Severn into the dim perspective. To the left, the meanderings of a broad and tranquil creek, dark with the shadows of the trees lining its banks were lost behind the town. Nearer the bay, point and headland projected, on either side, into the Severn; and the low distant shore of Kent island bounded the landscape in that direction. Save where the little town dotted the eminence on which it stood, the land around presented the rich hues of cultivation, or laughed under the yellow sunlight, in all the gay and gorgeous tints of the autumnal forests of America, and the sheets of water were either darkened to a deep blue by the last breathings of the north-wester, or lay the undisturbed mirrors of the beauty of the land. In the centre of all, was the Sea Bird; every sail snug, every rope taut, and, presenting to the seaman's eye a most perfect gem of the ocean.

As soon as the vessel had anchored, Heatherby left her to the command of his mate, and, together with Orrin, whose preparations had been previously made, was pulled in the schooner's boat to the wharf or quay of the town. Few words were exchanged between the master and his passenger, in their short passage to the shore; both were absorbed in their own reflections; and the boat struck the land, before either appeared to recollect, that "Farewell" was yet to be uttered.

A cordial shake of the hand, a "God bless you," on one side, "we'll meet again, may be," on the other, was the brief parting; after which, Orrin, making his way through the crowd of idlers collected at the landing, hastened up into the town.

Orrin Lacy, whom we have heretofore spoken of under the familiar name of Orrin, was the only son of one of the most respectable Catholic families of Maryland. At the usual age, he had been sent to Europe to receive his education, and after an absence of many years had now returned to the place of his nativity. True, Orrin had not been employed all this while in black letter studies, under the good Jesuits of St. Omers.

He had travelled as a man of fortune, had been engaged in extensive speculations as an enterprising merchant, had visited home once during that period, and was on his second return when first introduced to our readers. He had sailed from Europe to the West Indies, in a hope of obtaining a passage from thence to Maryland; and falling in with Heatherby, whose destination suited him, without very particular inquiry, had joined his schooner on her voyage to the province.

Who Giles Heatherby was, was no secret on the Spanish main, or in the West India islands; nor, as it would seem from the kindly greetings which he received from several at landing, was it a secret in Annapolis. Half-smuggler, half-buccaneer, his crew and himself could alone tell where his cargoes came from. People had their suspicions. Some of his men had left the several ports where they were known, sound and smooth, and had returned, maimed and scarred; and there were persons who had noticed recent shot marks, carefully concealed, in the hull of the Sea Bird. But Heatherby was a warm friend, and an inveterate enemy; and it ill became his customers, at least so they thought, to inquire how it was, that even with the duties paid, he could undersell the market.

"First for my father, and then for Alice," thought Orrin, almost audibly after parting with the captain of the schooner. "Two years absence—and she scarce knew how I loved her when we parted. Ah,"—and the sigh might be heard, though the words could not—"those two years may have undone me."

His further reflections of this sort were interrupted by his arrival at his home. He made the house re-echo, as he struck the huge knocker of polished brass, which reflected the neighbourhood, in all the contortions of scroll and moulding. The door was opened by the grey headed negro, who had been grey when Orrin was an infant; and the next instant the traveller was clasped in the arms of his relatives.

"Orrin, my boy; Orrin, my own son; dear, dear Orrin," came at the same moment, from father, mother and sisters, followed by all the rapid gratulations of affection.

It was some time before anything like a connective narrative of what had happened since they parted, could be ob-

tained from either Orrin or his friends. The brief outlines of the traveller's history we have already given: and, in general terms, the elder Lacy alluded to the situation of the province, evidently and purposely turning the conversation to domestic incidents in the family.

Hour after hour went by in this manner, until, at last, pleading an engagement, which all understood, Orrin rose to pay his intended visit to Alice. His father followed him from the room, and both, taking their hats and cloaks, left the house together. Then it was, that the elder Lacy went fully, and in detail, into the situation of the province, and revealed to his son a state of things of which the latter was wholly unconscious.

"Orrin, my boy," continued the father, "the faith of our ancestors is made unto us a mark of infamy, and in the name of Catholic, there is held to centre all that is base and opprobrious. Under pretence of religion our opponents would hunt us as wild beasts, and the night alone saves us from insult, as we now walk the streets of Annapolis. Look," pursued he, raising his cloak at the same time, and displaying the long rapier which, unseen by his son, he had girded to his side, when they left the house; "look, Orrin, at the only safeguard of the persecuted Catholic." The father paused for a moment, and then went on. "In vain have we remonstrated: the Catholic is too vile even to be heard. Our lands are burdened with double taxation; as citizens we are disfranchised; as men we are insulted on our hearth-stones. The council takes from the Catholic his very children, lest in their mother's milk they suck the seeds of infamy and perdition"—the voice of the old man became almost suffocated, as he thus detailed the wrongs of his sect—"and yet, Orrin," he concluded in smothered tones, "we bear it all."

The reply of Orrin was that of excited passion. His blood rushed fiercely through his veins; and when his father told him that the Catholics held a meeting that very night, to consult on the course to be pursued by them, even Alice was forgotten, in his anxiety to be present at the deliberations. Nor was the elder Lacy unwilling that his son should stand forward in a course which he considered to be that of his maker; and without hesitation, he at once led Orrin to the place appointed for the assembly.

History has informed us of the conduct of the Catholics in Maryland, during the persecution which they endured; and the proceedings of the midnight meeting, to which Orrin was introduced, were illustrated, subsequently, in the events of the day. Resistance was in vain. Religious enthusiasm could not supply the defect of numbers, when the same moving spirit was equally powerful on both sides; and a voluntary exile was at last decided upon, as the only means of preserving life, fortune, and honour. "Carroll," said the speaker, who last addressed the assembled Catholics, "is at this moment in France, invested with full power to obtain for us a portion of the southern part of this mighty continent."

"Our brother in the faith, the French king, can scarcely refuse us an asylum, in the boundless wilderness which he possesses; and though we have to raise new temples to our God, kindle new fires upon fresh hearthstones, and beg fellowship with the savage for our daily bread; yet our temples will be undefiled, our hearthstones our own, and our bread eaten in peace and quietness."

Among the audience, there had been some who had urged violent measures, others again who had proposed continued remonstrance; but the conclusion to which all finally came, was, to bear patiently and as best as they might, the insults to which their faith subjected them, until the time arrived, when they could withdraw themselves from their persecutors.

The assembly which had conducted its deliberations with grave and almost portentous silence, now broke up, and ere its members separated for the night, they conversed one with another, though still in whispered tones, more familiarly than the preceding debate had permitted.

Orrin thus became acquainted with much that his father had not been able to communicate; and when he left the room with the rest, he admitted to himself, that the suffer-

ings of kindred and friends created a feeling in his breast, almost as powerful as his love for Alice.

And who was Alice, whom we have thus introduced into our narrative? Alice Redmond was a Catholic orphan, with enough of beauty to make her the reigning toast of the county of Anne Arundel, before Catholic was a name of scorn, and enough of the world's gear to place her beyond the reach of pecuniary misfortune. Alice Redmond was three and twenty, above rather than under the middle size, skilled in the accomplishments of the day, and with all woman's pride and maiden dignity of feeling, and all woman's warm and generous affections clustering round her heart. Naturally gay and cheerful in her temper, was Alice Redmond; but the late religious persecutions had saddened her usual disposition, and, avoiding all society, Alice found herself in a short time almost wholly neglected by those of whom she had once been the centre and the life. She resided with distant connexions, differing from her in faith, looking at her, recently, with distrust, and offering her few inducements to leave the privacy which she had voluntarily chosen.

The future was now so gloomy to the most sanguine Catholic in Maryland, that Alice was excusable if she sought comfort, during her lonely hours, in recollections of the past. Among the numerous passages which she from time to time recalled, there was one on which her memory dwelt frequently, and fondly. It was her acquaintance with Orrin Lacy. True, no words had passed between them, telling of affection; but Alice thought that the eyes of Orrin could not be misunderstood; and her only fear was, that her own had, at times, been tell-tales. She had seen the Sea Bird win its way into the mouth of the river, and with a vague feeling of expectation had watched it from her window.

As the Sea Bird slept upon the water, the twilight concealed it from her view, and when her servant caught the rumour, that Orrin Lacy had returned, and repeated it to Alice, she felt, she knew not why, that the intelligence was anything but unexpected. That night flew with bright dreams to Alice: but when hour after hour passed by on the ensuing day, and Orrin did not appear, to pay the common civilities, even of old acquaintance, she found herself, almost unconsciously, repeating the question, "can he have forgotten me?" and felt her vanity and her pride both touched by his apparent neglect. Evening found Alice in the drawing-room, now an unusual place for her, and a common observer might have noticed the eager attention with which she listened to the slightest sound that reached her ears from without the mansion. At last there was a quick knock at the outer door, a rapid step in the passage, and the next moment Orrin Lacy was in the drawing-room.

How much are we the creatures of circumstance? How little are we under our own control? Had Orrin not appeared, Alice would have been miserable; all her pride notwithstanding: and now that he was before her, fear lest her greeting should betray her feelings, perhaps some pique at the lateness of his visit, gave a cold formality to her manners, that at once checked and mortified the only person whom at that moment she cared to please.

Orrin withdrew his proffered hand, and, with constrained civility, inquired after the health of Mistress Alice Redmond; who, in her turn endeavoured, and with too much success for the feelings of her lover, to manifest the same indifference. In this manner, an half hour went slowly by, wretched to each of them; neither understanding the other; and both, by every word they spoke, widening the breach thus unintentionally made between them.

Orrin had once or twice risen to depart, yet still lingered in the room, hoping he scarce knew what; and he now stood beside the table in the centre of the apartment, idly turning over the various articles upon it. His eye rested at last upon a set of ivory tablets, which he well recollected to have belonged to Alice.

As he opened them, his attention was immediately attracted; his eye changed its expression, and, seeing the tablets, she started, as if to take them from him: her face, at the same time, covered with blushes.

"Nay, Mr. Lacy" she began—"Say me not nay, loveliest

and best beloved Alice," interrupted he, raising the tablets beyond her reach with one hand, and with the other leading her to the sofa, from whence she had risen; "these slips of ivory are of more worth to me, than the revenue of the British empire. Nay, then, that inquiring look forces me to explain. Dost thou not recollect the summer evening when we parted, and when I told thee, that, like a true knight, I would leave my motto as my remembrancer, and wrote upon these very tablets, 'Fidelite et Esperance'; and dost thou not recollect, fair Alice, that, at thy bidding, I erased the 'Esperance,' and left 'Fidelite' remaining, so solitary, on the ivory? Nay, then, turn not away, for my tale is but half-told.

"The knight went to foreign climes, with a heavy heart, and on his return believed, from her manner, that his lady was indifferent; until he finds, written by her own fair hand, 'Esperance' which she bade him erase, and sees, from the date below, that a week has not elapsed, since the lady, in her own heart, promised 'Esperance' to the true knight. Say to me, loveliest Alice, have I told the tale truly?"

Poor Alice, while Orrin spoke, had hid her face on her arm, as she leaned it on the high back of the sofa, and made no answer to his earnest questionings. Misunderstanding, however, was now over; and without detailing the further conversation of the lovers, it is sufficient for our readers to know, that when they separated that evening, their mutual faith was pledged.

True to the policy which they had adopted, at the meeting we have adverted to, the Catholics refrained, as far as possible, from provoking any aggression on the part of their religious opponents, looking forward steadily to the time when they might depart into voluntary exile.

Among others who were thus forbearing, although with the least good will, and perhaps, with the worst grace, was the younger Lacy. Once or twice, indeed, his hand had been upon the hilt of the sword, which he, in common with the other Catholics, was now obliged to wear for his personal protection, and bloodshed was only prevented by the accidental and fortunate presence of a friend. That friend, on these occasions, was no less a personage than Captain Giles Heatherby, who passed himself for a merchant-trader, managed to keep out of sight more than the complement of men proper for the character which he assumed for the Sea Bird, and who trafficked as freely in Annapolis as if he had been a denizen of the place.

He was almost constantly to be found in the streets or about the landing; hushed suspicion by the publicity of his proceedings; and, with all ready for a moment's start, acted as if he, of all men, would be the last under the necessity of flight. There were many who knew him, but he had made secrecy their interest; others again suspected him; and some believed him to be everything that he represented. Heatherby's safety lay in the cheapness of his wares, his accommodating terms, and a lavish distribution of underhand presents to those whose duty it was to protect the revenues of the king and the lord proprietary.

There were many indeed above the means used by Heatherby to affect his ends: but these were most sedulously avoided. The aristocracy of the province, with few exceptions, and the executive government, knew little of Giles Heatherby, save that he was a trader, whose long low schooner occasionally entered the harbour of Annapolis.

A month might have elapsed, since the arrival of the Sea Bird in the waters of the Chesapeake, and she lay before the town, as snugly and quietly as when she first dropped anchor. Hetherby pursued his commercial views with unwonted success; while Orrin, despite the frown of Alice Redmond's relations, passed most of his time in her presence. Although betrothed, no day had been appointed for their marriage; but, by a tacit consent, they seemed disposed to wait, until happier times shone upon the Catholics in Maryland.

In the meanwhile, the elder Lacy and his family treated Alice as though she were already a daughter or a sister, not only for Orrin's sake, but for her own; while she, in her turn, often soothed the excited feelings of the old man, and with her stronger intellect, and more buoyant spirits, cheered and consoled the female members of his household.

Orrin had been absent on a visit to a friend's house, and on

his return, late one afternoon, found that Alice had just left his sisters, with whom she spent part of the day, on her return home. He hastened to overtake her. His nearest and most direct course was over the hill, on which stood the state-house. Another route, and that which he well knew had been taken by Alice, was a circuitous one by the landing place. If I turn to the right, he thought I shall scarcely overtake her; if I go the short cut by the state-house, I shall reach her own door before her.

Orrin did not forget that the Catholics were prohibited from passing in front of the state-house; but he forgot the caution which he had hitherto observed, and walked rapidly up the hill. As he turned the corner of a building, which had concealed from his view the summit of the eminence, he saw collected there, a group of men, who, to judge from the loudness of their tones, were in angry altercation.

For a moment he hesitated whether he should not retire; but discarding the prudential doubt from his mind, he advanced hastily to the spot. Before he could reach it, there was a quick movement in the crowd, and the next instant, he saw a single man keeping at bay a number of assailants.

"Kill the Catholic! down with the worshipper of idols! death to the son of Baal!" were the shouts which came from the latter; while, with surpassing skill, the intended victim parried the blows aimed at his life, and slowly retreated as he did so. With a single bound, Orrin was at the side of Giles Heatherby; for it was the buccaneer, whose religion, for the first time in his life, perhaps, had thus brought him into trouble.

"Faith, master, thou art in time," said the captain of the Sea Bird, retreating for an instant to the rear of Orrin, and leaving him alone to repel the enraged enthusiasts. Heatherby made use of this momentary breathing time, to blow a small whistle, in a shrill and peculiar tone, and ere the last vibration had ceased to sound, he was again by the side of Orrin. A minute might have elapsed, when the two Catholics found themselves most efficiently supported. First one, then another and another of Heatherby's sailor's answered the well known whistle, until ten of them were rallied in defence of their captain.

The Catholics were now the assailants, and in a few seconds were masters of the field. Orrin was slightly wounded and three of the Protestants were groaning upon the ground. There was no time or cause for congratulation.

"Away to the schooner, if ye can; if not to the hut," said Heatherby to his sailors, who waited no second bidding. "And now, Master Orrin, we must fly," continued the captain. "Annapolis and Maryland will both be too hot for us: I shall be the first attacked, and thou wilt be the next; and if either of us be caught, why then farewell to daylight and the Sea Bird. Fool too that I was, to let the jibes and jeers, or even the downright insults of a few hot-headed religionists, make me turn brawler in the streets. If I am a Catholic, I am a free-trader; and the free-trader turns fool, when he talks of his own or any man's creed; and greater fool when cold steel follows his words."

As he spoke, Heatherby hurried Orrin down the hill, and gained the shelter of some buildings, in one of the Jiving streets. The quarrel, the fight, the retreat had begun and concluded so rapidly, that now, for the first time, Orrin was able to collect his thoughts, and consider his situation. Under existing circumstances, he well knew, that the chances of life were but slight in his favour, against the infuriated mob, which a short time would collect; and though Heatherby might be the first object of their vengeance, he with equal certainty would be the second. But Alice, what would become of Alice, if he fled?

"I cannot go with thee," at last he said, "unless another is the companion of my flight, Heatherby. Therefore seek thine own safety, man, and leave me to manage as I may."

"Nay, nay, was the reply; "that will never do; thine arm saved me in this foolish brawl, Master Orrin, and I leave not the water of the bay without thee." "This much I swear. I stay not for parley now, or the Sea Bird may be lost to us both: but meet me an hour hence, under the bank to the left of Carroll's house, at the hut thou wilt find there: or if that may not be,

the schooner shall never leave Thomas's point, until she picks thee up at it. Come single or double, it is all the same. Europe, perhaps, may receive once more the persecuted Catholics."

Heatherby disappeared down a narrow alley, as he uttered the last words, leaving Orrin alone in the street. It was now twilight, and the town, notwithstanding the late rencontre, was still and quiet; and Orrin, availing himself of that, which he knew would not long continue, hastened to the residence of Alice. He found her at her usual seat in the drawing-room, and fortunately alone.

"Alice," he said, as he entered, and seated himself beside her, "misfortune hath at last come, most visibly upon us, and again I must leave my country." Alice looked at him in speechless astonishment; the ashy paleness of her face showing the almost mortal effect of his sudden annunciation. She uttered no sound, but gazed on him so inquiringly, that her very eyes seemed to ask audibly the meaning of his words. Had Orrin wished convincing proof of unalterable love, it would have been found in the appearance of Alice at the moment.

"Forgive me, my own best beloved," he continued, "if, for an instant, I have blanched thy cheek: but the full heart stays not ere it speaks, even when affection would check its utterance. Blood has been spilt this evening: the cause has been still this unhappy difference of creeds; and fight, to preserve life, has become inevitable." Orrin then proceeded to state to Alice the particulars of the rencontre before the state-house, and his fear as to its consequences.

"But why leave the land?" at last answered Alice: "thy interference, Orrin, was to protect one against many; and for thee, personally, there can be no apprehension."

"Fanaticism, not justice, presides, where the Catholic is a party," replied Orrin; "I would not fear the result." As it is, even the courts might not acquit me, if the populace suffered me to live until my trial."

"Alice wrung her hands and wept in utter despair, as her lover went more into detail, in explaining the causes of his apprehension. "And is there no way to avoid the last, bitterest pang?" she said, her full streaming eyes raised devoutly to heaven as she spoke; "can I not be spared it?"

"Yes, Alice, dearest and best," answered Orrin, to her almost unconscious ejaculation; "be mine, now and for ever. In postponing our union hitherto, we have looked forward to brighter days. These are now too far removed—beyond the reach of anticipation. Be mine, then, now, my betrothed wife."

And Orrin urged his claim, with all the fond solicitations of affection. Alice shook her head once or twice, as he proceeded; but her resolution was not proof against his entreaties. He took her passive hand, and when he again repeated his request, her assent was almost inaudible, from the sobs that accompanied it. But she did assent; and Orrin, falling on his knees at her feet, covered with kisses the small and delicate hand clasped in his own, and thanked her with all the devoutness of gratitude. He only ceased his thanks, on hearing a foot fall behind him; and rising from his kneeling attitude, he saw Heatherby standing at his side.

"Captain Heatherby! whence this unauthorised intrusion?" were the first words that fell from Orrin, addressed to the new comer; while Alice, recovering herself, at the excited tone of Orrin, listened long enough to the scene, to understand its import, and then left the apartment.

"Stay, stay, Master Orrin," interrupted Heatherby; "this is no time for quarrel. That lady, doubtless, is the companion you mentioned, and I only pray she is ready for her journey. My communication with the schooner is cut off. The Sea Bird must wing her way without me, for the present. The town is not yet stirred; but soon will be: the soldiers are among the people; they have found out, all of them, for the first time, the knaves, that I am buccaneer and free-trader; and unless we reach the hut in the next half hour, we are undone; not I, Giles Heatherby, only, but you, Orrin Lacy, and your love."

Few were the words, after this, which passed between the two. Heatherby undertook to manage everything, even to having the priest at the hut, provided no delay was made. Alice re-appeared with all her wonted firmness; and in a few

short minutes after the arrival of Heatherby, the three, accompanied by a sailor, bearing Alice's hastily collected apparel, took their way to the hut. They made a wide circuit through the fields, at the back of the town, wound along under the banks of the creek, and at last reached the rendezvous of the buccaneer.

This was the rudely constructed log dwelling of a fisherman, and had been, hitherto, the unsuspected resort of Heatherby and his crew. The site on which it stood was but recently occupied by an oysterman and his wife, almost old enough to have recollected the scenes of the present narrative, and the butts of the school-boy republicans in the now decayed city of Annapolis.

Here Heatherby left Orrin and Alice, with the sailor who had accompanied them in their flight; and after a short absence, returned with the elder Lacy, and a person whom Orrin recognised as the most energetic of the speakers at the meetings of the Catholics, before alluded to. This last, Heatherby, in brief phrase, told Orrin, was the priest. The greeting between the younger Lacy and his father was silent and affecting, but was quickly interrupted by the master of the Sea Bird, who, restless and uneasy, urged the immediate performance of the ceremony.

"My boat will speedily be here, I hope," he said; "and unless we soon reach the schooner, farther flight may be unnecessary and impossible." Thus admonished, hasty preparations were made to comply with the rites of the church. The priest drew from a small bundle his cassock and scapulary, and invested himself with them. The ship's lantern, which hung from the roof tree, was turned, so as to throw its rays full upon the countenance of the holy man. Two brands, lighted at the fire on the hearth, and composed of the resinous knots of the pine, were held by Heatherby and one of his sailors, on either side, and filled the interior of the hut with a bright flickering glare.

Alice stood between her future husband and his father, supported on the arms of both; pale as the shadow of beauty, but calm and self-possessed under the temporary excitement of her feelings. In the back ground, were the hard features of a few of the Sea Bird sailors, parties in the fray of the afternoon, and now hovering about the rendezvous; and farther still, upon the sides of the hut, the eye glanced upon the bright steel of offensive and mortal weapons, these arms hung there for the nonce.

All was now arranged; and after a few preparatory admonitions, the priest commenced the ceremony, in tones low, but full and deeply impressive, and continued uninterrupted, until he had united, by the strongest of all earthly ties, the kneeling couple before him. Orrin had seen the ceremony performed in the cathedral and in the palace, when all that art could do was done, to add to the solemnity of the occasion; but never had the obligation appeared so awfully binding, as when administered in the buccaneer's rendezvous, on the waters of the Chesapeake.

The marriage was now concluded, and the elder Lacy was repeating, in trembling accents, the benediction just pronounced by the priest, when the door of the hut was pushed quickly open, and one of the Sea Bird's sailors entered, alarmed and breathless.

"Well, Beckett, what's in the wind?" asked Heatherby, whose ear and eye were ever on the watch. "Are they coming this way? speak man, and at once. Here are ten of us, and the hut may be defended; though 'twere folly too," he half muttered to himself. "No, you are safe," answered Beckett; "but the schooner, the Sea Bird—"

"Well, what of her, knave?" exclaimed the other anxiously. "They'll board her from the land, in the next ten minutes. No word has reached her; the people and the soldiers have the boats; and the craft's gone, Captain Heatherby, and we are not aboard to lend a hand."

"Is that all?" answered the master: "thinkest thou they will take the Sea Bird unawares?" "I don't know," replied Beckett; "but had I been on board, and known of the storm brewing, the anchor had been up an hour since."

The latter part of the remark was not heard by Heatherby who left the hut, followed by all save the agitated bride, her husband, and his father. Even the priest joined the sailors,

in the anxiety of the moment. Orrin strove in vain to impart some cheerfulness of feeling to his companions; but his own forced attempts yielded to the melancholy circumstances of the hour; and in silence they awaited tidings and directions from the moving spirit on the occasion, the captain of the Sea Bird.

On leaving the hut, Heatherby and his companions moved along the beach of the creek to a bend, from which they could distinctly see the schooner, quietly and unsuspectingly riding at anchor off Windmill point. And scarcely ever did the eye rest upon a lovelier scene, than that which now presented itself. The moon, two days past the full, had just risen over Kent island, and showed a silvery path across the broad Chesapeake, formed by the reflection on the almost unruined water.

Behind the schooner, were the bluff points which jutted into the Severn, now made more prominent by the moonlight. In the fore ground, and to the right was the still creek, with its broad dark shadows. To the left, lay the town, sleeping as it were on the gentle eminences which it covered. And over all—the distant island, the nearer promontories, the vessel of the buccaneer, and the quiet town—was spread that soft and mellow tint, peculiar at certain periods to the autumnal atmosphere of America.

But the attention of Heatherby and his party was not given to the beauties of the moonlight landscape. Every eye was watching the movements of a crowd of men, women, and children, collected at the landing place, where perhaps a dozen boats, including the barge of the Sea Bird, had been brought together, within the last half hour. The populace made no noise, and the cause of the unusual silence was speedily apparent. It was intended to surprise the schooner of the buccaneer; and eight of the twelve boats were soon filled with men, armed for the occasion with such weapons as were nearest.

The glitter of bayonets in each boat showed the regular soldiers were active in the business; and the heart of Heatherby more than once sunk within him, as he looked from the crowded boats, to his only, his narrow home, his sole place of refuge amid the dangers that his reckless life gathered around him, the long low schooner, which he now seemed on the eve of losing for ever.

The assailants, on shoving off, kept close under the shore; and, turning the nearest point, now adorned with the tall steam mill of modern times, were, for a while, hidden behind it. When they next appeared, the barge of the Sea Bird led the line, and was filled with soldiers only; while the glittering bayonets had disappeared from the boats that followed after him.

The townspeople will leave it to the soldiers after all," said Heatherby, as he marked the change of crews which had taken place since starting. "But why a't he cable cut, and her sails all spread? Is no one awake upon her deck, to save the schooner? Dost thou see no stir, Beckett?"

"None, sir," answered the other; "there are but twelve of us ashore, and twenty aboard."

"Twenty devils," replied Heatherby, in tones of increasing excitement; "and why a't they up and at work? Is the Sea Bird so little worth, that they intend surrendering? Do they owe me nothing? Do they owe the craft nothing which has stood the tempest to save them? Traitors! traitors! villains! why don't you save that which has saved you!"

"They are neither traitors nor villains in the schooner, Captain Giles Heatherby," answered Beckett, to the agitated ejaculations of his officer; "wait till the craft's gone, before thou layest so hard on honest men."

"Ha! dog," cried the other, glad of an object on which to vent his feelings; "darest thou speak so to thy master?" and he sprang towards Beckett, with his hanger drawn, as if to cut him down. He stopped suddenly, however, and returning the weapon to its scabbard, said, in tones of deep emotion, "Nay, mind me not, my honest Beckett: but my boat, my child, my friend, my all on earth or on ocean! and I not there to save her!"

Heatherby turned towards the vessel, to hide his feeling as he spoke. The barge was now alongside, and the remaining boats but a few oar-lengths off, and rapidly advancing. He saw the first soldier distinctly, who ascended the side, cleared the waist cloths, and stood upon the deck. Another and another

followed, and still no sign of contest on board the schooner. The townspeople even had begun to mount the side.

"Villains! ye have betrayed me!" shouted the again excited Heatherby, "and may heaven so serve ye, in your hour of greatest need. But, ah!"—the flash of fire arms from the Sea Bird now caught his eye, and the quick reports came over the water, to where he stood. A loud hurra rose from the sailors on the beach, at this visible vindication of their comrades.

"There are boats left still at the landing," said Beckett, approaching Heatherby; "might we not seize them?"

"Why not?" asked the other; "the loss of the schooner be on your head, knave, for not telling this before."

Few and prompt were the commands of Heatherby; and, followed by his men, in a minute he was at the landing. The wild shouts of the buccaneers, their drawn swords and ferocious appearance, as they rushed along the beach, drove back the unarmed crowd, remaining there; and before the townspeople recovered from the panic, Heatherby and his followers were pulling might and main, directly for the schooner.

At this moment, the master recollected Orrin and his wife, and hailing the boat alongside, at the helm of which was Beckett, he ordered it to the hut, to bring them off. The sailors, when they understood that obedience would deprive them of all share in the defence of the Sea Bird, refused, in loud and bitter curses to return to the shore. Finding himself disobeyed, Heatherby ran his boat athwart the bow of the other, and with a pistol drawn and cocked in his right hand, and holding on to the gunwale of Beckett's boat with the left, he threatened death to the first one who dared resistance.

"Beckett," he said, "the man ashore saved my life not later than two hours since; and unless he is saved, I cease to sail as master of the schooner. Ashore then with you, boys," he added, seeing that his words and manner had gained their usual ascendancy over the crew, and adopting the frank tone, which was more natural to him; "ashore, boys, and see who'll first reach the point to starboard there; I with the schooner, or you with the passengers. Give way, my lads, give way," he continued, addressing himself to the crews of both boats, as they separated in opposite directions—"give way, for the Sea Bird, and the shore."

The schooner was still the scene of combat; although the brunt of the fight on her was evidently maintained between her crew and the soldiers, while the townspeople either sat idly in their boats, or appeared in small numbers within the waist-cloths.

"By heavens, the soldiers are too strong for them," said Heatherby. "Pull, my lads, give way for life, one pull more and we are there." And with almost supernatural strength, the sailors made the oars crack again as they obeyed the order. The persons in the boats alongside, had at first believed that Heatherby and his sailors were a reinforcement of their friends; nor were they undeceived, till they heard the shout of "Heatherby and the Sea Bird," with which the buccaneer and his companions sprung aboard. And in good time did they arrive. The deck was slippery with blood. The crew, who had paid dearly for the negligence which had permitted their surprise, were nearly overcome, when the cry of "Heatherby and the Sea Bird," in the well-known voice of their commander, gave new life to their desperate exertions.

"Down with the red coats! Hurra for the free-trader! The Sea Bird for ever!" shrieked the buccaneers, as they again rushed upon their opponents like blood hounds. "Take that and that," shouted Heatherby, as, discharging his pistols, he flung them at the soldiers, and followed them with his cutlass. A sailor had, by this time, cut the cable, and the jib was now rattling up its stay; yet still the soldiers stood their ground, and, from the quarter-deck of the vessel, continued to maintain the unequal contest, a few moments longer. At last Heatherby sprung, like a tiger, upon the man who seemed to be the chief reliance of his companions.

The grapple was fierce and deadly. The soldier fell to the deck, and the buccaneer seemed unharmed at his side. The cry of "quarter" now came from the lately victorious assail-

ants, and Heatherby's voice and exertions were employed in procuring it for his enemies.

"Strike not, save, ye are cowards," he cried, throwing up the weapons of his men. "There's blood enough upon the deck already, to last for many a long day. Stand off, rascals; don't ye see they yield?" he continued, as his men sullenly obeyed him, and the soldiers, collecting in a group on the quarter-deck, threw down their arms. "Take your wounded," he added, addressing himself to them, "and ashore with ye."

The persons whom he addressed occupied but short time in descending into the only boats alongside, those which brought Heatherby and his men; for the townspeople had long since retreated. Their wounded and dead were passed down to them; and at last, shoving off, they pulled rapidly for the landing-place.

By this time, the schooner was under fair weigh. Every sail was soon set before the gentle breeze, which came from the shore; the wounded were taken below; the decks washed down; and in fifteen minutes after the last soldier left the vessel, few traces remained of the late deadly conflict.

Heatherby walked fore and aft the schooner, straining his vision in the direction of the hut in hopes of seeing Beckett and his expected companions. The hut itself was concealed from his view by the bend of the shore from which he had first witnessed the attack upon the schooner; but upon the water between no sign of the boat was visible. Presently a reddish light rose from the land, above the hut; and as the vessel opened, the low building from behind the headland, was discovered to be in flames. Each instant added to the brightness of the conflagration; until one gush of fire went up from the combustible materials.

It glared upon the crowd around it, who had thus wreaked their vengeance upon the buccaneer; and piercing the dark shadow of the eastern margin of the creek, revealed to Heatherby the boat of Beckett, rowing swiftly towards the schooner. In a few minutes, the "boat ahoy" of a sailor was answered by the hoarse voice of Beckett—"friends and all safe;" and the next instant, Orrin and his almost lifeless bride were assisted upon the deck, and conveyed to the cabin of the master. By morning light the tall trees on Thomas's point were visible only from the mast head of the Sea Bird.

Some years passed away, when the regular trader which visited Annapolis, landed a lady and gentleman with a family of two lovely children, off Windmill point, in the harbour of the town; and many were the sincere greetings which they interchanged with the crowd collected at the landing-place. The spirit of persecution had passed away: and it was Orrin Lacy, who had returned, to gladden once more the eyes of his aged parents; to become one of the most respected inhabitants of Maryland: and, in the latter periods of his life, to stand forth as one of the most active of the supporters of the independence of his native soil.

Of Giles Heatherby but little was generally known; although it was shrewdly suspected, that his voyages continued for many years after, to the waters of the Chesapeake.

That he carried on his nefarious trade in despite of the authorities, a portion of whom he bribed, and the most fastidious of whom he carefully eluded, that he was at all times a general favorite with the inhabitants, who upon all occasions greeted the Sea Bird with the most ordinary welcome on her arrival.

There are some indeed, who insist to this day, that the frequent trips of the Sea Bird to the village of Baltimore, then just settled on the Potapscow, furnished the ingenious craftsmen of that place with the model of those "skimmers of the seas," whose only rival in speed upon the ocean, is the wind that propels them.

PRECEPT FOR YOUTH.

AN all-wise Creator has ordained, that as parents watch over the helplessness of their children, so the children are to nurse the declining days of their parents, support the tottering steps, and administer to the weakness of second childhood, in those who administered to their wants.

THE LOSS OF THE MARGATE HOY.

THE hoy named the Margate, of Margate, John Goodborn, master, and J. Sackett, owner, was deeply laden with corn for the London market, and had on board twenty-eight passengers, besides the crew, consisting of four men.

They sailed about three o'clock in the afternoon of Saturday, the 6th of February, with not very flattering appearances as to weather; yet all of them, apparently, in the greatest cheerfulness, with the exception of the captain, whose melancholy countenance seemed to indicate a presentiment of the succeeding calamity, and who, during the whole scene, gradually sunk under its horrors. As the tide was on the ebb, and the wind unfavourable, they were obliged to come to an anchor at a little distance from Margate, where they remained till eight

o'clock, waiting the return of the tide; but the master apprehending blowing weather, judged it most advisable to get under way before the flood-tide, fearing they should not be able to purchase their anchor as the wind was increasing, and by its blowing on shore, rendered their situation dangerous.

The wind continued to blow from the N.N.W., and as the night was very dark, they resolved to turn up under the hook of Margate Sand, with the intention of anchoring there; but prudent as this resolution might have been, it was entirely frustrated. After beating about with the wind and waves till about eleven o'clock: upon making their last tack inward, and sounding the strap of the sounding-lead broke, a very rare accident, particularly as it had not been in use more than two voyages; but this disaster, so apparently trifling, afterwards proved to be the foremost in the train of others, as unforeseen



LOSS OF THE MARGATE HOY, NEAR THE RECVLVERS, FEBRUARY 7th, 1802.

as inevitable. They now attempted to get the vessel about and to provide themselves with another lead; but before they could accomplish either, she struck upon one of the banks below the Reculver Sand.

Alarmed by the sudden shock, and stimulated by the desire to use every possible exertion to preserve the vessel, they let go their anchor as the only remedy under these distressing circumstances, and the tide flowing, she soon floated, and they got their anchor again; but in hauling in the weather-jib-sheet it was broken by the fury of the wind; and the lee-jib-sheet being so much agitated, became unhooked. The master having stopped the tiller to leeward, sprang forward in order to assist in getting the jib in, but just at this instant the vessel again struck, and again they let go their anchor; but they were now advancing to the extremity of their distress, and the disastrous

incidents which contributed to it began to succeed each other with more rapidity; for barely had the anchor reached the ground, when the tiller broke, and on the first attempt to repair the mischief, the rudder was unshipped, and the vessel became totally unmanageable, and violently beat upon the sand. In this perilous condition they tried the fore-pump, which they found choked, and consequently useless. Upon sounding, they found between two and three feet water in the hold, which very soon rose above the floor of the fore-castle; and as they apprehended the vessel was sinking, they slipped the cable, hoisted the foresail, and dropped the gaff, in order to let her drive on shore; but having lost her rudder, they could not govern her, and she came with her broadside to the beach, and there sank, and the tide still making, the ponderous waves rolled over in a manner truly awful.

It is impossible for language to describe, in terms adequate to the reality, the dreadful scene that now presented itself. The mariners, finding that all further efforts to save the vessel would be useless, and that they must resign her to the fury of the wind and waves, directed all their energies to endeavour to save the passengers. The water had been pouring into the cabin from the scuttle, the companion, and the chimney, for some time, and all attempts to stop these avenues were totally defeated by the constant dashing of the sea over them; they therefore endeavoured to get the tarpaulin, which covered a stack of corn upon the deck, and by placing it over the cabin, to prevent it being inundated; but as several of the affrighted passengers had taken refuge on this stack, they could not so speedily remove the tarpaulin, and no time was to be lost, as the water in the cabin was increasing very fast, and many un-

happy creatures were there, fainting with fear, and almost dying with sea-sickness. With the assistance of the seamen, some of these were immediately drawn out of this watery dungeon. One of the passengers, a Mr. Thornton, of Margate, was heard in great distress, uttering the most pathetic cries for his dear wife, who was in the cabin; and to add to his painful anxiety, his son, who was a passenger with them, perished with her. The unhappy husband did not long survive this double stroke of Providence, for while lamenting the loss of the dear objects of his affections, he was suddenly swept away by the impetuosity of the waves, leaving at home five orphan children to mourn this melancholy disaster.

Soon after this, when the cabin was pretty deep in water, John Wood, one of the mariners, drew up a female, but not being able to keep his hold with one hand, in order to assist

with the other, he grasped with both, and let down his foot among the struggling victims, which was presently seized by one of them, whose hand he caught hold of, hoping to rescue the almost dying creature from the jaws of death; but the waters swelling higher with every roll of the sea, he lost his hold, and was obliged to relinquish his generous efforts, and abandon the rest of the drowning sufferers to their fate, in order to provide for his own safety.

The ship carpenter, Mr. Field, was assisting to repair the tiller, but the rudder being carried away during the attempt, and the vessel consequently becoming unmanageable, he anticipated what would happen, and began to think of his own safety and that of his beloved wife, for whom he became all anxiety. He ran to a part of the vessel where he found some rattling stuff, out of which he provided two lashings for her and him-

self, and hastened to the cabin, with the expectation of finding her there; but in this he was disappointed, as she had taken refuge on the stack. When in the cabin he found himself nearly up to his breast in water, with the poor creatures struggling round him; and here his situation became critical, for two or three of the despairing creatures clung so fast to him, that he could not extricate himself. They were therefore drawn up together, by the exertions of the seamen, as was supposed; but the darkness of the night, the constant dashing of the waters, and his own perturbation, would not allow him to distinguish who were his deliverers, and those who were drawn up with him were soon washed off the deck.

His wife he found upon the stack, where she had taken refuge, and lashed her to the boom with one of the cords he had provided; but, in his trepidation, he was not able to find the

other, and bound his arm to her with the end of that with which she was fastened, and in this position they remained while two or three heavy seas came over the vessel, which gradually swept the stack from under them, and at last carried them both into the sea. By laying hold of some ropes at the side of the vessel, Mr. Field managed to get back again, and lodged himself in the shrouds, from whence, in the anguish of his spirit, he could not forbear calling after his dear companion, who was now perishing, and who had just before embraced him, saying, "Oh, my dear, what will become of our children!" expecting they would be left orphans. There were with him and his wife on the stack, only Mr. Thornton and Mr. George Bone; the former was first washed away, and the other, who was a local preacher among the Methodists, and endeavoured to calm the fears of the wretched crew by pious exhortations, soon followed. As for the unfortunate captain, he was seen hanging by the reef-tackle, but losing his hold, he fell upon the deck, and was soon washed overboard.

One of the passengers, named John Beasley, who was a working-gardener, near Paddington, was seen leaning on the winch, to which the fore-halliards had been brought, and the foresail hove up. The sea falling heavily upon him in this situation, the halliards came off the winch, and caused the foresail to run down, upon which he was carried overboard; but the unhappy man was afterwards found under the vessel, from whence he was with great difficulty drawn out.

The others were strewed along the shore, with the exception of Mrs. Owen, and her servant. Mrs. Tatnell, Mrs. Jacobs, Mrs. Edmund's son, and a youth named John Taylor, whose bodies were found in the cabin; and from the general account given by both seamen and passengers who were saved, it is probable that many were washed away at an early period, as they came up out of the cabin debilitated by sea-sickness, their fears, and their exertions to save themselves; and the waves which were constantly breaking over them became so heavy, that a hearty man in full possession of his strength could not retain his hold, unless he were so situated as to be driven against some parts of the tackling of the vessel, or so high in the shrouds as to be above the heavy pressure of the water.

The extraordinary preservation of Mr. Jesse Carroway deserves particular notice, for, after hanging a considerable time by the boom, he became so exhausted that he dropped into the sea, which, while it hurried many to a premature grave, bore him on the crown of the billow, and left him alive upon the shore. Those also who took refuge in the shrouds, were preserved in a manner equally surprising; for the great debility and weakness to which they had been reduced, by long watching and fatigue, must have proved fatal to them also, had they continued but a few hours longer in their perilous situation. One of these, John Busbridge, a passenger and a youth used to the sea, became so enfeebled, that, unable to use his arms, he was for a short time actually suspended by the feet, till, by the assistance of his fellow-sufferers he was removed from his dangerous position, in a state of insensibility. John Wood too, one of the seamen, was so debilitated, that having a little stream to pass on his way to Reculver, whither most of them went when they got on shore, he took the precaution of going sideways through it, lest this feeble obstruction should throw him down, and he not be able to rise again.

Of the twenty-eight passengers that left Margate the day before, in good health and spirits, six only survived this calamitous disaster. Of the crew, the captain was the only one that was lost.

THE LIFE OF CAPTAIN BARTHOLOMEW ROBERTS.

BARTHOLOMEW ROBERTS left London in November, 1719, and went second mate on board the *Princess*, Captain Plumb commander, arriving at Guinea in February following, where, taking in slaves for the West Indies, he was taken by Captain Howel Davis. At first he was very averse to piracy; but afterwards he changed his mind; and what he did not like as a

private man, he was fond of as a commander. After Davis's death, the ship's crew found themselves under a necessity of choosing another captain in his room; upon which, after some debates, Roberts was chosen; who willingly accepted thereof—saying, since he had dipped his hands in muddy water, and must be a pirate, it was better to be a commander than a common man.

After which, they resolved to revenge Davis's death, he being very well beloved amongst them; and in order to do it; about thirty men were landed to make attempt upon the fort, headed by one Kennedy, a bold daring fellow, who marched directly up under the fire of the ship's guns, and went into the fort without any opposition, the Portuguese deserting it upon their approach. Which having set on fire, and thrown all the guns into the sea, they retreated quietly to their ship.

But this was not looked upon as a sufficient satisfaction for the loss of their captain; therefore, most of the company were for burning the town, only Roberts prevented it, by telling them what dangers they exposed themselves to by such an attempt, and that the bare burning of the houses would be but a small satisfaction for the dangers they exposed themselves to. After a great deal of murmuring, they took his advice, sailing out of the harbour by the light of the Portuguese ships they had set on fire.

The governors of Barbadoes and Martinico hearing that Roberts was on their coasts, sent a man-of-war in pursuit of him. This so provoked him, that he hoisted his own figure portrayed standing upon two skulls, and underneath the letters A.B.H. and A.M.H. signifying thereby, a Barbadian and a Martican's head. At Dominico, the next island they touched at, they took a Dutch vessel of twenty-two guns, and seventy men who made some defence till many of the men were killed, and then struck.

With this prize he went to Guadaloupe, where he took a French fly boat laden with sugar. From thence he went to Monay, another island, thinking to clean; but finding the sea run too high for his design, he went to the north part of Hispaniola, where in the gulf of Saminah, he cleaned the ship and the brigantine.

While they were here, two sloops came in, as they pretended to compliment Roberts, addressing him as the Queen of Sheba did Solomon; that having heard of his fame, they put in there to learn his art of piracy, being themselves upon the same honourable account, therefore hoped to receive his charity, being in want of necessaries for such an adventure. Accordingly, Roberts gave them what they had occasion for, spending two merry nights with them, and at parting, bid them, "good bye!" saying, "he hoped the Lord would prosper their handy-work."

Sometime after, while they were drunk, Harry Glasby, a reserved sober man, master of the *Royal Fortune*, having two more with him, moved off without bidding them farewell. But being soon missed, a detachment was presently sent after him, which brought him back with his companions, they were immediately brought to trial, the form of justice being kept up as if they were a parcel of the most honest fellows in the world; and although amongst them, there are no packing of juries, no perplexing the cause with hard words, yet they proceeded to judgment, as in supreme courts, although their method is somewhat different—the one getting drunk upon the bench, and the other behind the curtain.

When they were all ready, the captain in the chair, they were called up upon the steerage, where a large bowl of rum punch was placed upon the table, pipes and tobacco being ready, the trial came on, and the indictment was read. The letter of the law, of their own making, being strongly against them, they were about to pronounce sentence, when one of the judges moved that they should drink the other cup first; which was agreed to by the court unanimously.

The prisoners pleaded for an arrest of judgment; but their crimes being so very great, the court would not admit of it. Immediately up starts Valentine Sturdyback, saying, "he had something to offer to the court in behalf of one of the prisoners, whom he swore he knew to be as honest a man as ever a one of them, his name was Glasby; by G—," said he, "he shall not die, d—n me if he do."

After which, he sat down in his place, and took up his pipe. This motion was loudly opposed by all the court, they resolving he should die. But Sturdyback was positive, and swore he was as good a man as any of them! I never turned my back to any man in my life, or ever will! I know Glasby is as honest a fellow as ever breathed, notwithstanding this misfortune has happened to him, which might have been any body's case, and I love the man. Devil d—n me, if I don't kill the first man that dares say a word against him. I hope he will live and repent of what he has done amiss; but d—n me if he must die, I will die with him."

Thereupon he pulled out a pistol, presenting it to the breast of one of the judges. They seeing his argument so well supported, moved that Glasby might be acquitted; which they all agreed to, allowing it to be law. But the other prisoners were condemned; and all the favour that was shewn them, was, that they should choose four out of the company to shoot them; which was done accordingly. Then burning their own ship, they manned Norton's brigantine, sending the master away in a Dutch vessel, not dissatisfied.

With the Royal Fortune, and the brigantine, whom they named the Good Fortune they made towards Descada, where they met with Captain Hall, richly laden for Jamaica, whom they plundered, and carried him to Bermuda. Then returning to the West Indies, they daily met with some prize or other, mostly French, which stored them with plenty of provisions; after which they began to think of something worthy their aim, and accordingly they proceeded again for the coast of Guinea, where they thought to buy gold dust very cheap. In their passage, they took many ships, some of which they burnt, others they restored, according as the master pleased or displeased them.

Notwithstanding this success, the crew were very mutinous till Roberts told them they might go ashore and take satisfaction of him, if they thought fit, with sword or pistol—for he neither valued or feared any of them.

About four hundred leagues from the coast of Africa, the brigantine in a dark night, left them. This brings me back to an accident that happened at the West Indies, which had nearly ruined all—and was the occasion of the brigantine's going off.

Captain Roberts being insulted by one John Tipple, he killed him on the spot, which was resented by many of the crew, particularly by one Ralph Brag. He cursed Roberts for killing his comrade, saying, he ought to be served the same sauce. Roberts hearing of this, hastened to him in his passion, sword in hand, and run him slightly in the body. Brag, notwithstanding his wound, fell upon Roberts, and beat him to his heart's content; which put the whole ship's crew in an uproar, some being for the captain, others against him.

However, the tumult was at length appeased by the quartermaster, and as the majority were of opinion, that the dignity of the captain ought to be supported, they sentenced Brag to undergo two lashes from every one of the crew. This, however did not convince Brag that he was in the wrong, but rather irritated him on to revenge; and not being able to do it to Roberts on board the ship, he with several of his comrades conspired with Anstis, captain of the brigantine, who was also a mal-content, on account of Roberts's haughty carriage towards him. So in a little time Brag and his consort went on board Captain Anstis, on pretence of making him a visit; when, consulting with the crew, they found that the majority were for leaving Roberts, and give him a soft farewell, as they call it, that night; which they all did with one consent.

The loss of the brigantine was a sensible shock to the crew, it being a capital sailer, and had seventy hands on board; however, Roberts dissembled it, knowing that it was all through his ill-treatment of Brag.

He next proceeded to windward, near Senegal, which was monopolized by the French, who kept cruisers to hinder the interloping trade; two of which having got sight of Robert's, and supposing him to be one of them, chased with all the sail they could make to get up with him; but their hopes deceived them, for upon hoisting Jolly Roger, (the name they gave to their flag) the Frenchmen's hearts failed them, and they surrendered without resistance.

With this capture, he went to Sierra Leone, and called one of them Ranger; the other he made a store ship to clean by. The harbour of Sierra Leone is so convenient for wooding and watering, that most of our trading vessels call in there with beer, cyder, and strong liquors, exchanging it with the inhabitants for teeth and slaves.

Afterwards, he went to Old Calabar, to clean their ships where they divided the fruits of their labour, and drank and drove away care. At this place they took Captain Low, and two or three Bristol ships; but the negroes here did not prove so kind to them as they expected—for they refused to trade with them after they knew they were pirates. This did but exasperate the pirates, who sent forty men on shore under their cannon, to drive the negroes into the woods; against whom the negroes drew out a body of two thousand men? but, having three or four men killed, they retired; upon which the pirates set fire to the town, and then returned to their ships, with which they sailed for Cape Lopez, to water; and at Annabona took on board fresh provisions, and then sailed for the coast again.

This was their last and fatal expedition. Falling down as low as Cape Labon, they took a ship called King Solomon, and a trading vessel. Being at the leeward of the King Solomon, at Cape Appollonia, and the wind and current against them, they sent their long-boat filled with men to take her, who rowed towards the vessel with a great deal of cheerfulness. Captain Trahern prepared to receive them, firing at them as they came under the stern, which they returned with a volley. Then he asked his men if they would stand by him; saying, it was a disgrace to lose the company's ship without one blow. But Philips, his boatswain, laying down his arms, called out to the boat for quarter; by whose example all the rest surrendered, and they lost the ship.

The Swallow and Weymouth, men-of-war, left Sierra Leone the 28th of May, and went in pursuit of the pirates. Meeting with a Dutch ship, they inquired of him, if he had heard anything of Roberts in those seas? He answered that he had just been at Cape Lopez, and had seen no ship there. However, they beat up for the Cape; and on the 5th, at dawning, was surprised with the noise of a gun from Cape Lopez bay, where they discovered three ships at anchor, which they concluded was Roberts and his consorts; but the Swallow being to windward, was obliged to steer off, which the pirates interpreting to fear, righted the French Ranger, and ordered her to get out in all haste.

The Swallow finding they had mistaken her design, kept off to sea, as if she had been really afraid; upon which in a little time, the pirates drew near enough to fire their chase guns, and hoisted the black flag, that was worn in Whydah road thinking her to be a Portuguese; when on a sudden, they saw her bring to, and fire at a distance. They were now completely puzzled. Their main-top mast soon came down by a shot, and they got otherwise so much shattered that they struck their colours and called for quarter, having had ten men killed and twenty wounded, without the loss of one of the king's men.

While the Swallow was sending their boat to fetch the prisoners, half-a-dozen of the most desperate agreed to blow themselves up; and immediately carried their project into execution; but having too small a quantity of powder left, it only burnt them in a frightful manner.

This ship was commanded by Skyrme a Welshman, who having lost a leg in the engagement, fought upon his stump. I cannot refrain from noticing Roger Ball and William Mam, two of those who were disfigured by the blast of powder. One of the officers saying to the former, "I suppose you are boatswain of this ship!"

"No," said he, "I am boatswain of the Royal Fortune, Captain Roberts commander."

"Then, Mr. Boatswain, you will be hanged," said the officer.

"That is, as your honour pleases," replied he.

"But how came you in that condition with the powder?"

"By G—, sir, they are all mad and bewitched, for I have lost a good hat by it."

"But what signifies a hat, friend," said the officer.

"Not much," replied he, since you strip me stark naked."

The officer then inquired whether Roberts's company were all as bold as himself?

"There are one hundred and twenty," replied he, "as brave fellows as ever trod upon a shoe. Would I were with them."

"No doubt," said the officer.

The officer then turning to Mam, asked him how he came blown up in that frightful manner?

"Why," said he, "John Morris fired a pistol into the powder; and if he had not done it, I would."

"Well, I am a surgeon," said the officer, "and will dress your wounds."

"D—n my wounds!" exclaimed he, "if you put anything to 'em I shall tear it off again."

They next secured the prisoners with shackles and pinions; but the ship was so disabled, that they had thoughts of setting her on fire; only she having wounded men on board, they repaired her rigging and sent her to Princes Island.

On the 9th, the Swallow gained the Cape again, and saw the Royal Fortune standing into the bay, with the Neptune, Captain Hill, of London.

On the 10th, the man-of-war bore away to round the Cape. Roberts's crew discerning their masts over land, went out and told him; but he took no notice of it, and his men almost as little.

As the Swallow approached nigher, some of them swore it was a man-of-war coming to take them all. Roberts swore at them, calling them a parcel of cowardly rascals; but as she came nearer, being perfectly convinced, he slipped his cable, got under sail, and ordered his men to arms, swearing it was a bite: "But be it as it will," said he, "I'll get clear or die!"

Though the time was very short to consult of means to extricate himself, yet he resolved to pass close to the Swallow, with all their sails, and receive her broadside, before he returned a shot. If disabled by this, then to run ashore at the point, and every one to shift for himself among the negroes.

Roberts, in the engagement, made a noble figure, dressed in a rich crimson damask waistcoat and breeches, a red feather in his hat, a gold chain round his neck, with a diamond cross hanging to it; a sword in his hand, and two pair of pistols, according to the custom of the pirates, slung over his shoulders, giving his orders with boldness. Receiving the first fire, he hoisted the black flag, and returning it, shot away from her; but the wind shifting, he was taken back with his sails, when the Swallow came again near him, and a shot took him directly in the throat, otherwise it would have been a most desperate and bloody battle.

Roberts was a fine tall man about forty, born at Neweybag, in Pembrokeshire; of good natural parts and personal bravery; but he applied them wrong, frequently drinking, "D—n to him that ever died by a halter."

He forced himself from on board the Prince at Anamaboo; and frequently shed, as he used to tell all the new hands, as many crocodile tears as any of them; but owned it was the unkind usage of masters, that often brought the sailors to take such courses. He was in the habit of saying, "A merry life and a short one, shall be my motto." Among all his vile actions, he never forced any of his crew into his service.

When Roberts fell, the men neglected all means of defence; and their main-mast being shot by the board, they called for quarter. The Swallow kept aloof, while her boat passed and re-passed for the prisoners, some of the desperadoes swearing they would blow her up. She had forty guns, and one hundred men, thirteen of whom were killed, without any loss to the Swallow.

There was found in her two thousand pounds in gold dust, besides many other valuable things. After they were taken they had a mind to rebel, if they could have got an opportunity; but in order to secure them, they strongly barricaded the gun room, with an officer and twenty men, night and day, doing duty, with pistols and cutlasses, and the prisoners within were manacled and shackled.

They would often say, when they looked upon themselves, "That they had not one halfpenny left to give old Charon to

ferry them over the river Styx; and swearing, if they had no better allowance, that they should not have weight enough to hang them." Sutton was very profane. Asking one who used to say his prayers, what he meant by it? "I hope for heaven," said the other. "Tom-fool!" said Sutton, "did you ever hear of any pirate going there? give me hell! it's a merrier place, and I'll give Captain Roberts a salute of thirteen guns at entrance."

A conspiracy was then formed to kill all the officers and run away with the ship; but it being discovered by a mulatto boy who attended them, those who had contrived to get off their shackles, had others put on double: and it proved of no other service to them but to find stronger confinement.

When they came to be lodged in Cape Corso Castle, all their hopes of escaping were abandoned, and they expected nothing but a speedy execution, many of them becoming penitent.

A great many of them had entered with Roberts on the coast of Africa, not many months before they were taken prisoners; from whence it is evident, that Roberts compelled none into his service, as was pretended upon their trial; he being frequently heard to say, "That he would force nobody to go but who were willing."

They being now to be brought to their trial, and there being no lawyers in the country, the court consisted of Captain Mungo Heardman, president; James Philips, Esq., general of the coast; Mr. H. Dodson, and Mr. Boyne merchants; Mr. John Barnsley; Lieutenant C. Franshaw, and Edward Hyde, secretary to the company; who being met in the hall of the castle, proceeded with the trial, wherein we find the list stand as follows:

Accquitted, seventy-four; executed, fifty-two; respited, three; servitude, twenty; the Marshalsea, seventeen. Killed in the Ranger, ten; killed in the Fortune, three; died in the passage to Cape Corso, fifteen; afterwards in the Castle, four negroes; in both ships, seventy. Total, two hundred and seventy-seven.

I shall now relate what occurred worthy of notice in the behaviour of these criminals. The first six ordered for execution, were, Magnes, Moody, Sympton, Sutton, Ashplant, and Hardy, all old offenders. When they were taking off the fetters, and fitting the halters, none of them appeared the least dejected. A surgeon of a ship officiated in the room of an ordinary, representing to them the heinousness of their sins, and the necessity they laid under to call upon God for mercy.

To which they appeared quite heedless, some calling for water, and others to the soldiers for cups; giving no answer, but exclaiming against the severity of the court, saying, "They were poor rogues, and so hanged, while others, no less guilty in another way, had escaped." But he exhorting them to die in charity with all the world, they said, "What was that to him! they suffered the law, and should give no account to any but God. So they died hardy, as they called it. Hardy swore, he had seen many a man hanged, but this way of the hands being tied behind them, he was a stranger to, and never saw before in his life. I only mention this to show how thoughtless they were of their end; and that the same reprobate temper they had in their piracy, continued amongst them to the last.

Samuel Fletcher, another of the pirates, ordered for execution, but reprieved, when he saw his companions going to be hanged, desired to be informed of the meaning of it, saying, if he was to suffer the sooner the better, that he might be out of his pain.

But there were others among them, who employed their time to better purpose, and behaved with a great deal of seeming penitence and devotion; amongst whom were Scudamore, Williams, Philips, Stephenson, Jefferys, Lesly, Harper, Armstrong, Bunce, and a few others.

Scudamore discerned, but too late, the folly that had brought him under sentence of death; and that he might make the better preparation for it, he petitioned for two or three days reprieve, which was granted, and he spent the time in reading and praying, seeming to have a deep sense of his sins, and particularly the sin of piracy, for which he was to die. At the gallows, he begged they would have patience to let him sing part of the fifty-first Psalm, which they did.

Armstrong having been a deserter from his majesty's service, was hanged on board the Weymouth, sadly lamenting and bewailing his sins in general, exhorting the spectators to take warning by him; and then, desired leave to sing two or three verses of the one hundred and fortieth Psalm, which having done, he was, at the firing of a gun, pulled up at the fore yard-arm, which soon put an end to his sufferings.

Bunce was a young man, not above six-and-twenty years old, but made the best speech of any on the gallows, declaring against the gilded baits of liberty and riches, which made him turn pirate, his youth not being able to withstand the temptation. He was extremely afflicted for the injuries he had done to all men, and begged their's and God's forgiveness, very earnestly exhorting the spectators to "Remember their Creator in the days of their youth, that their minds might not so soon be corrupted; and that he should hang there as a beacon upon a rock, to warn erring mariners of their danger."

THE SEA.

How glorious to me is the stormy sea,
When the billows the shores are lashing;
When the wild winds sweep o'er the briny deep,
And Heaven's bright fires are flashing;
When the voice is heard of the lone sea-bird,
As it raises its wailing cry;
When the storm-cloud wraps the sun in a shroud,
And dreary and dark is the sky.
It reminds us of life—of its storms and strife,
Of sorrows that darken our day,
When clouds gather round and not one friend is found
To cheer us or brighten our way.

How glorious to me is the evening sea,
When the dying winds feebly moan,
And its mellowing ray, at the close of the day,
The sun o'er the billows has thrown.
I could wish to be like that peaceful sea,
When about this brief life to resign,
And that those now dear may then be near,
To gladden and soothe its decline.

But more glorious to me is the midnight sea,
When the surges are calmly sleeping;
When the wind passes by, without e'en a sigh,
And the moon her pale watch is keeping.
It reminds us of death, when our latest breath
Has exhal'd, and we are at rest;
When the spirit shall rise, and pass to the skies
For ever to dwell with the blest!

ALARMING ODDS.—NARROW ESCAPE.

WE were within hail of the frigate, and hammering away in the most Christian-like manner, when the master reported that the French fleet had tacked, and that the van ship looked to windward of us. A prudent man would have instantly desisted from further offensive operations, and only thought of a speedy retreat—not so Sir Peter Parker; he was resolved to have a continuation of the tragedy, and interrupted the cautious suggestions of old Soundings, with "Another broadside, my lads; be steady, and take good aim. That's all right—let the smoke clear away." "We must really wear, sir," said the master, "for, independent of being in shoal water, we never can pass to windward of the enemy's line; and we cannot run between them and the shore, for that in-shore squadron." "One more broadside, and then stand by to board," was the only answer. Sir Peter's guardian angel interposed, and took the film of glory from his eyes, showing him his inevitable ruin in the perseverance of his plan. We wore, and stood out to sea; the French frigate again cheering, the batteries firing, and we for the moment quieted. We had nothing left for it but to steer boldly for the van-ship of the enemy's line, say our prayers, and pack up for a French prison. As for hope, we had none!

A single frigate to face thirteen sail-of-the-line, amongst which were three three-deckers, besides an in-shore squadron, all ready to pick up the wounded bird, if it should happen to fly past the line of fire; something like pigeon-shooting, where, if the pigeon is missed by the man in, about a thousand stragglers take the liberty of knocking it down.

I was quartered at the eight after-guns on the main-deck, and therefore I had the *entree* of the captain's cabin, or rather the privilege of walking where the cabin did exist. My attention was awakened by the presence of the captain; for I had been looking out of the stern-windows at our late antagonist, who, while he directed his course into Toulon, continued to direct his broadside at us. Sir Peter called his clerk; destroyed his private letters; placed the signals in the leaded box, ready to be thrown overboard; looked round the quarters quite unconcerned; and, having cast his eyes over some private memorandums, walked on deck as leisurely as if he had a prospect of saving the frigate. Very differently did we behave. My companion at quarters had been a prisoner in Verdun, and began to recall to his memory all the privations and fatigues he had undergone. "Put on your thickest shoes, my lad," said he to me; "two pair of stockings, and an extra shirt: make your mind up to stretch your legs, for you'll be tied to a horse's tail, all in a line, like a file of soldiers: and, trot or gallop, you must trot and gallop too; no chance of an escape; *gendarmérie* before, behind, right and left—no pity for youngsters. Stop when the horses stop. As for money, that would be serviceable, if they would let you keep it; but money is a golden key too likely to fit any lock; besides, plunder is proverbial in the French navy."

The crew, who overheard these pleasant intimations, caught the alarm, and ventured to exchange ideas in the following tone:—"No more Common-hard or North-corner hops for my Poll and me. Caught upon a clinch here, and no knife to cut the seizings. I say, Tom can you palleyvous? for these outlandish lubbers can't speak our lingo. My eyes and limbs! if I would not sooner see the barkey sink under us, than see that striped rag over our jacket. It must blow great guns, and muskets, to blow us clear of these mounseers this time!"

The private signals were placed on the capstan, and Sir Peter took up his position on the carronade slide on the larboard side abreast of the wheel. The men all stood to their quarters, and the minute rapidly approached which was to decide our fate. We were within two miles of our adversaries, when the leading ship tacked, and shortened sail. This was followed by the whole fleet, which tacked in succession, and brought their rear-ship as our nearest opponent. Our enemies, being under their topsails and jib, progressed about five knots through the water; while the *Menelaus*, being under all the sail she could bear, was advancing at the rate of nine. We were now a long pistol-shot distant, and abreast of the enemy's rear-ship. Calmly did we stand the broadside of her—to return it was useless; besides, firing puts down the wind, and the harder it blew the better for us. We passed ship after ship, each firing as we came abreast, and each ceasing when her second ahead commenced. Had they made more sail, and luffed to the wind, nothing in the world could have saved us—the capture was inevitable. At last we came alongside of the headmost ship. Hope now began to dawn; provided our masts escaped, we had a chance of escape. Not a word was heard on board the *Menelaus*, as the broadside of this eighty-gun ship whistled over our heads. The master himself was steering the ship with the steadiness of a fearless sailor, determined not to lose an inch of ground, and we had passed the beam of the enemy before he relinquished the helm to the quarter-master. At this moment the enemy ceased firing, and the whole fleet began to make all sail in chase. We edged away about a point, in order to get right ahead of our antagonist; which having effected, we began to fire our stern-chasers, in hopes of wounding a spar of the eighty-gun ship. As, however, the weight aft did not assist our speed, but had evidently altered the trim for the worse, the guns were removed to their proper stations; the men were directed to lie down at their quarters; and very shortly we, thanks to the long legs of the frigate, were a mile and more ahead of our enemies.

SCENE ON BOARD H. M. S. SPITFIRE.

BURTON came down to "report himself" returned. He detailed the occurrences which took place, and the certainty of procuring provisions and water, with the invitation of Captain Crank, an old retired commander, to the skipper to dine on shore.

Unaccountable as it may appear to any but the female reader, the circumstance of Crank's fair niece having joined in the request was not mentioned.—Possibly arising from the suppression of this inducement, the valetudinarian expressed no inclination to accept the proffered civility; and the lieutenant, now more at ease as to any apprehensions that the odds were against him, or that two epaulettes might be more attractive than one, solicited permission to dine on shore—a permission which was not withheld, as Burton threw out a politic hint that the advice of the veteran might be turned to present advantage.

Burton had scarcely closed the door of the cabin, before he cried out in the steerage passage—"I say, serjeant, send my boy aft, and one of the 'party,' if you please, to pipe-clay my white pantaloons."

"Pass the word forward for the boy Barnes," cried the serjeant.

"Sing out there for Skillygalee Jack," said a saucy top-man, hauling up his trousers.

"Him mus'n'a come—him turning a spit," cried the captain's black cook, with that air of authority, so peculiar, to the sable race when in the authority of office.

From all outward signs, the boy certainly seemed better calculated to turn the spit, than ever to succeed in the higher walks of the profession; and, so far, the intuitive instinct of the savage at the coppers, proved a better guide in determining the bent, and perhaps, capabilities of the ill-starred urchin, than the more aspiring pretensions of his affectionate parents: who very judiciously, as it had been whispered, sent him to sea to learn manners. The first week, however, he had instinctively discovered the galley to be his province. Here, by a total negligence of his person, (notwithstanding the inspection and drill to which boys are subject in the service twice-a-day) and a ready acquiescence in the various drudgeries imposed by his black superior, he had become a domiciled favourite; and his services frequently preferred to those youths less ambitious.

And here a reflection may suggest itself on the prevailing taste of officers in the navy for African attendants. It has been the fashion ever since the days of Benbow; no inglorious epoch, by the by. Were we in the habit of hunting for something *recherche* in the shape of precedent, this practice with respect to poor *Quamino*, who all the world knows, often proudly traces his lineage up to sable royalty itself, might be supposed to originate in the classical recollection, that the vain glorious Romans imagined their voluptuous dainties acquired a higher relish when served up to table by royal captives. As to some of the berths occupied on board by some of our negro brethren even the amiable Wilberforce himself might augur, that the appointment originated in humane feeling. But as to the cook, Jack uniformly and artlessly attributed it to the "Negur" being born in the torrid zone, and therefore better able by "natur" to bear the burning fervours of a galley fire in the dog-days.

From reflections far less philosophical than the preceding, our lieutenant was roused by hearing the bell strike seven.

"What! Powers that be! is that seven bells?—only half an hour to rig and run ashore. Come Lively," said he to his boy, who had reluctantly relinquished his post of honour to another youngster—"Come send the barber aft in a minute."

"Aye, aye, sir," said the same loquacious top-man, who happened to be standing at the fore part of the steerage passage, and who appeared to be one of those privileged men, or rather licensed wits, that may be found in every ship in the service. "Pass the word there for 'Lathering Bob.' Tell him to bear a hand aft: the second lieutenant wants his muzzle-lashing off in a crack."

"I'll muzzle you, sir," said Burton; "if I hear any more of that singing out among the decks;" when retiring to the gun-room, he continued as he rummaged his pockets, "I say, steward, did you see my keys any where? But it's ever the way when one's in a hurry. Come, Mister Purser, no tricks upon travellers; these sort of practical jokes are very well in a midshipman's berth; besides, they are but a poor recompense for my performance of your duty."

"My duty," replied the purser, in a cynical tone, "I'm on the doctor's list. Some one must have taken the 'demand' for beef on shore, or we should have had no fresh grub to stop your grumbling mouth."

"Please, sir, all the black'ngs out this week past," interrupted Burton's domestic, drawing out his words monosyllabically.

This intelligence was quickly succeeded by another of almost as pleasing a nature. The marine to whose fostering charge the lieutenant's holiday inexpressibles had been consigned, appeared at the gun-room door with a woeful face, and pre-luding with a scratch of the head, reported, "The pantaloons, sir, are rather out o' condition. They must have been put by wet and got mildewed. Besides, sir, here's an ugly blotch of port wine in front. I've been trying to coax it out with a little hot pipe-clay, but I can't come it. I was thinking, if so be, sir, as you must wear 'em, that you'd better keep a small bit of pipe clay in your pocket, and touch 'em now and again as soon as they gets dry enough, but you'd better let them be till you gets in the wind."

"In the wind! curse you, I believe you're all in the wind."

Some one with hurried foot came tumbling down the after-ladder, and announced, "sir, there's a whiff flying ashore, and the first lieutenant thinks it for you."

The rapid announcement of one calamity after the other, (for calamities they must all be considered by a man in a hurry), strongly reminded him of that pattern of patience mentioned in sacred history, and he resolved to bear all his misfortunes with the equanimity of his parallel; but unluckily, this composure was destined to be short lived, for in his eagerness to expedite his dressing, he the next moment thrust his heel through his stocking. The weight of his woes, aggravated by this additional interruption, overcame all his self-possession, and with a hearty imprecation, he shouted out, "What next?—any more of Job's comforters!"

Irritated as he was by these occurrences what must have been the effect produced on his too sensitive ear by the report of a gun, or, as ladies would denominate it, a cannon from the shore? Another of the messengers alluded to, determined not to lose this too fortunate opportunity of trying his temper, sung down the skylight, "Mr. Hasty says, that's for you, sir, and you'll be too late for dinner."

The report of a gun was echoed by a crash below, arising from the violent contact with the beams above of a boot jack, which lay too conveniently close to the hand of the irritated lieutenant, as he have it at the messenger's head, exclaiming, "and that's for you, my young fellow."

The pantaloons were again exhibited, and Lively prostrated the tawny-coloured boots at his feet. This was too much for his philosophy. It was impossible, he thought, to make his appearance before the fair sex in such shabby attire. Not a lawyer's clerk at assizes—not a barber's apprentice parading Hyde Park on a Sunday—or a Jew rigged out on a shabbash in some of his best saleable second-hand clothes, thought he, but must appear more gay and debonair in the eyes of the sex.

"D——n it," cried Hasty, opening the skylight hatch, "you're as long bedizening as a bride, and all for that old buffer on the hill. One would think you were bracing up for a ball; or rigging out for a levee of sycens. Come, better bear a hand, the people are going to supper presently, and then we won't be able to spare the boat."

"Spare," said Burton, "that's just like you; it's long before you'd spare one, even a bottle of blacking, and when I do go on shore, (which is seldom enough), I should like to support the character of the cloth."

"Well, rather than have a cannonading from the old boy's battery ashore, I'll rig you out to the nines. But here we

have it," continued Hasty, moving from the skylight, and pointing his glass out of one of the port-holes in the direction of the cottage—"here we have it, for there comes the gunner with a red-hot poker."

Having so said, he despatched his servant for the necessary essentials for Burton, premising in a whisper—"By no means let him have my best shore-going swab."

This intimation given with respect to the poker, was no false alarm, for the conclusion of Hasty's speech was accompanied by a reverberation of echoes from the neighbouring hills, which sufficiently testify that much longer delay would be fatal to the festivities of the evening.

"What a provoking hurry!" cried Burton.

"On deck there!" cried the captain through his skylight, which was usually kept open when the weather was fine. "What guns are those firing! Any thing in distress in the offing?"

"No, sir!" replied Hasty, "only Mr. Burton in distress for time and togs—I've relieved him from one embarrassment—perhaps you'll extricate him from another, and save time, by allowing the gig to land him. Indeed it may be best for ourselves," added the first lieutenant, rather drily; "for the old gentleman ashore seems so peppery. I shouldn't wonder if the next gun was shotted!"

"Come, Hasty," said the captain, "that's rather a wild conjecture—but it's not fair to taunt poor Burton—he may have the laugh against you. Man the gig and land him at once, and tell him to say something civil to the old gentleman for me."

With one spring from his cabin-door on to the gun-room table, a vault upon the deck, aided by the rim of the skylight, he hastily descended the brig's side, and jumped into the boat, ere she had been completely manned. But his flight was not unattended by defeat; for the boat had hardly reached her destination half-way, when he thought he perceived the coxswain eyeing his dress with a significant look, as if he had detected his borrowed plumage.

"Why, coxswain," said Burton, "you seem to be over-hauling my rigging very closely, is there anything amiss?"

"I doesn't exactly know, sir; but it looks to me, sir, as if you'd carried away the weather topping-lift of your trousers, the lee-leach, you see, sir, is as slack as water."

"Curse it! if I haven't carried away my braces, springing up that infernal skylight. Back water, you starboard oars,—no, avast there—give way again—won't do to go back to the brig—I'll make shift with one o' yours."

"Mine, sir," said the coxswain, startled at the lieutenant's entertaining the idea that a sailor ever wore a suspender in his life. "Mine, sir, I hope you don't take me for a soger, sir! I never wants any thing to keep the eyes of my rigging from slipping down over the hounds o' the mast. But here's a bit o' rope-yarn in the bottom o' the boat."

"Why, Bill," said the bowman, "there's a piece of dry parcelling in the locker abaft, as 'ill make a good preventer-brace on a pinch."

"That's right, Jones," said the lieutenant, brightening up at the bowman's suggestion, "that's right my man, put me in mind to-morrow to give you a glass of grog for the thought."

"Aye, aye, sir," cried Jones, with good humoured dryness, "I'll freshen your memory, if you'll only freshen the nip."

Castling a glance once more at the flag-staff on shore, and dreading any further expenditure of powder from that quarter, he was fain to avail himself of the bowman's substitute, and consult the coxswain, instead of his mirror, as to his appearance. That arbiter of fashion, after examining the lieutenant as fastidiously as a boatswain would a ship, when employed in boat a-head, squaring yards, and repeating the usual commands on such occasions.

"Top away on your starboard lift, now lower a little o' your larboard, hold on of all, there you are, sir," concluded with the consolatory assurance that all was now "square by the lifts and braces, and everything taut fore and aft."

Despite of the embarrassments which accompanied the making up of his toilette, all which might well be considered to operate as a draw-back upon his personal appear-

ance, Burton, though like many a beau of the first-water, in clothes not his own; might be pronounced a gentleman-like, and, as the phrase runs, a well-looking fellow. Above the middle height, and though rather slender, well-proportioned. His step was elastic, his carriage commanding; and an ingenious candour diffused itself over his features.

The boat had already been beached, and with a light step on shore and injunction to the coxswain to remind the first lieutenant to send a boat for him at gunfire, he ploughed his way almost knee-deep through the shingle, and ascended to the cottage.

The consciousness that the general movements must have been all distinguished from the veteran's window, and that the scrutinizing eye of Crank had brought his favourite telescope to bear upon his person as he approached the shore, by no means contributed to allay his anxiety as to an appropriate apology for his delay. The petty embarrassments which caused it, could not even have been hinted at. He had therefore, to draw on the fertility of his imagination, which alternately suggested that the boats had all been despatched for water, that one of the gig's thawrts had been carried away in the morning, that the carpenter took longer to repair it than expected, and, finally, that there was some difficulty in obtaining leave from his captain at so busy a period. From all concern on this head he was relieved by the unaffected cordiality of his reception.

Crank contented himself with simply stating in allusion to the shots fired, that it was always his maxim afloat, when folk were either napping, or slack in stays in answering a signal, to open their ears as well as their eyes, with a gun.

ACCIDENT TO H. M. S. GUARDIAN.

"Midst dangerous shoals the sea-tossed bark is borne,
By tempests shaken, and by lightnings torn;
Still freed from harm, though peril's ever nigh,
Death's shaft flies near her—but it passes by."

THE sloop *Guardian*, commanded by Lieutenant Riou, (afterwards Captain Riou, who gloriously fell in the action before Copenhagen, on the 2nd of April, 1801,) and manned with a crew of one hundred and twenty-three persons, including twenty-five convicts, bound to Botany Bay, was uncommonly well stocked; for such had been the care of the government for the infant colony, that an ample supply of the most minute articles had been provided. The vessel having touched at the Cape of Good Hope, proceeded on her way to New South Wales. Twelve days after her departure from the Cape, being in lat. 44° S., and long. 41° 30' E. of London, on December 23, an island of ice was discovered. The weather was extremely foggy, and when first descried, the island was not very far distant. Lieutenant Riou gave directions to stand towards it, that they might collect lumps of ice to supply the ship with water, which was very much needed, as their demand was so great, having a great number of cattle on board. As the ship approached the island, the boats were hoisted out while the ship lay-to, and the supply being brought on board, she attempted to stand away; there being very little apprehension as to her safety, although the magnitude of the island occasioned a partial current, and gave, in some degree, a partial direction to the wind.

On a sudden, the base of the island, which, under water, projected a considerable way beyond the limits of the visible part, struck the bow of the ship, when she instantly swung round and her head cleared; but her stern coming on the shoal, she struck repeatedly, and the sea being very heavy, broke away her rudder, and shivered all her works abaft. In this situation, the ship became embayed as it were under the terrific bulk of the ice, which was twice the height of a first-rate's mainmast, the head of which they expected every minute to break away and overwhelm them; but after very great exertion, she was got off the shoal, and the ice floated past her.

Upon sounding, they found that the ship had six feet water

in her hold, and increasing very fast; all hands were immediately set to the pumps, and to find out the leaks, occasionally relieving one another, and thus they continued to labour incessantly the whole of the 24th, although not one of them had had any rest the whole of the preceding day.

By extreme exertions at the pumps, the leak became reduced, and continued to diminish until eleven o'clock, when there was only nineteen inches, but in half an hour the leak began to gain upon them again, upon which a second sail was fothered and got under her bottom; but the gale was so strong, attended with a heavy sea, which frequently broke over the ship, that it had little, if any, effect. At four in the afternoon, Mr. Clements, the master, went down by way of the rudder into the gun-room, and from thence into the bread and spirit room, to endeavour, if possible, to discover the leak; but not being able to succeed, it was

thought necessary to scuttle the deck close aft, which being out of the roll of the water, would enable them to get out and throw overboard some of the provisions and stores.

Lieutenant Riou, the chaplain, the purser, and two men, were employed in this business; but, unfortunately, in endeavouring to get up a cask, it fell back on Lieutenant Riou, and bruised his hand in so shocking a manner, that he was unable to give any further assistance. They gave up all further attempts to lighten the ship, and again assisted at the pumps.

At midnight the water had increased to four feet and a half in the hold, and the winch of the starboard pump breaking, it became disabled, so that at six in the morning of the 25th, it had increased to seven feet: the night had also been very tempestuous, and, by the violence of the wind, the fore and main-topsails were blown to pieces, leaving the ship entirely at the



DREADFUL ACCIDENT TO THE GUARDIAN, COMMANDER RIOU, DECEMBER, 1789.

mercy of a most tremendous sea. This so disheartened the crew, that they began to break off from the pumps and to secrete themselves, and it was only by threatening to have them thrown overboard that they could be kept to their duty. All this time they were ignorant of the true state of the ship, until one of the carpenters, stationed to sound the well, came up and reported that the water was as high as the orlop-deck, and gaining above a foot every half hour. The officers could not possibly suppress this report, and many of the people who were really unable to bear the fatigue any longer, immediately desponded, and gave themselves up to perish with the ship. Some of those who had got any strength left, seeing that their utmost efforts to save the ship were likely to prove in vain, applied to the officers for the boats, which were ordered to be got in readiness, and the boatswain was directed to put

the masts, sails, and compass in each. The cooper was also set to work to fill a few quarter-casks of water, out of some of the butts on deck; and provisions and other necessities were got up from the hold.

While they were making these preparations, Lieutenant Riou withdrew, and penned the following letter to the secretary of the Admiralty, which affords one of the most uncommon proofs of fortitude and virtue.

“H.M.S. Guardian, Dec. 25, 1789.

“SIR,—If any part of the officers and crew of the Guardian should ever get home, I have only to say, that their conduct, after the fatal stroke on an island of ice, was admirable and wonderful in every thing that relates to their duties, considered either as private men or in his majesty's service.

"As there seems to be no possibility of my remaining many hours in this world, I beg leave to recommend to the consideration of the Admiralty, a sister, together with a widowed mother, to whom their favour might be shown, if my conduct or services should be found deserving of any remembrance.

"I am, sir, with great respect,

"Your ever obedient servant,

"Philip Stevens, Esq.

"E. Riou."

This letter Lieutenant Riou, delivered to Mr. Clements, the master, that in case he was fortunate enough to escape, he might be enabled to forward it to England.

Many hours previous to this, Lieutenant Riou had declared to his officers, that he saw the final loss of the ship was inevitable, and could not help regretting the loss of so many brave fellows. "As for me," said he, "I have determined to remain in the ship, and shall endeavour to make my presence useful as long as their is any occasion for it."

He was entreated, and even supplicated, to give up this fatal resolution, and try for safety in the boats. It was even hinted to him how highly criminal it was to persevere in such a determination, but he was not to be moved by any entreaties.

He was, notwithstanding, as active in providing for the safety of the boats, as if he intended to take the opportunity of securing his own escape; and was throughout as calm and collected as in the happier moments of his life.

The ship had settled considerably abaft at seven o'clock, and the water was coming in at the rudder-case in great quantities. At half-past seven, the water in the hold obliged the people to come upon deck; the ship appeared to be in a sinking state and settling bodily down; the boats were, therefore, immediately hoisted out, to offer a chance of safety to as many as it could be done with propriety. They were fortunately all got into the water with very little damage; but the sea running so high, it was with great difficulty that they were kept from being stove along-side. The launch being forced to drop on the quarter, in order to make room for the two cutters, was nearly drawn under the quarter and sunk, and at last obliged to cast adrift from the ship with only seven or eight men on board, and without any provisions or water. A coil of rope was then handed over from the quarter-gallery, and passed over to Mr. Somerville, the gunner, in the jolly-boat, which hung over the stern; but this boat on being lowered down was drawn under and sunk. As soon as the launch had again rowed nearer the ship, one of the people in her caught hold of a rope, until the cutters brought them provisions, &c., and then veered to a great distance astern. A small quantity of biscuit, and an eighteen-gallon cask of water, were then let down between the main and mizen-chains, into the small cutter. The purser then got into the main-chains, and from thence leaped into her: Mr. Wadman and Mr. Tremlett likewise unfortunately got into her. The boat was, with great difficulty, rowed clear of the ship, and steered for the launch.

The agitation of mind, on this melancholy occasion, may be better imagined than described.

"Rent was the sail, and strained the mast,

And many a leak was gaping fast,

And the pale steersman stood aglath,

And gave the conflict o'er."

Lieutenant Riou was at this time walking the quarter-deck, and seemed happy that the boat had got safe from alongside. The ship was drifting astern, and sinking fast in the water, so that Mr. Clements began to be afraid she would drive upon the launch, and called to the crew to cut the tow-rope, and row out of the ship's wake; but Mr. Somerville, the gunner, who was looking over the ship's stern, hearing the order, prayed them to hold fast a moment, and he would jump overboard and swim to them, which he did, and was followed by John Spearman, a seaman, who were both taken on board, upon which they cut the rope and rowed out of the ship's track.

The launch soon got alongside of the cutter, out of which they took two bags of biscuit and a cask of water. The Rev. Mr. Crowther, Mr. Clements, Mr. Tremlett, Mr. Wadman, and the purser, with two more of the men, got into the launch, and the cutter was ordered back to the ship for further supplies

and to receive as many of the people as could with safety be taken on board; but the crew could not be prevailed on to return, but rowed off to some distance and lay by. In it were Mr. Brady, midshipman, Mr. Fletcher, captain's clerk, and five seamen.

The jolly-boat had put off from the ship without either provisions, water, compass, or quadrant, and rowed towards the launch, in hopes of either getting relief, or the crew being taken on board; but she had already got fifteen people in her, which were as many as she could carry with safety; and the quantity of provisions was very inadequate to support such a number, who had above four hundred leagues to travel in a boisterous ocean, without any means of relief; but there being a spare compass and quadrant, Mr. Clements handed them into the jolly-boat.

At this time one of the convicts attempted to get into the launch, but was opposed by the crew, and pushed into the sea; but, in the struggle, the fellow caught hold of Mr. Clements, who was with difficulty saved from being pulled out of the boat along with him. The people in the jolly-boat picked up the man again, and then took to their oars, and rowed close up to the launch, as if determined to board her by force, when, to prevent any scuffling, it was immediately agreed to make sail, and they took their final departure from this scene of misery and distress about nine o'clock.

The large cutter and jolly-boat made sail after the launch, but the latter almost instantly filled and went down. The ship, meanwhile, continued for several days in a hopeless state, without a rudder, and wholly unmanageable.

"Didst thou not mark the vessel reel,

With quivering planks, and groaning keel,

At the last billow's shock?

For look on sea, or look on land,

Or yon dark sky, on every hand

Despair and death are near."

Lieutenant Riou was indefatigable in his efforts to preserve the ship; and by his noble example, encouraged the remnant of the crew who had remained with their heroic commander to share his fate, to use every exertion in their power to this effect. He had not only to struggle against the boisterous element in which this melancholy accident had occurred, but also to discover means by which he could divert the minds of a desponding crew, worn down with fatigue, and in despair of ever being relieved from their miserable situation. And a still more difficult task with which he had to contend, was frequently observing symptoms of discontent among the people, which were only prevented from breaking into open rebellion, by the firm and resolute conduct which he maintained, and the strict discipline which he supported, in the midst of the almost insurmountable difficulties and dangers with which he was surrounded. Indeed, at one time, the people had carried their disobedience so far as to threaten his life, and had absolutely constructed a raft of the booms, on which they were determined to take their chance, rather than remain any longer on board the ship; but, fortunately, at the instant it was about to be launched, a favourable breeze sprang up, when Lieutenant Riou, with a presence of mind rarely possessed, prevailed on them, by his remonstrances, to give up a plan which must inevitably have plunged them into certain destruction; and as the wind was then in a favourable quarter, he had no doubt of soon being able to reach some friendly port.

The Guardian continued driving about at the mercy of the wind and sea; although at times, when the weather was moderate, Lieutenant Riou was enabled to keep her head to the course he wished to steer; and sometimes she was forced through the water at the rate of four knots an hour.

On the 22nd February, 1790, to their inexpressible joy,

"As morning broke, the light wind died away,

When he who had the watch sung out and swore,

If 'twas not land that rose with the sun's ray,

He wished that land he never might see more;

And the rest rubbed their eyes, and saw a bay.

Or thought they saw, and shaped their course for shore—

For shore it was, and gradually grew

Distinct, and high, and palpable to view."

This was Table Bay, at the Cape of Good Hope, where, by the assistance of two whale-boats, which were sent out from a British ship lying there, the *Guardian* was towed into anchorage, by which the life of this excellent officer and his companions were saved from utter destruction.

After this Lieutenant Riou was in hopes that he should be able to get the ship round to Saldanha Bay, where he might have a chance to repair, and put her in such a condition as to return to Europe; but, notwithstanding his unceasing exertions to gain this point, he was baffled in the attempt, and the ship continued to make so much water, that he was at length obliged to relinquish his efforts, and, to prevent her sinking at her anchor, to run her on shore on the beach in Table Bay.

The number saved in the *Guardian*, besides Lieutenant Riou, were the Hon. Mr. Pitt, afterwards Lord Camelford, who was killed in a duel by Captain Best; Mr. John Gore and Mr. David Gillmore, midshipmen; Mr. J. Williams, boatswain; Mr. M. Sampson, carpenter; Messrs. Schafer, Devine, and Hume, superintendents of convicts; Elizabeth Schafer, the superintendent's daughter; Mr. William Fairclough, surgeon's mate; thirty seamen and boys, and twenty-one convicts, in all sixty-two. Towards the end of the year, his majesty's ship *Sphinx*, of twenty guns, commanded by Captain George Tripp, was sent out to the Cape to bring home Lieutenant Riou, and those of the crew who were still with him.

The preservation of the *Guardian* was attributed chiefly to the casks in the hold pressing against the lower deck, the hatchways of which were made excessively strong, and caulked down. She was completely stove in under the counter, and had also an amazing hole quited through her bows, by which the iron and shingle ballast washed out; by this means she became more buoyant, and at her arrival at the Cape, was nothing more than a floating raft.

Lieutenant Riou immediately despatched another letter, dated Table Bay, February 22, 1790.

"SIR,—I hope this letter will reach you before any account arrives of the loss of his majesty's ship *Guardian*. If it should, I have to beg you will inform their lordships, that on the 23rd December the ship struck on an island of ice; and that on the 25th, all hope of her safety having vanished, I consented that as many of the officers and people should take to the boats as thought proper. But it pleased Almighty God to assist my endeavours, with the remaining part of the crew, to arrive with his majesty's ship in this bay yesterday. A Dutch packet is now under sail for Europe, which prevents me from giving any further particulars, especially, as at this instant I find it more necessary than ever to exert myself to prevent the ship from sinking at her anchors.

"I am, sir, most respectfully,

"Your ever obedient servant,

"E. Riou."

Lieutenant Riou's first letter arrived on the 23rd of April, and the loss of that gallant young officer, together with many other valuable lives, was universally deplored; however, on the 28th of the same month, his second letter was brought to the Admiralty by the master of a fishing vessel, lying off Dungeness, who had been hailed by the captain of the Dutch packet, from the Cape in eight weeks, passing through the channel, who delivered him this letter from Lieutenant Riou at the Cape, to be forwarded to London. It was immediately transmitted to the king, who, upon reading it, expressed uncommon satisfaction; and at night, Lord Chatham set off post for Lord Camelford's country seat, to carry him the joyful tidings of the safety of his son, who was on board the *Guardian*.

Thus, by the interposition of Divine Providence, and the fortitude and perseverance of the commander, this vessel was preserved, after encountering almost unparalleled dangers, and experiencing one of the most miraculous escapes recorded in the naval history of this or any other country.

We must now turn to the perilous situation of those who left in the launch. At about half-past eleven they lost sight of the ship and boats, and shaped their course as much to the northward as the wind, then at N.W., would permit.

On the next day, after leaving the ship, the wind blew in

strong gales, the weather was squally and cloudy, with remarkably high seas; and through the night they could get no sleep, as they were so chilled and benumbed with the cold. On the following morning the weather became more moderate. At four o'clock they shifted the foremast to its proper place, stepped the mainmast, and set the fore and mainsails; at eight the people were employed to make a main-topsail out of some sheets, and a yard out of one of the boat's thiwarts; the handle of a broken oar was converted into a topmast; a small tobacco canister was cut up to make a measure for the distribution of water, the allowance being rather less than two gills per day to each man.

On the morning of the 27th, the weather was cloudy, with moderate breezes. At one, p.m., having boiled all their poultry, and cut up the goose, which was but a small one, into fifteen equal parts, they blindfolded one of the men, who was directed to call each person by name, while another served out the morsels by lots; but such was the little appetite they had for food, that, although they had fasted above thirty hours, each seemed perfectly satisfied with his little morsel, and some even reserved a part of it for a future occasion. But the very scanty measure of water they afterwards received, by no means allayed the craving thirst for drink, which was evidently occasioned by the excessive heat and feverish state of their bodies. They did not dare, however, to take one drop more than the prescribed allowance; but, becoming philosophers through necessity, submitted to the exigencies of the moment with becoming resolution. At seven, they had their second allowance of water, which, being succeeded by the coldness of the night, administered greatly to their relief. At midnight, it blew a fresh gale, with dark, cloudy, and remarkably cold weather. The launch was at this time brought under her mainsail only, and the weather continuing much the same, no alteration had been made in her throughout the day.

The morning of the 28th was cloudy, with fresh gales, but, towards the middle of the day, the weather was more moderate. About noon they had one of the fowls cut up, and divided amongst them, as on the preceding day, and then received their gill of water; but the heat and fever of their bodies had so increased, that their lips began to break out in watery and ulcerous blisters. One of the crew, being afraid of famishing, requested his whole quantity of water for the day at one serving, but this being opposed by Mr. Clements he had recourse to salt water, of which he drank freely. At five o'clock in the morning, they got the topmast up, and set the topsail; but fresh gales coming on about ten, it was lowered and taken in again. There were immense numbers of sea-fowl flying about, which is not unusual in these seas, and had they been fortunate enough to have had a fowling-piece, they need not have been much at a loss for provisions; but, though they had powder and shot in store, they had only two brace of pistols, with which they were unable to do any execution.

At day-break, December 29, they had strong gales, with flying showers of rain, from which they endeavoured to benefit as much as possible, by facing the weather, with their mouths open, and handkerchiefs spread out, but the drifting moisture was so thin and light, that they were barely able to catch sufficient to moisten their lips. In the morning, they had each a small thimble-full of rum, which was occasionally allowed; and at noon they cut up and divided their last fowl, sharing the water as before.

On December 30, they were so far reduced that they were not able to swallow the smallest crumb, until they had been supplied with an additional measure of water to moisten their lips, which were almost held together by a tough viscid phlegm, that could not be expectorated but with the greatest difficulty. To eat at all, they were obliged to dip a bit of biscuit in the water, and afterwards sup a little of it with each mouthful, to force it down. The butter, cheese, and hams, were left free for the use of any one; for, as they were found to occasion greater thirst, they remained almost untouched. Several of the crew had again recourse to salt water, but it did not appear to produce any bad effects.

On the day after, they again suffered very severely from the

burning heat of the sun, and the parched state of their bodies, and had an additional allowance of water, with a larger portion of rum than usual, in which they soaked their morsels of biscuit, and made their meal of it. About four in the afternoon the clouds began to threaten rain, and preparations were accordingly made to collect as much as possible; but, to their extreme mortification, they saw it fall in heavy showers around them, while over the boat there was rarely as much as would wet their handkerchiefs. They appeared now to be in a more helpless state than ever, and began to show signs of disrespect to their officers; but this was happily checked in time, by the spirited conduct of the gunner, who chastised the leader in the face of the whole crew, and restored discipline. Many of the people this day, drank their own urine, and some tried salt water. The weather was warmer and more sultry than on any day since their misfortune.

On the next day, being January 1, 1790, they dined the same as on the preceding day, and in general appeared in much better spirits: which, as it was the first day of the new year, they considered a happy presage of their safety.

On the following day they had clear weather, till about four in the afternoon, when the sky became overcast, and it blew a fresh gale: they had before this dined on their usual fare of biscuit and water, with half a measure of rum, and were all in tolerably good spirits; but the gale increasing during the night, and the sea running immensely high, it brought them again into fresh danger; which, with the disappointment of not seeing land in the morning, as they expected, reduced them to their former miserable state of despondency. At eight in the evening, the foresail was shifted to the mainmast, and reefed, and the boat sailed under it till about six in the morning, when the mizen was set on the foremast, to give her greater steerage way. At noon the latitude was observed 33 deg. 19 m. and the supposed longitude, E. of Greenwich, was 34 deg. 15 m.

On the 3rd of January, about seven in the evening, the clouds had the appearance of very heavy rain, but unfortunately broke over in a most tremendous storm of thunder and lightning, attended with gusts of wind and very little rain, and succeeded by a violent gale from the S.W. which lasted several hours, and in which they were very near perishing. On this occasion, the master and gunner succeeded each other at the helm; and, by their experience and judgment in the management of the boat, they were this night enabled to traverse in safety an ocean of such fierce and tremendous seas, in different directions, as they could scarcely allow themselves the hope of escaping.

At day-break the gunner, who was then at the helm, discovered a ship at a little distance from them, laying under her bare poles. Their joy at this sight was great beyond expression; and, anxious to secure so favourable an occasion, they immediately made sail, and, between five and six o'clock, passed close under her, and informed her people of their distresses. They then veered about, and put alongside her on the other tack.

The people on board her had crowded immediately to their assistance, and received them in the most friendly manner; and, as soon as they were alongside, several of them jumped in, and assisted in keeping the boat from being stove.

This ship was the Viscountess of Britannie, a French merchantman, commanded by Martin Doree, with part of Walshe's, or 95th regiment, from the Isle of France, to touch at the Cape of Good Hope, for a supply of water and provisions, on her way to Europe. The officers were unbounded in their friendship and attention towards the wretched sufferers, affording them every possible comfort, and even giving up their beds for their use. They came to anchor in Table Bay, on the 18th of January.

JACK SHEAVEHOLE'S RETURN.

I BELONGED to the Tapsickoree, two-and-thirty; and, though I says it myself, there warn't many more sich tight-looking, clean-going lads as ould Jack Sheavehole—though I warn't ould Jack then, but a regular smart, active, young blowhard of a maintopman. Well, we'd just come home

from foreign, and got three years' pay and a power o' prize-money; and so most o' the boys goes ashore on liberty, and carries on till all's blue. This was at Plymouth, shipmates; but, as we wur expecting to round to Spithead, I saves my cash—cause why? I'd an ould father and mother, from whom I'd parted company when a boy, and I thought if I could get long leave—thinks I, mayhap I can heave alongside of 'em, with a cargo of shiners, and it'll cheer the cockles o' their ould hearts to see their son Jack togged off like a jolly tar, and captain of a frigate's maintop; and, setting a case, why it's just this here: I didn't want anything on 'em, but meant to give 'em better ground-tackle to hould on to life by. Well, I has a bit of a spree ashore at Dock, in course; but soon arter we goes round to Portsmouth. I axes for long leave; and, as I'd al'ays done my duty to Muster Gilmour's—he was first leutenant—to Muster Gilmour's satisfaction, I gets my fortnight and my liberty-ticket, and the large cutter lands me at Sallyport; so I hauls my wind for the Blue Postes on the pint, and enters myself on the books of a snug-looking craft, as was bound through my native village. Well, shipmates, in regard o' my being on liberty, why, I was a gen'man at large; so I buys a few duds for ould dad, and a suit of new sails, and some head-gear for the ould woman; for, thinks I to myself, mayhap we shall cruise about a bit among the neighbours, and I'll let 'em see we arn't been sarving the king or hammering the French for nothin'. And, mayhap, thinks I, they arn't never got too much to grub; so I gets a bag, and shoves a couple of legs o' mutton and a whole shoal of turnips, a full bladder of rum, and, as I knew the ould 'uns loved cat-lap, there was a stowage of sugar and tea, and a bottle o' milk; and, having plenty of the ready, I buys a little of everything useful in the small way, that the ould chap at the shop showed me: and, my eyes! but there was thousands of packages twisted and twined in true blue paper—there was bacca, mustard, snuff, salt, soft tommy, pepper, licorice, matches, gingerbread, herrings, soap, peas, butter, candles, cheese—in short, something of every thing, not forgetting a Welsh wig and a mousetrap: and I'm blowed if I warn't regularly fitted out for a three months cruise! Well, by the time I got all my consarns ship-shape, I twigs the signal for sailing, and so I gets abroad; and in course, in regard o' my station in the maintop, I goes aloft, as high as possible upon the upper-deck, and claps myself upon the luggage; but when the governor as had charge comes to take the twiddling-lines, he axes me to berth myself in the fo'k'stle, and so, not to be outdone in civility, or to mak'd, think I'd let slip my edication, I comes down, and goes forum and stows myself away just abaft the pilot; when we made sail, there was a party o' liberty boys from the ould Hibernia gives me three cheers, and I waves my bit o' tarpaulin, sports a fresh morsel o' bacca, and wondered what made the houses and every thing run past us so quick; but I soon found out it was the craft—for I remembered the comb of the sea did just the same when the frigate was walking along at a spanking rate. So, for the first hour, I sits quiet and alone, keeping a sharp look-out upon the pilot, to see how he handled the braces, rounding 'em in to starboard, or to port—for, thinks I to myself, it's best to larn every thing—'cause why? who can tell but Jack Sheavehole mayn't some day or another command just sich a consarn of his own; and how foolish he'll look not to know which way to shape his course, or how to steer his craft! But, I'm blowed! shipmates, if the horses didn't seem to savvy the thing just as well as the man at the helm; for the moment he tauten'd the gear, the hanamels slued round o' themselves all ship-shape, and Bristol fashion.

"Why, it was the reins that guided them," said the serjeant, laughing.

"Then I'm blessed if it was!" returned old Jack; "for there warn't a drop o' rain fell that afternoon—it was a bright, sun-shiny day."

"What you call twiddling lines, they call reins," explained the serjeant; "and the horses are steered by them."

"Mayhap so,—mayhap so," responded Jack, "for I arn't much skilled in them matters—'cause why? I never sail'd in one on 'em before, and ounly once since—the first was a happy trip, the last was melancholy," and Jack sighed like

an eddy wind in the galley funnel. "But, to heave ahead—when we'd run a league or two out of Portsmouth, we hove-to at virtual port, and I spied a signal for good cheer hanging out aloft; and so, without any bother, I boards 'em for a reg'lar stiff nor-wester, more nor half-and-half; and says I to the pilot, 'Yo-hoy, shipmate!' says I, 'come, and set up the standing backstay o' your heart a bit; and here, old chap, is summ't to render the lanyard;' and so I gives him a share o' the grog-tub, that set his eyes a twinkling like the Lizard lights on a frosty night. Well, just as we were going to trip the anchor again, a pretty, smart-looking young woman rounds-to under our stern, and ranges up alongside: and she says to the pilot, says she, 'Coachman, what'll you charge to take me to—?' and I'm blessed if she didn't name the very port I was bound to! 'Seven shillings, ma'am,' says he. 'Can't you take me for less?' axes she; 'I've only got five, and I'm very tired with walking.' 'Not a ha'penny less, ma'am,' says he, just as cool as an iceberg in Hudson's Bay; 'can't do it ma'am.' 'Oh, do try?' says she; and I could see sorrow was pumping the tears into her eyes: 'I would give you more if I had it,' says she. 'Can't help it, ma'am,' says old surly-chops, 'can't help it; grub for the hanemals is very dear.' 'Oh, what shall I do!' says she, so piteously: 'night is coming on, and it's a long way to travel on foot; I shall sink under it; do take the money!' 'Werry sorry, my dear,' say he, shaking his blubber-head like a booby perched on a ratlin, 'werry sorry, but never takes under price. You must use your trotters if you ar'n't never got seven bob.' 'Then I'm d—d if she does!' says I, 'for you shall carry her.' 'Gammon!' says he, as spiteful as a pet-monkey: 'who's to tip the fare?' So I ups and tells him a piece o' mind, and axes him if he ever know'd anything unfair by Jack Sheavehole; or if he thought I wanted to bilk him out o' the passage-money? 'Will you stand the two odd bobs?' axes he. 'And d'ye think I won't stand as much as Bob or Dick, or any one else?' says I, in a bit of a passion. 'Avast, old chap!' says I; 'humanity ar'n't cast off the mooring lashings from my heart yet awhile, and I hopes never will;' and so I gives him a seven-shilling bit without any more palarvar; and 'Come my precious,' says I, holding out my fin, 'mount areove;' but I'm blessed if she didn't hang back till the pilot sung out for us to come aboard! And 'Lord love you,' says I, 'you ar'n't afeard of a man-of-war's-man, are you?' 'Oh, no,' says she, 'you have been my friend this night, and God reward you for it!' So we soon clapped one another alongside upon the break of the fo'k'stle, and got to overhauling a little smattering o' larning, by way of being civil, seeing as we'd only just joined company. 'I'm thinking that's a pretty village you're bound to,' says I, in a dubersome way, 'I was there once,' says I, 'when I was a boy about the height of a tin pannikin;' for, shipmates, I didn't like to overhaul how I'd run, away from home. 'Pray, is old Martin Joyce alive?' says I. 'He was, when I left yesterday morning,' says she; 'but he is confined to his bed through illness.' 'And the old woman,' says I, 'does she still hold on?' 'Yes,' says my companion; 'but she's lame, and almost blind.' Well, I'm blow'd, shipmates, if I didn't feel my daylight's a-smarting with pain with the briny water that overflowed the scuppers—'cause why? them there wur my own father and mother, in the regard of my having been entered on the muster-books in a purser's name, my reg'lar right-arrest one being Jack Joyce. 'And what makes you cruising so far away from port?' says I, all kindly and messmate-like. 'It's rather a long story,' says she; 'but as you've been so good to me, why, I must tell you, that you mayn't think ill of me. You shall have it as short as possible.' 'The shorter the sweeter, my precious,' says I, seeing as I oughtn't to be silent. Well, she begins—'Sister Susan and I are orphans; and when our parents died, old Martin and his dame, having no children, took us under their roof.' 'No children,' says I. 'Why, I thought they had a young scamp of a son.' I said this, shipmates, just to hear what she would log again me. 'Oh, yes,' says she; 'but he ran away to sea when a boy, and they never heard from him for many years, till the other day they received a letter from Plymouth to say he was in the

Tapsikoree frigate, and expected to be round to Spithead before long. So, the day before yesterday, a sailor passing through the village told us he had arrived; and so his parents getting poorer and poorer, with his father sick, and his mother lame, I thought it would be best to go to him and tell him of their situation, that, if he pleased, he might come and see them once more before they died.'—I was going to say, 'God Almighty bless you for it!' but I couldn't, shipmates; she spoke it so plaintively, that I felt summ't rise in my throat as if I was choking, and I gulped and gulped to keep it down till I was almost strangled, and she went on:—'So yesterday I walked all the way to Portsmouth, and went aboard the frigate; but the officer told me there was no man of the name of Joyce upon the books.' 'It was a d—d lubberly thing!' says I, 'and now I remembers it.'—'What,' says she, 'what do you mean?' 'Oh, nothing, my precious,' says I, 'nothing in the world;' for I thought the time warn't come for me to own who I was: and it fell slap across my mind that the doctor's boy who writ the letter for me, had signalled my right-arrest name at the bottom, without saying one word about the purser's consarn of Sheavehole. 'And so you've had your voyage for nothing,' says I, 'and now you're homeward-bound; and that's the long and the short on it. Well, my precious, I'm on liberty; and as old Martin did me a kindness when I was a boy, why, I'll bring up for a few hours at his cottage, and have a bit of a confab consarning old times.' And the young woman seemed mightily pleased about it; so that by the time we got to—, I'm blessed if, in all due civility, we warn't as thick as two Jews on a pay-day. Well, we landed from the craft, and away we made sail in consort for old dad's cottage; and I'm blessed if every thing didn't look as familiar to me as when I was a young scamp of a boy! But I never said nothing; and so she knocks at the door, and my heart went thump, thump,—by the hooky! shipmates, but it was just as I've seen a bird try to burst out of its cage. Presently a voice sings out, 'Who's there?'—and such a voice!—I never heard a fiddle more sweeter in the whole course of my life—'Who's there?' says the voice, in regard of its being night, about four bells in the first watch. 'Its Maria,' says my convoy.—'And Jack Sheavehole,' says I. 'Heave ahead, my cherub; give us a clear gang-way and no favour.' 'Oh, Maria, have you brought him with you?' said a young woman, opening the door; and, by the light she held in her hand, showed a face as beautiful—I'm d—d if ever they carved such a figure-head as that in any dock-yard in the world! 'Have you brought him with you?' says she, looking at me, and smiling so sweetly, that it took me all aback, with a bobble of a sea running on my mind that made my ideas heave and set like a Dutch fisherman on the Dogger-bank. 'No,' says Maria, with a mournful sigh, just as the wind dies arter a gale—'No; there was no such person on board the frigate, and I have had my journey for nothing.' 'Nonsense!' says the other, 'you want to play us some trick. I know this is he,' and she pointed to me. 'Lord love your heart!' says I, plucking up courage—for I'd flattened in fornd, and fallen off so as to fill again—'Lord love your heart! I'd be any thing or any body to please you,' says I; 'but my name, d'ye mind, is Jack Sheavehole, at your service, in all due civility. But let us come to an anchor, and then we can overhaul the consarn according to Hamilton Moore.' So we go in; and there sat my poor old mother by the remains of a fire, moored in the same arm-chair I had seen her in ten years afore, and by her side was an old wheezing cat that I had left a kitten; and, though the cabin-gear warn't any very great shakes, every thing was as clean as if they'd just washed the decks. 'Yo-hoy, dame!' says I, 'how do you weather the breeze?' 'Is that my John?' says she, shipping her barnacles on her nose, like the jaws of a spanker boom on the saddle; and then Maria brings up alongside of her, and spins the yarn about her passage to Portsmouth, boarding the frigate, finding that she was out in her reckoning, and her return with me; and old dad, who was in his hammock in the next berth, would have the door open to hear it all. And I felt so happy, and they looked so down-cast and sorrowful, that I'm blessed if I could stand it any longer; so I seizes Susan round the neck, and pays out a kiss

as long as the main-t'-bowline, 'till she hadn't breath to say 'don't'; and then I grapples 'em all round, sarving out hugs and kisses to all hands, even to the ould cat; and I danced round the chairs and tables so, that some o' the neighbours came running in; and, 'Blow me tight!' says I, 'side out for a bend; here I am again, all square by the lifts and braces!'—and then I sings,

"Here I am, poor Jack,

Just come home from sea,

With shiners in my sack—

and I whips out a handful of guineas from my jacket pocket, and shows 'em,—

Pray what d'ye think of me?"

"What! mother," says I, 'don't you know me? Why, I'm your true and lawful son, Jack Joyce, though arter I run away, the purser made twice-laid of it, and christened me Sheavehole, in regard of his Majesty liking to name his own children. Never say die, ould woman! there's plenty o' shot in the locker. And come, lasses,' says I to the young 'uns, 'one on you stand cook o' the mess; and I empties my bag on the floor, and away rolled the combustibles, matches, and mutton, and mousetraps, and all, scampering about like liberty boys arter a six months' cruise; and I picks up the bladder o' rum, and squeezes a good drain into a tea cup, and hands it to the ould woman, topping up her lame leg while she drinks. And my eyes! there was a precious shindy that night: the ould ones were almost dying with joy, and the young 'uns had a fit o' the doldrums with pleasure. So I gets the big pot under weigh, and shoves in both legs o' mutton, and a full allowance of turnips, and I sarves out the grog between the squalls; and auld dad blowed a whiff o' bacca, and mother payed away at the snuff; and nobody wern't never happy if we wern't happy that night. Well, we'd a glorious tuck-out o' mutton, w' plenty of capers; and arter that I stows the ould woman in alongside o' dad, kisses the girls in course, and then takes possession o' the arm-chair, where I slept as sound as a jolly on sentry."

COURAGE AND GENEROSITY OF A BRITISH SAILOR.

SIR TIMOTHY STANDFAST received his title from a foreign Court. Being a younger brother, he went in early youth to sea, rose to the rank of Post Captain, and for a short time commanded a small squadron of frigates. At this juncture his elder brother died, he retired from the naval service, took possession of his patrimonial estate, and became a country gentleman. After being some time at sea, Jonathan his servant, was pressed on board a man-of-war, where his seaman-like conduct gave much satisfaction to his officers, particularly to Captain Standfast, who was so pleased with him that he made him captain of his barge.

One day the Captain and Jonathan were on shore, and their own boat which was to take them on board not being arrived, they hired one for the purpose. On coming alongside of the ship, the boat drifted astern; a rope was hanging over the side, Captain Standfast stretched out his hand to lay hold of it, but he overbalanced himself and his head struck against the ship's side, he fell into the water, and sunk!

A general cry echoed round the deck of the vessel. Neptune splashed into the water, leaping with buoyant springs and turning eagerly round his head. Jonathan sprang to the stern of the boat, gazing with an eagle's eye, but he saw only the rippling of the sullen plunge which still rested on his oar. The captain slowly rose—Jonathan darkly saw his rising form, threw himself forward with a splash into the deep, and with a few dashing sweeps, reached the object of his solicitude; and at the same instant, he and Neptune, cheered by the shouts of the crew, seized their beloved master. The captain soon recovered.

"My lad," said the captain to him, as he entered the cabin, "you have done me a service; I am sensible of it, and I wish to reward you. Take this (a purse with a few guineas), but

remember, that is not all: I have a liking for you, and I shall not forget you." The captain's hand was extended, but not so Jonathan's hand, which was shrunk to his side. "Take it," said the captain, rising, "no delicacy—you deserve more." Jonathan's hand still kept its position. "What! do you refuse it? I desire you to receive it: obey my orders."

Jonathan knew how to obey. He stretched out his hands, and the money was put into it. Jonathan looked at the purse and then at the captain—but such a look! To bestow a mercenary reward on a person of a generous temper, who does a generous action to one who is beloved or respected, is to pierce his heart with sorrow.

Something rose in the honest fellow's throat with a suffocating sensation, and a moistened suffusion dimmed his sight. He turned round in silence to depart, and at the cabin door he paused for a moment, dashed the purse on the floor, and with swinging arms and lengthened strides, sought the deck.

"Call that fellow back," said the captain to a midshipman who was in the cabin.

Jonathan stood before him, and in a moment the captain's displeasure melted into tenderness. "I see, my lad," said he, "that a seaman has feeling as well as an admiral. If I continue to like you, and if you continue to like me, our future fortune is knit together. Remember this, my lad, ('give him,' said he to his servant, 'a bottle of rum.') Go and make merry with your messmates."

"I will, sir," said Jonathan, whose heart rose to the elevated point of joy; "we shall drink your health and long life; added he, "this is using me like a man—I will follow you to the world's end;" and the honest fellow, as he departed, poked the corner of his jacket into each eye.

CHASE AND CAPTURE OF A FRENCH BRIG OF WAR.

We were within a few days of our destination, and were rolling down the trades, when, at six in the morning, a strange sail was discovered on our starboard quarter, apparently in chase of us; we immediately hauled to the wind. This manœuvre disenchanted the golden visions of the stranger, and finding us likely to prove an awkward customer, he likewise hauled upon a bow line. The chase now began. The lower yards of the pursued (evidently a man-of-war brig) could only be seen from the main-top; but her manœuvres, and the cut of her sails, at once announced her nation. As the sun rose in the heavens, the wind increased, and we had already gained considerably on the chase, when she was under the necessity of reefing, in consequence of the strong squalls and fiery trade wind. This was just the weather in which the old Pompée shone to the greatest advantage, and we hailed the increasing gusts with pleasure. All hands were kept upon deck ready to shorten sail at an instant's notice. The brig being to windward was a certain guide to us as to the strength of the squalls, and we were prepared to act accordingly. By noon we had her hull up from the deck; she carried on most nobly; her spars bent like bows before she yielded to the blast. As soon as her topsails were observed coming down every man was on the alert, and the instant the squall struck us, the top-gallantsails were furled, and the topsails down in a trice. The moment its force was expended, up they flew to the mast-heads, and the upper sails were again expanded to the breeze. It was one of the most beautiful and soul-stirring chase it has been my fortune to witness.

The little craft was clearly oppressed; not the vantage ground of a hair's breadth was lost on our side. In one of the heavy squalls her lee main-top sheet was carried away, and the sail fluttered in ribands. We made sure of our prey—"She is ours to a certainty,"—when that certainty vanished by the smartness of the Frenchman, who in double-quick time, bent another main-top-sail. The Pompée's men had scarcely taken in another reef, when our skilful foe was observed sheeting home and hoisting away again. It required no great sagacity to discover that her commander was a practically good seaman, who knew full well how to manage his

dashing little bark. In a short time away went both his fore-top sail sheets. "She cannot escape us now—it is impossible."—"By heavens! he has secured his canvass this time. There, he is hauling home his sheets again."—"Well done—gallantly done, Johnny Crapaud; the devil favours his own offspring."—"Blow, good breezes, blow," (the wind was beginning to lull.)—"Shake out a reef of the topsails." And now the fears of losing the brig began to assume a palpable form, as she was observed to hold her way. No sooner were our men laid out upon the topsail-yards, than the brig's men appeared to be occupied with the like duty. "He is determined to give us a run for it."—"Blow breezes blow," was again heard murmuring around; and, by way of coaxing the airs of heaven, the master and first-lieutenant were whistling to the wind, in tune something similar to that adopted by ostlers to their horses. All our whistling and coaxings failed in propitiating the wind deities. The sun declined, the wind dropped, and the Frenchman remained upon the gaining side; there was no moon, and the distance was too great between us to admit of the hope of keeping him in sight when night should close in. The ship was kept wrapt full to get on her beam, as affording us the best chance of seeing her with the night-glasses. Not a vestige of the chase could be discovered an hour after sunset. A further pursuit was considered both hopeless and unprofitable by the disappointed officers.

We expected the hammocks to be piped down, and the ship to be kept on her course again; but Captain C—had acquired too much experience of our cunning adversary's shiftings and doublings to resign, prematurely, a quarry in every way worth our attention. The plan he pursued displayed the sound judgment that always guided his conduct in cases of difficulty and uncertainty, never failing at once to inspire hope, security, and confidence in those around him. He noted the spot where he had first fallen in with the brig, and her precise situation, when last seen; and concluded that the wary Frenchman would stand on under all sail till nine o'clock then tack, and bear up before the wind to take his original position. Accordingly, at the hour he expected the chase to tack, we went about, and shortened sail to the topsails. The wind had previously fallen to a light breeze. In due time we edged away to meet him, on the supposed line of his course. All hands were ready stationed to make sail in an instant; the main-deck guns were cleared away; officers and men were peering in all directions, endeavouring to penetrate the darkness that surrounded the vessel. Meanwhile the captain, who had retired for a few minutes to consult the chart, upon which he had marked the expected point of meeting, returned to the quarter-deck. "Keep a sharp look-out on the weather bow," said he; and turning round to the officers, added, "if my conjectures are correct, we ought to be close on board of her."

"Take the night-glass forward, Mr. B—, and keep sweeping the horizon about four points on the bow."

"Ay, ay, sir."—But before that officer had reached the fore-castle, the welcome cry of a strange sail to windward was heard from the cat-head. In an instant the outlines of her extended canvass were visible, standing forth in strong relief from the dark back-ground of a mass of vapoury clouds. The top-gallantsails and foresail were speedily set, and the *Pompée* in a line with the stranger. The enemy was thus brought immediately under the muzzle of our guns. At the first shot he prudently let fly every tack and sheet, and hove to; we were equally expeditious, and both vessels were laying so close, that any attempt on the part of the brig to escape would have subjected her to certain destruction. The first boat brought on board the captain, who was, minus an arm by our countrymen on a former occasion. The prize was a fine man-of-war brig *Le Pylade*, carrying sixteen thirty-two pound carronades, and 109 men. She had run successfully the whole of the war, had just left *Martinique*, and was an excellent sailer, of which qualification we had incontestible proof. She had afforded us a chase that might have inspired and interested the most fastidious amateur in these matters. Both vessels were so admirably managed, the possible loss

and probable advantages so nicely balanced on both sides, that I do not think either of them could be said to win upon the other in point of skill during the whole of the morning's manoeuvres. Stratagem eventually favoured us, and the neat finale to the pursuit was sagaciously planned and successfully executed.

The under-writers at *Lloyd's* had paid dearly for the various depredations of this industrious little brig. The poor Frenchman, it appeared, did not perceive us till we were actually alongside of him, and the whistlings of the shot between his masts dispelled his dreams of security. At the very moment they fell into our power, they were congratulating themselves upon their escape. On looking over a log-book belonging to one of the officers, in which his hopes and fears during the day had been carefully registered, I observed that at five o'clock, when the wind had fallen and the brig appeared to have rather gained upon us, the Frenchman had written down. "*Dieu merci, nous ne serons pas pris aujourd'hui. Adieu, Jean Boull!—adieu, ros biff.*"

A NARROW ESCAPE.

The following account of the surprising manner in which a sailor was preserved from apparently inevitable death, on the coast of Africa, was transmitted in a letter from the captain of the *Devonport Guineaman*:—

"Some time after my arrival in the British factory, *Cape Coast*, on board the *Devonport Guineaman*, I was sent for by the commodore, who was stationed in the *Diana* frigate to protect the trade of the place before mentioned, and appointed by him to command a sloop employed on the service of conveying slaves, teeth, gums, and other merchandise, from the companies' factories, situated several hundred miles up the river Congo, down to the principal depot at the Cape. The sloop carried six swivels, and was manned with nine negroes and two north country seamen, named Johnson and Campbell, the former of whom was my mate. After receiving orders relative to the duty in which I was employed, we proceeded on our voyage, and had navigated nearly fifty leagues up the country, when one morning the breeze died away suddenly, and we were compelled, by a strong current running against us, to drop anchor within a quarter of a mile of the shore. In this situation the sloop remained for three days, during which time the circumstance fell out I am about to communicate—circumstances so improbable in themselves, so marvellous, as almost to border on impossibility, but nevertheless declared by me, as a spectator, to be a reality. To resume my narrative—the bosom of the deep appeared, as it does in these parts, while the calm prevails, extremely tranquil, and the heat which was intolerable, had made us so languid, that almost a general wish overcame us, on the approach of the evening, to bathe in the waters of Congo; however, myself and Johnson were deterred from it from the apprehension of sharks, many of which we had observed in the progress of our voyage, and those enormously large. At length Campbell alone, who had been making too free with his liquor case, was obstinately bent on going overboard, and although we used every means in our power to persuade him to the contrary, dashed into the watery element.

"He had swam some distance from the vessel, when we on the deck discovered an alligator, making towards him from behind a rock that stood a short distance from the shore. His escape I now considered impossible, his destruction inevitable, and I applied to Johnson to know how we should act, who, like myself, affirmed the impossibility to save him, and instantly seized a carbine to shoot the poor fellow before he fell into the jaws of the monster. I did not, however, consent to this, but waited with horror the tragedy we anticipated: yet willing to do all in my power, I ordered the boat to be hoisted, and we fired two shot at the approaching alligator, but without effect, for they glided over his scaly covering like hail-stones on a tiled penthouse, and the progress of the creature was by no means impeded. The report of the piece, and the noise of the blacks in the sloop, made Campbell acquainted

with his danger : he saw the creature making for him, and with all the strength and skill he was master of, made for the shore. Now the moment arrived in which a scene was exhibited beyond the power of my humble pen perfectly to describe. On approaching within a very short distance of some canes and shrubs which covered the bank, while closely pursued by the alligator, a fierce and ferocious tiger sprang towards him, at the instant the jaws of his first enemy were extended to devour him. At this awful moment Campbell was preserved. The eager tiger, by overleaping him, encountered the gripe of the amphibious monster. A conflict ensued between them ; the water was covered with the blood of the tiger, whose efforts to tear the scaly covering of the alligator were unavailing, while the latter had also the advantage of keeping his adversary under water, by which the victory was presently obtained, for the tiger's death was now effected ; they both sank to the bottom, and we saw no more of the alligator, Campbell was recovered, and instantly conveyed on board. He spoke not while in the boat, though his danger had perfectly sobered him ; but the moment he leaped on the deck, fell upon his knees and returned thanks to that Providence who had so protected him ; and, what is more singular, from that moment to the time I am writing, he has never been seen the least intoxicated, nor has he been heard to utter a single oath. If ever there was a perfectly reformed being in the universe, Campbell is the man."

ORIGIN OF THE UNIFORM OF THE NAVY.

SOME old admirals, at one of their clubs, resolved "that a uniform dress is useful and necessary for commissioned officers, agreeable to the practice of other nations ;" and a deputation was appointed to wait on the Duke of Bedford, then First Lord of the Admiralty. Admiral Forbes was finally selected for this office. He was shown into a room surrounded with dresses. On being asked what he thought most appropriate, he said, "One with red and blue, or blue and red, as these were our national colours." "No," replied his grace, "the king has settled it otherwise ; he saw my duchess riding in the park a few days ago, in a habit of blue faced with white, which took the fancy of his majesty, and he ordered it to be the uniform of the royal navy ; and in 1748, it was established accordingly. Red has now superseded the white, and thus his late majesty William IV. has restored to us our national colours."

COPY OF HENRY ELLARD'S NARRATIVE OF THE LOSS OF HIS MAJESTY'S SCHOONER, FELIX, DATED OFF SANTANDER.

"HONOURED CAPTAIN,—I take the liberty of sending you these few lines, to inform you of our misfortune of being cast away in your schooner, on the night of the 22nd January last, between twelve and three in the morning, on the coast that lies opposite the fort, at the entrance of Santander, where every soul perished but me, being seventy-nine in number, including nine prisoners that we got exchanged, being sent here for them as cartel. We arrived here on the 18th, got our prisoners on board on the 19th, after twelve, when it came on to blow so strong right in the harbour, that we could not put to sea, being obliged to anchor under the fort, from which they hailed us, ordering us to put to sea. We told them we could not, as the wind was right in the harbour ; that if we did, we should be in great danger, as the weather looked bad, and the wind was right dead on the shore. They told us if we did not go out immediately, they would fire into us, which they did about eight o'clock, and at twelve in the night gave us another shot ; at four in the morning a third, it then blowing a gale ; and at eight in the morning fired again on us, so was forced to weigh anchor, but it was impossible to get out, the wind blowing so strong from the N.W. with a terrible sea, which obliged us to anchor at the entrance of the bay, the sea breaking over us every instant, and the gale still increasing. We rode out all that day in the greatest danger, was forced to haul down our cartel flag, and hoisted the English flag, union

downwards, and fired a number of guns in distress ; but no assistance attempted to come near us, though a French brig, as we have since heard, and several American merchantmen, offered to assist us, but the authorities of Santander would not permit them to come near us. We stood in this state all the night of the 20th ; the gale continually increasing. On the 21st, we hoisted eight guns over-board, the sea running so high, that it washed our boat overboard, together with a great number of our hands, no one remaining on deck but what was lashed to different parts of the ship, in which we stood until the 22nd, not knowing what to do, the sea running mountains high, nothing but death before our eyes. The captain, Lieutenant Mitchel, the pilot, and myself, were all that could be seen aboard ; the bulwarks being all stove in, we were lashed to the ring-bolts, on the quarter-deck, the sea flying over us every instant. About twelve, a sea carried away our mast and bowsprit, so that nothing remained but clear decks and a bare hull ; we lay lashed until two in the morning, when a sea parted our cables so that we did not know what to do. I spoke to Captain Cameron, and persuaded him to jump overboard, that in five minutes we should all be, to pieces on the beach, and killed by the wreck ; we immediately unlashed ourselves, and jumped overboard, where I held Captain Cameron by the head for some time, until the pilot or Mr. Mitchel laid hold of me by the leg, at which time I was obliged to let go Mr. Cameron, to clear myself ; at length a sea hove me on shore, where I crawled upon my hands and knees, not being able to walk, until I was clear of the sea, where I lay until half-past six the next morning, almost dead, no person being there to assist me. I rose, and went towards the hills, but being so weak from the blood I lost, from dreadful wounds I received on my head and several parts of my body, that I could not go any farther. At length a Spaniard took me up, and dragged me to his house where I lay for some time bleeding ; at night they sent for a doctor, who dressed my wounds and ordered me to be put to bed. In this situation I lay several days, until I was a little recovered, when they took me, from thence, and put me in prison, where I remain, naked, half starved to death, and eaten up with dirt and vermin—no one to assist me. The English agent was once there to see me, and told me he could not assist me, as the Spanish government had me in their charge, and only allows five-pence per day, which scarce keeps me alive. I should be happy to be able to relate verbally to you all this, but I am afraid it will be a long time, as I am kept so closely confined. I should have sent you this account before now, but had no opportunity : at length a friend has offered to deliver this to our ambassador at Lisbon, to have it sent to you."

THE MEETING OF SHIPS.

BY T. MOORE.

When o'er the silent seas alone,
For days and nights we've cheerless gone,
Oh ! they who've felt it know how sweet,
Some sunny morn, a ship to meet.

* * * * *
Then sails are back'd—we nearer come—
Kind words are said of friends and home ;
And soon, too soon, we part with pain,
To sail o'er silent seas again.

A SAILOR'S OPINION OF KING SOLOMON.

Two sailors were one day disputing on board his majesty's ship Abundance, off Woolwich, respecting the wisdom of King Solomon ; and after having made some original and very singular remarks on this mighty monarch, one of them closed his argument as follows : "Why, Jack, you may talk till the tongue drops out of your wooden head ; but I'll tell you what perhaps neither you nor King Solomon ever knew ; that is, that, shiver my timbers, but the times are so altered, that if he was now alive, he would not know a jib-boom from a poop lantern."

BATTLE OFF CAPE ST. VINCENT.

BEFORE the glorious action off Cape St. Vincent, early in 1797, the name of Nelson was hardly known to the English public; but from the activity, talents, and zeal, which he had so eminently and constantly displayed during a long course of services in the Mediterranean, he was feared and respected throughout Italy. At this time a letter came to him, directed "Horatio Nelson, Genoa;" and the writer, when asked how he could direct it so vaguely, replied, "Sir, there is but one Horatio Nelson in the world." At Genoa, in particular, where he had so long been stationed, and where the nature of his duty first led him to continual disputes with the government, and afterwards compelled him to stop the trade of the port, he was

equally respected by the doge and by the people; for, while he maintained the rights and interests of Great Britain with becoming firmness, he tempered the exercise of power with courtesy and humanity, wherever duty would permit. "Had all my actions," said he, writing at this time to his wife, "been gazetted, not one fortnight would have passed, during the whole war, without a letter from me. One day or other I will have a long gazette to myself, I feel that such an opportunity will be given me. I cannot, if I am in the field of glory, be kept out of sight; wherever there is anything to be done, there Providence is sure to direct my steps."

These hopes and anticipations were soon to be fulfilled. Nelson's mind had long been irritated and depressed by the fear that a general action would take place before he could join the fleet. At length he sailed from Porto Ferrajo with a



BATTLE OFF CAPE ST. VINCENT.

convoy for Gibraltar, and having reached that place, proceeded to the westward in search of the admiral. Off the mouth of the Straits he fell in with the Spanish fleet; and, on the 13th of February, reaching the station off Cape St. Vincent, communicated this intelligence to Sir John Jervis. He was now directed to shift his broad pendant on board the Captain, seventy-four, Captain R. W. Miller; and before sunset, the signal was made to prepare for action, and to keep during the night in close order. At day-break the enemy was in sight. The British force consisted of two ships of one hundred guns, two of ninety-eight, two of ninety, eight of seventy-four, and one sixty-four; fifteen of the line in all; with four frigates, a sloop, and a cutter. The Spaniards had one four-decker, of one hundred and thirty-six guns; six three-deckers, of one hundred and twelve; two eighty-fours: eighteen

seventy-fours; in all, twenty-seven ships of the line, with ten frigates and a brig. Their admiral, D. Joseph de Cordova, had learnt from an American, on the 5th, that the English had only nine ships, which was indeed the case when his informer had seen them; for a reinforcement of five ships from England, under Admiral Parker, had not then joined, and the Culloden had parted company. Upon this information, the Spanish commander, instead of going into Cadiz, as was his intention when he sailed from Carthagen, determined to seek an enemy so inferior in force; and relying, with fatal confidence, upon the American account, he suffered his ships to remain too far dispersed, and in some disorder. When the morning of the 14th broke, and discovered the English fleet, a fog for some time concealed their number. That fleet had heard their signal guns during the night, the weather being fine though thick and

hazy; soon after daylight they were seen very much scattered, while the British ships were in a compact little body. The look-out ship of the Spaniards fancying that her signal was disregarded, because so little notice seemed to be taken of it, made another signal that the English force consisted of forty sail of the line. The captain afterwards said he did this to rouse the admiral; it had the effect of perplexing him and alarming the whole fleet. The absurdity of such an act shows what was the state of the Spanish navy under that miserable government, by which Spain was so long oppressed and degraded, and finally betrayed. In reality, the general incapacity of the naval officers was so well known, that in a pasquinade, which about this time appeared at Madrid, wherein the different orders of the state were advertised for sale, the greater part of the sea officers, with all their equipments, were offered as a gift; and it was added, that

any person who would please to take them, should receive a handsome gratuity. When the probability that Spain would take part in the war, as an ally of France, was first contemplated, Nelson said that their fleet, if it were no better than when it acted in alliance with us, would "soon be done for."

Before the enemy could form a regular order of battle, Sir J. Jervis, by carrying a press of sail, came up with them, passed through their fleet, then tacked, and thus cut off nine of their ships from the main body. These ships attempted to form on the larboard tack, either with the design of passing through the British line, or to leeward of it, and thus rejoining their friends. Only one of them succeeded in this attempt; and that only because she was so covered with smoke, that her intention was not discovered till she had reached the rear; the others were so warmly received that

they put about, took to flight, and did not appear again in the action till its close. The admiral was now able to direct his attention to the enemy's main body, which was still superior in number to his whole fleet, and greatly so in weight of metal. He made signal to take succession. Nelson, whose station was in the rear of the British line, perceived that the Spaniards were bearing up before the wind, with an intention of forming their line, going large, and joining their separated ships; or else, of getting off without an engagement. To prevent either of these schemes, he disobeyed the signal without a moment's hesitation, and ordered his ship to be wore. This at once brought him into action with the Santissima Trinidad, one hundred and thirty-six, the San Joseph, one hundred and twelve, the Salvador del Mundo, one hundred and twelve, the San Nicolas, eighty, the San Isidro,

seventy-four, another seventy-four, and another first-rate Trowbridge, in the Culloden, immediately joined, and most nobly supported him; and for nearly an hour did the Culloden and Captain maintain what Nelson called "this apparently, but not really unequal contest;"—such was the advantage of skill and discipline, and the confidence which brave men derive from them. The Blenheim then passing between them and the enemy, gave them a respite, and poured in her fire upon the Spaniards. The Salvador del Mundo and San Isidro dropped astern, and were fired into, in a masterly style, by the excellent Capt. Collingwood. The San Isidro struck; and Nelson thought that the Salvador struck also; "but Collingwood," says he, "disdaining the parade of taking possession of beaten enemies, most gallantly pushed up, with every sail set, to save his old friend and messmate, who was, to appear—

ance, in a critical situation," for the Captain was at this time actually fired upon by three first-rates, by the San Nicolas, and by a seventy-four, within about pistol shot of that vessel. The Blenheim was ahead, the Culloden crippled and astern. Collingwood ranged up, and hauling up his mainsail just astern, passed within ten feet of the San Nicolas, giving her a most tremendous fire, then passed on for the Santissima Trinidad. The San Nicolas luffing up, the San Joseph fell on board her, and Nelson resumed his station abreast of them, and close alongside. The Captain was now incapable of farther service, either in the line or in the chase: she had lost her foretopmast: not a sail, shroud, or rope was left, and her wheel was shot away. Nelson, therefore, directed Captain Miller to put the helm a-starboard, and calling for the boarders, ordered them to board.

Captain Berry, who had lately been Nelson's first lieutenant, was the first man who leaped into the enemy's mizen chains. Miller, when in the very act of going, was ordered by Nelson to remain. Berry was supported from the spritsail-yard, which locked in the San Nicolas's main rigging. A soldier of the sixty-ninth broke the upper quarter gallery window, and jumped in, followed by the commodore himself, and by others as fast as possible. The cabin-doors were fastened, and the Spanish officers fired their pistols at them through the window: the doors were soon forced, and the Spanish brigadier fell while retreating to the quarter-deck. Nelson pushed on, and found Berry in possession of the poop, and the Spanish ensign hauling down. He passed on to the forecabin, where he met two or three Spanish officers, and received their swords. The English were now in full possession of every part of the ship; when a fire of pistols and musketry opened upon them from the admiral's stern-gallery of the San Joseph. Nelson having placed sentinels at the different ladders, and ordered Captain Miller to send more men into the prize, gave orders for boarding that ship from the San Nicolas. It was done in an instant, he himself leading the way, and exclaiming—"Westminster Abbey or victory!" Berry assisted him into the main-chains; and at that moment a Spanish officer looked over the quarter-deck rail, and said they surrendered. It was not long before he was on the quarter-deck, where the Spanish captain presented to him his sword, and told him the admiral was below, dying of his wounds. There, on the quarter-deck of an enemy's first-rate, he received the swords of the officers; giving them, as they were delivered, one by one, to William Fearnley, one of his old Agamemnon's, who, with the utmost coolness, put them under his arm; "bundling them up," in the lively expression of Collingwood, "with as much composure as he would have made a faggot, though twenty-two sail of their line were still within gun-shot." One of his sailors came up, and, with an Englishman's feeling, took him by the hand, saying, he might not soon have such another place to do it in, and he was heartily glad to see him there. Twenty-four of the Captain's men were killed, and fifty-six wounded; a fourth part of the loss sustained by the whole squadron falling upon this ship. Nelson received only a few bruises.

The Spaniards had still eighteen or nineteen ships, which had suffered little or no injury: that part of the fleet which had been separated from the main body in the morning was now coming up, and Sir John Jervis made signal to bring to. His ships could not have formed without abandoning those which they had captured, and running to leeward: the Captain was lying a perfect wreck on board her two prizes; and many of the other vessels were so shattered in their masts and rigging, as to be wholly unmanageable. The Spanish, meantime, according to his official account, being altogether undecided in his own opinion respecting the state of the fleet, inquired of his captains whether it was proper to renew the action: nine of them answered explicitly, that it was not; others replied, that it was expedient to delay the business. The Pelayo and the Principe Conquistador were the only ships that were for fighting.

In this engagement four vessels were taken, two of which carried one hundred and twelve guns each: one eighty-four, and one seventy-four. On board the British fleet the loss amounted to about three hundred, in killed and wounded;

while the loss on board the Spanish ships that were taken, amounted to double that number.

As soon as the action was discontinued, Nelson went on board the admiral's ship. Sir John Jervis received him on the quarter-deck, took him in his arms, and said he could not sufficiently thank him. For this victory the commander-in-chief was rewarded with the title of Earl St. Vincent. In the official letter of Sir John Jervis, Nelson was not mentioned. It is said, that the admiral had seen an instance of the ill consequence of such selections, after Lord Howe's victory; and, therefore, would not name any individual, thinking it proper to speak to the public only in terms of general approbation. His private letter to the first lord of the admiralty was, with his consent, published, for the first time, in a life of Nelson, by Mr. Harrison. Here it is said, that "Commodore Nelson, who was in the rear of the starboard tack, took the lead on the larboard, and contributed very much to the fortune of the day." It is also said, that he boarded the two Spanish ships successively; but the fact, that Nelson wore without orders, and thus planned as well as accomplished the victory, is not explicitly stated. Perhaps it was thought proper to pass over this part of his conduct in silence, as a splendid fault; but such an example is not dangerous. The author of the work in which this letter was first made public, protests against those over zealous friends, "who would make the action rather appear as Nelson's battle, than that of the illustrious commander-in-chief, who derives from it so deservedly his title. "No man," he says, "ever has less needed, or less desired, to strip a single leaf from the honoured wreath of any other hero, with the vain hope of augmenting his own, than the immortal Nelson: no man ever more merited the whole of that which a generous nation unanimously presented to Sir John Jervis, than the Earl St. Vincent." Certainly Earl St. Vincent well deserved the reward which he received; but it is not detracting from his merit to say, that Nelson is fully entitled to as much fame from this action as the commander-in-chief; not because the brunt of the action fell upon him; not because he was engaged with all the four ships that were taken, and took two of them, it may almost be said, with his own hand; but because the decisive moment, which enabled him to perform all this, and by which the action became a victory, was executed in neglect of orders, upon his own judgment, and at his peril. Earl St. Vincent deserved his earldom; but it is not to the honour of those by whom titles were distributed in those days, that Nelson never obtained the rank of earl for either of those victories which he lived to enjoy, though the one was the most complete and glorious in the annals of naval history, and the other the most important in its consequences of any which was achieved during the whole war. Nelson, who, before the action was known in England, had been advanced to the rank of rear-admiral, had the order of the Bath given him. The sword of the Spanish rear-admiral, which Sir John Jervis insisted upon his keeping, he presented to the mayor and corporation of Norwich, saying, that he knew no place where it could give him or his family more pleasure to have it kept, than in the capital city of the county where he was born. The freedom of that city was voted him on this occasion. But of all the numerous congratulations which he received, none could have affected him with deeper delight than that which came from his venerable father. "I thank my God," said this excellent man, "with all the power of a grateful soul, for the mercies he has most graciously bestowed on me in preserving you. Not only my few acquaintance here, but the people in general, met me at every corner with such handsome words, that I was obliged to retire from the public eye. The height of glory to which your professional judgment, united with a proper degree of bravery, guarded by Providence, has raised you few sons, my dear child, attain to, and fewer fathers live to see. Tears of joy have involuntarily trickled down my furrowed cheeks: who could stand the force of such general congratulation? The name and services of Nelson have sounded through this city of Bath—from the common ballad-singer to the public theatre." The good old man concluded by telling him, that the field of glory, in which he had so long been conspicuous, was still open, and by giving him his blessing.

A TALE OF THE COAST.

—“That white-faced shore,
Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides.”

It was late in the afternoon of a gloomy day, in the latter part of November, when, in consequence of a signal made, that a suspicious sail was seen off the coast, as if waiting for the flowing of the tide in the dark, Lieutenant ——— had given orders to man his favourite galley, and proceed in quest of the stranger. The crew had been carefully, though to appearance, hastily selected from those inured to service, and bearing a character for intrepidity, some of whom had been the partners of an enterprise which was ever uppermost in his mind, when, among the first to board the American frigate, Chesapeake, as a young midshipman, he was stretched on the deck by a stroke of a cutlass on the head. The strokesman of the boat, whose brawny arms had borne him, on that memorable day, to the cock-pit of the Shannon, as soon as the Americans had deserted their deck, and fled for safety below, as he now shipped the rudder, looked wistfully in the wind's eye. The glance was not unobserved; but the lieutenant, apprehensive that it might be accompanied by some remonstrance (a liberty which Jack considered himself exclusively privileged to take), quietly motioned him to go forward, in order to hoist the mainsail. The boat being shoved off the beach, after pitching twice in the surf, rose triumphantly over the third sea, which had now exhausted itself. In a moment the sail was hoisted, she instantly gathered way, and stood off in a lateral direction from the shore.

The men seated themselves regularly on the thwarts, and the strokesman, after reeving the main-sheet through the fair leader abaft, sat with it in his hand in such a position on the after thwart, that, though his face was turned to windward, his eye would occasionally meet that of his commander. As the light boat lay down to the wind, and became steady in her course towards the chase, the crew had time to look around them.

The strokesman's eye was alternately turned from that part of the heavens where he had vainly sought for any encouraging appearances amid the portentous indications of a wild wintry sky, to the beach, where, in a lonely romantic gorge, skirted with verdure and leafless underwood, between two grey, beetling cliffs was discovered the compact, white, wooden station of the party, with its signal-post and miniature glacis, descending almost to high-watermark. His look betrayed unusual emotion, in one of his years and service, possibly occasioned by the intrusive officiousness of the remembrance that there were garnered up the source of his best affections—his wife and little prattlers, whom, through some unaccountable presentiment, he foreboded he should never see more. A tear might have glazed the veteran's eye at the moment; for, as if unwilling to be longer a witness of the struggle between tenderness and duty, the lieutenant addressed him in a tone of evidently assumed ease, and inquired if the arm-chest had been kept dry? Receiving an answer in the affirmative, and having ascertained that each man had his cutlass beside him, he proceeded to examine the priming of his pistols, which he finally placed in his waist-belt, and wrapped himself in a cloak which had been spread for him in the stern sheets abaft. Taking advantage of the first heavy swell, he rose in the boat to catch a glimpse of the strange sail in the offing, which was discovered broad on the lee-bow. Having directed the attention of the bowman to her position, both resumed their seats, and the lieutenant shaped his course so as to board her on the quarter.

Not a word as yet had escaped the lips of any of his men, who sat cowering in a bending attitude, with elevated shoulders and arms crossed, fearful of changing the position of a limb, lest it should occasion any alteration in the boat's trim. Thus aided by every effort of art, and impelled by a light breeze, the galley soon gained rapidly on the chase, which perceiving that the boat from the shore was evidently about

to pursue her, bore round-up, making all the sail she could carry before the wind. The bowman, just then looking under the foot of the lug, pronounced her to be a large lugger, which he had before seen on the station, under similar suspicious circumstances. The lieutenant, putting up the helm, instantly edged into her wake, and followed precisely her track.

A short period, however, sufficed to show that the chase, from the quantity of sail she was enabled to carry, had decidedly the advantage; and the wind continuing to freshen as the tide set in, she rapidly distanced her pursuer. In half an hour she was hull down; the haze of evening growing every moment thicker, she became imperceptible to view. The men now involuntarily turned their eyes, which had hitherto been strained on the chase, to the stern of the galley; the appeal was unnecessary—the lieutenant was already occupied in council with the coxswain; his trusty favourite hesitated not to dissuade him, in terms respectful, yet decisive, from continuing so unequal a chase, more particularly as there was no chance in the dark of communicating by signal, either with the shore or any cruiser which might be then off the station.

A heavy swell had now set in from the same point in which the wind had continued all day. The sun had set with every indication of stormy weather; a pale yellow streak of light over the land, partly reflected on the east, formed the only contrast to the general murky gloom of the horizon; across which the gull and other sea fowl, hastily fled the approach of the gale, already indicated by the swift drifting of the scud, which overtook them in their flight, and suddenly enveloped all in darkness without the intervention of twilight.

They had got so far to leeward, that to return with the lug was impossible. The sail had already been lowered, the mast struck, and the boat brought head to wind; when the crew, shipping their oars, bent their broad shoulders to pull her through the heavy sea, which flung itself in sheets of spray over the bows, and drenched every man on board. It was soon found that oars were unavailing to contend against the force of a sea like this, in which it was scarcely possible so small and delicate a bark should live much longer. The waves were rolling from the main in aggravated violence, and the united strength of the men could barely keep her head to wind; who, perceiving there was no longer the slightest prospect of making any progress, or the wind moderating, sullenly contented themselves with hanging on their oars.

Apprehension soon put an end to all subordination. Remonstrances on the impossibility of successfully persevering in their present course, were now muttered by every seaman, except the coxswain, whose features betrayed, notwithstanding, no less anxiety than the rest. A heavy sea, which now struck the larboard-bow, making, in consequence of its being impossible to keep the boat's head on, a rapid accumulation of water every minute, soon decided the reluctant lieutenant—though at the obvious hazard of her destruction—to run the boat ashore in the first situation which might offer a chance of saving the lives of his brave companions. “Lay in your oars, my lads,” cried he; “step the short mast—close reef the storm-lug; we must run all hazards, and beach the galley under canvass.” Whilst executing this order, the bowman sung out, “A sail close a-board, sir; if she don't keep her luff, she'll run us right down.” “Luff, luff!” exclaimed aloud every man in the boat. The lugger's course, however, remained unaltered, there could be now no doubt that she had seen them first, and perceiving her to be a king's boat, her object was to run clear over the galley, by taking her right a-beam.

Destruction appeared inevitable in their helpless condition. A shriek of despair, mingled with execrations, succeeded as she neared the galley, when the lieutenant rose in the boat, levelled his pistol at the steersman, and fired: the hand which grasped the tiller relaxed its hold, and the miscreant his life. The lugger instantly broached-to, passing to the windward of the boat. “Our oars, my lads,” said the lieutenant; “we'll board the villains.” “Aye, aye, sir,” exclaimed several voices, with an alacrity which might be taken for the surest earnest of meditated revenge. The oars were again manned, the boat in the meantime pitching bows under, and shipping green seas fore and

aft. Before she had got way on her, two of the weather-oars snapped short in the rowlocks, and her intention to board being suspected by the smuggler, she had no sooner paid off, so as to get the wind again abaft the beam, than shaping a course edging in for the land, she quickly dropped the galley astern.

Having run so far to leeward in the former chase, no one was now able to decide on what part of the shore an attempt to land might be practicable: all was darkness around: and although from two or three flashes, discernible at an elevation considerably above the sea, and which appeared to be signals made from the heights to assist the desperate outlaws they had just encountered, there was no doubt they could be at no great distance from the lane, still to follow her was to brave unseen dangers.

The men were clamorous to hoist the lug and give chase, a sentiment in which the unpresuming coxswain concurred; as he observed that "Capture or no capture, they were more likely to find a smooth sea by following the lugger, which clearly was herself making for the beach." A heavy lurch, which nearly swamped the boat, soon created unanimity. The lug was hoisted at all hazards, and the lieutenant putting the helm up, she flew with inconceivable velocity in the lugger's wake, though not without imminent danger of being pooped by every successive sea.

The roaring of the surf was now distinctly heard; and soon the whole scene was lighted up by its luminous appearance. The bowman, alarmed, now vociferated—"Breakers a-head!—hard down, sir, hard down!" Before the word was repeated, she had entered the frightfully agitated element. "Down with the sail, or we're lost!" exclaimed the crew. "Hold on! hold on everything!" cried the veteran; "'tis our only chance to beach her. The surf now reared itself in boiling masses, higher than the mast, and, as it fell thundering on the shore, the wild din burst on the affrighted ears of the seamen like successive salvos of heavy artillery. An enormous sea, striking her on the quarter, swept her broadside to the surf, washing out the lieutenant with one of the crew; and the next bursting with wilder fury, turned her bottom upwards, burying beneath her the seven unhappy seamen in one common grave.

WILL BLOCK:

A TRUE TALE.

It was on the afternoon of a lovely day in summer, a veteran tar came whistling through the narrow lane that cuts off a considerable portion of the main road between Plymouth and Exeter, and shortens the journey to the weary traveller. There was something in his whole appearance so peculiarly interesting and neat, that the passenger, after receiving his "What cheer, what cheer?" could not refrain from turning round and stopping to take another look. Indeed that sparkling eye of good-humoured pleasantry, that countenance displaying at once the generous benevolence of his heart, was not easily passed by unnoticed, or readily forgotten. His dress consisted of a blue jacket and white trousers, a straw hat bound with black ribbon thrown carelessly back upon his head, so as to display the straggling locks of silvered grey that flowed beneath, and a black silk handkerchief loosely knotted round his neck, over which lay the white collar of his shirt: a short cudgel was tucked under his arm. He had now reached the inn by the wayside, where he purposed heaving-to, to take in a fresh supply of grog and biscuit for the voyage. Crossing the threshold, and entering the passage, his ears were saluted with the vile discordant sounds of some one in a passion. "Never throw hot water and ashes to windward," says the old tar, shortening sail; "I'd sooner engage a squadron of fire-ships than one woman in a rage. They are sure to have the last broadside, even while sinking." He was putting about to stand off again, when a sweet voice, in plaintive supplication, struck upon his heart, and brought him up. 'Twas in reply to the vociferation of the termagant, and he remained backing and filling in the passage. "What money—clothes—all lost did you say," exclaimed a rough-strained

throat, something resembling the combined noise of a blacksmith's bellows and a flint-mill: "All gone, eh?" "Yes, ma'am, all—all is lost to me," replied a female, in tones which would have excited pity in any heart that claimed the smallest acquaintance with humanity. "So you think that story will do, eh?" continued the first; "'twon't though, missus, so you must tramp. I don't keep a house for vagrums, and sich like." "Indeed, indeed 'tis true; the villains robbed me of all, and I've walked many, many weary miles. Oh, but for a piece of bread—a little cold water! Can you deny me this! Indeed I've not been used to beg." "Why that's the way with all you canting creatures—all ladies, forsooth!—Where do you come from?" "Oh, ma'am, I'm a wretched girl? yet I was once happy: sorrow has indeed reached me—lost, lost Lucy!" "Ha, I see how it is! What, you've been with the fellows, have you? Why you good-for-nothing!—there, get out of my house—get out, I say!" "Can you have the cruelty to let me perish? Where, shall I find compassion, if my own sex refuse it! Oh, remember that mercy, that pity is the attribute of angels!" "Don't talk to me of angels, hussy, and as for tributes, there's sasses, and taxes, and poor's rates enough—Out I say! What, you won't eh? Here, John! Bet!—where are you all? you pack of idle vagabonds! Here, take this miss, and turn her out." "Oh, let me implore your pity—here humbly let me beg—" This was too much for our honest tar. Entering the kitchen, he beheld a young girl, plainly, but neatly dressed, on her knees before an old woman. The tears were running down her pale face, and she seemed fainting with fatigue and grief, while a man grasped one shoulder, a boy the other, and a maid-servant together, were attempting to force her out. "Yo hoy, what's the matter here?" said the veteran, flinging the man to the opposite side of the room, and giving the boy a trip that laid him sprawling on the other: "Cowardly lubberly rascals! what grapple a vessel in distress? and you," turning to the landlady, "to stand looking on! Is this a Christian country? For shame, old woman!" "Old woman forsooth!" exclaimed the now doubly-exasperated landlady. "Old woman, forsooth! What you takes the part of the young-un, eh? But she shall budge directly." "I say she shan't, then. Come here, pretty one, and nobody shall harm you while old Will Block can keep the weather-gage." "Well, this is fine treatment, too, in my own house! And you, ye rascallions, who eat my victuals and take my wages, to see it tamely! Lay hold of her, I say." "Touch her if you dare," says old Will, flourishing his stick, "and I'll—I'll—Aye, that's right, keep off, for if you come athwart my hawse, blow my wig but I'll cut your cables!" Poor Lucy had got close to his side; but, fearing her protector would be injured for his generosity, she intreated him to desist. "I am not worthy your notice, sir;—only a drop of water, for I am very faint." "Shall have the best the house affords, while I've a shot in the locker. Go along, old Mother Squeezelemon, and get something for the poor child; don't you see she's all becalmed?" "What, give my property to vagrums and wenches?—not I indeed! Will you pay the reckoning?" "A vast, old Grampus! think of this here when you stands at another bar, and the last great reckoning comes—how will you look then? This will stand a black account against you, and what'll you have to rub it off with, eh? Go get her a glass of wine." "And who's to pay? Wine indeed!—get her some water, Jack," said the now alarmed landlady, for Will's reflection, and the solemn manner in which it was uttered, operated powerfully on her conscience. "Heave-to, you porpoise-faced swab—none of your water; get us some wine, and the best in the house, too, d'ye hear? Why, what's the lubber grinning at? Will this satisfy you, you old she-shark?" thrusting his hand into his jacket-pocket, and drawing it out again, filled with gold—"Will this satisfy you?" The landlady's countenance brightened up: "Why if so be as now you means to pay for it, that's another thing. Well, well, I dare says you're a gentleman after all. Come, child, (to Lucy) I'm sorry I was so harsh, but it's only my way. There, run, John, and fetch a bottle of my best wine, and some of those nice sweet cakes—Stop, John, stop, I'll go myself for the poor dear." Ha, ha, ha! what a generous heart!" cried Will

"how ready it expands at the voice of distress!" shaking his pockets. "Here's the key will unlock the floodgates of her benevolence at any time," holding up a guinea. "But come, pretty one," drawing a chair, "sit down and rest." "Oh, sir, how shall I ever repay your bounty?" said Lucy. "Wait till I ax you," replied Will, who felt a little hurt at the idea of being repaid. "Here, miss," said the landlady, entering, "take this nice cake and wine, 'will do you good. God bless your sweet face! why, do you think that I would go for to hurt a hair of your head?" "There, there, there's enough of it—no more palaver; I arn't agreed for that, you know, though I suppose you'll consider it in the bill." Luckily at this moment, to prevent the gathering storm, the bell rang violently in another room, and she disappeared. "Come, come, don't be backward; never mind an old sailor," said Will: "refresh yourself, and then tell me what I can do to serve you; speak as if I was your father." "Oh, sir, don't talk of my father—I have fixed a wound in his heart." "There, there, don't cry I can't bear to see a woman's tears—it makes a fool of me; but tell me honestly all about it, for I've got to be at old Admiral M——'s by night!" "Of——Grove?" inquired Lucy, much agitated. "Why, ay; do you know him?" "No, sir; but—but I have seen—I have been in company with his nephew; and again she burst into tears, as if her heart would break. "Why, ay, I see how it is; knock old Will down for a witch. I see how it is: this is Master Tommy's doing, eh? Zounds!" clenching his fist;—"but no matter. And where are you come from?" "From my father's, sir." "And who is your father?" "Oh do not ask me! my name is Lucy B——." "What, the daughter of old B——, that was in the Venerable as first lieutenant?" "Yes, I am indeed his wretched daughter." "Zounds! why," starting up in a passion, "why, and has Tom dared?—But don't be frightened. And so you have deserted your home and my poor old friend?" "Spare me! sir, spare me! If my father was indeed your friend, oh, succour his erring child!" "Well, well, my upper works get crazy now—hardly able to weather the storm. But the villain that would betray innocence, and then abandon his victim—zounds!—But, come, come along." "I thought of going to the admiral's, sir." "To be sure, to be sure! we'll be under weigh in a minute." "Yet, sir, perhaps he will not see me, or it may be injurious to his interests; and I would willingly die to serve him, for he has a feeling heart." "A what? a feeling heart? Why are you here then? But come along, sweetheart!" and discharging the reckoning, they set off in company.

Of all the eccentric beings in this eccentric world, old Admiral M—— was the most eccentric. He had risen solely by merit; from the station of cabin-boy to vice-admiral of the white; and 'twas ever his boast that he had never skulk'd in great men's pockets, nor been afraid to dip his hands in a tar-bucket! "I came in at the hawse-holes," he would say, "and didn't creep in at the cabin windows." He had been known to absent himself from home for weeks together; and no one could tell where he went, or what had become of him, till his repeated acts of generous bounty discovered the track he had taken. He would frequently return home without previous notice, enter the house unobserved, ring the bell, and order refreshments, as if he had never quitted it. Not an old sailor that had ever sailed with him but was welcome to partake of his cheer; and those who had been his messmates previous to his mounting the uniform, if of good character, but not so successful as himself, always sat at his table. Possessed of an immense fortune, which he was accustomed to say was drawn from the Spanish stocks—yet without children, for he was a bachelor—he had adopted his nephew, determined to leave him the bulk of his property. The young man, who really was naturally of an amiable disposition, on this accession to his uncle's favour, associated with some of the dashing characters of the day, and became tinctured with their vices and follies. He had been introduced to the family of Lieutenant B——, by a brother officer; and that acquaintance which terminated so fatally for poor Lucy was begun. Yet he passionately loved her; but, fearing the condemnation of the admiral, and the loss of his patronage, he had withdrawn himself from Exeter without

even bidding her farewell, choosing rather to immure himself from the world than break the oath he had pledged to Lucy, or disoblige his uncle by marrying without his consent, knowing that the old gentleman was ambitious for his nephew to look for a wife agreeable to the high prospects in view before him, and equally convinced that to thwart his inclinations would but annihilate all his hopes, and cast him adrift upon the world. Such was the state of affairs when Lucy left her home to endeavour to gain an interview with her lover, and fell in with old Will, who in early life, according to his own account, had sailed with the admiral, and was now going to pay him a visit, and see some of his old messmates, of whom the principal part of the household was composed. She had been plundered by some villains of all she possessed at day-break, but still continued her journey, till, worn with hunger and faint with fatigue, she entered the inn, and implored assistance.

The shades of evening fell on the landscape as they passed under the avenue of trees that led to Grove House. Will, having promised to exert himself in obtaining an interview between Mr. M—— and his convoy, left her at a short distance, and proceeded onward. Almost overpowered by her reflections, and every pulse throbbing violently with agitation, she leaned against the trunk of a tree, expecting to see the being whom, next heaven, she loved most tenderly. 'Twas now grown too dark to distinguish objects, but she could hear footsteps approaching, and she sunk without sense or motion to the ground. On recovery she found herself sitting on a couch in a small room, and the old housekeeper, with other females, sedulously administering to her necessity. Her eye glanced wildly around for another object, while the old lady strove to soothe her mind, informing her that 'twas herself that had discovered her in the avenue, at the request of Will. Refreshments were placed, of which Lucy partook sparingly, desirous of knowing, yet trembling to ask, whether Mr. M—— was in the house, or had seen the worthy veteran, her kind conductor.

"Pray, sir," said the admiral, entering the room abruptly where his nephew was sitting alone, and ruminating upon his own hapless condition, but more upon the object of his sincere attachment, little imagining that she was at that moment under the same roof—"pray, sir, what does that man deserve, who robs a friend of his dearest treasure—who, stealing into the confidence of a young and artless girl, under the flag of affection, turns pirate, and plunders his prize with remorseless cruelty?" The young man sat petrified, for these questions were precisely accordant to his own feelings, previous to the entrance of his uncle. "Answer me," exclaimed the admiral, raising his voice—"answer me directly?" "I cannot, sir; I am too deeply sensitive of error." "Or what does he merit," continued the admiral, "who contrary to the views of a relative that has raised him to opulence, first contracted himself to a young female, and then deserted her?" "Infamy! infamy and disgrace!" exclaimed the agonized M——. "I feel all—all, and shudder!" "You have judged right, sir; your acquaintance with the poor distressed child of Lieutenant B—— I have just received information of, and your own lips have condemned you." "Not so much as my heart, sir," replied M——. "Pass what sentence you please; but oh! suffer me to expiate my fault! do not drive me to desperation!" "Tis well, sir, you are convinced of your error;" and, ringing the bell violently, a servant appeared. "Order Mr. M's horse to the door;" then, turning to the young man, "This is no longer a home for you: however, you shall first have the satisfaction of facing your accuser; and again ringing the bell, directed another servant to introduce the stranger. No culprit ever stood more agitated than M—— while these orders were given. He fixed his eyes upon the door in anxious expectancy; but what were his feelings—what his agony—when Lucy herself appeared! He would have rushed towards her; but his uncle caught his arm, and in a voice that made the poor girl tremble, "No, sir! would you again coil like a snake about your victim? would you once more sting a bosom whose only fault was loving a villain? Go sir! you have forfeited all pretensions to my favour—you have degraded my name—you have degraded yourself. Go, and never let me see your face again!" This was too much for poor Lucy; she had expected a private interview with her lover,

and imagined, when she quitted the housekeeper's apartment, 'twas for that purpose the folding-doors of the drawing-room were thrown open. How great then was her surprise and distress when she found herself in the presence of the admiral! He was habited in an immense cloak that covered his whole person, and his laced cocked hat upon his head; but the sentence was no sooner pronounced than Lucy knelt before him imploring mercy. M——, at the same moment, threw himself by her side, caught her upraised hand, joined it in his own, and offered his petitions with her's. The old admiral dashed the tears from his eyes, and, overcome by the scene, grasped their united hands, and blessed them. But who can express the astonishment, the gratitude, of Lucy, when throwing off his cloak and hat, he appeared before her as her generous benefactor, protector, and guide—even old WILL BLOCK.

FREDERIC THE GREAT.

It came to the knowledge of the King of Prussia, that a corporal of his body-regiment, a fine young fellow, wore a watch-chain suspended from a leaden ball, merely from a wish to appear consequential. Frederic, wishing to be convinced of the matter, accosted the corporal one day on the parade. "Corporal," said he, "you must be a prudent fellow, to have saved a watch out of your pay." "I flatter myself that I am brave, sire," replied the man; "the watch is of little consequence." The King, taking out a watch, set with diamonds, said: "My watch points at five. How much is yours?" Shame and confusion first appeared in the corporal's face: at length he drew out his bullet, and answered with a firm voice: "My watch, sire, shews me neither five nor six, but it tells me that I ought to be ready, at every hour, to die for your Majesty." The King replied: "In order that you may daily see one of those hours at which you are to die for me, take this watch."

In one of the forced marches of his army, Frederic rode beside his cavalry, and heard a trooper at a short distance make a horrid noise with cursing and swearing. He immediately rode up to him, and heard him exclaim, among many other oaths: "I wish this confounded sort of life was at an end."—"You are very right, my lad," said the king: "I wish the same: but what can we do? We must have patience, till it is peace."

After the action near Breslaw in Silesia, between the Prussians and the Austrians, which preceded the battle of Lissa, and before the two armies met in this latter contest, a French soldier in Frederic's service, who had just deserted, was stopped, and conducted to the king. "Why did you leave me?" said Frederic. "Because, answered the soldier, 'your affairs are too desperate.'—"Well," replied the king, "go back to your colours. We shall have another battle soon; and if I lose it, come and find me out, and you and I will desert together."

By such instances of occasional condescension and lenity did Frederic acquire the confidence of his soldiers, and secure their exertions in gaining those glorious victories which have conferred on him the title of *Great*.

During the second bombardment of Algiers, the Moors, in despair, fastened their Christian slaves to the mouths of their cannon, and in this way their mangled bodies were fired against the hostile ships. An Algerine captain, who had been, some years before, taken prisoner by the besiegers, observed among the number an officer who had at that time shown him the kindest treatment, and with whom he had contracted an ardent friendship. He perceived him at the moment when they were about to fasten the unfortunate man to the cannon. The Algerine cried out, and made the most violent struggles to save the life of the victim. But finding his entreaties vain, and that they were on the point of firing the gun, he threw himself across the body of his devoted friend, clasped his arms firmly round him, and called aloud: "Fire! Since I cannot save the life of my friend, I will at least enjoy the consolation of dying with him." The Day, who happened to be an eye-witness of this scene, was so moved at the sight, that he instantly conceded to heroism what he had denied to humanity.

CAPTURE OF A DUTCH SHIP BY ENGLISH PIRATES.

At length events occurred which opened Gerald's eyes to the true character of his associates. In the middle of one night on the morning after which he had resolved to have a serious explanation with Captain Taff Brill respecting the detention at sea, Gerald was awakened by heavy rumbling noises over his head. For a moment, he thought nothing of it, supposing that the vessel was merely going upon another tack; he was, however, shortly afterwards convinced that something unusual was at hand. Few voices were heard; but the running and hurrying of the men about the ship was very evident. An idea of the truth darted into Gerald's mind; and he was immediately on the point of starting from his couch, when, by the light of a lantern that hung in the cabin, he beheld Yaco, the negro, coming down the ladder from the deck.

The countenance of the poor slave was long and dismally dark, and portended something awful to himself, if not to others. His step was agitated; and he hastened to a locker, in which sundry stores were kept, and began taking from it rolls of old linen and tow, and pieces of plaster, and other things, which Gerald well knew to be his stock of surgical dressings. Gerald immediately leaped from his bed cabin:—"What are you preparing for, Yaco?" said he.

"Oh! Massa Staffa, make one start so," cried Yaco, who did start at the sudden spring of the impatient youth from his bed. "Oh! Massa," continued he, holding his finger to his lip, as a sign of secrecy,—"all dead men, soon;—such big ship for little ship to fight."

Gerald had begun to dress himself, and he now hastened his proceeding. "Yaco, you can get me a sword," said he, "and pistols, Yaco, and a dagger!"

"Oh, sick, massa, not fight!" cried the negro, looking at Gerald in dismay.

"Sick, me sick!" exclaimed the youth. "The devil take me if I am sick now! Get me weapons, Yaco—sword and pistols—and I'll show you what a good surgeon you have been."

"Ah, massa," said Yaco, shaking his head, "better no fight; these fighting fellows kill for money—die for money—fling money away like blood; all wild and wicked, all—"

While Yaco was speaking, a gun was fired from above. The negro paused, and Gerald finished arraying himself: meanwhile several guns were discharged from a ship evidently not very far off. This warlike reply was received by the crew of the Crown Jewel with a shout of defiance, and Gerald heard the captain order the steersman to starboard the helm, adding, more loudly, to his men, "we will go aboard of her, my lads—be ready there with your tackle!"

"Where shall I find arms, Yaco?" cried Gerald. "I must at any rate, be ready to defend myself."

"In Massa Captain's cabin," said the negro; "but Yaco no give—Yaco only say where."

Gerald was not long in providing himself with what he wanted from a little closet with a bed in it, called the captain's state-room; he then rushed for the first time upon deck.

He beheld the deck of the Crown Jewel crowded with her crew, which was more numerous than he had supposed! and the night was sufficiently clear to show that they were armed with cutlasses, dirks, and pistols. The greater part of them had thrown off their jackets, in order to fight in their knitted frocks, or shirts, and had bound handkerchiefs round and over their heads, while other handkerchiefs, pieces of ropes, or similarly available articles served them for belts or girdles, in which were stuck their pistols and dirks, or in lieu of these, long whittles, of most butchering aspect. Almost alongside, though a little in advance, was a tall ship, rising like a giant from the water, when compared with the small bark that had the audacity to attack her. Her bulwarks showed several groups of men, gazing upon the enemy, whom they appeared, by their quietude of manner, and little preparation, to despise; but somewhat unexpectedly they poured a volley of small shot amongst them, and fired a few heavy guns in the same direction, seemingly with the belief that they should sink their little assailant without much trouble, or, having crippled her, should make her an easy prize.

"An old fool!" exclaimed Mansveldt, near whom Gerald found himself; "why I, second mate as I am, could have done better than that,"—and the speaker seemed as if disappointed by the want of skill shown by his adversary.

To Gerald it seemed something like foolhardiness to attempt a vessel so superior in size and apparent force; and, recollecting that he was yet ignorant of the cause of quarrel, he advanced to the captain, and briefly asked, "what is she?"

"Ha, Stafford!" cried Taff Brill, joyfully, "mean you to join us?"

"If it is a quarrel in which I may fight," replied Gerald.

"If we are taken, you will swing for being among us," said Taff—"is not that quarrel enough?"

"Not quite," answered Gerald.

"Well, then, she is a d——d Dutchman, carrying pro-

vision and stores to Ireland for the Parliament, those tadpoles will do anything for money."

"How can you know what she is about?" said the youth.

"I have good information, lad," replied the captain, "do you think I kept cruising about here upon a cold scent? Know her! I know the old 'Vrouw Constantia' as well as my own little Jewel."

This dialogue passed in two seconds of time—another volley from the Vrouw Constantia interrupted it. Some execution was done by this round; but another discharge of great guns failed of any serious effect. The shot passed over the low deck of the Crown Jewel, and missed the masts, which they were probably designed to carry away. The rigging slightly suffered; but Gerald was so astounded by the explosion so near



CAPTURE OF A DUTCH SHIP BY ENGLISH PIRATES.

him, from very heavy artillery, and expected to see the whole fabrics of masts and sails fall about his ears. Several men lay killed or wounded on the deck; but there was no time for reflection or attention to anything but the chief object of the contest. In a few minutes the Crown Jewel ran on board of the Vrouw, under cover of her own smoke.

As the vessels came in contact, grappels were thrown by some of the crew of the assailant among the rigging of the enemy; a brisk discharge of small arms was directed by another party, at the points over which it was intended to board; and, without further delay or preparation, the aggressors poured up the side of the lofty ship in two different places, as fearlessly as if the bristling pikes, swords, pistols, and daggers of her crew could do them no injury.

The captain led the first party, or that which was nearest

to Gerald, and, impelled by natural courage as much as by any other impulse, the youth joined his followers. Sawkins and Mansveldt both headed the rest of the privateers, or pirates or whatever else they might be; and many of them went dancing along the deck of their vessel, and leaped upon her gunnel to get on board the Vrouw Constantia, with the glee of men going to join in a frolic; though in doing so, they had to pass over the bodies of those of their messmates who had already fallen. All was now, to Gerald, the struggle and confusion of hard and hurried fighting, he urged his way upon the enemy's deck, with his companions, by the force of blows and the fall of adversaries. Cuts, thrusts, and shot, were given and received without shrinking, and the combat raged fiercely. The Dutch fought silently, but sturdily; their assailants shouted and yelled as they pressed on, with a ferocity almost amount-

ing to rage, careless of all risk, and desperate to folly. But the contest did not last long. As if discomfited as much by the fury of their foes, as by the execution of their weapons, the Dutch suddenly gave way, and began to retreat down the hatchways; others now threw down their arms and cried for quarter, which was granted them; and in less than half an hour from the time of his being awakened by the sounds of warlike preparation, Gerald found his friends, or, at least, his messmates, in possession of a vessel more than twice the size of their own little bark.

The exultation of the captors was extreme, and displayed itself for awhile, in some of them, by the most extravagant caperings and exclamations: the greater part, however, were more rational, and engaged themselves in securing the prisoners to prevent any attempt to regain possession of the vessel. For this purpose, after those captured on deck had been bound, the rest were called up one by one from below and pinioned; and when this task was completed, Gerald perceived that the prisoners were far more numerous than their conquerors.

Gerald had hitherto considered his sea-faring acquaintances as rough good-natured fellows, whose occupations gave them ruder habits and blunter manners than their countrymen on shore; he now noticed signs of barbarity which shocked him. The bodies of the killed had already been thrown overboard, without any ceremony; perhaps some only wounded shared the same fate; it was now proposed by Sawkins, with an oath and a laugh directed to Mansveldt, to fling all the prisoners into the sea out of the way. A shout of applause from a great part of the crew, who overheard this proposition as they remained tumultuously crowding the deck of the *Vrouw*, seconded it loudly. "Ay, back to back, over with them, herring-stealers!" cried several voices, "Give the Hanse rascals a dive into the deep sea," exclaimed others.

It also appeared that the motion was about to be carried by acclamation, and executed without delay, when the captain, who had been engaged with the helmsman, came forward, and, as if not knowing what was in agitation, ordered his men to put the ship about, and set additional sails, in order to clear the channel as speedily as possible. The crew was then divided between the two ships, and disposed into watches.

A WOUNDED TAR'S PETITION.

Composed during a Gale in 1814, in which many Vessels were wrecked in Dublin Bay.

Where shall the weary seaman find,
Assailed by danger, death, and toil,
A home, a shelter from the wind,
That wrecks him on his native soil.

His bosom for his country glows
With ardent patriotic flame;
Intrepid still he seeks her foes,
And adds fresh laurels to her fame.

For England's cause, for England's right,
Where'er a sense of duty calls,
He fearlessly mingles in the fight,
And nobly daring fights and falls.

Then who can view the battered tar,
Who fought and for his country bled,
Returned from danger, death, and war,
Without a place to rest his head.

Nor wish to give his shattered form
The dear reward of all his toil,
A home, a shelter from the storm,
That wrecks him on his native soil.

W. P. N.

WRECK OF THE PEGASUS.

It is our painful duty to announce the melancholy catastrophe of the loss of the *Pegasus* steamer, plying between Leith and Hull, with upwards of forty human lives. We now proceed to lay before our readers the interesting, but distressing particulars of this calamitous event; and, before doing so, we may be allowed to advert briefly to the most prominent features of the locality in which it occurred. Every general reader (not to mention those whose daily experience makes them acquainted with the facts) is aware of the topographical peculiarities of Holy Island, the ancient Lindistarne; of its forming a continuation of the main-land of Northumberland at ebb of tide, and becoming insulated at flow. The rock on which the *Pegasus* is supposed to have been wrecked is called the Goldstone—a well-known object, situated about two and a half miles east, or seaward, from Holy Island. It is seldom or never left uncovered by the tide; it is well known to, and anxiously avoided by, our coasting navigators, in working through the Fair Way or Channel, between the Farne group and the main-land—a channel generally preferred to the open sea, by masters of vessels as a shorter cut, but never so preferred (especially at night) without incurring a risk which infinitely counterbalances any saving of time thus acquired.

The *Pegasus* left Leith on Wednesday, July 19, 1843, on her usual voyage to Hull. At a late hour on the evening of the same day, or early the next morning, she became a total wreck, by striking on the rock above mentioned; and as the only authentic narrative of the sad occurrence which has yet appeared, as well as the most touching and intelligible, is that which has been given by a seaman, named Baillie, who was saved, under Providence, by his own almost superhuman exertions, we subjoin it entire:—

Baillie said; "I have been a seaman for about eighteen years, but was recently in attendance on Mr. Torry, who was one of the passengers on board the *Pegasus* when she went down. I think it was about twenty minutes past twelve when the vessel struck. I was down in the cabin, lying on a sofa, and when I found that the vessel had struck I ran on deck, and having seen the state of matters there, I went down to the cabin for Mr. Torry. I told the passengers below that I believed the ship had struck, but they did not seem to comprehend what I meant. Some of the passengers (chiefly the ladies) were in bed. When I reached the deck with Mr. Torry, I saw the crew in the act of lowering the boats. I put Mr. Torry in the starboard quarter boat, when it was in the act of being lowered, and when it had reached the water I sprang in myself. There were then about nine of us in the boat. A lady I remember, was sitting in the bow. When we were in the boat, there was a cry from the quarter-deck to 'stick to the ship.' At that moment, the engines were set in motion, and the boat being hooked to the ship's stern, but unhooked from it at the bow, the back water raised by the paddles filled the boat and upset her, throwing the passengers into the sea. I got hold of the ship's rudder chain, and the chief-mate having thrown a rope to me, I got into the ship again. Seeing the danger increasing, I undressed myself to prepare for swimming for my life, and laid my clothes upon the companion. By this time the engine had stopped, and the ship was fast settling by the head. Looking around me, I saw the Rev. Mr. Mackenzie on the quarter-deck praying with several of the passengers on their knees around him. Mr. Mackenzie seemed calm and collected. All the passengers around him were praying too, but Mr. Mackenzie's voice was distinctly heard above them all. I heard the captain say that we must do the best we could for ourselves. I saw a lady, with two children, close beside me on the companion, calmly resign herself to the Almighty. The children seemed unconscious of the danger, for they were talking about some trifling matter. When I found the vessel fast filling, I leapt overboard, and the engineer and I were at first drawn into the sea by the suction occasioned by the vessel sinking. I soon got up again, however, and got hold of a plank and the steps which led to the quarter-deck. The stewardess attempted to get hold of me; but I extricated myself from her to save my

own life. By this time the scene was a most dismal one. The surface of the water was covered with the dead and the dying. The screeching was fearful. One of the firemen also attempted to get hold of the plank, which I had, but I swam away from him. I remained floating about till half-past six, when I was picked up by a boat from the Martello. I was then about a mile from the wreck, and the people in the Martello did not for some time observe me, till I attracted their attention by waving a stick. One little boy (probably the boy Scott) kept himself afloat for above three hours on the part of the skylight covering, and made great exertions to save himself, but he sunk at last. His body was warm when picked up. I was once wrecked before, about twenty years ago, off the coast of St. Domingo, when I was three days and three nights on a reef. It was the experience I learnt then, which gave me an idea of taking off my clothes before leaping into the sea."

The Rev. Mr. Mackenzie, whose calm and Christian resignation at the awful hour of death is thus so graphically described, was the Rev. Mr. Morell Mackenzie, formerly pastor of the Independent church in Nile-street, Glasgow, and latterly tutor of the Theological Seminary in that city connected with the Congregational body. The eminent talents and attainments of Mr. Mackenzie were well known to many, and his death will be a severe loss, not only to the ecclesiastical connection he belonged to, but the religious and literary society of Glasgow.

Another seaman, named Hildyard, states as follows:—"I belong to Beverley. My father is a clergyman there. I have for several years followed the trade of a seaman, but I was going to Hull as a passenger by the Pegasus. I think it was about half-past twelve when the vessel struck; I was below at the time, but when I heard the crash I went on deck. I was at once aware, from the violence of the concussion, that the ship had struck on a rock. I ran forward, and looked into the fore-castle, and found her fast filling with water. I perceived the captain and mate in earnest conversation on the cross bridge, between the paddle boxes; I heard the captain order the engine to be reversed, which was immediately done. I then went aft, and found the people all rushing into the boats, men and women. I got into the starboard boat, but finding it crowded with people who knew nothing about the management of a boat, I got up again, and the boat soon afterwards swamped. I heard some passengers eagerly asking the captain what was best to be done; I did not hear his answer, but he did not seem much agitated. Seeing the boat fast sinking, I took off my hat, boots, and stock, and helped myself to two or three fathoms of rope, with the view of lashing myself to something, if I should afterwards be able to do so while in the water. Two rockets and a blue light were burned by order of the mate as a signal of distress. I think about half an hour elapsed from the time the vessel struck till she went down; it was certainly not more. I was standing on the after part of the larboard paddle-box when she went down, and I sank with her. I was about half a minute under water. I felt myself caught by the legs by some one, but I got quit of them. When I rose to the surface the top part of the funnel and the stern of the quarter-deck were just disappearing. The first thing I got hold of was the accommodation-ladder, which I got astride of. I perceived about eight feet of the foremast standing out of the water, and a carpenter clinging to it. I asked him if there was room for two, and he said there was. I then proceeded to lash the ladder with my rope to the mast-head, and we both of us stood upon this ladder, which was under water, until we were picked up by the Martello. When we left it there was only about two feet of the mast visible. If we had been much longer we could not have held on. Just before the vessel went down I saw a woman climbing up the main-rigging; but she must have gone down with the vessel, for I never saw her again."

It appears that between three and four o'clock on Thursday morning the fishermen of Holy Island, returning from the herring fishing, and when within a short distance of the rock mentioned, were surprised by the appearance of human bodies, articles of wearing apparel, furniture, &c., floating on the sea, which was remarkably calm at the time. Within half a mile of the Goldstone stood a steamer, but not the fated one. Singular to relate, this was the Martello, Captain Blackwood, be-

longing to the same company as the Pegasus, flying in the same track at the same intervals, and which, on her return, voyage from Hull to Leith, had arrived at the scene of her compeer's destruction within but a very short interval after the awful catastrophe, but not early enough to avert its most appalling effects. The boats of course immediately commenced to pick up the bodies, along with such property as lay in their course, and in a short time the dead bodies of three females, one man, and one young boy were taken up. Markwell's boat was in time to rescue at least one sufferer from the brink of death; we give the facts from his own lips, and corroborated by his boat's crew. On approaching the spot, they saw a man apparently immersed up to the breast in the sea. They approached, and found him sitting erect in a sunken boat, in a state of frigid insensibility, with the film of death overspreading his eyes. He was taken up, and on some spirits being administered, he began to revive. The first words he uttered were in the form of a question, as to the state of the fires. He was an engine man of the Pegasus, named Duncan Campbell. He, as well as five other survivors, and all the dead bodies, and most part of the property, were immediately taken on board the Martello, which, after it had fished up everything, living and dead, to be found floating around, set sail for Leith.

The following is a list of the bodies which were claimed on their arrival in Leith:—

Miss Barton from Lincolnshire, who was returning to England from a visit to Miss Banks's boarding-school, 45, Moray-place. Two ladies, Miss Hopetoun and Miss Floors, pupils of Miss Banks, and were returning home for the holidays, under the charge of Miss Barton, and a little boy, a brother of one of the young ladies.

Mrs. Alexander, widow of R. Alexander, weaver, Paisley. James Martin, son of Mr. Martin, cabinet-maker, and coffee-house keeper, Great Russell-street, Covent-garden, London (also lost).

David Scott, a boy about twelve years of age, son of Mr. Matthew Scott, shawl manufacturer, Paisley.

The following is the list of the cabin passengers booked at Leith:—Mrs. Edrington, from Edinburgh; Miss Hopetoun, Miss Barton, Miss Floors, (the little boy was along with these three); Miss Briggs, Mrs. M'Leod, Mr. M'Leod; Mr. Torry, from Hull; Mr. Baillie, attending on Mr. Torry (saved); Mr. Elton, the actor; Mr. Hodgson; Rev. Mr. Mackenzie, from Glasgow; Mr. Banks; Mr. Elliot and son, from Dundee; Mr. Moxham, Mr. Milne.

In addition to these we have ascertained the names of Mr. James Hunter, son of Mr. Hunter, ironmonger, 15, Howe-street; D. Whimster, late with Messrs. Ireland and son-linendrapers, South Bridge; Mr. Martin, of Great Russell-street, London, and son. The crew for the most part belonged to Leith, and several of them have left widows and children to deplore their loss. We may state that the Mr. Hodgson, mentioned in the list of the cabin passengers, is the brother of Mr. W. B. Hodgson, secretary of the Liverpool Mechanics' Institution, and who was himself appointed to the assistant-secretaryship of the Mechanics' Institution and Literary Society, Leeds. He was a native of Edinburgh. Mr. Torry was an English gentleman of weak mind, who had been in Scotland for the benefit of his health. Baillie, one of the two passengers saved, was in attendance on him. The lamentable fate of Mr. Elton has been deeply felt by that profession of which he was so distinguished a member. His virtue in private life were generally known and acknowledged. He has left a large family to deplore his departure from among them; and we are delighted to find that Mr. Murray, the Edinburgh manager, suggested that the profession should mark their esteem for Mr. Elton by benefits for his orphan children. On Saturday, August 5th, the evening's products was devoted to that purpose. We also learn that among the passengers was a girl named Susan Allan, daughter of a soldier in the 25th regiment, and who was intending to go out to her father in India along with the soldiers of the 56th, who were on board the Pegasus.

The following communications respecting this melancholy wreck will be found of interest, painfully so, but any

information from an authentic source is of twofold importance:—

"Berwick, July 22, 1843, 9 p.m.

"Sir,—I have just now returned from Holy Island, and beg to enclose you some particulars as to the loss of the ill-fated steamship *Pegasus*. I have been off to the vessel, and find she is in ten fathoms of water, six fathoms above her rail, and the mast is five feet above the water at low water.

"It does not appear that she has as yet broken up, as the mast is still standing, and very little wreck-wood has yet driven from her.

"It is supposed, when the vessel struck the Goldstone, that the passengers had rushed to the boats and upset them. What makes this wreck more lamentable is, that it was a fine night and clear, with a westerly wind, and the lights seen distinctly, and it is also said that the master was on the bridge at the time she struck. From inquiries that I have made, it appears that the master must have steered between the buoy and the rock, and then, standing out again, struck the rock. It is also remarkable, and said to be so dangerous by the pilots, that several of our coasting steamers prefer, in coming through the Fairway, to steer outside of the Megstone, and thence come inside between the Big Farn and it. This is condemned, as it leads them in their course too near the Goldstone.

"From all that I can learn from the pilots, they state that the leading light through the Fairway is too low, and does not open sufficiently; and that this leading light would be of much more service if it were built on the Megstone Rock, as it would be more distinctly seen, and open better, as the Big Farn light and this leading Fairway light are too near each other.

"It has been suggested that there should be a red standing light placed on some point off Holy Island, but there is a difference of opinion as to the spot on which it should be placed.

"All the Fairway buoys are at present in their places, and it is singular that the crew of the *Pegasus* should not have seen them, the night being clear.

"I understand that an attempt is to be made to weigh the vessel, and preparations are now making for that purpose. The wind is now so easterly, perhaps some more of the bodies may come on shore.

(Signed by)

"Lloyd's Agent.

"To William Dobson, Esq., Lloyd's."

Several of the relatives of the persons who have been lost have visited the scene of the wreck, and the grief that they have manifested has been great.

Some of the French herring fishery boats are supposed to have picked up some of the wreck floating about.

The following is the substance of a communication received from Leith by Mr. Lyall, manager of the General Shipping Company, at Berwick:—"Captain Samble will be able to inform you of the melancholy loss of the *Pegasus* Steamer, lost last night at half-past twelve, having struck upon the Goldstone, and sunk with all on board, nearly 40 passengers, except the mate, engineer, carpenter, a seaman, and two passengers, who were saved. Six bodies were picked up—three females two boys, and a fireman."

Mr. Browne; the mate, who still continues very weak, states, that previous to getting into the boat in which he was discovered by the Martello, he floated about for three hours on a board. When he fell in with the boat it was nearly full of water and it was with the utmost difficulty he could get into it without upsetting it. Steadying himself, however, upon the board he had got, he planted one foot into the middle of the boat and thus preserved its balance till he got both legs in. He then placed the board across the boat and made himself a seat. He describes the scene at the period of the vessel going down as being a heart-rending one. A great many of the passengers he says, floated about on the surface of the water for a considerable time, calling upon their Maker to help them in their distress, but they all disappeared, one by one, except himself and the other five who were picked up by the Martello.

WONDERFUL ESCAPE OF AN AMERICAN TRAVELLER.

On the twenty-second day of April, our party set sail in a large schooner from Fort George, or Niagara Town, and in two days crossed Lake Ontario to Kingston, at the head of the river St. Lawrence; distant from Niagara about 200 miles. Here we hired an American barge (a large flat-bottomed boat) to carry us to Montreal, a further distance of 200 miles; then set out for Kingston on the twenty-eighth of April, and arrived the same evening at Ogdensburgh, a distance of 75 miles. The following evening we arrived at Cornwall, and the succeeding night at Pointe du Lac, on Lake St. Francis. Here the bargemen obtained our permission to return up the river, and we embarked in another barge, deeply laden with pot-ashes, passengers, and luggage. Above Montreal, for nearly 100 miles, the river St. Lawrence is interrupted in its course by rapids, which are occasioned by the river being confined in comparatively narrow, shallow, rocky, channels: through these it rushes with great force and noise, and is agitated like the ocean in a storm. Many people prefer these rapids, for the grandeur of appearance, to the falls of Niagara. They are from half a mile to nine miles long each, and require regular pilots. On the thirtieth of April we arrived at the village of Cedars, immediately below which are three sets of very dangerous rapids (the Cedars, the Split-rock, and the Cascades), distant from each other about one mile. On the morning of the first of May, we set out from the Cedars, the barge very deep, and very leaky. The captain, a daring, rash man, refused to take a pilot. After we had passed the Cedars rapid, not without danger, the captain called for some rum, swearing at the same time, that God Almighty could not steer the barge better than he did! Soon after this we entered the Split-rock rapids, by a wrong channel, and found ourselves advancing rapidly towards a dreadful watery precipice, down which we went. The barge slightly grazed her bottom against the rock, and the fall was so great as to nearly take away the breath. We here took in a great deal of water, which was mostly bailed out again before we were hurried on to what the Canadians call the Grand Bouillon, or Great Bolling. In approaching this place the captain let go the helm, saying, "By God, here we fill!" The barge was almost immediately overwhelmed in the midst of immense foaming breakers, which rushed over the bows, carrying away planks, oars, &c. About half a minute elapsed between the filling and going down of the barge, during which I had sufficient presence of mind to strip off my three coats, and was loosening my suspenders when the barge sunk, and I found myself floating in the midst of people, baggage, &c. Each man caught hold of something; one of the crew caught hold of me, and kept me down under water, but, contrary to my expectation, let me go again. On rising to the surface, I got hold of a trunk, on which two other men were then holding. Just at this spot, where the Split-rock rapids terminate, the bank of the river is well inhabited: and we could see the women on shore running about much agitated. A canoe put off, and picked up three of our number, who had gained the bottom of the barge, which had upset and got rid of its cargo; these they landed on an island. The canoe put off again, and was approaching near to where I was holding on the trunk, when, terrified with the vicinity of the cascades, to which we were approaching, it put back, notwithstanding my exhortations, in French and English, to induce the two men on board to advance. The bad hold which one man had of the trunk to which we were adhering, subjected him to constant immersion, and, in order to escape his seizing hold of me, I let go the trunk, and, in conjunction with another man, got hold of the boom (which, with the gaff, sails, &c., had been detached from the mast to make room for the cargo), and floated off. I had just time to grasp this boom, when we were hurried into the cascades; in these I was instantly buried, and nearly suffocated. On rising to the surface, I found one of my hands still on the boom, and my companion still adhering to the gaff. Shortly after descending the cascades, I perceived the barge, bottom upwards, floating near me. I succeeded in getting to it, and held

by a crack in one end of it: the violence of the water, and the falling out of the casks of ashes, had quite wrecked it. For a long time I contented myself with this hold, not daring to endeavour to get upon the bottom, which I at length effected; and from this, my new situation, I called out to my companion, who still preserved his hold of the gaff. He shook his head, and, when the waves suffered me to look up again, he was gone. He made no attempt to come near me, being unable or unwilling to let go his hold and trust himself to the waves, which were then rolling over his head.

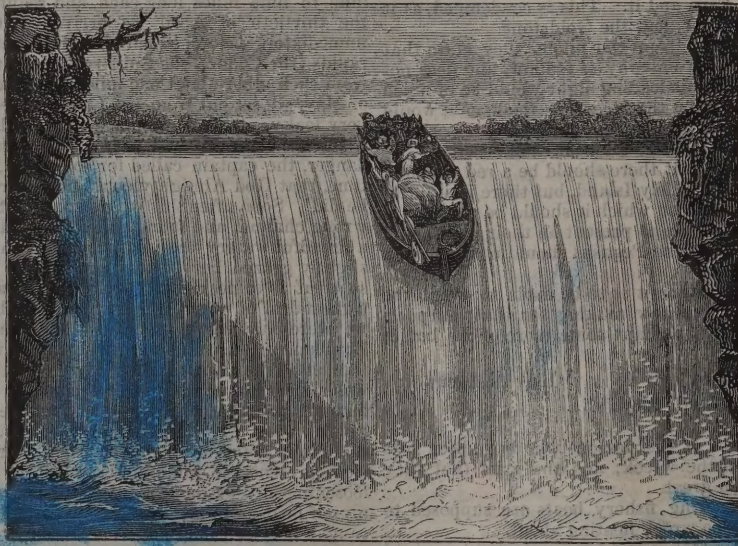
The cascades are a kind of fall, or rapid descent, in the river, over a rocky channel below: going down is called by the French *sauter*, to leap or shove the Cascades. For two miles below, the channel continues in uproar just like a storm at sea, and I was frequently nearly washed off the barge by the waves which rolled over. I now entertained no hope whatever of escaping; and although I continued to exert myself to hold on, such was the state to which I was reduced by cold that I wished only for speedy death, and frequently thought of giving up the contest as useless. I felt as if compressed into the size of a monkey; my hands appeared diminished in size one half, and I certainly should (after I became very cold and much exhausted), have fallen asleep, but for the waves which were passing over me,

and obliged me to attend to my situation. I had never descended the St. Lawrence before, but I knew there were more rapids ahead, perhaps another set of the Cascades; but at all events, the LaChine rapids, whose situation I did not exactly know. I was in hourly expectation of these putting an end to me, and often fancied some points of ice, extending from the shore, to be the head of foaming rapids. At one of the moments in which the succession of waves permitted me to look up, I saw at a distance a canoe with four men, coming towards me, and waited in confidence to hear the sound of their paddles; but in this I was disappointed. The men, as I afterwards learned, were Indians (genuine descendants of the Tartars), who, happening to fall in with one of the passenger's trunks, picked it up, and returned to shore, for the purpose of pillaging it, leaving, as they afterwards acknowledged, the man on the boat to his fate. Indeed, I am certain I should have had more to fear from their avarice than to hope from their humanity; and it is more than probable, that my life would have been taken, to secure them in possession of my watch and several half-eagles which I had about me.

The accident happened at about eight o'clock in the morning; in the course of some hours, as the day advanced, the sun grew warmer, the wind blew from the south, and the water became calmer. I got upon my knees, and found myself in the small lake St. Louis, about three to five miles wide. With some difficulty I got upon my feet, but was soon convinced, by cramps and spasms in all my sinews, that I was quite incapable of swimming any distance, and I was then two miles from shore. I was now going, with wind and current, to destruction; and cold, hungry, and fatigued, was obliged again to sit down in the water to rest, when an extraordinary circumstance greatly relieved me. On examining the wreck, to see if it was possible to detach any part of it to steer by, I perceived some-

thing loose, entangled in a fork of the wreck, and so carried along. This I found to be a small trunk, bottom upwards, which, with some difficulty, I dragged up upon the barge. After nearly an hour's work, in which I broke my penknife trying to cut out the lock, I made a hole in the top, and, to my great astonishment, drew out a bottle of rum, a cold tongue, some cheese, and a bag full of bread, cakes, &c., all wet. Of these I made a seasonable though very moderate use, and the trunk answered the purpose of a chair to sit upon, elevated above the surface of the water.

After in vain endeavouring to steer the wreck, or direct its course to the shore, and having made every signal with my waistcoat, &c., in my power, to the several headlands which I had passed, I fancied I was driving into a bay, which, however, soon proved to be the termination of the lake, and the opening of the river, the current of which was carrying me rapidly along. I passed several uninhabited islands; but the banks of the river appearing to be covered with houses, I again renewed my signals with my waistcoat, and a shirt which I took out of the trunk, hoping, as the river narrowed, they might be perceived: the distance was too great. The velocity with which I was going convinced me of my near approach to the dreadful rapids of La Chine. Night was drawing on, my destruction



THE SPLIT ROCK FALL.

appeared certain, but did not disturb me very much: the idea of death had lost its novelty, and become very familiar. Finding signals in vain, I now set up a cry or howl, such as I thought best calculated to carry to a distance, and being favoured with the wind, it did, although, at above a mile distance, reach the ears of some people on shore. At last I perceived a boat rowing towards me, which, being very small and white bottomed, I had for some time taken for a fowl with a white breast; and I was taken off the barge by Captain Johnstone, after being ten hours on the water. I found myself at the village of La Chine, twenty-

one miles below where the accident happened, and having been driven by the winding of the current a much greater distance. I received no other injury than bruised knees and breast, with a slight cold: the accident took some hold of my imagination, and for seven or eight succeeding nights, in my dreams, I was engaged in the dangers of the Cascades, and surrounded by drowning men.

My escape was owing to a concurrence of fortunate circumstances, which appear almost providential. I happened to catch hold of various articles of support, and to exchange each article for another, just at the right time. Nothing but the boom could have carried me down the Cascades without injury, and nothing but the barge could have saved me below them. I was also fortunate in having the whole day; had the accident happened one hour later, I should have arrived opposite the village of La Chine after dark, and of course should have been destroyed in the rapids below, to which I was swiftly advancing. The trunk, which furnished me with provisions and a resting place above the water, I have every reason to think was necessary to save my life; without it, I must have passed the whole time in the water, and been exhausted with cold and hunger. When the people on shore saw our boat take

the wrong channel, they predicted our destruction: the floating baggage, by supporting us for a time, enabled them to make an exertion to save us; but as it was not supposed possible to survive the passage of the Cascades, no further exertions were thought of, nor, indeed, could they well have been made.

It was at this very place that General Ambert's brigade of 300 men, coming to attack Canada, were lost; the French at Montreal received the first intelligence of the invasion, by the dead bodies floating past the town. The pilot who conducted their first bateau committing the same error as we did, ran for the wrong channel, and the other bateau following close, all were involved in the same destruction. The whole party, with which I was, escaped: four left the barge at the Cedar's village, above the rapids, and went to Montreal by land; two more were saved by the canoe. The barge's crew, all accustomed to labour, were lost: of the eight men who passed down the Cascades, none but myself escaped or were seen again; nor, indeed, was it possible for any one, without my extraordinary luck, and the aid of the barge, to which they must have been very close, to have escaped; the other men must have been drowned immediately on entering the Cascades. The trunks, &c., to which they adhered, and the heavy great-coats which they had on, very probably, helped to overwhelm them; but they must have gone at all events; swimming in such a current of broken stormy waves was impossible. Still, I think, my knowing how to swim kept me more collected, and rendered me more willing to part with one article of support to gain a better. Those who could not swim naturally clung to whatever held they first got, and of course many had very bad ones. The captain passed me above the Cascades, on a sack of woollen cloths, which were doubtless soon saturated and sunk.

The trunk which I picked up belonged to a young man from Upper Canada, who was one of those drowned; it contained clothes, and about 70*l.* in gold, which were restored to his friends. My own trunk contained, besides clothes, about 200*l.* in gold and bank notes. On my arrival at La Chine, I offered a reward of 100 dollars, which induced a Canadian to go in search of it. He found it, some days after, on the shore of an island at which it had been driven, and brought it to La Chine, where I happened to be at the time. I paid him his reward, and understood that above one third of it was to be immediately applied to the purchase of a certain number of masses, which he had vowed, in the event—of success, previous to his setting out on the search.

MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKENS; OR, THE FATAL REPAST.

We had been nearly five weeks at sea, when the captain found, by observation, that we were within one hundred and thirty miles of the north side of Jamaica. Favourable winds and smooth seas had hitherto been our constant attendants, and everything on board conspired to render the confinement and monotony of a long sea voyage less annoying than they usually are. The cabin passengers consisted of Major and Mrs. L., a newly married couple; Miss P., sister to the latter; Mr. D., a young Irishman; and myself. Our captain was a man of pleasing manners and liberal ideas, and formed an important acquisition to our party, by joining in all its recreations, and affording every facility to the indulgence of them.

Although he possessed more general information than usually falls to the lot of seafaring persons, his mind was tinged with some of their weaknesses and prejudices. The ladies of our party had a great taste for natural history, and wished to obtain specimens of all the most interesting kinds of sea-birds. They had several times requested the captain to shoot one of Mother Carey's chickens, that they might take a drawing from it; however, he always declined doing so, but never gave any satisfactory reason for his unwillingness to oblige them in this respect. At last, Mr. D. killed two of the birds, after having several times missed whole flocks of them. The captain seemed very much startled when he saw the animals drop on

the waves. "Will you have the goodness to let down the boat to pick up the game?" said Mr. D. "Yes, sir," replied he, "if you'll go off in her, and never return on board this vessel. Here is a serious business! Be assured we have not seen the end of it." He then walked away, without offering to give any orders about lowering the boat; and the seamen, who witnessed the transaction, looked as if they would not have obeyed him had he even done so.

One delightful clear morning, when we were in hourly expectation of making the land, some dolphins appeared astern. As the weather was very moderate, the captain proposed that we should fish for them; and a great many hooks were immediately baited for that purpose by the seamen. We caught large quantities of dolphin and of another kind of fish, and put all into the hands of the steward, with orders that part should be dressed for dinner, and part distributed among the crew.

When the dinner-hour arrived, we all assembled in the cabin, in high spirits, and sat down to table. It being St. George's day, we made the wine circulate rapidly, and every glass increased our gaiety; in the midst of it the mate entered the cabin, and said, the man at the helm had dropped down almost senseless, and that another of the crew was so ill that he could scarcely speak.

The captain, on receiving this information, grew very pale, and seemed at a loss what to reply. At last, he started from his chair, and hurried up the gangway. Our mirth ceased in a moment; and, after a little time, we sent the servant to inquire what was going forward upon deck. He returned immediately, and informed us that the two sailors were worse, and that a third had just been attacked in the same way. He had scarcely said these words, when Mrs. L. gave a shriek, and cried out that her sister had fainted away. This added to our confusion and alarm; and the major and Mr. D. trembled so much, that they were hardly able to convey the young lady to her state room.

All conversation was now at an end, and no one uttered a word till Mrs. L. returned from her sister's apartment. While we were inquiring how the latter was, the captain entered the cabin in a state of great agitation. "This is a dreadful business," said he. "The fact is—it is my duty to tell you—I fear we are all poisoned by the fish we have eaten. One of the crew died a few minutes ago, and five others are dangerously ill."

"Poisoned! my God! Do you say so? Must we all die?" exclaimed Mrs. L., dropping on her knees. "What is to be done?" cried the major distractedly; "are there no means of counteracting it?" "None that I know of," returned the captain. "All remedies are vain. The poison is always fatal, except—but I begin to feel its effects—support me—can this be imagination?" He staggered to one side, and would have fallen upon the floor, had I not assisted him. Mrs. L., notwithstanding his apparent insensibility, clung to his arm, crying out, in a tone of despair, "Is there no help—no pity—no one to save us?" and then fainted away on her husband's bosom; who, turning to me, said, with quivering lips, "You are a happy man: you have nothing to embitter your last moments. Oh, Providence! was I permitted to escape so many dangers, merely that I might suffer this misery?"

Mrs. L. soon regained her senses, and I endeavoured to calm her agitation by remarking, that we might possibly escape the fatal influence of the poison, as some constitutions were not so easily affected by it as others. "Is there then a little hope?" she exclaimed. "Oh! God grant it may be so!" "There is one thing," said the captain, faintly, "I was going to tell you, that—but this sensation—I mean a remedy." "Speak on," cried the major, in breathless suspense. "It may have a chance of saving you," continued the former; "you must immediately"—He gave a deep sigh, and dropped his head upon his shoulder, apparently unable to utter a word more. "Oh, this is the worst of all!" cried Mrs. L. in agony. "We have only to be resigned now," replied her husband; "let us at least die together."

The crew had dined about an hour and a half before us, and, consequently, felt the effects of the poison much earlier

than we did. Every one, however, now began to exhibit alarming symptoms. Mr. D. became delirious; the major lay upon the cabin floor, in a state of torpidity; and the captain had drowned all sense and recollection by drinking a large quantity of brandy. Mrs. D. watched her husband and her sister alternately, in a state of quiet despair.

I was comparatively but little affected; and, therefore, employed myself in assisting others until they seemed to be past all relief, and then sat down anticipating the horrid consequences which would result from the death of the whole ship's company.

While thus occupied, I heard the steersman call out, "Taken all a-back here." A voice which I knew to be the mate's, immediately answered, "Well, and what's that to us? Put her before the wind, and let her go where she pleases." I soon perceived by the rushing of the water, that there was a great increase in the ship's progress, and went upon deck to ascertain the cause.

I found the mate stretched upon the top of the companion, and addressed him, but he made no reply. The man at the helm was tying a rope round the tiller, and told me he had become so blind and dizzy, that he could neither steer, nor see the compass; and would, therefore, fix the rudder in such a manner, as would keep the ship's head as near the wind as possible. On going forward to the bows, I found the crew lying motionless in every direction. I alone retained my senses unimpaired. The wind now blew very fresh, and we went through the water at the rate of ten miles an hour. The night looked dreary and turbulent. The sky was covered with large fleeces of broken clouds, and the stars flashed angrily through them, as they were wildly hurried along by the blast. The sea began to run high, and the masts showed by their incessant creaking, that they carried more sail than they could well sustain.

I was filled with dread lest we should strike upon rocks, or run ashore, and often imagined that the clouds which bordered the horizon were the black cliffs of some desolate coast. At last, I distinctly saw a light at some distance—I anticipated instant destruction—I grew irresolute whether to remain upon deck, and face death, or to wait for it below. I soon discovered a ship a little way ahead—I instinctively ran to the helm, and loosened the rope that tied the tiller, which at once bounded back, and knocked me over. A horrible crashing, and loud cries, now broke upon my ear, and I saw that we had got entangled with another vessel. But the velocity with which we swept along, rendered our extrication instantaneous; and on looking back, I saw a ship without a bowsprit, pitching irregularly among the waves, and heard the rattling of cordage, and a tumult of voices. But, after a little time, nothing was distinguishable by the eye or by the ear. My situation appeared doubly horrible, when I reflected that I had just been within call of human creatures, who might have saved and assisted all on board, had not an evil destiny hurried us along, and made us the means of injuring those who alone were capable of affording us relief.

About midnight, our fore-topmast gave way, and fell upon deck with a tremendous noise. The ship immediately swung round, and began to labour in a terrible manner, while several waves broke over her successively.

I had just resolved to descend the gangway for shelter, when a white figure rushed past me with a wild shriek, and sprang overboard. The darkness prevented me from discovering who had thus committed himself to the deep, in a moment of madness. As the sea continued to break over the vessel, I went down to the cabin, after having closely shut the gangway doors and companion. Total darkness prevailed below. I addressed the captain and all my fellow passengers by name, but received no reply from any of them, though I sometimes fancied I heard moans and quick breathing, when the tumult of the waters without happened to subside a little. I began to catch for breath, and felt as if I were immured in a large coffin, with a number of corpses, and was doomed to linger out life beside them. The sea beat against the vessel, with a noise like that of artillery, and the crashing of the bulwarks driven in by its violence, gave startling proof of the danger that threatened us. I groped for my bed, and lay

down in it, and, notwithstanding the horrors that surrounded me, gradually dropped off asleep.

When I awoke, I perceived, by the sunbeams that shone through the skylight, that the morning was far advanced. The ship rolled violently at intervals, but the noise of the wind and waves had altogether ceased. I got up hastily, and almost dreaded to look round, lest I should find my worst anticipations concerning my companions too fatally realized.

I immediately discovered the captain lying on one side of the cabin quite dead. Opposite him was Major L. stretched along the floor, and grasping firmly the handle of the door of his wife's apartment. He had, I suppose, in a moment of agony, wished to take a farewell of the partner of his heart, but had been unable to get beyond the spot where he now lay. He looked like a dying man; and Mrs. L. who sat beside him, seemed to be exhausted with grief and terror. She tried to speak several times, and at last succeeded in informing me, that her sister was better. I could not discover Mr. D. anywhere, and therefore concluded, that he was the person who had leaped overboard the preceding night.

On going upon deck, I found that everything wore a new aspect. The sky was dazzling and cloudless, and not the faintest breath of wind could be felt. The sea had a beautiful bright green colour, and was calm as a small lake.

Four of the seamen were dead, but the mate and the remaining three had so far recovered as to be able to walk across the deck. The ship was almost in a disabled state. Part of the wreck of the fore-topmast lay upon her bows, and the rigging and sails of the mainmast had suffered much injury. The mate told me, that the soundings, and almost everything else, proved we were on the Bahama banks, though he had not yet ascertained on what part of them we lay, and consequently could not say whether we had much chance of soon falling in with any vessel.

The day passed gloomily. Much of our time was employed in preparing for the painful, but necessary duty, of interring the dead. About ten at night, we began to commit the bodies to the deep. There was an awful solemnity, alike in the scene and in our situation. I read the funeral service, and then we dropped the corpses overboard, one by one. When these last offices of respect were performed, we retired in silence to different parts of the ship.

About midnight, the mate ordered the men to put down our anchor, which, till then, they had not been able to accomplish. They likewise managed to furl most of the sails, and we went to bed, under the consoling idea, that though a breeze did spring up, our moorings would enable us to weather it without any risk.

I was roused early next morning by a confused noise upon deck. When I got there, I found the men gazing intently over the side of the ship, and inquired if our anchor held fast? "Ay, ay," replied one of them, "rather faster than we want it." On approaching the bulwarks, and looking down, I perceived, to my horror and astonishment, all the corpses lying at the bottom of the sea, as if they had just been dropped into it. We could even distinguish their features, glimmering confusedly through the superincumbent mass of ocean.

We were now exempted from the ravages and actual presence of death, but its form haunted us without intermission. We hardly dared to look over the ship's side, lest our eyes should encounter the ghastly features of some one who had formerly been a companion, and at whose funeral rites we had recently assisted. The seamen began to murmur among themselves, saying, that we should never be able to leave the spot where we then were, and that our vessel would rot away as fast as the dead bodies that lay beneath it.

In the evening, a strong breeze sprung up, and filled us with hopes that some vessel would soon heave in sight, and afford us relief. At sunset, when the mate was giving directions about the watch, one of the seamen cried out, "Thanks be to God, there they are!" And the other ran up to him, saying, "Where, where?" He pointed to a flock of Mother Carey's chickens that had just appeared astern, and began to count how many there were of them. I inquired what was the matter, and the mate replied, "Why, only that we've

seen the worst, that's all, master. I've a notion we'll fall in with a sail before twenty-four hours are past." "Have you any particular reason for thinking so?" said I. "To be sure I have," returned he; "aren't them birds the spirits of those brave fellows we threw overboard last night? I knew we never would be able to quit this place till they made their appearance above water. However, I'm not quite sure how it may go with us yet," continued he, looking anxiously astern; "they stay rather long about our ship." "I have always understood," said I, "that these birds indicate bad weather, or some unfortunate event, and this appears to me to be true." "Ay, ay," replied he, "there was a time when I did not believe that these creatures were anything but common birds, but now I know another story. Oh, I've witnessed such strange things? Isn't it reasonable to suppose, that these little creatures, having been once such as we are, should feel a sort of friendliness towards a ship's crew, and wish to give warning when bad weather or misfortune is a-head, that every man may be prepared for the worst!" "Do you conceive," said I, "that any people but seamen are ever changed into the birds we have been talking of?" "No, for certain not," answered the mate; "and none but the sailors that are drowned, and thrown overboard after death. They fly about the wide ocean, far out of sight of land, and never find a place whereon they can rest the soles of their feet."

Next morning I was awakened by the joyful intelligence that a schooner was in sight, and that she had hoisted her flag in answer to our signals. She bore down upon us with a good wind, and in about an hour hove-to, and spoke us. When we informed them of our unhappy situation, the captain ordered the boat to be lowered, and came on board of our vessel, with three of his crew. He was a thick, short, dark-complexioned man, and his language and accent discovered him to be a native of the Southern States of America. The mate immediately proceeded to detail minutely all that happened to us; but our visitor paid very little attention to the narrative, and soon interrupted it, by asking of what our cargo consisted. Having been satisfied on this point, he said, "Seeing as how things stand, I conclude you'll be keen for getting into some port." "Yes, that of course is our earnest wish," replied the mate, "and we hope to be able, by your assistance to accomplish it." "Ay, we must all assist one another," returned the captain. "Well I was just calculating, that your plan would be to run into New Providence. I'm bound for St. Thomas, and you can't expect that I should turn about, and go right back with you—neither that I should let you have any of my seamen, for I'll not be able to make a good trade, unless I get sick into port. Get ready the boat, boys. I guess your men will soon get smart again, and then, if the weather holds moderate, you'll reach port with the greatest of ease." "You surely do not mean to leave us in this barbarous way?" cried I; "the owners of this vessel would, I am confident, pay any sum rather than we should perish through your inhumanity."—"Well, mister, I've got owners too," replied he, "and my business is to make a good voyage for them. Markets are pretty changeable just now, and it won't do to spend time talking about humanity."

Having said this he leaped into the boat, and ordered his men to row towards his own vessel. When they got on board, they squared their topsail, and bore away, and were soon out of the reach of our voices. We looked at one another for a little time with an expression of despair, and then the seamen began to pour a torrent of invective and abuse, against the heartless and avaricious shipmaster who had so inhumanly deserted us.

The mate now endeavoured to encourage the seamen to exertion. They cleared away the wreck of the fore-topmast, which had hitherto encumbered the deck, and put up a sort of jury-mast in its stead, on which they rigged two sails. When these things were accomplished, we got up our moorings, and laid our course for New Providence. The mate had fortunately been upon the Bahama seas before, and was aware of the difficulties he would have to encounter in navigating them. The weather continued moderate, and after two days of agitating suspense, we made Exuma Island, and cast anchor near its shore.

The arrival of our vessel, and all the circumstances connected with this event, were soon made known upon the island; and a gentleman who resided upon his plantation, sent to request our company at his house. We gladly accepted his hospitable offers, and immediately went ashore.

Those only who have been at sea, can conceive the delight which the appearance of trees and verdurous fields—the odours of fruits and flowers, and the sensations of security and freedom that arise from treading the earth—produce in the mind, at the termination of a long voyage. Every step we took seemed to infuse additional vigour into our limbs. Our host met us at the door of his mansion, and immediately introduced us to his wife and family, and likewise to several persons who were visitors at the time. We were ushered into an airy hall; the window-curtains of which had just been sprinkled with water and lime-juice. The odour of the fruit, and the coolness produced by the evaporation of the fluid, exerted a most tranquillizing influence upon the mind, and made the distressing scenes I had recently witnessed, pass my remembrance like a dream. We were soon conducted into another apartment, where an elegant banquet and a tasteful variety of the most exquisite wines awaited us. Here we continued till evening, and then returned to the hall. From its windows we beheld the setting sun, curtained by volumes of gloriously-coloured clouds, and shedding a dazzling radiance upon the sea, which stretched in stillness to the horizon. Our vessel lay at a little distance; and when a small wave happened to break upon her side, she seemed, for a moment to be encircled with gems. The dews had just begun to fall, and that composing stillness which, in tropical climates, pervades all nature at such a time, was undisturbed by the slightest murmur of any kind. Two young ladies sat down to a harp and a piano, and a gentleman accompanied them upon the flute. The harmony was perfected by the rich gushing voice of one of the females of our party; and the flushed cheeks, and trembling eyelids of the charming Bahamians, showed that the music affected their hearts as much as it delighted their ears.

When the night was advanced, we retired to sleep—lulled by the pleasing consciousness of being secure from those misfortunes and dangers, to the invasion of which we had of late been so cruelly exposed.

LOSS OF THE CHARLES BARING, CAPTAIN ARIS, OCT. 24. 1779.

THE Charles Baring, West Indiaman, commanded by Captain Aris, sailed from Port Royal, Jamaica, on September 6, 1779; but nothing that is worthy of mention occurred until October 15, when they discovered that the ship had made a considerable quantity of water, and which increased so much, that by the 17th the pumps could scarcely free her; and they continued in this situation until the morning of the 20th, when, on sounding, they found five feet water in the hold.

The captain immediately ordered the gun-deck to be scuttled, to enable them to get at the pump-well, and this being done, they slung two large casks, with tackle, so as to fill and empty alternately; and this mode of baling was found to answer their purpose so well, that, by twelve o'clock, the water was reduced to three feet. They kept the water from gaining on them until the morning of the 21st, when the quantity of coffee, or cocoa, which continually got to the pumps, rendered them almost useless.

About ten o'clock, the danger of their situation hourly increasing, it was thought advisable to throw the guns overboard, which was accordingly done, as also a considerable quantity of wood from the fore-peak; and, about dark, the pumps became entirely useless, being completely choked. To their great dismay they now found that the leak gained upon them considerably, and all hands that could be spared from baling were employed in clearing the fore-hatchway, which they so far completed by daylight, that they were enabled to get two more casks to work.

On the morning of the 22nd, the water was up to the orlop-deck beams, and it was only by the most unremitting exertions

of the passengers and crew, who alike toiled incessantly, that it was kept from gaining on them, until the night of the 23rd, when it came on to blow a heavy gale of wind, which caused the ship to heel so much, that the greater part of the water which they were baling out returned again to the hold. The gale increasing, the water gaining fast upon them, and the people worn out with their previous exertions, there were now no hopes remaining of saving the ship, and their only care was to save themselves.

About the dawn of the 24th, the main-mast went over the side, and it was with great difficulty that they could manage to clear it from the ship; the water, by this time, had reached the gun-deck, and there was not a moment to be lost in providing for their safety.

About eight o'clock the boat was got out, and, much to the credit of Captain Aris, his first object was to have the ladies put into it, at the same time remarking to all of them, that, though it appeared hardly possible to save them otherwise, it was also impossible for the boat to contain the whole of them; he, therefore, recommended all hands to construct a raft with spars and cotton-bags; but, before they had time to accomplish it, the ship completely foundered, and every man attempted to swim to the boat, the captain himself being the last that quitted the ship; but, miserable to tell, twenty-seven of the number unfortunately failed in their attempt, and perished.

"Then first one universal shriek there rushed,
Louder than the loud ocean, like a crash
Of echoing thunder, and then all was hushed,
Save the wild wind, and the remorseless dash
Of billows: but at intervals there gushed,
Accompanied with a convulsive splash,
A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony."

SHIPWRECK OF THE SCHOONER CUMBERLAND, CAPTAIN CROOK, SEPTEMBER 24, 1837.

THE Cumberland, from St. Petersburg, made Pile light-house, but as it was blowing hard, and the weather very hazy, Captain Crook thought it better to take shelter at Pile till the morning, and with that view he stood in under double-reefed topsails. Before it could be accomplished, however, the vessel struck on the Foul-ground, and knocked her rudder off. The anchors were let go, but they came home, and the vessel got hard aground, with a tremendous sea breaking over her. She continued to strike very heavily, and at length was so much damaged that she filled, and fell over on her beam-ends. The unfortunate sufferers on board sought safety on the broadside, in the chains, &c. The captain and his wife were clinging to the wreck, somewhere about the afterpart. The mate observing that the sea broke with less violence over the bows than elsewhere, with great labour, and at the hazard of his life, conveyed Mrs. Crook forward, requesting her to permit him to lash her to the ring-bolts, but she could not be persuaded to have that done, and Piele left her to assist her husband. At that moment a dreadful sea broke over the wreck, and carried the mate overboard, but he succeeded in getting a berth in the cross-trees; for, although the weather rigging was cut away for the purpose, the masts did not go; and soon after Mrs. Crook was washed away, and she was seen no more. Captain Crook, on witnessing the loss of his wife appeared paralysed; but struggling, he made some indistinct remark, and was swept into eternity with the next wave. The horrible situation of the survivors may be imagined. Clinging to the wreck of the vessel, with a long and dreary night just set in, the probability of the craft going to pieces long before its expiration, and the hopelessness of all human aid availing, the poor fellows had nothing to look to but the merciful hand of Providence. That safe anchor did not fail them; for the wind somewhat suddenly lowered, and the sea became comparatively calm. The mariners at first thought this was only a lull—the herald of harder weather than before; but in this they were mistaken. The weather continued fair and in the

morning the crew taking to the jolly-boat, rowed themselves to Pile, where they arrived safe. It is supposed the vessel went to the bottom in Lune Channel, as she was last seen near the N. W. buoy.

INTREPIDITY OF ENGLISH SAILORS.

LAURISTON told me, amongst other anecdotes, relative to Napoleon's sojourn at the camp of Boulogne, a remarkable instance of intrepidity on the part of two English sailors. These men had been prisoners at Verdun, which was the most considerable dépôt of English prisoners in France at the rupture of the peace of Amiens. They effected their escape from Verdun, and arrived at Boulogne without having been discovered on the road, notwithstanding the vigilance with which all the English were watched. They remained at Boulogne for some time, destitute of money, and without being able to effect their escape. They had no hope of getting aboard a boat, on account of the strict watch that was kept upon vessels of every kind. These two sailors made a boat of little pieces of wood, which they put together as well as they could, having no other tools than their knives. They covered it with a piece of sailcloth. It was only three or four feet wide, and not much longer; and was so light that a man could easily carry it on his shoulders. So powerful a passion is the love of home and liberty!

Sure of being shot if they were discovered, almost equally sure of being drowned if they effected their escape, they, nevertheless, resolved to attempt crossing the channel in their fragile skiff. Perceiving an English frigate within sight of the coast, they pushed off, and endeavoured to reach her. They had not gone a hundred toises from the shore, when they were perceived by the custom-house officers, who set out in pursuit of them, and brought them back again. The news of this adventure spread through the camp, where the extraordinary courage of the two sailors was the subject of general remark.

The circumstance reached the emperor's ears. He wished to see the men, and they were conducted to his presence along with their little boat. Napoleon, whose imagination was struck by every thing extraordinary, could not conceal his surprise at so bold a project, undertaken with such feeble means of execution.

"Is it really true," said the emperor to them, "that you thought of crossing the sea in this?"

"Sire," said they, "if you doubt it, give us leave to go, and you shall see us depart."

"I will. You are bold and enterprising men; I admire courage wherever I meet with it. But you shall not hazard your lives. You are at liberty, and more than that, I will cause you to be put on board an English ship. When you return to London, tell how I esteem brave men, even when they are my enemies."

Rapp, who, with Lauriston, Duroc, and many others, were present at this scene, were astonished at the emperor's generosity. If the men had not been brought before him, they would have been shot as spies, instead of which they obtained their liberty. This circumstance was one of those which made the strongest impression on Napoleon, and he recollected it when at St. Helena, in one of his conversations with M. de Las Casas.

LOSS OF THE ZENOBIA, JANUARY, 1762.

THE Zenobia French Frigate was lost off Portland, she was commanded by M. Le Sage, about 70 persons reached the shore, when they were barbarously stripped by the inhabitants. But on his majesty being made acquainted with their deplorable state, he directly ordered clothes and food at his own expense, and the Lords of the Admiralty gave them to understand that they were not considered as prisoners.

It was not long before this act of generosity was retaliated by the subjects of France. An English trading vessel being driven on shore on the coast of Havre-de-Grace, the Commandant of that place received the crew with the utmost hospitality. They had good quarters, and a daily allowance of 30sols per man, until they were sent back to their own country.

EXPEDITION OF LA PEROUSE.

On the re-establishment of peace, in 1783, the French government, stimulated by the discoveries of the immortal Cook, and the voyages of the various English navigators, resolved upon the prosecution of a voyage of discovery. For this purpose, the frigate *La Boussole* and *L'Astrolabe* were fitted out at Brest. The command of the expedition was conferred on John Francis Galaup de la Prouse, commodore in the navy of France, who had distinguished himself in the naval service of his country, and, during the American war, had the command of the force which destroyed the trading establishments of the British at Hudson's Bay. La Prouse appointed to the command of the *Astrolabe*, M. de Langlé, a

captain in the navy, who had commanded the *Astrea* in the Hudson's Bay expedition. The two vessels being equipped with everything requisite for the voyage, sailed from Brest in August, 1785, and anchored on the Brazil coast in November, after touching at Madeira and Teneriffe. Proceeding round Cape Horn, they arrived in the bay of Conception, in 1786; but nothing worthy of description occurred to them till they reached Easter Island, in the South Sea, which they did in April of that year.

On gaining Cook's Bay, at that island, the two ships dropped their anchors, but the water deepened so rapidly, that both anchors came home. This, however, did not abate the ardour or curiosity of the Indians, who swam after them to a league off the shore, and went on board with a laughing, careless air which left a very favourable impression of their character.



EXPEDITION OF LA PEROUSE.

Men of a more suspicious turn of mind would have feared, when they got under sail again, in order to regain the anchorage, that the ships were carrying them off from their native soil; but the idea of such perfidy did not seem to present itself to their minds. Naked and unarmed, a simple string round their middle supported a bundle of herbs, that hung down before. Their physiognomy was generally agreeable, but extremely various, not having, like that of the Malays, Chinese, and inhabitants of Chili, a general character that is peculiar to themselves.

La Prouse made several presents to these Indians, who preferred pieces of painted cloth, half an ell long, to nails, knives, and beads. Even these yielded to the stronger inclination for hats, of which, however, they had too small a quantity to give to many of them. At eight in the evening,

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they quitted the ships, after having been made to understand by signs, that at day-break the two commanders would go ashore. They then went dancing into their boat, and threw themselves into the sea, two musket-shots from the shore, on which the billows broke with considerable force.

Next morning, accordingly, everything was made ready to go on shore. La Prouse was too well acquainted with the accounts of the different navigators, not to know that the Indians are but grown-up children, whose desires the sight of property, or anything gaudy, would so strangely excite, that they would take every possible method to get possession of them. He was therefore convinced that he must restrain them by fear, and gave orders that this visit should be accompanied with a little warlike train. Four boats, with twelve armed soldiers, proceeded for the island. The two

commanders, Messrs. La Perouse and de Langle, were accompanied by all the passengers and officers, except those who were necessary to carry on the duty on board, forming about seventy persons in all, including the crews of the boats.

Four or five hundred Indians waited for them on the shore. They were unarmed, and several of them were covered with pieces of white and yellow stuff; but the greater number were naked, several were tattooed, and their faces painted red. Their cries and their countenances equally expressed their joy, as they advanced to give their visitors their hands and assisted them in landing.

Their first care, on quitting the boats, was to form a ring of armed soldiers, enjoining the inhabitants to leave this space void. Then, pitching a tent, the presents intended for the

natives, and the different species of animals to be left on the island, were brought ashore. But, as the soldiers had been expressly forbidden to fire, or, even with the butt-end of their muskets, to keep off the Indians who might be troublesome, the soldiers themselves were soon exposed to the rapacity of the islanders, whose numbers rapidly increased. They amounted at the least to eight hundred, out of whom full one hundred and fifty were women. The countenance of many among the latter was agreeable, and they unscrupulously offered their favours to those who were willing to give them presents. The men endeavoured to induce the French party to comply, and while the women lavished their caresses on them, the natives took their hats from their heads, and stole their handkerchiefs from their pockets. They all seemed to be accomplices in these thefts, for they had scarcely committed them, when they all

took to flight at the same instant, like a covey of birds. But, observing that the soldiers made no use of their muskets, they returned a few minutes afterwards, renewed their caresses, and watched a favourable moment to commit new thefts. These manoeuvres continued all the morning, and as the visitors were to leave them at night, they only amused themselves with observing the artifices these islanders employed to rob them. In order to remove every pretext for any kind of force which might produce unfortunate consequences, La Perouse declared that he would replace the hats that might be taken from the soldiers and sailors. These Indians, as has been already stated, were unarmed. Only three or four among so great a number, had a kind of wooden club, not in the least formidable. Some of them appeared to have a slight authority over the others; and, taking them for chiefs, the commodore distributed

some medals among them, which he hung about their necks with a chain. But he soon discovered that these were in fact the very men who were the most notorious thieves; and although they seemed to pursue those who stole their handkerchiefs, it was easy to perceive that they were fully determined not to overtake them.

"Having but eight or ten hours," says La Perouse in his journal, "to remain upon the island, and being desirous not to lose that interval of time, I confided the care of our tent, and of all our effects, to M. D'Escures, my first lieutenant, to whom I also gave the command of all the soldiers and sailors on shore. We then divided ourselves into two parties, of which the first, under the orders of M. de Langle, was to penetrate as far as possible into the heart of the island, to sow the grain in such spots as should appear best adapted for their cultivation; and

to examine the nature of the soil, plants, agriculture, population, monuments, and in general everything interesting among this very extraordinary people. The second party, of which I made one, visited the monuments, the platforms, the houses, and plantations, within a league around our quarters. The population may be estimated at two thousand. The number of women appeared nearly equal to that of the men, and I saw as great a number of children as in any other country. For, though in about twelve hundred inhabitants, whom our arrival had drawn together round the Bay, there were not more than three hundred women, I should conjecture, that although the men came from the extremity of the island to see our ships, the women, either because more delicate, or more occupied with their children and families, were left at home; and we only saw those who inhabited the environs of the bay. M. de Langle found in the interior of the island, a great number of women and children; and we all explored the caverns where Mr. Forster and some of Captain Cook's officers thought the women might be concealed. These are subterraneous dwellings; and it seemed indisputable that the natives had concealed their wives when Captain Cook visited them in 1772, but I could not discover their motives; and, it is perhaps to the kindness with which those navigators conducted themselves towards this people, that we owe the confidence they seemed to place in us, and by which we were enabled to judge better of their population."

The monuments which they saw in this island appeared very ancient, and were placed in a kind of burying-ground. There were, besides, small heaps of stone in the shape of a pyramid, of which the upper stone was whitened with lime-water. These little monuments were erected on the sea-shore, and an Indian clearly explained, by laying himself down on the ground, the object of these heaps of stones; afterwards lifting his hands towards heaven, he evidently expressed their belief in a future existence. Yet they could trace no sign of any religious worship among the natives, and they did not consider that their rude statues, having on them some clumsy colossal busts, could be taken for idols, notwithstanding the Indians may have shown for them a species of veneration. All conditions appeared to be equal. To be king over a people who are almost naked, and live on yams and potatoes, excites little jealousy; and these Indians never having occasion to go to war, because they have no neighbours, have no need of a chief invested with any considerable authority.

Scarcely the tenth part of the island was cultivated and such appeared to be the abundance of nature, that La Perouse was led to state his belief that the productions of the earth were in common. He describes one of their houses, which, with two or three of a similar nature, he says, formed one of their villages. This house was three hundred feet in length, ten in breadth, and in the centre ten in height. Its form was that of a cave inverted, and there was no entrance except by creeping on the hands through two doors, both less than two feet high. This house, which would contain more than two hundred persons, could not be the residence of the chief, if there was one, for there was no furniture in it, and so great a space would have been useless to him.

In Captain Cook's voyages, it is stated, that on this island, that celebrated navigator, had some difficulty in procuring a sufficient quantity of provisions and yams, but that must be attributed not so much to a scarcity of these vegetables, as to the necessity of obtaining an almost general consent for their sale. "The identity of these people with the other islanders of the South Sea" as Captain Cook observes, "cannot be doubted, for their language and national physiognomy are the same, their manufactures also, made from the bark of the mulberry, though these trees are very rare, having been destroyed by the droughts."

"At one in the afternoon," continues La Perouse, in his account of these islanders, "I returned to the tent, designing to go on board, that M. de Clonard, my second captain, might go on shore in his turn. I found almost all my people without hats or handkerchiefs; for our gentleness had encouraged these plunderers, nor was I at all distinguished from the rest. An Indian, who had assisted me in descending from a plat-

form, took away my hat, and as soon as he had rendered me this service, ran off at full speed, followed as usual by all the rest. I did not, however, cause him to be pursued, for being nearly all in the same state, I would not alone enjoy the privilege of being sheltered from the sun. At two o'clock, I returned on board, and M. de Clonard went on shore. Soon afterwards, two officers of the *Astrolabe* arrived to inform me that the Indians had just committed a robbery which had occasioned a considerable contest. Some divers had cut the grapple rope of the *Astrolabe's* boat under water, and carried off her grapple, which was not perceived till the robbers had got a considerable way into the interior of the island. As this anchor was necessary to us, a couple of officers, with several soldiers, pursued them, but were soon overwhelmed with a shower of stones. A musket fired in the air without shot produced no effect, and they were at last obliged to fire a charge of small shot, some of which, doubtless, touched one of the Indians, for the throwing of stones then ceased, and our officers were able to gain the tent in tranquillity: but it was impossible to overtake the Indians, who must have been astonished at our patience, which all their insults had not been sufficient to subdue. They soon, however, returned around our quarters, and we became as good friends as at our first interview. At length, at six in the evening, every thing was got on board, the canoes returned on shore, and I made the signal to prepare to weigh. I think I shall complete the portrait of the character of these islanders, when I relate that a kind of chief, to whom M. de Langle had presented a male and female goat, received them with one hand, while, with the other, he stole his handkerchief!"

The ships then proceeded for the Sandwich Islands, and after visiting Owhyhee, they set sail for the northwest coast of America, which he reached towards the end of June, 1786, and spent some time in exploring. A port was discovered, which was named Port des Francaises, or Frenchmen's Port, and here the two vessels cast anchor, after narrowly escaping shipwreck. Nothing of moment occurred during their stay at this place, except the loss of two boats, and twenty-two men, owing to the tremendous swell. To the memory of those who were drowned on this occasion, La Perouse erected a monument, bearing an appropriate inscription, detailing the whole circumstances of the unfortunate catastrophe. He also named the place, l'Isle du Cenotaphe, or Monument Island.

Of the Indians of Port des Francaises La Perouse says:—"Equally rough and barbarous as their soil is stony and unimproved, they inhabit this land only to spread devastation, and, waging continual war with every kind of animal, despise the vegetable productions that spring up around them. I have, indeed, seen women and children eat strawberries and raspberries, but, doubtless, such food is insipid to men who, on the surface of the earth, act the part of vultures in the regions of the air, or wolves and tigers in the forest. The arts of life are there considerably advanced, and they have already made great progress to civilization. But that civilization which polishes manners, and softens ferocity, is yet in its infancy, for their manner of life excluding all subordination, exposes them to be continually agitated by fear or vengeance, and being choleric and prone to violence, we saw them incessantly raising their poignards against each other. Though subject to famine in the winter, as the chase may not produce a sufficient supply of provisions, they enjoy in summer the most profuse abundance; for, in less than an hour, they catch fish enough for the subsistence of their families during the day. Thus, the remainder of their time being condemned to idleness, it is passed in play, which they pursue with as much ardour and passion as the dissipated inhabitants of a great metropolis; and, like them, make it the grand inexhaustible source of their quarrels. Our ships were incessantly surrounded by canoes of Indians, who would suffer three or four hours to pass away before they commenced an exchange of a few fish, or two or three other skins, seized every opportunity of plunder; stole every piece of iron that could be easily carried away; and, in the night particularly, tried every means of eluding our vigilance. I invited all the principal personages on board, and loaded

them with presents, yet, these very men who had been eminently distinguished, were never ashamed to steal a nail or an old rag of clothes. Whenever they assumed an air of mirth and hilarity, I was assured some theft had been committed, and very often merely pretended not to observe it. I expressly recommended the children to be caressed and loaded with small presents, but their parents were insensible to this mark of kindness. The only reflection it excited among them was that, by asking to accompany their children when I invited them on board, they would find new opportunities for plunder; and, for my instruction, I often had the pleasure of observing the father take advantage of moments when we appeared most occupied with his child, to pilfer, and conceal under his covering of skin, everything within his reach. I pretended to desire some trifling articles of little value belonging to the Indians, to whom I had made large presents, that I might awaken their generosity, but without effect.

"Always quarrelling among themselves, indifferent to their children, and tyrants to their wives, whom they condemn to the most incessant and intolerable labour; I have observed nothing among these people to induce me to soften the dark colouring of the picture.

"We never landed without being armed, and in a body, for they greatly dreaded our muskets; and eight or ten Europeans together might command a whole village. The two surgeon-majors of our ships, imprudently venturing alone to the chase, were attacked by the Indians, who endeavoured to seize their muskets, but fortunately without success, and only two men were sufficient to drive them away. A similar accident occurred to M. de Lesseps, our young Russian interpreter, when a boat's crew fortunately came to his assistance. Yet these hostilities appeared to them of so little moment, that they did not discontinue their visits on board, and seemed never to suspect it possible for us to make reprisals.

"I am almost certain this port is inhabited only during summer, and that the Indians never pass the winter there. For I did not perceive a single cabin sheltered from the rain; and, although there were not, at any time, more than three hundred Indians together in the bay, we were visited by seven or eight hundred others.

"The canoes were continually coming in and going out, carrying with them their houses and furniture, which consists of several little chests, containing the most valuable effects. These chests are placed at the entrance of their cabins, which are more unclean and stinking than the dens of the most loathsome animal with which we are yet acquainted. They never withdraw two steps for any common occasion of necessity, nor in the relief of nature do they seek any concealment, or observe any mystery, but continue the conversation in which they are engaged, as if there was not a moment to be lost; and should this occur during a repast, resume their places without concern, from which, however, they do not stir two yards." (Dixon and Cook gave a similar account of the inhabitants of Nootka Sound.

"The wooden vessels in which they cook their fish are never washed, but serve equally for kettle, dish, and plate; and as they cannot be placed on the fire, they boil their water by throwing in red-hot flints, continually renewing them till their food is completely dressed. They are also acquainted with a method of roasting their victuals similar to that used by soldiers in camps.

"The men pierce the cartilage of their nose and ears, to which they attach various little ornaments. They scarify their breasts and arms with a very sharp iron instrument, whetting it upon their teeth, as on a hone. Their teeth are filed down, even with the gums, with a piece of rough stone, rounded off in the shape of a tongue. They paint their faces and other parts of their bodies in a frightful manner, with ochre, lamp-black, and black-lead, mixed up with the oil of the sea-wolf. During great ceremonies, their hair is long and powdered, and dressed with the down of various sea-birds. This seems to be their greatest luxury, and is reserved, perhaps, only for the heads of families. A plain skin covers their shoulders, while the rest of the body is absolutely naked; but they usually

cover their head with small hats of straw, very neatly made. Sometimes, however, they wear on their heads a bonnet with two corners, eagles' plumes, and, lastly, the entire head of a bear, in which they introduce a skull-cap of wood. Of these different head-dresses, they have great varieties; but their principal object seems, like their other customs, to render them only more frightful, and perhaps to inspire their enemies with terror. Some of the Indians had entire shirts of otter-skins, and the ordinary dress of the grand chief was a shirt made of the elk skin. This very dress is well known among the savages of Canada, and other nations on the eastern side of America.

"I saw no tattooing but on the arms of the women, who have also a custom which makes them so hideous, that I could scarcely have credited it, had I not been an eye-witness to it. Every one of them, without exception, has the under-lip cut across, even with the mug, the whole width of the mouth. In this incision, they wear a kind of ladle, without handles, which presses against their gums, to which their cut-lip serves as a pad outwards, so that the lower part of the mouth projects two or three inches. The young girls only wear a kind of bodkin, while the married women alone are entitled to the honour of the ladle. We sometimes persuaded them to take off this ornament, which they consented to with difficulty, making the same modest gestures, and experiencing the same embarrassment, as a European lady would show at uncovering her bosom. The under-lip then fell down on the chin, and this second picture was no less hideous than the former."

The custom of cutting the under-lip appears very general among the tribes who inhabit the north-west coast of America, from the 50° to the 60°, and extends even to the savages of the Isle of Foxes and the Aleutian Islands.

La Perouse says, it cannot be doubted that the sun is the god of the inhabitants of the the Port des Français, who frequently address prayers to him; but he could perceive neither temple nor priests, nor the traces of any regular religion.

Having refitted his ships at Monterey, a Spanish settlement at California, La Perouse steered for China; and, in crossing the North Pacific Ocean, discovered Necker Island. This island, which is very small, is almost a mere rock; and, though totally destitute of trees, it is furnished with a great deal of herbage towards its summit. In the neighbourhood of this island, they met with a sunken rock in the night, on which they were nearly cast away, and which, in consequence, they named the "Shoal of the French Frigates."

On the 3rd of January, 1787, they anchored in the Road of Macao. La Perouse gives a very favourable description of the Chinese. "I dare affirm," he says, "that all the persons employed by the different European companies would joyfully unite in sacrificing a great part of their fortunes, to teach these base Mandarins that there are limits to their injustice, and that their enormities have exceeded the bounds of humanity to tolerate. The Portuguese have more reason to complain of the Chinese than any other nation. Their respectable title to the possession of Macao is well known. The grant of the site of that city is a monument of the gratitude of the Emperor Cam Hy, granted to them as a reward for destroying the pirates who, from the islands in the vicinity of Canton, infested the seas, and ravaged all the coasts of China. It is a vain declamation to attribute the loss of their privileges to their abuse of them. Their only crime is the feebleness of their government. The Chinese every day load them with new injuries, and every moment increase their pretensions, to which the Portuguese government never offered the least resistance; and thus this station, from which a nation that possessed the least energy might overawe the Emperor of China, is scarcely more than a mere Chinese village, where the Portuguese are tolerated, although possessing an incontestible right to command, and the means to make themselves respected, had they but a garrison of 2,000 Europeans, with two frigates, a few corvettes, and a bomb-ketch. The Portuguese, however, have, of late, made an effort of vigour, which will be engraved on tablets of brass in the *façade* of the senate. A seapoy having killed a Chinese, they shot him in the presence of the Mandarins, and re-

refused to submit this affair to the decision of the Chinese tribunal.

The ships afterwards proceeded to the Philippine Islands, and were repaired at Cavita, in the bay of Manilla, where they stayed for some time for the purpose.

In April, 1787, the ships sailed from Manilla towards the north; and, after passing the islands of Formosa and Quelpaert, proceeded along the coast of Corea and Japan, without being able to hold any communication with the natives, in consequence of communication with strangers being prohibited by the Japanese.

On the 15th and 16th of June, which were very foggy days, while near the coast of Tartary, in the 44th degree of latitude, they witnessed a very singular illusion. At four in the afternoon of the 16th, a perfectly clear sky succeeding to the thickest fog; they descried the continent extending from W. by S. to N. by E., and soon after, an extensive land in the south, running towards Tartary in the west, where it left an opening of less than fifteen degrees. They distinguished the mountains, hollows, and all the variations of the ground, but could not imagine how they entered that strait; these hills and hollows soon disappeared. The most extraordinary fog-bank ever beheld had occasioned the deception, and they soon witnessed its dispersion. Its forms and its tints mounted and vanished in the atmosphere among the clouds; and enough of day still remained fully to demonstrate that land to be unsubstantial and imaginary. They stood on, during the night, over the space it had appeared to occupy, and at day-break no object presented itself to their view. The horizon was even sufficiently extensive to admit of their distinctly seeing the coast of Tartary, although more than fifteen leagues distant, to which they shaped their course.

On the 23rd, they dropped anchor in a bay, which La Perouse named the bay of Ternia. They burned with impatience to explore this country. It was the only part of the globe which had escaped the indefatigable activity of Captain Cook, and they were perhaps indebted to the melancholy event which put a period to his life, for the advantage of being the first who landed there.

"Five small creeks," says La Perouse in his journal, "like the sides of a regular polygon, form the circumference of this roadstead. They are separated from each other by hills, clothed with trees to their summits. The loveliest spring never produced, in France, shades of verdure equally various and lively; and, although we had not perceived, while we sailed along the coast, either a canoe or the smoke of a single fire, we could not believe a country so fertile, and so near to China, could be destitute of inhabitants. Before our boats landed, we viewed the coast with our glasses, but only perceived some stags and bears feeding in undisturbed tranquillity along the shore. This view increased the impatience every one felt to land. Our arms were got ready with as much despatch as if we had to defend ourselves against an enemy; and, while these preparations were going on, some of the sailors, who were fishermen, took twelve or fifteen cod with their lines. I gave orders immediately to distribute no more salt provisions, but to keep them for less favourable circumstances. I had the casks got ready to be filled with fresh and limpid waters, rivulets of which flowed into every creek. The whole soil was carpeted with the same plants that grow in our own climate, but more vigorous and of a finer texture. The majority were in flower. At every step we met with roses, yellow and red lilies, lilies of the valley, and, in general, all the flowers that adorn our meadows. The summits of the mountains were crowned with pines, and oaks began to clothe them from the middle, but diminished in size and vigour as they approached the sea. The banks of the rivers and brooks were lined with willows, birch and maple; and the great woods skirted with apple-trees and medlars in bloom, with clumps of nut-trees, whose fruit was beginning to set. Our surprise increased, when we reflected that the vast empire of China is surcharged with an excess of population; inasmuch, that the laws do not even punish parents who are barbarous enough to drown or destroy their children; that this nation, whose polity is so highly extolled, dare not pass the great wall to procure subsistence from a land, whose vege-

tation requires rather to be restrained than accelerated. We found, indeed, at every step, the traces of man marked by destruction; trees cut down with sharp instruments; the ravages of fire in various spots, and shelter constructed for hunters at the corners of the woods. We found also some small baskets, formed of the bark of birch, sewed with thread, exactly similar to those of the Canadian Indians, and some snow shoes. Everything led us to conclude that some of the Tartars came down to the coast in the hunting and fishing season; that, at present, they were collected in villages along the course of the rivers, and that the great body of the nation lived up the country, on a soil more adapted to the multiplication of their immense herds.

"These meadows, so delightful to the eye, were scarcely passable. Buried in thick grass, three or four feet high, we could scarcely direct our steps. We were also in fear of serpents, of which we had found a great number on the banks of the rivulets, though we had no experience of the nature of their venom. This land then was to us a magnificent solitude. The sands of the beach were alone passable, for in every other part we could not make the smallest progress without the most incredible fatigue."

Fishing they found a more advantageous and successful pursuit than hunting; the crews of the two frigates had plenty at every meal, and they deemed the fish they caught here, and the herbs with which they seasoned them, during a stay of three days, a preservative against the scurvy, of which none of the seamen had, till then, the least symptom, notwithstanding the damp and cold occasioned by the almost uninterrupted fogs. It was after one of their fishing parties that they discovered a Tartar tomb by the side of a brook, near a ruined house, and almost buried in the grass. They opened it, when they found two bodies placed side by side; their heads covered with a taffeta cap, and their bodies wrapped in a bear's skin, with a girdle of the same, to which were suspended some small pieces of Chinese money, and various trinkets of copper. Blue beads of glass were spread about in every part, and they found ten or twelve silver bracelets, as they supposed, weighing a quarter of an ounce each, which were afterwards found to be ear-rings, an iron hatchet, a knife of the same metal, a wooden spoon, a comb, and a little bag of blue nankeen filled with rice. They restored everything to its place, and had no room to doubt that the hunters of Tartary frequently landed in that bay. A canoe left near the beach, intimated that they came by the sea, doubtless from the mouth of some river they had not yet perceived. The Chinese coins, the blue nankeen, the taffeta, and the cap, proved that those who buried these bodies had a regular commerce with the Chinese, and were probably subjects of that empire.

On the morning of the 27th, having left on shore various medals, and a bottle with an inscription, containing the date of their arrival, they set sail from this bay, and continued their course to the northward.

They went on shore at Langle Bay, so called from the name of the captain who discovered, and first landed there. They were much pleased with the country and the inhabitants, not having met, since their departure from France, with any who more strongly excited their curiosity and admiration. It was totally contrary to the ideas of the navigators to find, among a people of hunters and fishermen, who do not cultivate a single production of the earth, and who are destitute of flocks, manners more gentle, more serious, and a more comprehensive intellect than in any nation of Europe.

On the 19th of July the two vessels again weighed anchor, and shaped their course N.W. towards the coast of Tartary. They sailed between Chinese Tartary and Saghalien, without being able to determine whether the latter was an island or a peninsula. Returning south, they discovered the straits which bear the name of La Perouse, and sailing north, on the eastern coast of Saghalien, at length, on the 6th of September, arrived at the harbour of St. Peter and St. Paul, on the coast of Kamtschatka. There they stayed for some days to refit the ships; and from thence La Perouse sent copies of his journals, &c., to France, by M. de Lesseps, who proceeded over land across Siberia to St. Petersburg. From these

papers was drawn up the narrative of his voyage. On the 30th of September, the vessel sailed in search of further discoveries.

After leaving Kantschatka, where they were very hospitably received and entertained by M. Kasloff-Ougrenin, the Russian governor of Okhotsk, and the other Russian local authorities, they traversed in the parallel of 37 deg. 30 sec., a space of three hundred leagues, in search of the island which was said to be discovered by the Spaniards in 1620, but in vain; they could not find it; notwithstanding, they saw flights of birds, and other indications of their being near land; these birds, however, they believed to have been driven out to sea by the violence of the winds which blew from the south. La Perouse now shaped his course towards the southern hemisphere, and crossed the line for the third time. He made for the Islands of Navigators, after having passed the Isles of Danger of Commodore Byron. The most easterly island of that archipelago came in sight the 6th of December, 1787. They saw no canoes till they arrived in the channel between the great and small island. They were afterwards visited by many canoes, and bartered freely with the Indians.

On the morning of the 9th, the two frigates approached the land, and ran along the coast at half a league's distance. It is surrounded by a reef of coral on which the sea broke with great force; but this reef almost joined the shore, and the coast formed several little coves, in front of which were inlets where canoes could pass. At the bottom of each of these creeks were numerous villages whence issued innumerable canoes, laden with pigs, cocoa-nuts, and other fruits, in exchange for which were given glass trinkets. The frigates got as near the coast as possible, and let go the anchor at about a mile from the shore; but were tossed about by a heavy swell, which set towards the land, notwithstanding the wind blew off the shore. The name of this place was Maoua Island, and in the afternoon, M. de Langle, the second in command, and several officers, with three armed boats from the two frigates, went on shore at the village where they were received in the most amicable manner. Night coming on when they landed on the beach, the Indians kindled a great fire to make the landing-place clear, and brought birds, pigs, and fruit. After staying an hour, the boats returned. Every one seemed satisfied with this reception; and the only thing regretted on board was being anchored in so bad a roadstead, where the frigates rolled as in the open sea.

Next day was particularly fine, and La Perouse resolved to take advantage of it to reconnoitre the country, and supply the vessels with provisions, prudence not permitting him to pass a second night at that anchorage, which M. de Langle, in the *Astrolabe*, had also found too dangerous for a longer stay; wherefore it was agreed that they should weigh in the afternoon. Ever since daybreak had the islanders brought round the two frigates a hundred canoes filled with different provisions, for which they would receive nothing but beads in exchange. The hatchets and other articles of commerce offered to them, they regarded with contempt. While one part of the crew was occupied in keeping the Indians together and carrying on commerce with them, the remainder filled the long boats and barges with empty casks to go and procure water. Four armed boats set off with this view at five o'clock in the morning for a bay at the distance of about a league, and rather to windward; a situation the more commodious, as the boats could sail back with a free wind. La Perouse went ashore in his Biscay yawl. Unfortunately M. de Langle would go in his jolly boat to a second creek, about a league from the watering place; and this tour, from whence he returned enchanted with the beauty of the village which he had visited, was the cause of a dreadful misfortune which happened to them at this place, as will afterwards be described.

The creek to which the long boat steered was large and convenient; the boats and barges there remained afloat at low water, within half a pistol shot from the beach. The water was fine and easy of access. A line of soldiers was posted between the beach and the Indians, who were in number about two hundred, among whom were many women and children, and who were prevailed upon to sit down under some cocoa

palms, at a short distance from the shore. Each had by him some fowls, pigs, parroquets, pigeons, and fruit, which all wanting to dispose of at the same time created some confusion. The women, some of whom were very pretty, offered, with their fruit and fowls their favours to all such as had beads to give in return. They soon attempted to break through the line of soldiers, who gave them too weak a repulse to stop them. Their manners were soft, lively, and engaging; and they succeeded, without much trouble, in breaking through the ranks. The men next came near, and the confusion increased; but some Indians, whom the travellers took for chiefs, made their appearance armed with clubs, and order was re-established. A circumstance had, however, occurred in one of the long boats, which was a real act of hostility, and which La Perouse thus relates: "An Indian had got upon the stern of our boat when, catching hold of a mallet, he gave one of our sailors several hard blows on the arms and back. I ordered four of the strongest marines to lay hold of him, and fling him into the sea, which they immediately did. The other islanders appeared to disapprove of their countryman's conduct, and this scuffle passed off without any other consequences. Perhaps an example of severity was necessary to make a stronger impression on these people, and let them know what power our arms had over their individual strength; for their height, about five feet ten inches, their limbs strongly formed, and in the most colossal proportions, gave them an idea of their own superiority, which did not render us very formidable in their eyes; but having very little time to stay among these islanders, I did not think myself justified in inflicting a more severe punishment on him who had committed the offence. At the same time, to give them some idea of our power, I ordered three pigeons to be brought which were thrown up into the air, and killed by musket-shot in presence of the whole assembly. This act seemed to have inspired them with some fear, and I must own I affected more from this sentiment than from that of kindness, of which man, hardly out of the savage state, is rarely susceptible."

While everything was going on with the greatest tranquillity, La Perouse thought he might walk about two hundred paces, for the sake of visiting a charming village, situated in the midst of a wood or rather orchard, the trees in which were weighed down by fruit. The houses were placed in the circumference of a circle, about one hundred-and-fifty fathoms in diameter, the centre of which formed a vast open place, with a grass plat of the most beautiful verdure. The trees which overshadowed it, kept up a delicious freshness. Women, children, and old men accompanied him, and invited him into their houses; there they spread the finest and freshest mats on the ground, formed by small picked pebbles, and which they had raised about two feet to protect them from the damp. He entered the handsomest of these huts, which probably belonged to the chief, when how great was his surprise to see a large room of lattice work, equally well executed with any of those about Paris. This charming country united the two-fold advantage of a soil fertile without culture, and a climate which required no clothing. Bread-fruit, cocoa-nut, banana, gonyas, and orange trees, furnished this fortunate people with abundance of wholesome nourishment; while fowls, pigs, and dogs, which live on the refuse of these fruits, afforded them an agreeable variety of meats. They were in want of so little that they disdained the instruments of iron and stuffs of their visitors, and would only have beads. These islanders the voyagers thought are undoubtedly the happiest people in existence; but they were deceived; that beautiful abode was not the mansion of innocence. These Indians, it is true, had no arms, but their bodies were covered with scars, which proved that they must be at war, or quarrel among themselves, and their countenances bespoke a ferocity imperceptible in the physiognomy of women. Nature had, without doubt, left this stamp on the figure of the Indians to denote that man, almost wild, and in a state of anarchy, is a being more mischievous than the fiercest of the animal creation.

This first visit passed off on the whole, without any dispute or disturbance. La Perouse, however, was informed there had been private quarrels, but that great prudence had done them away. M. Rollin, the surgeon-major, had been pelted with

stones; an islander, under pretence of admiring M. Monneron's (one of the officers) sword, attempted to wrest it from him, and the scabbard only having come off, he ran away frightened to death at the sight of the naked blade. It could not fail to be observed that these islanders were, in general, very turbulent, and that they paid very little attention to their chiefs. Towards noon, La Perouse returned on board in his Biscay yawl, and the boats followed very close. It was difficult to get alongside, because of the canoes which surrounded the two frigates, and the market not being exhausted, the command of the ships had been given in charge to M. Boutin, when La Perouse went on shore; and to him it was left to act as he should think proper, in permitting the islanders to come on board, or absolutely forbidding it, according to the circumstances. La Perouse, on his return, found on the quarter-deck seven or eight Indians, the oldest of whom was introduced to him as a chief. M. Boutin told the commodore that he could not prevent them from getting on board without giving orders to fire; that when they compared their bodily strength with theirs, they derided his threats, and made a joke of the sentinels; that, on his side, he was not willing to employ violent means, which, notwithstanding, were the only means that could now restrain them. He added, that since the presence of the chief, the islanders on board had become more orderly, and less insolent. La Perouse made the chief many presents, and gave him proofs of the utmost kindness; wishing afterwards to inspire him with a high opinion of their strength, he ordered different proofs of the use of their arms to be made before him; but their effect made little or no impression on him; he seemed to think they were only fit for killing birds. The boats arrived, laden with water, and everything was disposed for weighing, and taking advantage of a land breeze which had sprung up. M. Langle, on returning from his excursion, informed La Perouse that he had landed in a fine cove for boats, which was situated at the foot of a delightful village, and near a cascade of the most limpid water; and he expressed a strong desire to go ashore next day, and procure a few long-boat loads of water before finally bidding adieu to the island. This was mainly the cause of the concluding tragedy that was enacted at this island, the account of which is thus related by La Perouse:—

"In vain I represented to him that we were not in the least in want of water. He had adopted Captain Cook's system, and thought that water recently taken on board, was a hundred times preferable to that which we had in the hold; and as some of his ship's company showed slight symptoms of scurvy, he thought, with reason, that it was our duty to give them every possible comfort. Besides, no island could stand in competition with this for abundance of provisions; the two frigates having already trafficked for five hundred pigs, a great quantity of fowls, pigeons, and fruit, and all at the expense only of a few beads of glass. I at once saw the truth of these reflections, but a secret foreboding, at first, prevented my acquiescence. I told him that I found these islanders too turbulent to risk sending our boats on shore, where they could not be supported by the fire of the ships; that our moderation had only served to increase the confidence of the Indians, who only calculated on our personal strength being far inferior to their own. But nothing could shake M. de Langle's resolution, who told me that my opposition made me responsible for the progress of the scurvy, which began to make its appearance with sufficient violence, and that, besides, the harbour of which he spoke, was much more commodious than our former watering place. At last, he begged me to give him leave to head the first expedition, assuring me that in three hours he would return on board with all the boats filled with water. M. de Langle was a man of such judgment and capacity, that these considerations, more than any other motive, determined my assent; I therefore promised him that we would stand off and on all night; that on the morrow, our two long boats, and our two barges should be expedited, armed as he might judge proper, and that the whole should be under his orders. On taking up the anchor, we found one strand of the cable cut by the coral, and in the course of two hours the whole cable would have been cut."

It was too late to think of sending the boats ashore that evening, but next morning, about eleven o'clock, the frigates

being only one short league from the island, the large boat and the barge of the Boussole, containing twenty-eight men, and carrying about twenty empty casks to be filled with water, were despatched to the Astrolabe, where they were joined by thirty-three persons belonging to that ship; all being under the command of M. de Langle.

"Among the sixty-one individuals," continues M. de la Perouse, "composing the whole expedition, were the choicest men of our crews. M. de Langle armed the whole with muskets and outlasses, and six swivels were mounted in the long-boats; I left it to him to do whatever he might think necessary for his safety. The boats put off from the Astrolabe at half-past twelve at noon, and in less than three-quarters of an hour arrived at the watering place. How great was the surprise of all the officers, and of M. de Langle himself, to find, instead of a large and commodious bay, a creek, almost choked up with coral, which could only be entered by a winding channel, less than twenty-five feet in width, where the surf broke as upon a bar. When they were within they did not find three feet water; the long boats got aground, and the barges were only kept afloat by being hauled up to the mouth of the channel, far enough from the beach. Unfortunately M. de Langle had explored this bay at high water, and did not suppose that in these islands the tide rose five or six feet. He thought that his eyes deceived him. His first movement was to quit this bay for that where we had already taken in water, and which comprehended the same advantages; but the air of tranquillity and mildness of the people who were in waiting on the beach with an immense quantity of fruit and pigs; the women and children he remarked among the islanders, who always take care to send them out of the way when they have any hostile views; all these circumstances together made his first ideas of prudence vanish, which an inconceivable fatality prevented him from following.

"On their arrival, the savages, who lined the coast, threw into the water many branches of the tree from which the islanders of the South Sea extract their intoxicating beverage, as a token of peace. On landing, M. de Langle gave orders that each boat should be guarded by an armed soldier and sailor, while the crews of the long-boats were employed in filling water, under the protection of a double line of musqueteers, who extended from the boats to the watering place. The casks were filled and quietly put on board, the islanders being kept in tolerable awe by the soldiers.

"But this calm was not of long duration; many of the canoes which had disposed of their provisions to our ships had returned on shore, all of which resorted to the bay where they were taking in water, so that, by degrees, it was full. Instead of two hundred inhabitants, including women and children, which M. de Langle found assembled on his arrival at half-past one, at three there were ten or twelve hundred. The number of canoes which had traded with us in the morning was so considerable that we had scarcely perceived their diminution in the afternoon.

"Towards the end of their work, the natives became more troublesome, which circumstance determined M. de Langle to give up his first idea of trafficking for provisions with them, and he gave orders for embarking immediately; but before this, he presented some beads to a kind of chief, who had contributed in keeping the islanders at a little distance, although he was convinced that if these chiefs had any actual authority, it extended over only very few. Their presents distributed to five or six individuals, excited the discontent of all the others. From that time a general murmur arose, and it was no longer in their power to keep the savages quiet. They, notwithstanding, allowed them to get into their boats, but part of the natives followed them into the water, while the others collected stones on the beach.

"The situation of M. de Langle became more embarrassing every moment. The bay was almost dry, and he could not expect to get his long-boats afloat before four o'clock in the afternoon. He, nevertheless, went on board, as well as his detachment, and took his station in the bow with his musket and fusileers, forbidding them to fire without orders, although he began to perceive that he should soon be forced to it. The

stones already flew about, and these Indians, the water only reaching up to their knees, surrounded the boats, at less than a toise distant; the efforts of the soldiers who were embarked, to disperse them were in vain. If the fear of commencing hostilities and being accused of barbarity had not checked M. de Langle, he would have assuredly ordered a discharge both from the musketry and swivels to be made on the Indians, which would certainly have kept the multitude at a distance; but he flattered himself that he should be able to restrain them without shedding blood, and fell a victim to his own humanity. A shower of stones, thrown from a very short distance with all the strength of a sling, soon reached almost all those who were in the long-boat. M. de Langle, had only time to fire his musket twice, when he was knocked down, and unfortunately fell over the larboard side, when more than two hundred Indians immediately massacred him with clubs and stones. When he

was dead, they tied him by one of his arms to a rowlock of the boat, for the purpose of profiting, no doubt, of his spoils. The long-boat of the Boussole, commanded by M. Boutin, was aground, two toises from that of the Astrolabe, leaving in a parallel line between them a little channel, unoccupied by the Indians, whereby all the wounded who were fortunate enough not to fall on the off side, saved themselves by swimming; they reached our barges which, very fortunately, remaining afloat, were the means of saving forty-nine men out of the sixty-one composing the expedition. M. Boutin, commander of the long-boat of the Boussole, had imitated all the movements, and followed all the steps of M. de Langle; his water-casks, his detachment, and all his people, had been embarked at the same time, and he posted himself in the same manner in the bow of the long-boat. Although apprehensive of the dreadful consequences of M. de Langle's moderation, he did not fire himself



nor order his detachment to fire, until after his commander. It may be supposed that at the distance of four or five paces every shot must have brought down an Indian, but they had not time to load again. M. Boutin was, in like manner, knocked down by a stone; he fortunately fell between the two long-boats, on board of which, in less than five minutes, not a single man remained. Those who had saved themselves by swimming to the two barges, had each several wounds, mostly on the head; those, on the other hand, who had the misfortune to fall over on the side of the Indians, were put an end to in an instant by their clubs.

"But such was their rage for pillage, that those Islanders ran to take possession of the long-boats, and got on board to the number of three or four hundred. They broke up the seats, and pulled the inside to pieces in search of our supposed riches. They then took no further notice of our barges,

which gave Messrs. Vaujuas and Mouton time to save the remainder of the people, and to be sure that none remained in the power of the Indians besides those who had been massacred and killed in the water by blows of their *patous*. Those who were on board our barges, and who had till then been firing upon and killing many of the islanders, no longer thought of any thing but throwing their water-casks into the sea, that the boats might hold them all; besides they had exhausted most of their ammunition, and the soldiers in rushing through the sea to the barges wetted their arms; and the retreat could not be effected without difficulty with so great a number of persons dangerously wounded, who, extended on the thwarts, prevented the cars from having full play. M. Boutin, who had five wounds in the head, and one in the stomach, was kept above water by the coxswain of the long-boat, who was himself wounded. M. Colinet was found lying almost lifeless on the

grapnel-rope of the barge, with one arm fractured, a finger broke, and two wounds in the head. M. Lavaux, surgeon-major of the *Astrolabe*, was so badly wounded that it was necessary to trepan him. He had nevertheless swam to the boats, as well as M. de la Martinière and Father Receveur, who had received a violent contusion in the eye. Messrs. de Lemanon and de Langle were massacred with unexampled barbarity, as well as Talin, master-at-arms of the *Boussole*, and nine others of the two ships' companies. The ferocious Indians, after having killed them, yet sought to wreak their fury on their lifeless carcases with clubs. M. C. Gobien, who commanded the *Astrolabe's* long-boat under the orders of M. de Langle, did not quit it until he found himself left alone. After having used all his ammunition, he leaped into the water on the side of the channel formed by the two boats, which, as I said before, was not possessed by the Indians: and, notwithstanding his wounds, succeeded in saving himself in one of the barges: that of the *Astrolabe* was so deeply laden that it grounded, which gave the islanders an idea of harassing the wounded in their retreat. They came down in great numbers towards the reefs at the entrance of the cove, which the barges were under the necessity of passing at the distance of about ten feet. The little ammunition that remained was exhausted on the furious crowd, and the boats at length got out of this den, more dreadful by its perilous situation, and the cruelty of its inhabitants, than the haunt of lions and tigers.

"At five o'clock they arrived on board, and gave us the recital of this disastrous event. At that moment we had round us a hundred canoes, the natives in which, were selling their provisions with a security which proved their innocence; but they were the brothers, children, and fellow-countrymen of those barbarous assassins who murdered our friends; and I confess I had recourse to all my reason to restrain the rage which animated me, and to prevent our ship's companies from destroying them at once. Already were the soldiers unslashing their guns, and flying to arms; I checked these movements, which were, nevertheless, very pardonable, and ordered a single gun, loaded only with powder, to be fired, to give notice to the canoes to keep off. A small canoe from the coast probably made them acquainted with what had happened; for in less than an hour not a single one was to be seen. An Indian who was on the quarter-deck when our boat arrived, was by my orders arrested and put in irons. Next morning having gone nearer the coast, I gave him leave to jump into the sea, the confidence with which he remained in the frigate being an unequivocal proof of his innocence.

"It was my first intention to give orders for a new expedition to avenge my unhappy companions, and recover the wrecks of the boats; with this view I approached the coast in search of an anchorage; but I only found the same bottom of coral, with a swell setting in shore and breaking on the reefs. Besides, the creek where the massacre took place, was a deep bight in the island, and seemed scarcely possible to approach within gun-shot. M. Boutin, whose wounds still kept him to his bed, but whose mind was in full vigour, represented to me also, that such was the situation of the bay, that should our boats run aground, it was probable not a man would return, for the trees, which grow almost close to the sea-side, sheltering the Indians from our musketry, would leave such as might be disembarked exposed to a shower of stones, the more difficult to avoid, as being slung with great power and skill; their effect was nearly the same as our balls, and had the advantage over them of coming in more rapid succession. I would not, however, give my consent, until thoroughly convinced of the impossibility of anchoring within gun shot of the village. I passed two days in lying before the bay, where I still saw to windward the wrecks of our long-boats aground on the sand, and an immense number of Indians round them. During this time five or six canoes put off from the coast, and came with pigs, pigeons, and cocoa-nuts, to offer us in exchange, I was every moment under the necessity of repressing my anger not to order them to be sunk. These Indians, ignorant of our having any arms that could carry further than our muskets, remained without fear, fifty toises from our ships, and offered their provisions with the most

perfect security. We did not encourage their approach; railway succeeded their offer of traffic, and I soon perceived many other canoes detached from the bank to join them. As they thought themselves secure from our guns, and everything evinced that I must soon be obliged to lay aside my principles of moderation, I ordered a gun to be fired in the midst of them. My orders were executed with the greatest precision. The ball dashed the water into the canoes, which in a moment hastened to the shore, drawing with them in their flight those who had just quitted it. This event deprived us, for a time of thirty-two men, who were grievously wounded, and the two long-boats, which were the only ones capable of containing any number of armed men for the purpose of making a descent."

After this misfortune, La Perouse proceeded to Oyolava, an island near Maouna, which they named the Island of the *Massacre*. "At the distance of three leagues from N.E. point," says La Perouse in his journal, "we were surrounded by an innumerable quantity of canoes, laden with bread-fruit, cocoanuts, bananas, sugar canes, pigeons, and gallinules, but very few pigs. The inhabitants bore a great resemblance to those of the island of Maouna, who had so detestably betrayed us; their dress, features, and gigantic stature were so nearly alike, that our sailors fancied that they recognised many of the assassins, and I had not a little trouble in preventing their being fired upon. But I was certain that they were blinded by rage and the desire of vengeance, which, if I did not think myself justified in wreaking on the canoes of the Island of Maouna itself at the moment of being made acquainted with this horrible event, could not be justly exercised four days after in another island fifteen leagues distant. I, therefore, appeased their fermentation, and exchanges were continued. Much more tranquillity and honesty prevailed there than at the Island of Maouna, the smallest injustice being punished by blows, or reprimanded by threatening words and gestures. At four o'clock in the afternoon, we hove-to, opposite perhaps the most extensive of any island of the South Sea, or rather abreast of a very extensive plain, covered with houses from the summit of the mountains down to the banks of the sea. These mountains are nearly in the middle of the island, from whence the land inclines by a gentle declivity, presenting to the view of the ships an amphitheatre, covered with trees, huts, and verdure; the smoke rose from the heart of the village as from a great city; the water was covered by canoes, all of which endeavoured to get near our ships; several were only paddled by idle lockers-on who having nothing to sell, rowed round our frigates, and appeared to have nothing to do but enjoy the spectacle we afforded them. From women and children being amongst them, it might be presumed that they had no sinister intentions; but we had two powerful motives for not trusting to these appearances, and were ready to repel the most trifling act of hostility in a manner which would have rendered navigators formidable to these islanders. I am strongly inclined to believe that we are the first with whom these people have ever trafficked. They had no idea of the use of iron, constantly refusing that which we offered them, and preferring a single glass bead to an axe or six-inch nail. Rich in the wealth of nature, they in their exchanges, only sought for superfluities and objects of luxury. Among a great number of women, I observed two or three agreeable countenances, which might be supposed to have served as a model for the print of the 'Young woman bearing presents,' in Cook's third voyage; their hair ornamented with flowers and a green ribbon, like *bandeau*, was plaited with grass and moss; their shape was elegant, and their arms well turned and exactly proportioned; their eyes, countenances, and gestures bespoke their mildness, while on those of the men were only depicted surprise and ferocity."

La Perouse afterwards steered for the British colony, in New South Wales. On the 23rd of January, 1788, they made the coast of New Holland, and on the 26th anchored in Botany Bay, which they left in March. In a previous letter the commodore stated his intention to continue his researches till December, when he expected, after visiting the Friendly Islands, to arrive at the Isle of France. This was the latest intelligence received of the expedition; and M. D'Entrecasteaux, who

was despatched by the French government in 1791, in search of La Perouse, was unable to trace the course he had taken, or gain any clue to his fate.

In 1825, an American captain declared that he had seen, in the hands of one of the natives of the island in the tract between Louisiade and New Caledonia, a cross of the order of St. Louis, and some medals, which appeared to have been procured from the shipwreck of La Perouse's vessels. Other intelligence relative to the wreck of two large vessels, on two different islands of the New Hebrides, was obtained by Captain Dillon, the commander of an English vessel, at Tucopia, in his passage from Valparaiso to Pondicherry, in May, 1826, in consequence of which he was sent back to ascertain the facts, when he learnt that the two ships struck on a reef at Mallicolo. It is not indeed certain that these were the vessels of La Perouse, whose fate remained involved in mystery.

THE YOUNG SAILOR'S FIRST TRIP.

On a clear frosty morning, the 12th of January, 182—, I (being then a lad of seventeen) started from my father's house with the firm determination of going to sea on board of a man-of-war. Although brought up in an inland quarter of the country, I had early imbibed an enthusiastic attachment to a seafaring life; a man-of-war's man, with his neat blue jacket, straw hat, and white trousers, appeared to me to be the only individual in the world worthy of envy; and, in defiance of the feelings and wishes of my parents, or of any more prudential motives, I resolved to place myself in the way of becoming one. I therefore steered my course for the nearest sea-port, with that on my shoulder which I proudly denominated my sea-chest, containing a small assortment of shirts, stockings, and other articles of wearing apparel, which, though altogether unfitted for a sailor's sea-stock, "were my best, and I was vainly."

My mind was so taken up with building castles in the air, that I scarcely cast a thought on the friends and relations I had left behind, till after I had got into the steam-boat for Liverpool, and was a number of miles down the Firth of Clyde. It being the first time I had ever been from home, the recollections, then, of former days crowded thick on my mind; and I almost began to repent of the step I had taken, when one of the men who had noticed me a little active in assisting to work the vessel, called, "Ho, there! Sailor! lend a hand here to coil down this hawser, will ye?" I sprang to the spot; and there, in coiling down the rope, I forgot for a time that I had any person belonging to me on the face of the earth. Indeed, the term "Sailor," and the word "Hawser," had almost an electric effect on me. I walked the deck with the air of a midshipman on half-pay, and really thought myself, "Ay, every inch a sailor."

Nothing particular happened till we reached the Mersey, where we were obliged to lie at double anchor, riding out a heavy gale of wind. During the night, while lying on the bare deck, I was roused from a half-sleep by the cry of "A man overboard!" I started up, and looked around. As the steam-boat pitched, the reflecting lights, at the entrance of the river, appeared for an instant, and then sunk under the crested waves, which threatened every moment to make the vessel drag her anchor. The scene on deck was not so busy as I expected, on account of so few men being aboard, except the passengers, who knew no more about a ship than a cow does about handling a musket. Four of the seamen jumped into the boat, the captain making one of them, and pulled directly for the place whence the wretch's drowning cries were heard. We on deck waited with great anxiety, but in a short time could distinguish no sounds, except the roaring of the boisterous waves that lashed against the bow and sides of the vessel, covering us with spray, and wetting us to the skin. The boat returned in safety, but the man was lost.

This accident, and the miserable plight which I was in with cold and wet, affected me much. "My mother!" thought I,

"what would my poor mother say, if she saw me here?—I that have been brought up in comfort from my childhood, that was never wet with a shower of rain but I had to get my clothes changed, now standing shivering under the low-built fore-castle of a steam-boat, drenched to the skin, with no one to say a kind word to me, or to care for me, though I should suffer the fate of him who has just been lost!"

I was roused from such meditations by the cry of the anchor watch, that the vessel was dragging. "Come, come! start her, passengers, and every soul on board!" cried the master, as he dashed in among the passengers, many of whom were lying shivering on the deck, wet with every succeeding sea that struck the vessel. "Come, young man," said he, addressing me, "lend a hand to the windlass here, and get the anchors stowed, and I think we'll venture in, as the wind has chopped round more in our favour. Steady, man! keep your sea legs about ye," continued he, as the vessel gave a wild lee lurch, and upset me in the lee-scutters. He assisted in lifting me up, when I tried to walk as well as I could; and the wind having abated a little, we reached the Brunswick Dock, at Liverpool, about midnight.

When I left home all the money I had amounted to only eight shillings sterling. The steerage fare to Liverpool was 7s. 6d., so that I had only sixpence to "come and go upon." This sixpence I had speedily spent, in treating to a dram the fellow who had gained my goodwill, by calling me, "sailor." During the first day of my passage, I was sick, and felt no inconvenience from the want of money. But on recovering, I became very hungry, and on applying to the steward for something to eat, he told me he could give me nothing but a basin of tea, and some cheese and bread, which would cost 1s. 3d. I hesitated long whether or not I should break upon my fare. I took out a half-a-crown, and turning it over, looked at it anxiously.

At last hunger prevailed. I went aft, and, putting down my beautiful half-crown, demanded the tea and bread from the steward. It was handed to me, and, having got my change, I walked forward and sat down by the funnel to my repast. No epicurean over the most magnificent banquet could possibly enjoy himself more than I did over this simple refreshment. When I had nearly finished, I observed a group viewing my proceedings with, as I thought, a kind of envious look. This group consisted of a middle-aged man, his wife, as I took her to be, and two children, one about five years of age, the other at the breast. They were seated on the wet deck, and the woman and children especially appeared extremely wan and squalid. They were suffering, as I supposed, from hunger, and there was a sullen grief on the face of the woman, that could not be dispelled by the attentions of her husband, who had got an old tarpauling, and was trying to shelter her and the children from the wind and sea spray. I thought in my heart, that they were surely worse off than even I had been, and how comfortable a basin of tea would make them, as it had done me. My fare was broken at any rate; so I went to the steward with the remainder of the half-crown, and bade him give me the same which I had got before. This I gave to the man, telling him to divide it with his family, and putting a piece of bread into the eldest child's hand, I sat down on my former seat and enjoyed the consumption of this refreshment with, I am sure still higher relish than I had done that of the former one.

The man, upon whom I bestowed the small kindness, was an Irishman, and most profuse in his gratitude. "Ah! sure," said he, "I cannot repay you wid thanks for all this; thanks is but wind, and Taddy O'Hara has a soul above it. But what are you going to do!—a young gentleman like you! thravelling in such a condition? Sure, if it ain't enough to break any Irishman's heart to see you so wet and cowl'd, and never another dhry rag to put on; and why, my boy, can't you buy some; sure, you might get a very good jacket cheap now, and it would be dhry?" I assured him that I was not a gentleman, and that so far from being able to buy clothes, I would be under the necessity of selling some of those which I had, to make out my fare. He said nothing, but looked at me in evident surprise, and with a cast of the eye that indi-

cated a suspicion of the truth of what I had told him. However, after having repeated the same story, his features relaxed from the incredulous expression they before wore; and, stretching out his hand to me, he gave it a hearty shake, saying, "By J—, it's myself that is glad of it, for now there's a pair of us! But what do you intend to do at Liverpool?" I told him, to enter a board a man-of-war, as to be a sailor was the utmost of my ambition. He expressed much surprise at this, and, at the same time, proffered his assistance to me when we should come to Liverpool. He told me he was going to seek his father, who he heard was in a good way there; and, if I liked, he said, to go with him, he would use me kindly till I got a ship. I accepted his offers of kindness, without intending to give him an opportunity of fulfilling them; for I had pricked out a course for myself, before I slipped my cable, and intended to keep by it, as far as I could.

When we landed at Liverpool, it was dark and rainy. I paid the captain all the money I had, leaving my chest in his hands as a pledge for the balance of my fare. The Irishman left his wife and children in the boat as pledges,—and took me with him, whether I would or not, away on a voyage of discovery for his father, whom he acknowledged to have scarcely ever seen. He had a letter in his pocket, and, as he could not read, he put it into my hand, to "thry" and decipher the direction. With much difficulty I made out the following words: *Jon o'Harrow, Banistre Strit, 43, Vokshol Road, Liverpool*. It was raining in torrents when we left the boat, but after we had wandered about for some time, it subsided into what the southerners call a *Sootch mist*, which served conveniently to keep us in a moist state, and to secure us from the danger of a sudden transition from wet to dry. Drenched to the skin, we traversed a great part of Liverpool without a farthing in our pockets to authorize us to enter a house of public entertainment, although, with open doors, several of them, late as it was, seemed to invite the wet and weary stranger to a comfortable bed. After inquiring and wandering in vain through many an intricate lane and street, I became excessively fatigued, and, notwithstanding the remonstrances of my companion, resolved to go no farther. I sat down on some steps that sheltered me from the rain, while he, with all the volubility peculiar to his countrymen, endeavoured to rouse me. His words had no effect upon me. I leant my head upon my hands, and indulged my desolate feelings by a sullen silence. When he found he could not move me, he went away, but soon returned with the information, that he had prevailed upon the mistress of an 'illegant' house in an adjoining lane to give us a seat by the fire till the morning. The mention of a good fire revived me, and I arose to follow him, but found myself so stiff with wet and cold, that he was obliged to assist me to the spot, where we would find shelter *gratis*, which was a material consideration with both of us, in our present circumstances.

The outward appearance of the lodging to which he took me destroyed all the hopes of comfort which his enthusiastic encomiums of it on the way had excited, but to which it was no more entitled than a mud built cabin of his own country. It was a sunk flat in a narrow dirty street, and the steps down to it were so straight and perpendicular, that whoever descended, must have done so at the hazard of their limbs. The door was far below the level of the pavement, and studded with big nails, like the doors of some of the old prison houses. I was so little pleased with the appearance of the place, that I half determined not to go in, when the door opened, and a young woman, good looking, but with a pair of eyes all swollen and black, told us, in the Lancashire dialect, to come in out of the rain. The view I had of this woman did not much encourage me, but the sight of a fire, which shed a cheerful blaze through the apartment, tempted me forward, and being warned by my companion, by a shove on the back with his big hard hand, to move in first, I entered into what, without the fire, was little better than a common dungeon.

The first objects that caught my attention in this wretched hovel were two men sitting by the side of the fire-place, but in such a manner that the large chimney-piece, which shot out from the side of the house, obscured them from examination, by

the deep shade it cast along the wall. They rose when we entered, and, bidding us be seated, handed us a noggin of rum. I took one glass, and my companion took another; but from what I observed a little after this, I resolved to take no more, so that when I was offered it again, I declined so firmly that they gave up insisting.

Everything that occurred during the two or three hours we sat in this place tended to confirm me in my first suspicions regarding it. The woman began to rate one of the men, who, with a ferocious countenance heightened considerably by a new-made scar across his cheek, seemed, by his conversation, to be her husband, or rather perhaps her fancy man. He retorted, and I was afraid it would have come to blows. Having put a young child that she had upon her knee in the bed, she picked up a bundle of clothes from the floor, and pulling out from it a roll of Indian silk handkerchiefs, threw them at the man calling him a d—d rapparee, and telling him to take them to Bet Warn that he had been with all the former night. The roll fell at my companion's feet, who, lifting it up, swore "them were the prettiest handkerchiefs ever he seed." The man, who had been steadfastly looking at the fire, started up and cast a ferocious look at Nan, as he called her; then taking the web from O'Hara, he laid it on the floor, and began to unroll it. The web might consist of about thirty handkerchiefs, and they seemed to be very massy and rich. He took a knife, and, cutting one, gave it to me, and then gave another to my companion, saying, that he wove them, and that trade was so good just now that he could easily afford to give one or two to a friend. Then addressing himself to the other man, who had not spoken a word all this time, said, "I say, George, don't you think this here young man (meaning me) ain't very like Bill Hodgets?" "I dare say he may," returned George, "I should like to see them together." "Maybe as he comes from Scotland, he may be an acquaintance of yours?" continued the first speaker. I summoned up all the courage I was master of, and said, with a significant look, that "I could not boast of knowing either them or any of their acquaintances!" They seemed to take the hint, and dropped all further discourse, both in a short time falling asleep. The woman, after replacing the roll of handkerchiefs among the bundle of clothes, lay down on the bed as she was, and very soon fell asleep also.

The dreadful names of Burke and Hare were not then known; but I was sufficiently uneasy in this place notwithstanding; for I had been strictly brought up at home, and the scene before me was new and frightful. I found myself, however, getting very drowsy, in consequence of sitting before the fire, and of having had little or no sleep the two or three preceding nights; and as I felt I must either sleep or go away, I touched O'Hara, who was dozing, and pointed to the door. He understood me, and I, rising gently, left the handkerchief that the fellow had given me on the chair, and made my way to the door, followed on tiptoe by my faithful friend of a day's acquaintance. There was a large bolt over the door, which we removed with difficulty, but without wakening the sleepers. On ascending the steps to get to the pavement, we found a new obstruction in the shape of a grating let over the place, to keep passengers from falling down. I tried to lift it, but my strength was unequal to the task required. With the assistance, however, of O'Hara, it was raised. I got on the pavement first, and made my way down the lane, followed by the Irishman, who told me he heard some of them spaking as he let down the grate.

It was now early in the morning, and after some inquiry, we were so fortunate as to find O'Hara's father's house, where we were very kindly received. The family made us eat a hearty breakfast, and then sent us to bed, while they dried our clothes, and despatched some one for my companion's wife and children, who had been left in the boat. Having slept till 11 a.m. we rose, and the good people were astonished when I told them my intention of being a sailor. I inquired about the character of the house we had been in, and after describing it, the good wife told me she knew little or nothing about the folks, but that they were looked upon by the neighbours as suspicious persons, who had no honest way of earning a livelihood.

EXTRAORDINARY NARRATIVE.

The accounts of travellers and voyagers in olden times, were often thought to contain exaggerated relations; but the increased means we possess of obtaining information regarding every part of the globe, have proved the passage of Lord Byron's to be correct, namely, that "Truth is stranger than fiction."

Daniel Defoe's Robinson Crusoe, is a beautiful piece of fiction, founded upon the adventures of a Scotchman named Alexander Selkirk. He, however, was left upon a luxuriant and fertile island; but the heroes of the present story were doomed to struggle for life, surrounded with snow, and a soil bound in frost during the greater part of the year; and that, too, in the total absence of the glorious and vivifying sun. The boatswain, who was pilot of the vessel, is the narrator.

"We left Archangel, in a vessel which was manned with fourteen hands, besides the captain; we were bound to the north, for the purpose of whale-fishing; the usual course is to keep on the western coast of Spitzbergen, but as I had once before sailed on the eastern side of the island, I was induced to influence the captain to try it on this voyage. Continuing our course, we one day suddenly found ourselves everywhere surrounded by ice. Thinking it probable that we were locked in, and might not again clear ourselves before the winter set in, I recollected that, some time before, a party from Mesen, had once wintered in Spitzbergen, where they left a hut standing, the frame of which had been shipped for the purpose. Calling a council, it was unanimously agreed, that a party should be despatched for its discovery, that we might be provided for the worst; and at least have a place of shelter in case we should be compelled to winter in this severe latitude. With this object in view, and seeing the hazard of standing out to sea with shoals of ice about us, we got within two miles of the shore. Myself and three seamen then started over the ice in search of the hut; fortunately, as we knew we must stay till the next morning, we took with us a stove, a little meal in a bag, one musket, a powder horn, containing twelve charges of powder, some lead, a piece of touchwood, a box full of tobacco, an axe, one knife, a small kettle, and every man his pipe. The labour of clambering over the ice, and the caution necessary for our preservation in such a perilous undertaking, prevented our further loading ourselves, and being thus equipped, we reached the desolate island; we found the hut about a quarter of a mile from the sea. Here we made a fire in the clay stove, which, according to the Russian fashion, was without a chimney, serving the double purpose of cooking and heating the room; also for sitting, or to be near the fire. The hut was divided by a partition, forming an outer and an inner room: we passed the night as well as the circumstances would permit us, and early the following morning, hastened to the sea shore, to communicate our good success to our companions, and assist in landing the provisions and other necessities. Our surprise and anguish may easily be conceived, when we beheld nothing but an open sea, free from ice, and no ship in view. A terrible storm during the night had effected this change; whether the violence of the ice had crushed the ship, or she had foundered at sea, were then useless conjectures, and were matters of speculation—she was never afterwards seen by us, or heard of by any of our countrymen.

"In this wretched situation, our first care was to turn our thoughts towards our only place of shelter—the hut; our next, how we should obtain food. Fortunately the island abounded with rein-deer; we, therefore, shot one of these the first day, and made a meal from it in a raw state. We employed ourselves the remainder of the day in filling up the chinks about the hut, with moss; the building, otherwise, was in a sound state; as wood in cold climates keeps entire for many years. The next day we were cast down beyond all hope; we had consumed our last piece of fuel, and two of our party, who had been out to procure more, returned with the sad account that the island was entirely denuded of wood. We all now gave ourselves up as lost; it was impossible to exist in that country without a constant fire in the hut. We were all four in melancholy contemplation over our unhappy fate, when I thought I saw, as I

stood at the door of the hut, something thrown on shore; anxious to avail ourselves of any chance to preserve life, we went down to the edge of the water, and there, to our surprise and delight, found several pieces of a wreck which had come ashore during the night. These we lost no time in collecting together, and were soon satisfied that we had a sufficient stock for the first winter. After this, entire trees came ashore, but from what country we could not tell, though I knew that all northern voyagers, in their writings, mention the wood seen floating at sea in these regions.

"Our twelve charges of powder procured us as many rein-deer; but it was now exhausted, and we knew not what we should do for food, when the present stock should be consumed. Amongst the wood was the root of a fir, bent like a bow; this gave us the hint, and we set to work with our knife to fashion it to our purpose; but when all was done, we had nothing to string it with, and it was abandoned in despair. Our attention was now turned to another trouble; as the cold increased, we had observed several white bears about, and latterly they had shewn themselves more frequently, so much so that it was hazardous to go out of the hut; one having been so daring as to come into the first part of it, and but for the inner door, would, uninvited, have made one of our party. We were now literally in a state of siege by these ferocious animals; for, although they did not herd and attack us in a body, we could not venture from the door, without the dread of meeting one, and, unarmed as we were, being devoured. It has been well remarked, that necessity has been the mother of all arts. We were in a barren country, surrounded with a ferocious enemy, having no arms but a hatchet, a knife, and a gun without ammunition; we were in want of food, but dare not step out of our hut, for fear of becoming food ourselves to the white polar bear. In this extremity, one of our party said, if we had a hammer, there was iron enough about the pieces of wreck to make spear heads; it had happened the day before, that I had got out a large hook from a plank; this was weighty, and thick at the head part, where also there was a hole, which we enlarged, by making it red hot, and then forcing a spike we had, through it with the hatchet: repeating this several times, we at length mounted it on a wooden handle, and thus became possessed of a hammer. All the iron was now collected together, a good fire was made, and a large stone was procured for an anvil; there were four smiths to one hammer, but those who could not use it, found other branches of work to perform: one fanned the fire with a dried fox-skin; another, with two pieces of stick, took the iron from the fire, while the third was busy in securing it when on the anvil, for the fourth to avail himself of an efficient stroke with the hammer. After considerable labour, and several burns on the hands, we formed two lance heads, which we polished upon a stone, and then bound them fast with strips of rein-deer skin, upon stocks of wood, cut out with great labour from the ship's timber which had been washed ashore. Hunger hastened the performance of the work, and when completed we lost no time in seeking the enemy; for the bear, and not the rein-deer, was now to be our food, until catching or killing the latter could be devised.

"A white north polar bear is by no means a contemptible foe, but there was no alternative; as I was looked up to, as a kind of captain of the party, being the boatswain of the crew, I armed myself with one pike, or spear, and giving another to him I thought the best man, the other two being furnished with the hatchet, and the musket to use as a club, we sallied forth. Now, however, when we were anxious to meet with a foe, we could no where find one; after a little time we spread ourselves, with a view of making as wide a search as possible along the coast, for anything that might have come ashore; for hope, however hopeless, still clings to the distressed. I was just thinking, as I had seen a bear about the hut the night before, that he could not be far off, when I caught sight of one making towards me from behind a point of land where it is probable he had been waiting for my nearer approach. I was at this moment full two hundred yards from my fellow lancer; I therefore ran towards him, to hail him, and have his assistance; the bear gave me but very little time to run,

for he was soon close at my heels; it was, however, fortunate I did so, as it in some measure brought us nearer together, for mutual defence. Turning round upon the bear as he was rising upon his hind legs to seize me, I made a thrust as near to his heart as I could; at this moment his head lowered, and the point of the spear entered his eye; the monster drew back for a moment's pause, which he filled up with a hideous growl. Still anxious for the assistance of my companion, who was making towards me with all possible haste, I again started towards him; I had not, however, got many yards before Bruin was after me: again I had to turn in my defence; the bear, in his second charge, caught the point directly on his head, and by the impetuosity of his attack, overthrew me, spear and all, upon the ground, where I was entirely at his mercy—such as a bear ever shows when he has the advantage, namely, to squeeze his adversary to death.

"It was now, that I reaped the advantage of running: at this juncture, when my destruction must have been inevitable, the spear of my companion was passed through the bear; it did not, however, kill him, for he turned round upon his assailant with increased ferocity, and would, in all probability, have mastered him, however fatal in the end his own wound might have been.

It was now my turn; I was unhurt, and soon again upon my feet; the bear was, advantageously for me, just rising on his hind feet to attack more closely my companion, when I passed my spear through his heart, and he fell dead before us.

"We feasted heartily upon his carcase, and found the flesh very good; in fact, we enjoyed it quite as much as that of the rein-deer. From the nerves of this animal, which we found we could easily separate into fine threads, we made a string for our bow, and were again enabled to take the field against the rein-deer, of which, during the whole of our stay on the island, we killed two hundred and fifty, besides a vast number of blue and white foxes.

"We never, after this affair of the bear, voluntarily ventured against that formidable animal; he is possessed of uncommon strength, and defends himself with extraordinary obstinacy; we killed, in the whole, ten bears, but the nine were in self-defence. Although we did not find all the bears equally courageous—for some of them would make off, being alarmed at our cries, while we were preparing to receive them—yet they gave us unceasing and unspeakable inquietude. We never could venture to leave the hut without our arms, nor could we, with any safety, go a distance but in company, from a continual fear of being devoured by these animals.

"There was one other cause of almost continual uneasiness: we had brought but a small bit of touchwood, in the first instance, from the ship, and we knew not how to procure a light, if we should suffer the one we had, by any accident, to go out. I had heard of the Indian method of rubbing a soft and a hard piece of wood together, and of their making holes in a board, and then rapidly turning a stick, cut to fit the holes in it, till they produced fire; but I never could accomplish it, which I

attributed to not having the proper sort of wood. To obviate, therefore, such a calamity, as that of being left from August to April, a period of full six months, in total darkness, to say nothing of the want of the warmth from a fire, we constructed a lamp of clay, which we dried in the sun, and afterwards baked it by the fire, lining the inside with pieces of our shirt, dipped in the meal we had brought from the ship, and of which we never ate; this we did to prevent the oil oozing through, as the first we made did not answer; we had the precaution to make two lamps, when we did succeed, in case of an accident. The fat of the rein-deer supplied us with a good substitute for oil, and at first a piece of twisted rag for a wick; but when the ship's planks came on shore, we found caulking between them, and very soon burned improved wicks.

"In summer, the rocks afforded us abundance of water from numerous springs, and in winter our little kettle, by the fire, melted snow or ice, and also served us to drink out of, as well as to fetch it in. We had now no fear of wanting the flesh of the rein-deer—but man, is never satisfied; we had hitherto eaten our food raw, and drank the blood of the animals when killed, but now we thought of cooking our food:

all our attempts to do so effectually, however, failed, and when it was partially done, as we had neither salt or bread, we did not relish it. At one time we thought of cooking outside the hut, but the want of wood, and the fear of the white bears, induced us to abandon this project. After about the third summer, being still discontented with the sameness of our diet (raw venison and water,) we hit upon the expedient of hanging a stack of meat up to the rafters of the hut, the upper part of which was almost always full of smoke, like all the Russian cabins



[THE BOATSWAIN ENCOUNTERING A BEAR]

having no chimneys, only a window for the smoke to escape from, when there is more in the place than the inhabitants find agreeable. We relished this as people did at home cured ham, or tongue. When the summer came again we suspended a good stock of flesh outside the top of the hut, far away from the reach of our determined foe, the white bear: here it remained the whole season, exposed to the wind and the sun, upon wooden pegs, which we cut for the purpose; it dried, we found, exceedingly well, and served us in lieu, of bread, relishing our half-cooked meat the same as though we had condiment.

"Our clothes we made out of the skins of the animals we killed, cutting them as we desired, when spread on the ground, with the knife; we made an awl out of a nail, and used the nerves of the bear, finely split, for thread: we had a summer and a winter dress; in the former season we were clad in light undressed skins, in the latter we were dressed like the Sam-oiedes, and Laplanders, with long pelisses of the untanned skins of the rein-deer and foxes. The white bear, much as he annoyed us and kept us on the alert, furnished us with a warm bed in the winter. Still, as we were separated from all hope of ever seeing any other human beings, melancholy

thoughts crept in amongst us; I had a fond wife and three children to aggravate my distress in the hours of reflection, the other three men were single, but they were no less miserable. One, for a long time, had been declining in health, and was every day getting worse; his complaint was a very inveterate attack of the scurvy. The loneliness of our mode of life engendered thoughts which vented themselves in words, speculating which of us would be the longest liver, and who should live to see the others covered under the snow or earth, then to starve for want of attendance when sickness overtook him, and, at last, remain uninterred, or become food for the bears. I often wonder how we could live in such a condition and state of hopelessness; but I am convinced man is much more capable of enduring hardships, than the world will very readily believe; the principal thing to guard against is, never to despair. A desponding mind cannot overcome slight or imaginary troubles: how then shall it meet real and weighty difficulties? I often, when I saw my companions drooping, blew up the dying sparks of hope, by affecting to believe I descried a sail at sea; and when lying in our hut, during the long winters of six months, I frequently spoke of vessels that I thought might by chance take the course we had, and bring us a deliverance. And thus we lingered on, between hope and fear, until one of our party died.

"It is said, that drinking the warm blood of the rein-deer is a remedy and preventive against the scurvy. It is worthy of notice, in this particular instance, that three of our party, when they hunted down the rein-deer, or the fox, always made it a practice to drink the warm blood of the animal; but the man who died (Feodor Weregine) had an unconquerable aversion to the blood from his first landing, and he was very indolent and unwilling to use much exercise; on the contrary, my other shipmates in misfortune, became the most swift of foot of any men I ever saw, or ever heard of; I verily believe one of them could run down the fleetest Russian horse; together, they frequently have, by making the rein-deer take numerous turns, run it down, and slayed it afterwards. I was the oldest of the party, being fifty-three when I left the island; though I took my share in all the labours and exploits, and in excellent health the whole time, I never acquired such speed as my companions. The man that died was the youngest of us all; for upwards of twelve months he was bedridden, without having strength enough to raise himself up, or power of moving his hand to his mouth. We fed him the whole of this time, in the same manner as a new-born child is fed, from a wooden spoon we made for him out of a piece of ship-plank. He died at the end of our sixth year's residence on the island, and as it was still winter, we buried him as deep under the snow as we could without spades, to prevent the wild animals from disturbing the corpse.

"One day, about four months after the departure of our mate, in solitude, we were walking by the sea side, and as it was the 15th of August, when the sun was every hour expected to take his leave of us for another long winter, we were not in very high spirits. 'I am sorry,' said one, 'that Weregine is gone, for though he did give a great deal of trouble while he was sick, he found us employment, and that's better than being idle throughout these dismal winters; I am almost inclined to fall sick myself, and get rid of this wearisome life. Ah, boatswain! here's another summer gone; this ship of yours will never arrive.' 'Won't it by G—d,' I exclaimed, as I involuntarily leaped for joy, 'run, run! to the rock, hoist up a skin,' taking off my own coat of skins, and hanging it up on the point of my spear. It needed no persuasion of mine to spur my companions on to exertion; they saw the vessel nearing the shore, and bounded from place to place to erect signals, with the rapidity of swallows on the wing. As the vessel was still too far distant for us to observe whether we were seen, we at length, all three, forgetful of the bears, assembled on the highest headland, with only one spear, and that fixed in the ground, with a skin suspended from the point. Here we held out our arms, hallooed, and made every possible demonstration of our desire to be noticed. Oh! how much I then longed for a charge of powder, that we might have fired a gun as a signal of our distress.

"At length, to our inexpressible joy, we saw a boat lowered, and then make for the shore. It appeared the ship's crew had seen us from the first, and taking us for natives, would have passed on, but thinking, from our manner, we wanted to trade, they came on shore. She was a Russian whaler, like the one we had come out in. Nothing could exceed the astonishment of the men in the boat when we related our story. The captain, immediately he was informed of our situation, came to visit our hut, and the various things we had about us, all made with a single knife. (I speak of household utensils.) Having convinced himself of the truth of our story, and recovered himself from his first impulse of finding countrymen of his own in such a place, preparation was made, forthwith, for getting our things on board; we shipped fifty pods or two thousand pounds weight of rein-deer fat, upwards of two hundred and forty rein-deer skins, several hundred fox-skins, and ten bear-skins, with the whole of our clothes and tools, to keep as curiosities, and exhibit to our friends. We had a prosperous voyage to Archangel, but here I was destined to undergo a fresh calamity—

"Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of paradise that has surviv'd the fall!
Though few now taste thee unimpaired and pure,
Or, tasting, long enjoy thee."

"It happened that my wife, who had long since given me up for dead, (it being six years and upwards of three months since we parted,) frequently came down to the bridge, to look at the vessels as they came into the river; perhaps she had still a latent hope that she might one day see me. Be this as it may, she was on the bridge as our ship passed, and as I was on the deck, anxiously looking round for old associations of memory, she saw me, and in the act of surprise, stretching out her arms, she fell over the parapet into the water. I heard the splash, and the cry of 'A woman! a woman fallen from the bridge.' Boats were immediately on the spot, but she did not again rise. As our ship's boat was astern, I jumped in, with three others, to render assistance. Still, as she did not rise, a proposal was made to commence a drag for her; aware that this would occupy some time, and that, if her life was to be saved, not a moment should be lost, and being myself a good swimmer, although I was unconscious for whom I was exerting myself, I took off my jacket, and dived down upon the spot pointed out to me as the one where she had fallen into the water. My first attempt was successful; I brought her up. But, oh, God! who shall describe my feeling, my distress and anguish of soul, when I saw my wife lying in the boat, to all appearance, dead! The blood was running from the temple, for it seems her head had struck the bridge in her fall—and she was altogether lifeless. Here was an object for a fond husband, after so long an absence, to look on! Perhaps my long solitude and sufferings, had made me a different man, and feel unlike others; certain it is, that upon this occasion, never did man feel as I did. To add to my distress and anguish, I was soon informed by a spectator, of her having actually fallen from the bridge in the moment of ecstasy and transport at seeing me, even while she was stretching out her arms to welcome me home. What was the cold of the Arctic regions? what the dread of the white bear? what the horrors of starvation? I would cheerfully have returned to them all, for the recovery of my wife. In a moment of frenzy, I cursed my destinies, and was about to throw myself into the water from whence I had brought up my wife, when the recollection of my children flashed across my mind—this saved me. We reached the shore; my wife was put to bed, and the doctor attended; she was bled, and hopes held out that she might recover. But why need I dwell upon the hackneyed particulars of scenes which can only be felt—the state of my mind in a new world—the alternate hopes and fears—the changes, the symptoms of her case, one day held out of her recovery, and the next of her dissolution.—She did recover; and I, who had been lost to the world, and even many times given myself over as food for the white bear, was again in possession of an affectionate wife, and surrounded

by my children, who would never have known their father, if that wife had not survived to point him out to them.

"What an inconsistent being is man! When I am no more, perhaps this narrative will be forgotten, or read without interest. When our story was known, and we were alive, all the world rushed to obtain a sight of us, and hear us talk of our adventures. Our hammer, our pikes, our spoon and wooden forks, the box we had cut out of a solid piece of wood to contain them; together with the worn-out knife, were all articles of purchase at a price scarcely credible to a sober mind; but my wife would not part with any. We were carried from place to place as nondescripts, for exhibition; the novelty, however, soon wore off, and even royalty, which at first caressed, neglected to do anything for us. We still however, had our health and strength, and as a few pieces of money had occasionally been put into our hands while we were show folks, and as our previous habits had taught us temperance, we had preserved them. This enabled us to purchase a boat, and as we were unwilling, after the scenes we had gone through together, to separate, we all three entered into partnership, and embarked in the fishing trade; in which avocation, with the assistance of my sons, this narrative leaves us. Adieu! reader, and may you never know the loss of civilised society, and the comforts it brings, as we have, during our sojourn upon the island of Spitzbergen."

A COLLEGE YARN.

The sign of a true-hearted sailor,
Is to give and to take a good joke.

Old Song.

"TWAS on a charming summer's morning, as I was walking on the delightful terrace fronting Greenwich Hospital, viewing with admiration the grandeur of the majestic Thames before me, which was most picturesquely studded with vessels of all classes, proudly bearing up with their wealthy cargoes to the great metropolis, that my attention was attracted by the conversation of some of those remnants of bravery, the pensioners, seated on the benches near me. They were engaged in fighting their battles over again, with all the enthusiasm of young heroes, and seemed rejoicing in the remembrance of those actions in which they had, severally, either lost an arm, a leg, or an eye; or, in some way or other, could boast a noble scar, won in defending their native shores. Others were amusing themselves by relating some of the most wonderful anecdotes of their lives, and of their feats by land as well as by sea. I listened with delight to their tales, and was particularly amused by one, which, although many years must have elapsed since it occurred, was given with all the force and animation of a first relation. The hero was a fine old specimen of Britain's Sons of Thunder; he seemed to have buffeted the storms of life threescore years at least, out of which, as I afterwards learned, seven-and-thirty had been actively devoted to the service of his country, and had nobly braved the battle and the breeze. He was seated among some half score of his messmates, who were anxiously waiting the commencement of his story. "Come, come, Jack," says one, "spin us that yarn about his honour, the civil magistrate, and the snob." "Aye, aye," says another, "that's the one for me, for it shows his honour knew well how to behave to a British sailor." "Well, well," replied the veteran, "if 'twill amuse you, d'ye see, why I doesn't care, altho' you've heard it as many times as there are trees in the park." My curiosity was a little excited by this, and drawing myself nearer towards them, I took out my pocket book, and, under the feigned appearance of sketching the scene before me, sketched the following, which is nearly *verbatim* with the original:—

"You must all of you, my lads, recollect the Northumberland; well, I sailed in her for six years, until she was paid off, and I had a good bit of prize money and wages due to me, which, when I got, I resolved to make a voyage to dear old Ireland, the God bless it, and steer my course for Kilmacthomas, in the county of Waterford, on a visit to my poor parents, who I'd

not seen for some fifteen years. Well, for the first time in my life, I touched at *Port Roguery*—that London. Well, I had just been to see Nelson's monument, and was bearing away to get myself shipped on board a stage coach, for Bristol, when, thinks I, I'll sport a pair of new pumps. Well, I spies an old man standing at the corner of a street, and hails him, to point out a shop to get 'em—he took me under his convoy, and we bore up for a shoemaker's. Well, in we went. 'Ho! ho!' says I, 'I wants a pair of prime long quarters and buckles fit for an admiral.' I was served in a crack, and out I hauls a bundle of notes, for I'd a pretty sample, and bids the cobbler take for 'em. He picks out a *Two*, but not having change, handed it over to the old man to go and get it. Well, he made sail you know, but some how or t'other, he was not able to keep his reckoning so as to make the port again; and the lubber of a snob, thinking I had never doubled Cape Horn, asked me to unship the shoes again. 'Avast there,' cried I, 'I've not been to sea all my life for nothing, and am not to be taken aback in that kind of way,' and swore he should hand me over my change; on which he swore he would send for an officer. That made me contented, for I thought, d'ye see he meant one of his Majesty's, and I should be sure of being righted. Well, up comes the officer, but he'd no uniform, and when I asked him if he belonged to his Majesty's service, he laughed at me, and told me he would introduce me to a *civil* magistrate that would do me justice, and we all set sail for his worship's.

"When we arrived, the lubber spun a long yarn about my not paying him for the shoes, and asked his honour to make me; but Lord bless you, his *civil* honour told him plain he couldn't, and asked me what I'd got to say, when I hauls over a power of lingo, just by way of explanation, like to what I've told you.

"Well," says his honour, says he, 'I think you unfortunately got into bad company.'—'I don't know what you call it,' says I, 'but I knows that that land crab wants to bamboozle me out of the note he gave to the old man.' 'Please your worship,' says the snob, the old man called him his son, he did not deny it, and I supposed I was right in giving him the note to change.'—'If he did call me his son,' says I, 'I didn't know it, and if he is my father it is without my knowledge, and if I am his son, all I can say is that I've got a damned rogue of a father.' 'Well, my man,' said his worship, 'I wish you had some friend to take care of the rest of your money for you.' 'Why as to that, your honour,' says I, 'I can do that myself, but who would have supposed that the first *civil* man I met with in London should be a rogue—you wont think I mean any allusions, your honour.' 'No, no,' replied his *civility*, 'but I would recommend you to pay the shoemaker, and then pursue your journey to Bristol.' 'To Bristol, your honour,' says I, 'why I am bound beyond that, and for twenty years I have been trying to come at the wish of my heart, that is to see my parents once more, and with some cash in my pocket. I would have gone before, but I could not assist them. I ran away from them twenty years ago, and I suppose they think I have gone to *Davy's Locker*; but if ever I reach Kilmacthomas, in the county of Waterford, I will make their old hearts leap with joy, and prove that Jack has still a soul to be saved. But I do not think I ought to pay for the shoes again, as the lubber himself gave the note to the old rogue.' 'Do not mistake me,' said his worship, 'I did not order you to pay for the shoes, I only recommended it to you; in fact I have no power to make such an order.'

"The officer was right," cried I, 'when he said you were a *civil* magistrate, and there is no advice you can give me that I will not follow.'

"I can say no more," replied his worship, 'follow the course you have intimated with prudence, and I am sure you will do right, but you must not stop on the road.' 'Your honour may depend I will not,' said I, 'and if I could go all the way by sea I would, for I should never be out of my latitude then; but these damned stages bring up so often, they make seven bells thirty times a-day. However, I shall never forget what your honour has said, and if ever I hear any one speak of a *civil* magistrate, I will be sure to tell them that they will find one in London. But what am I to do with the lubber, your

honour?" "I have already told you what I recommended," said his worship, "and must leave it to yourself." Upon this I hauled out another note, gave it to the lubberly snob, desiring him to hand over the change to a poor half-starved looking fellow who stood near, and, wishing his *civility* good day, with a promise that I would call on him again if ever I came that way, I once more set sail on my journey to Kilmacthomas."

Here the College bell summoning them to mess, cut short the conversation, and I retired much amused with the story, and much more pleased with the worthy old subject of it.

PARTICULARS OF THE LOSS OF THE COLUMBIA STEAMER.

The Margaret, a spare steam-vessel belonging to the Boston and Halifax Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, arrived at Liverpool on Sunday night, at half-past nine o'clock, under the command of Captain Shannon (late of the Columbia), bringing the mails and the greater part of the passengers of the Columbia steamer, which was unfortunately wrecked on the rocks at Seal Island, in a dense fog on Sunday the 2nd of July, 1844. We learn that at the time of the Columbia's departure for Boston, the wind was from the southward with moderate breezes and thick weather. At eight p.m. of that day the fog became dense with a calm sea, and so continued. The ship proceeded on her voyage without any material occurrence until the 2nd, when she suddenly struck on a rock or ledge at a quarter past one p.m. At the time when she struck she was proceeding at the rate of about ten knots an hour; the sea was perfectly calm and the fog very thick. There was the usual watch on deck and look-out in all parts of her. There was not the slightest appearance or intimation of danger one moment before she struck. She ran upon the ledge and settled down to about midships. The captain and crew, when she first struck, considered she had run down a fishing-boat in the Bay of Fundy; no one had any idea that she was near land, or liable to any danger from rocks or ledges. After she had grounded, it was ascertained that she was ahead of the pilot's reckoning, owing to the extraordinary in draft of the currents and tides into the Bay of Fundy. The fishermen who boarded the ship on her taking the ground, all spoke with astonishment of the very extraordinary in draft then prevailing, and all who knew the navigation declared that for some few days previously it had been greater than for any time for many years. Immediately the ship struck, signal guns were fired, which after some time were answered from the shore, and at about four o'clock p.m., a boat boarded them from the Seal Island. It was then ascertained that the rock, or ledge, on which the ship had struck was called the "Devil's Limb," and was situate about a mile and a quarter from the shore, and nearly the same distance from the light-house. The distance was about 150 miles from Halifax, and it was about high water when she first struck. Instantly on the vessel striking the chain cables were hauled aft, the coals thrown overboard, the anchors let go from the bows, and every exertion was made to lighten the ship. An anchor was carried out, in order, if possible, to get her off, but all was in vain. She was firmly fixed on the ledge about midships, and from soundings it was ascertained that at this time there was upwards of twenty-seven feet of water at her stern.

At about four p.m., the passengers were, with their baggage, landed on the Seal Island. For some time after the ship struck she was found not to make more water than could be easily got rid of by two pumps, but on the day following a gale sprung up, with a heavy sea, which caused her to back upon the rock, and bilged her, and the water then flowed into and out of her with the tide. On the 3rd instant the packet brig Acadian, on her passage from Boston to Halifax, spoke the wreck, and information was forwarded on by her to the agent of the company at Halifax, who instantly despatched the Margaret to convey the passengers and mails. On Tuesday morning, the 6th, the Margaret arrived at the wreck, the agent of the company being on board, and imme-

diately took all on board, with the exception of some of the officers, the pilot, and crew of the Columbia, who were left with the wreck for the purpose of saving any of the materials. When the captain left her she was lying bilged on the rock, a complete wreck, and without the most remote prospect of her being moved.

The Margaret left Halifax on the 9th instant, at half-past five, and made the voyage in thirteen days, stopping at the Cove of Cork one day for a further supply of coals. She brought upwards of sixty passengers.

Besides the thickness of the fog, the disaster of the Columbia is ascribed also to the extraordinary current which was running when she struck. Such a strong current of the Bay of Fundy, distinguished as it is for the rushing of its tides, was unknown for the space of forty years previously; and two or three other vessels were lying stranded by it in sight of the Columbia. It is no wonder, then, if an error occurred in the dead-reckoning of her distance.

A meeting of the passengers was held at Seal Island on the 6th instant, when a resolution was passed, appointing a committee of five to draw up a letter to Captain Shannon, expressing their high opinion of his conduct.

CASABIANCA.

[Young Casabianca, a boy about thirteen years old, son to the admiral of the Orient, remained at his post (in the battle of the Nile), after the ship had taken fire, and all guns had been abandoned; and perished in the explosion of the vessel when the flame had reached the powder.]

THE boy stood on the burning deck

Whence all but he had fled;

The flame that lit the battle's wreck,

Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,

As born to rule the storm;

A creature of heroic blood,

A proud, though child-like form.

The flames roll'd on—he would not go

Without his father's word;

That father, faint in death below,

His voice no longer heard.

He call'd aloud:—"Say, father, say,

If yet my task is done?"

He knew not that the chieftain lay

Unconscious of his son.

"Speak, father!" once again he cried,

"If I may yet be gone!"

And,—"but the booming shots replied,

And fast the flames roll'd on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,

And in his waving hair,

And looked from that lone post of death,

In still, but brave despair.

And shouted but once more aloud,

"My father! must I stay?"

While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,

The wreathing fires made way.

There came a burst of thunder sound—

The boy—oh! where was he?

Ask of the winds, that far around

With fragments strewed the sea!

They wrapt the ship in splendour wild,

They caught the flag on high,

And stream'd above the gallant child,

Like banners in the sky.

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,

That well had borne their part—

But the noblest thing which perished there,

Was that young faithful heart!

EXPLOSION OF H. M. S. AMPHION.

THE frigate *Amphion*, commanded by Captain Israel Pellew, after having cruised for some time in the north seas, had at length received an order to join the squadron of frigates commanded by Sir Edward Pellew, the captain's brother. She was on her passage, when a hard gale occasioning some injury to her foremast, she was obliged to put back into Plymouth to repair, she being then off that place. She accordingly came into the sound, anchored there on September 19th, and the next morning went up into the harbour, where she lay close alongside of a sheer hulk, taking in her bowsprit, with the *Yarmouth*, an old receiving ship, close to her, and both within a few yards of the dock-yard jetty.

At about half-past four in the afternoon of the 22nd, a violent shock, as of an earthquake, was felt at Stonehouse, and extended as far as the Royal Hospital, and town of Plymouth, shaking the windows in the houses. The sky towards the dock appeared red like the effect of a fire; for nearly a quarter of an hour after, the cause of this appearance could not be ascertained, though the streets were crowded with people running different ways in the utmost consternation.

When the alarm and confusion had somewhat subsided, it began to be known that the shock had been caused by the explosion of the *Amphion*. Several bodies and mangled remains were picked up by the boats in *Hamoaze*; and their alacrity on this occasion was particularly remarked and highly commended. The few of the crew who remained alive were conveyed, in a shockingly mangled state, to the Royal Hospital.



EXPLOSION OF H. M. S. AMPHION, CAPTAIN ISRAEL PELLEW, SEPTEMBER 22, 1796.

As the frigate was originally manned from Plymouth, the friends and relations of the unfortunate ship's company mostly resided in the neighbourhood. It is dreadful to relate the scene that took place—arms, legs, and lifeless trunks, mangled and disfigured by gunpowder, were collected and deposited at the hospital, where they were taken in sacks to be owned. Bodies still living, some with the loss of limbs, others having expired as they were being conveyed thither; men, women, and children, whose sons, husbands, and fathers, were among the unhappy number, flocking round the gates and entreating admittance. During the first evening, though numerous reports were constantly being circulated, nothing correctly could be ascertained concerning the cause of this terrible event; and the few survivors who, by the following day, had regained the use of their senses, were not able to give the least information.

No. 35.

One man, who was brought alive to the Royal Hospital, died before night, and another before the following morning; but the boatswain and one of the sailors appeared likely, with great care to do well. Three or four men, who were at work at the tops, were blown up with them, and falling again into the water, were picked up very little hurt; and these, with the two before mentioned, and one of the sailor's wives, were supposed to be the only survivors, besides the captain and two of the lieutenants.

The following particulars were, however, collected from the examination of several persons, before Sir Richard King, the port-admiral, and what information could be procured from those who saw the explosion from the dock.

The first person who was known to have observed anything of the explosion, was a young midshipman in the *Cambridge*

guard-ship, which was lying at a short distance from the Amphion when she blew up; who, having a great desire to observe everything relating to a profession in which he had just embarked, was looking at the frigate through a glass, as she lay alongside of the sheer-hulk, taking in her bowsprit; when suddenly he observed the Amphion to rise altogether from the surface of the water, until he could nearly see her keel; the explosion instantly succeeded, when the masts seemed to be forced up into the air, and the hull instantly went down. All this passed in the space of about two minutes.

The man who stood at the dock-yard stairs said, that the first he heard of, it was a kind of hissing noise, which was instantly followed by the explosion, and he then saw the masts blown up into the air. At first it was very currently reported, that several windows in the dock were broken by the explosion,

and that much mischief was done in the dock-yard by the Amphion's guns going off when she exploded; but though the shock was felt as far off as Plymouth, and even at Stonehouse, enough to shake the windows; yet it is a wonderful and miraculous fact, that, surrounded as she was with ships, close alongside of the jetty, and lashed to another vessel, the Amphion herself was the only thing that suffered by the dreadful accident. It is melancholy to reflect, that owing to their intention of putting to sea the next day, there were nearly one hundred men, women, and children, over and above her complement on board, who were taking leave of their friends, besides the company that were at two dinners which were given in the ship, one of them by the captain.

Captain Israel Pellew, and Captain William Swaffield, of his Majesty's ship Overysse, who was at dinner with him and the



first lieutenant, were drinking their wine after dinner, when the first explosion threw them off their seats, and struck them against the curlings of the upper deck, so as to stun them. Captain Pellew, however, had sufficient presence of mind to run to the cabin windows, and seeing the two hawsers, one slack in the bit and the other taut, threw himself with an amazing leap—which he afterwards declared nothing but the sense of his danger could have enabled him to take—upon the hawser which was taut, and by that means saved himself from the general destruction, though his face had been badly cut by the curlings when he was thrown from his seat. The first-lieutenant saved himself in the same manner, by jumping out of the window, and being also a remarkably good swimmer; but Captain Swaffield being, it was supposed, more stunned, did not escape. His body was found on the 22nd of October, one month after

the accident, with his skull fractured, and appearing to have been crushed between the sides of two vessels.

The sentinel at the cabin-door happened to be looking at his watch, at the time of the accident: how he escaped no one could tell, not even himself. He was, however, brought on shore, and but very little hurt. The first thing he felt was his watch being dashed out of his hands, but from that time he was insensible to anything that happened to him. The boatswain was standing on the cat-head; the bowsprit had been stepped for three hours, the gammoning and everything on, and he was directing the men in rigging out the jib-boom, when suddenly he felt himself driven upwards, and fell into the sea. He then perceived that he was entangled in the rigging, and had some trouble to get clear, when he was taken up by a boat belonging to one of the men-of-war, who found that his arm was broken.

One of the surviving seamen declared to an officer of rank, that he was preserved in the following astonishing manner:—He was below at the time the *Amphion* blew up, and went to the bottom of the ship; when, recollecting that he had a knife in his pocket, he took it out, and cut his way through the companion of the gun-room, which was already shattered by the explosion; then, letting himself up to the surface of the water, he swam ashore unhurt. The knife he showed to the officer, and declared that he had been full five minutes under water.

A singular but frightful accident occurred to one of the sailors' wives, who had a young child in her arms; the fright of the shock made her take such fast hold of it, that, though the upper part of her body alone remained, the child was found alive, locked fast in her arms.

Mr. Spry, an auctioneer, who had long lived in great respectability at Dock, had gone on board, in company with his son and godson, to visit a friend, and were all lost.

About half an hour before the frigate blew up, one of her lieutenants, with Lieutenant Campbell of the marines, and some of the men, got into the boat at the dock-yard stairs, and went off to the ship. Lieutenant Campbell had had some business to transact at the marine barracks in the morning, and continuing there some time, was engaged by the officers to stay to dinner, and spend the evening with them; but some persons, who had in the interval come from the *Amphion*, informed Lieutenant Campbell that there were some letters on board for him, and as there were some which he was extremely anxious to receive, he left the barracks about half an hour before dinner to fetch them, intending to return immediately; but while he was on board, the fatal explosion took place. He was a young man, universally respected and lamented by the corps, as well as by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. One of the lieutenants who lost his life was the only support of an aged mother and a sister, who, by his death, were left without either friend or relation to comfort and protect them; and it was truly melancholy to witness the number of people who were afterwards daily seen at Dock, in deep mourning for their lost relatives.

Captain Pellew was taken up by the boats, and carried to the house of Commissioner Fanshawe, in the dockyard; but he was so very weak with the exertions he had made, and so shocked with the distressing cause of them, that at first he appeared scarcely to know where he was, or to be sensible of his situation; but in the course of a day or two he was a little recovered, and was then removed to the house of a friend, Dr. Hawker of Plymouth.

Sir Richard King had given a public dinner in honour of the coronation. Captain Charles Rowley, of the *Unité* frigate, calling in the morning, was engaged to stay, and excused himself from dining on board the *Amphion*, as he had previously intended. Captain Darby, of the *Bellerophon*, was also to have dined with Captain Pellew, and had come round in his boat from Cawsand-bay; but having to transact some business with Sir Richard King, concerning his ship, it detained him at Stonehouse half an hour longer than he expected. He had just gone down to the beach, and was stepping into the boat to proceed up Hamoaze, when he heard the fatal explosion. Captain Swaffield was to have sailed the next day, so that the difference of twenty-four hours would have saved the life of that much-lamented and truly valuable officer. His brother, Mr. J. Swaffield, of the pay-office, had also been asked to the same dinner, and had set off with him from Stonehouse; but before he had reached Dock a person came after him upon business, which obliged him to return, and thus saved him from sharing his brother's untimely fate.

Many conjectures were formed as to the cause of this catastrophe. Some conceived it to be owing to neglect, and that the men were employed in drawing the guns, and, contrary to rule, had not extinguished all the fires, though the dinners were over. This, however, the first lieutenant declared to be impossible, as they could not be drawing the guns, the key of the magazine, to his certain knowledge, was hanging in his cabin at the time. Some of the men likewise declared, that the guns were drawn in the Sound, before they came up to Hamoaze: It was

also insinuated, that it was done intentionally, as several of the bodies were afterwards found without clothes, as if they had prepared to jump overboard before the ship had time to blow up; but as no mutiny had ever appeared in the ship, it appears very unlikely that such a desperate plot should have been formed, without any of those who survived having the least knowledge of it. It is, besides, a well-known fact, that in almost every case of shipwreck where there is a chance of plunder, there are wretches so far destitute of the common feelings of humanity, as to hover round the scene of horror, in hopes to benefit themselves by stripping the bodies of the dead, and seizing whatever they can lay their hands on.

It was the fore magazine which took fire: had it been the after-one, the damage which ensued must have been considerably greater. The moment the explosion was heard, Sir Richard King rose from dinner, and went in his boat on board the hulk, where the sight he beheld was dreadful. The deck was covered with blood, and numbers of mangled limbs and entrails, blackened with gunpowder, while the shreds of the *Amphion's* rigging were hanging about her, and pieces of the shattered timbers strewed all round. Some people who were at dinner in the Yarmouth, though at a very short distance, declared that the report they heard did not appear to be louder than the firing of a cannon on board the *Cambridge*, which they imagined it to be; and they did not even rise from dinner, till the confusion upon deck led them to think that some accident had happened.

The following day, at low water, about a foot and a half of one of the masts appeared above water; and for several days after, the dock-yard men were employed in collecting the shattered masts and yards, and in dragging up what they could procure from the wreck. On the 29th, part of the fore-chains was hauled up, shattered and splintered, with all the bolts forced out, and also the head and cutwater.

On October 3rd, an attempt was made to raise the *Amphion*, between the two frigates, the *Castor* and *Iphigenia*, which were accordingly moored on each side of her; but nothing could be got up, with the exception of a few pieces of the ship, one or two of the guns, some of the men's chests, and part of the cabin furniture. Some bodies floated out from between decks, and among the rest a midshipman's. These, and all that could be found, were towed round by boats through Stonehouse-bridge up to the Royal Hospital stairs, to be interred in the burying-ground. For many weeks the sight was truly dreadful, the change of tide washing out the putrid bodies which were towed round by the boats when they could scarcely hold together.

As late as November 30, bodies continued to be found: when the *Amphion* having been dragged round to another part of the dock-yard jetty, to be broken up, the body of a woman was washed out from between decks. A sack was also dragged up, containing gunpowder, covered over at the top with biscuit; and this in some measure confirmed an idea which had previously gained ground, that the gunner had been stealing powder to sell, and had concealed what he could get out by degrees in the above manner; and that, thinking himself safe on a day when every one was entertaining his friends, he had carelessly been among the gunpowder, without taking the necessary precautions. As he was said to have been seen at Dock in the morning, very much in liquor, it seems probable that this might have been the cause of a calamity as sudden as it was dreadful.

ENGLISH RESOLUTION.

At nearly the conclusion of the last American war, a remarkable instance of British valour and determined courage was displayed by the master, and in fact sole owner, of a ship called the "*Charles Henry*," of about two hundred and fifty tons burthen, bound from Demerara to London, with a very valuable cargo of rum, sugar, &c., who, after a desperate and bloody action of an hour, contrived to beat off an American privateer, although superior to them in weight of metal and complement of men. The following facts are recorded by a passenger, who was present during the action:—It is scarcely

necessary to state, it was the custom at that time, in consequence of the many privateers cruising in the Western ocean, to capture the British West Indianmen, for them to wait convoy; but in this instance, not having completed the taking in our cargo previous to the sailing of the convoy, we should have been compelled, had we waited for the next, to lay by one or two months; our captain therefore resolved to run all hazards rather than delay his voyage: and knowing the qualities of his ship as to sailing, he was confident no larger vessel could come up with him, and he was determined if any small craft attacked him, he would act on the defensive, and protect his ship and cargo at the risk of his life. Upon this determination he put to sea with a fair wind, and had scarcely left Demerara three days, and, going merrily over the domains of old Neptune with his top gallant-sails set, and all snug below and aloft, when the mate, who happened to be in the foretop, descried a sail, apparently with every inch of canvass flying. The mate descended; he was rather a gaunt being, and had formerly served in the Royal Sovereign, under Lord Collingwood, at Trafalgar, therefore was a hardy veteran, and what a British seaman is in every sense of the word. Our worthy skipper placed confidence in this man, and seeing him approach at a quicker pace than usual, and his eyes glistening with apparent pleasure, demanded the reason of his haste. This question did not want repeating; but taking the captain by the cuff of his coat, dragged him aft, with this salutation,—"Run work I expect—for d'y'e see 'tween you and me, by the look of that fellow's canvass," pointing over the larboard quarter of the ship, "I guess she's a Yankee." The captain now applied the glass to his eye, and found what the mate had stated to be quite correct; he immediately called all the men aft, and told them he would double their pay for the whole time they had served in the ship, if they would defend her, for he had strong suspicion that the strange sail, which now could be perceived plainly, was an enemy; and in case of the death of any man, he would pay that which was his due to his friends, and he would provide in some way or other for those that had wives. This was sufficient—they, one and all, declared they would fight her if there was any chance, or at all events give her a broadside for the honour of old England.

The captain, wishing to avoid fighting her if possible, ordered the studding sails to be set; but finding this of no avail, as she gained considerably upon us, ordered them to be taken in, the courses to be clewed up, the main and fore-sail to be backed, the deck to be cleared from all lumber, the tompons to be taken out of the guns, and the men distributed in the best possible manner, with orders not to fire unless they could make sure of the shot telling.

By this time the suspicious vessel was not half a league distant, and, by her tall and raking masts, and symmetry of hull, kept us no longer in suspense; she was what seamen call a Baltimore clipper—one of your regular cutwaters.

The mate knowing her intentions, and seemingly pleased at the idea of having another brush, as he termed it, was

coolly and deliberately stripping all his clothes from his person, with the exception of his trousers, which example was immediately followed by all the men. Their appearance at this time was truly warlike, each having a cutlass in his hand, a brace of pistols at his side, and all ready and willing for the fray.

It was now about three p.m., and the American close on our weather bow; up went our ensign, which she soon perceived, and answered it by a gun to leeward, at the same time hoisting English colours. The captain now thought her to be an English sloop of war, but the mate was quite alive to her movements, and desired the captain to be on the look out, as she would be alongside and take him before he could fire a gun. By this time she was within hail, and a rough and desperate-looking vagabond appeared on the bow, and demanded the ship's name, from whence, and destination; the captain immediately answered, that it was only by compulsion that he should be made to answer where she was from, and, if he wished to know her name, it was only to launch his boat, and he could get the desired information from her stern.

Her intentions were now clear to us all: she had a long eighteen-pounder amidships on a swivel, and eight twenty-four-pounders, and a crew of about sixty of the most desperate looking villains that eyes ever beheld.

Our force was only eighteen-pounders, and a crew consisting of only thirty men and boys. Our captain perceiving it was their intention of clapping their vessel alongside, hailed them in a resolute manner, that if they did not keep their ship off he would throw his fire into her.

This had no effect on the American: they still kept near, and it became high time to clap a stopper on them.

Our broadside was brought to bear upon her—bang she had it; and the smoke, in some degree clearing away, we found we had carried away her mizen-top, which was hanging over her side.

The American now opened her swivel upon us, and so true did she fire it, that not a shot missed us; which obliged us to open again sooner than we wished, fearing that our shot would too soon be expended. We were now within about twenty yards of the American's stern, and the mate ordered the helm to be put a-starboard, and the after-sails to be brailed up and shivered; and as our ship fell off, we gave her another broadside double shotted. Scarcely a shot appeared to miss, so truly had the guns been pointed.

The instant we had fired we braced up our after-yards, put the helm a-port, and stood for her again; this manoeuvre we practised with such success, that the American could only get the swivel to open upon us, which certainly did great execution to our rigging, and four of our daring band lay dead upon the deck.

The American's fore, main, and maintop sails, were now hanging in ribands, and the affray became more desperate. She had closed with us, and part of her crew, headed by a daring looking fellow, attempted to board us; they were three times repulsed by our gallant crew with great slaughter, and



again had made their appearance on the bows of our ship, while their bowsprit was locked in our main rigging; which happened rather unfortunately, as it tended to assist them materially in their operations, and our whole force was directed to this quarter to repulse them. Our guns were all deserted for this purpose, and the American's guns were playing upon us with dreadful execution.

The Americans had now gained a footing upon our deck: the combat became awful, and our mate, with his cutlass, was dealing destruction to all who opposed his arm, although wounded in his sword-wrist, which tended to make him the more desperate.

At this moment a seaman cut our rigging so as to clear the American, which, when done, she swung and fell off, leaving five of her men on our decks, who were immediately shot.

The action again commenced broadside and broadside with redoubled fury, dealing slaughter on both ships. Our shot now became entirely expended, and all chance of escape appeared hopeless, when one of our men recollected we had some bags of nails, returned goods; these were immediately served to the guns, and with which we so raked the American, and created so much havoc among her crew, that only a single gun was fired by them, and that at long intervals.

Even this at length was silenced, and they no longer able, or unwilling, to carry on the engagement, by the help of what little sail they could set, sheered off, leaving us only our main and mizen-mast standing.

Thus ended a most desperate and bloody engagement, leaving ten of our brave fellows dead, and many wounded; but the loss on the American side must have been dreadful; fifteen were found dead on our decks, and the mate might have numbered five which he slew with his own arm. To account for the loss of our rigging, it was noticed the Americans had her guns much elevated, doubtless for that purpose. Such cool intrepidity and deliberation, exhibited on the part of our captain and men, was surprising, considering the force they had to contend with: fully proving, that nothing can withstand the bravery of British seamen when properly commanded.

THE RED FLAG AT THE FORE.

BY THE OLD SAILOR.

NEVER shall I forget my emotions on first ascending the side of the ship in which I commenced my career as a sailor. It was just about the time when Nelson and the Nile was the universal theme of conversation; our theatres echoed to the shout of "Rule Britannia," and the senate-house rang with plaudits for the achievements of naval valour. But, ah, how few who rejoiced in the triumphs of victory, gave one thought to the hardships, privations, and oppressions, under which the gallant seaman laboured! Boy-like, I thought it was a jovial life; and when standing on the deck, with the British ensign floating on the peak, and the bull-dogs peeping from the port-holes, I felt, "ay, every inch a hero." Besides, there was my handsome uniform, with bright gilt buttons, bearing the impress of the anchor, and my dirk, just long enough to spit a partridge, swinging like a cook's skewer by my side, and a leathern belt, with two fierce lions' heads in front, and, that summit of a schoolboy's ambition, the cocked hat and gold rosettes. What child of twelve years could resist the temptation? So I e'en kissed my poor mother—who used to compare the rattling of the rain, as it ran down the spout into the water-butt, to the roaring of the waves; and for whom gilded buttons and cocked-up hats had no charms—shook my father by the hand, as he gave me the bill for my outfit, to make me (by calculating the expense) more careful of my clothes—threw my arms round the neck of my weeping sister, whilst she shyly thrust something in my waistcoat pocket, which I afterwards found was all her own private little store of cash—and away I started, with glory in my eye, to leave "home, sweet home," far behind me.

The ship which I was going to join was a fine dashing frigate,

commanded by a friend of my father's friend, to whom I received the most handsome recommendations. I say friend of my father's friend, for such he was represented to me; but the fact is, my worthy dad was a freeman of no contemptible borough, besides holding a considerable influence over a certain number of independent voters; and one of the candidates, whilst canvassing for the general election, had declared that "I was cut out for a sailor;" that "he had interest at the Admiralty," and made no doubt that, by diligence and attention, I should soon carry the "red flag at the fore." I thought so too; but what the "red flag at the fore" meant, I was just as ignorant as I was of cuckoo-clock making. Nevertheless, it sounded well: the candidate became an M.P., and I was sent on board, a stranger among strangers, and about as much patronised as a widow's pig upon a village green.

I had never seen a ship—I had never seen the sea; and when the wide ocean burst upon my view, rolling its mighty billows majestic grandeur, I began to think that they were not the most pleasant things in life to play with, particularly for such a little fellow as myself; but when the stupendous bulwarks appeared, as they lay at anchor in the bay, with their shining sides reflected in the waves, and their bright ensigns flashing in the sun, fear gave way to admiration, and I began to sing—

"I'm a jolly roving tar,

Fearing neither wound nor scar,

And many a tightish breeze then have I seen."

But, bless your heart! I had seen nothing then; nevertheless I thought of the "red flag at the fore;" and as the boat lightly skimmed the surface of the dark blue waters, a feeling of honest pride swelled in my little breast—henceforward, I was to be devoted to my king and country.

The first lieutenant received me very graciously. The wonders which everywhere presented themselves, almost overwhelmed me with astonishment and delight. But, alas! this was not of long duration; for a youngster, about my own age, accompanied me to the cockpit, where I was to take up my abode. The dark cavern which formed the mess-berth, where a ray of day-light never entered, seemed rather horrible to my imagination, and the motley group of all ages, from ten to twenty-five, that filled it, did not inspire me with much confidence.

At the door stood a stout negro, scarcely visible, except by his white teeth, and his rolling eyes, which strongly reminded me of Robinson Crusoe's monster in the cave, and a little sprig of a midshipman was venting imprecations on him for not having the dinner ready. Surrounding a table inside the berth, which was illumined by two *deaf* candles, that appeared as if they had never reached their proper growth, sat eight or ten small officers, employed in various ways. One was playing a difficult piece of music on the flute, with the notes placed before him, propped up by a quart bottle. A companion, to annoy and ridicule him, had put his pocket-comb between two pieces of paper, and applying it to his mouth, produced a sound more execrable than the bagpipes, yet still endeavouring to imitate the tune. Two youths in the farthest corner had quarrelled, and were settling their dispute in a boxing match. Another seemed totally abstracted from the scene, and leaning his elbows on the table, was contemplating the miniature of a fair-haired girl, whose mild blue eyes beamed with love and constancy. On the opposite side of the table, two youngsters, with a treatise on seamanship before them, were arguing, in no very gentle terms, on their proficiency in naval tactics. At the head of the table, an old master's mate was exercising his authority in preserving peace; but as he was engaged at the same time in mixing a good stiff glass of grog, his orders were either disregarded or laughed at. But there was one pale-faced lad, with a countenance full of intellectual expression, whom I shall never forget. He sat by himself, with a small writing-desk before him, and on it lay a letter, the writer of which, not satisfied with filling up each page with black ink, had crossed the lines with red, and this letter he was endeavouring to answer. The noise had disturbed him, for sheet after

sheet had been torn up, and lay in a pile by his side. He looked at the combatants, and a gentle murmur escaped him; he turned to the musicians, and a smile lighted up his features: he cast his eyes towards the youth, whose thoughts were with the polar-star of his affections, and a shade of melancholy sat upon his brow. At this moment he caught sight of me as I stood at the door, undetermined whether to advance or recede, and his hand was instantly extended. He closed his desk, remarking that "his sister must wait another day," and—but why need I recount every particular—from that hour we were friends.

Ay, how often, when the pale moon at midnight had thrown her silver beams upon the bosom of the waves, or when the star-gemmed canopy of heaven has glistened with its myriads of glories, have we two stood together, holding sweet converse on the past, and picturing bright scenes of future fame! Yes, hand in hand we have stood, like brothers, talking of those sweet spots, endeared by every tie of fond regard, where first we revelled in our infancy. Yet, oh, God!—the vision is even now before me—when I beheld that pale-faced youth struggling in the agonies of death—those features, full of mild benevolence, still more dead in their hue, and hideous in convulsive writhings—the hand dyed that I had so often pressed with real unabated friendship, in the life-stream from his heart, as he worked his fingers in the deep wound that dismissed his noble spirit. It was in action, when rage and vengeance lashed the passions into fury. Yes, there he fell, and the ocean was his grave!

But, to return to my introduction. Almost at the same moment that I entered the berth, the quarter-master came down, and inquired if Mr. Moriarty was below. A fine handsome young man, about two-and-twenty, immediately answered in the affirmative. "Here's a letter for you, sir," said the quarter-master, "with the admiralty seal on the back, and a direction full of sheep-shanks and long splices in the front."

"Eh, eh, Johnson," replied the young officer; "the old story, I suppose. The door of promotion is shut, and, by and by, I dare say, they'll send me word that the key's lost. But let us see, you old sea dragon, and don't stand turning and turning it over there, like a Lapland witch at her incantations."

The veteran was examining the letter with rather an inquisitive eye; for his other eye was on an equally inquisitorial visit to a full bottle of rum, that stood on the table; and he hesitated to give up his charge to the young officer, who I now perceived had his right arm in a sling, in consequence, as I afterwards learned, of a wound received in the battle of Aboukir.

"Cantations, or no cantations, sir," replied the old quarter-master, "this here letter weighs heavy; and I have been close hauled for these two days past; and its dry work, sir, that tack and half tack."

"Well, well, Johnson," rejoined the midshipman; "you want a glass of grog, and you shall have it; so steward, give him one, d'ye hear? And now hand over the scrawl."

"Ay, ay, sir," said Johnson, "and if I ain't freighted with a pair of white lapelles—put some more rum in, you black angel!—then call old Johnson a lubber, that's all." Moriarty laughed; but it was evident that he took the letter with some degree of tremor, especially as one of the youngsters jocosely addressed him as *Lieutenant Moriarty*.

"Hold your prating, simpleton!" said he; "you won't find commissions so plentiful when you come to my age, unless you happen to be a stray slip of nobility, or have strong parliamentary interest to back you."

The old quarter-master had been wrangling with the black steward for another drop, and then, holding up his grog, exclaimed, "Your health, Lieutenant Moriarty! and I hope I shall live to see you carry the 'red flag at the fore.'"

"With all my heart, Johnson," replied Moriarty, his eyes sparkling with pleasure, for the letter was now unfolded; and see, here is the first step up the ratlines, sure enough; whether I shall ever reach the mast-head or not, is another thing."

It was an order from the Admiralty to go on shore, and re-

ceive his commission; and every one crowded round him full of congratulations.

I cannot say but I felt a little jealous about the "red flag at the fore;" for I considered that as my exclusive right, though utterly ignorant of what it meant. But I was soon enlightened on the subject; for being naturally communicative, I mention my expectation of getting the "red flag at the fore" during dinner, and several of the little midshipmen nearly choked themselves with laughing at me. I then learned, that the "red flag at the fore" was the distinction of the vice-admiral of the red; a station that not more than one officer in five thousand ever attained, and even then only through very distinguished merit, or peculiar good fortune. Nevertheless, I was nothing daunted, and the "red flag at the fore" urged me on.

We sailed a few days afterwards with a convoy for Bombay and China, but destined to cruise ourselves in the neighbourhood of the Cape of Good Hope. We had not quitted port more than a week when we encountered a very severe gale. It was the first time I had beheld the sea in such commotion, and the spectacle was awfully grand. The noble ship was borne like a weed upon the ocean at the mercy of the tempest, which howled through the rigging so as to deaden the shouts of the seamen, while furling the heavy sails upon the yards. Billow after billow beat over us; and as the rolling waves dashed up their frothy crests to heaven, roaring in the wildness of their fury, I could not help thinking how different the noise was from the comparison of my poor mother, when she heard the rain patter into the water-butt. The convoy, too, heavy laden Indiamen, and transports with troops, were scattered in every direction: but now and then we could distinguish one or two, as they appeared for a moment on the summit of the foaming surge, like dim specks on the verge of the horizon.

Night came, and brought its frowning horrors; a pitchy darkness, which seemed almost palpable to the touch, hung with a funereal gloom above, whilst the wild waves, lashed by the raging tempest into sparkling foam, served but to render the blackness of the heavens more dense and horrible. At the commencement of the gale, the wind was dead against us, and the ship was hove-to under a close-reefed maintop-sail; but towards night the wind veered in our favour, and we flew through the liquid element with astonishing rapidity. The shifting of the gale had produced a still wilder commotion in the waves, which seemed to be struggling for the mastery. Wave after wave came raging after us, and threatening to engulf the frigate; but like a bird upon the wing, the gallant vessel lifted to the swell, and rushed down the steep abyss, tracking her path with brilliancy and light.

I cannot say but the spectacle rather terrified me, and I more than once wished the "red flag at the fore" at the—"Stop!" says the reader, "and do not conclude the sentence."

But really, gentle reader, I must—for I was merely going to say that I wished the "red flag at the fore" at the mast-head, and myself snug in my own little bed-room, with my poor mother to tie my night-cap, and to tuck me in.

Ossian, or Byron, I forget which, says: "Once more upon the waters, yet once more, and the waves bound beneath me as a steed that knows his rider;" but I found a vast difference between mounting the speckled waves and riding my own pretty little pie-bald pony.

Morning at length appeared; the wind had again changed, and the ship was once more hove-to. But if the gale of the preceding night had been furious, it now came with redoubled violence, and the stately vessel which had so lately steered her course in majesty and pride, lay writhing and groaning between the billows, like the soul of the mighty struggling with the last pangs of mortality.

Orders were given to furl the foresail, and about sixty of the best seamen sprang aloft to execute the command. Already had they extended themselves upon the yard, and were gathering up the folds of the heavy canvass, when a tremendous sea came, like an Alpine mountain, rushing towards us. As the poor wretch, when the fierce eye of some famished beast of prey is glaring on him, stands fixed and immovable,

so did the poor seamen suspend their labours, when they saw the waters of destruction approaching. No human voice could warn them of their danger, no hand could be outstretched to save. There seemed to be a momentary stillness in the storm, and a shuddering instinct crept through every spirit—a horrible dread of they knew not what.

Still onward rolled the wave—it struck the vessel on the bows, and threw its portentous burden on the deck. A crash, mingled with a wild, tumultuous yell, ensued, and when the spray had cleared, it was found that the foremast had been swept away, and upwards of fifty brave fellows were buried in the waves. Some still remained entangled in the rigging, but man after man washed away, till only one was left. We could see him—we could not speak to him—but only that Power who holds the tempest in his hand, could rescue him from death. There he struggled, black despair in every feature, as his strong limbs writhed round the shattered mast, and with convulsive agony he buffeted the waves. O, what avail was human strength in such an hour of peril! His hold relaxed—it became weaker, and slowly he settled in his watery grave.

I need not describe the effects which such a scene produced upon the mind of a boy not thirteen years of age; and even at this moment, so strong are first impressions, the crash, the yell, and the agonised contortions of that drowning man, are present to my mind in all their horrors.

The wreck was cleared, the storm abated. A jurymast was erected, and once more the stately frigate held her way upon the glassy surface of the azure wave. The first duty was to collect the convoy, and heavy forebodings of their fate were whispered among the crew. One by one, however, they gathered round us, showing manifest indications of the recent storm.

There is something peculiarly interesting to a seaman in the assembling of ships after a gale of wind. It occasions a sensation that a landsman cannot feel, unless it is that sort of melancholy satisfaction when friends meet who have surmounted adversity together, but with the apprehension of a similar calamity still before them. Several of the convoy were yet undiscovered, and as the evening was closing in, the heavy report of a distant gun came booming along the waters. Another and another followed in rapid succession, and the frigate's course was directed towards the spot whence the sounds proceeded.

The sun went down in glory—its radiance tinged the bosom of the liquid element, but it never rose again on those whose signals of distress we heard. They must have seen his last beams arching the heavens with their golden brightness, and light and hope must have expired to them for ever.

The wind opposed our progress, and the swell still rolled against us, though it was now only the heaving of the sea, without its breaking violence. Still we approached nearer to the object of our search, as the noise of the guns was more distinct, and the flashes were plainly visible. At length, about midnight, by the help of glasses, a dismayed vessel was distinguished rolling like a log upon the waters. Every nerve was strained, every effort was made to intimate that assistance was at hand, and the boats were prepared to give succour, or to snatch from destruction. The sight was eagerly bent towards the spot where the clear horizon was broken by the dark object of our good intentions. Suddenly the curve appeared connected—in vain the eye sought the vessel in distress, for nothing obstructed the union of sky and ocean, and "She's gone! she's gone!" was simultaneously exclaimed by officers and men.

Yes, she was gone, and the gallant ship, that had endured the fury of the tempest, sunk when its wrath was spent. But that tempest had, doubtless, shaken her stout frame, and rent her joints asunder. Yet it was hard to perish almost within the grasp of safety.

Hopes were still entertained that some, if not all, had escaped in the boats. Our own were hoisted out, and having neared the supposed spot, were immediately despatched. The morning dawned in magnificence and splendour, the sun rose in glorious majesty, but his earliest beams glanced on a

scattered wreck, that told a tale of death. The boats were actively employed in passing to and fro, but no appearance of a human being could be discerned. The launch was discovered bottom upwards, and another boat broken nearly in two. The truth was soon disclosed, for the name *ATLAS* on the stern of the launch informed us that nearly two hundred victims had perished in the deep. How the catastrophe had happened could only be matter of conjecture.

One of our boats fell in with some spars, which were lashed together, so as to form a kind of floating raft, and, on turning them over, a scene presented itself that filled every soul with anguish. A young female, apparently about twenty-two, with an infant fastened round her body, had been secured to the timber—perhaps the last sad office of a tender husband, who, in the affectionate solicitude of his heart, had vainly hoped to rescue them from death. They were taken on board the frigate, sewed up in a hammock, and again consigned to that element, at once their destruction and their grave.

One other ship was still missing; what became of her I never heard; but after waiting a proper time, we pursued our way to the island of St. Jago, the place of rendezvous.

A succession of fine weather soon deadened the remembrance of the past, and by the time of our reaching the Cape De Verde, the "red flag at the fore" had once more gained the ascendancy. The novelties which presented themselves at Port Praya, the oranges, the cocoa nuts, and, above all, the monkeys sporting in their native cunning, unrestrained, among the green foliage, were delightful; whilst the waters in the bay were so clear and transparent, that the fish could be distinctly seen at the depth of from thirty to forty feet swimming above the silver sand that covered the bottom.

Having refitted, and watered, the anchor was once more weighed, and we again directed our course to the place of destination. At the latitude appointed we parted from our convoy, and then were left alone. Days, weeks, passed on, and no sail ever appeared in sight to change the dull monotony. It was still the same unvaried scene of sky and ocean, and not unfrequently severe and boisterous weather. At the end of five weeks, we were gratified by the sight of a sail steering towards us, and in a few hours had retaken a fine *Indiaman*, prize to a French frigate. No time was lost in securing her, but the irreparable devastation among our crew, rendered it necessary to proceed with our recapture to *Madras*; and thither we hastened.

We remained three years in the East Indies, without anything material occurring, and then the cry was—"Huzza for old England!" But it would be an endless task were I to enumerate all my adventures, perilous and humorous, and sometimes a combination of both, in my endeavours to attain to the "red flag at the fore." Before my six years had expired, I had been in seven different engagements, received three wounds (one of them severe), been once shipwrecked, and once taken prisoner, but escaped. Storms I had weathered many; had visited the coast of Africa, South America, and New South Wales; but still I endured every thing for the sake of the "red flag at the fore."

At the expiration of six years, I passed my examination as lieutenant, and received my certificate of qualification, which, after waiting a modest time, I forwarded with a memorial to my patron, who had been elevated to the House of Peers. His answer was, that "things were materially changed since I first went to sea; the same individuals were not now in office, and he much questioned whether he could obtain my promotion; indeed, he hinted that it would be better for me to quit the service and apply myself to some other profession." I cannot describe my disappointment and vexation. Through the representations of this man, I had given up the sweets of childhood, to endure the severest hardships and privations. I had toiled unflinchingly in my duty; I had fought the battles of my country, and could show my honourable scars, and thus to have the "red flag at the fore" torn down by the hand I expected to raise me!—my pride and every feeling of my heart revolted against it; I was determined to persevere.

Other six years passed away, in which I was a partaker in some of the most brilliant achievements of the war, when

I was honoured with a lieutenant's commission. But even then it was not gained by any desperate act of valour, or by those feats which are dear and precious to every British sailor's heart; but simply by obtaining (through the present of a handsome Cachemire shawl) the interest of a fine lady highly esteemed by the first lord of the admiralty. However, I got the white lapelles, and that was, as Moriarty observed, "the first step up the ratlines" towards the "red flag at the fore."

After this, things went on tolerably ill, among some sharp fighting, and many hard knocks. My poor mother slept her cable for the blessed haven of eternal rest. My sister got married to a pirate, who plundered my father's property, and then cast her adrift upon the world. The old gentleman's grey hairs were brought with sorrow to the grave; my sister's coffin was soon placed upon his breast, and I was left desolate.

Still the "red flag at the fore," like a will-o'-the-wisp, lured me on. I conducted one of the fire ships at Lord Cochrane's attack upon the French fleet in Basque Roads; had the command of a gun-boat at the storming of St. Sebastian; and was with the army at the sortie from Bayonne, in which I got a crack upon the head—not big enough to jump in, to be sure, but it set my brains spinning for a month. I commanded a fast-sailing schooner, charged with despatches for Lord Wellington, when he was expected to occupy Bordeaux, and entered the Garonne in the dead of the night, lighted on my way by the flames of a French eighty gun ship, which had been set on fire to prevent her falling into the hands of the English; and having anchored in a secure position, left my vessel in a four-oared boat, passed the batteries undiscovered, and executed my orders, as the brave marshal stood in the great square, with white flags and beauty greeting his arrival.

Peace came: Bonaparte was elbowed off to Elba; and the "red flag at the fore" was as far off as ever. My vessel was paid off, and after many years activity, I entered upon a life of indolence. But, as Dr. Watts wisely observes in one of those hymns which I was compelled to learn at school, when a child—

"Satan finds some mischief still,
For idle hands to do;"

so I 'en got married. The fair lady (she is now peeping over my shoulder) attracted my attention at church, by the broad and bright red ribbons that graced the front of her bonnet. They reminded me of the "red flag at the fore," and an inglorious sigh escaped me. Now, everybody knows that a sigh is the beginning of love. Well, to make short of it, I got married; but no sooner had Napoleon returned from Elba than I was again at my duty. I was sent by Sir Pulteney Malcolm, then naval commander-in-chief at Ostend, with a party of seamen to man the great guns in the army under Lord Wellington, on the plains of Waterloo, and the "red flag at the fore" once more opened to my view. It was on the very morning of the decisive battle, that, between Brussels and Bruges, I met the first detachment of prisoners coming down, and was ordered to take charge of them to Ostend. There were about two thousand officers and men, most of them wounded, and without a single application or dressing to the mangled parts; yet their devotion to Napoleon was unabated; and with their stiffened limbs, sore with laceration, and their bodies gashed and scored with sabre cuts, they still shouted "Vive l'Empereur."

The battle of Waterloo ended the war; Bonaparte was despatched to St. Helena, and all prospects of promotion are over. My noble patron has accomplished the number of his days, and no "red flag at the fore" will ever fall to my lot, unless, indeed, I include a certain Bardolphian tinge to the most prominent feature of my face, which has been "red at the fore" for some years past; but except the half-pay of a lieutenant, a small remnant of prize-money, and a wife and seven children, I am as poor as a churchwarden's charity-box.

LOSS OF H. M. S. PHENIX.

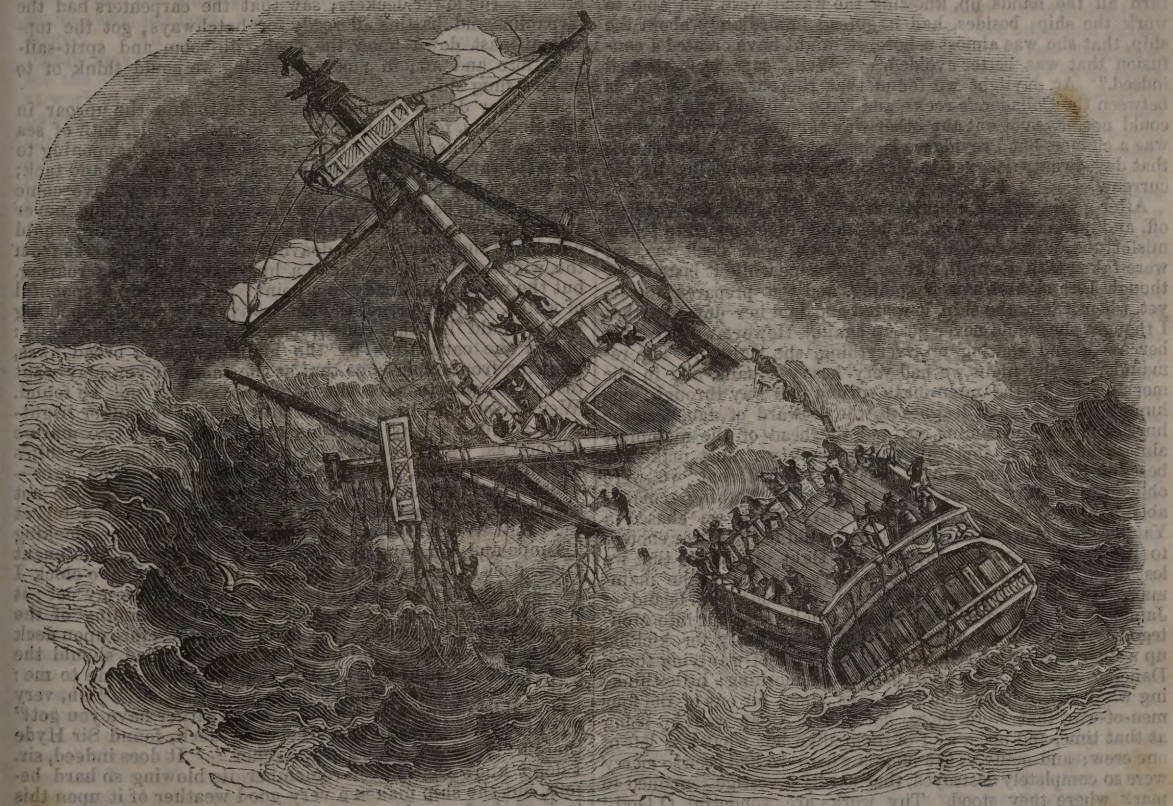
MY DEAR MADAM,—I am now going to give you an account of our last cruise in the *Phoenix*; and must premise that should any one see it besides yourself, they must put this construction on it—"That it was originally intended for the eyes of a mother, and a mother only," as upon that supposition my feelings may perhaps be tolerated. You will also meet with a number of sea terms, which, if you don't understand, why I cannot help you, as I am unable to give a sea description in any other words.

To begin then :—On the 2nd of August, 1780; we weighed, and sailed from Port Royal, bound for Pensacola: having two store ships under convoy, which we were to see safe in; and then cruise off the Havannah, and in the Gulf of Mexico for six weeks. In a few days we made the two sandy islands, that look as if they had just risen out of the sea, or fallen from the sky; inhabited, nevertheless, by upwards of three hundred English, who get their bread by catching turtle and parrots, and raising vegetables; which they exchange with ships that pass, for clothing and a few of the luxuries of life, as rum, &c. About the 12th, we arrived at Pensacola, without anything remarkable happening, except our getting a vast quantity of fish, sharks, dolphins, and bonetos. On the 13th sailed singly, and, on the 14th had a very heavy gale of wind at north, right off the land; so that we soon left that sweet place, Pensacola, a distance astern. We then looked into the Havannah, saw a number of ships there, and knowing that some of them were bound round the bay, we cruised in their track: a fortnight, however, passed, and not a single ship hove in sight to cheer our spirits. We then took a turn or two round the gulf, but not near enough to be seen from the shore. Vera Cruz we expected would have made us happy, but the same luck still continued; day following day, and no sail. The dollar bag began to grow a little bulky, for every one had lost two or three times, and no one had won: this was a small gambling party entered into by Sir Hyde and ourselves; every one put a dollar into a bag, and fixed on a day when we should see a sail; but no two persons were to name the same day, and whoever guessed right first had the bag. We were now tired of our situation, and glad the cruise was almost out, for we found the navigation very dangerous, owing to unaccountable currents; so shaped our course for Cape Antonio: the next day the men at the mast-head, at about one o'clock in the afternoon, called out, "A sail upon the weather-bow!—Ha, ha! Mr. Spaniard, I think we have you at last. Turn all hands! make sail! all hands give chase!" There was hardly any occasion for that, for the sound of a sail being in sight, flew like wildfire through the ship, and every sail was set in an instant, almost before the orders were given. A lieutenant at the mast-head with a spy-glass—"What is she?" "A large ship studding athwart right before the wind; p-o-r-t; keep her away; set the studding-sails ready!" Up comes the little doctor, rubbing his hands "Ha, ha! I have won the bag." "The devil take you and the bag; look, what's a-head will fill all our bags." Mast-head again, "Two more sail on the larboard beam." "Archer, go up and see what you can make of them." "Upon deck there; I see a whole fleet, upwards of twenty sail coming right before the wind. Confound the luck of it, this is some convoy or other, but we must try if we can't pick some of them out. Haul down the studding-sails. Luff, bring her to the wind. Let us see what we can make of them." About five we got pretty near them, and found them to be twenty-six sail of Spanish merchantmen under convoy of three line-of-battle ships, one of which chased us; but when she found we were playing with her (for the old *Phoenix* had heels), she left chase, and joined the convoy; which they drew up into a lump, and placed themselves at the outside of, but we still kept smelling about till after dark. Oh, for the Hector, the Albion, and a frigate, and we should take the whole fleet and convoy, worth some millions. About eight o'clock, perceived three sail at some distance from the fleet; dashed in between them and gave chase, and was happy to find they

steered from the fleet,—about twelve came up with a large ship of twenty-six guns. “Archer! every man to his quarters; run the lower deck’s guns out; and light the ship up; show this fellow our force; it may prevent his firing into us, and killing a man or two.”—No sooner said than done. “Ho, the ship ahoy! lower all your sails, and bring to instantly, or I’ll sink you.” Clatter, clatter, went the blocks, and away flew all their sails in proper confusion. “What ship is this?” “The Polly.” “Whence come you?” “From Jamaica.” “Where are you bound?” “To New York.” “What ship is that?” “The Phoenix!” Huzza three times by their whole ship’s company. An old grum fellow of a sailor standing close by me—“Oh, d—n your three cheers, we took you to be something else.” Upon examination we found it to be as he reported, and that they had fallen in with the Spanish fleet that

morning, and were chased the whole day, and that nothing saved them but our stepping in between; for the Spaniards took us for three consorts, and they, for a Spanish frigate, till we hailed them; the other vessels in company were likewise bound to New York. Thus was I, from being worth thousands in idea, reduced to the old 4s. 6d. a day again; for the little doctor made the most prize-money of us all that day, by winning the bag, which contained between thirty and forty dollars; but this is nothing to what we sailors sometimes undergo.

After parting company, we steered S.S.E. to go round Antonio, and so to Jamaica (our cruise being out), with our fingers in our mouths, and all as green as you please. It happened to be my middle watch, and about three o’clock, when a man upon the fore-castle bawls out, “Breakers a-head, and land



LOSS OF HIS MAJESTY'S SHIP PHOENIX.

upon the lee-bow;” I looked out, and ’twas so, sure enough. “Ready about! put the helm down!—Helm-a-lee!”—Sir Hyde hearing me put the ship about, jumped upon deck, “Archer, what’s the matter? you are putting the ship about without my orders.” “Sir, ’tis time to go about, the ship is almost ashore, there’s the land.”—“Good God! so it is—Will the ship stay?” “Yes, sir, I believe she will, if we don’t make any confusion—she’s all aback—forward now.”—“Well,” says he, “work the ship, I will not speak a single word.” The ship stay’d very well. “Then heave the lead! see what water we have.” “Three fathom.”—“Keep the ship away! W.N.W.” “By the mark three.”—“This won’t do, Archer.” “No, sir, we had better haul more to the northward; we came S.S.E., and had better steer N.N.W.” “Steady, and a quarter three.” “This may do, we deepen a little.” “By the deep four.”

“Very well, my lad, heave quick.” “Five fathom!” “That’s a fine fellow; another cast nimbly.” “Quarter less eight.” “That will do, come we shall get clear by and bye.” “Mark under water five.” “What’s that?” “Only five fathom, sir.” “Turn all hands up, bring the ship to an anchor.” “All hands bring the ship to an anchor, boy!” “Are the anchors clear?” “In a moment, sir.” “All clear.” “What water have you in the chains, now?” “Eight half nine.” “Keep fast the anchors till I call to you.” “Aye, aye, sir, all fast?” “I have no ground with this line.” “How many fathom have you out? pass along the deep sea line.” “Aye, aye, sir.” “Come are you all ready?” “All ready, sir.” “Heave away, watch! watch! bear away, veer away; no ground, sir, within a hundred fathom.” “That’s clever! come, Madame Phoenix, there is another squeak in you yet—all down

but the watch—secure the anchors again—heave the main top-sail to the mast; luff, and bring her to the wind.” and he says:

“You see, madam, I told you, you should have a little sea-jargon; if you can understand half of what has already been said, I wonder at it, though it is nothing to what is to come yet, when the old hurricane begins. As soon as the ship was a little to rights, and all quiet again, Sir Hyde came to me, and taking my hand in the most friendly manner—“Archer (and tears almost starting from his eyes), we ought all to be much obliged to you for the safety of the ship, and, may be, ourselves and lives. I am particularly so, nothing but that instantaneous presence of mind and calmness, saved her; another ship’s length, and we were fast ashore; had you been the least diffident, or had made the least confusion, so as the ship would have hauled in her stays, she must have been inevitably lost.” “Sir, you are very good, but I have done nothing that I suppose any body else would not have done in the same situation. I did not turn all the hands up, knowing the watch were well able to work the ship; besides, had it spread immediately about the ship, that she was almost ashore, it might have created a confusion that was better avoided.” “Well,” says he, “’tis well indeed.” At daylight we found that the current had set us between the Colladera’s rocks and Cape Antonio, and that we could not have got out any other way than what we did; there was a chance, but Providence is the best pilot. We had sunset that day twenty leagues to the S.E. of our reckoning, by the current.

After getting clear of this scrape we thought ourselves well off, and made sail for Jamaica, but misfortune seemed to follow misfortune. The next night, my watch upon deck too, we were taken with a squall, like an hurricane while it lasted; for though I thought I saw it coming, and was prepared for it; yet, when it took the ship, it roared and laid her down so, that I thought she would never get up again. However, by keeping her away, and elewing up everything, she righted. The remainder of the night we had very heavy squalls, and in the morning found the main-mast sprung half way through: one hundred and twenty leagues to the leeward of Jamaica, the hurricane months coming on, and the head of the mainmast almost off, and at short allowance; well, we must make the best of it. The main-mast was well fished, but we were obliged to be very tender of carrying sail. Nothing remarkable happened afterwards for ten days, when we chased a Yankee man-of-war for six hours, but could not get near enough to her before it was dark, to keep sight of her; so that we lost her for want of being able to carry any sail on the mainmast. In about twelve days more we made the Island of Jamaica, having weathered all the squalls, and put into Montego bay for water; so that we had a strong party for kicking up a dust on shore, having found three men-of-war lying there. Dancing, &c. &c., till two o’clock every morning; little thinking what was to happen in four days’ time; for out of the four men-of-war that were there, not one of them was in being at that time, and not a soul of them alive but what was left of our crew; and many of the houses where we had been so merry were so completely destroyed, that hardly a vestige remained to mark where they stood. Thy works are wonderful, O God! praised be thy holy name!

September the 30th, weighed; bound for Port Royal, round the eastward of the island: the Barbadoes and Victor had sailed the day before, and the Scarboro’ was to sail the next. Moderate weather until October 2nd. Spoke to the Barbadoes off Port Antonio in the evening—at eleven at night it began to snuffle, with a monstrous heavy appearance from the eastward.—close reefed the top-sails. Sir Hyde sent for me—“What sort of weather have we, Archer?” “It blows a little, and has a very ugly look: if we were in any other country but this, I should say we were going to have a gale of wind.” “Aye it looks so very often here, when there is no wind at all; however, don’t hoist the top-sails till it clears a little, there is no trusting any country.” At twelve I was relieved; the weather had the same grum look: however they made sail upon her, but we had a very dirty night. At eight in the morning I came up again, found it blowing hard from the E.N.E., with close reefed top-sails upon the ship, heavy squalls at times.

Sir Hyde came upon deck: “Well Archer, what do you think of it?” “Oh, sir, its only a touch of the times, we shall have an observation at twelve o’clock, the clouds are beginning to break, it will clear up at noon, or else—blow very hard afterwards.” “I wish it would clear up, but I doubt it much: I was once in a hurricane in the East Indies; and the beginning of it had much the same appearance as this. So take in the top-sails; we have plenty of sea room.” At twelve the gale increasing still, we wore ship to keep as near mid-channel, between Jamaica and Cuba, as possible; at one the gale increasing still; at two, harder yet: it still blows harder! reefed the courses, and furied them; brought to under a foul mizen-stay-sail, head to the northward. In the evening, no sign of weather taking off, but every appearance of increasing, prepared for a proper gale of wind; secured all the sails with spare gaskets; good rolling tackles upon the yards, spanned the booms; saw the boats all made fast; new lashed the guns; doubled breech’d the lower deckers; saw that the carpenters had the tarpaulins and battens all ready for hatchways; got the top-gallant-mast down upon the deck; jib-boom and sprit-sail-yard fore and aft; in fact, everything we could think of to make a snug ship.

The poor devils of birds now began to find the uproar in the elements, for numbers came on board of us, both of sea and land kinds; some I took notice of, which happening to be to leeward, turned to windward like a ship, tack and tack; for they could not fly against it, and when they have come over the ship, dash themselves down on the deck, and never attempt to stir till picked up; and when let go again, would not leave the ship, but endeavour to hide themselves from the wind. At eight o’clock, a hurricane! the sea roaring, but the wind still steady to a point; did not ship a spoonful of water. However, got the hatchways all secured, expecting what would be the consequence should the wind shift: placed the carpenters by the mainmast with broad axes, knowing from experience that at the moment you may want to cut it away to save the ship, an axe may not be found. Went to supper; bread, cheese and port. The purser frightened out of his wits about his bread bags; the two marine officers as white as sheets, not understanding the ship’s working so much, and the noise of the lower-deck guns—which by this time made a pretty screeching, to people not used to it, it seemed as if the whole ship’s side was going at each roll. Wooden, our carpenter, was all this time smoking his pipe and laughing at the doctor; the second lieutenant upon deck, the third in his hammock. At ten o’clock I thought to get a little sleep; came to look into my cot; it was full of water, for every seam, by the straining of the ship, had begun to leak; stretched myself therefore upon deck between two chests, and left orders to be called should the least thing happen. At twelve, a midshipman came to me: “Mr. Archer, we are just going to wear ship, sir.” “Oh, very well, I’ll be up directly; what sort of weather have you got?” “It blows a hurricane.” Went upon deck, found Sir Hyde there! “It blows d—d hard, Archer.” “It does indeed, sir. I don’t know that I ever remember its blowing so hard before, but the ship makes a very good weather of it upon this tack, as she bows the sea; but we must wear her, as the wind has shifted to the S.E. and we are drawing right upon Cuba; so do you go forward and have some hands stand by; loose the leeward-arm of the foresail, and when she is right before the wind, whip the clue garnet close up and roll the sail up.” “Sir, there is no canvass can stand against this a moment; if we attempt to loose him, he’ll fly into ribands in a moment, and we may loose three or four of our people; she’ll wear by manning the fore shrouds.” “No, I don’t think she will.” “I’ll answer for it, sir; I have seen it tried several times on the coast of America with success.” “Well, try it; if she does not wear, we can only loose the fore-sail afterwards.” This was a great condescension from such a man as Sir Hyde. However, by sending about two hundred people into the fore-rigging, after a hard struggle she wore; found she did not make so good weather on this tack as the other, for as the sea began to run across, she had not time to rise from one sea before another lashed against her. Began to think we should lose our masts, as the ship lay very much along, by the pres-

sure of the wind constantly upon the yards and masts alone; for the poor mizen-staysail had gone in shreds long before, and the sails began to fly from the yards through the gaskets into coach whips. My God! to think that the wind could have such force.

Sir Hyde now sent to see what the matter between decks, as there was a good deal of noise. As soon as I went below, one of the marine officers calls out, "Good God! Mr. Archer, we are sinking; the water is up to the bottom of my cot." "Poh, poh, as long as it is not over your mouth, you are well off; what the devil do you make this noise for?" I found there was some water between decks, but nothing to be alarmed at; scuttle the deck, and let it run into the well; found she made a great deal of water through the sides and decks; turned the watch below to the pumps, though only two feet of water in the well; but expected to be kept constantly at work now, as the ship laboured much, with hardly a part of her above water, but the quarter-deck, and that but seldom. "Come, pump away, my boys; carpenters, get the weather chain pump rigged." "All ready, sir." "Then man it, and keep both pumps going." At two o'clock the chain-pump was choked: set the carpenters at work to clear it; the two head pumps at work upon deck; the ship gained upon us while our chain-pumps were idle; in a quarter of an hour they were at work again, and we began to gain upon her. While I was standing at the pumps, cheering the people, the carpenter's mate came running to me with a face as long as my arm—"Oh, sir, the ship has sprung a leak in the gunner's room." "Go then and tell the carpenter to come to me, but don't speak a word to any one else. Mr. Goodinoh, I am told there is a leak in the gunner's room; go and see what is the matter, but don't alarm anybody, and come and make your report privately to me." A little after this he returned: "Sir, there's nothing there, 'tis only the water washing up between the timbers, that this booby has taken for a leak." "Oh, very well, go upon deck, and see if you can keep any of the water from washing down below." "Sir, I have had four people constantly keeping the hatchways secure, but there is such a weight of water upon deck, that nobody can bear it when the ship rolls." Shortly afterwards the gunner came to me; "Mr. Archer, I should be glad if you would step this way into the magazine for a moment." I thought; somed—d thing was the matter, and ran directly: "Well, what's the matter here?" "The ground tier of powder is spoiled; and I want to show you that it is not out of carelessness in me in stowing it, for no powder in the world could be better stowed. Now, sir, what am I to do? if you don't speak to Sir Hyde he will be angry with me." I could not but smile, to see how easy he took the danger of the ship, and said to him, "Let us shake off this gale of wind first, and talk of the damaged powder afterwards." At four we had gained upon the ship a little, and I went upon deck, it being my watch. The second lieutenant relieved me at the pumps. Who can attempt to describe the appearance of things upon deck? If I was to write for ever, I could not give you an idea of it—a total darkness all above—the sea on fire—running, as it were, in Alps, or Peaks of Teneriffe; mountains are too common an idea: the wind roaring louder than thunder (absolutely no flight of imagination); the whole made more terrible, if possible, by a very uncommon kind of blue lightning. The poor ship very much pressed, yet doing what she could; shaking her sides, and groaning at every stroke. Sir Hyde upon deck lashed to windward! I soon lashed myself alongside of him, and told him the situation of things below; the ship not making more water than might be expected with such weather; that "I was only afraid of a gun breaking loose." "I am not in the least afraid of that: I have commanded her for six years, and have had many a gale of wind in her; so that her iron work is pretty well tried, which always gives way first—hold fast, that was an ugly sea; we must lower the lower yards, I believe, Archer; the ship is much pressed." "If we attempt it, sir, we shall lose them, for a man aloft can do nothing; besides, their being down ease the ship very little; the mainmast is a sprung mast; I wish it was overboard without carrying anything else along with it; but that can soon be done, the gale cannot last for ever, 'twill soon be daylight now." Found by the master's watch it was

five o'clock, though but a little after four by ours; glad it was so near daylight, and looked for it with much anxiety. Cuba, thou art much in our way! another ugly sea: sent a midshipman to bring news from the pumps; the ship was gaining on them very much, for they had broke one of their chains, but 'twas almost mended again. News from the pump again, she still gains! a heavy lee! Back water from leeward half way up the quarter-deck, filled one of the cutters upon the booms and tore her all to pieces; the ship lying almost upon her beam-ends, and not attempting to right again. Word from below that the ship still gained on them, as they could not stand to the pumps, she lay so much along. Said to Sir Hyde, "This is no time, sir, to think of saving the masts, shall we cut the mainmast away?" "Aye, as fast as you can." I accordingly went into the weather chains with a pole-axe to cut away the lanyards; the boatswain went to leeward, and the carpenters stood by the mast: we were all ready, when a very violent sea broke right on board of us, carried everything upon deck away; filled the ship full of water: the main and mizen-masts went; the ship righted, but was in the last struggle of sinking under us. As soon as we could shake our heads above water, Sir Hyde exclaimed: "We are gone at last, Archer! foundered at sea!" "Yes, sir, farewell, and the Lord have mercy on us!" I then turned about to look forward at the ship, and thought she was struggling to get rid of some of the water; but all in vain: she was almost full below. God Almighty! I thank thee that now I am leaving this world, which I have always considered as only a passage to a better, I die with a full hope of thy mercies, through the merits of Jesus Christ thy Son, our Saviour. I then felt sorry that I could swim, as by that means I might be a quarter of an hour longer dying than a man who could not, as it is impossible to divest ourselves of a wish to preserve life. At the end of these reflections, I thought I felt the ship thump, and grinding our feet: 'twas so! "Sir, the ship is ashore." "What do you say?" "The ship is ashore, and we may save ourselves yet." By this time the quarter-deck was full of men that had come up from below, and the "Lord have mercy on us," flying about from all quarters. The ship made everybody sensible now that she was ashore, for every stroke threatened a total dissolution of her whole frame; found she was stern ashore, and the bow broke the sea a good deal, though it was washing clean over at every stroke. Sir Hyde: "Keep to the quarter-deck, my lads, when she goes to pieces, 'tis your best chance." A providential circumstance got the fore-mast cut away, that she might not pay round broadside; lost five men cutting away the foremast, by the breaking of a sea on board, just as the mast went; that was nothing; every one expected it would be his own fate next: looked for day-break with the greatest impatience: at last it came, but what a scene did it show us: the ship upon a bed of rocks, mountains of them on one side, and cordeliers of water on the other; our poor ship grinding, and crying out at every stroke between them, going away by piece-meal; however, to show the unaccountable workings of Providence, that often what appears to be the greatest evil, proves to be the greatest good—that unmerciful sea lifted, and beat us up so high among the rocks, that at last the ship scarcely moved. She was a very strong ship, and did not go to pieces at the first thumping, though her decks tumbled in. We found afterwards that she had beat over a ledge of rocks, almost a quarter of a mile without us; where, if she had struck, every soul of us must have perished. I now began to think of getting on shore; so stripped off my coat and shoes for a swim, and looked for a line to carry the end with me. I luckily could not find one, which gave time for reflection. This won't do for me, to be the first man out of the ship, and first lieutenant; we may get to England again, and people may think I paid a great deal of attention to myself, and did not care for any body else. No, that won't do; instead of being first, I'll see every man, sick and well, out of her before me.

I now thought there was not a probability of the ship's going soon to pieces, therefore had not a thought of instant death; took a look round with a sort of philosophic eye, to see how the same situation affected my companions; and was not surprised to find the most swaggering, swearing bullies in fine weather, were now the most pitiful wretches on earth, when

death appeared before them: several people that could swim, went overboard to try for the shore; nine of them were drowned before our eyes. However, two got safe; by which means, with a line, we got a hawser on shore and made fast to the rocks, upon which many went, and arrived safe. There were some sick and wounded on board, who could not go this way; so we got a spare topsail-yard from the chains, and got one end ashore, and the other into the cabin-window, so that most of the sick got ashore this way. As I had determined, so I was the last man out of the ship, which was about ten o'clock. The gale now began to break. Sir Hyde came to me, and taking me by the hand, was so affected as to be hardly able to speak. "Archer! I am happy beyond expression to see you on shore! but look at our poor Phoenix!" I turned about, but could not say a single word, being too full: my mind had been too actively employed before, but everything now rushed upon me at once, so that I should not contain myself; and I indulged for a full quarter of an hour. By twelve it was pretty moderate: got some sails on shore, and made tents; found great quantities of fish drove up by the sea in holes amongst the rocks: knocked up a fire, and had a most comfortable dinner. In the afternoon we made a stage from the cabin-windows to the rocks, and got out some provisions and water, lest the ship should go to pieces, and then we must all perish with hunger and thirst, for we were upon a desolate part of the coast, and under a rocky mountain, which could not supply us with a single drop of water.

Slept comfortably this night; and next day, the idea of death vanishing by degrees, the prospect of being prisoners, perhaps during the war at the Havannah, and walking three hundred miles to it through the woods, was unpleasant; however, to save life for the present, employed this day in getting more provisions and water on shore, which was not an easy matter, on account of decks, guns, and rubbish, that lay over them, and ten feet of water besides. In the evening I proposed to Sir Hyde, to repair the remains of the only boat left; and that I would venture to Jamaica myself; and if I got safe, would bring vessels to take them all off—a proposal worth thinking of. It was next day agreed to, so got the cutter on shore and set the carpenters to work on her; in two days she was ready, and at four o'clock in the afternoon, I embarked with four volunteers, and a fortnight's provisions: hoisted English colours as we put off from the shore, and received three cheers from the lads left behind, which we returned, and set sail with a light heart, having not the least doubt, that with God's assistance, we should soon come back and bring them all off. Had a very squally night, and a very leaky boat; so as to keep two buckets constantly bailing. Steered her myself the whole night by the stars, and in the morning saw the Island of Jamaica, distant about twelve leagues. At eight in the morning arrived in Montego Bay.

I must now begin to leave off, particularly as I have but half-an-hour to conclude, else my pretty little short letter will lose its passage, which I should not like after being ten days at different times writing it, beating up with the convoy to the northward, which is a reason that this epistle will never read well; for I never sat down with a proper disposition to go on with it; but as I knew something of the kind would please you, I was resolved to finish it: yet it will not bear an overhaul; so don't expose your son's nonsense. But to proceed: I instantly sent off an express to the admiral; another to the Porcupine man-of-war; and went myself to Martha Bay to get vessels; for all their vessels here, as well as many of their houses, were gone to Moco. Got three small vessels, and set out back again to Cuba, where I arrived the fourth day after leaving them. I thought the ship's crew would have devoured me on my landing: they whisked me upon their shoulders presently, and carried me to the tent where Sir Hyde was. I must omit many little anecdotes that happened on shore for want of time, but I shall have a number of stories to tell when I get alongside of you; and the next time I visit you, I shall not be in such a hurry to quit you as I was the last, for then I hope my nest will have been pretty well feathered; but my tale is forgot. I found the Porcupine had arrived that day, and the lads had built a boat almost ready for launching, that would

hold fifty men, which was intended for another trial, in case I should have foundered. Next day embarked all our people that were left, amounting to two hundred and fifty; for some had died of the wounds they got coming on shore; others by drinking rum; and others had straggled into the country. All our vessels were so full of people, that we could not take away the few clothes that were saved from the wreck; that was a trifle, since our lives and liberties were saved. To make short of my story, we all arrived safe at Montego Bay, and shortly after at Port Royal, in the Janus, which was sent on purpose for us, and were all honourably acquitted for the loss of the ship. I was made admiral's aide-de-camp, and a little after sent down to St. Janus, captain of the Resource, to bring what were left of the poor devils to Blue-fields on the Musquito shore; and then to Jamaica, where they arrived after three months' absence, and without a prize, though I looked out hard, off Porto Bello and Carthagena. Found in my absence that I had been appointed captain of the Tobago; where I remain his Majesty's most true and faithful servant, and my dear mother's most dutiful son.

—ARCHER.

THE GHOST.

The carpenter of the ship, old Hawkington, fell sick one day, and, after a short illness died. He was a man very much respected on board, and every one was sorry for him. As the ship was ordered into port, where we expected to arrive in a few days, the captain allowed him to be kept, so that he might be buried on shore; and a sentry was placed, as usual, over the cabin-door in the cockpit. The old gentleman had been dead three or four days, I do not rightly remember which; but, as contrary winds had kept us out longer than we expected, it was decided that he should be committed to the deep on the following day. It so happened that I was sentry over the dead body, the night before it was to have been buried.

—My lantern was hanging to a beam, through the discoloured horn of which, a purser's dip was throwing a very poor light, and I stopped to endeavour to improve it by snuffing, or lighting a new candle as might be necessary. While I was thus employed, not having finished my job, the door of the dead man's cabin was thrown back with a loud bang, which could only have been effected by a very powerful hand, and I distinctly heard a gruff, hoarse voice, roar out, "Give us a light, sentry!" The horrid voice and noise so startled me, that I clutched hold of the lantern—when the nail on which it was hung gave way—the lantern fell from my grasp, the light was extinguished, and with two long strides and a spring I reached the upper step of the cockpit ladder.

—At length the noises, and some rather heavy footsteps approached the foot of the ladder whereon I had been standing for some considerable time, without moving hand or foot. It now appeared to me only prudent to move on, and I accordingly walked a little forward on the lower deck. I had sufficient courage to look behind me, and I distinctly saw—it's quite true, I assure you—I distinctly saw, as plain as I see you now—"I believes you," said Tim, in whose countenance the most painful interest was manifest—"the ghost!" continued the serjeant, "that is, the tall, gaunt figure of the carpenter, (he was near seven feet high, I'm sure), rising slowly up out of the cockpit, and then he walked forward after me. So I walked faster, and so did Mr. Hawkington's ghost; I went up the fore ladder, and the ghost followed me: so I walked aft, and it seemed I doubled upon the apparition for I saw it go up the ladder on to the fore-castle."—"And did the men on the fore-castle see it too?"—"Oh yes," answered the serjeant. "The weather was warm, and the watch on deck were lying about the fore-castle, and gangways, some asleep, and some looking at the moon, that was shining as bright as could be. The ghost appeared to take no notice of any of them, but took the walk the old gentleman, Mr. Hawkington, was accustomed to take when alive, and still kept his hands behind him, and his chin upon his breast, like as if he was in deep

thought. So presently one of the men makes him out, and he roused his nearest watchmate, and pointed out the ghost to him, saying, 'I say, Tom, I'm blest if there ain't the old carpenter! here he comes—I shall be off,' and he got up and walked aft. The whisper went the rounds rapidly, and in a few minutes the fore-castle was as clear as if it had been raining, or the men had heard the pipe, 'wash decks,' and the carpenter's ghost had it all to himself. 'Did any body speak to it?' asked Tim again.—'You shall hear presently,' said the serjeant.—'What do you all want here?' said the officer of the watch to the men, as they crowded aft to the quarter-deck. No one seemed inclined to answer this question at first; but on the question being repeated, accompanied with an order for them to go forward again, the captain of the fore-castle, a sturdy old tar, who used to say 'he would sooner face the devil himself at any time than his ghost,' muttered something about the carpenter's ghost.—'What! What's that you say?' asked the lieutenant.—'The carpenter's ghost! the carpenter's ghost!' reiterated half-a-dozen voices at once.—'What about the carpenter's ghost, you blockheads,' replied the lieutenant; 'be off forward, and don't be stopping up the gangway in this manner.' 'He's walking the fore-castle!' exclaimed the men, still keeping their station, notwithstanding the orders of the officer of the watch. 'Nonsense, men, nonsense!' said the officer; 'Mr. Hawkington's dead; I am astonished at you.' 'He is walking the fore-castle now, sir,' again urged one of the half-dozen of voices. 'He has got on the very same hat as I covered for him,' rejoined another. 'And the same old monkey-jacket,' added a third. 'With the end of the chalk-line hanging out of his pocket,' continued a fourth. 'Only go forward and see,' exclaimed a fifth. 'Parcel of fools!' said the lieutenant enraged; 'make a lane there, and let me go forward.' A lane was speedily made, and the lieutenant went on very boldly until he got to the bow of the barge, and there, sure enough, as the men had said, he saw the apparition taking his ease, walking backwards and forwards. The lieutenant's courage then began to fail him.—'I don't wonder at that,' said Tim. 'And he did not think it prudent to go any nearer,' continued the serjeant. 'I thought how it would turn out,' said Tim again. 'So he stood still at the bow of the boat,' resumed the serjeant, 'and after a great effort, he managed to call out, M-i-s-t-e-r H-a-w-k-i-n-g-t-o-n, i-s-i-s-i-s-i-s-tha-tha-tha-tyo-you?' 'Sir,' replied the apparition, raising his head. 'The devil he did!' exclaimed Tim. 'Yes,' continued the serjeant, 'and he touched his hat, and advanced towards the lieutenant. 'Tha-that will d-do, M-i-s-t-e-r Hawk-Hawk-Hawking-ton,' ejaculated the perfectly satisfied lieutenant, retreating a few steps as the ghost advanced, as though unwilling to lessen the distance between them; and he walked very briskly aft to the quarter-deck, and went into the captain's cabin, to report the remarkable circumstance to the captain. 'The carpenter is on the fore-castle, sir,' said the lieutenant to the captain. The captain, just awakened out of a sound sleep, did not appear to hear what was said. 'Well, sir,' responded the captain, rubbing his eyes, and waiting further particulars. 'Mr. Hawkington, sir, is walking the deck, sir,' said the lieutenant again. 'Oh, is that all, sir?' said the captain, turning himself in his cot, and resuming his slumbers, 'then, sir, let him walk, and be d-d.' 'It appears,' continued the serjeant, 'that the old carpenter had been all the time in a trance; the doctor only considered him dead—' 'Pshaw!' exclaimed the mortified Old Tim, who evidently had not made up his mind to such a conclusion; 'and so it was no ghost after all?' 'No, no,' replied the serjeant appeasingly. 'He came to his senses in time to prevent being drowned. It seems he was quite un-mindful of the time which had passed away, and waking and hearing two bells strike, he thought it was the morning watch, and time for him to turn out, and so he roused out, called for a light as usual, fumbled about and found his clothes, and, giving a curse or two to me for putting out the light, bundled on deck as was his custom.'

AN ATTACK DEFEATED.—DESTRUCTION OF H.M.S. TARTAR.

"FORECASTLE, there! Mr. McIntosh, come aft," gruffly sung out Captain Pangdon, of H.M.S. Tartar, hailing my station about eight o'clock one evening, in the month of April, when the frigate was gently slipping through the water off the coast of Devon, with a light breeze from the westward, which just inflated our royals and top-gallant stunsails, but left the lower and heavier canvass flapping against the groaning masts at every heave.

"I say, Bill," I overheard one of the waiters remark, as I passed the weather gangway, "arn't the second lieutenant goin' to catch it now? The captain limps more nor ever he did." A pretty infallible sign that he was suffering from his corns, at which time a fellow's commission would not have been worth the parchment it was written on, had Pangdon caught him tripping ever so lightly at his duty.

In answer to the "Sir!" which promptly issued from me as I reached the quarter-deck, and mechanically took off my hat, he condescended to elevate his thumb in the direction of the fore-peak of the battered oilskin three-cornered covering on his head, and growl out, "my cabin;" which being interpreted, meant that I should descend, and there wait his pleasure.

"Now, sir," said the skipper on entering, "though I know you to be as slovenly in keeping watch as any young man that ever escaped a court-martial for neglect of duty, I believe you're well enough in a boat; and the ship can spare your services," he added by way of qualification, "and not find out her loss till you come back again. At one bell (half-past eight o'clock) you'll man and arm the double-banked twelve-oared cutter; take a compass, some rum, biscuit, and a mate to bring the boat back if you get killed, and keep her quietly dogging about this part of the coast pretty close in shore. In about a couple of hours or so, you'll see a fire balloon."

"A what! did you say, sir?" I inquired humbly, concluding I had misunderstood him, from the mumbling manner in which he spoke.

"A what! did I say, sir?" mimicked Pangdon, angrily, scowling at me from beneath his shaggy eye-brows; "a fire balloon," he repeated audibly enough—"a thing sent up in the air with a light tacked on to its tail, for the man in the moon to cook his victuals by. Ask a midshipman," continued the old Turk, in a tone of the most contemptuous wrath, at what he had mistaken for my ignorance, "and he'll tell you what it is, you damn ——" but, fortunately, remembering he was not talking to a "midshipman," he screwed up his mouth, and succeeded in restraining what was coming, despite the soreness of his feet, and the luxury it would have afforded him to indulge in what we used to call in the gun-room, a "good swear." I very soon found out what I was wanted for. Information had been received, that the Hyacinth, a small smuggling lugger, was expected to cross, and either run, or sink and anchor her cargo about dark; but the breeze being too light for a large craft to have any chance of success in chasing such a sneaking clipper, it was resolved that the frigate should bring up in Torbay for the night, as if nothing was suspected (the Tartar was a Channel cruiser), but leave her boat behind, with, what was deemed in the cabin, sufficient force to carry the "prize," as it was somewhat prematurely called.

On asking for further orders, after the supposed capture had taken place, I was told to "keep the lugger safe, the Tartars sober, and let him see us by daylight in the bay." But the cutter's crew had been away all the preceding night, assisting a ship on shore, and I took the liberty of asking for fresh hands.

"Pass the word for volunteers, and pick your men," was Pangdon's brief reply; and, at the appointed hour, the boat shoved off with muffled oars, leaving the frigate to pursue her course. The breeze, as I have said before, was light, but a troubled swell was rapidly getting up, which, to my mind, portended that it would blow harder before we had less wind; and ere we had parted from the ship an hour, the rain began to fall in torrents, and the lightning flashed around, while heavy peals of thunder were continually rolling right over our heads.

"Here's a nice night for a fire-balloon to go up in, sir," remarked Sims, the mate, addressing me.

"Very," I answered, drily; and, by the time I was drenched through to the skin, I began to wish myself on board again; for, independent of having been engaged on service all the preceding night, I was now on a most unpleasing duty—one where hard blows, little honour, and less profit, would, most likely, be my portion if I succeeded (for, from the character of her skipper, it was barely probable that either crew or cargo would ever fall into the hands of government with the craft), to say nothing of what was in store for me if I failed. In vain I strained my eyes for the balloon, and in vain I puzzled my brains, till I became more stupid than usual, to discover why a common sky-rocket would not have answered every purpose just as well. Although invisible, it was clearly a mistake, but one which, as events turned out, made no difference either to poor Pangdon or myself.

The information about the lugger was correct enough, whoever gave it; for suddenly, while paddling silently about, Sims heard the words "Let go!" which were instantly followed by the sound of a splash on the surface, as the very fellow we were on the look-out for, brought up in at least four-fathom water.

"That's him! give way, men—softly and together, now—give way." The lugger lay to leeward of us, and, unfortunately, a surly growl from a beast of a dog warned the smugglers there was danger in the wind; else we should have boarded them in the smoke while they were humbugging about their sails, and, very likely, carried the Hyacinth without losing a single man. Presently we ran right stern on, to what I imagined his anchor-buoy, and the noise of that produced the hail of, "Boat, ahoy!—Is that you, Ben?"

"Ay, mate, all right!" I answered; for it was impossible that he could see any more than ourselves; and, though it was discovered where we were, I saw no reason for letting him know what we were.

"How are ye to-night?" was the next tender inquiry.

"Hearty, thank ye!—How's yourself?"

"Middlin'!—How goes on Meg and the young un?"—but, as the devil would have it, just as I had coined a reply about "Meg and her young un," which, I flattered myself, might be delivered without danger, a vivid flash of lightning betrayed all, and revealed to the eyes of the astonished defaulter of the revenue, not his friend "Ben," but a man-of-war's cutter, on his larboard bow, pulling slap for him, and barely distant above a couple of boats' lengths.

"Confound my buttons!" was his pious ejaculation, "my heart misgived me; it warn't Ben. Show a light here! In with the larboard spring a bit, (the lugger was windrobe), and let the Long Tom teach 'em manners." And the lesson we received was a severe one, and not likely to be forgotten in a hurry; for the dazzling burst of flame from the mouth of the long eighteen upon their decks, was followed by a splitting crash, and a bubbling rushing sound of water, as the shattered cutter sunk beneath our feet, amid the gurgling groans and smothered shrieks of the drowning wounded, and bitter execrations of the hardened villains composing the motley crew on board the Hyacinth.

"Strike out for the shore, and follow in my wake, lads those that can!" was all that I ever said on the occasion. A long swim before us, and *saurez qui peut* was the order of the night.

God knows how many escaped being hit; more, I believe, than reached the beach alive. Indeed, it was "touch and go" with me, for I had a splinter sticking in my left shoulder, and anything of that kind is far from improving a man's capabilities of swimming; but, at last, thank Heaven! I landed safely, barring a few bruises; and, on mustering the boat's crew to ascertain how many had been "expended" out of thirteen hands, besides myself, four only, including Sims, answered to their names. Collecting the dripping and exhausted stragglers round me, I told them to "put their best foot foremost, keep together, and make for the light," we could see burning about a mile-and-a-half inland.

One poor fellow dropped in less than twenty minutes, and after several vain attempts to carry him ourselves, or find immediate help, we were forced to abandon him to his fate—

and the primest seaman in the ship died like a dog, in a ditch by the road-side; for, when assistance came, it came too late, and he had breathed his last.

"Speak, what are ye—smugglers or thieves?" was the salutation we were greeted with from an elderly gentleman, who, on hearing our peal at his garden-bell, put his head out of one of the windows of the house from whence the "beacon shone."

"Neither," was my reply, in answer to his question; "but the surviving officers and boat's crew of a cutter, belonging to H. M. S. Tartar, that—"

"Eh! what, my good fellow? surviving officers and crew of H. M. S. Tartar?" I explained, and requested shelter for the men; when down went the sash, and we could plainly hear him singing out for "Merton, Merton!" but the servant, I suppose, was fast asleep, for "Merton's" master bustled out himself, in spite of both wind and rain, and, unbarring the gate at the drive, welcomed us in with the genuine spirit of English hospitality.

Never, never shall I forget the figures that we out. The men, who were not blessed with much clothing at any time, had still less now; and Sims literally having thrown off everything in the water, presented an appearance more allied to a Chinaman in the woods, than a civilised man in a village; while the only outward evidence of my being an officer, consisted in my belt and scabbard (my sword having gone to the bottom); for, expecting a struggle with the smugglers hand to hand, I had, luckily, "dowed" both jacket and waistcoat before the boat went down. Shoes I had none; and my wounded and muddy feet, dissatisfied with their present situation, were on the look-out for another, discontentedly protruding themselves through what remained of a pair of stockings, which had once been white, while the breast of my shirt was discoloured by sea-water mixed with blood.

After gladly accepting what was freely offered in the shape of assistance for myself and party, I left Sims in charge of the men, and started across for Torbay, to report the misfortunes of the night, and tell a "lame tale of services unperformed." I arrived about an hour before daylight, but no Tartar was to be found; and when I boarded a sloop of war, the commanding-officer told me she had never come in there at all since their anchor had been down, which was full nine hours, at the least. I borrowed some dunnages, and indulged myself with a "shake-down" upon the deck, in the surgeon's cabin; and, when I roused up, about two bells, (nine o'clock,) in the forenoon, I found it blowing a hard gale from the northward, the wind having shifted from the westward since the middle watch, during the whole of which it had been blowing a good double-reefed-top-sail breeze.

Days rolled on; the storm was followed by a calm, the calm again by a breeze. The sloop went out, and several craft came in, but brought no tidings of the frigate. People began to get fidgety about her.

"Could she have been taken by the French?" one day inquired a lady, at a dinner-party, where Sims and I were dining.

"Not if Pangdon fought her, ma'am, I promise," was Lord R.'s blunt testimony to the courage of her captain.

"Had she gone down?" A "tenny" had weathered it; and the Tartar was one of the finest sea-boats, and, in heavy weather, bore her ports up longer than almost any other vessel in the service.

Three weeks elapsed, and some very clever fellow, in the *Torbay Express*, confidently stated upon the most unquestionable authority, that the board intended stopping our subsistence-money, drafting the two men amongst the fleet, and doing I know not what with the officers; when, one evening, while dressing for a subscription ball, I was summoned to repair in person on board the Pandora, then bearing the flag (blue at the fore) of Vice-Admiral Sir William Heavy-stern.

"Ahem! Mr. M'Intosh," said the veteran, as I entered his cabin, glancing at my attire; "I am sorry to interrupt your gaiety, but this is no time for trifling. You'll take this,"—putting a sealed packet into my hands—"to the Admiralty,

and leave your address with the porter. That's all—you may go."

The cutter took me ashore again, a post-chaise was waiting, and, in the course of ten minutes, I was whirling along the road to London, as fast as four horses' legs would carry me. My curiosity was pretty well excited, as may be supposed; yet so well had I learned to do as I was told, and ask no questions, that it was not till within at least twelve hours after the fate of the frigate had been blazoned over half the southern coast of England, that I had the slightest idea of what the contents of the despatches which I bore consisted.

A hundred-and-eighty-gallon butt had been picked up at sea, containing the ship's journals, and some other papers of consequence to her officers, but of no importance to the enemy; and in the last sea-log was the following hurried entry, scrawled in Pangdon's own hand-writing, and dated from the capstan.

"8. 30. p.m. In consequence of intelligence received"—Here followed something about the cutter having been despatched in charge of "Mr. M'Intosh, second lieutenant." And at 9. do., while under easy canvass, rounding Berry Head, observed a ship's light on the horizon, S.S.W. Hauled up S., and made sail in chase, breeze freshening, W.S.W. 1. 30. a.m. Coming on to blow, sea getting up; in first reef of main-topsail, and first reefs of fore and mizen ditto." At "2. Tacked, N.W. Hard squalls and rains; lightning," followed in the MS. by the mark signifying "all round." Then, in half-an-hour, was "tacked," again; and, lastly, came—"At 3. a.m., while in the act of sounding with the deep-sea lead, the foremast was struck by lightning, killing Mr. Wakes, third lieutenant, and seven men, besides setting the ship on fire forward. Bore up right before the wind, but the spring-stay having caught, the fire communicated aft to the mainmast-head. Cut away lanyards of lower rigging (fore and main), when both masts went by the wedges. Ship being still on fire forward, to prevent the flames driving aft (her head coming up), cut away the mizenmast, and got tarpaulins on the spritsail-yard. 3. 30. All efforts to extinguish the fire having failed, cut the boom-lashings, and breaking down the star-board-waist bulwarks, launched the long-boat, which was swamped alongside by a heavy sea. Remaining quarter-boat found stove by the falling of the mizen-mast. 4th less 10'. Private instructions, &c. having been destroyed, these are headed up and hove overboard. Eddystone light bearing N. by E., fire raging. Officers and men doing their duty to the last. All hope gone, and may God help us!"

"R. PANGDON."

So much for the poor old barkey; but the individual fate of her gallant crew—left only the horrible choice, between the alternatives of being burned or drowned—remained, and still remains, a dark and dreadful mystery. Sims and I had to stand a court, and, after that was over, I again returned to London, to seek employment once more afloat.

NAVAL ANECDOTE.

A CIRCUMSTANCE of a singular nature occurred during the action between the *Virginie* and *Guelderland*. It was observed from the Dutch frigate that the *Virginie* was prepared to board her whenever an opportunity offered for that purpose, and a part of the crew were consequently ready to repel the attempt. The purser of the Dutchman, a brave fellow, stood on the gangway, sword in hand, animating the men to resistance, and with his arm raised, in expectation of the effort. While in this attitude, a cannon-ball from the *Virginie* took his arm off within a few inches of the shoulder; the dismembered limb fell into the hold unheeded, and the poor fellow was put under the care of the surgeon. In two days afterwards, when the hold was examined and clearing out, the arm was found, with the sword so firmly grasped in the hand, that no common force could disengage it; and it therefore became necessary to cut off the fingers, to separate the sword and hand. It was, however, previously shown to a number of persons, in order that so extraordinary a fact should be confirmed by strong and indisputable testimony. The gallant

purser was afterwards taken on board the *Trent* flag-ship, and though at first despaired of, skill and attention changed his condition to convalescence, and he speedily recovered.

ESCAPES FROM A DANISH PRISON.

CAPTAIN FREEMAN, of the ship *Moxton*, of Hull, having been captured by Danish gun-boats, in 1807, had been confined in the prison of Helsterburgh, in North Jutland, with about twenty other masters of vessels, five of whom, namely, John Davidson of Sunderland, John Kidd of Arbroath, David Raft and Daniel Stewart of Dundee, John Millar of Kirkcaldy, and himself, effected their escape on June 20th, 1808, in the evening, by rolling themselves down the bank of the field in which they were permitted to walk, and thus eluding the vigilance of their guards. After two nights' travelling towards the westward, and hiding themselves in the corn by day, they reached the sea-shore near Bovenbergen, where they found a boat about thirty feet long by seven feet broad; they immediately put to sea in this boat, the whole of their stores consisting of about a gallon of water, and the small quantity of bread they had brought away in their pockets; they had neither compass nor sails, but they managed to supply the deficiency by six spare shirts, which they took to pieces, and sewed them together with the yarn of their stockings. Being so poorly supplied, it was necessary to be very economical of their provisions, which they did by limiting every man to an allowance of half a penny loaf of bread a day, and half a tea-cupful of water night and morning. On the second day they were fortunate enough to find a haddock floating on the sea, which they divided among them. They were compelled to steer along at no great distance from the shore, as the weather was at times very foggy, and they intended, if possible, to make for Heligoland.

On the evening of the 26th, they ran within a small island, and two of them landed on the continent, to endeavour to replenish their exhausted stores of food and water, and for that purpose started to a house about a mile distant from the shore; but had not gone far, when they were chased back by two French dragoons, and were glad to regain their boat, and put off from the inhospitable shore. They made for the island, and lay-to near it during the night, but in a most pitiable state, as they had not tasted water for sixteen hours, and their throats were so affected by intolerable thirst, that they could not swallow a morsel of bread; but fortunately it began to rain, when they contrived, by the help of their shirts and sail, to collect about a gallon of dirty water, which proved a seasonable relief, and prevented them from delivering themselves up to the enemy, which otherwise they must have been compelled to do, to save themselves from perishing by starvation.

On the afternoon of the 27th, after suffering severely from the cold and rain, the weather having proved so unfavourable, and their stock of provisions being nearly exhausted, they made Newark Island, and ran past it, to within about half-a-mile of the shore, where they laid to with the intention of landing in the evening, to endeavour, if possible, to procure a fresh supply of water, of which they stood so much in need; but the fatigues and privations they had undergone, had so exhausted them, that they all fell asleep, and were awakened by a Cuxhaven fisherman, who had waded to them from the shore; and having heard their case, advised them by all means to put off again immediately, as otherwise they were in imminent danger of being made prisoners by the French, and recommended their landing at Newark Island, as there were no troops there. They accordingly landed near a single house, where they replenished their bottles with water, but they could not prevail upon the inhabitants to supply them with a morsel of bread.

On the morning of the 28th, about one o'clock, they put off again from the island, and proceeded on their voyage, and about seven o'clock the same evening they got on board a vessel which was lying on the banks to the eastward of the Elbe, and loading shells for Hamburg. On board this vessel there were only two men, who supplied them with water, about two pounds of bread, and a small compass. They left this vessel at about two o'clock the next morning, and about seven o'clock on the morning of the 30th, to their inexpressible joy, they

came in sight of Heligoland; and after rowing the whole day against a heavy N.W. sea, and a smart breeze of wind, they succeeded in gaining the shore, about eight o'clock in the evening, and were cordially received on the beach by several hundreds of the inhabitants, who heartily congratulated them on their providential deliverance.

Governor Hamilton, and the rest of the officers and council, treated them with uncommon kindness, and showed them every possible attention, supplying them with everything which their exhausted state rendered necessary, and which contributed to their speedy restoration to health and strength.

On July 4th, Captain Freeman and Captain Davidson left Heligoland in a Papenburgh vessel, and in a short time arrived safely off Yarmouth; the others remained till about the 10th, when they departed in some vessels belonging to Leith, where they subsequently arrived, with heartfelt gratitude to that Providence which had so singularly delivered them from captivity, and safely conducted them to their homes.

A GALLEY YARN OF A SAILOR AT CHAPEL.

WHY, you knows as how we had one Lieftenant Barebones in the Lee Impetus, a reglar, strait-laced, sallow-looking feller: we used to say he looked as if he had been cooked and stewed up again. Moss being absent on leave, Barebones did the duty of first lieutenant: so when the liberty-men were all mustered into the launch one Sunday afternoon, Tom Levett, the boat-swain's mate, axed to go too, but Barebones said as how the number was complete. "I only axes," says Tom, "because I wants to go to the Methodist meeting this evening." "Very praiseworthy, indeed," says Barebones; "Mister Levett, you may go; but mind you remember not to forget to come off again." "O Lord, your honour, you may trust me anywhere." "So I would," says Barebones, "except in a grog-shop." "Lord bless your honour," says Tom, "does your honour go for to think I've any hidea of such a thing." "No, no, Mr. Levett," says Barebones, "I've too good an opinion of you." So with this, Tom jumps into the launch; and when he had got ashore, unluckily he had to pass a public-house called the Half Moon and Fiddle. "Well," says Tom, "whether or no, I can't say, but I must just stop here for a minute." Well, ye see, after taking a stiff nor-wester, with an old shipmate who was there by haxident, Tom was obliged to stand treat. As soon as the second glass was done, Tom says, "Now, my hearties, I must make sail, and come to an anchor at the meeting; but I shan't be there over long, seeing I shall only drop it under foot, and lay at a short stay-peak." Well, by this time, d'ye see, Tom had been staying so long at the public-house, that the sarment was just beginning. "Well, I'm in good time, at any rate," says Tom, "cause I know that Barebones will ax me the text, as a proof as how I have been to the meeting." "Well," says Tom, "after the parson had read his commission, as it might be, he reads his text, from some chapter and varse" which Tom didn't recollect; but the words he did, which, you know, is much betterer, and part of these was, "When it is calm there is but little wind." Well, d'ye see, having said this once, presently he says it again.

"Why, how's this?" thinks Tom, "there's devil a seaman at all amongst this ere crew. Please your honour," says Tom, hailing the parson, "I've been at sea, man and boy, these forty years, therefore your honour must believe I knows summat about it; and therefore I just ax leave to set your honour right in this little bit of seamanship, because I say as how, your honour, that when it's calm, there's no wind at all! It's what we calls a H Irish hurricane."

"Turn him out!" says the parson's chief mate. "You be d—d," says Tom; "I won't go! you must be but a lubberly son of a seacock to talk of such a thing, after my taking the trouble to set your skipper there right in his course." As Tom said this, he looked up by chance into the gallery, and who should he spy there but Bill Bobstay, our captain of the fore-castle. "I say, Bill," cries Tom, "if you'll stick by me, I'm blowed if we won't wollop the chief mate and all the crew, and then we'll go over to the Half Moon and Fiddle, and have a couple of glasses of nor-nor-west."

"Stick to you, Tom!" says Bill, "that I wool;" and down he comes over the thwarts of the gallery, and sliding down the pillar hand over hand, was soon alongside Tom.

"Now let's see," says Tom, "where's the ten that dare shove us out? and as for you, you beggar, Mr. Chief-mate, if I come athwart your hawse, I'll soon cut your cables."

Well, d'ye see, Fitz, this looked most precious as if they were to have it all their own way; when presently, of a sudden, six or eight fellers, with short staffs painted with the king's harms, who called themselves constables, laid 'em aboard right astern, saying, "We rest you in the king's name." My eyes! at the name of the king, Tom and Bill were both dumb-founded; it clapped a stopper on their jaw-bags in a crack, making their tongues absent without leave, as 'twere.

"In the king's name!" says Tom, as soon as he could speak. "Well, he's the only man I'd haul my colours down to, for he's a sailor's friend, God bless him! and if so be as how you'll prove yourselves horcifers, we'll strike: if not, clear for haction, for we'll soon board you on the bow, and draw a little claret from your figure-head, my boy." However, 'twas all right, sure enough: so the end of it was, Tom and Bill were boxed up all night, like two birds in a cage; and, next morning, they were brought on board, and wiped down with four dozen a-piece; so that you may safely swear, they han't been able to abide the sight of a parson ever since.

LEAVE OF ABSENCE.

ONE morning, when his late Majesty's ship Hesperus lay at the Cape, a seaman, named Wolfe, applied to Lieutenant Strangeways for leave to go on shore. "No, Wolfe," said Strangeways, "I cannot allow you to go on shore. You know the last time you got leave, you came on board drunk; and such conduct cannot be permitted." "I promise you, sir," said Wolfe, "I won't get drunk." "What do you want to do on shore?" inquired Strangeways. "I want to fight!" "To fight!" repeated Strangeways; "a pretty errand, truly! And with whom, pray, do you mean to fight?" "With black Sambo, the prize-fighter, sir. He challenged me to a match before I joined the ship; and he has been taunting me ever since, insinuating that I am afraid to stand to my bargain. This is the morning on which we were to meet, sir; and, if I do not attend, they will call me coward." "It was extremely foolish in you to enter into any such engagement, sir," replied Strangeways; "but what you say is true: if you do not attend, those Cape Town bullies may impute it to cowardice. You promise me you won't get drunk?" "I promise, sir!" "Then you may go." Wolfe, accordingly, went on shore! and after an absence of about an hour-and-half, he returned without having tasted a drop of liquor. As soon as he got on deck, he went to Strangeways, and reported himself. "I am come on board, sir, sober!" "Well," replied Strangeways, "I am glad you have kept your word. Did you fight the match?" "I did, sir." "Was it a long one?" "Fifty minutes, sir, by the watch." "Who conquered?" "I did, sir." "Did you punish your opponent severely?" "Why, sir, I beat him, and that's just saying enough." "Right! You may retire, sir." "I hope, sir, you will have no objections to let me go ashore again?" said Wolfe, still lingering in the neighbourhood of the lieutenant. "What at present?" "Yes, sir." "Why, what do you want to do ashore now?" "Get drunk, sir!" replied Wolfe, with the gravest possible expression of countenance, while Strangeways burst into an immoderate fit of laughter. "May I go, sir?" continued Wolfe, when he thought the lieutenant had had sufficient to indulge his merriment. "It is contrary to all rule, sir," said Strangeways, scarcely able to articulate for laughter; "but, since you have kept your promise so faithfully, I will permit you for this once to go." "Thank you, sir," said Wolfe, with the same immovable gravity of countenance; and, in a few minutes, he was seen pulling off in one of the Malay boats that attended the ship with fruit. He kept his word as faithfully on this as on the former occasion; and, towards evening, he was carried on board in a state of the "most blissful oblivion."

LOSS OF THE ST. LAWRENCE

THE St. Lawrence, a brig bound to New York, sailed from the basin of Quebec on the 17th of November, 1780, with several British officers on board. One of these was Ensign Prenties, of the 84th regiment, being charged with despatches to Sir Henry Clinton. Another vessel was in company, a schooner, having a duplicate of the despatches for New York.

On the 26th of the month, the St. Lawrence and her consort reached the Brandy Pot Islands, about forty leagues below Quebec, where they were obliged to cast anchor. The weather was very cold, and the St. Lawrence so leaky as to require a pump to be constantly kept going. As soon

as they could proceed on their voyage they set sail again, and soon made the Island of Anticosti, near the mouth of the St. Lawrence. The wind again set in contrary, and they were obliged to beat on and off between the island and the shore for four days. The leaks in the vessel increased, and they were forced to keep two pumps at work day and night. The ship was now more northerly than she had been before, and the ice began to form so fast around her, that they were obliged to clear it away lest it should accumulate, and be frozen together. The seamen were not expert, and altogether not equal to do the work of the vessel at such a crisis. The master was constantly intoxicated in his cabin, and yet every moment the benefit of a community of experience was more necessary.

The wind being to the westward on the 28th, they



LOSS OF THE ST. LAWRENCE, 1780.

sailed down the gulf with two feet water on board. The wind increased until it blew a gale. On the 1st of December, the crew, overcome with fatigue and the severity of the cold, refused to work any longer at the pumps. The leak was gaining upon them. The water was now four feet in the hold, and the sailors declared they were indifferent to their fate, as they preferred going to the bottom to the incessant fatigue, when it could not be of the slightest avail to save them. Their labour from the time they set sail, had been excessive, and matters had reached such a pitch, that they could hardly hope, by any chance, to save the vessel, even if a hope remained of their own lives. By earnest entreaty, and giving them a pint of wine each man, they were with difficulty persuaded to exert themselves, saying that whether the ship filled or not was of no consequence to them. Though the delay had

been short at the pumps, the water had increased a foot in a quarter of an hour. The sailors, encouraged by the wine, in two hours reduced the water to three feet. The captain still remained in his cabin. The gale increased, and the ice formed so thickly on the vessel's side as to hinder her progress through the water. Additional labour was required to clear it away, which the company on board were ill able to execute, and the leak gained upon them.

The vessel which had set sail at the same time with the St. Lawrence was in as bad a state as that ship, having struck on a rock at the Island of Coudres, from the carelessness of the pilot. Heavy snow fell, and it was with the utmost difficulty the ships could keep in sight of each other. A gun was fired every half hour, lest they should part company. At length no answer came from the schooner. She had gone

down with every person on board. The gale increased, the sea ran high, and it was impossible to see twenty yards ahead of the vessel from the falling of the snow. The water had risen to five feet in the hold, owing to the fatigue of the crew. The mate judged that the ship was not far from the Magdalen Islands, which lie in the middle of the gulf of St. Lawrence. These are mostly a cluster of rocks. Many of the rocks are under water, and very dangerous to navigation. They are always avoided in foggy weather, though when it is fine seamen like to make them. The opinion of the mate was well founded; about two hours after, a rocky island, one of the number called the Deadman, lying furthest of the group to the westward, was seen close under the lee of the ship, and it was with great difficulty that the point of it was weathered. The vessel was now hardly safe, for there were numerous

islands and rocks near; the snow was falling thick, yet they had the good fortune, notwithstanding, to escape them all.

Their anxiety while passing, and their joy when they had shot by them, were both very great. The crew, overcome with cold and fatigue, took fresh heart from having escaped such imminent dangers, and believing Providence was favourable to them, they continued to exert themselves. Wine was also served out to them occasionally, which was of great service. The gale still continued, the sea running very high, so that they were apprehensive of the stern being beaten in. This happened on the 5th of January, when the sea struck the quarter, stove in the dead lights, filled the cabin, and washed the master out of bed, where he had skulked ever since the commencement of the storm. It was now discovered that the shock was of a most serious nature, for the stern post had

been started by the violence of the sea, and the leaks increased. It was in vain they attempted to stop them with beef cut into small pieces, the water poured in faster than it had even done before. The crew, finding their labour ineffectual, abandoned the ship to its fate in despair, and would pump no longer. An attempt was, indeed, made by them once afterwards to use the pumps, and endeavour to keep the water under; but it was found they were choked up with ice and frozen so much, that they were quite useless. The vessel in a little time filled with water, but did not sink, though all on board expected her every moment to go to the bottom. In fact she did sink much deeper in the sea than before. They now recollected she was laden with lumber, which immediately accounted for the circumstance of her keeping afloat. Hope of preservation now sprung up afresh

in the bosom of the crew. If they could make the island of St. John, or some other near it, all might yet be well. They steered directly before the wind to prevent oversetting, though there was difficulty in doing this, because the sea washed clean over the decks. It was necessary, if possible, to preserve the boat, as its loss would be, in such circumstances, a terrible misfortune. The cabin was on the deck, and being clear of water, afforded a tolerable shelter. The man at the helm was made fast with a rope, to prevent his being carried overboard. In this way they drove before the wind for some time, the violence of the gale still unabated.

The supposition of the captain was that the ship could be no great distance from the land; he supposed they must be near the Island of St. John, between the Magdalen Islands and the Gut of Canso. They were, therefore, in hopes of being able to

run the ship on shore, on some sandy part of the island, and thus save their lives. This hope was destroyed by the captain's statement, that the north-east side of the island, where they then must be, was one continued reef of rocks, and that there was but one harbour, which was on the opposite side to the spot where the vessel then drove. Not a long while after the waves were shorter than before, and broke higher, a sign of approaching the land. Gulls, too, were seen, and other birds flying about; a sure evidence that these conjectures were not ill-founded. It was now concluded they were running right upon the formidable rocks of St. John.

The ship was under a close reefed fore-topsail, yet she had great way through the water. They did not venture to unfurl more canvass, and, indeed, had they done so, their sails would have been rent in the storm. The fore-topsail was new, and stood the wind entire. The captain wished to keep the ship off the land, and to bring her to for that purpose; but the mate and Mr. Prenties opposed the measure, fearing she would over-set in the attempt, and showed that, if she answered the helm, she must ultimately go on shore, because she could, in her existing state, make no way to windward. The captain attempted to brace about the fore-yard, but it was found impracticable, the ropes and blocks were all firmly frozen.

In the interim the colour of the water had changed, and the vessel was every moment expected to strike. There was small hope of any of the lives of those on board being saved, and all prepared for the worst. Mr. Prenties fastened his despatches and letters round his waist. His servant took a hundred and fifty guineas, which his master told him he might have if he pleased, and which he fortunately secured about his person. The atmosphere became clearer about one o'clock in the day, and the land was descried at three leagues' distance. Much pleasure was at first afforded at the sight, from their taking it for St. John, where they hoped to be hospitably received. They quickly found, however, that they were mistaken. The sketches they had on board showed not the least similarity to the coast before them; no similar mountains and precipices being discoverable. As the ship made towards the shore, every heart beat quick, and then palpitated with fear, as the sea was observed breaking high in foam upon the rocks, a scene appalling to the stoutest heart. There was a reef between the ship and the sandy beach, on which they expected the vessel must have struck, and their doom be sealed in a moment. Contrary to expectation, she went on through the boiling and raging breakers, shipping heavy seas, which her great strength alone enabled her to bear. She surmounted the reef without touching, and the first great danger seemed past. They had now a pause of a moment to cast their eyes towards the shore. The land seemed rocky and high, but at the distance of about a mile they descried a fine sandy beach with a bold shore. The sea, too, they found ran less high than without the reef they had so providentially crossed. As the ship approached the land they found the water still deep, so that they were within fifty or sixty yards of it before the ship struck. All expected, at the moment of her striking, that she must go to pieces, she ground with such violence. At the first blow the mainmast started from the step; at the second, the foremast. Neither, however, fell over, because the hold being packed close with deals, the masts had still no room below to play. The rudder was unshipped at the moment with great violence, so that one of the sailors was nearly killed by it. The sea broke over all, while every wave lifted the ship four or five feet nearer the shore. The stern was soon beaten in, and those who had before been sheltered in the cabin were now compelled to hang by the shrouds on deck, to prevent being washed overboard. There they remained, the sea carrying the ship so high upon the beach at last, that the deck might be securely walked upon. The keel of the vessel, it was now ascertained, was broken, and she was every moment expected to go to pieces. This, however, did not happen. It was probable that the boards were frozen in the hold, and thus a solid mass was opposed to the action of the waves, capable for some time of a successful resistance.

The boat was now got out of the leeward side of the ship which had broached to, and thus afforded a shelter for the purpose. The ice being previously cleared out of her, some liquor

was distributed to those who were sober, and Mr. Prenties asked if any were willing to embark, and attempt to reach the shore. The sea running so high, few were inclined to venture. The mate, two sailors, a passenger, and a boy, were all who would join in making the experiment. The foam of the surf broke over them every moment, and every drop of water froze as it fell, so that their clothes were one sheet of ice. The boat being got into the water, and an axe and saw thrown in also, three others leaped in. The boy trying to spring down fell into the sea, and was dragged out with difficulty, owing to the benumbed state of their fingers. The chill given to the poor youth he could never recover. The two sailors next leaped in: and then all in the ship seemed ready to follow the example. It was necessary to push off, therefore, as quick as possible, lest too many should rush in and sink them. The ship was only about forty yards from the shore, but before the boat was halfway there, a wave overtook and nearly swamped it; while the next drove it high and dry on the sand. For a few moments joy was in every heart, at being once more upon the firm land, and the future dreary prospect was forgotten. Their condition on a cold, snow-covered coast did not occur to them, and that they might be reserved for a destiny more horrible.

Night was near at hand, and those who had reached the shore felt themselves getting stiff with cold. The gale was as high as ever, and they were obliged to wade up to their waists in snow to the shelter of a thick wood, situated about two hundred and fifty yards from the beach, which afforded them some little relief from the piercing wind. A fire was necessary, but they found their tinder was so wet, that they had no resource but to pass the weary hours of the long and freezing night in exercise. Mr. Prenties, who had been used to cold climates, from his own experience, recommended them to move about. For the first half-hour they attended to this advice; but the poor youth who had fallen into the sea found himself so overcome with the cold, that he laid down. In half an hour, the desire to sleep was felt by them all, but resisted by Mr. Prenties and the mate, from a conviction of the fatal consequences attending it. The boy was soon found quite cold, but not dead. He desired his father, at New York, might be written to, and informed of his fate; and in ten minutes was dead, having expired apparently without pain.

The knowledge of the poor lad's death did not deter the servant of Mr. Prenties and the two sailors from lying down to sleep also, in the teeth of the most urgent remonstrances and exhortations. Finding they could not be kept on their legs, Mr. Prenties and the mate employed themselves during the night in beating them constantly with branches of trees. This saved their lives, besides giving himself and the mate something to do; the only two who were governed by reason in that trying moment. At last the weary hours of the painful night dragged themselves out, and day dawned. Mr. Prenties made the men pull down their stockings, as they observed they had no feeling in their legs, and they were observed to be frozen halfway up. They were immediately rubbed with snow, but it was impossible to bring back the circulation.

On going to the beach, they found that the ship still held together, though the storm continued. The object to be achieved first was to get the people on shore before she went to pieces, because the safety of one was that of all. There was only a very short distance at low water between the ship and the shore. Waiting until it was low water, they fastened a rope to the jib-boom, and easily swung themselves to the shore, one by one, dropping upon it as the waves retired. The carpenter was still left on board; he had drunk too hard the night before.

The captain brought ashore materials for obtaining a light; wood was gathered, and a fire kindled as quickly as possible, by which they were all enabled to warm their benumbed limbs. This was a luxury, however, which was followed by very painful consequences to those whose limbs were frozen. On being brought to the fire, and the frost-bitten members exposed to its action, the most torturing pains were endured from the thawing of the hardened flesh. The suffering was beyond expression great.

A passenger in the vessel was unaccounted for upon numbering the survivors of the ship's company; it was now recol-

lected he had fallen asleep in the ship, and been frozen to death. His name was Green. One man, the carpenter, already mentioned, still remained on board; they could make no effort to save him that day; but determined to make the attempt on the following one. The luxury of a fire was great, but the want of shelter was still terribly felt; and hunger began to assail them in addition to their former miseries.

The next morning, all who possessed strength sufficient repaired to the beach to try whether there was any means of delivering the carpenter from his perilous situation. They could still hear his voice in the vessel, but the sea ran as high as ever, and the boat could not swim if launched. They were obliged to wait until the tide was out, and then they with difficulty persuaded him to leave the ship in the way the others had done.

For two days more, the 7th and 8th, the wind blew as hard and piercing as ever, and the vessel broke up, by the violence of the sea, from the stern as far as the mainmast. Some provisions were now washed on shore; they consisted of salt-beef and fresh meat which had been hung over the stern, together with a quantity of onions. It was now the fourth day that these miserable men had endured hunger, under a temperature below the freezing point. That they were thus enabled to satisfy their appetites, and strengthen themselves for what the future might have in store for them, they considered as most providential; and when their meal was concluded, and they had made what to them was a most delicious repast, they collected all they could find scattered along the beach for their future wants. Their number was now seventeen, and out of all, the mate and Mr. Prenties alone were capable of exerting themselves actively. It was necessary to provide some kind of shelter, and a quantity of deals having floated ashore from the wreck, two hundred and fifty were carried into the wood, a sort of tent was built, about twenty feet long by ten wide, and completed the same night by ten o'clock. They next examined into the state of their provisions, and found to their great joy that they possessed between two and three hundred pounds of salt beef and a considerable supply of onions. Still it was resolved to keep themselves upon short allowance. A quarter of a pound of beef and four onions were all that could be afforded daily to each man.

The gale abated on the 11th of December, and then they were able to launch their boat and get upon the wreck. It cost a day's labour to open the hatches, having only one axe, and the cables being frozen over them into a mass of ice. The following day, by cutting up the deck, they got out two casks of onions and a barrel of beef, containing about a hundred and twenty pounds weight. They also found what they imagined to be three barrels of apples, shipped by a Jew of Quebec, but which proved, unfortunately, to be balsam of Canada. They got out a quarter of a cask of potatoes a bottle of oil, an axe, a large iron pot, two campkettles, and twelve pounds of candles. These they stowed away in their hut. They now added four onions to their daily allowance. They next cut away as much of the sails as they could from the bowsprit, for the purpose of covering their hut, by which means it was made tolerably warm. The wounds of the men, caused by the frost, now began to mortify; and the toes and fingers of many to rot off. Their torments soon became almost beyond human endurance. The carpenter, who came last on shore, died delirious, on the 14th, having lost the greater part of his feet. They covered his body with snow and the branches of trees, for the ground was become impenetrably hard from the frost. In three days more, the second mate died, who likewise became delirious some time before he expired. Death caused now little concern to men who thought it a happiness to be beyond further suffering; and there were fewer to consume their scanty stock of provisions; a thing which was by no means of light moment in an atmosphere where hunger was greater, and the means of gratifying it less, than in any other situation. Vermin very soon began to proceed from the wounds of the sick, which infected the healthy. Several came off with the loss of a toe or a finger or two. Mr. Prenties alone escaped without being frost-bitten. Another seaman died on the 20th.

They were now fifteen; but the allowance of provisions was not increased.

The mate and Mr. Prenties, upon a fine day, set out and walked up a river, on the ice, for ten or twelve miles. They there fell in with a wigwam, or Indian hut. They observed tracks of deer and other animals, but had no fire-arms to kill them. They found the skin of a moose-deer hanging across a pole, and trees which were cut on each side with an axe, but they could not find any human beings. Mr. Prenties cut a directing-pole, and carved a hand in birch-bark, thinking, if any saw it, they might find them out.

They had now been twenty days in this forlorn situation, and their provisions began to get reduced so much as to occasion a suspicion that all was not fair in the consumption. Foul play was apprehended, and it was discovered, by keeping watch, that the captain and two sailors had consumed no less than seventy pounds of beef, besides onions. The mate and Mr. Prenties were obliged afterwards to keep watch, one or other remaining in the hut, to prevent these depredators from plundering the common stock.

They had given up all hopes of aid from any quarter, and having but six weeks' provisions left, Mr. Prenties proposed taking the boat, to search for inhabitants, or for some kind of relief, even from the Indian population of the country. The proposal was agreed to, but the difficulty was to put the boat in such a state of repair as would allow her to float, for every seam was open from her strains on the beach. Dry oakum they possessed, but no pitch. At length it occurred to them, that the Canada balsam might be serviceable. They boiled it down in an iron kettle, and, suffering it to cool, made it answer.

It was new-year's day when the boat, in a tolerable floating condition, was got into the water. Six persons embarked: Mr. Prenties and servant, the captain and mate, and two sailors. None of the rest were able to join in the expedition. Their shoes being nearly worn out, Mr. Prenties set to work to make Indian shoes of canvass; his needle was the handle of a pewter spoon, and the canvass unravelled, supplied the thread. Twelve pair were thus fabricated; two pair for each person. They now divided their provisions, which were calculated at a quarter of a pound a-day, for six weeks, those in the boat and those left behind sharing alike. The wind was adverse until the 4th of January, and even then the quantity of ice on the coast rendered the expedition exceedingly perilous. It was equally hazardous to stay, with the certainty of starving. They, therefore, taking leave of their companions, embarked upon as uncertain a course as ever was undertaken upon the ocean. When about eight miles distant, the wind blew off shore. By great toil they at last got into a bay, and hauled up their boat as high as they could on the strand. They then cut wood to make a sort of wigwam to shelter them. Near this place they saw, from a high point of land, a Newfoundland fishing-boat, half covered with sand. This made them proceed further, and they spied, to their great joy, some houses at a distance. On reaching them, they were only old abandoned storehouses, built for curing fish. Some casks, which lay near, they searched in vain for provisions. They got a quart of cranberries, which they ate.

The wind now blew from the north-west with great violence for two days. The sea was frozen up for leagues, and seemed to preclude all hope of their proceeding. By land they could not travel for want of snow shoes, as the snow lay in great depth. Two days more they waited, when, on the 9th of January, the wind blew off the land, and the sea was perfectly clear. The force of the wind, however, prevented their proceeding until the 11th. They launched their boat with difficulty, for their reduced strength and want of nourishment. They made a tolerable course, until they saw a very high point before them, which they estimated at a distance of seven leagues. The coast appeared one continued precipice, so that it appeared not possible to effect a landing, until they reached the extreme point of the Cape. The passage seemed dangerous, and the least change of wind must have driven them upon the rocks. Danger was, how-

ever, no stranger to these unfortunate men. They kept two oars going, and two of the hands were constantly employed in baling. They reached the head-land about eleven o'clock at night, but could find no place to land, and were obliged to keep along the shore until two o'clock in the morning, when the wind increased, and having a stormy beach in view, they thought it prudent to land. They got out their provisions, but could not haul up the boat from the steepness of the shore, and they were compelled to leave it to the mercy of the ocean.

On the 13th, the wind blowing from the sea, the boat was driven up twenty yards higher on the shore, than where she had been left, and several holes forced in her bottom. They had little covering, and no firing, except from a few pieces of timber which floated ashore, so that they were nearly frozen. The weather continued the same for eight days, attended with a prodigious fall of snow, which added to their previous miseries. The snow had fallen to the depth of three feet previously to the 21st, on which day they were able to cook their provisions. This they had effected but once before since they landed. Their not doing this was a great loss to them, as the broth in which the meat was boiled, afforded them a most important part of their warmth and nutriment. They were still able, weak as they were, to turn their boat partly over, to see the extent of the injury she had sustained. They found the balsam quite rubbed off, and holes in the bottom. They were in hopes the ice would go away from the coast, as it had done before, and that, if they could but repair the boat, they might soon fall in with inhabitants. They had no balsam, but they had a small quantity of dry oakum, which could be of no service by itself. Finding that to make the boat seaworthy was beyond their power, they thought the ice might bear them a little way along the coast, until they could get into the woods. Mr. Prenties and the mate tried the experiment, and had not gone far before they fell in with the mouth of a river, and a fine sandy beach. Now, though it was practicable, and they could get into the woods, they were ignorant of the right direction, and the snow was six feet deep, and could not be crossed without snow-shoes. They finally resolved the next day to take their provisions on their backs, and coast along the ice, which seemed likely to remain.

On the morning of the 24th, the wind having changed in the night, the ice was driven out to sea, and they were still exposed on a cold dreary beach, surrounded by insurmountable precipices. At length they thought of filling the holes in the boat with oakum, and throwing water upon it sufficient to freeze. The scheme succeeded. As long as the weather continued to freeze the boat would be dry. It was the 27th when all was ready, and they once more left the shore on their forlorn voyage. In the evening of that day they computed they had rowed about twelve miles. Greatly fatigued, they landed on a small sandy beach, and made a fire. On the day following they had made six miles, when the wind rising, forced them to put on shore. The snow in the woods would not bear their weight. The 1st of February they were obliged to make their boat sea-worthy as before, and again set sail, but the cold and floating ice prevented their making more than five miles all day. One of them was continually employed in breaking the ice with a pole. In proceeding their boat made so much water, they were forced to keep baling incessantly. After sailing sixteen miles they saw a very high point of land, which they judged to be six leagues off, and soon after an island which they imagined must be that of St. Paul, near Cape Breton, while the high land they thought was the cape itself. The great height of the latter made them compute the distance erroneously, and it was dark when they reached it, but could find no landing-place. They were therefore obliged to take to their oars all night. About five in the morning, while it was yet dark, they found themselves off a sandy beach of very considerable length. A heavy sea rolled in, and landing was hazardous, but they effected it in safety, and got into the woods once more, where they kindled a fire, Mr. Prenties having secured the tinder-box in his bosom to keep it dry. They were so fatigued they could scarcely keep awake for a few minutes, when before the fire. They were obliged to watch in turn, for had all fallen asleep together, it would have been their last.

They were now all satisfied that they had doubled the north cape of Cape Breton.

It happened that they had not been able to secure their boat so effectually as to prevent the sea from beating it high on the beach, and filling it with sand; while a part of the crew were employed in clearing it out, the rest travelled along the beach in search of something which might be eaten. A quantity of oyster-shells were observed, but no oysters were found near the shore, nor anything which would alleviate their sufferings, except about two quarts of hips or wild rose-buds, which they discovered under the snow. These, ill-adapted as they were for the sustenance of man, were still eagerly devoured. They served to allay the keen sense of hunger, if they imparted no nourishment. They now pushed off their boat once more, but the ice soon forced them to land on another part of the same beach. In landing, Mr. Prenties unfortunately dropped the tinder-box into the water, which prevented their kindling a fire, and they began to suffer proportionably from the cold. They therefore thought it best to embark again, and return to the place from whence they had started, in the hope of finding their fire was not yet extinguished. They could not accomplish their task without great difficulty, from the necessity of breaking the ice the whole way, it having frozen with great rapidity. The delay made them the more anxious to reach the fire-place, and they now considered themselves fortunate they had not been able to go farther from it. They had the good fortune to find the embers still alive. Had this not been the case, they must have perished in the course of the night, from the severity of the cold.

It was on the 8th of February, before the ice suffered them to embark again, and in the evening they landed at a spot where they were sheltered from the wind and sea by a large rock, better than they had been before. On the 9th, they had sailed about eight miles, when the swell of the sea forced them to land, and in getting to the shore, two of their oars were washed overboard by the surf. The next day they put to sea again, having their oars double manned, and made about six miles.

This was a hard day's work for men so reduced in strength. They were scarcely able to walk fifty yards without halting to recover themselves. They were obliged to remain stationary the whole of the 11th, but thought themselves fortunate in finding more rose-buds, which they considered a great delicacy. They were so unfortunate as never to find the dead body of any animal. They saw some otters on the ice, but were never able to catch any of them. They also saw some beavers' houses, but could not succeed in taking any of their inhabitants? On the 12th, they again set sail. On the 13th, the weather became more mild, and they had rain, which melting the ice, forced them to pull the boat to the land before nightfall came on. They searched everywhere under the snow for their wretched fare of rose-hips, in vain, and they were so driven by hunger, that they were compelled to sacrifice the candles, which they had reserved for stopping the leaks of their boat, to the calls of hunger; this sufficed for a partial relief, but the future still filled them with dismay. For two days they made few miles only, going on shore and searching for rose-hips in vain. Their dreadful situation now came upon them in full force, and the fear of perishing with hunger in all its terrors stared them in the face, and drove them almost to desperation. In the midst of their apprehension of death by famine, when it might be supposed extreme bodily suffering would overcome every idea but that of prolonging existence, Mr. Prenties confessed that the approach of death was not so terrible to his mind, as the reflection that his friends would never know his wretched fate. So strong was this feeling, that he could not help cutting his name in the bark of the largest trees. His weakness, and the fear of injuring his knife, the only instrument of the kind among the party, forbade his carving more of their story, but he confessed he had written the tale of their wreck, in French and English, on the walls of the old storehouses they discovered soon after they left the place of shipwreck.

On the 17th, they again doled out a portion of their candles for food, and the next day reached a fine sandy beach,

and a level country. There they resolved to put on shore and die, unless some unforeseen aid appeared. They were so weak, they were obliged to leave their boat to the mercy of the sea. They felt they could not survive much longer. They cleared away the snow at the entrance of a wood, and cutting some branches of pine to lie upon, and others to shelter themselves, they made a fire. They were fortunate enough to find a pint of hips, which they boiled with two tallow candles, and made what they thought a comfortable meal. The next day they got nothing to eat, and fearing that their strength must soon entirely quit them, they cut and piled up as much wood as they were able, that they might supply their fire to the last moment. They had preserved their axe, a saw, and the sail of the boat, which they used for a covering. The boat had been beaten up high and dry, so that, had they been inclined, they could not again have put to sea. All the 19th they employed without success in search of hips, and they had only two candles left. On the 20th, they were so weak, that none of them were able to manage the axe to cut wood, and they were obliged to creep about and pick up the rotten branches that lay upon the ground. At length they could only maintain a fire which barely kept them from freezing. The weather was as cold as it had been in December. They now thought of the sea-weed on the beach, as a resource against hunger, for they could find no more hips. They collected some, and boiling it a few hours in their keel, found it very little tenderer than when raw. They next boiled one of their two remaining candles in the liquor, and by taking it and eating a quantity of the weed, they found themselves somewhat easier. Not long after this they were seized with vomiting, which lasted four hours, when they became easy, but completely exhausted. On the 22nd they took more kelp-weed and their last candle. The effects that followed were the same as before, only less violent. A severe frost then set in, and they ineffectually tried to launch their boat, but their united strength could not move it. The candles were all consumed, and they were forced to boil the kelp without tallow, which they still ate with a relish. They found that this food made them swell to an alarming degree, after living upon it for three days. They were all swollen to such a degree, that on pressure their fingers would sink a couple of inches deep into the skin. Their strength was more reduced, still hunger forced them to keep to the same diet. At length two or three days more having elapsed, they found they had nearly lost their sight, and so much was their strength now diminished, that they could with difficulty keep in their fire, from the rotten branches of trees.

There seemed at such a moment no alternative but the making one of their number a sacrifice by lot, to keep his companions alive; and it at length appears to have been agreed secretly, that as the captain was so very much reduced as to be clearly the first who must sink under his sufferings of all the party, and as the loss of the ship was mainly owing to his misconduct; and further as he had deceived all on board by pretending his passage was for New York, when in reality it was for the West Indies, for these reasons it was urged that he should be the first victim.

They kept this a profound secret from the miserable man. A few days more, and the sacrifice must have been offered up, when fortunately, on the 28th of February, as they were all stretched round their miserable fire, they heard the sound of voices in the wood, and two Indians were soon discovered with guns in their hands approaching the spot. The sight of them gave some of the unfortunate sufferers spirits to get on their feet, and move towards them with eagerness. The Indians were much surprised at the sight of human beings in so frightful a state. The clothes of the party were nearly burned off, and their bodies partly bare; their limbs swollen of a prodigious size; their eyes almost invisible, being sunk beneath the distended skin; and their hair and beards not touched since they left the wreck. Some wept, and some laughed for joy at seeing the Indians, who did not seem inclined to be very familiar, until Mr. Prenties shook one of them by the hand, and the shake

was returned very heartily in the Indian manner. These kind creatures showed, by signs, that they pitied the unhappy men. They went to the fire with them, and all sat down together around it. At the desire of one who could speak a little French, Mr. Prenties told them whence they had come, and what they had suffered. The Indian appeared much affected at the recital. He was then asked if he could give them any food, and he told them he could. Seeing there was very little fire, he started up and took the axe, but observing its bad state, he threw it down again, and with his tomahawk, cut a quantity of wood, flung it on the fire, and taking up his gun, went off with his companion, not speaking a word.

Three hours had elapsed before the Indians returned. They came in a bark canoe by sea, and landing on the beach, took out some smoked venison and a bladder of sea-oil. They then boiled the venison in snow-water, but would only give each man a very small quantity, together with a little oil. As soon as the repast was over, they desired three to embark with them, being all the canoe could carry, and they proceeded towards their home, which was five miles off, and a mile inland in the middle of the woods. On the beach three other Indians received them, with twelve or thirteen women and children, who were waiting their arrival. The two Indians returned for the three who were left behind, and those on the beach conducted the first party which landed to their habitations. On reaching them, they treated the sufferers with the greatest humanity. In a little time the Indians returned with the other three men who had been left behind.

Mr. Prenties and his companions, being now safe, began to think of the men left at the wreck. It was to be feared that they had, before now, perished of hunger. On describing where the place was to the Indians, they replied they knew it very well, but that it was a hundred miles off, through difficult paths, and over rivers and mountains. They said, if they undertook the journey, they must have some compensation. Mr. Prenties told them he had some money, which he now recollected his servant had preserved.

An agreement was then made that the Indians should receive twenty-five guineas at setting out, and the same sum on their return. On being paid down half the money three of them set off on the next day. They returned with three men from the wreck after a fortnight's absence; they were the only survivors of eight left in the hut, and were in a most wretched state of emaciation. Five were alive on the arrival of the Indians, but one ate so much food at once that he died in dreadful agonies a few hours afterwards, and another accidentally shot himself with the gun of one of the Indians. Thus, out of nineteen originally on board the ship, nine only survived.

Mr. Prenties agreed to give the Indians forty-five pounds to conduct him to Halifax, and find provisions at every inhabited place on the road. Mr. Prenties, servant, Mr. Winshaw, a passenger, and two Indians, set out together for Halifax. The remainder of the party were to be conducted to Spanish River, about fifty miles distant. Mr. Prenties quitted the Indian wigwams on the 2nd of April, and, after a tedious and harassing journey, reached Halifax on the 8th of May, the Indians faithfully performing their engagement, and receiving their stipulated pay. After being detained for a passage two months at Halifax, Mr. Prenties at length reached New York, and delivered his despatches to Sir Henry Clinton. The rest of the crew and passengers were safely conducted by the Indians to Spanish River, and soon afterwards reached Halifax.

Admiral Duncan's address to the officers of his fleet, when they came on board his ship for his final instructions, previous to the memorable engagement with Admiral De Winter, was couched in the following laconic and humorous manner:—"Gentlemen of my Fleet, you see a very severe winter fast approaching; and I have only to advise you to keep up a good fire."

LOSS OF THE BANGALORE.

THE Bangalore, commanded by Captain Lynch, sailed from the island of Amboyna, on the 3rd April, 1802; bound to Bally Town, in the island of Lomboek, and from thence to Batavia, with a fair wind and moderate weather. At eight o'clock on the night of the 12th they were then, by observation taken that day at noon, in lat. 7 deg. 38 min. south, and long. 120 deg. 45 min. east, when unfortunately, the ship struck on an unknown coral bank, which, when daylight appeared, they found to extend about three miles in length from north to south, and about two miles in breadth, the western part being dry at low water, with a number of rocks upon it which bore the appearance of prows under sail. Their first endeavour was to get out the boats immediately; the small and best bower-anchors were also carried astern, and the stream on the bow to prevent the ship from forging more upon the rocks; and every exertion was used by the crew, as also by the passengers, but all to no effect, the steepness of the bank being so much against her going off; indeed, so abrupt and great was it, that with a cable of a hundred and twenty fathoms out astern, it was only a long peak.

The ship continued striking very hard, notwithstanding which she held out without making water until near midnight, when she suddenly heeled off to the larboard side, and the water was very soon up to between decks. They had previously thrown overboard a great quantity of lumber, and some of the ballast, with a view to lighten the vessel and give her a better chance of getting off, but all was to no purpose; and pumping and baling ceased to be of any use, as when the ship heeled off she was completely bilged on the larboard side.

Having now lost all hopes of saving the ship, the crew were employed in getting out all the spars with which they intended to construct a raft; and, fortunately for them, a high swell that was running at the time when the ship struck, was now much gone down, and the sea considerably smoother, which greatly facilitated their means of escape; or otherwise in all probability the greater part of them must have perished. Captain Lynch, with his officers and passengers, stayed by the wreck until the following day at half-past three in the afternoon, when the raft being completely finished, sixty of the crew, including servants and sepoys, under the command of the second officer, got upon it. Captain Lynch went into the pinnace, the chief officer into the jolly-boat, and three Dutch officers with their families, who were passengers for Batavia, together with the gunner, one sea-cunny, eight Lascars, and two sepoys, embarked in the long-boat; and that being the largest conveyance, and consequently having the most room, they had with them provisions and water for the whole crew. Thus arranged, Captain Lynch ordered the long-boat to tow the raft, and the other two boats to tow the long-boat; all making for the nearest island, which was one that lay off Mangeray.

The whole of the 13th and following day passed without their being able to reach the island, as the winds were mostly off the land, and a strong current running to the northward. On the night of the 14th, the wind at the time blowing fresh, the long-boat sprung a leak, which obliged her to cast off the raft, and wait for daylight. In the morning, Captain Lynch with the two small boats, being a long way from the long-boat, made sail and stood towards her, when, to his great astonishment and mortification, he observed the long-boat to make sail and stand away to the eastward from the two small boats, when she soon run out of sight. Captain Lynch was ever since completely at a loss to account for the conduct of the gunner, who had charge of the long-boat; and though there were various conjectures made by different persons, he never had any reason to suspect him of dishonesty.

Being left in this miserable situation, Captain Lynch could not go to the assistance of the raft, as he had neither provisions nor water, and the people on the raft were in the same situation; but as the second-mate, Mr. Romney, had charge of the raft, and as the current was then setting to the northward, Captain Lynch confidently hoped that, with the sail set and running before the wind, it would soon be able to reach Seleyer, or one of the islands near, where they would meet with prows

to conduct them to Macassar or Malacca. Captain Lynch then took the jolly-boat, in which were Mr. Nashbar, the chief officer, and Mr. Joseph Ferrao, a passenger, with eight of the crew in tow; himself with Mr. Anthony Lakersteen, a passenger, and nine more of the crew being in the pinnace; in all, twenty-one persons. Their great object was to regain the island, that being the nearest land, but their endeavours were ineffectual, during the whole of the 16th; and the wind, then blowing fresh from the southward, they made sail and stood away to the E.S.E., and soon reached Mangeray.

About midnight they landed in search of fresh water, but could not find any, they therefore contented themselves with pulling and sailing along the shore, and at four in the morning landed and found some water, which was a great relief to all of them, as they had but a small quantity of biscuit, one of which was served every day to each person; and this was all the subsistence they had until the 20th, and all the time employed in pulling and sailing along the coast of Mangeray, landing at times for an hour or two in places where they saw no inhabitants, in order to give the people rest, and the tamarind tree growing wild, and in great plenty, the fruit of it greatly contributed to their support.

On the 20th of April, still standing along the coast of Mangeray, they saw a Macassar prow on shore, and stood for her. At four p.m., Captain Lynch, from his knowledge of the nature and dispositions of the people on the coast, did not think it prudent to discover their distress to the people in the prow; he therefore ordered the chief officer to approach first and inquire the name of the place, and also to find out what force the prow had. The small boat returned in a quarter of an hour, bringing the intelligence that there were only ten or twelve men on board the prow, and those unarmed.

Captain Lynch then with the other boat approached, and informed the nacodah of the prow of their having been cast away, and in the utmost distress for want of water and provisions. The nacodah pointed out a small river, where he said fresh water was to be had; to which Captain Lynch proceeded without delay, and got a sufficient quantity to last for three or four days. Whilst getting the water, the nacodah informed Captain Lynch that the inhabitants of Mangeray were an inoffensive people; and that those of an island in the offing, about three leagues distant, were pirates, and not to be trusted: the truth of which, Captain Lynch had much reason to doubt; and soon after seeing a prow pulling from the island towards them, he thought it most prudent not to put any trust or confidence in either of the reports, but to make the best of their way off. At sun-set of the same day, Captain Lynch, to his great surprise, saw that the prow they had spoken to, had got under weigh, and was fast coming up with them, from which Captain Lynch concluded, that she was chasing them, to take advantage of their distressed situation, and to plunder them of some clothes and trifling articles that they had in the boats.

The nacodah of this prow had refused a hundred dollars, which Captain Lynch had promised him, if he would carry them to Bally Town, on the Island of Lomboek; the rajah of which place was a good friend to the English, and to whom Captain Lynch had a letter from the governor of Amboyna, with various presents sent out by the Court of Directors for him; all of which were lost in the ship: but as Captain Lynch had saved the letter, he felt satisfied, that if he, his crew, and passengers, were so lucky as to reach that town, they would be well treated, and from thence be able to procure a conveyance to some Dutch settlement on the Island of Java, or to Malacca, the Bally Town people being great traders to the westward. The prow continued astern, but kept sailing and pulling until four o'clock of the ensuing morning, when, with a great deal of labour and exertion, the boats pulled out of sight of her.

The 21st and 22nd, still pulling and sailing along the Mangeray shore, they stopped at an island, where one of the Lascars gathered a kind of bean, which was unknown to any of the other people; but the Lascar said he was well acquainted with it; that there was plenty of the same kind in England, where he had seen them. All hands, therefore, partook of this bean; some eating it raw, and others boiled. They stayed at this place about two hours, and collected a good sea-stock of this

new discovery; but scarcely had they re-embarked, and began to work at the oars, than all hands, except four or five, were taken violently ill with a griping and vomiting, as if they had taken a strong emetic. This misfortune could not be remedied, as Captain Lynch had not medicines of any kind in the boats, nor any description of food likely to relieve the sufferers, whose situation became so distressing, that very little progress was made in the course of this day.

On the 23rd, they continued advancing very slowly along the coast of Mangeray, the people dropping down through hunger and fatigue, when they happily got sight of a fine cultivated bay, and a beautiful town, in the Malay taste. Captain Lynch flattered himself he should procure some provisions, as this was the tenth day that they had not tasted a grain of rice, and the fourth since their allowance of one biscuit a man for the

twenty-four hours was over, being all expended. The boats approached the shore by degrees, with a white flag in each, which is a token of friendship used on all occasions by the Malays. A canoe put off from the beach, and coming to the boats, asked them where they came from. Captain Lynch thought it prudent not to tell the destitute state they were in, and therefore said the boats belonged to two English ships that were in the offing, and that they were in search of a watering-place, and of provisions; that if the rajah would be kind enough to assist the English, they would be the rajah's friends. The people in the canoe desired the boats to come to an anchor some distance from the shore, and that they would bring the rajah's answer immediately.

The canoe returned in a quarter of an hour with the rajah's compliments, that he would be happy to see the ships come to



LOSS OF THE BANGALORE, CAPTAIN LYNCH, APRIL 12, 1802.

his port, and that there was plenty of provision and a good river for them to water. At this time two or three canoes, with three or four men in each, brought a couple of small bags of rice and some Indian corn, with cocoa-nuts and jagry, which were immediately purchased. The people in the canoes seeing a couple of trunks in the boats, and a bag or two of clothes, were very particular in their inquiries what they contained, and were told "clothes." Captain Lynch then despatching the canoes, both boats made sail, which the rajah observing, and having been informed by the canoe's people that the boats had property in them, he came down to the beach, walking towards the west point of the bay, about five or six miles distant, with a train of about fifty men attending him, the rajah and five or six others being on horseback. One or two canoes followed the boats with

plantains and Indian corn, which were also purchased, and the canoes were despatched. The sea-breeze blowing fresh, it was with difficulty the boats rowed out to the westernmost point of the bay. The rajah, after he came to this point, despatched another small canoe with his compliments, and that he would be glad to speak to the officer in the boat; but Captain Lynch suspecting treachery, thanked him for his civility, and said, as it was late in the evening, he was in great haste to pull to the ship; but the rajah would see the ships in the morning. The rajah not being satisfied with this answer, sent a second message to the same purport; to which Captain Lynch excused himself in the same way as before. At this time a fast-sailing prow appeared coming from the town to the place where the rajah was; and Captain Lynch perceiving they were manning

this prow with a great number of people, and preparing to make more sail, and the boats' crews being greatly relieved from their hunger by the supply of the provisions they had obtained, they soon rowed the boats out of sight of the rajah, and escaped his treachery.

During the night of the 23rd they pulled a long way, and at sun-rise reached a fine sandy bay, where they found a small rivulet, and here they cooked their rice. All hands eat heartily, and took a couple of hours' rest: from thence they set out quite fresh and in the night of the 24th they crossed the straits of Mangeray, and at daylight of the 25th arrived at the island of Comodo, where they dressed and eat another meal. At ten in the morning they crossed the straits of Sappy, and towards noon came up with Gonong Appy, or the Burning Island, with a fine breeze at S.E. In the afternoon the tide changing, and being against the wind, caused a very high breaking sea, and both boats were in extreme danger of foundering. At this time a prow from the offing crossed ahead of the boats, and after standing some way in shore, wore round, stood after the boats, and came up very fast. Captain Lynch being certain that this was a pirate, consulted the best mode of resistance. Out of a dozen muskets they had in the boats, only three were fit for service, the others being rendered totally useless by salt water. Captain Lynch kept the boats before the wind, standing between Gonong Appy and the island Sumbawa, with a very high sea, which put them in imminent danger of broaching-to or filling. The prow that stood after them, now came up very near; and they observed that they had four or five brass swivels, which the Malays on board kept slueing about, aiming them at the boats. Captain Lynch waited until the prow was within fifty yards, when he hauled upon a wind, with an intention to board the prow if they attempted to fire, and hailed to know what they meant; upon which, they inquired where the boats came from, and where their ships were. Captain Lynch answered, their ships were in the offing, and the boats were in search of an anchoring-place, recommending the prow not to come too near, as most probably they would find their mistake. The prow thereupon hauled her wind, and stood in shore; but in less than two hours they again stood after the boats. It still blowing fresh, Captain Lynch kept the boats to windward against a head sea, and by that means again escaped falling into the hands of these barbarians.

The 26th was employed in pulling and sailing along the island Sumbawa, landing once in the twenty-four hours, where they saw no inhabitants, to cook rice. The 27th, still pulling along the Sumbawa shore, they saw several inhabited places, and some large towns, but which were totally deserted: they also saw buffaloes, bullocks, and horses, in abundance, all appearing to be tame, but would not venture to kill any, for fear the pirates might be still hovering about the place. In the afternoon, a prow hove in sight, but seemed to be afraid of the boats, and soon after ran in shore, and the crew landed. Captain Lynch pulled by the prow, and towards evening touched at about two miles distance from where the prow lay, at a small river. The boats' crews here collected some tamarinds, and got two or three days' water, having only rice remaining for one meal more; and at sun-set all hands returned to the boats to take some rest. About seven in the evening, Captain Lynch saw something very black close to the boats, shoving with poles. The people immediately got their little grappel up, and prepared their oars, when the very prow that had avoided them in daylight, now came to attempt to cut them off in the dark. Upon discovering the boats going off, she hailed, and made use of the following words:—"Come, brothers, come, let us speak like good people; we are all good men here." Captain Lynch answered, that they could have nothing to do to speak about at night, when they avoided them in the day. The boats then took to their oars, were soon out of sight, and thus they escaped the fourth time.

On the 28th, they were approaching towards the western extremity of Sumbawa, and passed the town of that name, where they saw a number of prows, but none came near. In the course of the night they crossed the straits of Allas, met with strong ripplings, and a heavy sea, all of which they passed safely, but without any rest. In the morning they arrived on the east side of the island Lombeck, every one

in the boats feeling comfort in the thought of being so near Bally Town, where they expected their toils and dangers would cease: at this time they had neither rice nor water; and being near Rocky Point, in the straits of Allas, the tide being against them, they went on shore to seek for water, and got some, but very bad. A small canoe coming up, they bought a couple of small bags of rice, one of which they cooked, and got a comfortable meal, with some chilies and tamarinds.

The 29th, at ten in the morning, they left Rocky Point, and were pulling towards Bally Town, then about twenty-five miles distant, when the above-mentioned canoe left them; and, as they supposed, must have informed a piratical prow, that lay a couple of miles farther ahead, but in shore, of the situation of the boats; for, after rounding Rocky Point, they saw a small prow coming right before the wind, and steering for the boats; and as soon as she came near, they lowered their sail down, took to their paddles, and quickly came abreast. The boats, however, continued pulling, not taking any notice of the prow, in which they saw five men, who appeared to be well dressed, and all of them had creases by their sides; they were very inquisitive in asking what ships' boats they were, and where the ships were. Captain Lynch answered, as he had the others, that the ships were in the offing, and that the boats were going to Bally Town, to get stock for them. The nacodah in the prow endeavoured to persuade Captain Lynch, that the rajah's town of Lombeck was a very dangerous place for the boats to go to: and the people there were very bad; that they would kill all hands, and it would be better to come alongside his prow, where he had rice, and everything that the boat might want: in the mean time recommending them not to pull out to the offing, but to come in shore. To all this no attention was paid; and when they saw the boats persisted in keeping off shore, and deeming the force they had in the prow too weak in number to attack the boats, they pulled away as fast as they could, so that they might get in time to attempt to capture the boats with their large prow, before they could get to windward.

Captain Lynch kept cheering the people to pull to windward, but to little effect. The large prow was now under weigh, close hauled, and standing after the boats, and was coming up very fast, although the boats had their sails up, and pulling at the same time with all their strength, to escape being butchered or made slaves of by these ferocious people. No hopes remained of escaping, as the prow was now within musket-shot; and in less than a quarter of an hour, she was abreast, and to windward, bearing down upon the boats, apparently with an intention to run them down; the Malays all standing up with their lances in their hands, ready to heave, and desiring the boats to lower their sails down: upon which Captain Lynch stood up, with his musket and a pistol, and pointed them at the chief man of the prow, who was standing alone; all the people in the boats, at the same time rising, some with cutlasses, and others with lances in their hands. This determined conduct threw the Malays into such confusion, that every one in the prow, even the man at the helm, fell down: and hid themselves, crying out, that they were good people, and come to save them. Captain Lynch answered, how could they call themselves good people, when they showed themselves so much the contrary? Their dread of the muskets appeared so great, that the prow was very near upsetting in the confusion.

A small canoe was then despatched on shore by the pirate, for the purpose, as Captain Lynch supposed, of getting a reinforcement; and probably some of her crew had been left on shore, as the pirate had not more than ten or twelve men on board, and their complement generally exceeds thirty. The boats continued working to windward, as well as the prow; but the boats had greatly the advantage, by tacking, when the prow was wearing: and by the time the prow received a supply of men from the shore, the boats were well to windward, and the pirate gave up all hopes of attacking. The boats stood in shore, and came to anchor at sunset, being about ten miles distant from Bally Town. Captain Lynch kept close in shore, the wind and tide being against him. Crowds of people came towards the boats, inviting the people

of them to come on shore, and saying the rajah of Bally Town was there. However, Captain Lynch told them it was night, that he could not think of coming on shore till the morning, and then he would see the rajah, and deliver a letter which he had from the governor of Amboyna. The people on shore still kept calling out, and encouraging them with kind words; but Captain Lynch suspecting some treachery, or that some evil might yet befall them before they could reach Bally Town, the last prow that had chased them being only five or six miles distant, the people of which, must well know that the wind and tide were against the boats, and how easy it would be for them to come in small canoes, while the boats lay at anchor, and endeavour to surprise and cut them off; he therefore represented to the passengers and the boats' crews, that in his opinion, the best thing that could be done, would be to try to get clear of the straits in the course of the night, the wind and tide being favourable for that purpose, and to make the best of their way for Java, as that was a country where they would meet with relief and assistance. To this all hands readily agreed, except an European Portuguese sea-cunny, who seemed to be greatly alarmed with the apprehension of being starved to death, as they had only rice and water for one meal. Captain Lynch thereupon offered to land this man, if he chose it. He, however, preferred staying on board, to share his fate with the rest, rather than run the risk of being sold as a slave. By twelve at night the boats were clear of the straits of Allas, and stood along the north side of the island of Lombok the whole of the 30th; where seeing a small river, and no appearance of inhabitants, they landed, and dressed all the rice that was left, and got a supply of water sufficient for three days.

On the 1st of May, while standing along the Lombok shore, they, at daylight, saw a small bay, with a few houses, and pulling in shore, they inquired of the inhabitants if they had any rice for sale. Fortunately they seemed to be very friendly: they invited the boats to come on shore, and said they would sell the people rice. However, Captain Lynch did not choose to put too much confidence in their professions of kindness, and therefore made his people rest on their oars, sending a couple of men only to bargain and purchase provisions. Here they were so fortunate as to obtain eleven small bags of rice; some salt, and a little tobacco was also purchased; all which were a very great acquisition; and having got plenty of water in the boats, they hoped they should have no more occasion to land, as, by so doing, they always exposed themselves to the treachery of the natives. They had a small place prepared in the boats to cook, and, by comparison with what had preceded, enjoyed a luxurious meal. In the evening they crossed the straits of Lombok, and experienced very heavy ripplings, which caused a great and breaking sea. Both boats underwent the same risk and distress as they had encountered in the other straits; but, happily, on the morning of the 2nd, they reached the island of Bally, and once more got into smooth water.

On the 2nd of May, they continued pulling and sailing along the island of Bally, where they saw many towns, and the land appeared to be well cultivated, with cattle of various descriptions. On the morning of the 3rd, a large prow that lay in the roads of a large town which they passed, sent a canoe to invite the boats on shore, which was declined immediately: after which, a large prow set sail and chased the boats, pulling and sailing for the whole of this day; but night coming on, they fortunately escaped, and had the good luck to get across the straits of Bally during the night; and in the morning they were up with Cape Sandana, on the island of Java, when all fear from pirates being over, the boats' crew pulled cheerily along the Java shore.

On the 4th of May they passed Pamanoekean, a small settlement of the Dutch, and Pasockie, a large Javanese town, where they saw several prows, but none of them came near the boats.

The following day they continued making the best of their way towards Passeerwang.

On the 6th of May, all the water in the boats being expended, they were obliged to touch at a place called Kalie,

about five leagues to the eastward of Passeerwang; and sent some people on shore to fetch water and provisions, and to inform the chief man of the town, that they were two English boats, going to the Dutch fort of Passeerwang. The people soon returned with water, and some broiled fish and Indian corn, all which proved very acceptable, and which Captain Lynch divided amongst all hands. Whilst waiting here, the boats grounded on a long flat that runs a good way out, and Captain Lynch being anxious to reach Passeerwang, as they would there meet with Europeans, from whom they might expect every kind of relief, he employed the people this day, being the 25th of their sufferings in the boats, in shoving them over the flat, during which one of the Lascars went off, and concealed himself on shore. The Javahese were immediately alarmed, conceiving that this man might be a spy: they, therefore, immediately collected in a body, and between four and five hundred men ran into the water to attack the boats, and to take the crews of them prisoners. As Captain Lynch well knew that resistance would not be the means of remedying their distress, he went himself from the boats to meet this mob, who were armed with all sorts of weapons, Captain Lynch holding in his hand the governor of Batavia's letter. They, however, seized him and all the people in the two boats, and forcibly carried them on shore. Captain Lynch had previously and strongly recommended that no sort of resistance might be made by the crews and passengers against the natives; and had a single musket or a pistol been discharged, in all probability not one of the people would have escaped from the rage of this savage mob.

Upon Captain Lynch and his people being thus landed, they were conducted to the house of the principal man, where every attention was paid them, and they were abundantly supplied with all sorts of provisions and beds; and a strong guard was put over the boats, that nothing might be lost or taken away. A despatch was also sent by the chief, by land, to the governor of Passeerwang, informing him of all that had passed; which information having reached the said governor, and he further learning that the boats and people had belonged to the Bangalore that had been cast away, he sent his son-in-law and a doctor, with a carriage, to escort the gentlemen by land, and a couple of prows were sent to bring the boats by sea to Passeerwang. The two Dutch gentlemen made very particular inquiries of Captain Lynch, how the head man of the place they were at had behaved, and whether there was any cause of complaint.

About six in the morning of the 8th of May, the Dutch gentlemen accompanied Captain Lynch and his passengers to the carriage, and then each of them mounted on horse-back, riding before the carriage, until they reached a sugar-manufactory belonging to the governor, where an excellent breakfast was provided; after which they again got into the carriage, and travelled through a very fine country, having a good road and beautifully-cultivated lands on both sides of it. At noon of the same day, they arrived at Passeerwang, where they were received by the governor, and all the gentlemen of the settlement, with the utmost kindness and attention; all expressing their concern for the great sufferings they had undergone, and the losses they had sustained. Rooms were ordered to be got ready in the government-house, each having one to himself; and every possible civility was shown by the governor and his family. The boats' crews, on their arrival, were also amply supplied with provisions of all kinds, and a house allotted for them. Letters were immediately despatched to Batavia and Sourabaya, giving an account of the loss of the ship, and requesting the governor of Sourabaya to send conveyances, by land, for Captain Lynch and his passengers, as they were anxious to get away as fast as possible.

On the 9th of May, the governor of Passeerwang received a letter from Sourabaya, requesting that he would despatch his carriage half-way, and the governor of Sourabaya would send his, the other half, to convey the shipwrecked people in; and that he, the governor of Sourabaya, would be very happy to see them, and to render all the assistance that lay in his power.

During the three days that Captain Lynch, and one of his officers, Mr. Farrao and Mr. Lakersteen, passengers, stayed at this place, words cannot express what obligations they were under to this good man and his family: their clothes were washed for nothing, abundance of victuals provided for the boats' crews, and a prow was also procured to carry the crews and the boats to Sourabaya, without any charge whatsoever. The different rajabs or timengons, paid them visits, and entertainments were made in consequence; and all places worthy of notice, gardens, walks, &c. were shown by the governor in person.

On the 10th of May, at six in the morning, every thing having been provided the night before, Captain Lynch, his officers, and passengers, took their grateful leave of this most worthy governor and his family. All the gentlemen of the garrison, attended at their leaving the place; and they were conducted by two sea captains of the Dutch company, named De Groot and Bodwyn, to Sourabaya, a distance of fifty-six miles, travelling in carriages, and changing their horses in every town they came to, at which all sorts of victuals were prepared by the natives to entertain the English, as they passed.

At a quarter before twelve o'clock on the 10th of May, they arrived at Sourabaya, where the same attention was paid them; lodgings were provided, and victuals for the boats' crews, free of all expense, every day. The gentlemen were invited to the governor's table, and a passage procured for them to Samarang, in a ketch belonging to Mr. de Vris.

On the 17th, the ketch arrived at Samarang, where Captain Lynch and his companions were carried to Governor Inglehard. Lodgings were provided for all, and every necessary article, as well as an ample sea-stock put on board, to last them to Batavia. Here they stayed two days; and on the 18th of May, in the evening, taking leave of Governor Inglehard, they embarked for Batavia.

MARY DOUGLAS: * OR, THE PIRATE'S ATTACK.

THE "Seabird" was under weigh. As I went on deck she was lying with her canvass spread to court the salutations of the rising breeze. At that moment, our sails hung listlessly against the masts, and the exhalations that curled upon the waters rose perpendicularly to the upper regions of the air. Soon, however, they began to flutter and chafe with the rigging, as if impatient at the tardy movements of the wind, till, as it came murmuring from the Jersey shore; mist, and ripples, and ships were moving swiftly towards a point, which, in the dimness of the hour, seemed the opening into another world. We soon reached it, and the perilous scene of our future labours opened before us. I turned to look for the lighthouse. It had disappeared; and the vessels in whose company we had sailed were scattered, like a frightened flock, towards every corner of the haven. The breeze freshened; we were shaping our solitary course for Turks Island. At length the beams of the setting sun, lighted on nothing but our own little vessel and the blue waters that rolled around us.

"And now," thought I, "I am in the world alone—upon the wide, wide sea."

"We have every prospect of a favourable passage," said a voice near me; and for the first time since I embarked, I recollected that I was not the only passenger on board. The speaker was a venerable gentleman of some three-score years, with silver locks, and a countenance expressive of amiable feelings, though careworn and melancholy. On his arm leaned a small and extremely graceful female figure, to whom his remark had been addressed, and both were gazing in the direction where the waters were still flashing with the living splendours of the sun-set.

"Beautiful!" at length, exclaimed the lady, without seem-

ing to heed what the other had said. "How lovely is this scene, my dear father! And see, what a beautiful cloud! It seems as if it were one of the enchanted isles of fairyland."

Who has not felt the magic of a voice? I had not seen the speaker, and yet her tones came over me like pleasant music.

"You are the child of imagination, my dear Mary," said her father, affectionately passing his arm round her waist; "would to Heaven you were less so!"

"But," said she, in a mournful tone, "I do not always indulge in gay fancies."

"True, my dear; your feelings change their hues as often and as suddenly as the clouds of heaven. See, yonder! your enchanted island has already lost its golden mantle, and now lies brooding on the breast of the sea, a dusky and threatening bank of fog. Thus suddenly do you pass from the brightest dreams of happiness to the darkest forebodings. I repeat, would to Heaven, you were less the child of imagination! You had been happier."

The father, in alluding to her constitutional weakness, had probably awakened distressing recollections; for she hung her head and withdrew from his arm, and when I approached to get a view of her face, her eyes were filled with tears. She turned away quickly on seeing a stranger. But that view was enough. I have spoken of the magic of a voice but, what is it to the human face?

"You seem interested with the singular deportment of my daughter," said the old gentleman, as she retired.

I started, I believe, in some confusion.

"She has just risen from a bed of sickness," he continued, with a melancholy accent; "and I am fearful will never be herself again."

"If I were to judge of her malady from her appearance," said I, "I should say that the mind has had more to do than bodily infirmities with the ruin that has been wrought in that lovely countenance."

"You are right, sir," replied he, with a sigh; "her illness was occasioned by mental anguish, the cause of which is buried deep in both our hearts. Suffice it to say, that the victim of intemperance seldom falls alone; and that when a youth of high promise immolates himself on the altar of the disgusting fiend, tears and broken hearts attend the sacrifice."

The old man spoke with a mournful energy, and I pitied him.

"Is there no hope of the reformation of such an one?" I inquired.

"In this case, none. It is more than six months since William Ashton fled from society, and went to sea as a common mariner. The presence, the devoted affection, the tears of my child could not reclaim him—what on earth can?"

"What indeed!" repeated I. "And this voyage is undertaken for the recovery of her health? You will excuse my inquisitiveness," I immediately added, "I have lived long enough in your country to acquire her characteristic mode of questioning."

"I hold it every man's duty, as well as interest," said he, "whose lot it is to travel on the great deep, far from his home and kindred, to relate so much of his own history as shall entitle him to the sympathy and confidence of the companions of his voyage. I am a Scotchman, and my name is Douglas."

"My name," said I, "is Brae, and I am a freshman in—College; you have my whole history."

The shadows of night had settled over the solitary waste before we parted for the night. Many leagues of sea had been ploughed in that short period, as the ship, yielding to the impulse of the powerful breeze, dashed on her way over the billows. Three days of this propitious wind brought us off the Hatteras; and though at the distance of three hundred miles from land, we received the usual greeting of the Cape, and were obliged to do homage to its strong spirit, under bare poles, for several hours. It will be supposed by those of my readers who will have the charity to consider me a man of taste, that during these three days I had not avoided the society of Mary Douglas and her father. If I may so speak, without being misunderstood, or expressing my meaning too strongly, I had become quite a favourite. I found her mind

all that her countenance had promised. Her sufferings had been cruel; sufficiently severe, indeed, to cause a temporary alienation of her reason, but its only remaining trace was an occasional wildness of the eye, and an imagination highly, and sometimes painfully, susceptible of excitement. In her moments of animation, it was delightful to stand by her side, leaning on the taffrail, and behold the world of romance, her playful fancy would call up above and around us. The ocean and every thing visible on its surface, the finny herds that glided through its depths, were all made to assist in supporting, adorning, and peopling her ideal world.

Her father was happy to see her possess even the shadow of enjoyment. "You will not have many days to revel in these watery realms of fairyland," said he, "if we go on at this rate."

The propitious and powerful breeze that had brought us out of port, and which had temporarily been put to the rout by a counter, and more violent gust from the Hatteras, had now revived, and came sweeping from the north-east in a steady gale. Swift flew the Seabird on her snowy wing, dashing recklessly through the exulting elements, as if anxious to redeem the time that had been lost in port.

Shortly after crossing the tropic, the breeze suddenly left us. There is nothing that a seaman loves less than a calm: the rushing of the wind in a small hurricane is far more welcome if it only blow the right way; and peculiarly aggravating is it to be becalmed within sight of his destined haven. We could not as yet see Jamaica, but along the south-western quarter of the horizon, lay a pile of dusky clouds, which the captain assured us was the *loom* of that island. The reader will not wonder, then, if, in our circumstances, all the strange oaths and imprecations found in a seaman's vocabulary were called into service by our nettlesome captain and his crew, and hurled without mercy on the winds and weather.

"You may have more wind than you want before you reach Kingston moorings," said I, a little nettled at their absurd conduct.

"Blow—blow—let it blow!" roared the captain; "I would rather go to the bottom at once than lie here, roasting in this sun that's enough to cook a Guineaman. Besides, Mr. Brae," added he, in a milder tone, and pointing to the north-west, "yonder is Cape Maise, the eastern end of Cuba, not fifteen miles off. Two hours' rowing would bring us off a gang of the picarooning rascals to cut our throats if we shouldn't happen to hit their fancy; and though this good ship is called the Seabird, she is one of that kind which can't rise without a swell. I say then let it blow." So saying, he took his glass and went into the main-top, where he might be seen for an hour reconnoitring the Cuba shore.

It was the fourth afternoon of the calm. Impatience was visible in almost every face. But my feelings agreed perfectly with the weather. There reigned as complete a tranquillity in my bosom as in the elements. Mary Douglas was there; it was enough; I felt not the sun; I feared no pirates. Mistake me not, gentle reader. I do not say that I was in love, for on the doctrine of tender sentiments, I entertain some sceptical, perhaps treasonable, ideas. I only found myself strangely fascinated, was glad I was just there, and as I was. I pitied Mary Douglas, and would have done much to have made her happy. She seemed better when we sailed; but well, or substantially happy, she certainly was not. Still that hectic glow would appear on her cheek, and flitter and depart like the tints of sunset, leaving it colourless as marble. She lived in a world of fancy, and beautifully would she deck the objects of her own creation; but then there would come a revulsion of her feelings—a deep dejection—when one who studied her speaking countenance, might readily conceive that fancy, aided by memory, was conjuring up a far distant scene. Oh! how has my heart yearned, as I have gazed upon her in these sad moments, for power to extract the worm that had taken such deep hold upon her peace; to recall her to a world she was so eminently qualified to bless and adorn, and that should no longer fright her from its stern realities by dreadful images of the past. She had closed her book and I had been sitting by her side, I know not how long, perhaps

an hour. Our conversation had been interesting, but of its subject I have only a confused recollection.

"Say no more, Mr. Brae," said she, rising; "I should be weak to deny that I understand you; but," looking up into my face with a melancholy smile, "you know something of my past history; you know that I once loved;" here her lip quivered and the colour left her cheeks; "but he proved himself unworthy, and I tore him from my heart! But oh! in doing this, think you that I did not rend my heartstrings? She left me in tears, and retired to her cabin, adding only as she passed, 'my heart is crushed, Mr. Brae, I feel that I can never love again.'"

The sun had settled far towards the Mexican Gulf before Captain Boltrop came down from his look-out. Standing on the quarter-deck, he again looked long and anxiously to the westward.

"There is that between us and that shore," he at length said, "that I dread more than I would that shore in a hurricane off St. Domingo."

"I thought that nothing could be more terrible to a seaman, than a gale of wind upon a lee shore," observed Mr Douglas.

"I had rather fall into the sea than into the hands of a bloodthirsty picaroon," said the Captain very decidedly, and with an air of great meaning.

Just then, the setting sun dipped its flaming circle in the waters of the Caribbean Sea.

"There is a spot in the sun," I exclaimed.

The captain looked at it a moment, and then smiling grimly—"Ay, a spot, and a dark one, too," said he; "watch it, Mr. Brae, and see if it sets."

The dark object, which appeared on the very disc of the sun, and which I had taken for one of those spots that are occasionally seen on his surface, instead of sinking behind the bright and level waters with the part of the luminary on which it was first observed, seemed to mount upwards, and after lingering a moment on the last visible arch of the glorious orb, it sprang into that pure and glowing element which the sun had shed along the western horizon. It wavered for a moment between the heavens and the earth, as if uncertain to which to attach itself, till, as the flashings of the dying light became fainter, it appeared on the sea a black and motionless speck.

"The sun has found water to wash him clear of your spot, Mr. Brae," said the captain, with another of his mysterious smiles; "I wish it had gone down with him."

An air of deep care settled over his face. I knew not what to make of him or of his words.

"Why, what do you take that speck to be?" I at length inquired.

"Look for yourself Mr. Brae," said he.

I took the glass from his hand, and examined the dim distant object.

"It is a boat, captain."

"Ay, a boat!" echoed he, "and coming for us as fast as twelve stout rowers can shove her through the water. Now you know why I wished for a wind, and a hard wind too."

The beautiful twilight of the tropics, had now settled in all its softness over the quiet bosom of the deep. The heights of Cuba rose majestically from its crystal depths, boldly lifting their pointed peaks to the spotless heavens, and I fancied that I could almost hear the soft murmur of the small wave, as it broke upon its coral strand. The heavy loom in the south-west, as if it had only waited to grace the setting of the king of day, after glittering for a moment in a thousand gorgeous colours, settled behind the heaving breast of the ocean, leaving only a dark mass like a church, with its spire in bold relief against the sky. It no sooner caught our captain's eye, than he shouted with as much rapture as a seaman ever allows himself to express, "The Blue Mountain Peak of Jamaica!" The cry was echoed with enthusiasm by a dozen joyful voices. We were still one hundred miles from the island, and were not gaining an inch on our way towards it; still every eye was turned to it with affection as to a long sought home, and an emotion awoke even in my breast, distinct from those which of late had usurped its entire possession. The whole view to the westward was beauty, unbroken by a single blemish, and

nothing of alarm was there save the dark spot on the sea, to which so suspicious a character had been attached by our captain, but which had already disappeared in the increasing darkness of the hour. But the east, as if envious of the tranquillity that reigned in the opposite quarter, wore a savage scowl. Enormous piles of vapour, black as the smoke from a volcano's crater, shrouded the heights of St. Domingo, and blotted out the very shores from our view. It looked indeed as if the island had sunk, and another of subterranean formation had risen from the depths of the sea to fill its place.

"I would give a month's wages," said the captain, with an air of deep thought, "if we could have that squall upon us within an hour."

I stared at him with a feeling between contempt and astonishment.

"You doubtless do honour to a seaman's taste," said I, drily; "for my part, I dislike my fellow-creatures so little, that I would rather see a piratical privateer within gun-shot, than encounter the contents of yonder mass of solid darkness."

"It may be proved before you leave the ship, Mr. Brae," replied he, with great coolness, "that I fear the face of man as little as another." Then turning to the whole ship's company, with very considerable dignity, "Gentlemen, and shipmates," said he, "I have reason to apprehend that danger is at hand. The boat that is putting off to us is doubtless a pirate. Of armed men, she is certainly full; for I have lived too long on the sea not to know the glitter of arms in the sun. It is more than probable, that she has comrades; for would one open boat venture to attack a vessel of our size? Something has been hinted about fear, and, to say the truth, I had rather run than meet these gentry. But that is out of the question, and fight we must, as long as there is a man to stand at one of those brass guns, or to pull a trigger."

Three cheers, were the echo to this chivalric speech, and not a moment was lost in preparing to give the pirate a warm reception. A formidable show of miscellaneous articles of warfare was drawn from the secret places of the ship, and there were finally mustered on deck fifteen men, twenty stand of arms, and two brass cannon. These last, after being wheeled to the starboard side of the quarter-deck, and charged nearly to the muzzle, were thrust through port-holes towards the quarter whence our foes were expected. Our small arms were loaded with three balls each—every man girded with a cutlass and a brace of pistols—and the captain even carried his precautions so far as to have the railings, bulwarks, and sides of the ship well *slushed*, in order to give a slippery foothold if they attempted boarding. After all this bustle of preparation, every man posted himself in a situation to command a view of the whole prospect to the westward, and a look-out was stationed in every top. By this time night had drawn her curtain close around the scene, and no trace of the sun's existence remained but in his pale-faced representative, now riding near her meridian. For an hour no sound broke the deep silence that reigned throughout the ship. Not a murmur to excite alarm, or even suspicion, arose from the slumbering ocean, and it seemed even criminal to believe that any being could be found daring enough to disturb a tranquillity so deep and holy.

"It is a lovely hour," said Mary, in a whisper, as if afraid to trust her voice. "Can there be danger?"

"It is just such an hour as man selects for the exercise of his evil genius," replied I, in her own tone.

The gigantic piles of vapour remained motionless as rocks of adamant, resembling more the black smoke of some smouldering mine of coal, than exhalations of the sun's raising. No lightning glanced from its bosom. The feeble and timorous moonbeams were unable to penetrate its dark depths, only faintly silversing their edges, and rendering visible and more gloomy the blackness below.

"There is a hurricane in a visible shape," said I.

Still the dark mass moved not, but stood upon the waters, motionless, and black as a mountain of infernal elements. Hour after hour rolled on, and the scenes on either hand continued the same. Suspense had rendered the men fretful and impatient, and, after straining in vain, to discover some dim trace

of the foe, or to detect the dip of their oars, many had closed their eyes in slumber. Mr. Douglas and his daughter had retired for the night. The hour of midnight came, and the moon was fast sinking towards the sea. Like the rest I had become weary. "Well, captain," said I, "what has become of our friends from Cuba?"

"Gone to the bottom, I hope," replied he; "but there is no knowing how to calculate for the rascals, so we had better keep a sharp look-out yet."

"For my part," said I, "I am tired with looking at nothing, and will just see how the squall comes on." I turned accordingly, and a flashing on the water, rising and disappearing, in quick and regular succession, met my eye.

"There they are!" exclaimed the captain, whose eye had taken the direction of mine; "the rascals have rowed clear round us, and are coming on from the St. Domingo side. Stand to your arms, boys? the rogues are upon us." In an instant every man was at his post, and on the alert. "Stand in the shadow of the spars and rigging to be out of sight," continued the captain, "and not a man of you fire till I give the word."

"Ay, ay, sir," responded the crew, with nautical precision.

"And now," said the captain, who really went to work in a business-like style, "let us get this gun on the other tack, Mr. Brae, to be ready for the gentlemen."

The muzzle of the piece was accordingly thrust through the opposite port, keeping a dead aim on the boat, which was now little more than a quarter of a mile distant from us.

"Strange," said I, "that the fellows should choose to row against the moon, when, by so doing, they must know we should see the glitter of their oars."

"I suspect," replied the captain, "that they had no choice about it. You forget that we have had more or less wind off the land since sunset, and are at least six miles from where we were then. The probability is, that the rogues lost us after nightfall; but it seems they have found us at last."

The boat was now very near us, still not a sound came from her. The closest and most painful attention could not hear the dip of her oars, which rose and fell like a piece of mechanism, glittering in the moonlight like blades of silver.

"Boat, ahoy!" cried the voice of Captain Boltrop, in its most startling tones. No answer was returned to this summons, and the oars were plied more lively. "Keep off! you rascals!" again shouted our commander—"off! or I'll blow you out of the water!"

This threat and the firebrand which I flourished with great fierceness, seemed to make the pirates hesitate. The motion of the boat was arrested. Captain Boltrop thought the victory already achieved, and he again raised his voice in tones of authority—"throw your arms overboard, and come alongside."

A volley of musketry, was the reply to this summons—a dozen balls whistled by, and the captain's hat flew across the deck. A deep imprecation burst from his lips. The next instant, a broad stream of flame issued from the quarter-deck, and the explosion of the piece, broke upon the dead stillness of the elements with a noise like thunder. A distant crash, a heavy splashing in the water, above which, a cry of mortal agony was terribly distinct, had arisen in the direction of the foe, before the smoke dispersed sufficiently to enable us to see the effect of our shot. No boat was then to be seen, nor any trace of her crew; we had in all probability sent every soul into eternity.

"By George!" cried the captain, with something like compunction in his tone, and rubbing his head with his handkerchief, "I would rather have taken the rascals, and had them decently hanged, than sent them to the bottom in this off-hand manner. You couldn't have made a better shot, Mr. Brae, if you —"

A horrid yell, rising apparently from the very depths beneath the ship, stopped him in the middle of his speech. A boat glided out of the smoke, and, shooting under our bows, a dozen dark forms were seen springing from it to the side of the ship. But our precautions had been wisely taken, and were completely successful. No sooner did they touch the

slippery vessel than most of them, with the most horrid blasphemies, fell back into the sea, snapping their pistols at us even after they were filled with water. At the same moment their boat, which had been completely riddled by our shot, filled and sunk to the bottom. Three only got upon deck, and were immediately overpowered and secured. Five more were with difficulty dragged out of the water, and disposed of in the same manner. One powerful fellow, however, was not so easily quelled. He had succeeded in getting one foot upon deck, when a young seaman, named Ralph, flew at him, with the fierceness of a tiger. They closed, and after balancing a moment between the deck and the water, the pirate who was the heavier man, fell backwards overboard, dragging his antagonist with him. They both sunk, but soon rose again about four rods from the ship, clinging closely together. Then commenced a combat the most singular and appalling I had ever witnessed. No one on board seemed to think of devising means of assisting our champion. No one dared to fire upon the pirate; for so closely were they coiled together, so rapid were their evolutions, and so dim the light shed by the moon, that it was impossible to hit one without endangering the life of the other. At the commencement of the struggle, their efforts seemed to be aimed solely at drowning each other. They whirled over on the top of the water, dashing it about like wounded sharks. Both, then sunk, and were for a while lost to our sight. Presently they arose again, and exchanged thick and heavy blows, and, closing with redoubled fury, sunk again. Neglecting to use their weapons, which would have put a speedy end to the fray, they fought more like savage beasts of prey, bent on throttling each other, than like human beings.

"Shall we stand and see our man murdered!" at length exclaimed a voice from among the crew. It operated like magic to break the spell that had fallen upon us all.

"Clear away the boat there!" shouted the captain, and six men sprang to execute the order. Just then, after an effort of unusual fierceness, both of the combatants sunk. They remained out of sight so long, that the men who were letting down the boat suspended their operations, and we all stood breathless with uncertainty and anxiety awaiting their reappearance. At length, about thirty yards off, the waters parted! but only one man was seen to rise.

"Is it you, Ralph?" cried the captain, in a suppressed voice.

"Here is some of him, at least, on my knife-blade," responded the freebooter, with the accent and laugh of a fiend; and springing nearly to his whole height out of the water, he threw the weapon with great force towards us. Another hollow laugh rung over the waters, and, on looking round, wide circles of ripples were seen moving on the face of the moon-lit sea, as if some heavy body had just sunk into it. Vengeance was the tardy thought that now rushed on every heart. Some, in the blinded fury of the moment, actually discharged their pieces in the centre of those waving eddies, without staying to reflect upon its utter uselessness. Others with their guns in readiness, and eyes glaring upon the sea like panthers, robbed of their prey, stood prepared to fire the moment he should show his head above the water. But he rose no more. The winged messengers of death, that had been aimed at his life, sped harmlessly over his head; and, had it been possible to penetrate the secrets of the great deep, he might have been seen reposing peacefully on its sandy bottom, by the side of his late antagonist. A sullen silence pervaded the ship. The men looked gloomily at each other, and with lowering brows, on their helpless prisoners, as if a sufficient atonement had not been rendered for the life of their comrade. To one skilled in the language of the human countenance, it was evident that nothing but the restraint of discipline, held them back from a summary vengeance and of crime that would have sunk them to a level with the pirates themselves. Judging of the feelings of his crew from their looks, or more probably from his own, and anxious to remove the temptation to evil, the captain ordered our eight prisoners to be stowed under the hatches, and they were accordingly tumbled in with very little ceremony. How many of this band of genuine desperadoes had been lost, we had no means of ascertaining; for our

prisoners either did not, or would not, understand English or French. But when they fired upon us, from twelve to sixteen men were visible, and the yell that followed our discharge, was such as is never extorted from mortal man, but by the pangs of the last agony. Six or eight, then, of the freebooters had certainly perished. What chance of success they might fancy that an open boat could have against a vessel of the size of ours, it completely bewildered us to imagine. They must either have been intoxicated, or in the situation of a beast of prey, whom the goadings of hunger will impel to rush upon a foe, from whose face he would otherwise have fled. Viewing it in either light, it was an act of the most daring hardihood. The struggle had been fierce and boisterous, but it had passed. The ship was restored to her usual tranquillity, and was moving before a gentle breeze from the shore, yet so slowly as scarcely to ruffle the face of the ocean.

The noise of the conflict had called up the terrified inmates of the cabin; and all the ship's company were now assembled on deck, silent, but too deeply affected with the scene just passed, to sleep more that night. Mary was there; her cheeks flushed with the excitement which the events of the night had occasioned. Still occasionally a cold shudder would rush through her frame, as she murmured, in a suppressed voice—"That fearful cry! I shall never forget it." She was in a state of high nervous agitation. Her eyes shone with uncommon lustre, and glanced over the sea unsteadily. "The elements are to have their turn next," said she.

A low creaking sound from the rigging and the warning voice of the captain, announced that the long-expected onset of the winds was at hand, and I had just time to hand Mary to the cabin when the ship was bending low upon her side by the pressure of a furious gust. No precaution which prudence and experience suggested, to put the ship in a condition to grapple safely with her powerful adversary, had been omitted by our wary commander. No canvases were spread aloft, but the three close-reefed top-sails. A large detachment of those brassy clouds before mentioned, had passed the zenith when the first squall struck us. It lasted but a minute. That minute however was sufficient to tear our top-sails into ribands, which were borne away like feathers on the wings of the blast. A dead calm and a "horror of great darkness" succeeded. Hollow, whispering sounds were heard in the air, and numerous little balls of pale light, gleamed and vanished on the dark canopy which had now completely invested the heavens.

"We shall have it soon," observed the captain, in a calm low voice.

Scarcely had he spoken, when a meteor of uncommon size and splendour shot from a point near the zenith, and glancing across the dark background of the east, sunk into the sea. Then the whisperings in the air were multiplied. A sound arose in the distance as of cavalry rushing to battle, and every sense was drowned in the roar of winds and the dash of waters. Like other landmen I had read of storms, and tempests, of mountain waves lashed into fury; but what description can do justice to the terrific truth of such a scene, or who that is a stranger to the ways of God on the mighty deep, can form even a faint idea of all that is meant by a 'storm at sea!' The hurricanes of these seas are as short-lived as they are violent. The dawn of the day showed no trace of the tempest that had raged during the night, but the tattered rigging and well-washed deck of our own vessel. Cuba and St. Domingo had sunk beneath the horizon, and other heights on our right were lifting their misty heads almost to the zenith. Within a mile of us lay a sloping shore clothed with brilliant green to the water's edge. No naked sand-hills marred the beauty of the landscape; all was green, save, where occasionally, a rising eminence of an opening vale presented its painted sugar works and breeze mills.

"If there be an Eden on earth," said I, "we have it before us."

"The sun shines not," observed Mr. Douglas, "on an island more beautiful than Jamaica; and but for man, who seems to have marked out the fairest portions of God's earth, for the exercise of his worst passions, it might justly be styled a terrestrial paradise."

The remark was just and striking. In taking a survey of the world, it is not upon the beauties of the landscape merely that the mind most delights to dwell. And although like the features of a stranger's face, they are the first objects that meet and interest its attention, yet, recollecting that it is man who stamps a character on all things here below, it turns from them to contemplate the manners of society. In a community of virtuous and enlightened freemen, it discovers a moral grandeur and beauty surpassing everything in the natural world. The pride of the forest must stoop to time; the beauties of vegetation must fade; the mighty hills are to sink in the general wreck of nature; but the virtues that exalt a nation are a garland which the breath of eternity will not wither. Such is its just estimation of the world. With what rapture, then, must it turn to view the country where the grandest scenes of nature wind into insignificance before the sublimity of man's virtue? But where on earth shall such a land be sought? Surely not within the tropics. By some strange fatality, this broad zone, emphatically the garden of the earth, is trodden by slaves and barbarians. Here, where the Deity is most visibly present by the works of his bounty and power, man sins with the highest hand. Here, where nature lifts her altars (the everlasting hills) highest heaven, his thoughts are most grovelling. The stranger who would leave Jamaica with most favourable impressions must view it at a distance as we did, or be spirited to its shores, and alight on a pinnacle of its sequestered mountains, where, without seeing a human being, he can view the island as it came from the hand of its Maker.

We passed up the beautiful bay of Kingston, and in the afternoon anchored about half a mile from the shore. Numerous boats were boarding us and departing on different errands. A hundred ships were discharging or receiving their cargoes, to the cheerful song of the sailors. The passengers soon collected in a group on the quarter-deck, gazing on the thousand novelties that met the eye from the island, town, and bay. Mary was there, in excellent spirits; every moment discovering and pointing out, with the most animated gestures and exclamations, some new object of admiration. At this moment a barge from the castle shot across the bay, containing an officer, and a platoon of soldiers, with orders for the delivery of our prisoners into the hands of justice. Accordingly, amidst a profound silence, they were marched one by one, from the hold, where they had been immured for fifteen hours, and passed over the side of the ship into the boat. There they were handcuffed and bound. Two other barges were in attendance with an equal number of men to act as guards. The sight of these wretches painfully affected Miss Douglas, and carried back her thoughts to the bloody scene of the preceding night. She shuddered at the recollection, and murmured, "He that uttered that dreadful cry is not here."

Although she had spoken in a low voice, her words fell upon the ear of the last prisoner, who was just in the act of leaving the ship. He was a youth of about two and twenty, with a slender, but very elegant figure. His countenance might have been striking and expressive; but it was now disfigured with a scar, and bore the infallible marks of long and habitual indulgence in intemperance. I said he heard the voice of Mary. He stopped, and looked as if he were nailed to the deck. He put his hand to his forehead like one bewildered, and his eye wandered over the ship, as if searching for the sound he had heard, till at length it fell upon Mary, and he stood gazing upon her, with a countenance varying strangely from the vacant stare of idiocy, to an expression of inexplicable meaning and even agony. She was absorbed in her own reflections and heeded him not. I made an exclamation of surprise, and directed her attention to the miserable man who was so closely observing her. She looked, her eye met the ghastly stare of his, and if a bolt from heaven had struck her, she could not have fallen more quickly.

"William Ashton!" cried the wretched father; "are you not satisfied? Will you take her life too?"

The miserable man rushed past his guards, threw back the curls from his forehead, and, gasping for breath, like one in the agonies of strangulation, gazed upon her. Then, spring-

ing to the vessel's side, before any arm could interpose, he buried himself in the sea, and never rose more. It was some time, before Miss Douglas showed any signs of life. At last after a strong convulsion, she opened her eyes.

"Where is he?" said she, starting up in the berth. She stared wildly around, and then, pointing with her finger, a single shriek, as if sent from her very soul, burst from her, and again, she sunk down insensible. The shock had been too much for reason, if not for nature. For the remainder of that day and all the succeeding night, we hung over her, uncertain whether each fit might not be her last of mortal suffering. At length she fell into a deep sleep, and reposed quietly. She awoke perfectly calm; and looking her father steadily in the face, she again said "Where is he?"

"My child, be calm," said the old man.

"Am I not calm? Have I not suffered? and think you I cannot suffer more? Let me know the worst. Where is William Ashton?"

"In pity to your father, Miss Douglas," said I, "endeavour to compose yourself, you shall know all in time."

"I do know it," said she, in a hollow voice; "I know it—I see it: they are leading him to a scaffold—to a death of shame."

"Mr. Douglas," said I, "let her know the truth; it is hardly more terrible than her present surmises."

The old man assented; and taking her hand, he related in the gentlest manner, the fate of her unworthy lover. With wonderful composure, she listened to the narration. The fountain of her tears broke up, and she wept long and freely; then, closing her eyes, her lips were seen to move as if in prayer. Her tears and mental devotion relieved her. Again she slept, and awoke in quiet spirits. It almost seemed that the news of Ashton's suicide, was to her less terrible than the idea of his suffering an ignominious death as a malefactor. She signified to her father that she felt able to travel. The hour had come when we were to separate: and now came my trial. I wished to speak to her of myself; but every principle of manhood, repressed the selfish thought, in her present situation. She seemed to comprehend my feelings, and, extending her hand to me with a smile, said, "Farewell, Mr. Brae; I have crossed your path like a dark vision; but, oh! forget me. Let it be as a dream, since we first met." She hesitated a moment. "I may have caused you unhappiness: most gladly would I have avoided it, and gladly would I remove it now, were it possible; but look upon my face, and be convinced that were it even as you wish, you would soon have to mourn again. May God bless you."

The boat that was to convey her to the shore was ready. I watched it till it disappeared.

"Are you ready to land, sir?"

Awaking, as from a trance, I gave the speaker a bewildered stare, and for the first time during many days, I recollected the objects of my voyage. With a feeling of solitude, which even the thoughts of my home could not subdue, I followed my baggage into the waiting wherry, and in a few minutes placed my foot upon my native land.

Twelve months after the events contained in the preceding narrative had transpired, I stood again upon my native soil. Various had been my fortunes in the interim, but they are of no consequence to the reader. The companions of my voyage, with but one exception, were nearly forgotten—its incidents that were not associated with that one individual remembered but faintly.

I was sitting in my study discussing a subtle point of ethics, when some one knocked. A servant entered and handed me the following note:—

"An old acquaintance requests the pleasure of Mr. Brae's company, for a few minutes at the hotel."

I rose instantly, adjusted my dress, and followed the messenger.

Mr. Douglas opened the door, and Mary, blooming and beautiful beyond even my gayest dream, stood beside him.

There was no romance in what followed to any but the par-

ties concerned, and it were needless to dwell upon the story. In a single sentence, therefore, I will say, that Mr. Douglas had travelled with his daughter until her health was re-established; that he was, at the time of which I speak, on his way home; and that the Mary Douglas of my story, is now the Mary Brae of my bosom.

THE SAILOR'S WIDOW

A Sketch from Life.

BY BRADSHAW WALKER,

Author of "*Way Side Flowers*," &c.

ALAS! 'tis she whom once I knew,
With laughing eye, of deepest blue,
With rosy cheek, and raven hair,
Her aged mother's only care.
No sorrow then sat on her brow,
O'er beauteous youth its shade to throw;
No cloud deform'd life's opening May,
But blithe, and innocently gay,
I've seen her range through balmy glades,
The peerless queen of village maids!

How blighted now, that wither'd form,
Unshelter'd from the angry storm,
She sits regardless of the gale,
In tatter'd clothes, and ghostly pale,
Like some wan tenant of the grave,
From pity's boon the mite to crave.

Adversity, she drags thy chains,
And struggles with thy dreadful pains.
When life's bright summer hours are gone,
And friends have left us, one by one,
How bitter is thy cup of gall,
Stern misery spreads its thickest pall;
And mortals seem to shrink beneath,
The cruel pains of lingering death.
How piteous is thy captive's moan,
As with a low sepulchral tone,
She tries to hush her infant's cries,
And dry its lovely tearful eyes.

Sweet babe, to early sorrows born,
No father hail'd thy natal morn;
Surveyed each lineament with joy,
Or fondly blest his blue-eyed boy.

Beneath the angry ocean wave,
Stern fate prepared the seaman's grave;
His well trimm'd bark, with fluttering sail,
Flew fast before the favouring gale;
And homeward bound from Afric's strand,
He hail'd once more his native land.
Bright hopes, in sight of home, how blest,
Again, in thought, the wanderer prest,
Young Mary to his faithful heart,
And vow'd they ne'er again should part.

But hark! that moaning breeze, how loud!
"There's danger lurks in yonder cloud!"
And scarcely had the sailor's eye,
Glanc'd wildly on the lowering sky,
When bursting from their viewless caves,
Like mountains rose the foaming waves;
And soon the lightning's flash display'd
Death in terrific gloom array'd!
Dark hour of woe, all skill was vain,
Convulsive yawn'd the stormy main;
And as the tempest howl'd its last,
Just clinging to a shatter'd mast

One struggled hard to gain the shore,
But, lost in that tremendous roar,
The waters closed upon his form,
And, save the hoarse expiring storm,
No funeral dirge, no hallowed rite,
In sorrow mark'd the spirit's flight;
But voiceless sounds swept o'er the sea,
Then, mingled with eternity.

'Tis past, and Mary's hopes are gone,
She wanders, weeps, and sighs alone,
Save when those bright and cherub smiles,
Her cheerless solitude beguiles,—
She then breaks forth in frantic joy,
To see her lost one in his boy.
Still chas'd by sorrows hurling blast,
Each sad remembrance of the past,
Embitters all her present woes,
Nor yields her mateless heart repose;
She dreams of home and early years,
While yet unknown to sighs and tears,—
She bloom'd within her native bower,
The hamlet's sweet and modest flower.

REAR ADMIRAL SIR H. C. CHRISTIAN.

REAR ADMIRAL SIR H. C. CHRISTIAN was a descendant from the ancient family of Christian, in the Isle of Man. He was born in London in 1747. He was made lieutenant January 21, 1771; and on August 9, 1778, having previously been advanced to the rank of master and commander, we find him in the Vigilant armed ship, of twenty guns. On December 8, 1778, he was made post. In Admiral Byron's memorable action with D'Estaing, on the 6th of July, 1779, his ship, the Suffolk, had seven killed and twenty-five wounded. He was in the actions with De Guichen on April 17th, and May 15th and 19th, 1780. On June 1st, 1795, he was made rear-admiral of the blue. On November 16th, having hoisted his flag in the Prince George, of ninety-eight guns, he sailed from St. Helen's, with a squadron of ships of war and a convoy of more than 200 sail of transports and West Indiamen, on board of which were embarked upwards of 16,000 troops. The most tempestuous weather ensued; several of the transports and merchantmen foundered, and many lives were lost. The admiral, having repaired the damage, sailed again from St. Helen's on the 9th of December, and after encountering the most dreadful weather, which dispersed the squadron, he was obliged to return to Spithead with eight ships, the Vesuvius bomb, and about fifty sail of transports and merchantmen. A third effort proved more successful. The rear-admiral sailed again on the 20th of March, 1796, in the Thunderer, of seventy-four guns, accompanied by the Invincible, seventy-four guns, Grampus, fifty-four guns, and four smaller vessels of war, with such of the transports and merchantmen as were ready, and after a passage of thirty-two days, arrived at Barbadoes. On the 22nd of April, he left Carlisle Bay, in company with Sir John Laforey, who, on his arrival at Martinique, resigned the command at the Leeward Isles to the rear-admiral. Sir Hugh immediately commenced preparations for the reduction of St. Lucia, which island surrendered, on the 25th of May, to the land and sea forces, commanded by Sir Ralph Abercrombie and the rear-admiral. The garrison amounted to 2000 men; a great quantity of stores, &c., were taken. After the restoration of tranquillity in Grenada, St. Vincent's, &c., he was superseded by Rear-Admiral Harvey, and returned to England in the Beaulieu frigate. On the 17th of February, he obtained the insignia of the Military Order of the Bath; on the 20th of February, 1797, he was made rear-admiral of the white. In the following year he succeeded Admiral Pringle, as commander-in-chief at the Cape, and died there in November 1798.

WRECK OF THE PENNSYLVANIA, LOCKWOODS, AND ST. ANDREW.

THE extraordinary interest which was excited by the lamentable effects of the dreadful hurricane of January 6th and 7th 1839, will render any apology unnecessary to our readers, on introducing to their notice the melancholy wrecks caused by the devastating gale, in the neighbourhood of Liverpool, where so many fine ships fell a sacrifice to the storm—more particularly the Pennsylvania, Lockwoods, and St. Andrew.

We proceed to give such accounts as were then compiled of the disasters which befel these vessels.

WRECK OF THE PENNSYLVANIA.

This fine ship had been on the station about four years. She was a remarkably powerful well-built vessel, and her com-

mander, Captain Smith, was universally esteemed, and his melancholy fate has been as universally lamented.

The Pennsylvania's day of sailing was the 25th of December, Christmas-day, on the morning of which she left the dock, and proceeded, in tow of a steamer, to the mouth of the river. She was tugged along through the bright waters, her tall taper masts and slender spars shown in beautiful relief against the Cheshire promontory, as they were partially illumined by the almost level beams of the winter sun, which was just rising above a few dark clouds in the south-eastern horizon. A sudden shift of the wind, which veered round, and began to blow in heavy gusts from the north-west, seemed to determine the commander not to proceed to sea on that day. The steamer was dismissed, the anchor was dropped, and the Pennsylvania rode in the stream. Here she remained in order to take advantage of the first favourable wind.



WRECK OF THE PENNSYLVANIA, LOCKWOODS, AND ST. ANDREW, JANUARY 6TH AND 7TH, 1839.

On that fatal morning she put to sea shortly before twelve o'clock. After discharging the pilot, she made an extremely expeditious run down the channel, and was off the Skerries about ten o'clock at night. At midnight the wind began to rise from S. S. E., and orders were given to take in the main-top-gallantsail. The wind continuing to increase its violence, they close-reefed topsails, furlled the fore and mainsail-jib, and, in this state, continued making considerable progress until four o'clock in the morning, when a perfect hurricane prevailed, the wind blowing S. W. During its continuance the fore-topsail, as also the mizen-topsail, gave way; and the foresail, mainsail, and jib were blown into ribands. Soon after the main-topsail shared the same fate. The vessel was then at the mercy of the elements, the sea making tremendous heavy breaks over her.

When daylight appeared on Monday morning, the fore-staysail was bent. She was kept with her head to the southward. In this state she lay-to during the whole of the day, and the greater part of the night. On the morning of Tuesday she bent her foresail, and Captain Smith made the requisite preparations for putting back. She ran before the wind in excellent style, until they made the Great Ormshead, when the captain shaped his course for the light-ship, and not finding it, hove-to. About ten o'clock, in the anticipation of meeting with a pilot, he proceeded onward, when the St. Andrew and the Lockwoods appeared in sight. At this time the lead was put in requisition, and, finding plenty of water, she continued her course. About noon they got into ten or twelve fathoms water. At half-past one, they made Hoylake, when the larboard anchor was thrown with a sixty-fathom cable,

and before the other anchor could be got over her, she swung with her head to the wind, and struck on Hoyle-bank. Strange to say, the *St. Andrew* and the *Lockwoods* struck on the same bank, not more than half a mile from each other, the *Pennsylvania* being in the centre. After striking, and owing to the violence of the gale, which brought her into collision with the bank, against which she struck with great force several times, she filled rapidly with water.

At this eventful crisis, she being then about three miles from the shore, a brief consultation was held with the passengers; the result was, that Captain Smith ordered the jolly-boat to be launched, into which, Mr. Parsons, of Manchester, Mr. Barrow, of New York, Mr. Douglas, of New York, and Mr. Suiter, of South America, and another gentleman entered, accompanied by the chief-mate, Mr. Blightenburgh, and a young Scotchman named Downy, together with five of the

crew. The ill-fated boat did not long live in the tempest. About midway between the vessel and the shore she swamped, and all were thrown into the foaming element. Two of the passengers, Messrs. Thompson and Douglas, had taken the precaution to provide themselves with swimming-belts, and they sustained themselves; but the rest of the poor fellows, after struggling in vain for some time, sank to rise no more. Mr. Thompson, finding it hopeless to contend with the waves, threw himself on his back, and, supported by his belt, trusted to the waves to carry him onward. As the tide was coming in, he was propelled with considerable speed, and eventually, much exhausted, reached the shore. His fellow-countryman, Mr. Douglas, was less fortunate: he early exhausted his strength in a useless conflict with the waves. He succeeded in reaching the shore, but so completely exhausted, that nature sank under the trial. He was immediately conveyed

to Leasowe Castle, where every attention was paid to him, but he only survived his escape a short time. He was a native of Dunferline, in Scotland, and was afterwards interred in Wallasey churchyard, together with Mr. Suiter, his unfortunate fellow-passenger, whose body was cast ashore on the beach opposite Leasowe. The funeral was attended by a number of the friends of the deceased from Liverpool.

After despatching the jolly-boat, Captain Smith ordered the long-boat to be got ready, when, to their indescribable agony, they could not find the line for lowering her into the sea. After some delay, however, she was got ready, provided with a rudder, oars, and other requisites; but in the act of lowering her, the ship heaved a dreadful sea, which stove in the boat, and thus cut off their only prospect of escape. The same vi-

bration of the vessel threw Captain Smith with great force on deck: he lost his footing, but, on regaining it, another sea swept over the devoted ship, threw him with great violence between two water-casks which were rolling on deck, and, immediately after, he was swept into the foaming abyss beneath. The crew then got into the rigging about three o'clock in the afternoon, where they remained from that hour until the following morning, about ten o'clock. Their sufferings during this period, without food or nourishment of any kind, exposed to all the horrors of a night unexampled for severity, have hardly ever been surpassed. Among those on the rigging during the night, was the stewardess, a native of Shropshire, who survived its severity. Three poor fellows, however, John Leng, the second cook; Dewit Reitner, the second steward; and a seaman, sank under the accumulated sufferings pro-

duced by the storm and intense cold. They were literally starved to death.

About ten o'clock on Wednesday morning, the Victoria steam-tug boat, which lay at anchor all night in the vicinity of the wrecks, within hearing of the sufferers, but unable to render any assistance, with great difficulty succeeded in reaching the Pennsylvania. The Victoria rescued twenty-five of the survivors, including the third mate, Mr. Richards, a highly intelligent young seaman; Mr. Essex, the chief steward; the stewardess, and twenty-two seamen. The total number of persons on board the Pennsylvania was forty, fifteen of whom perished. The merit of rescuing the remainder, (with the exception of Mr. Thompson,) belongs to those who manned the tug-boat.

The letter-bags recovered from the Pennsylvania were taken to the office of the consignees, Messrs. Wildes, Pickersgill, and Co.; and, as may be imagined, in woeful plight, saturated with water, and the superscriptions of many of the letters nearly obliterated.

Mr. Richards, the third-mate of the Pennsylvania, and son of the late respected Mr. Silas Richards, gives the following account of the melancholy event:—

"About half-past ten a.m., on Sunday, Captain Smith came on board in most excellent spirits, and desired the ship to be got under weigh immediately, which being done, we had a fine run with a south-west wind as far as Point Lynas, which we reached by nine, p.m., when a dead calm came on for about ten minutes, at the expiration of which time, it began to blow very fresh from the south-west. We then close-reefed our topsails, furlled the mainsail, and endeavoured to reef the foresail, but, failing in the attempt, were compelled to furl it. Things continued in this state till two a.m., on Monday, when the wind changed to the west and blew a perfect hurricane, carrying away our fore and mizen-topsail-yards, taking the main-topsail, clean out of the bolt-rope, and blowing the courses, though furlled at the time, into the merest ribands. At daylight we found, also, that our fore-yard was very badly sprung. During the whole of this day, we were employed in clearing the wreck, and wearing the ship every four hours. About two, a.m., on Tuesday, we succeeded in bending a new foresail to run up with, about daylight; and when daylight came, we made every effort to regain the harbour, keeping an anxious look-out for the light-ship, and following in the track of the Lockwoods, which kept about half-a-mile ahead of us; but being perfectly bewildered by the absence of the light-ship, we dropped anchor abreast of Hoylake beach, two or three miles from shore. When, however, we had got about thirty fathoms of cable out, the chain snapped, and the ship, after drifting for twelve minutes to leeward, struck very heavily on Hoyle Bank, and, after thumping eight or nine times, filled. When she had thumped two or three times, the first and second mates, five of the crew, and five passengers, went off in the jolly-boat. As soon as she filled, we cleared away the long-boat, but, to our consternation, we could not find lines to hoist her out with; and, just as we were straining every nerve to hoist her out by main force, the vessel shipped a heavy sea, which stove the boat, and bruised Captain Smith very much, on which he made an attempt to spring into the main-rigging, but falling, he fell down between two water-casks; when she shipped another tremendous sea, and Captain Smith, exclaiming, 'Oh! my God,' was washed overboard, and never seen more. This was at three o'clock, p.m. Just before the last sea came, I ordered the men into the rigging, to save themselves, if possible, and I followed them myself, when we finally took to the main and mizen-tops, and wrapped ourselves up in sails for preservation from the weather, and in this condition we remained until half-past ten, a.m., on Wednesday, when we were rescued from our perilous situation, and put on board the Victoria steam-tug, which brought us all to Liverpool, except three of the crew, who were starved to death in the rigging during the night.

"I ought to observe, that the Magazine life-boat, would not have attempted to render us the least service if they had not been shamed into doing so, by a small green gig, which succeeded, after a desperate effort, in reaching us."

WRECK OF THE LOCKWOODS.

The wreck of this vessel was attended with more fatal consequences to human life than that of any of the others. The Lockwoods was a British ship, and a regular trader between this port and New York. She generally carried out vast numbers of emigrants, but on this occasion she was not so crowded with passengers as usual. The total number of persons on board was one hundred and eight, of whom eighty-five were passengers, the crew consisting of twenty-three. Fifty-two of the emigrants, and only one of the crew have perished.

The Lockwoods sailed on the afternoon of Sunday, and with the favourable breeze which prevailed for some hours made considerable progress. Between eleven and twelve at night, she made the Great Ormshead, when a strong wind assailed her; her topsails were reefed in consequence. The awful storm came on, and the vessel during the night behaved nobly.

Early on Tuesday morning she was found drifting northward, opposite the Lancaster coast, and two hours after, the captain discovered that he was opposite the Black Combe, in Cumberland. He gave orders to hoist the foretop-staysails, and, tacking, made the Great Ormshead at ten, a.m. Having lost nearly the whole of his canvass during the storm, he deemed it prudent to make for Liverpool. He kept on his course, and soon fell in company with the St. Andrew and Pennsylvania, which sailed on the same day, and which were likewise making for port, the Lockwoods being ahead of both. Owing to the unfortunate absence of the floating light, the Lockwoods got aground, about noon on Tuesday, at Hoyle Bank, nearly opposite Leasowe Castle. When she struck, the cries of the wives and children of the emigrants were appalling; they appeared on deck in a frantic state, running about in wild despair, believing their fate to be inevitable. The crew, after some difficulty, got out two anchors. At this moment a terrific sea swept over the devoted craft, and the poop of the cabin was instantly dashed to pieces. To render her position still more desperate, one of her cables snapped about this time, and she was at the mercy of the raging storm. She began to fill rapidly, and the care of the affrighted emigrants was now devoted to rescuing their wives, children, and relatives from the impending ruin which stared them in the face. Great exertions were made by the captain and the crew to get the passengers into the rigging, as the only likely place of safety and refuge. The steamer, Victoria, hove in sight to windward, together with a pilot-boat, about four o'clock on Tuesday afternoon, which had the effect of imparting a ray of hope to their sinking spirits. Two hours elapsed before the steamer reached them. In the meantime the jolly-boat was launched, and the captain, steward, carpenter, and two other men got into it, they hailed the Victoria, into which they got, and then proceeded to the wreck. For the purpose of receiving the passengers, the stern of the steamer was placed to the stern of the Lockwoods; and such as had sufficient strength to jump from one to the other saved themselves. Two of the most robust of the passengers undertook the task of getting the children away; one throwing them from the vessel, the other, on board the steamer, receiving them in his arms. Twenty-six of the passengers were by this means taken from the wreck. With these the Victoria proceeded to Liverpool, leaving the unhappy beings exposed in the rigging, during the whole of the night, to a boisterous and piercing wind, accompanied by a keen frost, and interspersed with snow, sleet, thunder, and lightning. Their sufferings past description.

On Wednesday morning the steamer again reached the vessel, about eleven o'clock. The poor creatures who had survived the horrors of the night were weak and dying, every hour reducing their number. The conduct of the chief-mate, Mr. Thomas Flake, is beyond all praise. He exerted himself in every possible way for the safety of those committed to his care; many of them were carried by his directions to the mizen-top, some he had conveyed into the cabin, and to all, his attention was unbounded. He succeeded in getting to the stores, broke them open, and administered a little brandy to such as could partake of it. Had it not been for the noble conduct of Mr. Flake, who was the last person to quit the ship, the mortality must have been still greater. Many of the sufferers, who were washed away during the night, or who died from the extreme

severity of the weather, experienced the kind attention of the mate. One poor fellow lost his wife and four children.

WRECK OF THE ST. ANDREW.

The St. Andrew, a fine New York packet-ship, sailed on Sunday afternoon, about two o'clock. At five a smart breeze sprung up; at twelve a severe gale, which increased to a perfect hurricane by two o'clock. At that time the sails were literally torn into ribands: these sails were quite new, and never before bent. One of the hands was dashed from the yard-arm on the deck; he was severely injured, but is still alive. At that moment Captain Thompson ordered the men aloft, but they, seeing death staring them in the face, refused. After the loss of her sails, the ship became unmanageable, and in this condition she remained till the forenoon of Monday, when an attempt was made to relieve her, by cutting away the upper part of her masts. She was then rigged with a mizensail and foresail; early on Tuesday morning, in this crippled state, she was steering for Liverpool. About half-past ten, a.m., she struck on the Burbo Sands, with both anchors down, the sea beating heavily. The life-boats were sent off to extricate the passengers, who were conveyed on board the Victoria steam-vessel, and thus providentially saved. The steady and honourable conduct and presence of mind of Captain Thompson during the whole of this trying occasion is beyond all praise. As soon as the ship had struck, almost the first thing he did was to stave in all the spirit-casks; indeed, every bottle containing wine or spirits was emptied or destroyed, he being apprehensive of the consequences to the crew.

INQUEST ON THOSE WHO PERISHED BY SHIPWRECK.

The fine hotel, called Leasowe Castle, formerly Mock-beggar-hall (long known as a respectable place of refuge for the shipwrecked mariner), has, since the hurricane, been a scene of melancholy interest. From Tuesday, when it became known that the fate of hundreds of men, women, and children in the stranded vessels were pending by a fearfully slender tenure, an unusual number of persons in vehicles, on horseback, and on foot, continued to pass from the several ferries on the Mersey to the castle, many actuated by curiosity, and several (relatives of parties in the wrecked vessels), to learn the worst, and, if needful, to do the last offices of humanity to their departed friends.

On Thursday, it being known that an inquisition would be held at the Leasowe Castle on the bodies picked up on the immediate shore, the visitors were numerous from the neighbouring country, as well as from Liverpool, Manchester, and other places; and, amongst the vehicles from Woodside, appeared a hearse, for (we believe) the conveyance to Manchester of the body of a gentleman who was there well-known.

In a stable lay the bodies of three of those who had perished in the Pennsylvania. One of them was the body of Mr. Edward Lamb Parsons, a merchant of New York, of tall, slender make, and fashionably dressed. On his person lay a small India-rubber or Mackintosh life-preserver, found in his breast, the cloth sewed in tubes, but apparently not inflated. On this gentleman was found considerable property. Another body was that of Mr. Suiter, a fine-looking young man, of dark complexion, with whiskers. The other was the body of the mate, Mr. Blighenburgh, a stout man, in sea-faring garb and boots. The body of Mr. Douglas, another of the cabin-passengers, lay in the house. It was stripped, but covered with a blanket, attempts having been made to restore animation.

Amongst those present at the inquest, was a tall, good-looking young gentleman, named Thompson, the only survivor out of the boat in which those named, and about (as is supposed) eight others perished.

The body of Mr. Parsons was identified by Mr. John Cowan, merchant, of Manchester, who also stated, that he knew Mr. Douglas, who was a partner in the house of Messrs. Thompson and Co., of New York. Mr. Cowan was allowed by the coroner to take the necessary steps for the removal of the body of Mr. Parsons. The body of Mr. Suiter was taken out of the water by Thomas Upton, a labourer of Wallasey, on Tuesday.

Mr. Thompson, the young gentleman who was saved when

the boat from the Pennsylvania swamped, gave the following account of that event, and of his preservation.

"Some of us, in the afternoon, took to the boat that hung over the stern. I think there were ten or twelve persons in the boat. The captain, J. P. Smith, told us to take the boat, and take out such passengers as we could. The deceased Mr. Parsons, and Mr. W. Douglas, a Mr. Barrow (not found), myself, and about seven others, went in the boat. It was about three o'clock in the afternoon. The captain remained on board, as did most of the crew. We made for the land, distant about three miles, and when we got within about a mile of it, the boat was swamped. The waves rolled so much, that one of them took the boat by the stern, and lifted her so high as to push her bow under water. We did not attempt to pull her with the oars, but only to keep her in the direction in which the waves ran, as she would have instantly upset, had a wave struck her on the side. She filled with water, and I, being in the bow, was thrown by the shock into the sea. When I recovered a little, and found myself above the wave that had filled us, I was some yards astern of the boat, in which I saw the remainder of the men. A wave broke over me, and when I looked again I saw the boat upset, and three or four of those who had been in her, holding on by the keel. I saw Mr. Parsons and Mr. Suiter in the water. They both afterwards had hold of me. Mr. Suiter held me some time, but I dove (dived) under water to make him let go, and he quitted his hold. I saw that he was perfectly sensible at the time, and I pulled him under water to get clear of him. I saw nothing more of them until I saw their bodies. I had possession of my reason all the time, and did not swallow any salt water. I consider myself a good swimmer."

Mr. Jones, keeper of the Leasowe lighthouse, gave evidence to the effect that he picked up Mr. Douglas floating on the shore; and, finding some slight indications of remaining vitality, conveyed him with all promptitude to the Leasowe Castle. He was the first picked up after Mr. Thompson gained the shore, and was quite insensible. At the inn every possible exertion was made to restore animation, by stripping him, placing him before a large fire in a blanket and rubbing him with hot salt in flannel, but without any appearance of returning vitality. He was alive, as the witness believed, until they had nearly reached the inn. Mr. Lythgoe, a surgeon, of Wallasey, afterwards arrived, and made some subsequent endeavours to restore him, but it was too late.

This being the whole of the evidence it was thought necessary to adduce, the coroner summed up in a brief and able manner, and the jury returned a verdict accordingly—to the effect, that all the deceased had been "accidentally drowned."

On Friday night an inquest was taken before Mr. P. F. Currie, the coroner for the borough, on twenty-eight persons found on the wreck of the Lockwoods. The course of events, up to the time when the survivors left the ship, was detailed by the chief-mate and Edmund Tomkins, a mariner.

Peter Roberts, an Irishman belonging to Hoylake, deposed, that on Thursday morning he and others went in a boat, to the wreck of the Lockwoods. On the top of the poop-deck they found twenty-one dead bodies—men, women, and children. The bodies were in all positions, some lying and some sitting up. Two other bodies were found on the main-deck. They brought all the bodies, twenty-three in number, to Liverpool. They were taken to the workhouse. When they left the wreck there were two or three more bodies in the vessel, but so jammed in the rigging that they could not remove them.

Joshua Howell, clerk to the commissioner of police, stated, that he went on Thursday to the wreck of the Lockwoods, and found there two dead bodies, those of a woman and a boy, in the starboard mizen-rigging. Owing to the tide being nearly at its height, they could not discover any more bodies. He brought the two which he found to Liverpool. They were taken to the workhouse.

James Dodall, governor of the workhouse, deposed, that on Thursday the bodies of ten male, the apparent ages of whom

at a distance from Boston when you go to sea. Choose your terms; but let us meet."

"To the Commander of the U. S. Frigate Chesapeake,"

ENDORSEMENT ON THE ENVELOPE.

"We have thirteen American prisoners on board, which I will give you for as many British sailors, if you will send them out; otherwise, being privateer's-men, they must be detained."

Some rough weather occurring, it was not found practicable to send the letter in till the morning of the 1st of June. In the interim, however, the proposed measures had been taken to secure fair play to the enemy.

Captain Capel having left Captain Broke in charge of the blockade, whilst he went into port for water, the Chesapeake had no line-of-battle ships to fear; and Captain Broke detached all the remaining ships to such a distance, as precluded the possibility of their affording him any assistance in the anticipated action.

On the 1st of June, observing that the Chesapeake lay a long time with her sails loose, and wasting the morning, though she had a fair wind to come out, it was apprehended that she might not

sail that day. Captain Broke therefore sent in his challenge, to quicken her movements. The Chesapeake, however, stood out of the harbour before the boats reached the shore; and Captain Broke having no assurance that she would not receive aid from other armed craft in Boston, in case of being crippled in action, stood across the bay, till about five leagues from the land, directly opposite to Boston Lighthouse. There he lay-to, to wait for her, in such a position that the action might be seen from the heights over the town.



ACTION BETWEEN THE SHANNON AND CHESAPEAKE.

The approaching action excited the liveliest interest, and the most confident anticipation of victory, amongst the people of Boston. A number of pleasure-boats, it is said, came out with the Chesapeake, to see the Shannon compelled to strike; and a grand dinner was actually preparing on shore, for the Chesapeake's officers, against their return with the prize.

Soon, however, was their joy turned into sadness; their cheering shouts into cries of mourning and of lamentation. In fourteen minutes from the time that the action commenced, the Chesapeake was no longer an enemy; the American flag was hauled down, and the proud old British Union floated triumphant over it. The Shannon was lying-to, under topsails, top-gallant-sails, jib, and spanker, with just steerage-way, awaiting the approach of the Chesapeake, and leaving it in her power to commence the engagement as she pleased, either at a distance or close, either on the starboard or larboard side. She came down, in a very gallant style, on the Shannon's weather and starboard quarter, till within half-pistol-shot.

The Shannon's men having orders to fire as they could get their guns to bear, commenced by firing first their after-guns on the main-deck, and then their after-most carronade on the

quarter-deck, just as the Chesapeake's bows were upon their quarter; these two guns were distinctly heard before the Chesapeake returned her fire, which then became furious on both sides; but the superiority of the Shannon's was so great, that at her second broadside nearly all the men were swept from the upper deck of the Chesapeake. About this time the ships came in contact, and the Chesapeake having shot rather ahead, was caught by one of the Shannon's anchors, and lay obliquely athwart her starboard bow, exposed to a most tremendous fire from the Shannon's after-guns, which, battering her lee-quarter, and entering her port-holes from thence towards the main-mast, she strewed the main-deck with killed and wounded. A small open cask of musket cartridges, in an open chest abaft the mizen-mast of the Chesapeake, now caught fire and blew up, and when the smoke it occasioned had blown away, Captain Broke saw the favourable moment, and instantly, with a few men, not exceeding twenty, boarded her about the mizen-rigging, from the starboard bow. Not a man was left standing on the Chesapeake's quarter deck when she was boarded, but about twenty made a slight resistance on her gangway, who were instantly driven before the foremost, and there being obliged to stand, fought

desperately, but were quickly overpowered. A few endeavoured to get down the fore-hatchway, but in their eagerness prevented each other; some jumped over, and one or two of them escaped by getting in again at the main-deck ports.— Captain Broke and his first boarding party were almost immediately followed by between thirty and forty marines, who secured possession of the Chesapeake's quarter-deck, dislodged the men from the main and fore-tops, that were firing down on the boarders, and kept down all who attempted to come up from the

main-deck. Being thus completely captured, Mr. Watt, the first lieutenant, ran aft, and seizing the British colours from a sailor who brought them from the Shannon, bent them, and was in the act of hoisting them above the American, when he was struck on the forehead by a grape-shot, and killed in the very moment of victory. He was shot by one of the Shannon's main-deck guns, the commanding officers of which did not know that the contest was already decided. At the commencement of the brief contest which took place on board the Chesapeake, Captain Broke had the misfortune to be wounded. He was in the act of charging a party of the enemy, who had rallied on their fore-castle. He first parried a blow from the butt-end of a fire-lock, which had been raised to strike him. At the same instant, as it were, another of the Americans made a charge at him with a bayonet: but that, also, he successfully turned aside. The colours of the Chesapeake were down, when Captain Broke received a severe wound with a sabre, from one of three men whom he was earnestly calling upon his brave followers to spare. The man was instantly despatched; and one of the Chesapeake's midshipmen, who, having been in the fore-top, slid down a rope, and alighted close to Capt.

Broke, at the moment, would probably have experienced a similar fate, but for his humane interference.

The capture having been completed, Captain Broke, in a state of exhaustion and insensibility from exertion and loss of blood, was taken on board of his own ship, which, with her prize, afterwards proceeded to Halifax.

The loss on board the Shannon, out of three hundred and thirty men, was three officers, and twenty-three men killed; Captain Broke, two officers, and fifty-eight men wounded; eighty-seven total. On mustering the crew of the Chesapeake the following day, they found that out of four hundred and forty men, the second lieutenant, master, marine officers, some midshipmen, and ninety seamen and marines were killed; Captain Lawrence mortally wounded, and the first and second lieutenants, some midshipmen, and one hundred and ten men also wounded; making a total of killed and wounded between the two ships of nearly three hundred men, or twenty men for every minute the ships were in action.

The Chesapeake was a fine frigate, and mounted forty-nine guns, eighteens on her main-deck, two-and-thirties on her quarter-deck and fore-castle. Both ships came out of action in the most beautiful order, their rigging appearing as perfect as if they had only been exchanging a salute. Each fought from their tops, with guns and small arms. The Shannon had a four-pounder mounted in one of her tops, from which she fired fifty canister-shot at each discharge. These, by spreading greatly, did much execution. It was from some of the Shannon's top-men that Captain Lawrence, the commander of the Chesapeake, received his mortal wound. He had been carried below before the boarding commenced.

The Shannon suffered most on the fore part of the main-deck and fore-castle, and her greatest loss of men was on those parts. The Chesapeake was terribly battered on her larboard bow, and quarter; amidships there were not many marks of shot, which must have entered her port-holes, as the whole of her main-deck was strewed with dead and wounded.

"The enemy," says Captain Broke, "came into action with a complement of four hundred and forty men; the Shannon, having picked up some re-captured seamen, had three hundred and thirty." Thus it appears to have been the result of mere accident that the Shannon was only one hundred and ten men short of the number of her opponents. In this instance, American vanity, raised to the most inordinate height by their former successes in three very unequal contests, was mortified in the extreme, and stung almost to madness, by this unequivocal proof of their inferiority to us in fair and equal combat; hence we account for the ridiculous and extravagant falsehood of their statements, the baseness of their calumny, and the inveteracy of their malice. According to them, the fire of the Chesapeake was more "vivid and effectual," until the Shannon threw on board of her, "an immense body of combustibles and inflammable matter, (like an infernal machine of a new and horrible construction) which enveloped the Chesapeake in a volume of flame to her very tops; and that to the effects of the all-destroying explosion, the Shannon was indebted for her victory."

The only circumstance that could have given rise to this wonderful tale of mysterious horror, was the cask of musket cartridges which caught fire, and blew up abait the Chesapeake's mizen-mast, which had been placed there by themselves, to supply their marines. These cartridges not being confined, exploded with so little violence, that scarcely any of the effects were to be traced on her quarter-deck; the only appearance of a single singe that was to be found, was a small portion of the spanker-boom, and that so slight as to be scarcely visible.

Their assertion that the superiority of the Chesapeake's fire was proved by the fact of "its having carried away the jib-boom, and fore and mizen royal masts of the enemy," is totally false. Neither of the ships lost a single spar. The damage sustained by both was in their hulls; and that of the Shannon was trifling indeed, compared with that of the Chesapeake.

There was found on the Chesapeake's decks more shot than could have been fired away had the battle lasted several hours,

among which were (besides grape, canister, and double-headed shot) bars of wrought iron connected by links, so as to form an extended length of five feet, and others with four bars of more than a foot each, all connected at one end by a ring, which expanded in four points as they flew. The Shannon had only round shot, grape, and canister; but many of the Chesapeake's canisters were afterwards opened, and all were found to contain in the centre, angular and jagged pieces of iron, of various shapes and sizes; and all their musket cartridges had three, and some four buck-shot loose in the powder; the evident design of which must have been, not merely to disable and to destroy (for round balls are equally effectual for these purposes), but to increase the torment and retard the cure of the wounds they inflicted. They had also a large cask of unslacked lime, with the head open, standing on the fore-castle, and a bag of the same on the fore-top: and their intention was (if they had had time) to throw it by handfulls into the eyes of our men when they attempted to board.

It happened that, on the evening of the day on which the account of the action between the Shannon and the Chesapeake arrived, Mr. Croker had occasion to advert to some statements of Lord Cochrane, in the House of Commons, on a former night, respecting the capture of the Macedonian. By reading the sentence of the court-martial which had been holden on the officers of that ship, he vindicated the gallantry of her commander, the discipline and bravery of her crew, and in the signal display of coolness and courage to the last; and then, as a new instance of the bravery and skill of those officers and seamen which, he observed, the noble lord had been so much in the habit of depreciating, he detailed, in a style of lively, brilliant, and enthusiastic eloquence, the unexcelled, the almost unparalleled conduct of Captain Broke. The statement was new to the house; and the effect which it produced was almost equal to that of electricity. Towards the close of his speech, Mr. Croker remarked, that the British sailors not only boarded from every deck, but even those who were aloft sprang upon the enemy's yards, and stormed their tops. Lieutenant Falkner, he added, had described the action as the most beautiful and gallant scene that he had ever witnessed.

After the arrival of the despatches relating to the action, the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty very promptly and handsomely acknowledged the services which had been rendered by the captain, officers, and ship's company of the Shannon. They complimented Captain Broke in the most flattering manner upon his gallant achievement, and informed him that they had awarded him the honour of a medal; adding, that they had immediately promoted the two surviving lieutenants (Wallis and Falkner) to the rank of commander, and Messrs. Etough and Smith to that of lieutenant; and that they should be happy to attend to the reward or promotion of such petty officers and seamen, as Captain Broke might particularly recommend for their conduct in the engagement.

On the 25th of September following, his Royal Highness the Prince Regent was pleased to confer upon Captain Broke the dignity of a baronet of the kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland; and on the 1st of February, 1814, as an additional and special mark of royal favour, his Royal Highness was pleased to allow him and his descendants to bear, as a memorial of his highly distinguished conduct and gallantry, the following crest of honourable augmentation:—*"Issuant from a naval crown, a dexter arm embowed, encircled by a wreath of laurel, the hand grasping a trident erect; together with the motto, Scævinqve tridentem scævamus."*

Amongst the tributes of a more substantial nature which were paid to the skill, intrepidity, and noble disinterestedness of Captain Broke, that of the under-writers of Halifax, in Nova Scotia, stands first in the order of time. As a grateful memorial of the estimation in which they held his services—services which had contributed, in an unusual manner, to the protection of their trade—they presented him with a flattering address, accompanied by a piece of plate, of the value of a hundred guineas.

were as follows: two, from sixty to seventy years of age; one, forty-nine to fifty-five; two, twenty to twenty-five; two, fifteen to seventeen; one, twelve to fourteen; and two, six to eight; also, the bodies of fifteen females, two of whom appeared to be between sixty and seventy; seven, between twenty-five and thirty-five; one, fourteen or sixteen; one, twelve or fourteen; and four, apparently between the ages of three and eight months—in all, twenty-five bodies were brought to the workhouse.

The jury returned a verdict of "accidental death." They passed an encomium upon the conduct of the captain, the crew, and pilots of the *Victoria*, and disapproved of the conduct of the crew of the *Magazine* life-boat.

FATE OF LA PEROUSE.

THE fate of this celebrated French navigator, which for upwards of forty years has remained enveloped in mystery, has at length been satisfactorily ascertained, a result that is owing to the active and spirited exertions of our gallant and enterprising countryman Captain Dillon.

It is a remarkable circumstance, that the discovery of the relics of *La Perouse*, arose out of the massacre of the ship *Hunter's* crew, at the *Feejee* Islands, in 1813.

In this unfortunate affair, fourteen persons in all, from the ship *Hunter*, lost their lives. The two that escaped with Mr. Dillon, were William Wilson and Martin Buehart, a Prussian, who resided for two years at Bough. The latter entreated captain Robson to give him and his wife a passage to the first land at which he might arrive as they would certainly be sacrificed if they returned to the island. Having made *Tucopia* on the 20th of September, Buehart, his wife, and a *Lascar*, were put on shore, and the *Hunter* proceeded on her voyage to Canton.

On the 13th of May, 1826, while in command of the *St. Patrick*, bound from Valparaiso to Pondicherry, captain Dillon came in sight of the island of *Tucopia*. Prompted by curiosity as well as regard for old companions in danger, he lay to, anxious to ascertain whether the persons left there in 1813, were still alive. A canoe, in which was the *Lascar*, soon afterwards put off from land and came alongside. This was immediately succeeded by another canoe containing Martin Buehart the Prussian. They were both in excellent health, and exceedingly rejoiced to see him. They informed him, that the natives had treated them very kindly; and that no ship had touched at the island from the time they were first landed, until about a year previous to his arrival, when an English whaler visited them, and was soon after followed by a second. The *Lascar* had an old silver sword-guard, which he bartered for a few fishing-hooks. Captain Dillon inquired where he had obtained it; the Prussian informed him, that on his arrival at the island, he saw it in the possession of the natives, also several chain-plates belonging to a ship, a number of iron bolts, five axes, the handle of a silver fork, a few knives, tea-cups, glass beads and bottles, one silver spoon with a crest and a cipher, a sword, &c. As soon as he became sufficiently acquainted with the language, he asked the natives how they obtained those articles, as they said that the *Hunter* was the first ship with which they had ever held communication. They replied, that about two days' sail in their canoes to leeward, there was a large group of islands, known generally by the name of *Manicolo*, to which they were in the habit of making frequent voyages, and that they had procured these articles from the inhabitants, who possessed many more of a similar description.

Buehart proceeded to state, that the *Tucopians* asserted that a great number of articles were on the *Manicolo* Islands in a state of preservation, and such articles were evidently obtained from the wreck of a vessel. About seven months before Captain Dillon touched at *Tucopia*, a canoe had returned from *Manicolo*, and brought away two large chain plates, and an iron bolt, about four feet in length. He spoke with some of the crew of the canoe which had last made the voyage to *Manicolo*. They told him that there was abundance of iron materials still remaining on the islands. Those which Martin Buehart saw were much oxy-

dized and worn. The only silver spoon brought to *Tucopia*, as far as Captain Dillon could learn, was beaten into a wire by Buehart, for the purpose of making rings and other ornaments for the female islanders. Upon examining the sword-guard minutely, Captain Dillon discovered, or thought he discovered, the initials of *Perouse* stamped upon it, which circumstance prompted him to be more eager in his inquiries.

The Prussian said he had himself never made a trip to *Manicolo* with the *Tucopians*, but the *Lascar* had gone once or twice. He positively affirmed, that he had seen and conversed at *Païow*, a native town, with the Europeans who spoke the language of the islanders. They were old men, he said, who told him that they had been wrecked several years ago in one of the ships, the remnants of which they pointed out to him. They informed him also that no vessel had touched at the islands since they had been there; that most of their comrades were dead, but they had been so scattered among the various islands, that they could not tell precisely how many of them were still living.

On hearing so many circumstances all tending to confirm his suspicions, from the moment he saw the silver sword-guard with the cipher, Captain Dillon determined to proceed as quickly as possible to the *Manicolo* Islands, examine the wrecks himself, and, if practicable, bring off the two men with whom the *Lascar* had spoken, and whom he said were Frenchmen. For this purpose he begged the latter to accompany him; but, as he was married and comfortably settled on the island, neither promises nor threats were of any avail, although Captain Dillon offered to bring him back to *Tucopia*. Martin Buehart, on the contrary, was tired of the savage life he had led for the last fourteen years, and gladly acceded to the wishes of Captain Dillon, who, after prevailing with a *Tucopian* also to come on board, sailed for the island. Unfortunately, as the ship neared the land, it fell a perfect calm, and continued so for seven days. At the time the stock of dry provisions was nearly exhausted, and there was no animal food to be procured on *Tucopia*. The crew lived principally on New Zealand potatoes and bananas. The vessel became every day more leaky from a long continuance at sea; and a person on board, who was interested in the cargo, had, during Captain Dillon's stay in the islands, shown himself particularly discontented, and had frequently and warmly remonstrated at what he considered an unnecessary and useless delay; for these reasons, therefore, Captain Dillon determined though with the greatest reluctance, to take advantage of a breeze which sprang up, continued his voyage, and arrived at Bengal with much difficulty, his ship being in a very leaky condition.

Unwilling to abandon his favourite object, Captain Dillon now applied to the Asiatic Society, and to the Bengal government; and in consequence of his representations, his suggestions were at length carried into effect. He was appointed to the command of one of the company's cruisers, of sixteen guns and eighty-five men, called the *Research*; and on the 27th of January, 1827, he sailed from Bengal, visited Van Dieman's Land, New South Wales, New Zealand, the Friendly Islands, Ro-Thoma, or Granville Island of the *Pandora*, *Tucopia*, and arrived at *Manicolo* on the 27th of September. This Island (*Manicolo* or *Vanicolo*) is not the *Manicolo* of Captain Cook, being situated only 118 miles to the leeward of *Tucopia* in latitude 11 deg. 47 min., whilst the former lies in south latitude 16 deg. 16 min.

Captain Dillon personally visited the reefs on which the French ships are ascertained to have struck and gone to pieces, according to the account of the natives, from which the following particulars have been obtained of that disastrous event:— "Many years ago two large ships arrived at the islands; one anchored off the island of *Whanoo*, and the other off that of *Païow*, a little distance from each other. Soon after, and before they had any communication with the natives, a heavy gale arose, and both vessels were driven ashore. The ship off *Whanoo* grounded upon the rocks. The natives came in crowds to the sea-shore, armed with clubs, spears, bows and arrows, and discharged some arrows into the vessel; the crew in return fired, and killed several of the islanders. The vessel continued to strike violently against the rocks, and soon went to pieces.

Some of the crew took to their boats, but were driven on shore, and murdered by the natives; others threw themselves into the sea, and such as reached the land, shared the fate of their unfortunate companions, so that not a single soul belonging to this vessel escaped alive.

"The ship which grounded on Païow, was driven on a sandy beach, and the natives came down and also discharged their arrows into her; but the crew prudently did not resent the aggression, but held up axes, beads, and toys, as peace-offerings, upon which the assailants desisted from farther hostilities. As soon as the wind had moderated, an aged chief, in a canoe, put off to the ship. He was received with caresses, accepted the presents offered to him; and upon going ashore, pacified the islanders by assurance that the ship's crew were peaceably inclined towards them. Upon this, several natives went on board, and were all presented with toys. In return, they supplied the crew with yams, fowls, bananas, cocoa-nuts, hogs, &c. and confidence was established between them. The ship was now abandoned, and the crew went on shore, bringing with them part of her stores. Here they remained for some time, and built a small vessel with the materials from the wreck. When it was ready to put to sea, as many as could conveniently, embarked in her, being plentifully supplied with fresh provisions by the islanders. The commander promised those who were left behind, to return immediately with presents for the natives, and to bring them off; but, as the little vessel was never afterwards heard of, the men sought the protection of the neighbouring chiefs, with whom they lived. Several muskets and some gunpowder had been left them by their comrades, and by means of these, they proved of great service to their friends, in encounters with the neighbouring islanders."

The natives of Manicolo are not cannibals: but when an enemy falls into their power he is immediately killed, and his body is deposited in sea-water, and kept there until the bones become perfectly bare. The skeleton is then taken up, the bones of the extremities scraped and cut into various forms, to point arrows and spears. Their arms consist of heavy clubs, spears, and bows and arrows. They poison the latter with a kind of red-dish gum, extracted from a species of tree peculiar to the island. When any one is struck by a poisoned arrow in any of the limbs, the part is quickly cut out, and his life is sometimes saved; but if the wound happens to be in the body, where it cannot be easily excised, he resigns himself quietly to death without a murmur, though he frequently lingers for four or five days in excruciating agony.

The Manicolans differ from almost all the other islanders in the South Sea; they are as black as negroes, have short woolly hair, and resemble them in their features. Their religion also is different; in every village in the island there is a house dedicated to the Deity. At the principal chapel, the skulls of all the people who were killed, belonging to the ship that grounded at Whanoo, are still preserved. The natives of Tuco-pia, unaccustomed to the sight of human bones, avoid, as much as possible, when they visit the island, approaching the sacred house where the skulls are deposited.

LOSS OF H. M. S. INVINCIBLE.

The *Invincible*, having on board Admiral Tötty, and commanded by Captain Rennie, set sail from Yarmouth on the 15th of March, 1801, to join the Baltic fleet, under the command of Sir Hyde Parker; and between two and three o'clock in the afternoon, struck on a sandbank. In this situation she continued to beat with the greatest violence for nearly three hours, when the mizenmast went by the board, and the mainmast was immediately cut away. The signals of distress were heard and answered by a cutter, which immediately bore down to Yarmouth to give intelligence of the distress of the ship, so that the crew hoped, with the assistance that might arrive, to be able to save the ship as well as their own lives. Having, however, unfortunately lost her rudder, the ship became unmanageable, and was driven back again upon the bank.

All now gave themselves up for lost. At this awful juncture, a fishing-smack approached the wreck, on which two boats, belonging to the *Invincible*, were ordered out. On board one of these, the admiral, the purser, four midshipmen, three of the admiral's servants, and six or eight seamen, reached the fishing-smack in safety, as did also the other boat, full of people. Both of them immediately returned to the ship; but on again approaching the smack, one was forced away, and every person on board would inevitably have perished, had not a collier, which happened to be passing by at this critical moment, picked them all up. This vessel afterwards afforded every assistance that humanity dictated, or that she was capable of giving; and was the means of saving the lives of many of the crew. All the other boats that were attempted to be got overboard were immediately lost.

The fishing-smack, with the admiral on board, being unable to afford the least assistance to the ship, remained at anchor during the whole of the night of the 16th. On the approach of day, the master of the vessel, expressed an unwillingness to go near the wreck; but Admiral Tötty, in direct opposition to him, caused the cable to be cut, and proceeded to the ship. Melancholy, however, to relate, while he was doing everything of which human exertion is capable, to assist the unhappy people on board, the wreck once more got into deep water, and gradually sunk, to the infinite distress of the admiral and the other spectators, who were nearly frantic with grief at this tremendous scene of human misery and destruction.

While the ship was thus rapidly going down, the launch was hove out; as many of the crew as she could possibly hold jumped on board, and had only time to clear the poop, when the vessel, with four hundred souls, entirely disappeared, and went to the bottom. A number of unhappy sufferers attempted to get on board the already over-laden launch, but as no more could be permitted to enter, without the certain destruction of the whole, they were struck away with the oars, and in a few seconds were wholly engulphed in the pitiless waves.

After the ship had sunk, Captain Rennie attempted to swim to the launch, and after severe exertions got within reach of the oars, when, exhausted with fatigue, and unable to make any farther effort, he calmly resigned himself to his fate; lifting up his hands, as if to implore the blessing of Heaven, and immediately afterwards placing them upon his face, he went down directly, without a struggle.

Thus perished a brave and meritorious officer, whose eminent virtues in life insured him the esteem of all who knew him, and whose professional fame, had he survived, bade fair to render him an ornament to his country. All the other commissioned officers of the ship, except Lieutenants Tucker and Quash, together with all the officers of marines, and most of their men, likewise went to the bottom.

About seventy or eighty of the crew were saved by means of the launch, the whole of whom had assembled upon the forecabin; but all who remained on the poop were lost. The total number of human beings who thus found a watery grave, was upwards of four hundred, among whom were several passengers on their way to join other ships belonging to the North Sea fleet.

Two seamen a few days afterwards arrived at the admiralty, who had survived the rest of the unfortunate crew that went down in the *Invincible*, by adhering, for two days and nights, to a part of the quarter-gallery, which broke away, and whence they were providentially taken up by the brig *Briton*, of Sunderland. They had no other sustenance till they were released from their perilous situation, but what they derived from a small quantity of tobacco, which one of them fortunately had in his jacket-pocket. One of them, named Daniel Brian, lost his hearing, and was much bruised. The unfortunate Captain Rennie was an amiable man and an excellent officer. He had been promoted by his own merit alone. At the Helder he distinguished himself when a lieutenant, in consequence of which, he was spoken of by Admiral Mitchell in his public despatches with merited praise, and was made post-captain. Since that time he had been waiting for a ship, had just been appointed to the command of the *Invincible*.

cible, and was, for the first time putting to sea in her, launching, as he thought, into good fortune.

The *Invincible* was an old ship, having been built in the year 1776. A ship bearing the same name was lost almost in the same manner, about forty years before this disaster.

SHIPWRECK OF A SPANISH VESSEL.

A SPANISH vessel of burthen, laden with various goods, set sail in 1678 from Callao, bound to Panama, at which place she arrived safely, and anchored on the 6th of May. From Panama she sailed with merchandize for Caldera, a port in New Spain, situated in the province of Costa Rica. There were several passengers in the vessel from Panama to Caldera. They sailed on the 10th of May, hoping to arrive at the end of their voyage in about nine days, as was usual. Instead of making the distance in the time they had anticipated, they were obliged, after beating about for five days, to cast anchor at the mouth of the Manglares, which descends from Chiriqui, a lofty mountain, noted for its gold mines. Most of those on board, thinking the passage would be short, had only taken with them provisions for eight days. At this anchorage, therefore, some of them were obliged to go on shore to purchase more. These provisions consisted of calves, pigs, fowls, Indian corn, and some of the fruits of the country.

Having set sail again, they encountered a heavy sea, which continued until the 18th, the time about which they had anticipated they should be able to anchor in the port of their destination. On the 19th, about four o'clock in the afternoon, a violent storm came on, which attacked them before they had time to prepare to meet its fury. The wind and sea drove them so close to a coast full of rocks and sand-banks, that, had the ship been carried a musket-shot farther, she must have been dashed into a thousand pieces, and every soul on board have perished, there being no beach on that coast, but all terribly bristled with rocks. In order to escape a fate so dreadful, the long-boat was set afloat, and eight vigorous rowers exerted their utmost to tow the vessel clear of the danger. By great exertion, they succeeded; but their labour during the storm subjected the crew to so much fatigue, that they ceased to keep a good look-out, and at midnight the ship got among the rocks, and was carried close to one of them with such impetuosity, that, before they were aware of it, the ports on the larboard side were carried away.

All on board were now aroused, and believed every thing was over; none doubted but that the keel of the vessel had struck. It was dark, and impossible to discover where they might be, or what injury was done. The night was passed in a state of dreadful anxiety, though, fortunately, the storm had abated. Happily, when day dawned they found that they had suffered more from fear than the injury done to the ship would justify, though a few feet nearer the rock, and they must have foundered. The wind was favourable, and they ventured to hoist their sails; but the breeze did not long continue in the same point: the four days following, it changed no less than six times. In fact, after beating about until they found they made no way, they were just off the mouth of the river where they had gone on shore a few days before to purchase provisions. They were now again short of sea stock; some of the passengers had eaten up all their provisions three days before, and were living on the captain's. It became necessary, therefore, to go on shore again, which most of them did, and furnished themselves with a store for fifteen days. They also brought off a quantity of bananas, which, roasted in the cinders, are an excellent substitute for bread. The captain laid in a month's stock, to guard against the worst that might happen. The sails were again hoisted, and they reached Cape Borica, but could get no farther, for it fell calm, and remained thus for twenty-two days. From sunrise to sun-set there was not a breath of wind. At night, a light breeze blew, which enabled them to proceed favourably; but when the day came and the wind died away, the current, which prevails on that coast, bore them farther back in an hour

than they had gone forward in six. Whenever day broke, the man at the helm cried out "land, land!" but as the light increased the point of Borica was sure to be recognized, from which they had sailed at nightfall. In this manner they were at last fired out, and given up almost to despair.

They endeavoured to entertain and amuse themselves as well as they could. Some fished, others read, or swam about in the sea. They passed a large portion of their time in lamenting their misfortune. Again their stock of provisions became so low, that it was necessary to replenish it at the same place as before. The captain was of opinion that they had better return to Panama. The pilot and sailors asserted, that in four or five days, with the least favourable wind, the ship would make Caldera. To this opinion the passengers ceded their own, for all were alike eager to reach their destination. They now got on board provisions for the third time, in greater quantity than they had done previously, and once more they set sail for Caldera. In eight days they made the Isle of Cagno, and the seamen flattered themselves that in two more they should enter the port which they so desired to gain. But human judgments are as frail as human hopes. The sky, which had been for some time serene, changed all at once. It was near the hour of sunset. The pilot, not liking the aspect of the heavens, lowered the sails. A small dark cloud was seen approaching with great rapidity. No sooner was it over the ship than it poured down a torrent of rain. A second deluge seemed falling from the heavens. The thunder and lightning were terrific, enough to make the most intrepid heart quail. The lightning and obscurity alternated so rapidly that it struck the crew with tenfold horror, and prevented anything being done on board which the urgency of the moment might demand, as it was impossible to see. In vain they fatigued themselves with successive attempts; they were absolutely obliged to give up all in despair, and abandon the vessel to the mercy of the wind and sea.

At day-break the storm ceased, but the sea continued to run high, and the heaven was still covered with clouds, which did not seem to announce the approach of fine weather. The captain wished to find out exactly the ship's place, but could not take an observation, from the state of the weather. It was proposed he should find out some secure place on the coast to remain sheltered from the wind and waves, until more settled weather appeared, rather than remain at sea, uncertain of their situation, and exposed to new storms, which were evidently approaching. The poor captain, with tears in his eyes, answered that he had no doubt his sins were the cause of the bad success of his vessel, and that he could do nothing, for the seamen refused to obey him. The sailors, on being questioned, asserted that they were now drawing so near Caldera, that if the sky were clear it might be distinguished.

In this assurance the passengers continued beating about for five days longer. The sixth was clear, and the captain took an observation, and then said that the ship was within five leagues of the port, and land must soon be seen. All sails were set and night came on, but no land appeared. The next day the captain persisted in his opinion until mid-day, when he discovered some high mountains, which he was nearly two hours examining. After he had done so, he said, with great chagrin, that these were the mountains of Chiriqui, towards which the currents had borne them back. The disappointment and anger of the passengers were great, both towards the pilot and captain, and they were appeased with difficulty. The captain proposed returning to Panama; but, as part of the passengers had business at Costa Rica, it was agreed to call at Chiriqui for provisions a fourth time. There they remained six days, to put the ship in order, get in the provisions, and refresh themselves. They then set sail again on the eighty-first day of their departure from Panama.

On the day after they sailed they encountered a breeze, which carried them rapidly forwards; but the very next day the wind fell again, and their hopes were once more destroyed. In short, in twelve days they made little or no way, from the want of wind and the re-action of the currents against the way which they did make. At length their provisions were again consumed, and they were not near enough to Chiriqui to purchase more. They were reduced to such a

necessity that a little dirty Indian corn, remaining in the pigsties, was equally shared among all on board. They afterwards made a ragout of the leathern flesh and limbs of an old spaniel, which had been the captain's favourite. All devoured the dish with avidity, but none had a sufficiency for a good meal.

The following day they prepared a bull's hide, which had, till then, served as a bed for the unfortunate dog. They boiled it a long time, until it was dissolved into a sort of black glue, not very agreeable to the eye, any more than to the taste; but so far from its exciting anything like disgust, they devoured it as if it had been a dish of most exquisite flavour. A negro sailor offered the captain a banana, of which he had two; one he eat with the paring and shell, and prayed the captain to give him the paring and shell of that which was presented him. He devoured it with greediness,

fearing any one might take it from him. There was plenty of wine in the ship, the use of which, beyond moderation, injured the discipline on board. The captain, seeing that hunger had taken from the pilot and seamen those insolent airs which they were accustomed to exhibit, now began to encourage them, by a little flattery and management, to keep a good look out, and see if they could discover in the distance a particular mountain, which might serve as a guide to the vessel.

The next day-break the man at the helm cried "a sail! a sail!" The crew were full of joy; for could they land upon a savage territory, or one inhabited by the bitterest enemies of the Spanish nation, they would gladly do it at such a time of distress. They soon made the usual signals, and the stranger, a Mexican and an acquaintance, informed them that they were near the Island del Cagno, or Isle of Dogs, on the south



THE SHIPWRECK OF A SPANISH VESSEL, IN 1678, ON THE COAST OF AMERICA.

side of the American isthmus, at the extremity of the province of Costa Rica. The island is about a league from the continent, in 8 deg. 35 min. north latitude. It is inhabited; and there they determined to take the ship. The captain of the Mexican vessel, being informed of the famine on board, supplied them with provisions, and thus they were finally able to reach the island the same day. There they disembarked, and dined under the shade of some banana trees, on the side of a pleasant rivulet, a hundred or two paces from the sea. The Mexican vessel being laden with provisions, the crew and passengers obtained enough for four days, certain now, in their own minds, of soon reaching Caldera. The captain refused payment for anything furnished, the generous Mexican saying, that it was possible the favour might be returned to him under similar circumstances. The vessels

both weighed anchor, sailing from the island the next morning, and proceeded on their respective voyages.

About seven in the evening, the day following, they saw the desired port. All was joy in the ship. The captain presented the sailors with a cask of wine, and a Genoese merchant on board gave them another. The men were in too good a temper to postpone tasting the wine until the next day. They attacked the cask at once, headed by the pilot, and it was soon emptied, but not without materially affecting their heads.

The Genoese merchant, fearing the ill effects that must arise from such a state of things when so near the shore, posted himself, in his excess of caution, between the man at the helm and the pilot, from having remarked that the pilot, sitting on his seat, quite drunk, worked the ship from recol-

lection alone, as he was close to a port perfectly well known to him. The merchant placed himself in the situation already mentioned, to repeat, with more precision, the words of the pilot to the timoneer, and this act caused the loss of the ship. The pilot gave the words "north-west, to the north-west," "*Al noruête*." The merchant, who stammered and spoke bad Spanish, repeated the words "*Al nornoruête*," to the north-north-west, which is a different point of the compass. The timoneer, thinking it was his master's orders, did as he was told, kept away from the port, and yet approached the coast.

In the meanwhile, night was approaching fast. The passengers and the captain were in their beds, wrapped in slumber. About two in the morning, the captain was surprised by hearing the waves breaking upon the rocks. He cried out to the pilot, "What is this, pilot? are we entering the port already?" The pilot, on the question being reiterated, roused from his lethargy, and saw, with astonishment and terror, that the vessel was steering right upon a rock, which could scarcely be seen for the obscurity. Above all, a high mountain towered in shadow, covered, apparently, with trees. The pilot called out to come about, but there was now no time; the vessel was close on the shore, and struck with such force that one of her sides opened. A huge wave recoiled from the rock against which it had dashed, swept over the vessel, and filled her with water.

Then there was nothing heard throughout the ship but clamorous cries and shrieks of horror. Lamentations succeeded to sounds of mirth and revelry, which had been heard so short a time before. Some awaked suddenly from their sleep, and cried in astonishment, as they heard the others do who were aware of the danger, though they knew not yet any reason wherefore. The noise of the vast waves of the Pacific thundering around and over the ship, the darkness of the night, the dashing of the sea on the rocks, increased the terror of the scene. What was still more extraordinary, the vessel was lost, none could tell how or where. This reverse of fortune was terrible to them. They had imagined themselves close to the entrance of the port. In the terror which came upon the crew, some fell on their knees in prayer, making vows to heaven for their safety; others, with uplifted hands, demanded God's mercy; while many, in a loud voice, heard even amid the louder thundering of the waves around, revealed their most secret sins.

The captain preserved his presence of mind. Seeing that all must perish if something were not attempted speedily for the safety of those on board, he encouraged the sailors to cut away the masts, and to provide themselves with planks, or any loose timber, upon which there was a chance of gaining the shore. Every thing above deck contributing to the breaking up of the ship by its weight, was cut away or flung overboard. In this state, morning broke upon them. The captain, when the vessel had opened her planks and was settling in the water, seeing that the sailors would endeavour to gain the shore upon anything they could seize that would swim, advised several of them to fasten themselves to the ends of a long rope, one at each end, so that whoever got on shore first might draw after him a second, who might not be so fortunate in his attempt at reaching it. In this manner the captain got the pilot safe to land, although he did not deserve it. Nearly all the crew escaped. Five or six only, who were dashed by the waves with great force against the ship or the rocks, head foremost, were lost.

Some hours after they landed, the tide ebbed, leaving the vessel nearly dry on the shore. They then found it was no difficult task to get out anything that was on board. They succeeded so well by their diligence in this undertaking, that they not only got out the cargo, but recovered most of what they had thrown overboard, the sea having cast nearly all upon the shore. They afterwards proceeded to burn the vessel, that they might save the iron-work in her construction. All their effects they placed under some shady trees, where they had taken up their quarters to keep themselves from the action of the sun's rays, which were very powerful in that torrid latitude.

As it was not desirable they should remain long in such a situation, the captain exhorted them to choose some one of the company for a leader, to repress any disorder or confusion which

might arise. They immediately begged the captain to take upon him full powers for such a purpose. He immediately divided them into three parties. One was detached to find fresh water, of which there was great want; another to search for provisions of any kind, as the sea had wetted those which were got out of the ship, and the third, to reconnoitre the country, and endeavour to find out the inhabitants, if any were to be found. The pilot said they could not be more than three or four leagues from Caldera. The first party were not long absent, returning with some good water, which they had discovered at no great distance. The second party returned not long after the first, loaded with wild fruit of an ill flavour, and with turtles' eggs; a porcupine had been seen, and also the dung of Indian fowl. These were satisfactory reports. A good quantity of water and turtles' eggs were provided; of the latter, there was no fear of a want; they were found in the sands two or three hundred together, and though they had a smell which was not agreeable, they were eaten with good appetite by the company.

They next proceeded to make themselves shelters, or roofs, of palm leaves, and passed the day at this labour until evening, when the third party returned, which pleased their companions, who made no doubt but that they had found human habitations. They reported that they had proceeded until they fell in with a river so deep, rapid, and full of alligators, that they could not cross it. The captain blamed them for returning, as they might have constructed a raft, and have got over that way. Fearful they had not done so much as they ought, the captain determined to go with them himself on the following day. When the morning came, having left one of those who had been at the river the day before, to serve as a guide to the party, if it were necessary for them to follow by that route, the captain and the others set off, leaving word that if they heard nothing of them in eight days, they had better set out the same way and try their fortune. In the interim, they had orders on no account to go far from the coast, where they had for the present taken up their abode.

After a journey of two hours over a sandy soil, which rendered walking exceedingly painful, they arrived at the river, which the party called the River of Alligators. It appeared that the truth had been spoken regarding its size. They were now obliged to traverse the banks as far as the first spot where they could obtain wood to construct a raft. After journeying about two leagues, they fell in with what they wanted. They carried the wood on their shoulders to the place where they had first seen the river, wishing to keep as near as possible to the coast, for they hoped by that means to fall in sooner with Caldera. Having formed the raft as well as they were able with their hatchets, and bound it together with ropes which they had brought with them for that purpose, they ventured to trust themselves upon the current, which was very rapid. The captain first went upon the raft, with his arquebuse in his hand, and then the pilot, who took his station at one end; the strongest seamen, with poles and oars to guide it, followed. As all could not be accommodated at once, one part remained on the bank while the others crossed. A long cord was fastened to the raft, that it might be pulled back by those who were to follow. This being arranged, they crossed in safety, and journeyed about ten leagues farther, when they came to a second river, which they crossed in the same manner as the former. About sunset, they arrived at a level country of considerable extent, where they halted, being much fatigued. The captain was more tired than the others, because his shoes, which had been soaked with water, stretched, and let in the sand, which gave him great annoyance. As they were looking around for a place where they might repose during the night, they heard a noise near the trunk of an old tree, and discovered an iguana, which, though an ugly looking animal, is excellent eating. The pilot killed it, and, as the party were hungry after their fatigue, they soon devoured it, having roasted it on the embers of their fire. They then went to sleep.

At day-break they set off again, and about ten o'clock in the forenoon, reached a hill exceedingly steep, and in order to save a point which would have obliged them to go a good way round, they entered a wood to go over it. The wood was full of thorns

and brambles. There the captain suffered a good deal of pain. His stockings were worn out, and his feet became blistered and sore, being little accustomed to so uneven a road. Matters became worse, when on leaving the wood, they were upon the sea shore. The heat of the sand, owing to the rays of an ardent tropical sun, raised bladders on his feet as large as pigeon's eggs. They broke, and the sand got into the wounds, which gave excessive pain on friction by walking. The captain's sufferings raised the pity of his companions, and obliged him to stop under the shade of a tree, where they washed his feet in a stream of fresh water, and remained some time sheltered from the burning sun. While the party were thus resting, one or two of them discovered, in the holes in the rocks, a great many periwinkles, called by the South Americans, *buyados*, which they deem very good eating. They are generally boiled, but having no cooking utensils they were now obliged to roast them.

After this sorry repast, they set out again. The feet of the captain were bound up as well as they could be, under such circumstances, in their torn linen and tattered clothes, much in the way mendicants supply the want of shoes. They then proceeded till sunset, and reached the borders of a pond, which so abounded in mosquitoes that they were obliged to continue their journey until ten o'clock in the morning. They passed the night with much inquietude, fearing an attack from the Indians, some of whom they had seen passing among the trees in a neighbouring wood. Fortunately, they remained till day-break undisturbed.

During the next day's journey they met with a river, on the bank of which they found the remains of a fire, and a quantity of banana skins, though none of the fruit grew there. About mid-day they came upon a large river, bordered with trees, which gave a pleasant shade. Hunger now pressed them, and and they were fortunate enough to catch three large fish, which they roasted. They crossed the stream in the way they had done before, until they came to another much larger, on the bank of which they slept, first planting a sentinel, for fear of being surprised by the Indians. They found a great number of palm trees growing near them, the buds of which they collected and ate; the hearts, which are poor food, are like a wax-candle in taste. A little further on, they found a fruit resembling an apricot, called by the people of the country the *icacos*; it was of a bitter, acid taste, but far better for food than palm buds. They now again came upon the coast, having crossed a wood and a mountain. They saw a good quantity of lobsters, but they could only capture four. They shot six paroquets in addition and thus supplied another day's provisions. They slept on a spot where there were plenty of *icacos*, eating the ripe, and roasting those which were unripe. On the fifth day they passed two rivers on rafts, but got nothing to eat until six o'clock at night, when the captain shot a peacock. The following day they reached a deserted house, where they found a quantity of ripe bananas. They eat half, and carried away the other half, not without the fear that the family might pursue them. At night, they rested on the bank of another river, and ate their stolen bananas. Hunger was the most disagreeable enemy they yet encountered, and they were obliged to supply themselves in the best way they could, without being too scrupulous about the mode.

The next day, four of the party went about two leagues off, to the top of a hill, to find wood fit to make a raft. While they were absent, leaving the captain and one man together, the latter were fortunate enough to see a number of wood-pigeons perch on a tree, not fifty paces off. The captain crept within a short distance of them, and brought down eighteen at a shot. These furnished them all with a banquet, in which, had they wine, their gratification would have been complete. Those who had gone to the wood, had found some dates, which they ate instead of bread.

After this unexpected feast, they set out once more. The captain was now so much worn down by pain, that he could proceed no farther. He was unable to stand on his feet, and he begged his companions to leave him, as it would be unjust to detain them there to perish for the sake of one of their number. He said he might get better, and follow them in a few

days, or they might fall in with some Spanish dwellings, and be able to send him assistance. He conjured them to keep together, happen what might, on their future journey. They shed tears upon this address, and declared they would not leave the captain, let the consequences be what they might. They offered to take him upon their shoulders, but he would not agree to it. He told them their time was dear, and that they had better get as quick as possible to Caldera. They would not stir until the captain consented to be carried, which they undertook with such good will, that it was seven o'clock in the evening before they stopped, as well to rest themselves, as to find something to eat. They were obliged to satisfy their appetite with periwinkles boiled on the coals. The fatigue they had undergone under a tropical sun during the day, and the hardships endured from the heat in those which preceded it, had made a great change in their appearance. Their throats were inflamed and parched, and they had no water to quench their thirst. To remain where they had stopped, was impossible. They set out again in their wearied state, and after reaching a league farther, discovered a stream bordered with bananas, and other fruits and trees, the shade of which meeting over the water, formed a beautiful and agreeable avenue. They thanked God for his goodness to them, and, rushing to the river, quenched their thirst.

The pilot added to their delight, by stating that the river was that of St. Antonio. He assured his companions that, about four leagues off, there was a rich farm belonging to Alonzo Macotela, where there was an abundance of cattle. Macotela was an inhabitant of the town of Esparza, in Costa Rica. They supped on the fruit around them, which they roasted on the cinders, when not ripe. The same night they crossed the river on a raft, and slept more soundly than they had done for many nights before, their anxiety respecting the termination of their journey being now dismissed.

They despatched several of their number the following morning to the farm of Macotela. The captain and two others remained behind to rest during that day and the next. They caught lobsters in the river for their support. The two who remained with the captain, were the Genoese merchant, and a religious brother of some order. The brother was charged with the duty of sentinel the second night, in order to guard against their being surprised. More accustomed to the cloister than to military duty, he fell asleep so soundly, that about eleven o'clock, the captain was awake by a voice calling out his name, and upon hailing the good brother to ask if he had spoken, got no reply. Upon finding this the case, he got up, and heard his own name again repeated, though from some distance off. He then awoke the Genoese and the slumbering sentinel, but had scarcely done so, before a large raft came floating down the river, with more than twenty people upon it. The raft was under the direction of Don Domingo de Chavarria, a native of Navarre, the curate of Esparza. Three of the shipwrecked party, who had been sent forward to the farm of Macotela, had met them, and related in what state they left their companions at the river St. Antonio, where they were waiting for assistance. The good curate, moved at their tale, set out with refreshments and necessities to recruit their health. He learned exactly where they were left by their companions, and summoning all his domestics and friends, well loaded with provisions, departed to their succour immediately. The joy of the Genoese and the religious brother was not less than that of the captain, upon finding there was now no fear of their perishing by hunger or the Indians. They were now soon mounted on horseback, except the captain, who was placed on a litter, in the manner customary for invalids in warm climates. Six Indians formed a relay, two taking the vehicle by turns, on their shoulders, and moving on as rapidly as the mules of the country. In this way a little before the dawn of day, they reached the farm of Macotela, where they rested for some time, and then proceeded to Esparza.

The small town of Esparza is described as placed in an admirable situation, upon a small eminence. Two convents and one parish only, were included in its limits. One of these religious houses, was of the order of St. Francis; the other of John of God. The captain was conducted with his com-

panions, to the house of the curate, where they met those who had preceded them. They now returned thanks to God for their preservation, and sent a courier to Carthago, the capital of Costa Rica, to give an account of their arrival to Don Juan de Salinos, the captain-general of the province, who was a friend of the captain. In twenty-four hours, so speedy did the courier travel, the governor made his appearance in the captain's chamber, who, relating his story, a frigate was sent off immediately to the place where the rest of the crew were left. It returned, without being able to find any traces of them. A second was then sent with orders to land and search the country round. The commander of the second vessel obeyed his orders, but could discover no traces of the crew of whom they were in search, until just as they were about to embark on their return, they saw a large quantity of leaves, which seemed placed in their position for some particular purpose, and, on examining, they found under them, placed as it were for concealment, goods, boxes, and the various things which had been preserved from the wreck. These they put on board and brought away. Of the ship's company, who had been left behind, they could discover nothing, and all began to think they had been cut off by the Indians.

In a few days afterwards, the governor being with the captain, at the house of the curate, a young cavallero came in with haste and in great terror, to say that the English had landed on the coast. All the place was in alarm. The governor mounted directly, and the captain, though an invalid, hobbled out to take measures with his party for their defence. People rushed in from all parts of the country, to get orders for their future conduct from the governor. Don Juan and the captain set out to reconnoitre, and had gone no great distance, when they saw approaching, with a very slow pace, the remainder of the shipwrecked crew, which had been taken for a formidable body of English threatening the country. Fear was now changed into joy. The reporters of the alarming tidings of the English having landed, slunk away ashamed, in the midst of the jeers of their countrymen, for having transformed a half-famished and unarmed body of their countrymen into formidable enemies in battle array.

The rest of the ship's company, having waited three days beyond the eight agreed upon with the captain, determined to follow the steps of those who had preceded them, and easily tracked their friends along the coast. They subsisted in much the same manner as the first party had done.

This shipwreck is remarkable for the singular account of the currents northward of Panama, and for the ignorance of the captain and pilot in obstinately following the same course along the coast, which constantly led them into the current again, when they should have run further out to sea. The discipline of the ship, from the chief downwards, and the wreck clearly owing to the revelling of the crew, are a curious picture of a Spanish vessel in those days. The English name was evidently very formidable at that period in the Spanish South American possessions. Perhaps the recollections of past times, and the achievements of Drake and others in the Gulf, and in the Pacific, had been handed down as *le grand Talbot* was in France, until the English name became a scarecrow to the children.

LORD KEITH.

"Only just do your duty, you'll find should death call, The same gracious Providence watches for all."

"WELL, messmates," exclaimed an old pensioner, entering the ward with a newspaper in his hand—"well, messmates, so Lord Keith is gone, full of years and honour! Death has grappled him at last! He was a worthy commander—a mild, unassuming man: but all our old friends are dropping off one by one, and by-and-bye poor Jack won't have a protector left. Howsoever, I hope, before that time, messmates, all hands will be standing on the same tack, till we moor ship in the port of Heaven at last. Ah! well do I remember the admiral—at Toulon, at Egypt, and afterwards in command of the Channel fleet. He was a father to his people—brave, and humane. I think I see him at this moment, a tall, thin figure, standing in his admiral's uniform on the deck of the *Queen Charlotte*. We were lying in Basque Roads. The white flag

was flying at Rochelle, but the French fleet had not yet hoisted it. A large party in their bag-wigs, and swords, (if I recollect right, a deputation from the town), came alongside on the larboard side. His lordship, very plainly dressed, placed himself near the gangway. On the starboard side of the quarter-deck stood Sir Pulteney Malcolm, firm and erect, one hand thrust into his waistcoat, the other arm a-kinbo, the right foot advanced. There he stood in all the conscious pride of a bold, intrepid, British tar. By-the-bye, I saw his portrait, some seasons ago, in the exhibition; I knew it in a moment, and my heart kindled with pleasure. Sailors have their feelings, and fine ones too, though they cannot always express them. Well, there he stood; and the *Monsieurs* came on board, passed his lordship, giving and receiving a slight salutation, and advanced, full of compliment, scraping and bowing to Sir Pulteney, who received them with that dignity and politeness so peculiarly his own. His lordship continued his station, unnoticed by the party, till the rear-admiral introduced them to him as the commander-in-chief. The last time I saw him was in the theatre at Bordeaux; oh, it was a glorious sight! In the starboard stage-box was his lordship, Lord James O'Brien, and I think Sir Pulteney Malcolm, and Sir Harry Neale, but I won't be positive. However, there were several of the captains and officers of the fleet in their full naval dress, blue and gold. On the larboard hand, Lord Wellington, Lord Hill, with other distinguished noblemen, and generals, in their scarlet uniforms; while every part of the house displayed the British costume, intermingled with the white of the ladies' dresses. It is true that many a regimental coat looked the worse for wear; but it heightened the interest of the scene—they had known hard service. The play was *Richard Cour de Lion*; and between the acts, 'Vive Henri Quatre' was played and sung by the whole strength of the house. The pit of a French theatre, messmates, has no seats like ours, but resembles the riding-ring at Astley's. Well, nearly in the centre of the area, stood a brother tar half-sprung, turning his quid, looking wonderfully knowing, but perfectly quiet, lest a suspicion should arise that he was ignorant of the language. Several shipmates were dispersed around, affording considerable amusement to the assembled group of all nations. The song ended, and, after a few demi-semi-quavers, our national anthem, 'God save the King,' commenced. 'Twas like an electric shock to poor Jack. 'What! God save the King, in France!' He roared, he bellowed, accompanying the music, seeming insensible to the presence of a single individual beside himself. It ceased for a moment, and then struck up 'The White Cockade.' 'Clear the decks! clear the decks!' cried Jack; and indeed all were glad to get out of his way. A space was cleared, and he went through the hornpipe in handsome style, to the great delight of all present. Bumper, after bumper, was proffered, and as readily swallowed. What sailor would shrink from splicing the main brace when his King was the toast? 'God save the King,' was again played; but this did not satisfy our jolly tar, now completely groggy. 'Rule, Britannia! Rule, Britannia!'—he would have 'Rule, Britannia!' or he'd board the stage, and thrash the fiddlers. 'Rule, Britannia! Britannia rules the waves! Play up! none of your gammon; Rule, Britannia! Britannia, Rule—What! you won't, eh? Then here goes!' advancing to the orchestra to commence his attack. This was too much even for French politeness; and, another act just commencing, a scuffle ensued, in which poor Jack was hoisted on the shoulders of his messmates, who bore him off in triumph, roaring—

'Rule, Britannia! Britannia rules the waves! For Britons never, never, never, never, shall be slaves!'

SIR CLOUDESLEY SHOVEL.

WHEN Sir Cloudesley Shovel was only a boy in the navy, under the patronage of Sir John Narborough, on hearing the admiral express an earnest wish that some papers might be conveyed to the captain of a ship then engaged in an action at considerable distance, he, with great resolution, undertook to swim with the despatches in his mouth, through the line of the enemy's fire, and this service he actually performed, to the astonishment of all who were witnesses of his courage.

THE GALLANT ACTION BETWEEN THE SHANNON AND CHESAPEAKE.

On the 18th of June, 1812, war was declared between England and the United States of America. This event gave rise to some of the most interesting passages which have ever distinguished maritime warfare. Frequently largely manned by British seamen, and greatly superior in size and weight of metal, the American navy, for nearly a year after the commencement of the war, had an almost uninterrupted career of success over the English. The British name was, however, at last gloriously retrieved, by the action between the Shannon and Chesapeake, an event which we shall detail at length, especially as it is one of the most brilliant naval actions on record, and unfolds to our view a scene of glory linked with the remembrance of many of our readers.

Captain P. B. V. Broke, the gallant commander of the Shannon, was appointed to watch the Chesapeake as she lay in Boston harbour, and about the middle of the month of May, 1813, she appeared to be nearly ready for sea, and engrossed all the attention of our intrepid hero. For various reasons his anxiety was naturally great. The Chesapeake seemed to present the last chance that season, of avenging the insulted honour of the British flag—of confounding the insolent pretensions of an enemy whose triumphs had originated solely in superiority of force—of making the Americans feel that, upon equal terms, they were unable successfully to contend against the prowess of their parent stock. Serious apprehensions were entertained lest the last remaining frigate might escape from her antagonists, as others, favoured by the weather, had lately done. Had the Chesapeake once passed beyond the blockading squadron, she would inevitably have effected considerable mischief amongst the British trade, where least expected; and she might probably have fallen in with English ships of war, which, being of inferior force, or weakened by the manning of prizes, would have been much less capable of supporting the national fame than the Shannon and the Tenedos, which had been particularly appointed to watch, and were thoroughly prepared to meet her. Under these considerations, Captain Broke regarded it as an important duty, to obtain, by any honourable means, a meeting with the enemy. He had previously sent several verbal invitations to Commodore Rodgers to meet the Shannon and Tenedos, his two frigates, with the President and Congress. The contest would have been very unequal; but Captain Broke trusted that his gallant second, Captain Parker, would vanquish the Congress in time to assist him against the President, should there be occasion for such aid. The badness of the weather, however, prevented the continuance of a close blockade, and afforded Rodgers the opportunity of escape. It is probable, too, that independently of his having other objects in view, the American commander, when out, might not have deemed it prudent to seek a meeting with the British frigates, without an assurance on their part that they would not receive assistance from other ships.

This consideration induced Captain Broke to draw up and combine, in a written form, the substance of the different proposals which he had already sent to the captain of the Chesapeake. In this letter, which was expressed in the following terms, Captain Broke endeavoured to answer every objection that could possibly be made to his wishes:—

“H. B. M.’s ship Shannon, off Boston, June, 1813.

“SIR,—As the Chesapeake appears now ready for sea, I request you will do me the favour to meet the Shannon with her, quest ship to ship, to try the fortune of our respective flags. To an officer of your character, it requires some apology for proceeding to further particulars. Be assured, sir, that it is not from any doubt I can entertain of your wishing to close with my proposals, but merely to provide an answer to any objection which might be made, and very reasonably, upon the chance of our receiving unfair support.

“After the diligent attention we had paid to Commodore Rodgers; the pains I took to detach all force but the Shannon and Tenedos to such a distance that they could not possibly join in any action fought in sight of the Capes; and the various verbal messages which had been sent into Boston to that effect, we were much disappointed to find the commodore had eluded us, by sailing the first chance, after the prevailing easterly winds had obliged us to keep an offing from the coast. He perhaps wished for some stronger assurance of a fair meeting. I am, therefore, induced to address you more particularly, and to assure you that what I write I pledge my honour to perform to the utmost of my power.

“The Shannon mounts twenty-four guns upon a broadside, and one light boat-gun; eighteen-pounders on her main-deck, and thirty-two-pound carronades on her quarter-deck and fore-castle; and is manned with a complement of three hundred men and boys, (a large proportion of the latter), besides thirty seamen, boys and passengers, who were taken out of re-captured vessels lately. I am thus minute, because a report prevailed in some of the Boston papers that we had one hundred and fifty men, additional, lent us from La Hogue, which really was never the case. La Hogue is now at Halifax for provisions, and I will send all other ships beyond the power of interfering with us, and meet you wherever it is most agreeable to you, within the limits of the undermentioned rendezvous, viz.:—

“From six to ten leagues east of Cape Cod Lighthouse, from eight to ten leagues east of Cape Ann Light, on Cashe’s Ledge, in lat. 43 deg., north, at any bearing and distance you please to fix off the South Breakers of Nantucket, or the Shoal in St. George’s Bank.

“If you will favour me with any plan of signals, or telegraph, I will warn you (if sailing under this promise) should any of my friends be too nigh or anywhere in sight, until I can detach them out of my way, or I would sail with you under a flag of truce to any place you think safest from our cruisers, hauling it down when fair to begin hostilities.

“You must, sir, be aware that my proposals are highly advantageous to you, as you cannot proceed to sea singly in the Chesapeake without imminent risk of being crushed by the superior force of the numerous British squadrons which are now abroad, where all your efforts, in a case of rencontre, would, however gallant, be perfectly hopeless. I treat you, sir, not to imagine that I am urged by mere personal vanity to the wish of meeting the Chesapeake; or that I depend only upon your personal ambition for your acceding to this invitation: we have both nobler motives. You will feel it a compliment if I say, that the result of our meeting may be the most grateful service I can render to my country, and I doubt not that you, equally confident of success, will feel convinced that it is only by repeated triumphs in *even combat* that your little navy can now hope to console your country for the loss of trade that it cannot protect. Favour me with a speedy reply. We are short of provisions and water, and cannot stay long here.

“I have the honour to be, sir, your obedient humble servant,

(Signed) P. B. V. BROKE,
Captain of H. B. M.’s ship Shannon.”

“N.B. For the general service of watching your coast, it is requisite for me to keep another ship in company, to support me with her guns and boats when employed near the land, and particularly to aid each other if either ship in chase should get on shore. You must be aware that I cannot, consistently with my duty, waive so great an advantage for this general service, by detaching my consort, without an assurance on your part of meeting me directly; and that you will neither seek or admit aid from any other of your armed vessels, if I detach mine expressly for the sake of meeting you. Should any special order restrain you from thus answering a formal challenge, you may yet oblige me by keeping a secret, and appointing any place you may like to meet us (within three hundred miles of Boston) in a given number of days after you sail; as unless you agree to an interview, I may be busied on other service, and perhaps be

The court of Common Council of London also voted Captain Broke, their thanks, with the freedom of that city, and the present of a sword of a hundred guineas value. The information was conveyed to him in a letter from the lord mayor, complimenting him on the glorious result of his intrepidity.

LIFE IN THE BACKWOODS.

A CAPTAIN SAMUEL BRADY appears to have once been as celebrated in the north-east part of a valley of the Ohio, as Daniel Boone in the south-west; but it is the historian that gives immortality to the hero; and no Timothy Flint has arisen to record his bold daring. A highly intelligent traveller, however, who has lately visited the state of Ohio, has given us one or two remarkable anecdotes of him. The captain, it appears, held a commission in the army of the U. S. during the war of the revolution, and commanded a company of rangers, who traversed the forests, for the protection of the frontiers; his father and brother were both killed by the Indians; and he was himself "an Indian hater," as many of the early borderers were. "Once (says the writer) when he and his little party were out in pursuit of the Indians, he was suddenly attacked by overpowering numbers, and their only safety was in a hasty retreat, which soon became a perfect flight. Brady now directed his men to separate, and each one to take care of himself; but the Indians knowing Brady, and having a most inveterate hatred and dread of him, from the numerous chastisements which he had inflicted upon them, left all the others, and, with united strength, pursued him alone. The Cuyahoga here makes a wide bend to the south, including a large tract of several miles of surface, in the form of a peninsula; within this tract the pursuit was hotly contested. The Indians, by extending their line to the right and left, forced him on to the bank of the stream. Having, in peaceful times, often hunted over this ground with the Indians, and knowing every turn of the Cuyahoga as familiarly as the villager knows the streets of his own hamlet, Brady directed his course to the river, at a spot where the whole stream is compressed, by the rocky cliffs, into a narrow channel of only twenty-two feet across the top of the chasm, although it is considerably wider beneath, near the water, and in height more than twice that number of feet above the current. Through this pass the water rushes like a race-horse, chafing and roaring at the confinement of its current by the rocky channel, while a short distance above, the stream is at least fifty yards wide. As he approached the chasm, Brady, knowing that life or death was in the effort, concentrated his mighty powers, and leapt the stream at a single bound. It so happened, that in the opposite cliff the leap was favoured by a low place, into which he dropped, and grasping the bushes, he thus helped himself to ascend to the top of the cliff. The Indians, for a few moments, were lost in wonder and admiration, and before they had recovered their recollection, he was half way up the opposite hill but still within reach of their rifles. They could easily have shot him at any moment before, but being bent on taking him alive, for torture, and to glut their long-delayed revenge, they forbore the use of the rifle; but seeing him now likely to escape, they all fired upon him; one bullet wounded him severely in the hip, but not so badly as to prevent his progress. The Indians having to make a considerable circuit before they could cross the stream, Brady advanced a good distance ahead. His limb was growing stiff from the wound, and as the Indians gained on him, he made for the pond which now bears his name, and plunging in, swam under water a considerable distance, and came up under the trunk of a large oak, which had fallen into the pond. This, although leaving only a small breathing place to support life, still completely sheltered him from their sight. The Indians, tracing him by the blood to the water, made diligent search all round the pond, but finding no signs of his exit, finally came to the conclusion that he had sunk and was drowned. As they were at one time standing on the very tree beneath which he was concealed, Brady, understanding their language, was very glad to hear

the result of their deliberations, and after they had gone, weary, lame, and hungry, he made good his retreat to his own home." On another occasion, in one of his adventurous trapping excursions to the waters of the Beaver River, or Mahoning, which, in early days, so abounded with the animals of this species, that it took its name from this fact, it so happened that the Indians surprised him in his camp, and took him prisoner. "To have shot or tomahawked him on the spot, would have been but a small gratification compared to that of satiating their revenge by burning him at a slow fire in presence of all the Indians of their village. He was therefore taken alive to their encampment, on the west bank of the Beaver River, about a mile and a half from its mouth. After the usual exultations and rejoicings at the capture of a noted enemy, and causing him to run the gauntlet, a fire, was prepared, near which Brady was placed, after being stripped naked, and with his arms unbound. Previously to tying him up to the stake, a large circle was formed around him, consisting of Indian men, women, and children, dancing and yelling, and uttering all manner of threats and abuse that their small knowledge of the English language could afford. The prisoner looked on these preparations for death, and on his savage foes, with a firm countenance and a steady eye, meeting all their threats with a truly savage fortitude. In the midst of their dancing and rejoicing, a squaw of one of the chiefs came near him with a child in her arms. Quick as thought, and with intuitive prescience, he snatched it from her and threw it into the flames. Horror-struck at the sudden outrage, the Indians simultaneously rushed to rescue the infant from the fire. In the midst of this confusion, Brady darted from the circle, overturning all that came in his way, and rushed into the adjacent thickets, with the Indians yelling at his heels. He ascended the steep side of the present hill (now called Brady's hill), amidst a shower of bullets, and darting down the opposite declivity, secreted himself in the deep ravines and laurel thickets that abound for several miles to the west of it. His knowledge of the country and wonderful activity enabled him to elude his enemies, and reach the settlements on the south of the Ohio River, which he crossed by swimming."

LOSS OF THE ANN, CAPT. POTTER, JULY 30, 1807.

The brig *Ann*, of Newcastle, commanded by Robert Potter, was chartered to proceed from Newry, in Ireland, where she was delivering her cargo, to Archangel, in Russia. The navigation to this place, which is situate in the White Sea, is considered, by skilful seamen, to be one of the most difficult and dangerous in the world, and can only be performed with safety in the mild months of summer.

The *Ann* was a good ship, and had been at the above place before, under the command of Captain Potter, who had effected the voyage from London to Archangel, and returned with a full cargo in three months, which was a proof of his consummate skill and perseverance.

The *Ann* sailed from Ireland on July 17, 1807, but the opening prospect was gloomy enough. The season was far advanced, and in a very few days the wind blew violently from the S.E., accompanied with heavy rain, and almost impenetrable fogs, which drove them with irresistible force, too far to the northward and westward.

After several days of awful uncertainty, they were at length enabled to ascertain by observation, that they were in latitude 71°, and 10° west longitude; and when the fog dispersed, to their great dismay, they found themselves surrounded by tremendous mountains of ice. In this extremity they attempted to tack, and, if possible, to avoid the impending danger; but the wind blowing with increased violence, they were unable to effect this. At this instant a large piece of ice struck the stern, and carried a great part of it away; immediately after, another piece struck the larboard bow, and went directly through it; and a third struck the starboard bow, but being larger than the former, the shock threw the ship on her beam-ends, from which she never again rose. The pumps were

manned, in order, if possible, to keep her above water till they could reach the island of John Maynes, which lies nearly in this latitude: contrary to their expectation, they were enabled to see this barren part, which rises like a huge mountain out of the sea.

At this time the water was above the beams, when the boats were hoisted out; but the ship being entirely filled with water, they were only able to procure a small quantity of biscuit and a little water, which was already so mixed with salt water that it was loathsome to them, even in their distress.

With this small supply, the captain entered the boats, with the whole of his crew, which consisted of thirteen, including boys; they were judiciously arranged, some in the small boat, towing the other as long as the turbulent waves permitted. Their first resolution was, to allow themselves but one glass of water and half a biscuit per day for each person, as their scanty stock would not afford them a larger allowance.

On July 30, they quitted this unfortunate vessel, and their only hope was to reach some part of the coast of Norway. For twenty-two days they continued to row and drive in the open boat for nearly nine hundred miles, suffering severely from the intense cold and the raging of the sea. The frost had affected various parts of their bodies, which at length began to mortify; and the situation of these poor men became truly deplorable.

While thus threatened by death in its most frightful form, they were discovered by some fishermen belonging to Norway, who, to their inexpressible joy, came to their relief, and towed them into the harbour of Christiansand, apparently in a state of dissolution; their only support having been the scanty allowance above-mentioned, of one glass of water and half a biscuit per day. It was found necessary to amputate the legs of the two apprentices, as they were in a dreadful state of mortification.

These shipwrecked men were treated by the natives of Christiansand with the greatest humanity. As soon as their strength was recruited, they were all made prisoners of war, with the exception of the two apprentices, and marched off many miles to Drontheim.

While every commendation is due to the nation who succoured them after their distress, it is but justice to add that, immediately after the receipt of this intelligence, the owners of the *Ann* used every exertion to remit pecuniary aid to the unhappy sufferers.

EXECUTION OF A CRIMINAL ON BOARD OF SHIP.

I RECOLLECT, that whilst the fleet lay at anchor in the Patuxent, a signal was hoisted at the mast-head of the *Royal Oak*, requiring a certain number of captains and other naval officers to come on board, for the purpose of holding a court-martial. Two seamen, captured in some of the late operations, had been recognised as deserters from one of His Majesty's ships, and they were now about to be tried. The court met; the prisoners were convicted, and they were sentenced to be hanged; and at noon, on the 20th of September, the sentence was carried into execution. As the circumstances attending the execution of a criminal on board of ship are rather solemn, I shall take the liberty of describing them somewhat at length.

Having heard that such an event was about to occur, two or three others and myself, obeying the dictates of a curiosity, not perhaps of the most refined nature, took boat, and went on board the *Royal Oak*, about an hour previous to the fatal moment. Whether any ceremonies were gone through, previous to the general muster of the ship's company, and if there were, of what nature they consisted, I cannot speak, because, till all hands were piped upon deck, I sat with the lieutenants in the ward-room. About ten minutes before twelve o'clock, however, the drum beat to quarters, and all, both officers and men, hurried to their stations. This done, the boatswain's whistle sounded, and all hands crowded the fore-castle, quarter-deck, and poop, in a moment. There we stood in profound silence till eight bells were tolled; and exactly as the last stroke ceased to reverberate, the captain made his appearance.

All eyes were now turned in fearful expectation upon the fore-hatches; nor was expectation long kept upon the stretch. A serjeant of marines, followed by a file of men, mounted the ladder; then came two persons, dressed in blue jackets and trousers, heavily ironed, and after them came another file of marines. They moved towards the quarter-deck, and having arrived opposite the gangway, stood still. In the meantime, it had not escaped our notice, that a couple of nooses hung from the fore-yard, one on each side of the mast, and that the ends of the ropes lay at length upon the fore-castle, ready to be hurried aft by the ship's company. Of course, we were all perfectly sensible to what uses these rope-ends were about to be turned; and though there was not one amongst us who felt disposed to deny the justice of a deserter's fate, there were few indeed who experienced no pity for the unhappy wretches about to suffer. No great while, however, was granted for the indulgence of such thoughts. The captain, unfolding a roll of paper which he held in his hand, read aloud the proceedings of the court-martial, which sentenced the prisoners before him to suffer death: and having stated that the sentence in question, received the approbation of the admiral on the station, he silently motioned to the culprits that their hour was come. I cannot pretend to convey to my reader any notion of the expression which passed across the poor men's countenances whilst these preliminaries went on. They were both deadly pale; the limbs of one, too, appeared to totter under him; but neither of them spoke a word. They seemed, indeed, especially one of them, to feel, as men may be supposed to feel, if indeed they feel at all, on whose heads a heavy stunning blow has fallen, for they suffered themselves to be led back towards the fatal noose without uttering one exclamation, or offering the slightest resistance. Their lips moved, however, though whether in prayer or execration, I cannot tell; and one raised his manacled hands with great apparent energy to his breast. But the struggle was soon over. The chains were struck from their legs, which were bound about at the ankle and thigh with cords; their hands, loosened from the handcuffs, were pinioned behind them, and a white night-cap being drawn over each of their faces, they were placed upright with their fronts towards the mast. Then was the noose silently cast on their necks, and a signal being given by the first lieutenant, about twenty stout fellows seized each of the ropes. One instant's, and only one instant's pause occurred, for the boatswain piping "hoist away," the executioners ran with all speed towards the poop; and the unfortunate culprits, hurried aloft with the rapidity of thought, and died in an instant. I forced myself to gaze steadfastly upon the whole proceeding, and I can vouch that not so much as a quiver, or motion of the limb, gave evidence of suffering; it seemed to me to be the most humane execution which I had ever witnessed. And now all was over. The sailors returned to their berths, and we to our transport; whilst the bodies of the deserters were left to swing in the air till sunset.

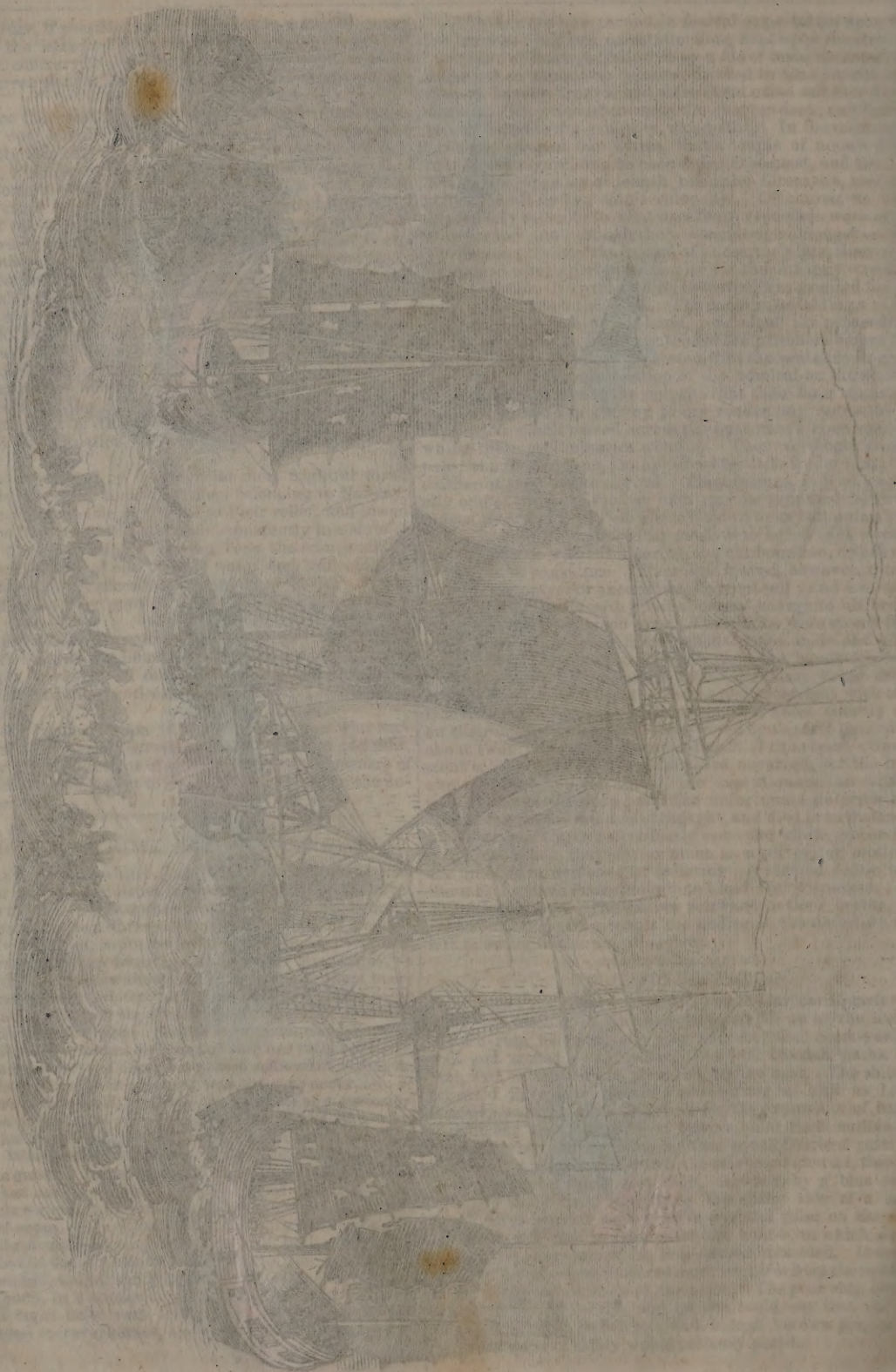
PERILOUS SITUATION.

ANOTHER rush drove irresistibly on the larboard quarter and stern, and forcing the ship ahead, raised her up on the ice. A chaotic ruin followed; our poor and cherished court-yard, its wall and arched doors, gallery, and well trodden paths, were rent, and, in some parts, ploughed up like dust. The ship was careened fully four streaks, and sprung a leak as before. Scarcely were ten minutes left us for the expression of our astonishment that anything of human build could outlive such assaults, when, at one, a.m., another equally violent rush succeeded; and in its way towards the starboard quarter, threw up a rolling wave thirty feet high, crowned by a blue square mass of many tons, resembling the entire side of a house, which, after hanging some time in doubtful poise on the ridge, at length fell with a crash into the hollow, in which, as in a cavern, the after-part of the ship seemed imbedded. It was indeed, an awful crisis, rendered more frightful from the mistiness of the night and dimness of the moon. The poor ship cracked and trembled violently; and no one could say that the next minute would not be her last, and, indeed, his own too, for with her our means of safety would probably perish.



A FIGHT WITH THE CHINESE.

V. EIGHTH PART. THE CHINESE



A FIGHT WITH THE CHINESE.

[A correspondent has favoured us with the following letter, which, from being the production of one, who was not only an eye-witness, but a sharer in the gallant engagement recorded, will doubtless prove entertaining to our readers.]

"H.M.S. Volage, off Hong-Kong.

"Dear Jack,—Here I am, my boy, laid up with one of the 'Celestial's' shots in my arm. May the devil admire 'em! I'd be bound to say the news has reached England long before this, but still I can't resist the temptation of telling you about our engagement with these precious tea-pots; and besides, I've some hopes that by-and-bye some fellow, with more brains in his head than gold in his purse, will take fancy to write the memoirs of your humble servant, so that his unparalleled achievements and exploits, may make the hearts of future generations bound, and be spoken of in the same breath as is a Nelson and a Collingwood. I hope so, d'y'e see, but I very much fear my hopes will be, like the Chinese guns, all smoke; for, by my faith, the pieces of mechanism seemed more fitted for frightening crows away than killing Englishmen.

"But I promised to tell you everything when I left England, so here goes, to begin at the beginning. I felt a devilish sight of difference between home and H.M.S. Volage, I must confess at first, but 'use is second nature,' they say, and I, at the present time, stand a perfect illustration of the truth of that observation. I might have drawn a long phiz at leaving home, and if the sketches and portraits these infernal midshipmen made were correct, I most assuredly did. Rare boys for tricks I can tell you they are. Such as when you're ordered on deck, on Sundays or inspecting day, and fancy yourself natty and nice, with your clean white ducks, you've either a ludicrous looking tail fastened on behind you, or an awful black streak down the mug, from the fingers of a cove, who was very officious, helping you at your toilet. I recollect once, when I was below, ready dressed, (clean ducks) the beggars sat me in a tar bucket, and then made me go on deck as I was. Perhaps you'll say I wasn't altered much, but, by Jove! I looked and felt very like a fool. There was the fellows looking, pointing, and tittering—'What a smell of tar,' 'There's a starn,' 'Call them there white ducks,' and similar exclamations, till one of the lieutenants' attention was attracted, and poor I had three hours at the mast-head, during a heavy gale, for having been victimised. All I could do was to grin and put up with it, for if I showed fight, I should have had to have taken all the mess in their turn; and to be thrashed as well as chaffed, would prove far from consoling. Matters began to mend, however, after a bit, and which might be attributed I think to one thing; for one of our mess, and the head of the tormentors, happening to make a false step, into the sea he went; there was little time for consideration, so I followed to the rescue, and succeeded in catching him by his locks (which were flowing then in reality), and we were both drawn on board, in a glorious state of water. This they called 'sailor-like,' a very flattering appellation to one fresh from land, I do assure you.

"Now for fighting news. On the 4th of September, as our pinnace, Captain Elliott's cutter, and a small vessel called the Pearl, were proceeding up the river, we were intercepted, and fired upon by three large Chinese junks. If we'd only expected a fight, and been prepared, we'd have given the beggars such a drubbing, as they never had in their lives; but, however, we let them have all the powder and shot we could for the honour of dear old England, and then sheered off. In the evening our vessel, the Volage, arrived in the bay, and us, young 'uns, flattered ourselves we should now show these infernally conceited Celestials, what us barbarians were made of; but, however, we were sadly disappointed, for our captain seemed more amicably inclined than we wanted, or thought the Chinese deserved. So out of gratitude for his forbearance, Mr. John Chinaman made the land of tea and teapots, ring from one end to the other, with their 'glorious victory!'

"It appears that a short time previous to this, in a row with some of our sailors at Hong-Kong, a Chinese was killed. Nothing would satisfy Commissioner Lin, but that an English-

man must be delivered up to them in exchange. Our captain seemed to have rather a strong prejudice against a man, who had committed no crime, suffering for one who had, merely because he was a fellow countryman; and as there were no volunteers for the honour of being publicly scragged; we were obliged to disappoint the very worthy commissioner. A great pity—wasn't it Jack?

"The Hyacinth now arrived and joined us, and negotiations were again entered into. The Chinese were preeminent in demanding a war, and we as firm in our denial. Twenty-nine sail of war-junks made towards us in order of battle. That was the time Jack we'd all been longing for, and the firm set lips, and flashing eyes, told how brave a spirit, our bonny boys possessed. On they came—a splendid sight; they're strange, yet not inelegant barks, flashing in the sun's rays. On we went to meet them, our hearts swelling with pride and courage, and our sails with the gentle morning breeze. We ran fearlessly down their line, and, as the command to 'fire,' was given, our broadsides charged with death and destruction, opened with terrific force upon them. I was stationed on the quarter-deck with some riflemen, whose weapons spread death wherever they were directed. One gallant young Chinaman sprang upon the poop of his vessel, urging with his gestures and voice, his men on. 'Down he goes,' muttered some one near me in a hoarse voice, and the next moment he had disappeared. At this juncture a junk blew up with an explosion that rose high above the cannons' roar. And many poor Chinese clung to its disjointed planks, as they floated on the water. In a few minutes longer, another, and then another; and finally, a third sunk. And the cries of the poor wretches, struggling for life in the sea, was frightful and appalling. A sight that many an after night will haunt the pillows of more than one of us; but one which we greeted then with the loud cheers of victory. The Chinese fought bravely, but vainly. Their admiral bore towards us in his junk in a noble style, and poured in his broadside (to which, by the bye, I'm indebted for my wound), in a most gallant, determined manner. In a few minutes we exchanged complimentary balls, and his sails bore more than one rent, and his deck more than one dead man. He was glad eventually to cut his lucky (and a lucky thing 'twas for him he did cut), and as we'd more Celestials to dispose of in our barbarous manner, we neither heeded nor noticed his departure. But 'twas evident his brave countrymen did, for more than one sought the shore, and soon we stood alone in our glory. Our commander seemed to think we'd fought in self-defence; and, had had enough of blood for one day (true enough), and so we offered no obstruction to their departure."

"In a few hours after we departed to gain the fleet at Hong-Kong, and the Hyacinth was left at Macao to keep a sharp look out on the Chinese, who, were full to the brim with every kind of treachery and artifice.

"Now, Jack, I've wound my adventure to an end, and if you, by this time, don't think me quite a hero, your ideas and mine upon the subject differ very considerably. I'm afraid your notions of peace and my love of war will clash rather harshly together; but, by Jove! old fellow, you must extend your old kindness towards me, and give me the favour of all extenuating points, for it's my firm conviction if a bishop, with all his proverbs and sayings, only had a cutlass shoved into his clerical fist, the flag of old England, fluttering buoyantly over head, three English cheers ringing in his ears, and last, but not least, England's enemies before him, he'd fight, ah! like a sailor. Hurrah, that I'm one! For, I rather be called aloft on a stormy night, and get into my hammock again, drenched to the skin, than lay on a landsman's bed of down, with a landsman's ease, and a landsman's cares about me. Here we get plenty of wind, and we give all our cares, heart-burnings, and troubles to it! Greet inconvenience and danger with a smiling face, and leave devil a care for the morrow.

"I long to see you and England again, though, dear Jack, and if I escape these Celestial bullets (which are anything but heavenly to the feel), I will, if possible. Never fear for my safety, old fellow, these coves are very well, mixing poison, but at fair shoot for shoot—muffs. Before we've done with them

they shall call us civilized English, instead of Barbarians. Talking about their firing, too, they shoot over us, both sides of us, but sorry a bullet comes within an inch of us. I shouldn't have been shot if the fellow hadn't squinted, wasn't fair play at all, 'twasn't.

"Remember me to all old chums. I've lots of curiosities to bring home, and lots of news, too; in fact, if I get tired of the salt water, I shall set up a shop, and sell both lots off."

"Believe me, old friend,

"With every respect,

"Your's, most sincerely,

"FRED LACY.

"To John Hill, Esq., Ashford, Kent."

A SIGNAL MISTAKE.

It was about ten o'clock; the officer of the watch talking very jolly, and very improperly, with the marine officer; the look-out man on the gangway, bobbing his head like a fisherman's float; the guardian on the quarter, under the lee of the hammock-netting; and the careful watch on the bow, sitting down on the forecable; when, whiz came a shot across our bows, which was followed by another, which went through the fore-sail. "Holloa! what the devil do you call this?" said the marine officer; "is it a three-decker or a gun-boat?" "Beat to quarters," roared the officer of the watch; the drummer being snug enough in his hammock. "Pipe the hammocks up," said the first-lieutenant, who had jumped up the hatchway like a lamp-lighter. Smack came another shot over the stern. "Where is the signal-man with the lantern?" said the captain. "Run, youngster, and tell the purser to have the fighting-lights ready; up with the fire screens, carpenters; clear away these guns here." "Watch and idlers, shorten sail!" said the first-lieutenant. "Watch below, bring the hammocks up!" The British blood was up; confusion, from want of proper discipline, prevailed; the top-gallant sails were handed (that is, furl'd), the ship brought to the wind, and the next shot was a wide one of the mark. "Send the marines aft with their muskets," said Bathurst, who was a fighter, a real good one at that; and if he stammered in his speech, he never wavered in his resolution when his enemy was near; a braver man never trod a quarter-deck. "Where—where—is the signal-man (as it 'tis en)? Why, you scoundrel, you (as it 'twas en), don't you hoist the s—s—signal when you're t—t—to—told? (as it 'tis en)." Independently of poor Bathurst's natural infirmity, he could not help saying, "'tis en—'twas en," at the end of every two or three words; and he was always called, "old 'tis and 'twas en," as long as I can remember him. This was the effect of hurry in expression, and was laughable to the highest degree, in serious discourse.

Up went the lanterns; but, as Dr. Johnson says, "Whatever is done in a hurry, is naturally done badly;" so we found; for we got dangling a parcel of lights, no more like the signal than an illuminated star at Vauxhall. Up went some lanterns from the stranger; but, as she was end on, we could neither make out her signal, or if she was a ship, or brig, or xebec. She looked large in the haze of the night; and I am willing to admit that I bobbed my head like a mandarin, or like one of the wag-jaw women carried about by the Italian boys, whenever she fired. She was now getting too close to be pleasant; we were, after a fashion, clear for quarters.

Each ship had mistaken the signal; and, of course, we believed her an enemy, and they paid us the same compliment. The night was confoundedly dark, and I kept tumbling over handspikes and crow-bars, and breaking my shins and toes over the loose shots. The captain was standing abaft, trumpet in hand, as cool as a cucumber. He desired the marines to treat our adversary with a few small shot. This rather astonished our opponent, who little dreamed he had got hold of a frigate; and, as we fired one or two of our main-deck guns, she yawed a little, and we discovered she was a brig. "I've got you s—s—snug enough, my b—b—boy!" said the captain.

"Avast! firing on the main-deck; why, we shall damage her." "Shall I just fire this thirty-two-pounder, your honour?" said an Irish captain of a quarter-deck gun. "Bad luck to me, if I don't make them blink on board!" "Silence! fore and aft," roared the first-lieutenant. "Ho! the brig, ahoy!" bellowed the captain, disguising the words as much as possible. "What brig is that?" "What ship is that?" replied a gruff voice. "This is his Majesty's ship, the Salsette." "This is his Majesty's ship the Monkey." "The devil it is!" said the first-lieutenant. "Heave-to, sir, and come on board directly," said the captain, in a most officer-like manner, "and haul that signal down!" I just heard the answer, "Why, you have got the wrong signal up, sir!" "The devil we have," said old Bathurst; and forthwith pulled some papers out of his pocket, asked the day of the month, looked for some moments, and then shuffling the private signals away, muttered, "C—c—curse the s—s—signals! I have b—b—bothered my b—b—brain so confoundedly! But I never could understand the business!"

GALLANT ACTION OF H.M.S. GAUDALOUPE WITH THE TACTIQUE AND TWO SMALL VESSELS.

EARLY in the year 1811, H.M.S. Gaudaloupe, of sixteen guns, commanded by Captain Tetley, was cruising under the high land of the coast of Catalonia on their way to join the fleet under the command of Sir Edward Pellew, off Toulon.

A pleasant breeze blew right into the gulf, and they were gallantly proceeding under top-gallant and royals, when the look-out man at the mast-head, vociferated, "Three sail in shore, ahead." The first lieutenant was instantly aloft with his spy-glass, and reported "A square and two fore-and-aft rigged vessels." All hands were instantly on deck, and all heads busy in anticipating prize-money. All sail was soon made, and studding-sails set, with a view to cut them off from making into port.

As, however, the Gaudaloupe neared her expected prize, and their hulls became visible, they soon discovered they had mistaken the character of their prey. One of them proved to be a large brig-corvette, carrying a commodore's pendant, in company with an armed sloop and xebec. They had now gone too far to recede, even if they had been so inclined, as the wind was dead against their getting out, except by tack, and the gallant captain determined to give the enemy battle, at all hazards. They still continued their course, gradually shortening sail and making all secure as they approached. The enemy also advanced to meet them, so that in a short time they could make out each other's force, and saw at once that they had fearful odds to encounter. Fortunately before they met, the wind veered; so as to bring them on opposite tacks, two or three points free. They met each other under topsails; but previous to coming within shot-range, Captain Tetley called all hands aft, and, addressing the crew in the most cool and collected manner, pointed out to them their situation, and stating it to be his determination to bring them into action, it was for them to fight their way out, as the enemy being so superior in force, and they on a lee-shore, and almost within range of the batteries, they must either beat or be beaten.

Inspired by the gallant address of their commander, the crew gave three hearty cheers, and every soul on board, with the exception of the captain, stripped for the fight. The yards and every other spar which might endanger their safety by being wounded, were hung with iron chains; the guns, which were mounted on long slides, were loaded with round and grape, up to the muzzle, and then screwed up to point-blank mark, determined that their first broadside should tell home amongst the enemy's men, who appeared to be very numerous.

In this state they were fast nearing each other; not a whisper being heard on board the little bark, and every man at his station. On reaching within pistol-shot, they hoisted their colours, and the enemy did the same; but as they had determined to waste neither powder nor shot, they were resolved

to run alongside and receive the enemy's fire first. As soon, therefore, as their bows were opposed, the gallant captain gave the command—"Men secure yourselves." In an instant every man fell flat on the deck, and the next moment, the enemy poured in his broadside from eleven guns, of the same calibre as their own, accompanied with a rattling volley from the small arms. In a moment every man was on his feet, unhurt, and the captain of each gun having the lanyard of his gunlock in his hand, a deadly broadside was poured into the enemy's quarter and stern, together with a volley from the marines and small-arm men. They then immediately sheered up on his larboard-side, and before he could return the first fire they slapped another broadside into him. After the first broadside, they heard a most dreadful crash on board the enemy, and the second only served to increase the confusion.

After this, they continued fighting at close quarters for nearly an hour and a half, till at length the crews of both ships became so exhausted that it was quite the turn of a straw which would have the best of it. Once more, however, the wearied but gallant crew of the *Gaudaloupe* rallied, and cheered with such hearty good will, that *Johnny Crapaud*, daunted with the sound, turned tail on the victorious British, and not being cut up as they were in sails and running-rigging, made all sail and ran into his own port, which was close under their lee—so close that the shot from the batteries actually passed them during the latter period of the action. The *Gaudaloupe* was so dreadfully mauled in her standing and running-rigging that they could not work the vessel, nor set a single sail in pursuit of their flying foe; and it was fortunate for them that they had smooth water, or their masts might have been endangered, she therefore escaped, much to their regret. Had the action commenced a little farther off shore, there is no doubt they would have secured the prize. Independent of the corvette alongside, they had also her two consorts, the sloop and xebec, upon them during the early part of the action; and had it not been for a providential circumstance, they might have suffered severely from the taking position which the xebec took under their stern, and into which, she kept continually firing from her great guns, not daring to come near enough for her small arms to take effect. Fortunately for the English, they had, during their cruise, erected shot-lockers at the stern-sheets, and boxed them off on each side of the rudder, for the purpose of trimming her by the stern, whereby her stern-posts were blocked up, in consequence of which, the shot from the xebec took no effect upon her decks, but lodged in the lockers, where, coming in contact with their thirty-two's, they were stopped short or otherwise split.

For some time they were unable to get a gun to bear upon the xebec, till at length the third officer, assisted by one of the midshipmen, and the remaining crew of the guns being but two, succeeded in sluing the after-most quarter-deck gun, so as to bring it to bear upon the decks of the little wasp which had so long annoyed them; and having loaded it with canister-shot almost to the muzzle, it was fired with such deadly aim, that the staggering xebec fled without returning to the contest, and the armed sloop was so alarmed at the execution of their single gun, that she did not dare to venture within reach, but left them to manage as they could with the commodore. After they had been engaged some time, the yard-braces and other running-rigging of the *Gaudaloupe* being shot away, and the wind almost lulled into a calm, the enemy fell on board of them with his bowsprit directly over their stern; and at the moment, they could not alter the position of the vessel for want of head-sail to pay her off; but observing that the crew of their opponent were forsaking their guns, and rushing forward to the bows with the intention of boarding them, the captain immediately called out for boarders, and all that could, instantly rushed to the point of attack to repel the enemy. At this moment, by a fortunate shift of wind, the vessel's head paid round, which brought their disengaged broadside to bear upon the enemy, and clearing them of her bowsprit, prevented the necessity of their waging battle on their own decks.

This proved a fortunate circumstance; for the enemy having left their guns, and crowded forward to board, the broadside made fearful execution among them, and completely sickened them from any wish to prolong the contest: but having made good their retreat, the crew of the *Gaudaloupe* were piped from quarters and supplied with refreshments, after which, they turned to to repair damages, in order to get out of the reach of danger. Having secured their standing-rigging, spliced and rove new running-rigging, cleared the decks as well as they could, and made all ready in case of meeting a fresh opponent, they made sail, gained an offing, and bore away for the fleet off Toulon.

On examining their loss in men, it was found not so heavy as might have been expected, considering the force opposed, and the length of time they were engaged: one man killed, and twelve wounded, of whom one died in the hospital. His wound was the result of cowardice; for during the hottest of the fight, he became so appalled, that he took refuge under the lee of the long-boat amidships, and lay under her bottom, stretched at length in full idea of security. While thus skulking, a two-pound grape-shot, passed between the booms through the bottom of the boat, and carried away with it part of the poor fellow's face, whilst another spent-ball lodged in the fleshy part of his back, near the shoulder-blade bone.

The first-lieutenant received a singular wound in his breast; at the commencement of the action he commanded the fore-deck guns; while there, a musket-ball from the enemy struck, it is supposed, one of the back-stays, or some other hard substance, whereby it got flattened and spent, and then obliquely entered his breast, taking in with it three folds of his black silk handkerchief, which hung down loose: fortunately for him, the silk prevented its entering far, so that the ball was extracted without difficulty, and without doing him any material injury.

The remaining portion of the crew who were wounded speedily recovered.

They soon joined the fleet off Toulon, where they astonished their brethren by the picture they cut, the riddled state of their mainsail sufficiently attesting the severity of the fire they had been under; while the hull had suffered so much, that the vessel was dismantled, her stern-frame partially renewed, many shot between wind and water, and upwards of a hundred others taken out of the sides, and new spars to replace the wounded ones. A respite of a few weeks made both vessel and crew all afloat again.

The comparative force of the vessels engaged were as follows:—

English Force.—The *Gaudaloupe*, sixteen thirty-two pound caronades, complement on board one hundred and four men and boys. Loss: one killed, twelve wounded, one of which, died afterwards.

French Force.—Tactique, twenty-two thirty-two pounders manned by two hundred men, picked out of the other vessels in port, for the express purpose of carrying the *Gaudaloupe* by boarding. Loss: ten killed, forty wounded; but subsequent accounts stated their loss to have been more.

The xebec was armed with eight guns, having a crew of eighty men; her loss could not be ascertained, but there is no doubt she must have suffered severely from the discharge of grape which was poured upon her decks. As to the armed sloop, they counted her nothing, having scarcely seen her since the action commenced. They were also under the fire of the batteries on shore during a great part of the action, a shot from whence actually carried away their main-royalmast. They learned, some time afterwards, that these three vessels had actually been sent out with express orders, to carry them off-hand by boarding; but, poor fellows, they got grievously disappointed.

Few battles exhibit more striking proofs of what determination, tact, and bravery can achieve under most disadvantageous circumstances.

ADMIRAL BRIDPORT.—Speaking of the intended invasion by the French in 1798, his lordship drily observed—"That they might come as they could; for his own part, he could only say that they should not come by water."

LOSS OF THE EMIGRANT SHIP MARY.

The melancholy details of the appalling shipwreck of the *Mary*, an emigrant ship of London, while on her homeward voyage from Sydney, and the dreadful fate of nearly all the female passengers, have been received by the arrival of the *Penyard Park* packet-ship, in the London Docks.

The *Mary*, which was built at Ipswich in the year 1811, has for some years been engaged in the conveyance of passengers and emigrants between London and New South Wales, and was the property of several persons. She was barque-rigged, and measured 368 tons burden. On her departure from Sydney, in addition to her crew, she had on board 43 passengers, viz., Captain J. G. Collins, late Captain of the 13th Light Dragoons, his lady, four daughters, a son and an attendant, named Sarah Sarson; the wife of the commander, Captain Newby, and three daughters; Mrs. Evans and five daughters, Mrs. Heather and three sons, Mrs. Turnbull, Mr. and Mrs. Bushell and child, Sarah Guy, Sarah Folkes, Eliza Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Hofferman, Mr. and Mrs. Reeves, and ten emigrants, named J. Abbott, W. S. Hall, — Heather, M. Nicholson, S. Gayer, G. Hannon, G. Jones, J. Neale, J. Wilkinson, and T. Newman. She was also freighted with a valuable cargo, comprising wool, tallow, oil, and other merchandise, with a case of bullion.

The loss took place six days after leaving Sydney, on a sunken rock off Flinder's Island, in Bass's Straits, between 300 and 400 miles from Sydney. So sudden was the catastrophe, which happened in the middle of the night, that seven minutes only elapsed from the period of her striking and breaking up, and, lamentable to state, 17 women and children met with a watery grave. The chief mate had the watch at the time, and at about 11 o'clock he called Captain Newby up, saying he thought land was near. The captain, however, was unable to perceive it, and shortly afterwards saw broken water on the lee beam. There was no wind to make the ship answer her helm; she refused stays, and drove broadside on the rocks.

Captain Collins, of the 13th Light Dragoons, states—The *Mary* sailed from the heads of Port Jackson, on Monday morning, the 19th of May, 1845, and the wind being unfavourable, Captain Newby coasted to the south, and attempted the passage through Bass's Straits. At about a quarter past 11 o'clock, on a Saturday night, the alarm of the ship being in danger was given by Captain Newby to the cabin-passengers, who were all in bed, and he desired them to dress and hasten upon deck. The cabin-passengers were—Mrs. Newby, her three daughters and servant; Mrs. Turnbull; Mrs. Collins, four daughters, and one son at the breast, two maid-servants, and myself. We had scarcely left our berths when the ship struck upon the reef, and the crushing noise of the timbers was distinctly heard above the roar of the breakers; and in less than three minutes the water rushed violently into the cabin as high as our knees, when she struck a second time. The mainmast then sank through the bottom of the ship, its maintop and topmasts being supported by the main deck. The same shock that caused such devastation forced the cabin-door, which opened and shut in a slide, to close nearly on us, the ship at the time being so much on her starboard side that it was doubtful whether she would not capsize. Fortunately I perceived the door closing in sufficient time to introduce my hand into the open space, so as to push it back, and with the utmost difficulty I succeeded in getting upon deck all the passengers. This was scarcely effected, when the bottom of the ship separated from the sides, carrying away the lower cabin-deck, which we had just left, the tons of oil and cargo dashing against the reef, and the breakers beating over us with fearful violence. The only boats that were available were the whale-boat on the larboard quarter, and the long-boat on the main-deck. Some of the passengers were put into each of these boats, and had just placed Mrs. Collins in the long-boat, when I heard Sarah calling out for her to take the boy from her, as she was unable to hold him any longer. I, with great difficulty, reached her, and put a rope into her hand, which I desired her to hold by until I had put the child into the boat, when I would return

for her and my two girls, Augusta and Kate. I had scarcely left her when a breaker broke over the deck, carrying me with great force against a water-butt. I effected my way to the long-boat, and, while I was giving the child to its mother, the main-topmast fell on board, crushing the whale-boat, which was lying upon the skids alongside of it; and immediately after the fore and mizen-mast, with all their sails set, also fell overboard on the starboard side, on which the deck righted, but the rigging of these masts all lying across the deck, intercepted the communication fore and aft. I was searching for my two daughters, and their maid, when I met the captain, who informed me that he had just put them with his family, a moment before, in the whale-boat, on the larboard-quarter, where they were all safe; that the deck was about breaking up, and if I valued my life, I would follow him. He wished to have returned to the whale-boat, but the deck beginning to separate, he made immediately for the long-boat, which we managed to reach. The breakers continued to wash over us, and, the masts being gone, we had no power to launch the boat, and no visible means then presented themselves to save us from the fearful dangers that thus accumulated around us. At this critical moment, when all hope of preserving life had nearly abandoned us, the deck suddenly parted between the main and foremasts, and the long-boat pitched stern foremost into the sea; but notwithstanding the quantity of water and people in her, she quickly righted; we found the water gaining on us, and then discovered that both the plugs were out, on which one of the men tore the sleeve off his shirt, and by its aid partly succeeded in stopping the water. With the aid of boots, shoes, and hats, we contrived to keep the boat afloat, but having only one oar, we had the greatest difficulty in avoiding the numerous casks and broken wreck which threatened us on every side. From the time the ship struck until the deck broke up only seven minutes had elapsed. While we were surrounded with the broken pieces of the wreck a huge wave dashed a cask of tallow over my head, against the inside of the starboard side, near the stern, and carried away 18 inches of the gunwale and upper streaks; a tun of oil followed the course of the cask of tallow, striking off my hat in its passage, but the cask of tallow having already made a breach in the side of the boat, it met with no resistance and passed into the sea, deluging the boat with oil. One of the sailors, named Todd, swam to the boat from the wreck with an oar, and we then got into smooth water. The sea outside the reef, as well as the wind, being nearly calm, we heard the voices of some sailors, which we supposed to be the men in the whale-boat, and we steered in the direction the sound came from. On nearing these men they stated that the whale boat had foundered, and that Mrs. Newby was the only person saved. Her escape was effected by her catching a rope alongside the broken deck in the water, when one of the men hauled her on deck. The piece of the ship that was afloat was the quarter-deck, on which we found 12 men and Mrs. Newby. We obtained six oars more and two tubs, the men also found a cask of brandy, and asked whether they should drop it into the boat, but the sailors were unanimous in rejecting the brandy, from a sense of the evils it might cause. Nothing could surpass the undaunted self-possession which characterized the conduct of the captain and crew throughout this most fearful night, and the men rescued from the wreck waited there in the most collected and steady manner until each was called by name, when he dropped quietly into the part of the boat assigned him. The ladies and children were sitting up to their waists in water and oil, and the boat was stove in three places. The large breach made by the tallow cask the carpenter had contrived partially to repair with his coat and some tallow he found in the boat, and the broken pieces which he picked up. In this wretched state, the water gaining on us whenever the least interruption took place in baling the boat, we continued for nine hours and a half, and at half-past 8 o'clock on Sunday morning landed on the island, about 18 miles distant from the reef struck by the ship. We found a small spring of water on the beach, and determined to build a small hut to shelter us. The only tool we possessed was a carpenter's axe, the edge of which had been broken in endeavouring to cut away the masts, &c., of the ship. Some of the party went for shell fish along the beach, but only

succeeded in picking up a few limpets, which were divided in equal proportions, with a small piece of pumpkin to each person. On reckoning the number landed, we found that 42 persons had been saved, and 17 drowned. On the afternoon of Sunday, Captain Newby, with five of the crew, left us in search of the settlement, as we knew Government had a station on Flinder's Island, but we were uncertain whether the island we were on was it or not. The only food the party took with them was one slice of pumpkin each. All Monday passed over, the ladies and children began to sink, despair was expressed by many, and fervent were our prayers to God for aid. Never did the words of our Lord's prayers, "Give us this day our daily bread," appear to me so impressive as they then did; bereaved of two of my children, and those saved, hourly sinking before me, calling repeatedly for bread and nourishment, which I was unable to give them, almost naked, and exposed to incessant rain, which fell all Tuesday, and continued during the night. On the morning of Tuesday, the third day, my eldest surviving daughter, near seven years old, showed great symptoms of debility, and death seemed stamped in her countenance. I had succeeded in collecting some limpets, and was entering the hut, when I heard a cheer, and in a few minutes a strange man and boy, with a haversack, made their appearance. The man said he brought supplies of food and clothing, and that Dr. Milligan would send more in the course of the day. Two of the men who had accompanied the captain now made their appearance, and an abundant supply of bread and roast mutton was spread out before our famished eyes. The distance from the settlement was 25 miles and the road impracticable for women and children. The wind was unfortunately adverse, and we determined to await the return of the captain, who arrived in the middle of the night. The next morning the wind being still against us, the captain sent off all the crew and the passengers capable of travelling by land to the settlement. The rain continued to descend in torrents, and the wind continuing unfavourable and strong, the communication with the settlement, both by land and water, became impassable for several days—only the women and children receiving an allowance of food. On Saturday the weather became more moderate, the rain ceased, and we received a fresh supply of provisions. On the following day the wind being favourable, we, on the eighth day from our landing got into the long-boat, and proceeded by water towards the settlement, and reached it about half-past 10 o'clock that night. The owners of the *Mary*, in the most positive terms, contradicted the declarations of the ship's unseaworthiness, and in proof produce the certificate of her soundness, as given by Mr. Ashurst, surveyor for Lloyd's. Those who perished were—Mrs. Heather and two daughters, Mrs. Guy, Mrs. Turnbull, Sarah Folkes, the whole of the family of Mrs. Evans (six in number), the three daughters of the commander, Captain Newby, and the Misses Augusta and Katherine, daughters of Captain Collins. The ship and all she contained, valued at between £20,000 and £30,000, were a total loss.

THE NORTH POLE GAZETTE.

WHEN Captain Parry's company were wintering in the Arctic regions, one of the means of amusement fallen upon for the purpose of cheering—not the long nights, but the long night—for their's was some six months long—was the publication of a jocular newspaper, under the title of the *North Pole Gazette*. One of the sheets contained the following whimsical paragraph:

ACCIDENTS AND OFFENCES.—Yesterday, Tom Tarwig taking an airing with Jack Junk, happened by chance to thrust his nose within two inches of his comrade's link. Junk perceived that it was pale, and immediately called out "Splice me, mate! 't' your bowsprit's going." Tarwig immediately raised his hand to his face, but searched it in vain for his nose. Snow was promptly applied to the part affected; the danger was soon at an end, and Tom could feel his nose again. But for the well-timed efforts of Junk, it is more than probable that Tarwig would have returned with his nose in his pocket, which

might have proved a serious inconvenience to that accomplished snuff-taker.

Sam Topsail was brought yesterday morning before Lieutenant Larkish, charged with having purloined some brandy, the property of Dick Drylips, under the following circumstances:—It appears that the brandy being frozen as hard as glass, a diamond was used by the proper officer to cut out the regular allowances of the crew. Dick Drylips, at the dance on Wednesday evening, being about to perform a minuet with a bear, thought it prudent to put two slices of his brandy out of his jacket pocket, from an apprehension that they might be broken by his movements, in which case the smaller particles would have been in danger of being thawed by the warm hug of his partner. He accordingly laid them on the head of a cask on which Tom Topsail was seated. The prisoner at first denied having seen the brandy, but being confronted with Bill Bull's-eye, who saw him drilling holes in one of the cakes, with a view of inserting therein the prongs of a fork, for the purpose of toasting it, he was convicted of the fraud, and sentenced to pay the accuser two slices of his next allowance of brandy.

Roger Razorface was accused of cutting and maiming. The facts were these: Bob Breeze going down to be shaved, was lathered in the usual way. At that moment the cabin-door was unfortunately opened, and the soap suds on his muzzle became in one instant as hard as marble. Razorface tried to thaw the lather with a red-hot poker; but this being objected to by Bob, on account of its making the water boil, which had been laid with the soap in the indenture of his chin, Razorface at last took a chisel and hammer to the other part of his face, and succeeded in getting off the lather and beard, and with it part of the upper lip. It was admitted by Breeze that he objected to the use of the poker, and the magistrates thereupon dismissed the charge, considering the applicating of the chisel to be an act of his own; and moreover being of opinion, that the chisel in question was not a sharp instrument within the meaning of the act.

Now on sale, some excellent nose-gloves, lined with woollen, and made to tie behind.—Apply to Bobstay.

Also a few dozen superior nostrils, made of quills and reeds (warranted not liable to be frost-bitten), to be worn with Bobstay's noses.

BOARDING AN ENEMY'S VESSEL.

"THE enemy's vessel soon became unmanageable, and fell on board the *Spitfire*, hooking, with the flutes of his best bower anchor, the weather fore-rigging of the British brig. This opportunity was not overlooked by Burton, who, seizing his sabre, which lay unsheathed on the capstan, brandished it aloft, shouting, in a tone which was heard distinctly along the *Spitfire's* deck, whilst the fire of both ships slackened, 'Stand fast; stand fast your fire. Follow me, every man that can raise a cutlass!' Fast as he flew to gain a footing on the enemy's deck, he soon found himself not the foremost of about forty of the British, who mounted the side, swung themselves, sword in hand, on the enemy's forecastle, and tumbled, pell-mell, amongst the Americans, who now crowded forward to repel the invaders. The *Spitfire's* crew had been so long engaged amid fire and smoke, that the latter had begrimed not only their faces, but naked bodies, which were here and there palely seamed by streams of sweat, which ran from their burning temples. The effect of excessive excitement was, in more than one instance, contrasted by the sunken eye of exhaustion, which too visibly betrayed a frame deserted by nature, though a heart sustained by all-enduring valour. From these appalling appearances, heightened by the clotted gore, with which many had besmeared themselves, in heaving the mangled dead overboard, or the fresh blood gouts which streamed down from their own green wounds, the assailants assumed, if not the aspect of fiends, certainly the most formidable resemblance to those wild warriors who hideously paint and tattoo their bodies preparatory to battle. The moment they reached the enemy's deck, Burton, leading on his men, was met by the master, a powerful, strong-built, resolute-looking

man, armed with sword and pistol; the latter he levelled, with keen eye, at the British officer, which, happily for him, flashed in the pan. Foiled in his aim, he flung the treacherous weapon full at his adversary's head, carrying off the lieutenant's hat, and slightly scalping him. Burton now rushed on his huge antagonist, and they crossed swords, a weapon in the use of which he was peculiarly expert. A few seconds had hardly elapsed ere the Columbian Ajax lay stretched on the deck. The victor strode over the body and cheered on his men to the attack. Fierce and resolute was the contest, where nothing but valour could compensate for disparity of numbers. The roar of the cannon had now subsided, and was succeeded by the clink and clatter of brittle blades, which not unfrequently broke short in their handles, disappointing meditated revenge, and often occasioning the loss of the assailant's life for that of the assailed. The Americans were slowly dislodged from off their fore-castle, fighting foot by foot. Burton, elated by success, eagerly sought the American captain, who in consequence of the loss of both his lieutenants, was compelled to lead on his men alone, whom he now successfully rallied to a desperate charge, in which they beat down the British blades with the weight of their muskets' butt ends. Perceiving the Spitfire were beginning to give way, Burton shouted, with energy, 'Hold on, hold on your own, my lads.' At this moment the well known voice of the boatswain, who led on a few fresh hands, was heard roaring in the rear, 'Make a lane, there! I told the bush-fighting beggars I'd sarve 'em out! Hurrah, for Sally-port!' His furious haste into the thickest part of the combat, kindled afresh the spirit of emulation. Burton, thus supported, soon gained the quarter-deck, driving before him the enemy, who now tore down the fire-screens, and tumbled down the hatchways in the utmost consternation. This opportunity, it may be supposed, was not lost on some eager blades, for inflicting the broad R (arrow), as they term it, on the heads of several, as they vanished below, without picking their steps. 'Ship the gratings, and secure them below,' cried Burton. 'May be, Dan won't do that same,' said an Irish waister, who had spent four long years peeping through the bars of a French prison; 'It's myself, my joy, that likes to be lookin' at the inimy on the right side o' the gratin'. Here a scene of the most extraordinary exhilaration and extravagant joy ensued, surpassing all power of language to describe. A thousand tongues appeared to be unloosed at once. Congratulations, gratitude to Heaven, and the effusions of affectionate friendship, embodied themselves in short sentences. 'Thank God! thank God!'—'Well, Bill, my boy, I can swear you were first aboard.'—'Hurrah, for old England!'—'Didn't I tell you her mainmast 'ud go? I'll bet a week's grog, there's one of my own chalking in it now.'—'The slaughterhouse did the job.'—'They fought hard for it, too.'—'Nothing like boarding, after all.'—'Didn't I back you, Bob, like a trump?'—'My eyes and limbs, how the beggars tumbled below!'—'Bloody wars, how we sarved 'em out!'

LOSS OF THE DUKE WILLIAM.

THE Duke William having been ordered to Cork, under convoy of the York man of war, Captain Hugh Piggot, to take in soldiers for America, lost the man of war and the other ships by means of a fog, which thickened just as they came near the Irish coast. Captain Nicholls stood in as near as prudence would permit him. As the man of war had shortened sail in the fog, he was the longer in standing in, and just as he came near the land it cleared up, and the wind blew off the land, so that Captain Nicholls was a long way to leeward.

In the morning, as soon as he saw the man of war and the fleet to windward, he made all sail the ship could carry; and, as he went very fast, just as the man of war had got his pilot on board, the Duke William had gained so much, that the pilot-boat came directly to her, and put a pilot on board; but the flood-tide being come away, Captain Nicholls could not weather Powerhead,—the entrance of the harbour.

On a succeeding night it blew so hard, the transport was

driven as far as Bellerotten Island; and the wind still continuing high, the next day Captain Nicholls was obliged to bear away for Waterford. When they came off Credenhead, the captain fired several guns for a pilot; but none coming off, and not being acquainted with the harbour, they brought the ship up, though the sea was very high. At last a pilot-boat came off, and they took an old man out of her. The boat went on shore immediately. They went to work to get the anchor, and got it just a-peak, when the vial broke, and she ran away with all the cable before they could prevent it; and by the time they could heave it again, and get the ship under sail, it was almost dark. The pilot assured the captain, that if he would follow his directions he would carry the ship in safety. The captain ran under the fore-top-sail treble-reefed, and got a range of the sheet cable over-hauled. They ran for some time, and could just see the land.

Capain Nicholls asked the pilot several times if he should bring the ship up; but he said, "No," till he found the water shoaling very fast. The captain then made all clear to bring up; but at the same time asked the pilot which was the deepest water, who confessed he did not know. Captain Nicholls then brought up, and when day-light appeared, to his great surprise, he found high rocks astern of him, and so very near, that it was impossible to veer away a cable. They had let the sheet anchor go in the night, and as they had wore away the best bower, that it might beat likewise, it was providentially the means of their preservation.

They now got down yards and top-masts, hoisted the signal of distress, and fired a great many guns. At last they saw a boat coming from the windward. As soon as the boat came near enough, they hove a rope to those who were in it, and wore the boat clear of the counter. A man in the boat now offered the captain to come on board for 50*l*. to which he readily assented. Accordingly, he came up to the stern ladder; but as soon as he found they were so near the rocks, he declared for all the ship was worth he would not stay on board. The captain told him he came off as a pilot acquainted with the harbour, and therefore he should stay. Hereupon Captain Nicholls called to the people to hoist their sails, and immediately proceeded to cut the boat adrift. The pilot appeared in the greatest confusion; but the captain told him it was in vain to complain, and that if he thought, by cutting or slipping the cable, he could carry the ship in a place of safety, he was ready to do it. The man assured the captain he could not take charge of the vessel, nor could he venture to carry her in, for he was afraid she would be on shore and all to pieces against the rocks before she could veer; and if she did veer, there had been a large French East Indianan lost upon the bar which made the channel very narrow, and he did not know the marks to carry her clear of the wreck.

The ship rode very hard; and it being Sunday, there was a great number of people ready to plunder her should she strike. As she pitched so much, the captain was apprehensive that at low water she would strike. There were two English frigates in the harbour, which, as soon as the weather became more moderate, sent their boats to assist them. The custom-house smack also came to their aid, and put his mate on board as a pilot; and being a man well acquainted with the harbour, he confessed the vessel had been in great danger.

They lay there three weeks before they could get out to proceed for Cork. They got off Cork in the evening, and it being fine weather came immediately to anchor. On the succeeding morning the York, with the transports, came out, and put the soldiers on board the Duke William.

They sailed the day after, and saw two ships, the America, of 64 guns, and a frigate, cruising off Cape Clear. Upon the York's making a signal for the Duke William to come between them, they stood directly towards them; but through a mistake of the helm, the York ran on board the America, the sprit-sail taking her main-shrouds, and the bowsprit carrying all her weather-shrouds away. Before she could get clear, she had her main-mast pulled away, with the fore-top-mast and mizen-top-mast, having nothing left but the fore-sail, though the moment before she had three top-gallant-sails set and every stay-sail. The York got a little damage in her head.

The Duke William having proceeded to Halifax arrived there safe; and from thence went to besiege Louisbourg. After they had landed the troops, the transports and some of the men of war went into Gabours Bay. The crew of the Duke William being at this time very sickly, Captain Nicholls petitioned Admiral Boscawen to let him have a small peninsula, to put them on shore, and they would defend it, which he granted. Accordingly, all the masters of the transports armed themselves and people, and went on shore together, where Captain James Wilson was appointed their general, C. Price, Benj. Suggel, Saml. Henry, and Nicholls, captains, each having a lieutenant under him.

Captain Nicholls having fixed upon a convenient place in the island for an harbour to shelter himself and people, sent for a dozen men and the carpenter, by whose labour a commodious habitation was formed, and the sick speedily recovered.

On the reduction of Louisbourg, the island of St. John, in the entrance to the Gulph of St. Lawrence, fell by capitulation, and the inhabitants were to be sent to Old France. Lord Rollo, with a large party were sent on board the transports which were ordered thither for that purpose. The transports were nine in number, of which the Duke William was one. They proceeded under convoy of the Hind sloop of war, Captain Bond, but meeting with contrary winds and bad weather, had a long passage.

Having brought the fleet up off a cape called St. Louis, nine leagues distant from the Gut of Canso; and it blowing strong in the night, the Duke William's cable parted. In the morning the man of war made a signal to bear away to the Gut again. Captain Nicholls, however, resolved to stay, and endeavour to recover his anchor and cable. The ships all left the Duke William riding, and the next day the weather



LOSS OF THE DUKE WILLIAM, TRANSPORT, IN 1758.

became fine. They weighed, and dropped the ship at the buoy, and unbent him; took the buoy-rope into the hawser, and hove the anchor up; but by the time they got the anchor into the bows, it came on very bad weather; wind, hail, and rain, with terrible claps of thunder and severe lightning. A long winter's night was approaching, and as they were on an unknown coast (for their drafts were very erroneous) their situation was extremely unpleasant. The fleet were much afraid that some misfortune had befallen them; for though the weather was very bad with them, it was not so severe as with the Duke William.

Captain Bond in the morning made a signal for all masters of transports, and desired they would man their boats, as he thought he had heard several guns fired in the night, which he supposed to be signals of distress from the Duke William, who, he apprehended, was driven on shore, and the crew

WITH UPWARDS OF 300 FRENCH PRISONERS ON BOARD.

consequently attacked by the Indians. Accordingly, when their boats were manned, they were desired to row as far as it was prudent to venture. As the weather was still bad, and they could see nothing of Captain Nicholl's vessel, they returned, giving her up as lost.

In the interim, the captain kept the ship under a pair of courses, and in the morning bore away; but it coming on very dark he was obliged to lie to; and as it did not clear till late in the afternoon, he had a narrow escape in getting in, the Gut being very narrow, and, in consequence of the trees, very difficult to find. They shortly after sailed out of the Gut, and got to St. John's. In the passage, Captain S. Hurry, in the Yarmouth, was run ashore by the ignorance of his pilot, and was near being lost, but fortunately his ship got off without any damage.

A large party of soldiers having been ordered up the

country to bring the inhabitants down on board the different transports, as the Duke William was the largest used, the missionary priest (who was the head man of the country), with the principal inhabitants, were ordered by Lord Rollo, to go to France with Captain Nicholls. On his arrival, he requested the favour, that the people might come on board to mass, and to be married. Captain Nicholls told him he had no objection, on condition that he had a fee of every bride. Being asked what he demanded as a fee, the captain replied—the first kiss after she was married. The priest being a facetious man complied; and they had a great many marriages, as a notion prevailed among the crew, that all single men would be made soldiers.

Having got a great abundance of stock, they all sailed from St. John's together; Captain Wilson, with Lord Rollo, and some soldiers on board, and Captain Moore with soldiers, under convoy of the Hind. Captain Moore's vessel was lost going through the Gut, by striking on a rock under water, and the soldiers were put on board Captain Wilson, bound to Louisbourg. Captain Moore, his son, mate, and carpenter, took their passage in the Duke William.

As the wind was contrary, they lay in the Gut of Canso some time. The French used frequently to go on shore, and remain there all night, making fires in the wood to keep themselves warm. Some of them desired that they might be allowed muskets to shoot game, as they were not afraid of meeting with the Indians, which Captain Nicholls granted. About three hours after they were gone, one of them came running, and begged that the captain with his people would go immediately on board, as they had met with a party of Indians who were coming down to scalp them. Accordingly, Captain Nicholls, with the other masters and sailors, went off, and had but just got on board before the Indians came down; but, finding only Frenchmen, they went away directly.

November 25th, they sailed out of the Bay of Canso, with a strong gale at N.W., Captains Nicholls, Henry, Beaton, Dobson, Sugget, Whitty, and Kelsy, agreed to make the best of their way to France with the people, and not to go to Louisbourg, as it was a very bad time of the year to beat upon that coast. Captain Nicholls was appointed to lead the fleet. They took leave of the agent who was bound to Louisbourg.

The third day after they had been at sea, it blew a storm in the night, being thick with sleet, and very dark. The transport parted company with three ships of the fleet. The storm still continuing, in a day or two she parted with the rest. The Duke William continued in very good order, and though the sea ran mountains high, went over it like a bird, and made no water.

On the 10th of December they saw a sail, which proved to be the Violet, Capt. Sugget. On coming up, Capt. Nicholls inquired how all on board were; he replied, in a terrible situation, they had a great deal of water in the ship, her pumps were choked and he was much afraid that she would sink before morning. Captain Nicholls begged of him to keep up his spirits, and he would, if it were possible, stay by him, and spare him a pump, which he got out of the Parnassus. He also told him, that as the gale had lasted so long he was in hopes that it would moderate after twelve o'clock; but, unfortunately, it rather increased.

At changing the watch at twelve, Captain Nicholls found that they went fast a-head of the Violet, and that, before morning, if they did not shorten sail they would run her out of sight. While scudding under the fore-sail and treble-reefed main-sail, he consulted with Captain Moore and their mate, what was best to be done; and it was unanimously considered necessary that the main-top-sail should be taken in, as the only way to save their lives was by keeping them company till the weather should moderate. Accordingly they took in the main-top-sail, and got their three pumps ready in case of necessity. They had forced the spare pump down the after hatch-way, and shipped into an empty butt, of which the French had brought several on board for the purpose of washing. They aired them with spun yard, to bail in case of need. They now thought that the Violet gained on them; and at four o'clock, to their great satisfaction, they saw her very plainly.

On changing the watch, they found the Duke William still very tight and going well, the carpenter assuring the captain there was no water to strike a pump. Being very tired with walking the deck so long, Captain Nicholls thought he might go down and indulge himself with a pipe of tobacco; he told the mate to acquaint him immediately should there be any alteration. They had driven the board next the lower part of the pump to see how much water was in the well; and every half hour, when the ball was struck, the carpenter went down. As he had yet found no water, Captain Nicholls entertained no apprehensions of the safety of the Duke William; he was only concerned at present for the Violet.

Soon after the captain had filled and lighted his pipe, while sitting in the state room, he was thrown from the chair by a blow which the ship received from a terrible sea. He sent the boy to ask the mate (Mr. Fox) whether anything was washed over. The mate sent word that all was safe, and that he saw the Violet coming up fast.

Being still very much fatigued, the captain thought he would try to get a little sleep to refresh himself; and without pulling off his clothes, he threw himself on the side of the bed. Before he had closed his eyes, Mr. Fox came and told him that the carpenter had found the water above the keelson, and that the ship must certainly have sprung a leak. The captain immediately arose and took the carpenter with him into the hold, and, to his great surprise found the water roaring in dreadfully. On examination, he found it was a butt started, and the more they endeavoured to press anything to stop it, the more the plank forsook the timber. They then went on deck to encourage the people at the pumps. Captain Nicholls had made a mark with a piece of chalk to see how the water gained upon them. Finding their case desperate, he went to all the Frenchmen's cabins and begged of them to rise: telling them, that though their lives were not in danger, their help at the pumps was highly essential. They immediately got up, and cheerfully assisted.

By this time it was day-light, when, to their great surprise and concern, they saw the Violet on her broadside, a little distance from them; and the fore-yard broken in the slings, the fore-top-sail set, and her crew endeavouring to free her of the mizen-mast, as it appeared she had just then broached to, by the fore-yards giving way. It came on a most violent squall for ten minutes, and when it cleared up, they found, to their great and deep concern, that the poor unfortunate Violet, with near four hundred souls, was gone to the bottom. This fatal disaster shocked even the stoutest on board the Duke William; especially as a similar fate was now threatening them.

All the tubs before mentioned, were now got together and made gangways, the Frenchmen and women, who behaved with uncommon resolution, assisting. They then opened all the hatches, and as the water flowed fast into the hold, they filled the tubs and hauled them up, and turned them over the coming on the upper deck, which, with three pumps constantly at work, and baling out of the gun-room scuttle, must have vented a large quantity of water. A seam would not have hurt them, but a butt's end was more than they could manage; however, every method was tried which was thought of service. They quilted the sprit-sail with oakum and flax, with one of the top-gallant-sails in the same manner, to see whether anything would suck into the leak to stop it, but all in vain.

They continued in this dismal situation three days; the ship, notwithstanding their endeavours, full of water, and expected every minute to sink. The captain had given all the liquor that was left on board to the people, and all the provisions; the hold being full of water, and the ship swimming only by the decks being buoyed up with empty casks.

About six o'clock, on the fourth morning, the people came to the captain and declared they had done all in their power; that the vessel was full of water; and that it was in vain to pump any more. The captain told them he was convinced that what they said was too true, and complimented them upon their attention and exertion. He then acquainted the priest with their situation, assuring him that every method for saving the ship and the lives of the people had been resorted to in vain, and that they expected the decks would blow up every moment.

The priest appeared confused; but immediately went to give his people absolution; and a melancholy scene ensued. Strong, hearty, and healthy, looking at each other, with tears in their eyes, describing their unhappy condition, and preparing for death.

Captain Nicholls now walked upon the deck with Captain Moore, desiring him to think, if he could, of some expedient to avert their destruction. Captain Moore, with tears in his eyes, confessed that he knew of no method. Captain Nicholls proposed hoisting out the boats, that in case a ship should appear, they might save their lives, as the gale was more moderate. Captain Moore thought it would be impossible, as everyone would endeavour to get into them. The former captain, however, called his mates, carpenters, and men, and proposed getting their boats out, at the same time acquainting them that it was to save if possible, every soul on board, and that in case any person was to be so rash as to insist upon going into the boats, besides those who he should think proper, he would immediately punish such person. They all solemnly declared that his commands should be as implicitly obeyed, as if the ship was in her former good condition. A rare instance of obedience and submission!

The captain then went and acquainted the head prisoner whom they had on board, with what they were going to attempt. He was a hundred and ten years old, was the father of the whole island, and had a number of children, grandchildren, and other relations on board. He assured the captain that he and his fellow-prisoners would assist him in anything he proposed, and the captain in return assured them that he would run the same chance with them, and never desert them.

Captain Nicholls now asked Mr. Fox and the carpenter if they were willing to venture in the long-boat; they answered bravely that they were; for whether they died in the vessel or a mile or two farther was a matter of very little consequence; and, as there was no prospect but death if they stayed, they would willingly make the attempt. The captain then proposed to Captain Moore, the carpenter, and mate, their going into the cutter, which they also agreed to. As the sea was too high to lower the boats into the water with the runners and tackles, the captain told them his people should get the cutter over the side, and have a proper painter made fast to her before she dropped into the water; and that they should have two axes to cut the runners and tackles when they should think the most convenient time. They accordingly got the cutter over the sides; and the ship lying pretty quiet, they cut the tackles, and she dropt into the water very well, and the painter brought her up. They went then to work with the long-boat. Day-light now raised their spirits, and the weather was tolerably moderate. The mate and carpenter cut the runners, and the long-boat fell into the water as well as the cutter had done; and having a proper painter made fast, she brought up extremely well.

There were people at the fore and main-top-mast heads to look out for a sail, when, to their unspeakable joy, the man at the main-top-mast head cried out that he saw two ships, right astern, making after them. Captain Nicholls went and acquainted the priest and old prisoner with the good news. The latter took him in his aged arms and cried for joy. The captain then ordered the ensign to be hoisted to the main-top-mast shrouds, and to get the guns all clear to fire. It was very hazy, and the ships were not far from them when they discovered them first.

As soon as they hoisted their signal of distress, they hoisted English colours, and seemed to be West Indiamen, of about three or four hundred tons. They kept loading and firing as fast as possible, when they perceived that they spoke each other; and setting their fore-sail and top-sails they hauled their wind and made from them. Captain Nicholls, imagining that the bigness of the vessel, and her having so many men on board, it being war time, might occasion a distrust, ordered the mainmast to be cut away, to undeceive them. They had people all the time at the shrouds to cut away in case of necessity. One of the shrouds, not being properly cut, checked the mainmast, and brought her up right athwart the boats. Captain Nicholls run

ast himself and cut both the boat's painters, or else they would have been stove to pieces, and sunk immediately. A dismal thing to be obliged to cut away the only thing that could be the means of saving their lives, and afterwards to see the ships basely desert them! Driven from the greatest joy to the utmost despair, death now appeared more dreadful. They had only the fore-sail hanging in the brails, and the braces of both preventers being rendered useless by the falling off of the mainmast, and the yard flying backwards and forwards by the rolling of the ship, they were fearful she would overset entirely.

They ran from the boats till they could but just see them; and finding that they did not endeavour to join them, though they had each oars, fore-mast, and fore-sail, Captain Nicholls consulted with the boatswain on the best measures to be adopted in their deplorable situation. The captain thought, that at all events, they should bring the ship to, though he confessed it a terrible attempt to hazard her upsetting. The boatswain said it appeared too hazardous, as the vessel steered very well. However, finding the men in the boats did not attempt to join them, the captain called all the people ast, and told them his resolution. They declared it was desperate, but so was their condition, and that they were ready to do whatever he thought best. Captain Moore disapproved of the measure. Captain Nicholls then acquainted the priest, the old gentlemen, and the rest of the people, with his intentions, and the motives for them. They were all pleased to say, let the consequence be what it would, they should be satisfied that he had acted for the best, and they were therefore resigned to what might happen. This was a dreadful crisis; and great were Captain Nicholls's feelings when about doing that, which, though in his own judgment, was right, might be the means of sending four hundred persons to eternity. His resolution, however, did not forsake him.

He persevered, and gave orders to bring the ship to. In hauling out the mizen, which had been greatly chafed, it split. They then got a new stay-sail, and bent it to bring her to, which had the desired effect, though it was a long time before this was accomplished, and they were once afraid that they should be obliged to cut away the fore-mast, by a large sea striking on her starboard quarter. The next sea hove her to, and she stayed very well. When they saw, from the yawl, that they were lying to for them, they shipped their fore-mast, and ran them on board. As there was too much wind and a large sea, to sprit the sail, they came on board, holding their sheets in their hands. As soon as she came, Captain Nicholls sent some men into her to row and fetch the long boat. They soon joined her, got her foremast up, and set sail, as did the cutter; and, to their great joy, came safe to them.

Just as they had joined them, the people from the fore-top-mast cried out, "A sail! a sail!" The captain thought it better to let the ship lie to, as, by seeing the mainmast gone they might be certain they were in distress. It was hazy weather, and they could see at no great distance; but the strange ship was soon near enough to see and hear their guns. Just after she had hoisted her colours (which were Danish), her main-top-sail sheet gave way, which, when Captain Nicholls saw, he concluded that the other captain was going to clew his main-top-sail up, to pend him, and come to their assistance, which good news he immediately communicated to the priest and others. In transports of joy they embraced him, calling him their friend and preserver. But, alas! poor, mistaken men! this momentary joy was changed into many hours of despondency by a second disappointment; for, as soon as the strange captain had knotted or spliced his top-sail sheet, he sheeted it home, and hauled from them. This was about three in the afternoon. Gloomy despair then reigned in every countenance, and lamentations echoed in the air. Captain Nicholls now wore the ship, which she bore very well, and steered tolerably before the wind.

About half an hour after, the old French gentleman came to Captain Nicholls, and affectionately embracing him, said, that he and his countrymen requested that the captain and his people would endeavour to save their own lives in their boats, and leave them to their fate, as it was impossible the boats could carry all. The captain replied, that there were

no hopes of life for any; as they had all embarked in the same unhappy voyage, they ought all to take the same chance. Urged by their further solicitations, he mentioned their proposal to Captain Moore and his people, who said, as nothing further could be done, they would comply with their request. They took leave of each other with tears in their eyes, and the captain requested his people to keep the boats near the ship, which he was determined not to quit himself until it was dark. They all assured him that they would not leave him, and hastened down the stern-ladder. As the boats ranged up by the sea, under the ship's counter, those that went last hove themselves down, and were caught by them in the boat.

Captain Nicholls had a little Norse boy on board, whom no entreaties could prevail on to go into the boat until he did. When it grew dark, the captain insisted upon his going, saying he would follow him immediately. He got on the stern ladder, when a Frenchman, whom the fears of death had induced to quit his wife and children, unperceived by any, got over the taffrail, and treading upon the boy's fingers, made him shriek out. Imagining somebody was in danger, the captain went to see what was the matter, the old Frenchman following him; when the latter, perceiving the man and his intentions, called him by his name, and said he was sorry to find him so base as to desert his family. The man seemed ashamed of what he had done, and came over the taffrail again. The people in the boat begged the captain to come in, as the blows, which she took under the ship's counter, were likely to sink her.

Seeing the priest lay his arms over the rails in great emotion, with all the apprehensions of death painted in his countenance, the captain asked him if he were willing to take his chance with him? He replied, yes, if he had room for him. The captain told him he had. Immediately the priest went and gave his people his benediction: then, after saluting the old gentleman, he tucked up his canonical robes, and went into the boat.

As soon as the captain was in the boat, he bade the sailors cast them adrift. It was very dark; they had neither moon nor stars to direct them. Dreadful situation! twenty-seven in the long-boat and nine in the cutter, without victuals and drink, and wholly ignorant how far they were from the English coast. It began now to blow very fresh, with sleet and snow, and they agreed to keep as close to the ship as it was possible. The people, from their long exertions at the pumps, were very much fatigued; and, after sitting awhile in the wet and cold they began to wish they had stayed in the ship and perished, as now they might endure a lingering death.

The boats now began to make water, and the men being so exhausted, became indifferent of their fate, and refused to bale them. The captain, however, prevailed upon them to heave the water out of the long-boat. Having a brisk gale, they had run a great way from the time they left the unfortunate ship; but at ten a.m. to their great sorrow, it fell calm, which threw the people into absolute despair. Captain Nicholls observed that the water was coloured: and, asking for twine, one of the men gave him a ball which he had in his pocket. They then knocked out the bolts of the long-boat, to make a deep sea lead with, and, when sounded, to their great joy they found but forty-five fathoms water.

The people now began to complain of hunger and thirst, when the captain saw, that as they had nothing to eat or drink it was useless to complain. He was certain, by their soundings, they were near Scilly, and did not doubt, if it cleared up, but they should see land. He begged them then to hope for the best, and bear up with manly resolution. His little Norse boy (who always kept close to the captain) now told him that he had got some bread in the bosom of his shirt; but when he took it out it was like baker's dough. It was notwithstanding very acceptable, being about four pounds. The captain put it into his hat, and distributed it equally, calling the 'yaw' to have their share. This, instead of being a relief, increased their troubles; for, having been so wet and clammy, it hung to the roofs of their mouths, and they had nothing to wash it down. Mr. Fox had some allspice, which

was of very little service. One of the sailors having a pewter spoon, they cut it into junks, and by forcing them down their throats, created a saliva, and by that means they swallowed it.

A light breeze sprung up about noon at S.W. By the boats being foul of the main-mast, &c., the oars were all washed out, except two in each boat. The captain, hearing a noise among the crew, inquired the reason; and having been informed that two sailors were disputing about a couple of blankets, which one of them had brought from the ship, he observed that the present was no time for contentions, and ordered the blankets to be thrown overboard. On recollection, however, he desired them to be brought to him, as he would convert them to a purpose that would be serviceable to all. On asking for a needle and twine, which he was presently furnished with, he told them that he designed to make a main-sail of them, and requested the mate to take the remainder of the painter and unlay it; as, it being a three-strand rope, it would make them shrouds and a stay. They erected one oar for a main-mast, and the other they broke to the breadth of the blankets, and made a yard of. The people in the cutter seeing what they had done, and having a hammock with them, made a mainsail of that.

At four p. m. it cleared up, and they perceived a brig about two miles from them. Captain Nicholls now ordered the cutter to give chase, and let them know their distress; for being lighter than the long-boat, he thought that she would soon overtake them. The brig seeing them alter their course, stood from them directly. In consequence of their strange appearance, and it being war time, she probably took them for one of the lugg-sail boats, which the French privateers used to frequent the lands off Scilly with. The cutter, however, gained on the brig very fast, but, to the great mortification of those in the long-boat, by the time they supposed her mid-way, a very thick fog came on, and they saw neither the brig nor the cutter any more.

Night now coming on, and it being still very foggy, the people, almost dead for want of sleep, reposed themselves, sitting, half way in water, for it was impossible for so many to find seats. Captain Nicholls, anxious for the preservation of his people, endeavoured to keep his eyes open, though this was the fifth night that he had taken no rest. About eleven it cleared up. The captain thought he saw land. Everybody was asleep but the man at the helm and himself. The captain, however, was determined not to call out "land" till assured it was so. Again he thought he saw land. The man at the helm had by this time dropped asleep, and Captain Nicholls took the tiller. After some time, he awoke Captain Moore, and told him that he thought he saw land: but Captain Moore only answered in a tone of despondency, that they should never more see land, and dropped asleep again. Captain Nicholls then awoke Mr. Fox, who had had a good sleep, and seemed quite refreshed. Mr. Fox immediately cried out that they were near land, and close in with the breakers. Thus it was fortunate that Mr. Fox was awake; for in all probability they would all have perished by running on the breakers, as Captain Nicholls was totally unacquainted with them. At the word "land" everyone awoke, and, with some difficulty, they cleared the rocks.

At first they could not distinguish what part of the English coast it was; but it clearing more and more every moment, Captain Nicholls looked under the lee-leche of the blanket main-sail and discovered St. Michael's Mount in Mount's Bay. The boat would not fetch the land near Penzance; and as they had no oars, it was determined not to endeavour to run round the Lizard, but for Falmouth; and wherever she would chance to fetch, to run her boldly on shore. It was a fine night; and after they got round the point, they found the water very smooth. They kept the boat close to the wind, and fetched between Penzance and the Mount. The joy in finding themselves in such a happy condition is not to be described; it gave them new life and strength. The people forward called out that there were two rocks a-head. Captain Nicholls jumped up and carried the boat between them, without ever touching ground. In a little time after she ran ashore on a sandy beach.

The sailors immediately jumped into the water, and carried Captain Nicholls and the priest ashore. They left the boat as she was making the best of their way to Penzance. Some of the people, with sleeping half way in the water, by which they were wet from head to foot, found themselves so benumbed, that they with difficulty went along.

On their road, as they marched to Penzance, they fell in with a river of fresh water, of which they drank heartily, and were thereby greatly revived. They got into town about three o'clock in the morning, and seeing a light in a tavern, made up to it. Having been market-day, the people to the inn were all gone to bed, but the mistress of the house was up. She was terribly alarmed at the sight of the strangers, and indeed their shocking appearance, together with the unseasonable hour of their visit, were sufficient cause for apprehension. On hearing their story, the master of the inn got up and called his servants, who soon got for them what provision the house afforded. After drying and refreshing themselves, as many as could find beds went to them, and the rest slept on the floor by the fire-side.

The next day Captain Nicholls went, with the priest, to the mayor of the town, to make a protest before a notary, in order to get credit for the people as well as for himself, who were in want of every necessary. Having been referred to a Mr. Charles Langford, a merchant, the captain went to him. This gentleman received Captain Nicholls very politely, and asked him to breakfast with him, which the captain declined, saying, he wished to breakfast with his people at the inn. The captain then requested that he would furnish him with credit; but Mr. Langford declined complying with his request, as the captain was an entire stranger to him, and he had already suffered from having been lately imposed upon.

Captain Nicholls finding that the master of the inn refused him credit, applied again to Mr. Langford for some money on his ring, watch, buckles, &c.; but as he was going to take his buckles out of his shoes, Mr. Langford perceiving his tears, and believing him, he said, an honest man, told him he should have what credit he pleased. He then gave him the money he required without any deposit.

During this, the second mate, and eight men from the cutter, arrived. They informed Captain Nicholls, that in consequence of the fog they could not come up with the brig; that, when it cleared they saw the Land's End and got on shore. They had left the cutter as nobody would buy her, and had inquired the way to Penzance, where, as they were in great distress, they were happy in having met their fellow-sufferers.

Captain Nicholls went to the inn, paid what was owing, and for their unkindness, went to another house to breakfast. After this he got what necessities the people wanted. They stayed a day longer at Penzance in order to rest themselves. The captain then having provided a carriage for himself, Captain Moore and officers set out for Exeter. The rest of the people, who had procured a pass of the mayor, walked. At Exeter, Captain Nicholls was entertained by a worthy friend of his, Samuel Killet, Esq., collector of the customs, who sincerely sympathised with him on account of his misfortune, and the loss of the Duke William, with 360 souls. Mr. Killet provided a house, a good supper, and beds, for them at his own expense. They stayed in Exeter two days, and then set out for London.

What is very remarkable, when Captain Nicholls and his party left the Duke William in distress, there was a small jolly-boat on board; and just before she went down, four Frenchmen threw her, with two small paddles, overboard, and swam to her. They got into Falmouth soon after Captain Nicholls landed. They were no seamen, nor had ever seen the English coast, so that their's, like that of the long-boat and cutter, was a most miraculous escape. The Duke William (according to their report) swam till it fell calm, and as she went down her decks blew up. The noise was like the explosion of a gun, or a loud clap of thunder. The Frenchmen had but just left her when she was seen no more.

LOSS OF THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT STEAMER PAPIN.

THE French Government has just received intelligence of the loss of the Papin steamer. The following are the details of that melancholy event as published by the *Moniteur*:—"The Papin left Cadiz at 2 o'clock, p.m. on December 5, 1845, and was bound for Senegal. The weather was fine during the whole afternoon of the 5th, and the morning of the following day, but towards night it began to blow hard from the south-west. At 11 o'clock at night on the 6th, the vessel grounded on a sand-bank, nine miles to the north of Mogadore, and about three cables' length from the mainland. The order to 'back' could not be executed, as the paddles had already become choked by the sand. For three hours the vessel withstood the violent shocks of the waves, the sea running high at the time, without any very visible damage, but she then began to fill, and at 4 o'clock on the morning of the 7th she was quite full, and the sea dashing over her deck. At 5 o'clock the chimney fell, and killed several persons. At half-past 5 a.m., M. Marey Monge, the French Consul at Mogadore, was washed overboard by a wave, and instantly disappeared. A few moments afterwards M. Dieul, second lieutenant on board, met with the same fate. Several persons then threw themselves into the sea to lay hold of the spars, &c., which were constantly being washed from the wreck, or to try and gain the shore by swimming. The greater part of them sank to rise no more. Some few, after the most desperate efforts, reached Azimour, a village three miles to the north of the scene of the wreck. They fell in with some Moors, who instantly came to their relief; one of them gave his burnous (cloak) to M. Du Bourdieu, commissary at Gorée, and who had embarked as a passenger on board the Papin. Some camels, laden with brambles, having arrived, the Arabs instantly kindled a fire to warm the unfortunate shipwrecked passengers. At 11 a.m., the persons who had succeeded in reaching the shore amounted to 30. The mainmast, which had continued standing until that time, although the Papin was divided in two, fell, and in its descent, either crushed to death or carried overboard not less than 30 persons. About this time Messrs. Donesnard, Mirabeau, Desforges, Natalani, and Royot, who had succeeded in reaching the beach, got into the life-boat, which had been washed on shore, for the purpose of returning to the vessel and saving such persons as might be still alive; but they were unable to make head against the waves, and were again cast upon the shore. Mr. Redman, the English Consul at Mogadore, together with the French Consul in that place, who had started that same morning for Rabat, hearing that a vessel was wrecked upon the coast, instantly repaired to the scene of distress. Mr. Redman having attended to the immediate necessities of the passengers on shore, exerted his influence with the Arabs to induce them to go to the vessel, and bring away the unfortunate persons who still remained on board. The Arabs displayed, upon this occasion, as much courage as humanity. In less than two hours they succeeded in bringing off 44 persons, carrying them upon their shoulders, and swimming with them through a very heavy sea. After being assured that no other persons remained on board the vessel, and having interred eight bodies which had been washed on shore, Mr. Redman conducted the sufferers to Mazagan, where every attention was paid to their wants by him and his three brothers. Letters received from Mazagan," says the *Moniteur*, "speak in the highest terms of the conduct of Mr. Redman. It is certain that the 44 persons who remained on board the vessel are indebted to him for their safety. When intelligence of the shipwreck reached Gibraltar, Sir Frederick Nicholson, who commands the naval forces there, instantly wrote to our Consul, offering to despatch the English steamer Flamer, to render the necessary succour. The Flamer accordingly sailed shortly afterwards. Mr. Redman placed a guard of 30 men to save as much of the cargo of the unfortunate vessel as possible. Of 151 persons on board the Papin, 76 only remain to tell the tale."

OUR CAPTAIN.

BY HARRY BLUFF.

"The clouds fly fast, we shall have a rough night of it," said a fine old sailor, as he paced the deck of H. M. S. Neptune, which was bounding from the stirring breeze, like a horse of the blood.

"A true prophecy, that of yours, old Rum-punchoon," said the captain, who heard the remark.

He had derived this appellation from his having made an observation in the midshipman's berth, when some young swells, just taken from school, (where the only liquid which passed their lips was "sky-blue"), were bragging of the grog each had severally swallowed.

"Here comes one that knows the taste," cried one, as the old veteran entered.

"I believe ye," retorted the old chap; "I've drank enough rum to swim a seventy-four." From this arose his title of "Rum-punchoon," a name that lasted long after his requiem had been sung.

"Call up the men to furl sails; this wind in an hour would tear the strongest canvass to ribands," said the captain, as he descended to his cabin.

"There goes as brave and noble a heart as ever had life in," said the old sailor, following with an eye (as his commander took his departure) in which deep respect for the station he held, and a sincere esteem for his person, were pretty equally mixed.

"You are right, messmate," chimed in another, "if our navy was filled with hearts like his, a mutineer would be unknown, except by name."

There were a whole host of such like speeches uttered, each teeming with an eulogy on their commander, whose bravery and firmness in the hour of danger, was only equalled by his consideration and kindness towards his men.

"His has been a life full of bitter trials and adversities. For weeks, under the burning sun of the tropics, the only inhabitant of a bark, whose timbers creaked and yawned with the slightest strain."

"Here's old Rum-punchoon inclined for a yarn," said a junior lieutenant; "get your jawing-tackle in readiness, old fellow; think of nothing but facts—stow all lies; roll your quid to the other side, or take a fresh cargo; spit, and then heave ahoy! with a will. Hand Mr. Midshipman—what the devil's his name?" he inquired of a brother officer. "Oh, Waters, hand Mr. Midshipman Waters the grog, you young bastard; and as we all appreciate the liquor of a *Rum-punchoon* in preference to *Waters*, put as little of the latter in as possible. Bear a hand, you lubber!"

"I came from the water," said the old tar. "I've always lived on the water," he continued.

"Well, here's wishing you may never die by it then," interrupted the lieutenant. "We shall have water enough, by-and-bye, to conclude the tale, without your commencing with it," looking upwards, as he spoke, to the dark, lowering sky. "Come, go a-head!"

"Well, gentlemen, I'll give you the tale as I heard it from the captain's own lips, which I think is as good a voucher for its accuracy and truth as you need wish for. In the commencement of the year 1820, he embarked with his uncle, who was both captain and owner, on board the ship *Vesuvius*, of 600 tons, on a voyage to Calcutta. His uncle was a stern man; one who punished the slightest deviation from rectitude with the cat. The first lieutenant was passionate and haughty. They had not been many days at sea, before a quarrel arose between them. Day after day brought a repetition of this. Our captain, who was then a youth, noticed with fear these events, for he knew of the lieutenant's revengeful temper, and had heard sullen whisperings among the men, at the tyranny exercised towards them by the captain; and the lieutenant made oath that either the captain or him should never see land again. This went on. One night our captain heard the tramping of feet over head, and the heavy fall of a body on the deck. It partially awoke him from his sleep, but the fatigue he had un-

dergone the day previous, caused his heavy eyelids to close, and he was soon again in a state of peace and forgetfulness. It was broad daylight before he awoke, and then he dressed and hastened on deck. God, what a sight! His poor uncle lay there, dead—his body inhumanly mangled by his blood-thirsty, savage murderers. One shriek for help, and there he fell, senseless on his body. At last he awoke to the dreadful knowledge that all the crew had left the ship, and that he and his ill-fated uncle were the only tenants of that doomed bark; the crew having taken all the provisions and the boats to an adjacent island. With many a prayer, and a heart almost bursting with grief, our captain committed the body of his uncle to the sea. He had a hard struggle to do that. For many a day, to gaze upon the loved face of him who had been so cruelly murdered, was his only employment. At last, decay and putrescence began their hideous work, till the very air was tainted. The body fell with a splash, and sunk. Now, thoughts of the future filled his mind with dread forebodings. He searched for food: a few biscuits, thrown on one side, as unfit for eating, and a small cask of water, was all they had left. But he thanked Heaven fervently for this, in hopes it would last out until some friendly ship or port greeted his sight. On flew the ship, impelled by the fierce roaring wind. The top-mast bent, cracked, and at length, fell; still on was the fated vessel urged—on! on! One dark night, when the only light in Heaven's dark vault was the lightning's blue and vivid flash, the vessel was dashed against a sunken rock, and the timbers of the once bonny ship lay scattered around. To one of these our captain clung for life. Day came, but no hope—none! The only refuge from this misery was the grave that yawned about him; and yet, how he feared it! At length, his brain grew dizzy, his sight—his strength failed: then came, at the eleventh hour, the succouring hand. A boat was lowered from a ship driven from her course by the storm, and our captain was saved. Ere long, he again trod the shores of England—dear old England! and was pressed to the overjoyed hearts of his parents, from whom, when his tale was told, many a tear trickled at the fate of their poor brother. I was in England, some few years after, and received an invitation to a party. Our captain was paying his addresses to the young lady of the house, an only daughter, and exceedingly rich. She was very beautiful, and when our captain stood by her side, with the flush of youth on his cheek, and the pride of manhood flashing in his dark eye, they looked well worthy of each other. The dance was ended, and I found myself very soon at the bottom of a bottle of champagne, which one of the attendant sprites, with a powdered pate and spicy-looking jacket, had very accommodatingly placed near me. At this moment our captain and his lady passed by. 'I have yet one more honour to confer,' she said, in her soft sweet voice; 'and that is to introduce you to a relative of mine, whom from being also a naval officer, will, I flatter myself, become a chosen friend. Allow me to introduce'—and she tapped a tall, dark-complexioned man on the shoulder, who turned at the instant; but before she could finish the sentence, our captain sprang upon him, and seized him by the throat. All was confusion. I sprang up with the empty bottle in my hand, as the villain drew a pistol from his coat, which I struck down, and the bullet was buried in the floor. My blood was up, and to guard against further treachery, I seized his arms behind him. Our host now came up, 'What means this outrage, sirrah?' he asked of our captain, in a voice quivering with indignation. 'I charge this man with mutiny and murder!' he exclaimed; a dozen voices re-echoed the charge, and the young lady uttering a loud shriek, fell senseless. In another minute he was in custody.

"Our time, and by Jove! the wind's up too," interrupted the lieutenant; "spin away old tar, quick!"

"He was tried and hanged," "shortly after I left England. The next time I saw our captain, was ten years after, 'twas at the same house, and the same lady was hanging upon his arm, while a fine handsome boy, and a fair blue-eyed girl called him 'Father.'—God bless him and his, say I!"

"Amen!" cried the lieutenant heartily.

"Pipe for the watch, he's awain, ours is up."

LOSS OF FOUR BRITISH SHIPS, BY FIRE.

INTELLIGENCE has been received at Lloyd's of the destruction of four English ships by fire, the losses by which, are stated to be very considerable. The following are the particulars received. The vessels are the Achilles, Captain Thompson, master, from Leith, bound to Calcutta; the Aberfoyle, from the Clyde, of 417 tons burthen. The Abeona, of 500 tons burthen, from New Ross, bound for Waterford, and the Harlequin treasure Schooner, belonging to Calcutta. The loss of the first-named ship, the Achilles, which was chartered by the Royal Navigation Company for the conveyance of coals, to the Company's depot at Calcutta, took place on the morning of the 16th Sept., 1845. While the vessel was lying in Simon's Bay, Cape of Good Hope, waiting favourable winds, a quantity of smoke was discovered issuing into the cabin, through the bulkhead, from among the coals. Directly the alarm was raised, the hatchways were removed, and the crew set about throwing the cargo overboard, in order to get at the fire, which they supposed existed about the centre. However, in the course of an hour, the smoke and heat became so powerful, that the men were forced to desist, and eventually flames burst forth with great violence. As soon as the news of the outbreak of the fire reached on board H. M. S. Winchester, which was also lying in the Bay, the gallant Commander sent off all possible assistance to the Achilles, and one or two other ships also sent off other aid. For two hours water was poured on the burning cargo in great quantities, which, not having effect, and the destruction of the vessel appearing inevitable, orders were given to scuttle her, the ship being hauled close to the shore, unfortunately this occupied much time, and before it could be accomplished the hull was on fire in every part. At the time of her going down, the decks seemed burned through, and part of her masts was destroyed. Attempts were to be made to raise the wreck, but they had not taken place at the time the above particulars were written. The ship was insured at Leith. The burning of the Aberfoyle, which was nearly a new vessel, having been built only in the latter part of last year, occurred on the night of the 15th of October, while at Bombay. She had, according to the letters received, taken in her cargo, and would have sailed in a few days, when on the 15th she was found to be on fire, which was not extinguished until the same step was taken as in that of the Achilles, scuttling her. It is expected she is a wreck. Suspicions are entertained that she was wilfully fired. The third loss by fire, namely, that of the Harlequin, took place on the 29th of September, in the Indian Seas, at a place called the Hooghley. The vessel had on board 100,000 rupees, which unfortunately went down with her, and she is expected to be a total loss. The remaining loss, that of the Abeona, of New Ross, happened while on her passage from that port to Waterford, with a cargo of timber. The ship was totally destroyed, and her crew were saved by another vessel, which has since landed them at Liverpool.

ANECDOTE OF A SAILOR.

A BRITISH sailor, who had both his legs shot off while the Minerve lay under the fire of the batteries at Cherbourg, in 1803, was carried to the cockpit. Waiting for his turn to be dressed, he heard the cheers of the crew on deck, and eagerly demanded what they meant. He was told that the ship was off the shore, and would soon be clear of the forts.

"Then d—n the legs!" exclaimed the poor fellow, and taking his knife from his pocket, he cut the remaining muscles which attached them to him, and joined in cheers with the rest of his comrades. When the ship was taken, he was placed in a boat to be conveyed to the hospital; but, determined not to outlive the loss of liberty, he slackened his tourniquets, and bled to death.

A SMUGGLER'S ADVENTURES.

IN September I went to sea with some friends to take up some kegs which we had sunk; and it being night, a preventive boat came close up to us before we saw her. One of the men then laid hold of the out-rigger, but by a sudden jerk I shook his hand off from it, and put our boat out of their grasp. Having no sail, they were obliged to take to their oars; they then chased and fired at us, but a fine breeze springing up, the longer they pursued the more we left them astern. Finding their efforts useless, they gave up the chase, and we got safe on shore.

In the month of November I had a boat which came home, and having sunk her goods, was driven on shore; and just after this misfortune took place, another boat which belonged to me was stranded on Stapen sands, where she was dashed to pieces, and the greater part of the goods became the prey of the inhabitants. In the same month I went to Weymouth, and took all the money I could collect, and paid to my merchants. While I was there, the Lyme packet, bound for Guernsey, with passengers, drove in, in consequence of a gale of wind; and the captain getting drunk on Saturday, which was the day on which he had appointed to sail, all the passengers left him.

On Sunday he put to sea, and myself and one of my partners went with him to Cherbourg, where we took a cargo on board, with which we returned as passengers in the same vessel. When we came under Salcombe hill, which was in about fourteen hours, we hove the boat out, and a boy that was with us and myself went into her to try to get on shore, but the surf was so great near the beach, that we found it impossible to land; and on going off again with the intention of returning to the vessel, we could not find her through the haziness of the weather. We then made another attempt at landing; the first sea we saved, but seeing there was great danger from the second, I jumped overboard, and swam to the shore; and upon looking round, had the satisfaction to find that the boy also had escaped, but the boat had capsized. We then went forward to Sidmouth as fast as possible, where we found some of the men belonging to the packet who had come on shore, and I sent them after the boat.

The next morning, about the dawn of the day, we saw the packet about a mile off from land, and I was informed she had sunk about one hundred and twenty kegs. Soon after this the captain and the crew became intoxicated, in consequence of which they ran alongside the Scourge cutter, and were taken.

When the capture took place, some of the men were in the act of throwing the remaining part of the cargo overboard; one lot of the kegs was picked up by the people belonging to the Scourge floating on the waves, and when they came on board the packet, they found the captain and two of the sailors quite drunk. The crew then being promised a reward, turned informers. The first lot of goods consisted of about six-score kegs, which the Scourge took up, and proceeded with them to Exmouth.

When they got over the bar, my partner and the master of the packet gave information respecting the rest of the cargo, which the cutter likewise took up, and the captain of the Scourge then gave the money which he had promised to my partner and the master of the packet, which they shared between them. They were afterwards taken before the magistrates at Exeter, and my partner, being a passenger, was set free; but the captain and one of his men were sent to gaol.

After doing me all the injury they could, in the manner I have described, they then swore that the goods belonged to me, and that I was the sole proprietor of them, though I was only a passenger (the same as my partner was, who was cleared), and on shore at the time when the vessel and cargo were taken. Of all these particulars I was afterwards informed, but the information did not reach me till it was too late to be of any particular benefit to me, as will be seen in the sequel.

About a fortnight after this melancholy catastrophe I went to sea in a large open boat, with another man and two of my sons. Off Salterton we fell in with the Scourge cutter, and not knowing what had been said of me, but being suspicious that

all had not been right, I used my utmost endeavours to get away from her; but as she perceived us, she gave chase, and fired upon us the whole eighteen cannon-shots. When we got on shore we found several men from the cutter had arrived there before, and were waiting for us. They said that the captain had given them orders to detain my boat, to which I replied they should not; and I immediately took up a large stone and hove it into the boat, with an intention to stave her; but in consequence of their superior numbers, and being armed with authority, they at last, however, accomplished their point, and having taken the boat they towed her into Topsham, where she was laid up in the mud. By this means I was kept out of employ till the end of December, having no other boat to go to sea in; which was a great injury to myself and family, particularly at this period, as my circumstances, through the numerous and heavy losses which I had met with, were now in a very declining state.

An anecdote, told by a German naturalist, of a beaver, is wonderful. He declares he saw a beaver weeping over the crown of an old hat. Soon another beaver approached it, and she cried more piteously than the first: then a number of young beavers, attracted by their sobs, came running up, and they all cried too. He accounts for this by saying, that the hat, being made of beaver, the animals had evidently recognised in it the skin of one of their own kindred. "Who can say," he asks, "whether this very hat was not to them the sad remains of an affectionate son—the only remembrance of a favourite brother?"

NAUTICAL ANATOMIST.

BY T. DIBDIN.

Jack Jigger, a curious and whimsical tar, of a sort of a genus was Jack; One day with the French in a bit of a spar,

By a small shot was taken aback; It shiver'd his fingers, and splinter'd the bone, And the arm about pretty well knock'd; "Now," cried he, with a d—n instead of a groan,

"I suppose I must go and be dock'd." The surgeon, with feeling, made Jack understand That the arm must come off. Why, then, brother, Man the nippers and knife, for we tars understand, In misfortune to serve one another.

As he saw in his berth, in the cockpit below, That blood which his messmates had spilt; Of the doctor poor Jack was vast curious to know In what manner a seaman was built.

The surgeon held forth about art'ries and veins, About muscles, and sinews and limbs; While Jack all his lingo took in with great pains, His mouth open, and staring his gums.

And as he replied to each curious demand, Call'd the doctor a friend and a brother; And swore that all weathers, all tars bear a hand Just only to serve one another.

Why, if this is the maxim, by all that I see, A man's built just the same as a ship; From the keel, the backbone, to the tops and cross trees, To take in life's ocean a trip. A muscle and sinew's a brace and a stay, And as for men's fears and their hopes, They're for the masts, and the fibres his frame that belay, ed Running rigging, and all the small ropes.

And as all in their station to fill understand, Take the part of a friend or a brother; To their duty turn in, and like tars lend a hand, Just only to serve one another.

His senses and feeling, his lingo and wit,

The complement make of his crew;

And ships knock'd about must come in to refit,

All as one as I now come to you;

Then as ships by the wind, if a breeze or a gale,

Venture either for life or for death;

So a man through the ocean of life could not sail,

Were he not kept afloat by his breath;

And as men who sail under Ma'am Fortune's command,

Are all kind like a friend or a brother;

So from cables to ratlines the ropes lend a hand,

Just only to serve one another.

The heart is the rudder, the bowsprit the head;

Ship and man at fair weather rejoice;

Man struggles through life, just like heaving the lead;

The bold speaking trumpet's the voice,

And when wore to a hulk, or by storms took aback,

To the dogs fate has emptied his can;

The lot of all vessels, as well as poor Jack,

The ship founders and so does the man.

Let each man that sails under heaven's command,

Still turn out a friend and a brother;

And faithful to honour, like tars lend a hand,

Just only to serve one another.

LORD ST. VINCENT'S REMEDY FOR OBESITY.

A LIEUTENANT one day came on board Lord St. Vincent's ship to answer a signal. His lordship thought there was about him too much *embonpoint* for an officer of that rank. "Calder," said he to his captain of the fleet, "all the lieutenants are running to belly; they have been too long at anchor (for the fleet was still off Cadiz): block up the entering port, except for admirals and captains, and make them climb over the hammocks."

The entering-port of a three-decked ship is on the middle-deck, or second tier of guns from the water, and the difference between going into that, and climbing over the hammocks, may be compared to entering the drawing-room at the balcony window, or mounting up to the parapet, and taking the attic by storm. There was also a great inconvenience and expense attending this painful operation, namely, that whereas in those days, all officers wore white knee-breeches, or shorts, as they were called, the consequence was, that many useful garments, which could not so readily be replaced, were torn and spoiled in this attempt at juvenile activity; and also many oaths were sworn by young and thoughtless men, which, but for this needless exertion, would probably never have been elicited.

FAR, FAR AT SEA.

ANECDOTE OF A SAILOR.

'Twas at night when the bell had tolled twelve, And poor Susan was laid on her pillow, In her ear whispered some fleeting elve, Your love is now tossed on a billow.

All was dark! as she woke out of breath, Not an object her fear could discover; All was still as the silence of death, Saye fancy, which painted her lover.

So she whispered a prayer, closed her eyes, But the phantom still haunted her pillow; Whilst in terror she echoed his cries, As struggling, he sunk in the billow,

Far, far at sea.

Far, far at sea.

Far, far at sea.

BURNING OF THE LUXBOROUGH GALLEY.

THE narrative which we are about to give, is taken from a statement drawn up and authenticated by the signature of one of the survivors, a gentleman, whose station and character would be sufficient guarantee for its correctness, if indeed the simplicity of the tale did not give it the impress of truth, that gentleman, Mr. William Beys, was a native of Deal, in Kent, and descended from one of the most respectable families in the county. When only fourteen years of age, he went to sea, and, after serving ten years, in the navy, embarked as second-mate in the ship *Luxborough Galley*, of 26 guns, and 340 tons, employed by the South Sea Company for supplying Spanish America with slaves and European goods

under the Assiento contract. After escaping, in the manner we are about to narrate, from the wreck of his vessel, he again entered the royal navy, and was constantly employed at sea during nearly thirty years, passing through different gradations, of rank until he was commissioned to wear the broad pennant, as commodore, on board the *Royal Sovereign* of 100 guns, and was appointed commander-in-chief of his Majesty's ships in the Thames and Medway. In 1761, he was made lieutenant-governor of Greenwich Hospital, and died in 1774, while holding that appointment. Three of his grandchildren, who have distinguished themselves in the naval annals of the country, now bear commissions as admirals in the service.

"On the 23d of May, 1727," says Mr. Beys in his narrative "we sailed from Jamaica to London, and on the 25th of



BURNING OF THE LUXBOROUGH GALLEY AT SEA, AND SUFFERINGS OF THE SURVIVORS AMONG THE CREW.

June, were in latitude 41 deg. 45 min. north, and longitude 20 deg. 30 min. east, from Crooked Island. About half an hour past noon, the captain's cook discovered flames of fire through the lining of the fore-castle, and ran in consternation to the quarter-deck to give the alarm. At the same instant, the head of a puncheon of rum burst out with an explosion resembling the report of a cannon, which at once alarmed the whole ship's company. It appeared that two black boys had been sent by the steward to the store-room to draw off a bottle of rum, and observing some liquor on the deck, out of an unhappy curiosity, to discover whether it were spirit or water, for the water-casks were all there, had put their candle to it, and in an instant the whole was in a blaze. Finding themselves unable to extinguish the flame, they left the place

and hid themselves. The third-mate, the surgeon, the carpenter, and myself, got forward immediately, ripped off the tarpauling, opened the fore-hatchway, and then saw the lazaretto, or store-room, in a liquid fire. We went below and endeavoured to stifle the flame with swabs, rugs, blankets, our own clothes, and things of that sort; but finding all our efforts in this way ineffectual, we set the pump to work, in the head, whence the water was handed down to us. In the meantime, the captain indiscreetly ordered a scuttle to be cut through the deck of the fore-castle, with a view to pour water directly on the fire; but this made the flames rage with redoubled violence, and the whole fore-castle was soon in a blaze. We who were below, finding the fire to increase very much upon us, desired the people on deck to get out

the boats while we would still endeavour to quench the flames, which they promised to do ; but when we could stay no longer below, for the great heat, and came upon deck, we found not the least preparation made to hoist out the boats, the captain and the greatest part of the crew being on the quarter-deck crying to God for help, without using any means to save themselves. When I afterwards questioned the captain, in the boat, as to the cause of this inactivity, he told me they expected every moment the powder would take fire and blow up the ship. This powder was directly under the scuttle where the fire was raging, a circumstance we did not think of, or we might have done as they did. I immediately endeavoured to persuade the people that the boats were our only resource, and proceeded myself to prepare and apply the tackle to the yawl. I was hoisted out in this boat, by

desire of the chief-mate, for fear, when she should be in the water, the men should run away with her before the long-boat could be got out. As she was lowering down, he handed me the oars, one of which fell overboard, so we had but three. By the time she was in the water, there were seven or eight men in her, whom I entreated to return to the ship again in order to get out the long-boat but they were unwilling to go back, unless I would accompany them ; upon which, I took hold of a rope, and was stepping into the ship, when I observed the captain dropping into the boat. I pressed him to go back with me, but he told me the long-boat's bow was on fire, and at that instant, by a roll of the ship, I perceived the flames coming up the fore-hatchway above the long-boat's bow. At the same time it became necessary to put off the boat, as the people were crowding into her, and there were

then in her twenty-two men and boys. As we passed under the ship's quarter, the captain called to the chief-mate, who was his brother, entreating him to jump into the water and swim to the boat ; but he declined it, saying, it was impossible the boat could swim many minutes, she having then her gunwale nearly even with the water, and the wind blowing very fresh.

"We left sixteen men and boys in the ship, who all perished. They attempted to get out the long-boat, and had in part succeeded, but before they could get her over the side, we saw her bow fall on the deck; probably they could not stand near her for the flames, or the tackle was burned and gave way. In somewhat less than half-an hour after we quitted her, the ship was all on fire as far as the bulk-head of the steerage,

most of the unhappy men being then on the quarter-deck. Shortly after, the whole of this part burst up at once in a flame. The guns went off from time to time as the metal grew hot; but her upper works were wholly destroyed, and nearly three hours elapsed before the gunpowder took fire. The explosion rent her to pieces, and we saw no more of her. Could we have stayed by the ship we probably might have saved some provisions after she blew up, but we were obliged from the first, to put the boat right before the sea with two oars to prevent her filling.

"As soon as our attention was disengaged from the ship, and our comrades on board, we began to reflect on the horrors of our own situation. I came into the boat in my shirt and drawers, having thrown the rest of my clothes upon the

fire. We had not time to take with us a morsel of victuals, or drop of drink; we had neither mast, sail, nor compass, and were at least 120 leagues from the nearest land. It blew and rained hard the first two days and nights, and the sea ran so high, that we were obliged to sit close together abaft, on the gunwale, to keep out the waves. At this time we might have saved a considerable quantity of rain-water, but the apprehension of immediate destruction obliterated every thought of providing for our future wants, and besides, we had no vessels in which it might have been kept.

"On Wednesday it was fine weather, and then, as Providence had so wonderfully preserved us hitherto, we began to entertain some hope of deliverance, and contrived to make a sail, by sewing together three frocks and a shirt, with a sail-needle and some twine, which fortunately were in the pocket of one of the black boys. The broken blade of an oar, found in the boat, formed a tolerable yard. One of the oars served for a mast. The haulyards were formed of our garters, which were converted likewise into a tack and a sheet. We then ripped up the bottom-boards, under which we found several nails. A caulking-mallet was likewise discovered, and we were enabled to nail the boards to the gunwale, where the boat was straight, by way of wash-streak, and where she founded abaft, we nailed slips of the men's frocks, all which answered bravely.

"Thus equipped, we hoisted our sail and steered as well as we could to the northward, knowing Newfoundland to be in that quarter; for on the day the ship was burnt, I had worked my day's work, and pricked off my reckoning on the draught, and I took particular notice of our bearing and distance from Newfoundland. We judged of our course a few days by the sun, the stars, and the captain's watch, which went pretty well; but afterwards it proved foggy, and we could not then judge which way we went.

"On the 5th day it blew a storm, and, about noon, when the gale was at its height, and our little boat in the utmost jeopardy, it was proposed to throw overboard the two black boys who set the ship on fire, in order to lighten the boat, which I opposed strongly; but, at the same time, thought it expedient to cast lots and give all an equal chance, which the captain would not consent to. However, we continued to talk of these measures till the evening, when John Horn, who had been delirious with terror from the time we entered the boat, and one of the negro boys, both died, and then, the boat being lightened and the wind abating, we had no further occasion to consider the subject. The next day, in the afternoon, three more died raving, and calling out incessantly for water, as was the case with all who died afterwards; and it was no small fatigue to us to restrain the poor wretches from jumping overboard to cool and refresh themselves in the sea. Our thirst became intolerable. Every one but the captain, surgeon, and myself, drank sea-water, which, by a false taste, they thought to be quite fresh. We washed our mouths with it, but swallowed none. The sail was frequently lowered, and drained of every drop of moisture we could wring from it; then we sucked it all over, as we did every one his neighbour's clothes when wet with fogs or rain. Twice we saved some water, to the quantity, on the whole, of about three-quarters of a pint a-piece; but these sparing and irregular supplies availed but little to alleviate the torments of thirst under which we languished.

"The sensation of hunger was not so urgent, but we all saw the necessity of recruiting our bodies with some more substantial nourishment, and it was at this time we found ourselves impelled to adopt the horrible expedient of eating part of the bodies of our dead companions, and drinking their blood. Our surgeon, Mr. Serimsour, a man of the utmost humanity, first suggested the idea, and, resolute to set us an example, ate the first morsel himself; but, at the second mouthful, turned his face away from as many as he could and wept. With great reluctance we brought ourselves to try different parts of the bodies of six, but could relish only the hearts, of which we ate three. We drank the blood of four. By cutting the throat a little while after death, we collected a little more than a pint from each body. Here I cannot but mention the particular respect shown by the men to the

officers; for the men who were employed in the melancholy business of collecting the blood in a pewter basin that was in the boat, and the rest of the people, would never touch a drop till the captain, surgeon, and myself, had taken as much as we thought proper. And I can truly affirm, we were so affected by this strong instance of their regard that we always left them a larger share than of right belonged to them. This expedient, so shocking in relation, and so distressing to us in the use, was undoubtedly the means of preserving those who survived, as we constantly found ourselves refreshed and invigorated by this nourishment, however unnatural.

"We often saw birds flying over our heads, and fish playing round the boat's stern, which we strove to catch with our hat-bands knotted together, and a pin for a hook, baited with a piece of the dead men's bodies; but with all our contrivance, could not catch either fish or bird.

"On the 7th day our number was reduced to twelve. At night the wind came up moderately at S.S.E., as we judged, and increased till it blew a storm, which continued, with very thick weather, till about four the next morning, when it cleared up, and we found the wind to be about N.N.E., still blowing hard, and the sea breaking in a tremendous manner all around us; but it pleased kind Providence that no very heavy seas struck the boat, which must have occasioned instant destruction, though we shipped as much water as we could manage to bail out. During the gale we were obliged to scud before the wind, which carried us much out of our way, and greatly diminished our expectation of reaching land. Our only hope was to be seen and taken up by some vessel, if the weather should be clear, which, indeed, was seldom the case. When foggy, and in the night, we frequently made as loud a noise as we could, that we might be heard by any passing vessel. In the day-time, our deluded fancies often represented to us the forms of ships so plain and near us that we called to them a long time before we were undeceived; and, in the night, by the same delusion—the effect, probably, of fever—we heard bells ring, dogs bark, cocks crow, and men talk, on board of ships close to us; and blamed these phantoms for their cruelty in not attending to our distresses.

"On the 5th and 6th of July, three more of our company died. In the afternoon of the 6th, we found a dead duck, which was green and not sweet: but we ate it, and heartily praised God for it, though in a happier situation it would have been an object offensive and disgusting.

"July 7th, in the forenoon, we took a formal leave of one another, and lay down in the bottom of the boat with a dead body, which we tried, but had not strength, to throw overboard, never expecting to get up again. We covered ourselves with the sail, which we had lowered some time before, through despair of its being of further use to us. After a while, finding myself uneasy, and wanting to change my posture, about one in the afternoon, I laid my hand on the gunwale to raise myself a little, and, in the act of turning, thought I saw land, but said nothing till I was perfectly satisfied of its reality, having frequently suffered the most grievous disappointments in mistaking fog-banks for land. When I cried out 'Land! land!' and we were all convinced that it was so, good God, what were our emotions and exertions! From the lowest state of desponding weakness, we were at once raised to extacy, and with a degree of vigour that was astonishing to ourselves, we hoisted the sail immediately. The boatswain, who was the strongest man in the boat, crawled to the stern and took the tiller. Two others found strength to row, from which we had desisted the four preceding days, through weakness. At four o'clock another man died, and we managed to throw both the bodies overboard.

"The land, when I first discovered it, was about six leagues off. The wind was favourable, and, with sail and oars, we were three or four knots. About six o'clock we perceived some shallows in with the land. We steered for the nearest, and came up with her about half-past seven, just as she was getting under sail to carry in her fish. We hallooed to them as loud as we could, and they lowered their sail to wait for us; but, when we were close on board, to our great grief and astonishment, they hoisted their sail again and were going to leave us; our most

however, were so piteous and expressive, that they soon brought-to and took us in tow. They mistook us for Indians, or, rather, as they told us, did not know what to think of us, our whole aspect was so unaccountably dismal and horrible. They gave us biscuit and water, but the latter only was acceptable, having totally lost our appetite for solid food.

"At about eight in the evening, we got on shore in Old St. Lawrence Harbour, on the western side of Placentia Bay, in Newfoundland, and were most kindly treated. They made chowder (a mess made with the heads of codfish) for us, and gave us beer made of the tops of juniper, fermented with molasses. We lay all night before a large fire, expecting a good night's rest, but could get very little sleep on account of the violent pains all over us. Captain Killaway died about three o'clock in the morning, having been speechless thirty-six hours before. Our bodies were soon covered over with boils and sores, and it was eleven days before any of us could walk abroad.

"On the 20th of July we left St. Lawrence Harbour, and got to Placentia on the 24th, with our little boat astern, in which we went on board the Ludlow Castle, a man-of-war, commanded by Captain John St. Loo, who entered us immediately for victuals, and gave us leave to live on shore at the kind invitation of the governor, who paid for the board of the surgeon and me at the tavern, and sent the rest to the barracks, where they were taken good care of, and recovered fast. When I told Captain St. Loo of the number of persons who came from the Luxborough in one boat, he knew not how to give credit to my story; and one calm morning he ordered as many men as could be safely stowed in her to be carried on shore, when they could crowd no more than twenty into her with any prospect of working the boat. But, alas! we were forced to lie on one another, at first, in the most uneasy situation, till death made room for us. On the 4th of September, five of us (one went to New England) sailed for Biddeford, and arrived safely there on the 1st of October, after escaping great danger from the crazy state of the vessel. At Barnstable, the mayor paid our horse-hire to Ilfracombe. From thence we went by water to Bristol, where the merchants on 'Change collected money for our fare to London in the stage-coach, at which place we arrived on the 14th of October.

"The boat in which we were saved was sixteen feet long, five feet three inches broad, and two feet three inches deep, pretty sharp for rowing well, and made to row with four oars."

For the whole of his after life, Mr. Boys was accustomed annually to commemorate his escape by acts of private devotion, and an almost total abstinence from food during twelve successive days, beginning with the 25th of June, and besides adopted as a motto to his armorial bearings, the legend, "From fire, water, and famine, preserved by Providence."

SHIPWRECK OF THE SAN JUAN PRINCIPE, A PORTUGUESE FRIGATE, OFF GIBRALTAR, IN 1807.

THE feelings of admiration will be powerfully excited by a perusal of the following letter, which was written from Gibraltar, by Mr. Alexander Wilson, son of Mr. Wilson, watch-maker in Kelso; and, while admiring the heroism which he displayed in the melancholy circumstances which called it forth, the reader will be pleased with the simplicity and modesty which characterize the narrative.

"Gibraltar, April 19, 1807.

"On Sunday the 5th inst. I witnessed a scene of horror I never can forget. A Portuguese frigate, the San Juan Principe, Captain R. J. F. Lobo, was reported to be wrecked on the east coast, about four miles from the Spanish lines. About eight o'clock in the morning, I could plainly perceive with a glass the vessel dismasted, with a great number of men on board. A friend of mine, Mr. Masser, and I, immediately took horse, and arrived on the beach about nine. We found that the ship had almost at that instant gone to pieces, and about two hundred

men were floating on the fragments of the wreck, and driving towards the mouth of a small river, which was swelled by the late rains. At the same time a most tremendous sea set in, which had raised a bank of sand at its mouth. A number of Spaniards were looking on. I instantly plunged into the river, and found I could ford it about shoulder deep. Mr. Masser followed me, and four or five Spaniards imitated our example. For two hours we were employed in snatching from a watery grave the unfortunate creatures, who were clinging to pieces of timber, and dashing every moment upon the bank of sand, and upon each other. I with great difficulty saved Captain Lobo, he was driving upon a piece of the vessel, almost exhausted, and senseless; the next breaker, in all probability, would have been his end. I dragged out the second captain, and shortly after a lieutenant, who expired, on my landing him on the beach; I likewise saved a midshipman, as did Mr. Masser, the purser; these are all the officers saved. The crew consisted of three hundred and fifteen, out of which there are a hundred and sixteen survivors.

"I pledge my word, more than two-thirds of that number owe their lives to Mr. Masser's exertions and my own. One officer and four men died in my arms, from being bruised and exhausted before I could land them. Many a poor fellow we were obliged to let go, from the quantity of wood driving in every direction, and saw them dashed to pieces on the sand. The sight was most dreadful, but the cause we were embarked in nerved our arms. About half-past twelve, nine of the unhappy sufferers remained on the last piece of the wreck. Many about this time arrived from the garrison, and, with their assistance, four of them were got ashore. Mr. Masser and myself had many hair-breadth escapes; he was, at one time, swept from his feet by a breaker; I was most fortunately near him, and, making a dash, caught hold of his coat as he was floating into the surge, and by the assistance of one of the Spaniards saved him and a sailor. I was, as you may suppose, very poorly for some time, from the bruises and over exertion; but I am now recovered." After detailing a number of more minute particulars, the writer concludes his letter with the following apostrophe:—"God grant that I may never witness so melancholy a sight again; but, should that be my fate, God grant I may have it in my power to be equally serviceable!"

THE BATTLE OF THE NILE.

NELSON's attack, like the dread lightning's blast,
Rends the proud hull, and rives the tow'ring mast!
Whole sheets of flame on Gallia's host are driv'n,
And vengeance thunders to approaching heaven!
That impious race, who dared deny their God,
Now feel the scourge of his avenging rod;
Mad from despair, they plunge into the wave,
And seek the refuge of a wat'ry grave.
One tow'ring ship, the Gallic admiral's boast!
Enwrap't in flames, illumines all the coast!
A blazing Pharos, it appeared to be,
Emerging from the bosom of the sea!
'Till with a blast which seemed to rend the skies,
The mighty bulwark into atoms flies!
A dreadful wreck! that covers half the flood,
And dyes thy waters, Nile, with Gallic blood—
An awful silence stills the lurid air,
And horror checks the howlings of despair,
The foe, now finding all resistance vain,
Struck his proud flag, and yielded up the main;
While Arabs, witness of the Gaul's defeat,
With shouts of triumph hail the British fleet.
As long as Egypt's pyramids shall stand,
Long as the Nile shall fertilize her land;
So long the voice of never-dying fame,
Shall add to England's glory, Nelson's name.

CAPTURE OF LA PIQUE.

THE hero, whose last service we are about to record, was descended from a family whose name stands pre-eminent in the naval annals of our country, during the last two centuries. From the circumstances which preceded and attended the action in which Captain Faulknor lost his life, it may well be deemed a pitched battle; and among our records of single-handed naval engagements, there is scarcely one deserving a higher place in our estimation than this.

On the 5th of January, 1795, the *Blanche* frigate, of thirty-two guns, and two hundred and twenty men, discovered a large French frigate coming out of Point-a-Petre, in the island of Guadeloupe. In order to entice her to battle, Captain Faulknor stood as near the enemy's fort as he prudently could, every now and then heaving-to, and filling occasionally. Though the French frigate had come out of Guadeloupe for the express purpose of fighting the *Blanche*, yet the courage and resolution of her captain seems to have wavered when he came in sight of the British frigate. Captain Faulknor, however, was determined not to be baulked in his hopes of a battle: at first he tried whether he could provoke his opponent, by taking possession of a schooner which came out of Guadeloupe; finding that the enemy was not disposed to prevent him from making this capture, and despairing of his leaving the protection of the fort, while he continued in sight, he stood off towards the island of Marigante. When the day began to close, he stretched towards Dominica; and between these two islands, he perceived the frigate, about two leagues astern. He immediately made sail towards her. The *Blanche* was at this time on the starboard tack, and the enemy on the larboard. As they passed each other on these different tacks, they exchanged broadsides. In half an hour afterwards, the *Blanche* having got within musket shot, the enemy wore, with an intention to rake her. Captain Faulknor, however, aware of his design, by wearing his ship at the same time, not only prevented it from taking effect, but actually succeeded in bringing the *Blanche* close alongside the French frigate. The action now commenced with the most desperate fury on both sides. Captain Faulknor determined that the enemy should not escape, and that it should be a pure trial of resolution and bravery, ordered the *Blanche* to be laid across her opponent's bows; and when in this situation he himself lashed the bowsprit to the capstern. While on the bowsprit, he was much exposed to the musketry from the deck of the French frigate; but at this time he escaped unhurt. As the two vessels were so close to each other, very few guns could be used by either; the engagement was, therefore, principally kept up by musketry from the tops, and by the quarter-deck guns. The enemy perceiving that the deck of the *Blanche* was much encumbered by the fall of her masts and rigging, attempted to effect a boarding: in this attempt they were repulsed with considerable slaughter. Soon afterwards, the enemy's frigate got

clear of the *Blanche*, and dropped astern; as the latter was in no condition to have pursued her, Captain Faulknor again had recourse to the plan of lashing them together; and in order that it might be done this time more effectually, he ordered a hawser to be got up, with which he fastened the French frigate to the quarter of the *Blanche*. While he was superintending and assisting in this, he was shot dead. The officers and crew, instead of being daunted by his loss, were only stimulated and inflamed to greater feats of bravery. His place in the command of the ship was ably and meritoriously filled by Lieutenant Watkins, who continued the fight with increased obstinacy. He got up another hawser, and again secured the enemy by her bowsprit abreast of his starboard quarter; and after thus securing her, he payed off before the wind, dragging his antagonist after him. The marines still kept up a constant fire of musketry into her, which was afterwards seconded by the two aftermost main-deck guns run out at the stern-ports. In order to bring these guns to bear, the English were obliged to blow away their upper transom beam, as the ports could not be made large enough by the carpenters to admit the guns being run out.

The engagement lasted in this manner till five o'clock, when the enemy hailed that she had struck. As neither of the frigates had a single boat but what was shattered to pieces, the second lieutenant of the *Blanche* and ten men jumped overboard, swam to the enemy, and took possession of her. She proved to be *La Pique*, of forty guns, and four hundred and sixty men; her loss amounted to seventy-six killed, and one hundred and ten wounded. The loss of the *Blanche* was very small compared with that of the enemy, and considering the length and obstinacy of the engagement; besides Captain Faulknor, seven were killed and twenty-one wounded.

The death of this brave officer made a considerable impression on the public mind, and the brilliancy of the action in which he fell, was long the theme of his country's praise. On the 6th of May following, an interlude, called "The Death of Captain Faulknor," was performed at Covent Garden Theatre. This subject was also selected by an eminent artist, as well adapted to his genius; and the efforts of his pencil were worthy of this glorious event. The sense which the nation at large entertained of the professional renown of Captain Faulknor, was evinced by the erection of a monument to his memory in Saint Paul's Cathedral, with the following inscription

THIS MONUMENT
Was voted by his Country,
TO CAPTAIN ROBERT FAULKNOR,
Commander of His Majesty's Ship *Blanche*,
Whose ancestors had, without cessation,
Served with glory in the British Navy
For nearly two centuries;
And who himself fell on the 5th of January, 1795,
When engaging *La Pique*,
Of superior force,
Which was afterwards captured by the *Blanche*.



SITUATION OF THE SHIPS AT THE CLOSE OF THE ACTION.

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CAPTAIN HENRY WHITBY.

THE youngest son of the Reverend Thomas Whitby, was born on July 21, 1781, at Creswell Hall, his father's seat in the county of Stafford, he was related to the late Earl St. Vincent. He went to sea towards the close of the year 1794, or early in 1795, as midshipman, on board the *Excellent*, the Hon. Rear-admiral Cornwallis, whose flag captain, though a very young man, was his brother, Captain John Whitby. While a youngster in the admiral's ship, he so conducted himself, as to gain the approbation and favour of that officer. At the time of his celebrated retreat on June 19, 1795, young Whitby was confined to his hammock with the measles; but no sooner did he learn that some sharp fighting was expected, than he jumped up, and declared that whatever might be the consequence he would stand by his gun, and share the dangers and credit of the day, from which he was prevented by positive orders. On June 4, 1799, he was made lieutenant; and on August 1, he was as much concerned in the ever-memorable engagement off Aboukir, as any person in a frigate could well be. In 1801, he was appointed to the *Leviathan*, Rear-admiral Duckworth, then commanding on the Jamaica station, by whom he was made commander and post captain of the *Proselyte* frigate. That ship being lost on a reef of sunken rocks, and becoming known to the Admiralty, previously to their confirmation of his rank as post captain, he was put back again into the *Leviathan*, as lieutenant. At length he was made commander, and appointed to the *Pelican*, in which ship, unaided, he carried on the blockade of Aux Cayes with such unremitting diligence and activity, as to reduce the inhabitants to a state of famine, and to terms of almost unconditional surrender. On February 6, he was made post. In 1805, we find him at Halifax, in North America, commanding the *Leander*, of 50 guns. In April, 1806, being off Sandy Hook, as senior officer of a squadron, consisting of the *Leander*, *Cambrian*, and *Driver* sloop of war, with instructions to examine all vessels, a man on board one of the American coasters was said to be killed by a shot from the *Leander*, as about that time the squadron were firing, to bring to some homeward-bound American merchantmen, which fearing the result of search, obstinately persisted in their course. An uproar of a most violent kind ensued in America: they demanded Captain Whitby from our government, to try him by their own laws: it was finally resolved that he should be tried by a court-martial, for the wilful murder of this man, John Pierce, for the violation of the rights of a neutral state, in amity with Great Britain. Accordingly, on April 16, 1807, he was tried at Portsmouth and acquitted. The president, Admiral Montague, returned him his sword, with this full assurance, "that it had never been stained in his hands." To soothe the Americans, however, he was refused employment. In November 1808, Captain Whitby obtained intelligence from a most authentic source, that the man, John Pierce, for whose murder he had been tried, and though acquitted, had been kept unemployed, had not been killed by a shot from the *Leander*, or from any one of the squadron then acting under his orders. He communicated this intelligence to the first lord of the Admiralty, and, through the secretary of state, to the American minister, resident in London. By him it was admitted, that no objection any longer existed to the *cidevant* captain of the *Leander* being brought into active service against the enemies of his country. In February 1809, he, therefore, received a commission for the *Cerberus*, of 32 guns; and in this ship, in company with Captain Hoste, of the *Amhion*, he put the seal to his naval fame in the action off the island of Lissa. On his arrival in England, he was presented by the first lord of the admiralty with a gold medal and ribbon, and promised the Briton, a new frigate, shortly to be launched. In April, 1812, he attended the launch at Chatham, and commissioned her a few days after. Scarcely had he performed this business, which he regarded as leading to an accession of glory, when he was arrested by a painful disease, to which he had been long occasionally subject, and, on May the 5th, he died, in the thirty-first year of his age.

WRECK OF THE SCOTIA, AND NARROW ESCAPE FROM DROWNING OF TWENTY-FOUR MEN.

LIVERPOOL, Dec. 14, 1839.—At a late hour this evening we have been furnished with highly interesting details of the preservation of twenty-four human beings from a watery grave, through the admirable conduct of Captain Collins, commander of the ship *Roscius*, which arrived here this day. The facts are furnished by an intelligent passenger. It appears that on the 5th of December, p.m., Captain Collins fell in with the wreck of a ship called the *Scotia*, bound from Quebec to Glasgow, burden 600 tons, laden with timber, water-logged, in lat. 46, long. 30. On seeing signals of distress flying, they altered their course, and bore down upon her, and on the *Roscius* approaching her, Captain Collins hailed her, and the answer was, "We are water-logged, with 17 feet water in the hold." The prompt reply of Captain Collins was, "Put out your boats if you want to come on board." A cheer from the people of the sinking vessel followed, and the thrilling cry arose as of men in the extremest peril suddenly restored to life and hope. Every person was instantly on the poop, and an effort was made to approach the *Scotia*, but the water-logged vessel was quite unmanageable. She pitched heavily, as if she would have gone down headlong as the seas swept over her. Her masts had been cut away to ease her, and the poop deck, where the crew were congregated, seemed the only place of safety left them. In attempting to near, she staggered down upon the *Roscius*, which was compelled to make sail to get out of the way. The sea was then very heavy. The *Roscius* again lay to about a mile from the *Scotia*. Night came on, and the unfortunate vessel was then lost sight of altogether. About six o'clock Captain Collins hoisted a lantern, and the light was immediately answered by the *Scotia*; it was the general opinion that one of the boats had put off, and had been swamped, and that the survivors had determined to wait till the morning before another attempt was made; but this conjecture happily proved unfounded. Indeed it seemed impossible for any to live in such a sea.

It is impossible sufficiently to commend the conduct of Captain Collins; his anxiety to reach Liverpool before the steamer which was to have sailed six days after us, made every moment of importance; we had, moreover, seventy steerage passengers, and twenty-one in the cabin; and to forego taking advantage of a fair wind, and to lay to for a night in a heavy sea, with every appearance of an approaching gale, was a determination which, I greatly fear, many a master of a ship would have found difficult in coming to.

Captain Collins, however, made this resolution prompt, and without any expression of impatience at the detention it occasioned. His only observation was, "We must stay by the poor devils at all events, till morning, we can't leave them to perish there, d—n it." May we hope, when "the accusing spirit flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath, and blushed as he gave it in, the recording angel, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever?" At seven p.m. cheering was heard in the direction of the *Scotia*; the people we supposed, had taken to the boats, and had then left the sinking vessel; in the course of an hour, the long-boat of the *Scotia*, filled with men, was on our lee quarter. By the admirable arrangements which were then made by Captain Collins for rescuing them, the men were taken on board without the least accident. This boat brought eighteen; the captain and five men still remained on board, and were preparing to put off in the jolly-boat. No little anxiety was felt for the safety of this small boat; in the course of half an hour, however, she was seen, and with two oars only, she gained the *Roscius*, and the captain and his five men were soon taken on board. To the credit of the master of the *Scotia*, he, Captain Jeans, was the last man to leave the sinking ship. The anxiety expressed by the men in the first boat for the safety of the captain, and, indeed, the terms in which the whole of his people, then and subsequently, spoke of Captain Jeans, showed how highly he was respected and esteemed by his crew, and, if he had not been so, he would probably not have kept his ship afloat so long as he had done.

Nor was the anxiety of Captain Jeans for the safety of his crew less manifest: the first question he asked, on coming on board the *Roscius*, was, "Are all my people safe?" The captain and crew were all Scotch, and their conduct throughout reflected no discredit on their country, when they came on board they were worn out with continual exertion. The men had been night and day at the pumps since the previous Tuesday: and, exhausted as they were, they turned to, and did duty with our crew; and no sooner were the boats cast adrift than there was ample occasion for their services, a violent gale from the north-east set in, which must have rendered it utterly impossible for the people to have taken to their boats, and the violence of which, on the following day, must have been inevitably fatal, for it would have been impossible to have kept the pumps going, and the sea already, even before the gale from the north-east set in, was making a clear breach over her, and threatening to carry away her poop cabin, the last place of refuge left for the poor people of the *Scotia*, except the top, where they had already stowed water and provisions, in the momentary expectation of being compelled to abandon the deck: and thus, providentially, were twenty-four human beings preserved from a watery grave.

LOSS OF THE QUEEN EAST INDIAMAN, BY FIRE ON THE COAST OF BRAZIL, IN THE YEAR 1806.

A FEW days after the unfortunate loss of the *Queen*, an officer belonging to the *Kent* Indiaman, transmitted the following account of that event, in a letter to one of his friends in England.

"We should have left this place ere now, but for a melancholy accident which has befallen the *Queen* Indiaman, which had put in here with us a few days since, for want of water. On the 9th of July, between two and three o'clock, a.m. our officer, who had the watch on deck, discovered a smoke issuing from the gun-room ports of the *Queen*, which was moored a little way from us. Immediately we called the captain and officers; for although no alarm was given from the *Queen*, yet, as she was evidently on fire, every exertion was made to man our boats with the fire engines, buckets, &c. for their assistance; but, within a few minutes of our discovering the smoke, she was completely in flames from stern to bow; and, in a few minutes more, the three masts were overboard. Unfortunately it blew very fresh, and a current of at least three or four knots. This of course rendered it difficult for the boats to get alongside to save the people; and so rapid were the flames, that about thirty soldiers perished below deck, being unable to get up the hatchways. All the officers of the ship were saved; and, fortunately for us, the current carried her clear of the bay, and she drove a considerable distance before she blew up, about seven, a.m. The cause of the fire is not ascertained, as no person had been in the gun-room after eight o'clock; and although several people slept over the gun-room scuttle, the smoke was not discovered till near three o'clock. The scene was dreadful, from the cries of between two and three hundred men, and many perishing in the flames or in the sea. Those saved were almost entirely naked, from being hurried out of their beds. The remaining troops, and all the passengers (about three hundred), proceeded in the *Kent*, to India. There were five ladies; and General St. John and family, were accommodated by the captain of the *Kent* with his cabin apartment.

"Most of the passengers, Captain Craig, and some of the officers, were ashore at the time. Unfortunately six of the passengers, and seventy of the crew perished. The first mate, Mr. John Craig, was on board, and did not leave the ship till the very last moment, after having done everything that it was possible for a man to do. The only way in which this dreadful disaster could be accounted for is, that immediately upon the arrival of the *Queen* at St. Salvador, a guard of Portuguese were sent on board, to prevent, as they said, smuggling; and a gun-boat, at the same time, was laid alongside of her, the crew of which kept a fire of wood constantly burning; some of it, it is supposed, they threw in at the scuttle hole of the gun-room.

"Among the unfortunate sufferers on board, was Edward Mayne, Esq., jun., of Powis Lodge, in Scotland, writer in the service of the Hon. East India Company. When just about to step into the boat, which was to carry him from the awful scene, he recollected that there was an unfortunate passenger confined by sickness to his cabin. He flew to rescue him from impending destruction, and in a short time, appeared with the hapless invalid on his shoulders. Alas! it was too late; the boat had put off, and in a few minutes the ship blew up.

The fate of Mr. Smith, was truly deplorable. In endeavouring to get from the ship, one of his arms was jammed between her and a boat alongside. In this dilemma, he intreated some of the people to cut off his arm, that he might join them; which, not being complied with, he contrived to take a pen-knife from his pocket, and put an immediate end to his life, by cutting his throat.

A SHIP OVERWHELMED WITH ICEBERGS.

THE next morning the ice drew more to the northward, and, what was worse, blew fresh, thereby setting the seaward ice down towards the land with more force than had yet been experienced. Shortly after nine, a.m., a fine piece split in two, and the extreme violence of the pressure curled and crumbled the windward ice up in an awful manner, forcing it against the beam fully eighteen feet high. The ship creaked as it were in agony, and, strong as she was, must have been stove and crushed, had not some of the smaller masses been forced under her bottom, and so diminished the strain by actually lifting her bow nearly two feet out of the water. In this perilous crisis steps were taken to have everything in readiness for hoisting out the barge; and without creating unnecessary alarm, the officers and men were called on the quarter-deck, and desired, in case of emergency, to be active in the performance of their duties at the respective stations then notified to them. It was a serious moment for all, as the pressure still continued, nor could we expect much, if any abatement until the wind changed. At noon the weather and our prospects remained the same. The barometer was falling, and the temperature was 56° minus, with unceasing snow. Much ice had been sunk under the bottom, and a doubt existed whether it was not finding its way beneath the lee floe also; for the uplifted ruins, within fifty paces of the weather-beam were advancing slowly towards us like an immense wave fraught with destruction. Resistance would not, could not have been effectual beyond a few seconds; for what of human construction could withstand the impact of an icy continent, driven onward by a furious storm? In the meantime, symptoms, too unequivocal to be misunderstood, demonstrated the intensity of the pressure. The butt-ends began to start, and the copper, in which the galley apparatus was fixed, became creased, sliding doors refused to shut, and leaks found access through the bolt-heads and bull's eyes. On sounding the well, too, an increase of water was reported, not sufficient to excite apprehension in itself, but such as to render hourly pumping necessary. Moved by these indications, and to guard against the worst, I ordered the provisions and preserved meats, with various other necessities, to be got up from below, and stowed on deck, so as to be ready at a moment to be thrown upon the large floe alongside. To add to our anxiety, night closed prematurely, when suddenly, from some unknown cause, the floe which threatened instant destruction, turned so as in a great degree to protect us against an increase of pressure, though, for several hours afterwards, the same creaking and grinding sounds continued, to annoy our ears. The barometer and other instruments, fell with a regularity unprecedented, yet the gale was broken and by night had abated considerably.—*Capt. Back's Narrative.*

SHIPWRECK OF THE JONGE THOMAS.

On the 1st of June, 1773, being Whit-Monday, there arose at the Cape a very high north-west wind, and violent hurricanes and showers of rain. At night, in this storm, the Jonge Thomas, one of the four ships belonging to the company that were still on the road, having lost all her anchors, one after the other, was driven on the sands near the Zoul river, and, in consequence of her heavy lading, parted in two pieces in the middle. The surge arose to an alarming height on the shore, and Zoul river was so swollen as to be almost impassable. It is true, from the middle of May to the middle of August, the company's ships are prohibited from lying in the road, yet it sometimes happens that the governor permits it, in order to avoid the inconveniences of victualling and lading the ships in False Bay. Independently of the loss sustained by the company, as well in the ships as in merchandise, a

number of the crew likewise unfortunately perished on this occasion. They were lost for want of assistance, and met with a deplorable death very near the land. Only sixty-three men escaped; one hundred and forty-nine being unhappily drowned.

The ship had scarcely struck, which happened just at day-break, when the most efficacious measures were employed to save as much as possible of the company's property, that might chance to be thrown on shore, though not the least care was taken to deliver a single soul of the crew from their forlorn and miserable situation. Thirty men were instantly ordered out, with a stripling of a lieutenant, from the citadel to the place where the ship lay, in order to keep a strict look out, and prevent any of the company's effects from being stolen. A gibbet was erected, and an edict issued at the same time, importing, that whoever should come near the spot should be hanged immediately, without trial or sentence being



SHIPWRECK OF THE JONGE THOMAS, A DUTCH EAST INDIAMAN, AT THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE, JUNE 2, 1773.

passed on them. On this account, the compassionate inhabitants, who had gone on horseback to the assistance of the wretched sufferers, were obliged to return, without being able to do them the least service; but, on the contrary, witnessed the brutality and want of feeling evinced on this occasion by certain persons, who did not bestow a thought on affording the least assistance or relief to their fellow-creatures upon the wreck, who were perishing with cold, hunger, and thirst, and almost in the arms of death.

Another circumstance tended to render this otherwise distressing scene still more affecting. Among the crew who were lucky enough to save their lives by swimming from the

wreck, was the gunner, who stripped himself quite naked, in order that he might swim the easier, and had the good luck to come alive to shore, which was not the case with every one that could swim; for many were either dashed to pieces against the rocks, or, by the violence of the surf, carried back again to sea. When he arrived on shore, he found his chest landed before him; but, just as he was going to open it, and take out his greatcoat, the lieutenant who commanded the party drove him away from it, and, though he earnestly begged for leave to take out the clothes necessary for covering his naked and shivering body, and could also prove by the key, fastened, according to the sailor's custom, to his waist,

as well as by his name being cut on the lid of the chest, that it was actually his property, he was, nevertheless, forced to retreat, without effecting his purpose, by this merciless hero, who gave him several smart blows with a cane, on his bare back. After he had passed the whole day naked and hungry, and exposed to the piercing winds, and was going to be taken in the evening to town along with the others, who had been saved from the wreck, he asked leave to take a coat out of his chest, to cover himself with; but this having been previously plundered, he found it empty. On entering the town, where he arrived stark naked, he met with a burgher, who took compassion on his situation, and lent him his greatcoat. Afterwards he, as well as the other unfortunate wretches, were obliged to run about the town, several days together, begging victuals, clothes, and money, till, at length, they received support at the company's expense, and were again taken into its service.

Another action, honourable to humanity, deserves the more to be recorded, as it shews that, at all times, and in all places, there are both kind and considerate people, as well as such who have nothing human but the shape. An old man, of the name of Woltemad, by birth an European, who was at this time a keeper of the beasts at the menagerie, near the garden, had a son in the citadel, who was a corporal, and among the first who had been ordered out to Paarden Island (Horse Island), where a guard was to be placed for the preservation of the wrecked goods. This worthy veteran borrowed a horse, and rode out in the morning, with a bottle of wine and a loaf of bread for his son's breakfast. This happened so early, that the gibbet had not yet been erected, nor the edict posted up to point out to the traveller the nearest way to eternity. The hoary sire had no sooner delivered to his son the refreshments he had brought him, and heard the lamentations of the distressed crew from the wreck, than he resolved to ride his horse, which was a good swimmer, to the wreck, with a view of saving some of them. He repeated this dangerous trip six times more, bringing each time two men alive on shore, and thus saved, in all, fourteen persons. The horse was, by this time, so much fatigued, that he did not think it prudent to venture out again; but the cries and entreaties of the poor wretches on the wreck still increasing, he ventured to take one trip more, which proved so unfortunate that he lost his own life, as, upon this occasion, too many rushed upon him at once, some of them catching hold of the horse's tail, and others of the bridle, by which means the horse, both wearied out, and too heavily laden, turned head over heels, and all were drowned together.

This noble and heroic action of a superannuated old man, shews that a strong rope of lives might probably have been saved, if a great rope had been fastened by one end to the wreck, and by the other to the shore. When the storm and waves had subsided, the ship was found to lie at so small a distance from the land, that one might almost have leaped from her upon shore.

On receiving intelligence of the above event, the East India Directors in Holland ordered one of their ships to be called by the name of Woltemad, after this heroic old man, and the story of his humanity to be painted on the stern; they also enjoined the regency of the Cape to provide for his descendants.

Unfortunately, in the southern hemisphere, all were not impressed with the same sentiments of gratitude. The young corporal, Woltemad, who had been an unavailing witness of his father having sacrificed himself in the service of the company, and of mankind, wished, in vain, to be gratified with his father's situation, humble as it was. Stung with the disappointment, he left that ungrateful country, and went to Batavia, where he died before the news of such a great and unexpected recommendation could reach him.

FATE OF SEVEN DUTCH SEAMEN, 1633-1634.

LOSS OF A DUTCH WHALER, 1639.

Nothing exhibits more strongly the march of maritime improvement than the perfect impunity with which seamen now winter in the inclement climates of the polar circle. The Dutch endeavoured in vain, for a long time, to obtain, by high rewards, volunteers for the purpose of wintering in the icy seas. Science has now shown how easily all the obstacles which are opposed to human life there may be obviated. We have found the Polar Seas in modern times the receptacle of jovial seamen during the coldest season. When the thermometer was 47 degs. below zero, in latitude 74 deg. 45 min., we have heard of our gallant countrymen acting plays to remove the tedium of a darkness some months in duration, when the earth and sea were under the dominion of frost, and there seemed to be no other empire beneath the stars.

Very different was the fate of seven Dutch sailors who volunteered to pass the winter in Mayen's Island on the coast of Greenland, in the year 1634. It appears that the Greenland Company of Holland had determined to obtain all the information they were able respecting these climates, and the nature of the winters there. Some curious discussions had taken place among astronomers, which it was probable might be thus decided. Seven of the boldest and most resolute of the fleet offered their services on the occasion, and were accepted. The names of these men were Outgert Jacobson of Groetbroek, commander of the party; Adrian Martin Carman of Schiedam, clerk; Thaunniss Thaunnissen of Shermerhem, cook; Dick and Peter Peterson of Harlem; Sebastian Gyse of Delfts Haven; and Gerard Beautin of Bruges. Seven other seamen were left at Spitzbergen about the same time, as will be seen in the sequel.

The island called Mayen's Island, and sometimes the Isle of St. Maurice, is situated in 71 degs. of north latitude. It is about fifty miles long, and very narrow, consisting of barren mountains covered with eternal snow, among which one more conspicuous than the rest is called by mariners Beerensberg. The Dutch formerly made this island the head-quarters of their whale-fishery, and drawing from it a very considerable revenue, they were anxious to establish a colony there. Two thousand quintals of oil were shipped off from this island in one season. At present the oil is extracted from the whales on board-ship, the fish being towed alongside and cut up on the sea; formerly this was performed on shore in the most convenient situations near the fishery. Furnaces and huts were built for the accommodation of the people employed, and were annually tenanted during the season for the fishing. The whales have since left the shores of these establishments near which they experienced so harassing a warfare, and the works have been abandoned as useless.

These seven seamen were left upon the island on the twenty-sixth of August, 1633. There was no night at this period, the sun being exceedingly powerful, so that they took off even their shirts, and amused themselves on a hill-side near the huts which they had erected for their abode. They allowed themselves two pounds of tobacco each a week, and a measure of brandy for eleven days was given out at a time. They caught sea-gulls, of which great numbers resorted to the island, and collected all the vegetables they could find for salad. Thus they lived without inconvenience, as far as can be gathered from the narrative of their sufferings, found in their abode, until the end of September, when the weather grew stormy. In the beginning of October their huts were violently shaken by the wind, so that their rest at night was broken; and once they heard a terrible noise for which they could not account. On the eighth of October they had recourse, for the first time, to fires. They found a fine spring of water on the south side of the island.

The winter now approached rapidly. Two whales were cast on shore this month, which they endeavoured to kill with harpoons and lances, but the tide coming in they made their escape. The cold set in so severe they were obliged to shut themselves up in their huts. The arctic bears visited them, and became so numerous, that at night they were afraid to venture out. In the day time they killed several which they roasted for food. These animals were so strong, that after being shot through

and through they would sometimes run off and escape. Snow fell constantly, and a barrel of bear's flesh froze only six feet from the fire.

On the nineteenth of October the sea shore began to be covered with ice. The rays of the sun did not descend more than a foot down the elevation under which they had erected their huts. The ice on the sea augmented constantly. The cold grew so intense that it broke the vessel which held their liquors: at length the sea became frozen as far out as they could see with the naked eye.

The bears continued to visit them, and they now and then succeeded in killing one for provisions. They were obliged to make a large fire where they kept their liquors to prevent their being frozen. The sea-gulls soon disappeared, the water was everywhere frozen too hard for it to be obtained by breaking the ice, and they were obliged to content themselves with snow. After the nineteenth of November the days grew so short that they had scarcely light to read in their tents, and they were in consequence overpowered with melancholy and idleness. The end of this month and the beginning of November, however, it grew so mild that the weather did not appear more severe than it usually is during winter in Holland. On the eighth of December the frost returned. The cold set in again with dreadful severity, and the day, which was only four hours long, was rendered so gloomy by the thickness of the atmosphere, that for the greater part of the month they were obliged to keep within their huts without once going outside.

On the beginning of the new year they enjoyed themselves, as much as circumstances would permit, in celebration of the time, but they did not forget going regularly to prayers. The cold became excessive. The ice, which covered the bay, was heaped up in hillocks. A bear visited them on the thirteenth, which they shot and dragged into their hut, out of which they feared to venture any more for the cold. They had lived long upon salt meat, and the flesh of the bear came opportunely to give them a respite. During the whole of January the snow continued to fall, and the weather was very tempestuous. It continued the same until the middle of February. The bears now no longer approached them, and though the south wind once or twice produced a slight thaw, the north-east which followed it always redoubled the severity of the cold.

In March, the weather continued the same until the end of the second week, when the air became calm, and even agreeable, and they were cheered by the light of the sun, which they had not seen since the first. They fancied that its feeble rays imparted a slight warmth when the wind was south. They succeeded in killing another bear, and the flesh was found to yield great relief. They were now attacked with scurvy, which rendered any fresh meat they could obtain more valuable. The weather was fine during the whole month, and the days became pleasantly serene, but the progress of the scurvy from their bad food was rapidly reducing them. They saw very large whales in great numbers come into the bay.

On the third of April they were so reduced by the scurvy, that only two of their number could stand on their legs, and the two last fowls which they possessed were killed for the sick, in the hope it would refresh and strengthen them. The greater part of the rest of the month the air was very cold, the wind blowing from the north-east, so that there was no leaving their hut. The scurvy began its work of death. On the sixteenth, the clerk, who had kept their journal, died, and the survivors implored Heaven to have mercy on his soul. Rain began to fall, and the prospect of summer, now rapidly approaching, was not sufficient to keep them in spirits or enable them to combat their malady. They daily grew worse. Not one of them could move without excessive pain. No article of fresh provisions was left, and the intense cold still prevailing, hurried on their last hour. The power of warming themselves by exercise, which had hitherto been some relief, was over, and the journal of their sufferings wound up with the following entry, after which the attempt of the dying hand to continue the narrative was attested by the illegible characters with which the only one of them whose hand was capable of using the pen had in vain essayed to close the latest record of their fate. "We are now reduced to so deplorable a state that none of my comrades can help them-

selves, and the whole burden, therefore, lies on my shoulders. I shall perform my duty as long as I am able, and it pleases God to give me strength. I am now about to assist our commander out of his cabin; he thinks it will relieve his pain, he is struggling with death. The night is dark, and the wind blows from the south."

On the twenty-third of April the commander died. On the twenty-seventh, they killed their dog, which afforded them a very poor repast of fresh meat. The night was fine although a little cloudy, and there was frost. On the twenty-eighth the ice left the bay, and the sea was open. On the twenty-ninth there was a storm. On the thirty-first, the weather was fine, and the sun, that was lighting them to their doom, as if in mockery, shone out brilliantly.

Thus far the journal, which, as is observed above, could with difficulty be deciphered; the hand that held the pen then ceased to move. The soul of him who wrote was probably yielded up soon afterwards to its Creator.

The Dutch fleet arrived at Mayen's Island about a month afterwards, on the fourth of June, 1634, and the crews were naturally anxious to ascertain how their late companions had fared, though they had little hope of seeing them alive. They entered the hut, and found them as their fears had too truly presaged. From all they could see, they imagined that the survivors of the clerk, who died on the sixteenth of April, followed him in the commencement of the next month. Bread and cheese were found close to one of them, on which it is probable he had subsisted to the last moment. Each lay in his own cabin. By the side of one was a prayer-book, in which he had been reading; and by the side of another, a box of ointment, with which he had anointed his teeth and joints, his arm was found extended upwards towards his mouth. When grown too weak to help themselves, they most likely perished, one by one, from the severity of the weather, their weakness preventing their getting up to make themselves a fire. Their malady arose from living so long upon salt provisions: had they not been reduced in bodily strength, so as to be unable to make a fire or take proper exercise, they had most likely survived until the arrival of the fleet, as the cold must have diminished every day.

The commander of the Dutch fleet had the bodies put into coffins in the snow, until the earth was sufficiently thawed to allow of graves being dug for them. On St. John's day, when the earth was free from the effects of the frost, the bodies were interred under a general discharge of the cannon from the fleet.

Seven other sailors had been left in a bay, on the north side of Spitzbergen, called North Bay, by the same fleet which left the foregoing seven at Mayen's Island. The fleet sailed away on the thirtieth of August, leaving them nearly nine degrees higher in latitude than Mayen's Island, where the seven, who subsequently died, had been left at the same time. As soon as the ships were gone, they began to collect provisions to last them until the following year. They hunted the rein-deer, and caught many sea fowl, adding to their stock such herbs as were likely to prove refreshing, and beneficial to health. They made numerous excursions as long as the weather permitted, and attacked the whales and narwals in the neighbouring bays. On the third of October they were prepared for the approach of the cold season by the departure of all the feathered creation; and after that they found that the cold augmented progressively. By the thirteenth, the beer in barrels was frozen three inches thick, and not many days afterwards became a mass of ice, though only at the distance of eight feet from the fire. They daily broke the ice for fishing, and put down a net, but in two hours found that ice two feet thick had closed up the hole.

The cold now became so excessive they were obliged to keep in their beds, although they had both a stove and grate. They rose sometimes for exercise, which they took as smartly as they could continue it, that they might thereby keep up their natural heat. The Aurora Borealis was seen in great splendour, and other aerial phenomena were witnessed, which they imagined to proceed from the icy mountains. On the third of March they had a combat with a huge bear, in which one of their number was very near being killed,

The animal, mad from the wounds he had received, sprang upon the man who was in the act of piercing it with his lance, beat him to the ground, and but for the prompt assistance of his comrades he would have been torn in pieces.

The privations and cold which these men endured were put an end to by the arrival of a Greenlander on the twenty-seventh of May, which took them off in safety.

The degree of suffering encountered by the seamen, and their comrades who perished so much farther the south as Mayen's Island, seems to prove that the intensity of cold, as it affects life, does not depend upon proximity of situation to the pole. The cold of latitude 80 deg. is sustained with as little endangerment of life as that of 72 degs. More recent experience has shown that neither situation presents difficulties which are not easily surmounted. There is more dependant upon counteracting the action of diseases arising from bad food and inaction, than from severe cold. These last seven men were succeeded by seven more, who on the same spot, and under the same circumstances, all perished. It is reasonable to suppose that the cause was in the neglect of those steps which their predecessors had taken in regard to food and exercise.

On the eleventh of September, 1634, encouraged by the success of the preceding adventurers, seven other sailors volunteered to winter in the same spot. Medicines, food, herbs, liquors, everything they could need was left for their use. They were not so fortunate as those who preceded them, in killing bears or obtaining vegetables, probable from being left a fortnight later in the season. They saw a good many whales near the shore, at which they fired, without success, or, indeed, without producing the slightest effect. They took leave of the sun on the twentieth or twenty-first of October, and on the twenty-fourth of November were first attacked with symptoms of scurvy, upon which they used double diligence in search of herbs. They also looked out for bears and foxes to supply them with fresh meat, but were unsuccessful in meeting with them. They ate separately from each other, under the idea of avoiding the spread of the disease by infection, most of them being still free from attack.

Three of their number being out together, they encountered a bear, which received them on its hind legs. They fired at it, and it fell roaring terribly, and bleeding, in which state it seized a halbert from one of the men, and gnawed it with great fury, and then collecting all its strength ran off. Although it was followed with a lantern for some distance it succeeded in getting away, to the great mortification of its pursuers, who were in hopes of obtaining a few meals of fresh meat, to arrest the march of the scurvy, which continued to increase, so that the sick were in the utmost agony of suffering. On the fourteenth of January, Adrian Johnson died in great pain, and was speedily followed to the dust on the seventeenth, by Cornelius Thyse, a very sensible man, and the best seaman of the party. In him they all put implicit confidence, and it is likely his fate, from the gloom it cast over their minds hastened the end of the rest of the party. All were now ill; Fettje Otters, another seaman, died. Thus reduced to four, they awaited their last hour with resignation, yet they were employed, weak as they were, in the useless task of making coffins for those deceased, and putting the bodies into them. Who was to do this office for them?

In the beginning of February they caught a fox, which put them in good spirits for the moment, but they were too far gone to derive permanent benefit from one or two fresh meals. They saw many bears, but could not lift a musket to their shoulders to kill them. They could not have got the carcass to their habitation, had they been able to kill one, nor could they pursue them if wounded. Their feet were scarcely able to sustain them, their knees were inflamed, and their teeth so bad they were obliged to leave off eating biscuit. Their bowels were attacked with excruciating pains, which were increased by the cold. One of them spit blood, and another was seized with dysentery. One alone, James Corcoen, could still bring in fuel to maintain the fire.

On the 23rd of February, they were unable to leave their cabins, and they resigned themselves to God's mercy, their misery being at the utmost limit of human endurance. On the 24th there was a feeble gleam of sunlight. The 26th was the last day on which the writer could put his pen to the paper. At that time they remarked that four of them still survived, lying flat on the floor of their hut. They could still have eaten if there were any one able to get fuel, but none could move for pain. Their time was spent in prayer, that God in his mercy would take them from their misery whenever he pleased to see fit. "We cannot long survive without food or firing," they write; "we are unable to render each other the least assistance, and each must bear his own burden."

On the arrival of the whaling ships of 1635, these unfortunate men were found in their hut, with the door secured to keep out the bears. The first man who entered, discovered part of a dead dog up stairs, and passing towards the door, trod on the carcass of another, and then stumbled over the dead bodies. Three of the deceased were in their coffins, two in their cabins, Nicolas Florissen and another, and two lay on the floor on some sails, their knees drawn up to their chins. They were all interred when the ground was penetrable, and stones were heaped over their graves as a security from beasts of prey. Thirty years afterwards, their graves being opened, their bodies were found entire, and as if the breath had only just left them, nor were their dresses at all changed, such is the anti-corruptive influence of cold in those high northern latitudes.

In the year 1639, a Dutch Greenlandman, commanded by Captain Didier Albert Raevn, reached the coast of Spitzbergen after a good voyage. A furious gale began to blow, and the violence of the storm, with the vicinity of shoals and icebergs, rendered the hazard of the situation very great, as from the want of sea-room it was not practicable to manage the vessel in the way necessary for her security. The snow fell thick and fast, so that it was impossible for the man at the helm to know how he was steering, and the seamen on the look-out at the bows could not see ahead of the vessel, which rolled so dreadfully that her yards dipped in the sea. The deck was covered with a thick glazing of ice, and they became unable to walk upon it from its slipperiness, and the motion of the ship; this the captain endeavoured to obviate, by strewing salt over the frozen surface to prevent accidents to the seamen from falling. In the midst of their alarming situation, the sheet anchor broke loose and went overboard.

The vessel, which had driven all day before the wind, was found in the evening to be approaching a great barrier of solid ice. This was not all, on the larboard bow a large field was descried, and right ahead a second. The captain hoped there might be room to pass through some opening between the two fields, and, therefore, kept on his course. This was soon found to be impossible, the danger increased, and the vessel rapidly drove on towards the ice. They now put up the helm. The ship lay almost on her beam ends; as she struck on one field, the other was close under the mizen-mast. The concussion was terrible, and all the crew believed the ship was crushed to pieces, but no wreck floated up, and they had time to recover themselves. They now discovered that the ship had sprung a leak, in fact, she began to sink. The main and fore-masts were cut away, and as she settled, she drove about at the mercy of the winds and waves. The boats were hoisted out, but from too many pressing into them they sank, and all who were in them perished.

The vessel now seemed to be going down; her head was under water, and the surviving crew got upon the poop. Some ascended the mizen mast, which giving way, hurled them into the waves, and they were drowned. The stern soon separated from the fore part of the vessel, and remained about six feet out of the water. Many of the crew fell into the sea at the moment of the separation, and perished miserably. The state of those who survived was now pitiable. Wet and exposed to the cold of a polar atmosphere, the survivors could only hope for a short protraction of their wretched existence. Every successive wave broke over them, and carried away some of their number, while several lost their hold of the cordage from being

benumbed by the cold, and fell into the sea. There were other vessels in sight, but it was in vain to hope for aid from them, as they were too much occupied with their own safety. The part of the vessel which floated began most providentially to rise in the water, and right itself. The captain and twenty-nine men remained upon it.

The night which followed was a terrible one for the sufferers. They had to struggle with a violent storm, during which every moment threatened to be their last. Hunger and cold continued to do the work of destruction, and yet when the morning dawned the survivors were still sensible, and the storm had abated. Frozen stiff, the sailors could not use their limbs for exercise to keep in a little of the vital warmth. They became heavy, felt drowsiness overcome all their faculties, lay down, fell into an immediate lethargy, and slept their last sleep. The captain was washed overboard in the night, but having firm hold of the cordage recovered the floating wreck.

The weather now moderated, but the floating portion of the vessel seemed to sink deeper and deeper. They contrived to cut loose everything that added to her weight which they could reach, and thus to lighten her a little, which they imagined was attended with some success. One of them proposed, that as the danger increased every moment they should make a raft with a few planks which they could still reach. The captain tried in vain to dissuade them. It was begun, but the sea fortunately tore it away at the moment they were going to launch it and themselves to certain destruction.

Insatiate thirst was now felt by these unhappy people, until it became so tormenting, they drank their own water for relief. The second night was fatal to many of them, and far more difficult to endure than the first had been. The sea was smooth towards the morning, but it brought no alleviation of their sufferings. They had but little hope of salvation, for their hunger increased, and the war of the elements which they had outlived, seemed only to cease, and afford a protraction of existence that it might terminate still more painfully. Frozen stiff, drenched by the sea at intervals, and having to combat their want of food, and unquenchable thirst, nine of their original number beyond the reach of suffering, and they momentarily expecting to share their fate; a gleam of hope kindled in their bosoms about noon, on the third day, the pilot observing that he saw a sail. All were now as alert as men could be, who, a few minutes before were awaiting their last hour. They exerted themselves to show signals of distress—they were seen—joy once more cast its sunshine upon them. Presently three boats put off to their assistance, and soon were alongside.

Sixty-six had perished, twenty were now carried into the boats, more dead than living, and taken to the vessel. Great care was bestowed upon them. Their feet were put into brine, previously made warm, and they soon recovered their feeling. Their limbs were rubbed to cure the frost bites, and they were put to bed, being supplied with proper food, and carefully nursed. They all recovered except a master's mate, whose limbs were frozen quite through, and whose life the greatest skill and attention could not preserve.

A counterpart to this narrative may be found in the relation of John Cornelius of Muniken, who sailed to Spitzbergen, on the whale fishery, in a galliot from the Texel, May the 6th, 1646. His deliverance of four Englishmen, whose sufferings were still greater than those of Captain Albert Raevn, and his twenty seamen, is related as follows:—Cornelius reached Spitzbergen on the 3rd of June, intending to anchor in a bay of that island, but was prevented by vast fields of ice floating near the land, and was obliged, in consequence, to keep out at sea. He cruised up and down, among the ice-shoals, for some time, until he was able to get into the bay an anchor. Seeing two whales further out at sea, he sent his sloop in pursuit of them. While the people of the sloop were watching the motions of the whales, with the view of capturing them, they fell in with a vast ice-field, on which, at a great distance, they discovered something white. They took it at first sight for a bear, the arctic animal of that name being white. One of the crew, named

Ellert Johnson, who was standing in the sloop with a harpoon to strike the whales, thought by the motion of the object that it could not be a bear, and persuaded the crew to row in that direction. They agreed to do so, and when they got nearer perceived it was a man holding up a piece of rope belonging to the sail of a ship, apparently as a signal of distress. They pulled hard towards him, and on coming up found to their great wonder four living men, and one dead body, all Englishmen, and all upon an ice field. They fell upon their knees, and expressed their thankfulness for their deliverance the moment the Dutchmen came up. They were taken into the boat, and carried on board the galliot in the bay. Their story was a dreadful one.

These sailors belonged to a vessel which had been lost, and were part of forty-two who had reached the ice in the boat, and also saved some provisions and tools. The commander who was with them, perceiving it impossible for men to live long in such a situation, determined to go on shore, with seventeen of the crew, in the boat, and if possible endeavour to send aid to them from thence. He set sail, but the weather became bad, it blew very hard, and as no tidings were heard of him any more, by the people on the ice, they concluded that the boat and her crew had perished. Twenty-four had been left on the ice. Their provisions now grew scanty, and being all of them nearly starving, and expecting death every moment, they dispersed themselves, being in hopes to reach other ice-shoals, and by chance drift upon the shore, or get taken off by some vessel. What became of the men who left them afterwards they could not tell.

Those who were found on the ice field or shoal, cut a great hole in the ice like a cave, and round the entrance placed the pieces they had cut out to form the concavity, as a fence to keep off the wind and spray of the sea. In this cold and dismal excavation they had lived fourteen days from the time they lost their ship. Four were all that now remained out of forty-two. They who had quitted them could be no better situated, for what hope could be indulged of prolonging life in wandering from one piece of ice to another, and every moment drifting further and further from land, as must have been the case at that season of the year, the ice having broken up for the summer. The seamen saved, it may be judged, were at the last extremity. They were found huddled together on the field emaciated by frost and hunger. The last article of food which they had consumed was a leathern belt, belonging to one of them, which they had equally divided into shares, and wholly eaten up.

They were carefully attended by the surgeon of the Dutch ship, notwithstanding which three out of the four died within a few days after they were taken on board. Thus only one escaped out of the ship's crew, and he sailing to Holland, with the Dutchmen, arrived at Delft in 1646, and from thence reached England.

DESTRUCTION OF HIS MAJESTY'S SHIP BOYNE, BY FIRE, AT SPITHEAD, IN THE YEAR 1793.

AT 11 o'clock in the morning, on the 1st of May, a fire broke out on board the Boyne, of 98 guns, at Spithead, commanded by Captain George Grey. The flames burst through the poop before the fire was discovered, and spread so rapidly, that in less than half an hour this noble ship was in a blaze fore and aft. Every exertion of the officers and crew to extinguish it became abortive; and, immediately on the fire being noticed by the fleet, all the boats were sent to her assistance, by which fortunate circumstance most of the crew were saved; eleven only are supposed to have perished.

The port-admiral, Sir Peter Parker, went on board the Royal William, and made the signal for all those ships most in danger to get under weigh; which, although the wind and tide was unfavourable, they executed with great promptness and judgment, and dropped down to St. Helen's.

All her guns, being loaded, went off as they became heated, the shot falling among the shipping, and some even reached the shore in Stokes Bay. Two men on board the *Queen Charlotte* were killed, and one wounded.

About half-past one o'clock she burned her cables, and drifted slowly to the eastward, till she took ground on the Spit, opposite South Sea Castle, where she continued to burn till near six in the evening, when, the flames having reached the magazine, she blew up with a great explosion.

It has never been exactly ascertained from whence the cause of this dreadful fire originated. The most probable seems to be, that a part of the lighted paper from the cartridges of the marines, who were exercising and firing on the windward side of the ship, flew into the admiral's cabin, and communicated with some papers and other inflammable materials.

At the time that the conflagration commenced, a marine was peacefully sitting in his berth, with his wife and son, a boy about twenty months old, just beneath the place where the misfortune began; and finding every effort to escape the flames in the ordinary way ineffectual, he, with the greatest composure and presence of mind, took from the pens a sheep of the captain's live stock, and braced his boy on the animal's fleecy back, dropped them into the sea. "There," said he, "turn to the land, and God go with you!" Encouraged by her husband's resolution, his wife leaped into the sea, and the man followed, supporting his companion above water till the boats got to their assistance when they were taken up, little worse for the venture. The sheep, with the greatest steadiness, was seen making for the shore, with young *Ben Bowline* riding upon his back, like an infant river god, to the vast delight of the spectators on shore, who, from the tenderest motives, finding themselves interested in the boy's safety, rushed into the watery element to meet the young navigator, whom they presently *unsheeped*, and succoured with tenderness, till he again fell into the arms of his adventurous parents.

The singularity of this event attracted the patronage of a most liberal lady near Fairy Hill, in the Isle of Wight, who, having prevailed on the mother of the child to leave his future fortune to her guidance, declared, in the most friendly manner, "that, as the boy had begun his naval career on a lamb, she would never leave him till he was able to end it like a lion."

SUFFERINGS OF PETER SERRANO,

Who, having escaped from Shipwreck, lived Seven Years on a desolate and Sandy Island, on the Coast of Peru.

This man, as related by Garcilasso de la Vega, escaped from shipwreck by swimming to that island, which from him received its name, being, as he reported, about two leagues in compass, and for so much it is estimated in the Book of Charts, three little islands with divers shallow places about them; so that all ships keep at a distance from them, avoiding them with all possible care and circumspection.

It was Peter Serrano's misfortune to be cast on this spot, and to save his life on this desolate island, where was no water, wood, grass, or anything for support of human life, at least, not for maintenance of him so long a time as until some ship passing by, might redeem him from perishing by hunger and thirst; which languishing manner of death is much more miserable, than by a speedy suffocation in the waters. With the sad thoughts thereof he passed the first night, lamenting his affliction, with as many melancholy reflections as we imagine capable to enter into the mind of a wretch in like extremity.

As soon as it grew day, he began to traverse his island, and found on the shore some cockles, shrimps, and other creatures of like nature, which the sea had thrown up, and he was obliged to eat them raw, because he had no fire to roast them.

With this small entertainment he passed his time, till observing some turtles not far from the shore, he watched a convenience until they came within his reach, and then throwing them on their backs (which is the manner of taking that sort of fish), he cut the throat, drinking the blood instead of water; and slicing out the flesh with a knife, which was fastened to his girdle, he laid the pieces to be dried and roasted by the sun; the shell he made use of to take up the rain-water, which lay in little puddles, for that is a country often subject to great and sudden rains.

In this manner he passed the first of his days, by killing all the turtles that he was able, some of which were so large, that their shells were as big as targets or bucklers. Others were so great, that he was not able to turn them or stop them in their progress to the sea; so that in a short time experience taught him which sort he was able to deal with, and which were above his strength. With his lesser shells he poured water into the greater, some of which contained twelve gallons; so that having made sufficient provisions, both of meat and drink, he began to contrive some way to strike fire, that he might not only dress his meat with it, but also make a smoke, to give a sign to any ship that was passing. Considering of this invention (for seamen are much more ingenious in all time of extremity than men bred on land), he searched everywhere to find out a couple of hard pebbles, instead of flints; his knife serving instead of a steel; but the island being covered all over with a dead sand, and no stone appearing, he swam into the sea, and diving often to the bottom he at length found a couple of stones fit for that purpose, which he rubbed together until he got them to an edge, with which being able to strike fire, he drew some threads out of his shirt, which he worked so small, that it was like cotton, and served for tinder; so that having contrived a means to kindle fire, he gathered a great quantity of sea-weeds, thrown up by the waves, which, with the shells of fish and the planks of ships, which had been wrecked on those shoals, afforded nourishment for his fuel; and lest sudden showers of rain should extinguish his fire, he made a little covering, like a small hut, with the shells of the largest turtles or tortoises that he had killed, taking great care that his fire should not go out.

In the space of two months, and sooner, he was as unprovided of all things as he was at first; for, with the rains, heat, and moisture of that climate, his provisions were corrupted, and the heat of the sun was so violent on him, having neither clothes to cover him, nor shadow for shelter, that when he was, as it were, broiled in the sun, he had no remedy but to run into the sea.

In this misery and care he passed three years, during which time he saw several ships at sea, and as often made his smoke; but none turned out of their way to see what it meant, for fear of those shelves and sands, which wary pilots avoid with all imaginable circumspection, so that the poor wretch, despairing of all manner of relief, esteemed it a mercy for him to die, and arrive at that period which could only put an end to his miseries.

Being exposed in this manner to all weathers, the hair of his body grew in that manner, that he was covered all over with bristles, and the hair of his head and beard reaching to his waist, he appeared like some wild savage creature.

At the end of three years, Serrano was strangely surprised with the appearance of a man on his island, whose ship had, the night before, been cast away upon these sands, and who had saved himself on a plank of the vessel; so soon as it was day, he espied the smoke, and imagining whence it was he made towards it.

As soon as they saw each other, it is hard to say which was the most amazed; Serrano imagined that it was the devil, who came in the shape of a man, to tempt him to despair. The new comer believed Serrano to be the devil in his own proper shape and figure, being covered over with hair and beard; in fine, they were both afraid, flying one from the other. Peter Serrano cried out, as he ran, "Jesus, Jesus, deliver me from the devil!" The other, hearing this, took courage, and again returning to him, called out, "Brother, brother, don't fly from

me, for I am a Christian, as thou art." And because he saw that Serrano still ran from him, he repeated the credo, or Apostle's creed, in words aloud; which, when Serrano heard, he knew that it was no devil that would recite those words, and thereupon gave a stop to his flight, and returning with great kindness, they embraced each other with sighs and tears, lamenting their sad state, without any hopes of deliverance. Serrano, supposing that his guest needed refreshment, entertained him with such provisions as his miserable life afforded; and having a little comforted each other, they began to recount the manner and occasion of their sad disasters.

For the better government of their way of living, they apportioned their hours of day and night to certain services; such a time was appointed to kill fish for eating, such hours for gathering weeds, fish-bones, and other matters which the sea threw up, to maintain their constant fire; and especial care had they to observe their watches, and relieve each other at certain hours, so that they might be sure their fire went not out.

In this manner they lived amicably together for certain days; for many did not pass before a quarrel arose between them, so high, that they were ready to fight. The occasion proceeded from some words that one gave the other, hinting that he took not that care and labour as the extremity of their condition required. This difference so increased (for to such misery do our passions often betray us), that at length they separated, and lived apart one from the other. However, in a short time, having experienced the want of that comfort which mutual society procures, their choler was appeased, and they returned to enjoy converse, and the assistance which friendship and company afforded; in which condition they passed four years, during all which time they saw many ships sail near them, yet none would be so charitable or curious, as to be invited by their smoke or flame: so that being now almost desperate, they expected no other remedy besides death, to put an end to their miseries.

However, at length a ship venturing to pass nearer than ordinary, espied the smoke; and rightly judging that it must be made by some shipwrecked persons escaped to those sands, hoisted out their boat to take them in. Serrano and his companion readily ran to the place where they saw the boat coming; but as soon as the mariners approached near enough to distinguish the strange figure and looks of these two men, they were so affrighted that they began to row back: but the poor men cried out, and, that they might not believe them to be devils or evil spirits, they rehearsed the creed, and called aloud on the name of Jesus, with which words the mariners returned, took them into the boat, and carried them to the ship, to the great wonder of all present, who with admiration beheld their hairy shapes, not like men, but beasts, and with singular pleasure heard them relate the story of their past misfortunes.

The companion died on his voyage to Spain, but Serrano lived to come thither; from whence he travelled into Germany, where the Emperor Charles V. then resided; all which time he nourished his hair and beard, to serve as an evidence and proof of his past life. Wheresoever he came, the crowd pressed, as to a sight, to see him. Persons of quality having the same curiosity, gave him sufficient to defray his charges; and his Imperial Majesty presented him with an annuity for life. He died at Panama.

STORMING OF FORT MUROS.

ON the 3rd of July, 1805, Captain Maitland being informed that there was a French privateer, of 26 guns, fitting out at Muros, thought it practicable to bring her away, or destroy her; he accordingly appointed Mr. Yeo to head the boarders, amounting, officers included, to 50 men. On hauling round the point of the road, a small battery of two guns opened a fire on the ship, which was returned; but perceiving it would be a considerable annoyance, Mr. Yeo pushed on shore, and spiked the guns. As the ship drew in, and more fully

opened the bay, Captain Maitland perceived a very large corvette, called the *Confiance* of 26 ports, and a large brig called *Le Belier*, of 20 ports; but neither of them firing, he concluded they had not their guns on board. The sole object of his attention therefore was the fort, which began a well-directed fire, every shot taking place in the hull. The fire was returned with great effect, and the fort would, no doubt, have been soon silenced, notwithstanding its spirited defence, had it not been completely embrasured. Mr. Yeo's galantry soon put an end to their fire. After taking the small battery on the point, Mr. Yeo perceived, at the distance of a quarter of a mile, a regular fort, ditched, and with a gate, which the enemy (fortunately not suspecting his landing) had neglected to secure, and which was firing upon the ship. Without waiting for orders, he pushed forward, was the first to enter the port, with one blow laid the governor dead at his feet, and after a dreadful slaughter on the part of the enemy, the remainder surrendered, and the British colours were instantly hoisted. Lieutenant Mallock, of the royal marines; Mr. Charles Clinch, master's mate; and Lieutenant Douglas, of the royal marines, conducted themselves with great gallantry; indeed every seaman and marine of the party behaving with such bravery, that nothing could withstand them; and, to the credit of their valour as Britons, as well as of their profession as seamen, the instant the fort was taken, they seemed to try who could be the first to relieve and assist the poor wounded prisoners, lying in numbers in different parts of the fort. Thus they "conquered to save;" and their humanity was amply repaid by the gratitude of the unfortunate men's friends, when they came to take them away. The British had 15 wounded; the governor of the fort, and a Spanish gentleman who had volunteered, the second captain of the *Confiance*, and nine others of the Spaniards, were killed; thirty, amongst whom were most of the officers of the *Confiance*, were wounded. The enemy's force, at the commencement of the action, was a fort of 12 guns, 22 soldiers, several Spanish gentlemen and townsmen volunteers, and about 100 of the ship's company of the *Confiance*.

SALL'S SHOE.

You must know when I was aboard the *Terp-sychore*, there was a fore-topman, of the name of Bill Harness, a good sort of chap enough, but rather soft in the upper works. Now we'd been on the Jamaica station for some years, and had come home, and merry enough, and happy enough, we were (those that were left of us), and were spending our money like the devil. Bill Harness had a wife, who was very fond of he and he very fond of she, but she was a slatternly sort of body, never tidy in her rigging, all adrift at all times and, what's more, she never had a shoe up at heel, so she went by the name of Slatternly Sall, and the first lieutenant, who was a 'ticular sort of a chap, never liked to see her on deck, for you see she put her hair in paper on New Year's day, and never changed it or took it out till the year came round again. However, be it as it may be, she loved Bill, and Bill loved she, and they were very happy together. After all, it arn't whether a woman's tidy without, that makes a man's happiness, it depends upon whether she be right within; that is, if she be good-tempered, and obliging, and civil, and 'commodating, and so forth. After the first day or two, person's nothing—eyes get palled, like the capstern when the anchor's up to the bows; but what a man likes, is not to be disturbed by vagaries, or gusts of temper. Well, Bill was happy—but one day, he was devilish unhappy, because Sall had lost one of her shoes, which wasn't to be wondered at, considering as how she was always slip-shod. "Who has seen my wife's shoe?" says he. "Hang your wife's shoe," said one, "it warn't worth casting an eye upon." Still he cried out, "Who has seen my wife's shoe?" "I see'd it," said another. "Where?" says Bill. "I see'd it down at heel," says the fellow. But Bill still hallooed out about his

wife's shoe, which it appeared she had dropped off her foot as she was going up the fore-castle ladder, to take the air a bit, just as it was dark. At last, Bill made so much fuss about it, that the ship's company laughed, and called out to each other, "who has seen Sall's shoe?"—"Have you got Sall's shoe?" and they passed the word fore and aft the whole of the evening, till they went to their hammocks. Notwithstanding, as Sall's shoe was not forthcoming, the next morning Bill goes on the quarter-deck, and complains to the first lieutenant, as how he had lost Sall's shoe. "D—n Sall's shoe," said he, "haven't I enough to look after without your wife's shoes, which can't be worth two-pence." Well, Bill argues that his wife has only one shoe left, and that won't keep two feet dry, and begs the first lieutenant to order a search for it; but the first lieutenant turns away, and tells him to go to the devil, and all the men grin at Bill's making such a fuss about nothing. So Bill at last goes up to the first lieutenant, and whispers something, and the first lieutenant booms him off with his speaking trumpet, as if he was making too free, in whispering to his commanding officer, and then sends to the master-at-arms. "Collier," says he, "this man has lost his wife's shoe; let a search be made for it immediately—take all the ship's boys, and look everywhere for it: if you find it bring it up to me." So away goes the master-at-arms with his cane, and collects all the boys to look for Sall's shoe—and they go peeping about the main deck, under the guns, and under the hen-coops, and in the sheep-pen, and every where; now and then getting a smart slap with the cane behind, upon the taut part of their trousers, to make them look sharp, until they all wished Sall's shoe at Old Nick and her too, and Bill in the bargain. At last one of the boys picked it out of the manger, where it had lain all night, poked up and down by the noses of the pigs, who didn't think it eatable, although it might have smelt human-like; the fact was, it was the same boy who had picked up Sall's shoe when she dropped it, and had shied it forward.

It sartainly did not seem to be worth all the trouble, but howsoever it was taken aft by the master-at-arms and laid on the capstern head. Then Bill steps out, and takes the shoe before the first lieutenant, and cuts it open, and from between the lining pulls out four ten pound notes, which Sall had sewn up there by way of security; and the first lieutenant tells Bill he was a great fool to trust his money in the shoe of a woman who always went slip-shod, and tells him to go about his business, and stow his money away in a safer place next time. Arter that, if anything was better than it looked to be, the ship's company used always to say it was like *Sall's shoe*.

THE NAVAL ENGINEER.

BY DAVID VEDDER, ESQ.

WITH roses wreath the wine-cup,
Let joy prevail to-night,
New strength has been imparted
To England's naval might;
Resistless power and science
Hold on their high career,
'Neath the hand
And command
Of the Naval Engineer!

When storms rage round the welkin,
And angry ocean's stirred,
Our bark o'ertops the billows,
As gaily as a bird;
And urges through the blue profound,
Though gales a-head should veer,
By the will
And the skill
Of the Naval Engineer!

The chiefs who fought at Acre,
And blazon history's page—
Immortal Napier at their head,
The Nelson of the age;—
When flame, and smoke, and shot, and shell,
And rockets did career,
Highly prized,
Eulogized
The bold Naval Engineer!

Then toast we "Rods and pistons,
And cylinders and valves;
And glorious sixty-eighteens,
That don't do work by halves."
May vapour hiss, and wheels revolve,
Where England's foes appear,
'Neath the hand
And command
Of the Naval Engineer!

ANCIENT SHIPPING.

THE first mention of ships of great burthen in England is derivable from an inscription on Canning's tomb in Radcliffe Church, Bristol, which states, that he had "forfeited the king's peace," or, in plain words, committed piracies on the high seas, for which he was condemned to pay 3,000 marks: in lieu of which the king took of him 2,470 tons of shipping,—amongst which there was one ship of 900 tons, another of 500, one of 100, and the rest smaller. These ships had English names, yet it is doubtful whether at that time ships of so large a size were built in England: it seems more probable that Canning had purchased or taken these ships from the Hanseatics, or else from the Venetians, Genoese, Luccese, Ragusians, or Pisans, all of whom then had ships of larger tonnage.

LONDON BRIDGE.

IN 1176, one Coleman, a Priest, began to build London Bridge of stone, in consequence of an order made by the king and council. It was thirty-three years ere it was finished, and the course of the Thames was changed during that time by a trench (probably that made by Canute) from Battersea to Rotherhithe.

SIXTY-FOURS IN DISGUISE;

A LONG-BOAT STORY.

"Don't tell me," said Fearnought Weatherall to his watch-mates, assembled under the lee of the long-boat, every man of whom had an old stocking about his neck, "don't tell me about '*Sixty-fours in Disguise*;' I have been on board the Constitution, the *Yankees* call her Old Ironsides, the pride of Boston; and I have been on board of the United States; they are thundering frigates to be sure, but they are not bigger than the *Le Forte* was, if they are so big; they don't carry more guns, nor do they carry heavier metal; and yet, when we took the *Le Forte* we heard nothing about '*Sixty-fours in disguise*,' not we. Our ship, the *Le Sybille*, you know, was a French frigate before we had her; and I believe she was taken by the Romney, fifty, up the Mediterranean. Howsoever, she was what they call an eight-an'-thirty, because she had fourteen ports of a side, besides the bride port;—well, and the *Guerriere*, the Macedonian, and the *Java*, were just the same: they were all looked upon as a match for a French or Spanish sixty-four, especially in any thing of a breeze, you know. But what's the use of talking about the size of a ship, the ship's company is every thing; and if there had not been so many English fighting, as it were, with halters about their necks, on board of the Yankee frigates, they would not have carried the swag as they did. No, no: look how we, in the *Sybille*, ripped up the *Le Forte*, and that too in a brace of shakes, although the *Le Forte* was laid down for an eighty-four, on two decks, and mounted fifty-six guns, besides swivels, long French thirty-

sixes on her main-deck, and forty-two pounder carronades on her quarter-deck and forecastle. Lord have mercy on us! there was smashing work! We got sight of her in the dog-watch, from four to six, and she lay-to us, thinking we were an Indian; and we afterwards heard that her captain made coxswain of us; but he made a Scotch prize, as we shall presently see. Why, the d—d fool let his ship lay like a log upon the water, and never thought of filling to give her steerage-way, until it was too late; but then you know he thought it was an Indian he was about to deal with. Howsoever, he paid dearly enough for it, for the first broadside we gave her sent him to glory!

"We expected tight work, and were prepared for it. It was dark before we got down to her; but not a light was to be seen on board of our ship. As soon as we got within hail she hailed us in French, and then in English; but we returned no answer. She fired a gun, but we heeded it not; and, as she was laying-to on the larboard tack, we run down close under her stern, took the bags off our lanterns, and gave her a raking broadside, which, we afterwards heard, knocked out all her lights fore and aft. We then hauled to the wind on the starboard tack, crossed her stern again, and gave her another raking broadside before they had time to recover from the confusion occasioned by the first. We then hove about, and brought-to upon her larboard quarter, and before you could say Jack Robinson, knocked five or six of her after-ports into one; but just at this time a barrel of musket-cartridges, I think it was, blew up near our main-mast, which made the *Crappos* think we were on fire. They manned their rigging to give us three cheers; but we returned the compliment with a whole broadside, which completely dismasted her at once, when they hailed, and begged us to cease firing, as they had struck.

"Never was ship so cruelly mauled—our shot went in on the larboard quarter and out on the starboard bow, leaving scarcely a whole beam in her; we killed 76, and wounded 170, on board of her; both her captains, and nearly all of her officers were killed. We had 3 killed and 19 wounded, and our captain died of his wounds at Calcutta, and was buried in grand style. God rest his soul!

"But, harkye, nothing was said about a 'sixty-four in disguise' then; it was only a frigate taking a frigate—our first lieutenant Hardyman, was posted; and our master Douglas was made a lieutenant!"

LOSS OF THE BRILLIANT, ABERDEEN AND LEITH STEAM-SHIP, DEC. 12, 1839.

We regret to announce the loss of this very fine vessel, on her voyage from Leith to Aberdeen. She was one of the steam-vessels which ply between these two ports, and had sailed from Leith on Wednesday. The night was very boisterous, with a strong gale from the south-east, and a heavy sea. Notwithstanding the head-wind and stormy sea she had to encounter, she proved the power and efficacy of steam navigation, and her excellent qualities as a sea-boat, having reached Aberdeen about seven o'clock on Tuesday morning; but here, when almost in apparent safety, the disaster occurred. In making the harbour, the ebb-tide and heavy sea drove her upon the inner point of the pier, and, striking heavily against the bulwark, the blow-off pipes of the engine burst, and in a short time the boilers became red hot, which set fire to the vessel, and notwithstanding every effort made by the manager of the Company, aided by boats from the harbour, she was burnt to the water's edge. We deeply regret that Captain Wade, the master, was washed overboard and drowned, about six miles from Aberdeen.

The *Aberdeen Herald* says—"The steamer made comparatively easy weather until abreast of Montrose, when a dead swell came away from the north-east, which opened up as the gale freshened, about two a.m. She now laboured hard, taking on board a good deal of water, and occasionally a whole sea. The *Brilliant* reached the bay about half-past six a.m. by which a tremendous sea was running; and, though it was an

hour past high water, and quite dark, Captain Wade, finding that she would not keep the sea, and that there was little prospect of being able to clear the headlands and open the Firth south or north, made for the harbour. The *Brilliant* was scarcely end on, till she took a sea lurch, shipped a sea over the starboard quarter, which shook the vessel hard, and, we are sorry to add, washed the captain off the poop to meet a watery grave.

In these distressing circumstances, the mate (Mr. James Rae), had no alternative but to take the fair way. The steamer opened up the harbour freely, but just as she got over the bar, a strong fresh in the Dee, occasioned by the late rains, took her on the larboard bow, in consequence of which she hung heavily, refused the helm, and falling to leeward, struck on the south side of the pier head with a tremendous crash. One poor fellow, a passenger, got his leg broke, but no other accident happened.

An incident here took place of a very affecting character, and is worthy of recording:—one of the female passengers had four children with her. She managed to get two of them ashore with little difficulty; she then ran for the other two that she had left in the cabin, but the moment they were handed on the quay, the vessel fell off, leaving the mother, the cook, and second engineer only on board. By the cook's presence of mind a line was soon made fast round the woman's waist, and one end thrown on shore, the other being held by him and the engineer, by which means she was safely landed on the quay. The steamer had now caught fire abaft the engine-rooms, in consequence of the firemen not being able to draw the fires from the furnaces, in the hurry to save their lives. About noon the flames reached the fore cabin: by about one o'clock she was enveloped from stem to stern, and by dusk she was burned to the water's edge. The whole of the cargo, though considerably damaged, and a good deal of the materials of the vessel were saved. Thus ended the *Brilliant*, after eighteen years of hard but faithful service; for, during the whole of that period, there never was a single accident happened on board of her. The *Brilliant* was built at Greenock in 1821, and was the first regular vessel on the Aberdeen and Leith station. Captain Wade, who has been lost, was a gentleman much respected, and had a high character as a seaman. He has left a wife, but no children. He was only lately married."

The following is an extract from a letter received from Aberdeen:—

"**ABERDEEN, Dec. 12.**—I am sorry to have to inform you of the total loss of the *Brilliant* this morning, between seven and eight o'clock, in taking this harbour; the passengers and crew were saved, except the master (Wade), who was washed overboard and drowned, when off the Cove, about five o'clock in the morning. We had a dreadful night, with the wind from the south-east, and the sea very high. Everything was working well on board the steamer, but being nearly two hours after high-water, and a strong ebb-tide and heavy breach, she would not steer, and struck on the inner point of the pier, where she now lies burnt to the water's edge. From beating against the stones the blow-off pipes had burst, and the boilers immediately emptied, and the heat of the empty boilers set the vessel on fire, which gained such an ascendancy that nothing could save her. All the cargo was got out in a damaged state, at least the most of it."

NAUTICAL KNOWLEDGE.

SAILORS, though they are the best fighters in the world, are not always the greatest scholars, or theologians. One of these being lately at church, and hearing it read that the ark was carried on men's shoulders, left the church in a great passion, affirming with an oath, that master chaplain there had told a damned lie, "for as how, do ye see," says he, "I have heard that that same ark was big enough to stow one Captain Noah, his crew, and a great deal of live stock."

A SHIPWRECK ON THE SOUTH COAST OF AFRICA.

A VERY curious and circumstantial relation of the shipwreck of a Portuguese vessel in 1686 at the Cape Agulhas, the southern extremity of Africa, with the subsequent adventures of the crew, was communicated by a Siamese attached to the embassy sent from Siam to the king of Portugal. The truth of the narration was vouched by the respectability of the relator, Occum Chamnam, an officer of distinction in Siam, and corroborated in its principal circumstances by the testimony of several Portuguese who were in the vessel. The whole account is curious, from the extraordinary circumstances of the Siamese party being placed among persons differing from them in country, manners, religion, and almost every other particular, and at last

left alone in deserts inhabited only by savages of whom they had had no previous idea. The account is taken from the voyage of the Jesuit Tachard, to whom it was communicated by Occum Chamnam, during a subsequent voyage from Siam, in the suite of the Siamese embassy to Louis XIV.

The crew of the vessel consisted of 150 men, and the passengers were nine Siamese mandarins and their suite, three Catholic missionaries, and some other persons. In consequence of mistaking the Point Agulhas for the Cape of Good Hope, the vessel struck, on a fine moonlight night, the 27th of April, 1686, when all on board were in the greatest imagined security. In a few minutes the vessel filled,—the most horrible confusion prevailed,—some knelt to utter a prayer, while others endeavoured to lighten the vessel by cutting away the masts or



SIAMESE NARRATION OF A SHIPWRECK ON THE SOUTH COAST OF AFRICA.

throwing overboard any articles within their reach. A few were swept off the deck by the waves which broke over the vessel; and some who tried to save themselves by swimming were drowned in the attempt.

After some time, a certain degree of calm took place on board, and the survivors began to think more coolly of means of saving their lives. They made rafts of planks, and all got on shore safe, but cold, wet, and hungry. The poor Siamese party, accustomed to the luxury of a warm climate, suffered severely, and after a miserable night, the narrator, a good swimmer, resolved to return to the vessel, to try to pick up some clothes and victuals. By the help of a sort of hurdle, he found means to bring on shore some pieces of cloth of gold, six bottles of wine, and some biscuit. His object was, he says, singularly enough, considering the circumstances, to find gold and precious

stones; but he could only obtain what we have stated, and even that, as it turned out, was of little value to himself.

"There were some Siamese," says he, "who escaped without any clothing whatever. I gave them the clothes I had brought from the ship, with which they covered themselves; but judging that if I entrusted the wine to their care it would not last long, I gave it to a Portuguese who had shown me a great deal of kindness, and told him I would give it all to him except a little which I might want for myself from time to time. On this occasion I experienced how weak friendship is against want, and how little we care for others when we are ourselves in necessity. This friend gave me a little glass of wine every day for the first two or three days of our journey, while we were expecting to find water; but when thirst came on, and no fresh water was to be procured, my request for a small portion of

what I had liberally given to him was so harshly repulsed with the reply that 'he would not give a drop to his own father,' that I was afraid to renew my request. As to the biscuit, it was of no use, being soaked with sea-water: I could not touch a bit of it, it was so bitter and salt."

The party on shore took the first opportunity of reckoning their numbers, and they found that nearly 200 had escaped, so that the whole loss amounted to but seven or eight. The survivors, however, found little reason to congratulate themselves; they were cold and hungry, some had scarcely any clothing, and very few had saved anything eatable. Winter was approaching, and the nearest habitation of civilized man was more than a hundred miles distant, the only settlement at that early period being in the neighbourhood of the Cape; the road to

which was over mountains and through rivers unknown to any but the natives. Some of the Portuguese had taken the precaution of getting their guns and some powder ashore, which were found useful on several occasions, particularly for making a fire at night, without which the poor Siamese had no doubt he should have died of cold.

The shipwrecked crew seem to have calculated on reaching the Dutch settlement in a day or two, and in their eagerness to arrive they left behind them the few provisions they had saved, that they might not be delayed on the road. But their first day's journey only brought them to a pond of fresh water, by the side of which they passed the night. The next day the Siamese were forced to linger behind in consequence of the weakness of the first ambassador, who was

infirm; but that they might not lose the Portuguese body from whom they were afraid to be far separated, they divided themselves into three parties, the first of which kept at a certain distance behind the Portuguese, so far as not altogether to lose sight of them; the second remained behind at an equal interval, and the third slowly proceeded with the ambassador. But all advance of the unfortunate man soon became impracticable. He begged his followers to leave him as the only means of safety, and requested that if they should be so happy as to reach the Cape, they would send some provisions for him with a horse to carry him on if alive. However painful this separation was, it was inevitable; but the poor ambassador was not left to die alone. A youth of fifteen, son of a mandarin, would not quit a friend to whom he was attached, and a faithful servant could not be prevailed

upon to leave his old master. The remainder of the party left those three persons to almost certain death, and followed the traces of the Portuguese, with whom they came up about midnight, and found them tired and hungry as themselves, without any provisions whatever.

The next day was like the preceding. A mandarin dropped with fatigue and was abandoned. The only food taken by any of the party was a few bitter herbs.

The fourth day brought some change. The wanderers met a few Hottentots, by whom they were conducted to a village of 400 or 500 persons; but they had not much aid from these men, who would give nothing nor sell anything but for tobacco or Dutch silver coin. Gold they refused, and even two large diamonds, offered by the Siamese, proved no temptation. One of the Portuguese luckily found a few pieces of Dutch money,

with which he bought an ox; but the animal was divided amongst his own friends, and the poor Siamese could not get a bit of it. They found, however, that some gold ornaments pleased the Hottentots, and a quarter of a sheep was procured by the offer of more than one hundred pistoles' worth. With this and a bason of milk bought for a few gold buttons, and the skin of the ox, which the Portuguese had thrown away, but which Siamese delicacy did not reject, they made more than one meal.

After a night passed amidst the dances and howlings of the Hottentots, (who appear to have been those natives whom we call Bushmen, though named indiscriminately Caffres, and Hottentots in the narration,) the party resolved to continue their journey by the sea shore, for the sake of the food they expected to find there, and probably from a fear of the savages. On the third day after they had left the Hottentots, they saw a lofty cape which they fancied was the Cape of Good Hope; a near approach soon showed the mistake, but they were consoled for the disappointment by finding a little rock in the sea covered with muscles, and a stream of fresh water close by, where they resolved to stay a day or two to recruit their wasted strength. On this day the Siamese lost another mandarin, and the narrator makes one of those reflections which show that human nature is the same everywhere. "Misery," says he, "must have the power of hardening the heart. In any other situation, if I had heard of a friend dying in so miserable a manner I should have been inconsolable; but I hardly felt anything from the death of this mandarin, who was however my intimate friend. All that we did was to show for a moment some regret at his death, and then we separated to look about for something to eat."

They remained by the rock of muscles two nights and one day, and then found their strength sufficiently recruited to venture to resume their miserable journey. They had found in the neighbourhood of the rock something which proved very useful to them: this was a sort of hollow stick, like a bamboo, which would hold water enough to supply a man one day; every one of the party provided himself with such a stick, and from that time the misery of thirst was much lessened. On the first day of their resumed journey, the Siamese were luckier than the Portuguese, having met with a serpent which they found eatable, while their companions fasted. "It was not bigger than my thumb," says the narrator, "but it was as long as my arm. We put him on the fire without fear, and eat him all up, skin, head, and bones, without leaving a morsel. It tasted very well, and I did not make a nicer meal during our whole journey."

A day or two after this, on awaking in the morning the Siamese found themselves alone, abandoned by the Portuguese, who had left them during the night. After seeking about on all sides, crying as loudly as they could, and searching in vain for a trace of the fugitives, the Siamese gave themselves up to despair; until at last the second ambassador, a man of courage and address, called all his party about him and made them a set speech. He excused the Portuguese for leaving them, because they could not go so fast as they did, and instanced their own conduct in leaving the first ambassador under similar circumstances; he then exhorted them to act as men who did not want a leader but who knew how to conduct themselves, and explained to them, that by following the sea-coast, they could not possibly go wrong. But the most curious part of his address was that relating to the respect due to the letter written by the great king their master: "My first, my only care in our shipwreck was to save this letter. I attribute my safety entirely to the good fortune which always attends anything which has once had the honour of approaching the supreme majesty of the king whom we serve. From that moment you have all seen with what care I have carried it. When we encamped upon the mountains, I always placed it upon the summit, or, at least, above the heads of any of our party, and stationing myself a little lower, I remained at a respectful distance to keep watch over it. When we stopped in the plains, I attached it to the top of the highest tree that I could find near us."

He then proceeds to direct that in case of his death, the third ambassador may do as he has done, and that in this man-

ner it may descend to the last survivor of the troop. And if, unhappily, none of us arrive at the Cape of Good Hope, let the last man bury it on the summit of a mountain, if possible, or at least, in the most elevated situation he can find, in order that the precious deposit may be free from insult and accident. Let him then prostrate himself, and die near it, showing in death the respect he owed it during life.

The influence of the sacred deposit seems to have extended itself to the whole party, who set out with vigour, in spite of pained and swelled limbs, and arrived at mid-day on the bank of a wide and rapid river. This they determined to cross; and for that purpose they tied all their scarfs together, end to end, giving one end of this long streamer to the best swimmer amongst them, who would be able, when he reached the opposite bank, to help the others by pulling it as they swam. The attempt failed; their best swimmer reached with great difficulty the bank, but he suffered severely from bruises in the attempt, and was also obliged to let go his hold of the scarf, so that the others were unable to follow. The saw, too, that from the rapidity of the stream, the Portuguese could not possibly have crossed; they therefore resolved to ascend the stream, and the mandarin who had crossed, was forced to swim back again, in doing which he escaped with the risk of his life.

For three or four days they continued to ascend the bank of the river, suffering dreadfully from cold and hunger, and heartily regretting the rock of muscles they had left behind them. They had soon evidences that they were in the track of the Portuguese. Once they found a torn stocking, and on another occasion, a fusil, the lock of which they took off to serve as a tinder-box. The next proof was a very melancholy one; it was the body of one of their interpreters, a half-caste, who had followed the Portuguese in their progress; they found him with his knees on the ground, and his body huddled up in a heap, all together, and quite stiff. They were themselves now almost dead with hunger; they had found absolutely nothing eatable, and were reduced to devour their shoes, which were probably made of undressed skin; they had for some time deliberated on returning to the rock; and were at last determined to do so on arriving at a point where they could see no means of getting on, but either climbing over a mountain, which they thought inaccessible, or wading through a deep and dangerous marsh. Here they passed the night, and the next morning they began to retrace their steps, resolving to remain by the rock until all the muscles were eaten, and then to give themselves up as slaves to the Hottentots.

They put their resolution in practice with so much eagerness that in three days they returned to the land of abundance, as it appeared to them; but now they found a new enemy in the increasing cold, which affected them to such a degree that, after remaining six days, and burning up all the fuel within their reach, they set out to find the Hottentots, carrying with them all the muscles they could find. Early the next morning they were found by three Hottentots, who were much more civilized than those they had before communicated with; and who were evidently acquainted with Europeans. They were, in fact, servants of the Dutch Government at the Cape, and appeared to be in search of them.

The Siamese party consisted of fifteen persons, and seven of those now found themselves completely exhausted. It was therefore resolved that they should be left in the best spot they could find, with as many of the muscles as they could spare, and that the others should follow the Hottentots, who appeared willing to act as guides, until they arrived at the first settlement, when they would send conveyances for those left behind. This was done: the eight who could walk followed their guides, but so slowly that two of the Hottentots left them. They followed the remaining guide through dreadful roads, and along precipices which made them shudder. On one occasion their nimble guide conducted them to a place so difficult to get along, that some of the party imagined they were brought there for no other purpose but to be killed; they actually came to a resolution to knock their guide upon the head, and would have put their unreasonable design into execution, had not the second ambassador commanded them to desist.

They lived all this time on their muscles, and on what they

picked up on their road. Sometimes they met with a few locusts, and, what they found much more agreeable, some frogs. But the narrators seem to have been most pleased with a sort of beetle. "I have no difficulty in saying," he observes, "that the insect which appeared most agreeable to my taste, was a sort of large fly or beetle, of very dark colour, of which we found many on our road. All the dressing we applied to them before eating, was merely to broil them on the fire, and we found them excellent."

At length, on the thirty-first day of their march, and the sixth from their finding a guide, they met two Dutchmen, accompanied by the Hottentot guides, who had left them six days before, loaded with provisions. "When we saw that they had brought us fresh bread, dressed meat, and wine, we could not contain our gratitude. Some of us threw ourselves at their feet, and embraced their knees, others named them fathers and deliverers." The narrator gave each of the Dutchmen a large diamond set in a gold ring, which had been presents from the king of Siam to the first ambassador.

Their chief difficulties were now terminated. They procured carriages to send for the companions they left behind them; and in a few days more were all carried safely to the Cape of Good Hope, where they were received in a most friendly manner, and where they found the Portuguese, who had arrived eight days before, but in a much more miserable plight than themselves, having lost between fifty and sixty of their party from fatigue and hunger, who dropped one after another, racked with horrid pains, and groaning at the same time from their sufferings, and with the prospect of their friends leaving them to perish miserably. "All that we could do," said one of the monks to the narrator, "not to appear cruel and barbarous when we saw any of our body drop, which at last happened several times a day, was to exhort him to recommend his soul to God. Without another word we turned our eyes away, and stopped our ears to avoid the lamentable cries which so often reached us."

The most melancholy incident of the whole narrative is the death of the son of the captain of the vessel, a fine youth of ten or twelve years, whom the father had taken with him on his voyage. "His father had carefully carried him to the shore when the vessel struck, and during the journey he made his slaves carry him. But all the negroes dying on the road, the poor child became so weak and swollen three days after the Portuguese left us, that he threw himself down upon a rock from which he could not rise again; he lay there extended, with his limbs so stiffened that he could not even bend them. This sight was a death-blow to his father, who raised him and assisted him to walk for some time, but he could no longer help himself. He could only be carried, and those whom his father had begged to render this service to his son, told the captain plainly that they could not do it without perishing themselves with him. The poor man then tried his own powers; he put his boy upon his shoulders, but he was unable to advance a single step, and he fell down with the youth, who seemed more touched with his father's grief than his own sufferings. He begged him to leave him to die, and urged that, although they might carry him on a little further, he could not possibly survive the night; that the affliction of his father, and the tears which he saw him shed, were more painful to him than his own sufferings. The captain was still more affected by his son's words than before, and he resolved to stay and die by his side. The poor boy then addressed the other Portuguese, and earnestly begged them to remove his father, saying that his presence was a cruel addition to his sufferings, and that the sight of him would but hasten his death.

"The representations made to the captain of the sinfulness of the real self-murder of which he would be guilty by remaining there, were all in vain; at length he was led off by main force, and compelled to accompany the rest of the party. The separation was so grievous and afflicting for the unfortunate man, that he never recovered the stroke: his grief was so violent that he died a day after he reached the Cape."

ADVENTURES OF A YOUNG SAILOR.

ONE day visiting the docks, my attention was arrested by a smart little 'Mudian-built brig, the *Astrea*, of Antigua, on board of which, at the moment, they were occupied in sending up the top-gallant yards. Perceiving, from the usual paucity of hands in these vessels, that there was but one man aloft in the fore-top, to bear the yard off, I sprang up the cross-trees, rigged the upper yard-arm, sung out to sway away, and with all the familiar nonchalance of an old shipmate, performed my part so dexterously, that on coming down, the captain, who had witnessed my movements, called me aft, and after a few inquiries, demanded if I should like to sail with him, offering me the berth of cabin-boy, and twenty shillings a month. My ambition, however, soared a step above this, and I at once told him I preferred being a seaman, and would willingly go before the mast for fifteen. Young as I was, he closed with my offer, but was too generous to reduce the wages first offered.

I was then only twelve years old, but already quite an independent personage, concluded the contract without my good aunt's knowledge or participation. At first she seemed to regret the step I had taken, but knowing that it was useless to remonstrate, she set about preparing my kit for the voyage, an undertaking not quite so complicated or laborious as rigging or fitting out a three-decker, for Heaven knows I was not overburthened with superfluities.

The brig, being a prime sailer, was insured to run it out. We were not long getting ready for sea, and sailing with a fair wind soon reached Madeira, which struck me as one of the most delightful countries I had ever visited. Here we remained a few days to take in a supply of wine, and proceeded on our voyage, ran down before a brisk trade-wind with fine weather, all promising a prosperous termination to the passage, until within about a day's sail of our destination. During the night, we stood under easy sail, anxiously awaiting, with the opening dawn, the announcement of land.

The fates, however, ordered it otherwise: day-break instead of the green valleys and smiling hills of Antigua, only disclosed to us two whacking rakish-looking ships, evidently cruisers, close hauled on the starboard tack, under all the canvass they could carry, right ahead; these, the captain, an experienced clever fellow, soon pronounced, by the sinister cut of their jibs, to be French frigates. We instantly luffed close up to the wind, but it was evident, that the enemy had the advantage on this point of sailing, and as dead before, it was considered the 'Mudian's forte, the captain watching their manœuvres, and observing them widely apart on opposite tacks, determined, as a *dernier resort*, to bother them, by making a dash between them. Accordingly, suiting the action to the word, the helm was up in a moment, the studding-sails spread on both sides, and every stitch that would draw packed on her. They were not slow in following the movement, getting soon into our wake at gun-shot distance, and opening a fire from their bow-chasers; nevertheless, we kept our distance, and held them a tug for some time, but at length, from the enemy's trimming; or some other cause, one of them began to overhaul us. Seeing this, we luffed-to, so as to bring the wind on the quarter, keeping the lee studding-sails all ready for setting again, and as soon as our pursuer had trimmed after us, we changed our course, bringing the wind on the opposite quarter. This, as we could manœuvre more rapidly than a larger ship, so teased the Frenchman, that (seeing the day was closing in, and fearing to lose us in the darkness) he suddenly rounded to, and let fly his whole broadside. This settled the business; an unlucky shot, but for which, there is little doubt we should have got away, having knocked away our main-top-mast, we hove-to, and were taken possession of by the French national frigate *La Pensée*, a fine new ship of forty-six guns; her consort proved to be *La Thetis*, carrying also forty-six guns.

It being nearly dark when we got on board the former, we were instantly thrust down the fore-hold, which we already

found so occupied by a number of our captive countrymen, that there was scarcely room to move, and I found myself so hustled and kicked about in my endeavours to nestle for the night, that I was at length fain to coil myself away as well as I could between two large purchase blocks. Here I remained till morning, melted by the heat, intensely augmented by a large oven in full occupation with the officers' bread, wet through with perspiration, and suffering the most intolerable thirst. When at length permitted to mount on deck, under a guard of marines, I inhaled the pure breath of Heaven, I then felt there were luxuries, indiscriminately shared by the creatures of a kind Providence, which no rank and fortune could—as with so many others of its blessings—entirely monopolise, but which the unthinking, pampered mass of mankind cannot appreciate. Sweet, sweet are the uses of adversity! Notwithstanding our abuse and vituperation, of hard-featured and ugly old mother Evil, there is no doubt, after all, that she is often the parent of the lovely genius of Good; to what extent the one may exist without the other, it is for casuists to determine.

But I am getting in the clouds. Our captain making interest for my enlargement, I was allowed to remain with him, and soon had the range of the whole ship unnoticed. The observations I was thus enabled to make of the discipline and interior economy of French men-of-war, subsequently compared with our own, have given me such a contempt for the former, that I should never feel doubtful of the result of any conflict between the vessels of the two nations, when there was anything like an approximation to an equality of force.

The crew of the *Pensee* consisted of about three hundred and fifty men, a great portion of whom, were blacks and mulattoes. They were clothed in the spoils of the vessels they had plundered, and in all the colours of the rainbow, scarcely any two being dressed alike, and they constituted as ferocious and motley a gang as (save the heterogeneous assemblage in the first cruiser under Admiral Noah) ever congregated on the decks of a ship; the whole affording a fine specimen of liberty and equality; for they ate, drank, played cards, and even dressed their hair on the quarter-deck.

The infliction of the lash or other systematic corporal punishment was prohibited. An individual having been detected in a theft, by the commander, the only penalty he suffered was a sound kicking and cuffing by the latter on the quarter-deck, with a plentiful volley of abuse for thus disgracing “la grande nation.” The black-gun-room-cook, however, attended table with our captain's shirts on his back with impunity. The officers messes in common, but each individual furnished and brought to table, his own plate, knife, fork, spoon, and napkin. Save those of the gun-room and cabin, there was not a bed or hammock on board, the crew planking it in their clothes. Under these circumstances, it is not to be wondered at, that they mustered nearly one hundred in the sick list, and scarcely a day passed that two or three individuals were not consigned to the deep.

The two ships had been cruising nearly two months, some fifty leagues to windward of the islands; had taken twelve vessels, English and American—for they made no distinction between the two nations—and had about ninety prisoners each on board, who were strictly guarded by day, and confined in the fore-hold by night. One of these, a young English seaman, of the name of John Edwards, having served the greater part of his time in the *Bourdeaux* trade, spoke the French language so fluently, that the captain and officers could not be persuaded he was not a natural-born Frenchman, and—it will scarcely be credited—he was actually tied up with his clothes on, and flogged with points, by two boatswain's mates, one on each side until he fainted, to extort a confession to that effect.

The celebration of the anniversary of the death of their unfortunate King, Louis XVI. was quite a festivity; the ships were gaily dressed out in flags and streamers, and wine and brandy were distributed among the crew, who, mustering aft on the quarter-deck, fraternized with the officers, singing the *Marseillais*, *Caira*, and other republican songs, in full chorus, and dancing the *caramagnole* the whole day; while the

wretched prisoners, neglected, were pent up in the fore-hold, half-suffocated for want of fresh air.

The following morning, we fell in with an American schooner, laden with live stock and other supplies; these were transferred to the two ships before the astonished Yankee could well look about him; his generous visitors modestly, however, declined to furnish him with their names. The first lieutenant had a son on board, about my own age, ycleped “le petit Louis.” Monsieur Louis and I soon became great cronies, but national pretensions occasioning a breach between us, we frequently came to the scratch, wrestling, and endeavouring to get each other down, by mutual consent the party thrown being considered the vanquished. These scuffles were preceded in form by hoisting the colours of our respective nations, patched together out of the tailor's clippings, and imitating a cannonading with our mouths. On the last, as on many others of these occasions, I came off the conqueror, though I had good reason to exclaim, “another such a victory, and I am ruined;” for, pitching poor Louis head-foremost down the after-hatchway, I nearly broke his neck, for which, his vindictive father having ordered me a sound flogging, I was forthwith conducted to the fore-castle, stretched over a capstan-bar, and through the medium of a sheepskin cat received my allowance.

About five weeks after our capture, the frigates standing in need of supplies, &c., bore up under all sail for Guadeloupe, and the next morning found us becalmed about four miles north of Basse-Terre; thus we lay without a breath of wind, the sails flapping to the mast, until ten o'clock, when the appearance of a line of battle ship rounding the south-west point of the bay with a staggering breeze, created no small panic. She had reached nearly within gun-shot, but keeping too close in, with a view of cutting us off, the breeze failed them; meanwhile a number of small craft coming out to assist, took the two ships in tow, and they were soon safe under the batteries.

We were immediately landed, and lodged in an old church in the town of Basse-Terre. Here our allowance consisted of about three-quarters of a pound of sour black bread, with a quarter of a pound of salt beef, pork, or cod-fish, alternately: the latter we were obliged to swallow raw, being too rotten to stand boiling, and, but for the humanity of the planters, who sometimes sent us a supply of yams or plantains, we might have starved.

At the end of two months, about one hundred of us were embarked on board a schooner, to be exchanged; and in two hours from our quitting the prison, we found ourselves once more on board an English ship, *l'Aimable*, of thirty-six guns. We stood for the *Saintes*, and the following day were transferred to the *Vanguard*, of seventy-four guns, lying at anchor there. Quitting the *Saintes*, we proceeded to Fort Royal, Martinico, where myself and three other of the smallest boys having been selected by Captain George Wilson, of the *Bellona*, seventy-four, we were sent on board that ship. No sooner had we mounted the side, than we were made to exhibit a specimen of our respective agility by running a race to the maintop-gallant mast-head. I had the good fortune to win, which gained me the kind notice of the captain, who, giving me a glass of wine and an orange, placed me under the charge of the captain of the maintop, a fine smart fellow, since boatswain of a frigate.

Never, before or since, have I seen a finer specimen of the genuine British man-of-war's man, than was exhibited by the mess of which Jack Gore was the head; they were fourteen in number, all maintop men, and messed between the third and fourth guns in the starboard bay. Long previous service together, in a forty-four gun ship on the coast of Africa, had established a fraternity among them of the strongest kind. Jack's influence and ascendancy over his messmates were remarkable; his advice and example were followed with a truly filial respect, and no father could have felt prouder of his family, or more hurt at any irregularity, than Jack Gore. When rigged for muster or for shore, each individual, with a tie of half a fathom hanging down his back, their manly bronzed countenances shaded by long side-locks, surmounted by a neat tarpaulin or straw hat, in their blue jackets and

wide duck trousers, the latter fluttering in the gale, in the attitude of tossing their oars in the barge, nothing could be more strikingly characteristic than their appearance.

SHIPWRECKS OF JAMES SADEUR

Who was cast upon an unknown Island, December, 1623, where he lived Thirty-five years; including a Description thereof, and of its Inhabitants.

THE hero of these adventures was conceived in America, but brought forth upon the ocean, May 10, 1603; his father, James Sadeur, and his mother, Willemetta Ilin, having accompanied Monsieur de Sarre to the West Indies.

The voyage was very successful in all the places which were esteemed dangerous, even to the coast of Aquitain, where an unexpected tempest so furiously engaged the vessel that it was cast upon the coast of Spain, and wrecked near the cape of Finisterre, in the province of Galicia, in Spain. His mother seeing the vessel, let in water on every side, lifted him up out of the cradle, and embracing him with great tenderness, exclaimed, "Ah! my dear child, have I brought thee forth upon the waters to see thee so soon swallowed up by them? at least I shall have this consolation, of perishing with thee!" She had hardly finished this complaint, when a more impetuous wave than any of the former, breaking into the vessel, bore her away from her husband who, instead of making to the shore, as did the rest, embraced his lifeless wife, and drew her and the child to the bank side.—Overcome, however, by his exertions, and unable to restore breath to the companion of his days, he soon followed her to the grave.

Thus our hero became an orphan in his infancy. The captain of the vessel, however, Mons. de Sarre, who had lost an only son, and had been godfather to young Sadeur, took pity on his desperate situation, and was pleased to adopt him as his own. His wife became equally fond of him; and this orphan for a long time believed them to be his natural parents. The Countess of Villa Franca afterwards took him into her service, when he was about eight years of age. He was now instructed in several languages; astronomy, geography, &c.

The countess's son being determined to go to sea, young Sadeur, though much against his inclinations, was obliged to accompany him. Having, however, a great aversion to the sea (which he naturally imbibed from his infancy), he requested the count's permission to go by land. Accordingly, the count embarked May 15, 1623, and young Sadeur and the count's suite pursued their way on foot.

Sadeur believed, that in going by land he should shun the dangers of the sea; but the sea seemed to have found him upon shore; for some pirates perceiving them at a distance, by the shining liveries of the count, fired upon them from an ambuscade, killing one page, two servants, and the horse on which Sadeur was mounted—the rest being incapable of defending themselves, fled away; and Sadeur, thus forsaken, was seized by the pirates, who brought him into one of their vessels, and immediately weighed anchor.

They were not long on the open sea before a violent tempest arose; the mast of their vessel broke, the rudder split, the ship leaked on all sides, and for twenty-four hours they were labouring hard day and night, at six great pumps, till at last, being overcome with labour, the water gained upon them and the ship sunk.

At this critical juncture our young adventurer found himself, by chance, near the door of the captain's chamber, which was borne up and began to swim; and as he was about to perish he caught hold of it, and floated thereon. Fortunately, by means of the moonlight, a vessel, which was sailing towards the north perceived the youth on the raft, and having sent a boat to his assistance, he was taken into the vessel.

As soon as Sadeur came to himself he was taken for a Portuguese; but the captain of the vessel having recollected to have seen him in the house of Villa Franca, to which illustri-

ous house he had been under great obligations, ordered that peculiar care should be taken of him. In vain, therefore, Sadeur solicited to be sent on shore; the captain insisted he must deliver him safe to the countess. The vessel he was in, belonged to the Portuguese merchants, which went occasionally to the East Indies.

The voyage was now so favourable, that every one said Sadeur brought good luck to the vessel. They came to the line on the 15th of July, very well and healthy. On the 1st of September they reached Congo, where they anchored on the 6th, at Maninga. The secretary was now the only person who was ill, and his sickness increased daily. It was the physician's opinion that he ought to be sent on shore, and every one thought that he should not be exposed to double the Cape of Good Hope during the approaches of the Equinox. It was at length resolved to stay in this port till December, as well for their health, as to avoid danger.

Maninga has not half the inhabitants that Portugal has. The men are entirely naked; but, within these few years; some have imitated the Europeans by covering their bodies. The abundance of the country seems to render the inhabitants slothful, stupid, and negligent.

The soil, which is watered throughout by the rivers of Zair and Carizo, produces great quantities of fruit without any labour, and these fruits are exceedingly nourishing and delicious. This abundance renders the people negligent of gain; and consequently the captain and his crew stayed here a considerable time without any expense. There is so little use for houses, that nobody goes into them. Beds are disregarded, every body sleeping on the ground, except invalids for whom certain mattresses are provided.

The Zair abounds in fish, of which there are two remarkable sorts peculiar to this river. The first may be called amphibious, for they come out of the water and leap like foxes, with this difference, that their paws are as large as the feet of drakes, and those before, are twice or thrice as short as those behind. They are very free, as they will frequently leap into boats and play with the watermen. The natives call them cadzeick, and the flesh resembles that of Spanish otters.

The other sort are flying-fishes, which are of a more elegant appearance than peacocks; they seldom swim at the bottom of the water, but are constantly seen at the top. The feathers of these sea-peacocks (as they may be called) are like the scales of fishes, but with a diversity of green, blue, yellow, and red, which renders them very handsome. Some are as large as great eagles, with five or six feet.

The shores were full of many kinds of animals; but the most common, and the most charming were, a kind of sheep of almost all colours. These colours are remarkably bright, but are said to fail with the lives of the animals.

Our adventurers visited a small island in the middle of the lake which belongs to the king Jassaler, who also calls himself the King of the Lake. The natives of this country call him Zassa, and he keeps a fortress, which, though esteemed famous by his own people, is very insignificant. This place was very odoriferous, in consequence of the fruits, &c. Here is also a fountain, the liquor of which is very fascinating; but our adventurers were told by the natives that it would be fatal to drink the water of it to excess. Soon after, indeed, a great drowsiness came upon them; they were obliged to lie down on the ground, where they slept fifteen hours. This sleep, however, had no ill effect upon them, for they rose up as healthy and as brisk as before.

From this isle they went to the source of the river Cuama, which they found narrow, and incapable of receiving a boat. Soon after, they discovered the fountain of the lake itself, and they reckoned above two hundred brooks which came down from the mountains, which are over against the middle of it, and which these Spaniards call the Mountains of the Moon, a name they received from Vasea de Gama, because, when he discovered them (1597), the moon appeared as if touching the top of them.

They returned by the river of Carizo, and stayed twenty days on the road. Immediately after, they set sail with a favourable wind and sea, and arrived at the Cape of Good Hope

in eight days. They did not stay here, for fear of losing the opportunity of so fair a season, which is so very rare in this place, and proceeded till they got in sight of Port Donanbolo, in the isle of Madagascar, where they were wind-bound upwards of forty-six hours. A furious east wind afterwards broke their cordage, and drove them above a thousand leagues to the west. Many of the crew saw some isles on the right hand, and took them for those called Trinity. Here, unfortunately, their vessel split upon a rock, and they were now exposed to the merciless waves.

Sadeur could not tell what became of the other vessels which accompanied them, nor the fate of his companions, for the night was very dark. He sought for a plank to save himself, and having found one, he clung to it, and floated for many hours. After turning over several times he came to himself, found a calm sea, and perceived an isle very near. He felt his hands so clenched to the plank that he could hardly loosen them, and his fingers were so crooked that he could not by any means straighten them. The sight of the island, however, encouraged him, and by means of fresh exertion he came to shore, and dragged himself under a tree, from the fruit of which he derived considerable refreshment. He was exceedingly bruised, and consequently in great pain; but after a sleep, of at least twenty hours, he recovered his strength. The sun shone, and his clothes were soon dry. He now felt himself inspired with courage, and he resolved to advance into the isle to discover if there were any inhabitants.

He plainly saw the appearance of some ways, which led him into very thick bushes, where he could not pass without stooping. This filled him with strange sensations. Having found a tree much higher than the rest, he ascended it, in hope of making some discovery; but as he got up he heard a great noise, and saw two prodigious birds, which appeared to him like beasts, which came to the top of the tree, and obliged him to get down faster than he got up. As soon as he descended he heard a frightful cry, which so alarmed him, that he hastened back to the sea-shore.

On his retreating he was followed by a great number of animals of different kinds, and meeting with the plank which bore him to shore, he flourished it, in order to keep them aloof; but one of them advancing near, he gave him a violent blow, which set them all howling. A violent contest now ensued, and our hero was obliged to swim for his security. Some of the natives, who perceived this encounter, and who probably admired his courage, came to his assistance. They washed his wounds, and gave him some kind of drink, which quite revived him.

The custom of the inhabitants of this country is, not to receive any person amongst them with whose birth and disposition they are unacquainted. The heroism of Sadeur, however, recommended him to their notice, and he was, without any hesitation, admitted into the neighbouring quarter, where everyone came to kiss his hands. They would also have carried him upon their heads, the greatest mark of esteem that they show to any person; but as his state of health did not admit of this ceremony, it was dispensed with.

The whole of this hitherto unknown land (*terra incognita Australis*) is called *Hust*; that on the western side, *Hump*; and the eastern side, *Hue*. Its length is about eight hundred leagues; and its breadth six hundred in some places, and in most only three. All this vast land is called *Fund*, and is under two or three governors, who often make very cruel war against each other.

What is very surprising in the Australian dominions is, that there is not one mountain to be seen, the natives having levelled them all. To this prodigy may be added the admirable uniformity of languages, customs, buildings, &c., which are to be seen here. The grand houses are called *habs*, and the common ones, *hebs*. There is an abundance of rich fruits, but little or no rain.

The natives are very active, and remarkably tall; their flesh bears a reddish hue; they have long faces, high foreheads, small mouths, noses more inclined to be long than round, and black hair and beards. They always go naked.

Our hero, during his long stay in this island, assisted in two wars made by the Fondins a kind of barbarians, who bordered

upon the Australians. The first was made about seventeen years after his arrival, and the other the last year of his stay. In the first, the Australians, though victorious, lost a considerable number, and Sadeur was among those wounded, having had his arm broke, and one of his thighs run through.

In the second battle, which happened seventeen years after the other, the Australians were also the conquerors, and the country inhabited by the Fondins was entirely dispeopled. The women, who were exceedingly beautiful, were all butchered. It happened that Sadeur when breaking into a house, that seemed more considerable than the rest, found therein a venerable matron, with two beautiful daughters, the elder about twenty-five years of age, who threw themselves at his feet. The compassion which he exhibited on this occasion was very near incurring his own death; but having escaped, he feigned himself wounded, and under this pretence withdrew from the army.

Soon after this battle, however, Sadeur was accused of not having fought like the others, since he could not produce an ear of the Fondins; for it is the custom of the Australians to cut off the ears of those they kill in battle, and he that brings most is esteemed the most courageous. He was likewise accused, not only of sparing the women before mentioned, but of embracing them. In consequence of these accusations, he was imperiously sentenced to die. Sadeur did not deny the charges against him, nor flinch from the sentence. He only requested a delay of a few days, which being granted, he contrived means of escaping; and having, by good chance, desecrated a vessel, he was taken on board, and, after eight days' sailing, they arrived at the port of Tombolo, which is S. W. of Madagascar.

This country is inhabited by French, Portuguese, English, and a few Hollanders. It is not only barren, but unhealthy. Sadeur related his story to the governor; two ships arrived from the Mogul, which were to depart in a few days for Leghorn; and Sadeur availed himself of this opportunity of returning to his own country.

The above narrative is taken from a translation of a French copy then printed at Paris, by public authority, dated 1693. It abounds, however, so much in the romantic, that we have rejected many parts as incredible.

THE FIRST DIVING BELL.

THE first diving bell we read of was nothing more than a very large kettle, suspended by ropes with the mouth downwards, and planks to sit on fixed in the middle of its concavity. Two Greeks of Toledo, in 1588, made an experiment with it before Charles the Fifth. They descended in it with a lighted candle, to a considerable depth. In 1683, William Phipps the son of a blacksmith, formed a project for unloading a rich Spanish ship sunk on the coast of Hispaniola. Charles the Second gave him a ship, with every necessary for his undertaking, but being unsuccessful, he returned in great poverty. He then endeavoured to procure another vessel, but failing, he got a subscription, to which the Duke of Albemarle contributed. In 1687, Phipps set sail in a ship of 230 tons, having previously engaged to divide the profit according to the twenty shares of which the subscription consisted. At first, all his labours proved fruitless; but at last, when he seemed almost to despair, he was fortunate enough to bring up so much treasure, that he returned to England with £100,000. Of this sum, he got about £10,000., and the Duke £90,000. Phipps was knighted by the king, and laid the foundation of the fortunes of the present nobleman.

A ROYAL PUN.

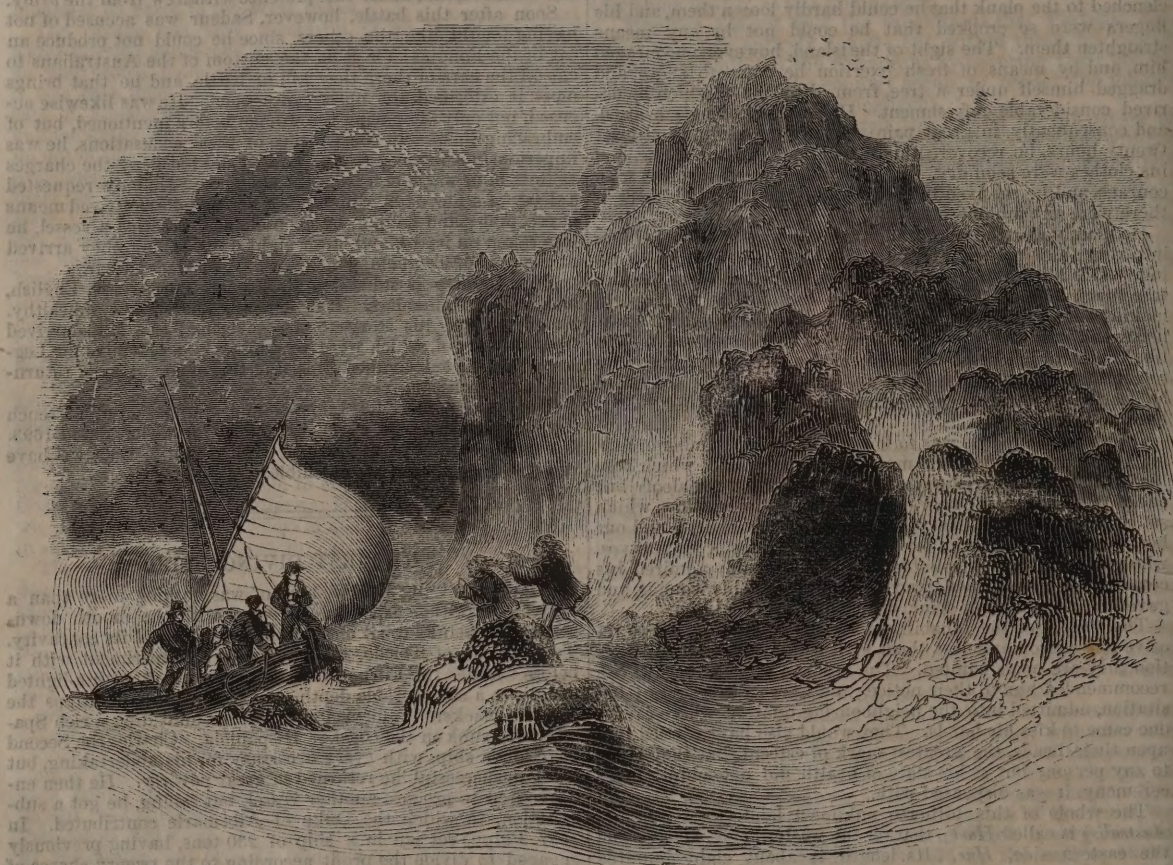
WHEN a noble Admiral of the White, well known for his gallant spirit, his gentlemanly manners, and real goodness of heart, was introduced to William the Fourth, to return thanks for his promotion, the cheerful and affable monarch, looking at his hair, which was almost as white as the newly-fallen snow, jocosely exclaimed, "White at the main, Admiral! white at the main!"

SHIPWRECK OF THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

On the 9th of May, 1820, the Princess of Wales smack, 75 tons burden, Mr. T. Beckwith, No. 80, Old Broad Street, commander, sailed from London for Prince Edward's Island, in the Indian ocean, with a crew of fifteen men, for the purpose of catching seals and sea elephants for their skins. The sailors on such expeditions are generally made partners in the venture, as they receive only a certain share of what is caught as their wages. She arrived at her destination, and "sealing" was commenced on the 1st of November, 1820, and they continued their work until near March, when they went farther on to some desert islands, discovered by Captain Cook, in 47 deg. S. latitude, and 47 deg. E. longitude, which are rarely visited, called the Crozettes. On the 17th of that month

a party, consisting of eight of the crew, were sealing on one of the islands, and the vessel was at anchor at another, within sight of the first island. In the course of that day a heavy swell came from the S. E. and the captain, in order to gain an offing, was obliged to slip the cable, and stand to sea.

A calm came on soon after, and they lost all power over the smack, for the current ran strong against a reef of rocks and the swell continued very heavy. In this condition they continued, in hourly expectation of striking until midnight when she struck with tremendous force. It was then proposed to get the boat out and try to gain the island; but the captain, who knew its desolate condition, and believed they could only linger out a few days there, in dreadful want, opposed the proposition, and he chose rather to close his suffer-



SHIPWRECK OF THE PRINCESS OF WALES SMACK, ON A DESERT ISLAND.

ings by a speedy death as the less horrible alternative. The crew, however, considered that there was still hope, and under the circumstance, assuming the right of acting for themselves, they got the boat out over the gunwale, and threw into her a few things which they were able hastily to collect. Still however, they refused to leave their captain to perish, and after some entreaty, they prevailed upon him to commit himself to the boat with them. The night was dark, rainy, and boisterous, and the sea dashed over the rocks by which they were surrounded. They found the shore to be much nearer than they expected, but could not land, as it was bounded by a perpendicular rock. After rowing about for nearly four hours, they came into a sort of cove, where they got on shore in safety, but the boat was swamped. How

they escaped the rocks in that darkness and heavy sea, was afterwards matter of astonishment to them. They hauled up to the boat, turned it over, and got under it.

When the day broke they perceived the vessel lying on her beam-ends, with a large hole in her lower planks, which proved that from the instant she first struck she could not afterwards have lived. The sea was washing over her, and it was evident that she must soon go to pieces. They were unable to launch the boat to save anything from the wreck. Amongst the articles put into the boat was a tinder box, and with a few materials, which they picked up on the shore, they made a fire, and caught a few birds, which they dressed.

On the next day they succeeded in launching the boat, and

proceeded in her to a cove at about five miles distance, which was nearer the vessel. They succeeded in reaching her, and getting out the captain's and the mate's chests, landing them, and in picking up a number of planks. The next day they picked up a try-sail, and some casks of bread which was spoilt, but a gale coming on, prevented them from putting out in the boat to visit the wreck, as it blew furiously. The next day they saw, to their distress, that nothing was left of her but the masts, which had got entangled by the rigging among the rocks. This was the last thing they saved. They then hauled the boat up to live, or rather to sleep, under her, and this was their only shelter for three weeks, during which time they subsisted chiefly on birds, and the tongues and hearts of sea-elephants. They had got some of their hunting implements on shore, and were able to kill this animal with ease, whenever they caught it, and its great importance to them will appear in the course of the narrative. The weather was so rainy and inclement, that until the end of three weeks they were unable to begin to erect any commodious shelter. At the expiration of that time they collected all the timber they could find, for the island did not produce a shrub. With a part of these materials, and some stones, at the end of a few weeks they completed a house or shed. They covered the top with sea-elephant's skins, to keep out the rain, and the weather, at the sides, by means of turf. They made their beds of a soft, dry grass, with which the island abounded, and over this they had coverlids of sea-elephant's skins, and on the whole, they made their shelter tolerable. They soon got into a settled course of life. They hunted seals and sea-elephants. The latter animals were their chief subsistence, and, to use the expression of one of the sailors, it was "meat, drink, fire and lodging" to them. The carcase is often much larger than that of the largest ox, but it was only certain parts of it they could eat, the most considerable part of it being blubber, this blubber serving them as fuel. They made a grate with some stones, and the hoops of a cask. They placed at the bottom some dried grass, and over that some elephant's blubber, and when the grass, arranged in this manner, was lighted, the blubber burnt of itself, and made fine blazing fires. They were enabled to divide the time by a watch which the captain had saved. In the mornings they rose about eight o'clock, and breakfasted on fried birds. These consisted of several species peculiar to those latitudes, but the chief was a species which the sailors call "Nellys," which burrow in the ground, and are easily caught. After breakfast they went out to hunt, leaving one or two behind to cook dinner. This dinner consisted generally of a sort of soup, composed of sea-elephant's flippers, heart, and tongue, chopped in pieces. They could find no vegetables on the island, which produced nothing but grass, excepting a plant like a cabbage, that was extremely bitter, and this they made use of occasionally to flavour their soup. Great inconveniences were at first sustained for want of proper eating utensils, as there was only the large kettle in which their soup was made. They managed, however, to make some wooden spoons for themselves. They next cut down an old cask, and with it made a kind of soup tureen, out of which they all ate together.

Their last improvement was to manufacture a sort of wooden trencher for themselves, when they eat comparatively in a superior style of comfort. In the soup they sometimes put elephant skin, which had the appearance of tripe, but in taste and substance it is described as of a more "leathery" nature. After dinner some of them went out again to hunt for "grub," some remaining at home, the swiftest runners being chosen to hunt the seal. At "tea-time," or dusk, they returned and partook of a mess composed of penguin's eggs boiled in water. Now and then they killed the albatross, which is rather a strong bird, and roasted it; but as the young ones were highly esteemed, and as the mariners daily began to lose their hope of being delivered, they were afraid to kill the old birds lest they should quit the island, and in this fear they permitted them to live as "stand boys." For the same reason they spared the penguins, which supplied them plentifully with eggs. The young seals were considered as the greatest luxury, but they, as well as the old ones, were but too scarce, and their skins

were in high request for clothes. For at the end of a few months, from their mode of life, their clothes gave way; and indeed, the climate was so cold and wet that they were not fit to withstand the inclemency of the weather. The men set to work and made themselves clothes of the seal-skin, some using the hair inwards. They made a needle out of a nail. For shoes they made themselves a sort of sock or buskin of the same material, and they constructed various kinds of caps, which, as their beards were pretty long, by no means tended to improve the physiognomy.

When the boat, containing the sealing party of eight men, quitted the ship to go to the first island, it was appointed that they should remain fishing on the island for a week, when the smack should proceed on to the next island, and at the end of the time, return to them with fresh provisions. In order to give a notion of the kind of life which these hardy men endure in the fisheries or places of this description, it may be worth stating, that with provisions for a week or so, they set out from the vessel round these desert islands, to the difficult parts frequented by the seals. They haul the boat a-shore in the quarter where they hunt the prey. They turn the boat, which is generally built light, bottom upwards, placing a large stone at each end to elevate her, and make her rest on one side to allow an opening. The space along the side, with the exception of one hole to crawl in at, is then closed up by dirt to keep out the wind and rain. Under this shelter, they sleep during their absence from the vessel, in weather generally rainy, and often with snow upon the ground for days, and yet the men are mostly in fine robust health, and under the incitement which they partake as sharers of the spoil (though that share is sadly disproportionate to their labours) they pursue the chase with the greatest vigour, and in an ordinary voyage, we understand, will often take upwards of 10,000 skins. The party, on going, at the end of the week, to the place where it was agreed the smack should take them up, were greatly perplexed that she did not make her appearance, but their distress may be conceived, on finding different parts of the wreck floating near the shore, which led them to the conclusion, from perceiving no other traces, that she, with all their comrades on board, had perished in the storm. They remained in this spot more than six weeks, in a most gloomy situation, and then removed to another part of the island for the convenience of provisions. They there stayed out the winter, living on seals and sea elephants, which they also cooked with the blubber which is highly inflammable. At the expiration of that time provisions became scarce, and they removed round the island for the purpose of crossing over to the next island, in hopes of finding the seals there in great plenty. The distance between the two islands is little more than ten miles. They fortunately landed at the very spot near where their shipmates had built the house, and there they met, to the great joy of both parties. The fishing party brought with them their kettle, frying-pan, and some implements which were highly acceptable, and increased their scanty means of comfort. They lived altogether for a time in the manner stated. Their occupation was either hunting for provisions, or preparing them, and mending or making their clothes. The snow was sometimes for a long period on the ground, and there were but three weeks' fine clear weather in the year. Some months the weather was so bad that they remained in the house for more than three days together. In those dreary times their great consolation was a Bible, which had been given to them by Captain Cox, the agent to the Merchant Seamen's Bible Society, which the captain and others of the crew read aloud to the rest. It was in fact, read every day by one or the other of them, and some who had never read it before, read it during the time they lived on the island several times over. It effected in the characters of several, a change highly beneficial, and promoted piety and resignation in the whole. During their stay, there were no parties amongst them; no quarrelling, and none assumed command, but obedience of the best kind existed—namely, that produced by a conviction of the utility and propriety of the thing proposed, and a mutual desire to be serviceable. They all gave their utmost exertions to the execution of whatever was suggested by the most experienced, or received the sanction of the majority.

After they had been together for about three weeks, and the prospect of deliverance from the dreary solitude, getting every day more remote, it was proposed to construct a vessel with the timber of the wreck, and the materials of which the house was built.—There were the remains of a hut built on the other island by some Americans who visited it some years before, when seals were more plentiful. With these and what had been saved from the wreck, the carpenter reported that a vessel might be built, and they set to work upon that object immediately. The sails were to be made of seal-skins sown together, and a party consisting of eleven, went to the first island, for the purpose of collecting and preparing them, and digging up the timber which had been used for the house. The collection and preparation of the skins took three weeks' and in a week more they collected all the timber for the building of the vessel. From the state of their provisions, it was found convenient that five of their number should return and stay at the other island, as there were no provisions sufficient for the subsistence of all at the island, where the house was built. This party, therefore, having received a proportionate share of the utensils—namely, one kettle, and the bottom of an old one, which was used as a frying-pan, they set off. Those who remained, in order that they might apply the timber used in constructing the old house to the building of their vessel, set to work to build a new habitation, which they formed chiefly of stones and turf. This house appears to have been an improvement on the first, inasmuch, as it had the luxury of three chimneys, which, however, either would not draw, or were insufficient, as the inmates were obliged to cut a hole in the gable end to let out the smoke. At this time they used the elephants' bones, with the blubber as fuel, the fumes from which were by no means agreeable. Having finished this, they shifted their things into it: tore down the first, and then cleared the place where it stood for the purpose of building the vessel upon it. They laid the keel, made from the topmast of the wreck, to erect a vessel whose keel should be twenty-nine feet, and built like a lugger, and of about four and a half feet high. It was calculated that she would be about twelve tons burden. They worked at it with assiduity, animated by the hope of delivering themselves. Their history of their various expedients to supply the place of regular tools and materials, though unintelligible to the general readers would be highly interesting to nautical men. At the end of five months they had completed her with her seal-skin sails, and they set off to the other island to fetch the other five men, that they might assist in the launch.

Nearly two years had now rolled over since they were first wrecked—a time which, as marked by their privations and anxieties, appeared as long as their lives. The five men who were in this first island were dispersed in search of food, and the larger party were obliged to go in pursuit of them.

On the next day after their arrival, a gale sprung up, and their boat was driven about seventy yards from where she was made fast, and her stern knocked to pieces. They occupied themselves in attempting to repair the disaster, which threw them into great dismay. The day was fine, when an old man, who was out on a mountainous point trying to descry their comrades, came running down in great haste, and presented himself before them in a bewildered state. He gesticulated without being able to speak a word, when the captain, not conceiving the cause, said, "What's the matter with you, you foolish fellow?" At last he recovered as far from effects of his joy as to be able to tell them he had seen a vessel standing in towards the shore. This none of them would believe, and all said it must be a bird sitting on the water, an object which had often deceived their hopes. The man, however, was convinced that he was not mistaken, and asked who would go with him to see the vessel, when one offered to go with him and ascertain the fact; and a tinder-box was given to them. What they might, if it were true, make a fire to show those on board that there were human beings on the island. To their indescribable joy, these two men, on getting to the place where she was first discovered, saw a schooner standing along shore, and, from the carcase of a sea-elephant just killed,

and other traces, perceived that the crew must have been on shore. They then sought for and killed one of those animals, and with its blubber they soon made a fire on the promontory, that evidently caught the attention of the schooner, as a boat was seen to proceed from her towards the shore. The men ran down eagerly to meet her, but when the boat got near the shore, the crew evidently hesitated, on seeing the two men, whose appearance must certainly have been of a dubious nature. They were naked, with the exception of their rough brown fur jackets, as they had thrown off their skin trousers, which were exceedingly thick and heavy, for the convenience of running. They, however, hailed the crew, in a manner which proved them to be civilized beings, and they were taken on board. The vessel turned out to be an American schooner, which had come for the purpose of sealing and trading in those seas. The captain received them very kindly, and gave them shirts and trousers. It was sunset when they were taken on board, and the next day the captain and the remaining party were fetched. They proceeded in search of the other party, who described the vessel with a degree of joy equal to that of the first man who saw it, and on the boat approaching the shore, hailed it with three cheers, which was returned by their comrades on board. Those on shore were so overjoyed, that they did not wait for her coming to shore, but rushed into the water to haul her up. They were all taken on board. They assisted the schooner in loading, and after taking all things on board, she sailed for the Isle of France, her destination. On the way, however, the mate of the smack had a disagreement with the American captain, and was voluntarily put on shore on the island of St. Paul, where there are plenty of wild pigs, and provisions, such as the mariners had of late been used to, and which island is in the track of the vessel trading in the direction of the Isle of France. All the mariners, excepting two, named Veale and Petherbridge, and their captain, preferred going on shore with their mate, and waiting there for some of the trading vessels that should touch there. Not the least apprehension was felt by themselves or the others that they would be able to meet with a passage, and the captain and the two men, Veale and Petherbridge, were landed at the Isle of France, where a subscription was raised for them, and they were treated with great humanity by the governor. The captain went on to the Cape of Good Hope, by the Welsh brig, *Hero*. The two men, Veale and Petherbridge, returned home in the *Lord Exmouth*, Captain Evans, which is now in the East India Dock. This is, perhaps, the only instance since the days of Selkirk, the original Robinson Crusoe, of a number of men having been wrecked, and lived for a length of time on a desert island. Their health was in general good, excepting now and then, when from the extremely oily nature of their food, their bowels were disordered. They then found a dose of salt water an effectual remedy.

ADMIRAL KEPPEL MYSTIFIED BY GEORGE III.

In the "Life of Admiral Keppel, by the Hon. and Rev. Thos. Keppel," the following amusing incident is told of the admiral being duped by George the Third, when his majesty was about to dissolve the "Coalition" Administration.—"The same night Keppel had an audience with the king. He had previously appointed Mr. Adair to sup with him at 10 o'clock. It was past 12 before Keppel returned home. 'Why, admiral,' said Adair, 'where have you been? Here have I been waiting for my supper these two hours.' Keppel replied, 'I have been with the king; I thought I should never have got away. His majesty has been most kind to me; he inquired about our prospects and plans, and treated me with so much openness and honesty, that I entered fully into the state of affairs with which he seemed highly pleased.' And you believe him?" drily asked Mr. Adair. Keppel felt hurt at the doubt Adair contented himself with saying, 'Well, we shall see.' Before they parted, a note arrived from Lord Temple, to inform Lord Keppel that his majesty had no further occasion for his services. This was one of those apparent marks of kindness which the king knew so well how to practise."

THE LIFE OF ALEXANDER SELKIRK.

In the beginning of the year 1705, two ships, the *St. George*, of twenty-six guns, commanded by Captain Dampier, and the *Cinque Ports*, of sixteen guns, commanded by Captain Stradling, set sail from England to cruise against the Spaniards in the South Seas. On board of the latter vessel was a sailor of the name of Alexander Selkirk, whose strange adventures and long and lonely stay on an uninhabited island, Defoe took as the groundwork of his celebrated romance of *Robinson Crusoe*.

In the course of the voyage, it was found that the captains could not agree. They had frequent quarrels, and long before the ships arrived at the island of Juan Fernandez, they had more than once threatened to part, and pursue a separate course. Having taken in water, however, at Juan Fernandez, they proceeded on their voyage; and coming in sight of a Spanish vessel, they forgot their disagreements for a time, and uniting their forces, attacked and took her.

She proved to be a merchant ship with a valuable cargo. The division of the spoil, unfortunately, led to a fresh and more obstinate quarrel; in consequence of which, Dampier refused to sail any longer with Stradling. The ships accordingly parted; the former persevered in his cruise, while the latter returned to Juan Fernandez. Here dissension broke out among the crew; and while the *Cinque Ports* was taking in wood and water, Alexander Selkirk had so violent a quarrel with the captain that he determined to quit the ship altogether. He appears to have been rather passionate and hasty in his temper; and, seeing no sign on the part of Captain Stradling of a desire to baulk him of his humour, he persevered in his intention to leave the vessel; while the captain, on his side, glad to get rid of a man whom he disliked, and no doubt wishing to furnish an example to his mutinous crew, readily complied with Selkirk's request, whom he ordered to be sent ashore, with his box of clothes, his bedding, his gun, and some gunpowder,—to which were added, an axe, a hatchet, a kettle, and some books and mathematical instruments.

The island was uninhabited, and the ship remained three days there after Selkirk's landing; during this time he recovered from his anger, and having had leisure to reflect, repented of his conduct. The solitude of the island alarmed him, and he earnestly begged to be taken on board again. But the captain refused to forgive him, and would upon no account allow him to be received into the ship. The crew were intimidated, and the vessel sailed away, leaving Selkirk by himself on the island.

The unfortunate man watched the departure of the ship with feelings which may be more easily imagined than described. Several times he felt tempted to fling himself into the sea, and swim after her; but he knew that such an attempt would be useless, and that even if he should have the strength to reach her, the inexorable captain would not take him on board. His only hope of ever leaving the island, was the chance arrival of some English ship coming there for water. So long as the daylight lasted, he remained on the shore, in the vain expectation of seeing some sail in the distance.

On the approach of night, his despair and grief were turned into terror; and when he found himself in darkness and solitude, his alarm increased so much, that he could scarcely sleep or get any rest. This continued for some days; but by degrees his alarm became less and less, and when he had lived eight months on the island, he had recovered his former courage, and was no longer afraid of being alone, having become used to his solitude.

Fortunately, there were no beasts of prey on the island, which abounded with goats, cats, rats, birds, and seals. Of these animals, the rats alone gave him any annoyance.

It was not long before he could relish the only food that the island afforded, because he had neither salt nor bread to eat it with. His food consisted of goat's flesh, either broiled or made into broth, and sometimes he caught a large kind of cray-fish, about the size of a lobster, which when boiled, he found very pleasant to the taste.

He had lived some time upon the island before he thought of building himself a house or hut. The day he passed on the sea-shore; and at night he climbed a tree. But when he felt that he had nothing to fear, and saw no appearance of any vessel, he determined to make himself as comfortable as he could and in some degree became contented with his condition.

The island abounded with pimento trees, which supplied him with wood for building and for burning. He also seasoned his meat with the fruit of the tree, it being the same as Jamaica pepper. In a sheltered spot in the wood, he built himself two huts, and covered them with a roof of long grass. Having dried the skins of the goats that he had killed, he lined the inside of the walls with them, and so made his dwelling secure from wind, rain, and heat. He cooked and ate his food in the smaller hut, and put his hammock into the other, where he slept.

This being finished, he now turned his attention to taming some of the wild cats. By placing some goats' flesh for them regularly every day at his house, he soon attracted a prodigious number of them; and by degrees he coaxed a few of them to remain with him altogether. These animals followed him in his walks, sat with him at home, and even learned to dance, while he sang tunes to them. They were useful, besides, in destroying and driving away the rats, which had not only stolen and spoiled his food and clothing, but while he slept, they had actually tried to gnaw his feet. He also succeeded in taming some kids, and the frolics and games of his cats and goats with one another, afforded him amusement, and served to beguile many an otherwise tedious hour.

The whole of the western coast of America, at that time, belonged to the Spaniards; and they had suffered much from the English cruizers, who had taken several of their valuable ships, and burnt and plundered many of the towns. The Spaniards, in their turn, were in the practice of making prisoners of all the Englishmen that they met with, and either put them to death, or what was worse, sent them to work in the mines. This, Selkirk knew; and he dreaded lest he should be found and taken by any of the Spaniards, who might happen to land on the shores of the island for water. Otherwise, he might have been relieved from his captivity much sooner than he was.

One day, a Spanish ship arrived in a harbour close to that part of the island in which he had fixed his dwelling; and some of the sailors had landed before he was even aware of the ship's arrival. Finding that he was observed, and alarmed at his danger, he fled into the woods for safety. He was fired at and pursued. Running at his utmost speed—and he had become as swift of foot as a goat, from his endeavours to catch his prey—he soon outstripped his pursuers, and climbed a tree before the Spaniards could overtake him.

It happened that the Spaniards stopped under the very tree in which poor Selkirk had taken shelter. He saw them load their guns, and then, after looking about as if in search of him, fire at the goats that were feeding near. Carrying off such of these animals as they had killed, they departed to the ship without discovering him. All that night, and the greater part of next day, he remained in the tree, afraid to come down; and when he did venture to leave it, being forced by hunger and thirst to do so, he crept cautiously to his hut, and was rejoiced to find that it had not been discovered. When he at length ventured to walk towards the shore, the ship had sailed, and he had the satisfaction to feel himself once more alone.

The want of gunpowder soon added to the difficulties of his situation. So long as it lasted, he did not want for food or fire; but he was afterwards obliged to trust to fleetness of foot in securing the goats, and once, after a hard chase, he caught hold of the horns of a goat just as it reached the edge of a steep precipice, and was pulled over along with it, and got himself severely bruised, so that he was confined to his hut for ten days, and suffered from it for some time after.

The clothes that he had with him when left upon the island were now worn out; his shoes also were done; and, with all his efforts, he could not make himself any substitute for the latter. Constant use, however, made his feet so hard that he could run anywhere without difficulty or inconvenience. But he could not go without clothes; accordingly, he prepared some

goats' skins, and with his knife cut the skins into the proper shapes, and then, with narrow strips or thongs, he sewed the different pieces together. A nail served him for a needle; he pierced holes in the skins, and drew the thongs through. In this rude way he contrived to make himself a jacket and trousers, and a cap, all of goats' skins. In his sea-chest, he found some pieces of linen; and with the help of his nail-needle, he set about making himself a new shirt. Instead of the thongs of skin, he used the worsted threads drawn out of his old worsted stockings.

He now had leisure to examine the state of his tools. His knife, so valuable to him, had become worn away to the back, and he contrived to make a new one in the following manner. From off the cask which had held the stores landed for his use, he stripped some of the iron hoops, which he heated, and while they were hot, he beat them thin with a hammer. He then both shaped them and gave them an edge, by grinding them upon stones; and it was an easy matter to give the blades so formed, handles; and rude as they were, these knives were of considerable use to him.

Selkirk kept an account of the goats that he caught during his stay upon the island. Besides those which he tamed, he caught and killed five hundred for food. He also caught as many more for amusement; and after marking them, by slitting one of their ears, he allowed them to go at large again. Several of these goats were alive more than thirty years afterwards, when they were seen by Commodore Anson, when he stayed some time at the island, for the purpose of recovering his sick crew.

Four years and four months passed away, and Selkirk had become almost reconciled to his lonely life. One day he descried two ships at some distance, which, from their appearance, he was convinced were English vessels. He immediately lighted a large fire as a signal, and waved a piece of linen cloth as a flag, in order to attract the attention of those on board. Ere long he had the pleasure of seeing a boat put off and row towards the shore. As the boat neared the beach, he saw, to his inexpressible joy, that the men were English; but the boat's crew advanced cautiously after landing, lest the signal should have been made by an enemy, for the purpose of deceiving them.

The astonishment of the sailors was extreme, when, as they approached, they perceived the singular figure of a man advancing towards them, clad in goats' skins, and calling to them in a language which they could not doubt to be English, although spoken in such a way that they could not make out the word.

Selkirk soon made the boat's crew understand that there was nothing for them to be afraid of, that he was the only person living upon the island, and had been so for more than four years; and believing the two ships to be English he had lighted the fire to attract their notice, in order that they might deliver him from his solitude.

The sailors, after recovering from their astonishment, invited Selkirk to dine with them on the beach; and they were

surprised that he would neither eat their salted provisions, nor drink their brandy and rum. He had drank nothing stronger than water during his stay on the island, and he could not bear the strong liquors which the sailors offered him. He had so much forgotten the pronunciation of his native language that he could scarcely make himself understood. When dinner was over, Selkirk, in his turn, invited the sailors to his hut, but the way being intricate and rugged, only a few of them had the curiosity to go. He returned with his visitors to the beach, and then accepted the offer of the boat's crew to take him with them to the ships. These vessels were called the Duke and the Duchess, and were commanded by Captain Woodes Rogers and Captain Courtenay, who, when they heard that there was no enemy in the island, ordered the ships to be brought to anchor.

On board the Duke, Selkirk met with one of his former companions. This was no other than Dampier, who, as soon as he heard the name of Selkirk, at once recognised him as one of the crew of the Cinque Ports, and gave him so good a character to Captain Rogers, that the captain offered him immediate employment on board his own ship.

While the ships remained at the island, Selkirk was very useful in assisting to supply them with fresh provisions, and with wood and water. On one occasion, he entertained his new companions by calling his cats and goats around him, and making them dance, while he sang to them one of the songs which had so often amused him in his solitude.

He was asked many questions as to his manner of living. The seamen could hardly believe him when he told them that he could, on foot, pursue and overtake the goats. But he at once offered to prove the truth of what he said, and catch a goat for the use of the ship's company.

This was agreed to;

and some of the sailors, who reckoned themselves capital runners, offered to run with him. There was a bull-dog on board of one of the ships, and Selkirk proposed that it should also be brought to join in the race. Accordingly, the whole party set off; but Selkirk soon tired both men and dog, and left them far behind. He returned to them shortly afterwards, bringing on his shoulders a live goat that he had overtaken and caught.

Captain Rogers gave Selkirk shoes, and stockings, and clothes. His feet had been so long accustomed to the want of the former, that the wearing of them again caused him much pain and uneasiness, and it was some time before he could endure them.

He was thirty years of age when first left upon the island, and therefore more than thirty-four when he quitted it. After a protracted voyage, he arrived in London; and then the recollections of his peaceful, quiet life on the island came strong upon him. The bustle of the streets distracted him, and he walked along them very quick, and sometimes even ran, quite unaware of the crowd that stopped wondering at him. In the streets of London, he forgot how much he had often suffered from solitude, and he sometimes wished to be restored to his



SELKIRK AND THE SAILORS.

uninhabited island, where he was "monarch of all he surveyed," and lonely life again. He had enjoyed good health during the time he was on the island, owing to his temperate manner of living, and the exercise he was obliged to take in procuring his food.

The account of Selkirk's adventures was, as we have already said, the groundwork of Defoe's delightful and instructive life of Robinson Crusoe; and Cowper, the poet, has written a very expressive poem on the subject of Selkirk's long sojourn on the island of Juan Fernandez. Let it not, therefore, be thought that the four years and four months of his life that he spent there, were idly wasted, or passed without their use, when they have given rise to a work which, like Defoe's, has imparted, and will continue to impart, pleasure and information to succeeding generations, as long as the language exists.

THE SMUGGLER'S GRAVE.

CHAPTER I.—THE ALARM.

THE very romantically situated village of L—, in the county of Kent, was, some fifty or sixty years ago, one of the most noted smuggling stations on the coast. The noted inefficiency of the preventive service of the period only acted as a stimulus to those bold and daring men, and without checking the evil, served but to excite their ingenuity and courage—their love of adventure and thirst of wealth, the more. Many are the wild stories related of the deeds and exploits of these fearless sea-rovers, and wonderful and numerous instances of their cunning and quickness in devising expedients, and of their dexterity and valour in carrying their plans into execution, are still told by the hoary chroniclers of the sequestered hamlet. Amongst these traditions of a rover, and perhaps not the least interesting, will be found "The Smuggler's Grave."

It was a calm and mellow evening in autumn, the slanting beams of the sinking sun were tingeing with his own golden hue the peaks and projections of the rocky shore, and making "the village windows blaze," as ten or twelve men in fisher's garb were seated upon the long bench that extended in front of the solitary village ale-house. The foaming ale was passed from hand to hand with the freedom of long tried and ready fellowship, and jest and laugh, and harmless glee, enlivened their hour of enjoyment. In the little bay in front, which seemed to have scooped itself a nest from out of the surrounding rocks, a long, low-hulled, yet high raking vessel rocked to and fro on the swells. She was alone, and held by a short cable, with her sails clewed up in such fashion that they could in one instant be shook out, at the same moment the anchor could be tripped, and she put before the breeze, and ready and able to brace any sea and dare any danger.

"Is she not a beautiful creature, Martin," said one of the men, addressing his nearest comrade, while he rested the measure on his knee, and surveyed the trim and gallant bark with a glance of admiration. "Is she not a palace for a prince—there's not such a model swims from Jersey to Jerusalem, and as right and tight as one of old Hans Vanderpumps flasks of Schmiedem, with his own seal on the cork!"

"Aye, aye," responded Martin, "and quiet as she looks, I warrant me she has gone through more wicked work in her time than a dozen of the king's cruisers all together."

"Well, messmates," said a third, "here's success to the jolly little Rover, and here's to

The wind that blows,

The ship that goes,

And the lass that loves a sailor."

And draining each his measure dry, they all joined in one enthusiastic hurrah.

"Come, Bill Barnacle," said the first speaker, turning to a young man who sat near, "Come, Bill, give a stave, a real sou'-wester lilt—like what you tip the revenue lubbers, when the little Rover is giving his Majesty's cutter the go-by on a hazy night."

"Aye, Martin," replied the young man, "that is the time to sing, when the winds laugh in our bellying canvass, and the waves join in chorus around us, while the little skimmer there

is dancing under us as if she were endued with life and rejoiced in her speed."

"Come, Bill, the song—the song," joined in all the rest, and the young man without hesitation, but like one who knew and felt confident in his powers, trilled out in free, manly, and sonorous tones, the following sea ditty, made expressly in praise of the idol of his heart, the lovely little Rover.

Come heave ahead, her white wings spread

Before the sweeping breeze;

And mark how gallantly she'll tread

The surface of the seas.

Lay out, lay out, spread out each sheet,

Until you crack the mast—

How joyously she flies to meet

The rushing of the blast.

See how the sparkling waves at war,

Rush on to kiss her prow;

Oh! what cares now the Rover for

A fellow or a foe.

She loves the singing of the wind,

She loves the wild waves roar,

But most she loves to leave behind

The false and faithless shore.

Now where's "the sea-dog," that would dare

To cross us in our path,

Ah! soon the fools shall learn to fear

The Rover in her wrath.

She is no dolphin of the deep,

But the fierce and fanged shark;

For fearless hearts and hands now keep

The bold free-trader's bark.

This song was received with reiterated cheers of applause, and the flowing measure was passed round the group with a rapturous enthusiasm. In the midst of their revelry they were joined by the landlord of the "hostelrie" and a young man in the garb of a seaman of a superior rank from those around him. His appearance also bespoke one of a more elevated stamp of mind, while his bright unquailing eye—firm-cast, yet handsome features—his well knit, yet lithe frame, and his ample shoulders, and expanded chest, told of him as one who had the strength to do, and the recklessness and will to dare.

"Well, messmates," said the youth, sitting down amongst them, "I am proud to see you all so hearty—push about my hearts of oak, never let the jug come to an anchor while it holds a drop—our cargo is all safe—so we may defy the land sharks and give loose for one night to mirth and good fellowship. There she sits as close as a duck, and as clear as a new cutlass. That was a regular dog-watch song of yours, Bill Barnacle; come let me have drink with you—say, fill it man—up to the brim, 'here's success to the Jolly Rover and her crew,'" and he drained the goblet to the bottom. Again their wild hurrahs made the caverns of the shore resound, and his health and a life of happiness were toasted with fervid and earnest zeal. Young Harry Herne was the son of a wealthy farmer, who resided near the village of L—. From his infancy an uncommon predilection for the sea led him early to associate with the fearful fishers of the coast, with whom, to the terror of his parents, he spent most part of his time; sometimes engaged in the unlawful pursuits which occupied the better share of their time and thoughts, and sometimes busied in the arduous tasks which ostensibly formed the avocation of their lives. In these desperate adventures he soon acquired a name above his compeers for daring and dexterity, and his love for this life of danger continuing to increase, his father was induced to purchase for him a share in a small coasting vessel. Here he acquired skill in the management of a trader, but soon sold his share in the coaster, and entered on board a Dutch vessel, half trader, half smuggler. He remained with the Dutch for a voyage or two, and then returned to his native village much improved in circumstances, and with a thorough confidence in his own skill and science. He got the little Rover built after a certain model, and engaging some of the boldest and most expert of his former companions, she was furnished and put to sea as a regular free trader. She proved unequalled for speed, and was always able

to baffle the revenue cruisers; and once being surprised while landing a rich cargo, she fought the king's ship, and so disabled her, that she was glad to be allowed to sheer off, and leave the daring smuggler to make the best hand of his contraband merchandise. Herne was now a passing wealthy man; he had a stout vessel of his own, and a brave and numerous crew devoted to his interests. His fame was the theme of every tongue, and his unparalleled successes trumpeted far and near; while his dexterity, prowess, and courage, were magnified beyond that of any other free trader that had ever visited the coast. Harry had long fixed his affections on Alice, the fair daughter of Justin Fairbrother, mine host of the British flag, and the agent to the Rover. Alice, too, had long and tenderly loved Harry, and purely for himself alone. His fame and the prosperity which attended him in his illegal pursuits, and which she was taught to consider as the reward and results of his superior virtues, made her feel a double pride in being the heart's chosen of such a man. Every voice raised in his praise sounded in her ears like the words of angelic spirits, and sunk into her heart like a balm and a benediction. Harry had won her father's consent, and this was the evening on which the wedding was to take place. Everything was in happy preparation; his men were ashore, and the villagers were gathering round to celebrate the union of two fond hearts with all becoming festivity.

"Messmates," said Harry, after a short pause, "our kind landlord here informs me, that certain suspicious-looking strangers have been seen prowling about here this day or two, as if waiting our arrival, and that this very morning the rascal of an exciseman set off on horseback to Deal, where a cutter has been lying this week back."

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed the mariners simultaneously.—"Why let 'em come, Master Herne. Bless your lively limbs, the bird has fled, the prize has vanished like the sails of a lugger in a fog-bank, and the guns, why they're stowed away as snug as if she never carried an ounce of powder since her keel left the stocks. Ha! ha! how innocent she looks—let 'em come, let 'em come."

"Why," said the landlord, "there must be something in it—something serious, and I fear treachery may be at the bottom, for as I passed through the Fisher's Glen this morning I called at the cottage of Bumps, and he was not at home. You know the disgrace he has suffered at our hands—he never will forget. Bumps is a revengeful and black-hearted man. Harry Herne, I warn you to beware."

"He broke our laws three times," said the young man, "and we expelled him, but he will not turn traitor; he cannot break the oath by which he is bound—nay, he knows he dare not—he knows me too well. At the worst all he can 'peach about is the skirmish with a king's cruiser—but what of that—he dare not."

"Too much, too much," replied the landlord, "and its bad trusting your chickens to a sleeping fox, and foolishness to walk blindfolded through the house when a halter hangs at the gate. I would not trust him, and my advice would be that you immediately be off to sea for a day or two, until all doubts are removed. If I am wrong, why no harm is done—if I am right, the evil were well avoided."

"Justin Fairbrother," replied Harry, "you see more in a passing cloud than another man would in a hurricane. You have lived so long on shore that you fancy every breeze a tornado; come, man, look on the bright side of the weather—or is it that you wish to defer my happiness, are you playing me the child, Master Justin?"

"No, Henry Herne," answered the landlord, "you should know me better; my daughter's welfare has been ever held too precious for me to trifle with one who is soon to have it in his keeping. But I am done; I spoke but for your good."

"Well, here's my hand, Justin," said the young man, "it is all over. We'll have a happy night. Come, Bill Barnacle, give us t'other song: let us have one of your merriest ditties; this is no time to think about sharks or sea-bailiffs—they may all go to Davy Jones. The song, Bill, the song!" Bill, as usual, without the slightest indication of bashfulness, spread his broad horny palm, on which he rested his bronzed brow, and after pausing a moment as if to recollect the words or the tune, gave out the following rude song,

Come, fill up the sparkling glasses high,
For a bumper it must be;
And may his cup though life run dry,
Who would not pledge with me.
Then here's, the wide world over,
To hearts—the brave and the free;
And here's to the fearless Rover,
Whether on the land or sea.

He drinks of the rich and ruby wine
Wherever the grape grows free,
From the farthest East to the rolling Rhine;
And the Frenchman's *eau de vie*.
The Western Isles send rum for his use,
And brown ale the banks of Trent;
And his is the Dutchman's Juniper juice,
And the Spaniard's *Aguardiente*.

There is pleasure for him on every strand
And beauty on every shore,
And a hope that greets him in every land,
Makes him love his own the more.
Then drink the wide world over,
To hearts that are brave and free,
And a health to the jolly Rover,
Whether on land or sea.

That night Harry Herne was a happy man—he had within his arms "the visioned hope of years," for the one whom he had long and faithfully loved was now his own. Many and many were the guests of the humble but comfortable hostelry, and the laugh, and the song and the dance followed in rapid succession through the night. Articles of foreign luxury were scattered in profusion, whilst the native October, "brown and bright," followed in rivers. The bride and bridegroom had retired, but still the seamen and villagers stood stoutly to the carouse, and long and sturdily did their strong and well practised heads resist the potent effects of the liquor.

The revel was waxing dull—some were still loud and boisterous over their cups, others were nodding in half stupid weariness, and many lay prone upon the benches and the floor. The dawn was breaking in the misty east, and eclipsing with its grey light the lowly burning tapers, when a man but half-dressed rushed in, and with a loud exclamation, roused the slumbering, and startled the drinkers.

"Up, men, up!" he cried, "is this a time to be bawling your ballads and swilling like swine, when the little Rover has been boarded and carried by the crew of a king's cutter, and two armed boats are within a pistol's shot of the beach?"

In an instant all was in confusion. Cups half-drained were dashed from the lips, and those who were nodding started to their feet, and with staring eyes seemed to inquire if what they had heard, as in a dream, could be true. One was shouting for one thing to be done—another was ordering something else—the bold were arming, and the timid seeking for a hiding-place. The wire had reached the bridal chamber, and Harry Herne made his appearance amongst them half-dressed. The matter was briefly explained.

"It is right, then," said he; "my dream is true. Arm, Rovers, arm!—it is now for life or a rope's end, and a dog's death at the yard-arm, for we are betrayed;—the traitor has sold us, but dearly shall he rue the treachery. But let us out and face them manfully—let them not catch us under hatches until they smoke us out. Come, my lads, show them what the jolly Rovers can do once more."

So saying the smuggler led his men to the beach.

CHAPTER II.—THE ENCOUNTER.

THE sailors were all provided with pistols, in addition to which they laid hold of whatever weapons they could catch up at the instant—bludgeons, pokers, and boat-hooks; while Herne, with his pistols in his belt, an axe in his hand, and a red handkerchief tied round his head, without coat or waistcoat, directed their motions. They were joined by most of the wedding guests, some under the false courage inspired by drunkenness, and by others through recklessness, and a habitual love of excitement and enterprise.

They rushed out; the first object that met their sight was the king's flag floating from the mast-head of the little

Rover—the next, two boats full of armed men just touching the yellow line of sand on the beach. Both parties advanced with rapidity, when, within about half pistol-shot distance, the officer commanding the seaward gang ordered his men to halt, and stepped forward a few paces.

"I command you," said he, "in his Majesty's name to surrender yourselves prisoners—your sloop is already taken, and resistance is now useless."

"Why should you seize on our peaceful sloop," replied Herne, "or what crime have we committed that we should surrender ourselves prisoners?"

"You are a smuggler," said the officer, "and on the night of — you fired into his Majesty's cutter the Wizard, disabled her, and killed Lieutenant Cotterel, her commander, and four seamen."

"Yes," said an individual, wrapped in a great shaggy pea-jacket, which was muffled with a huge woollen scarf about his face, "and that is Henry Herne, the skipper of the Rover, and the very man who pointed the first gun at the Wizard!"

"By heavens!" exclaimed Henry, "it is the villain Bumps himself," and losing all self-control he fired at the traitor—the ball grazed the shoulder of the informer, but penetrated to the brain of the man immediately behind him, who fell dead with a terrific shriek. This was the signal—Herne and his party, with a wild shout, set on their opponents, who received them with a general discharge of fire-arms, which brought down some three or four of the foremost—in the next moment they were all mingled in one general *melée*, hand to hand, and man to man. The king's sailors, being armed with cutlasses and boarding pikes, did dreadful and bloody work—whilst the free traders, with ruder and more homely, but not less dangerous weapons, fought like demons. Herne in the midst of the conflict sought but one person, Bumps the traitor—waving his bloody axe, and dashing his enemies about on all sides, he cut his way through all opposition, until he seized his victim by the red swathing about his throat. His eye seemed leaping with exultation from his head, and he gazed on him as the tiger does upon his prey—his set teeth ground audibly against each other as he exclaimed:—

"Now, betrayer, take the reward of your treachery!" and crash went the weapon through his skull, and the brains and gore mingled, spouted, and scattered even into the face of his destroyer. One hoarse gurgling, half-smothered yell, deep down in his breast, escaped him as he fell. His limbs quivered for an instant, and then he lay motionless and still. At the same instant a pistol bullet entered Herne's back a little below the shoulder blade—he leaped up into the air, faced about, and attempting to raise his axe, he sunk across the corpse of Bumps, the informer.

His companions seeing their leader fall, set up a wild yell of revenge, and a party of fishermen making their appearance from behind a jutting crag, the king's officer ordered all his men who were not disabled to make for the boats. A rapid retreat to the beach commenced—the free traders and fishermen pursued them with fury, and out of thirty men who landed but nine escaped from that fearful encounter.

The spot is still shown, where this sanguinary fray took place; it is a smooth green platform, a little above the strand. There lay the combatants, some extended in the quietness of death, others in the last mortal agonies, still surveyed their enemies with looks of unsatisfied malignity. Harry Herne was not dead when his victorious party returned: they found him leaning on his elbow, and surveying with a ghastly smile the mangled features of his old comrade, Bumps the traitor. They bore him to his bride, and the bridal couch was changed into his death-bed. He lingered through the torments of that night, and expired as the dawn stole from darkness the following morning. His last words were—

"Bury me on the green where we fought; let my grave be dug in the very spot where I killed the betrayer. I shall rest softly there; the earth has drank the blood of my enemy, and my own. The hum of the sea—the sea I ever loved, will lull me in my rest, and my Alice, my own Alice, will sometimes come and drop a tear over the cold bed where her Harry is laid to sleep."

Why should we strive to describe the agony, the misery, and the despair of Alice, the bride of a few brief hours? It were a vain task. "In the dead of the night his last will was complied with;" he was laid in his narrow house "by the crew that he died with;" and a green mound above the surrounding level neatly bordered with the sweet primrose in the spring, and the pansies of summer, points out "the Smuggler's Grave."

His bride did not long survive him—her days, were spent sitting on the grassy knoll where all her hopes and affections were entombed. There would she linger, lonely and sad, from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof, gazing mutely on the ever-moving ocean, and listening to the dirge-like moanings of the blast; and when the shades of night were gathering around, she would lay her head upon the grave and sigh herself to sleep. Her aged father beheld with many a tear the sad ruin of his beautiful child. He would not allow any one to disturb her in this her only enjoyment on earth, for all besides—the world, its strifes, interests, and passions—were forgotten by her. To sit on the grave and weep and to gaze on the bursting billows of her native bay, was all her pleasure in this world, and to sleep beside him she so loved, was the sole wish of her life; and soon did she slumber from her sorrow; she sunk and faded, sweet and noiselessly, and like a wounded flower she withered, and was buried beside her husband.

The grassy mound still remains a monument of the truth of the tale, which still, on the long winter nights, is fondly repeated round many a cottage hearth; and the deeds of Harry Herne, the bold free-trader, and the love of the beautiful Alice, are still held up as models for the imitation of the young and fair, who even in these days of sceptical improvement, look upon the Smuggler's Grave as a sacred spot of earth.

SEA LOVE.

I REMEMBER once having been told by a young lady who had eloped to be married, that a woman in such a situation never goes off unprovided with a bundle. Whether it be that the woman's love of dress never forsakes her, or that she looks to maintain the conquest her beauty has achieved, by the adventitious aid of the milliner and mantua-maker.

When Captain Brilliant came to the window to Cassandra, at the appointed hour, she had not only dressed in an appropriate manner to elope, but had made up a little bundle of clothes to accompany her.

The admiral was now out, and Brilliant was admitted to her room by Prudence, her faithful servant and confidant, who was ready to partake of the fortunes of her mistress.

"Oh, Brilliant," cried Cassandra, "how I tremble! My hand shakes so that I am utterly incapable of writing a note to my uncle."

"Give me the pen, my dear," said Brilliant; "I will write the admiral a note ship-shape."

Captain Brilliant took the pen, and wrote as follows:—

"SIR,—Your niece, being a lass who loves a sailor, declines the marriage settlement of my Lord Fiddle-fumble, to be spliced to a man who has no other house but his ship; which will sufficiently explain the motive of her shoving her boat off."

"I have the honour to be, &c."

"BRYAN BRILLIANT."

The every-day writers of tales have an invariable custom of making their lovers elope at the conclusion of their histories; but, disdaining such rules, behold the hero and heroine of this page running away in the middle of my eventful story: or, in language more correct, run away with by four blood horses, and pursuing their course to the New Ferry Passage. Yes, let the reader picture to his imagination Cassandra, Prudence, and the captain, sitting in a comfortable chaise, and galloping hurry-scurry to the altar of Hymen.

Captain Brilliant was married to Cassandra at Bristol; and it would require language superior to that of mortals to paint the bliss of Captain Brilliant, when he found himself in the arms of his beloved Cassandra. It has been said by the poet "man never is, but always to be blest." Here Pope deceived

himself, for Brilliant was supremely blest in the possession of so much loveliness. And had Pope tasted the happiness of the marriage state, he never would have advanced such a position.

It now remains for me to relate that Captain Brilliant proceeded with his lady to Portsmouth, where his orders had fortunately arrived only an hour before.

"Bravo!" cried the captain to his wife. "Everything smiles upon our union. Touch and go is a good pilot."

"But when do you go on board?"

"The moment you are ready."

"I am ready, now," said Cassandra, throwing her arms round his neck.

"Well, then, my love," cried the captain. "I will write a note to my first lieutenant, to get the whip ready for you."

"My dear Brilliant!" said Cassandra, "surely you are not a Russian. What have I done to deserve the whip?"

Here the captain laughed heartily (as I humbly trust my readers will do) when having explained himself to Cassandra, he wrote his first lieutenant a note.

"DEAR HURRICANE,

"Get the whip ready. I am spliced."

"Yours,

"BRYAN BRILLIANT."

The coxswain of the barge returned with the following answer:

"DEAR SIR, So am I! and a devil of a splice I have made."

"I have the honour to be, &c."

"HENRY HURRICANE."

Captain Brilliant having dined with Cassandra, at the hotel on the Point, and introduced his bride to Lord Fearless, Sir Joshua Invincible, and the honourable Captain Outwater, who commanded ships lying in the harbour, he embarked with Cassandra and Prudence, and a French lap-dog, in the barge, and was conveyed on board the *Desdemona*.

But, on ascending the ship's side, our noble captain could not repress his astonishment at the uproar that prevailed on the quarter-deck of the frigate.

There was a young woman leaning against the capstern, stamping her cap under her foot, and upbraiding the first lieutenant with the most opprobrious epithets that an enraged woman could utter.

"You deceitful man!" cried the lady. "Was it for this I married you before my last husband was laid in his grave, and put you in possession of a bag full of joes?† Shame on you, you low fellow. To descend to a strumpet, when you had a wife on board your ship."

"Indeed, Flora, you are wrong."

"What! have I not the use of my eyes, that you thus exculpate your conduct. Did I not see the woman take you by the arm. Did you not smile on her? Ha! you thought I was snug on board, and ignorant of your villany. But I suspected your conduct. Put me, I say, ashore. I will not stay another moment on board."

"Avast there, Flora! The boats are all hoisted in. We have got our sailing orders on board. The foretopsail is loose. Captain Brilliant is come. I must get the ship under weigh."

Cassandra and Prudence were now hoisted on board, and the former was melted into tenderness on beholding the distraction of a young and beautiful girl.

"What, my dear," said she to her husband, "is the matter?"

"Faith," cried the captain, "here is the devil to pay and no pitch hot. I think I have had the pleasure of seeing that lady before. Mrs. Factor, if I mistake not?"

"Yes, sir," sobbed the lady, "my name was Factor. You not long ago had the goodness to take me and my husband into your ship. You remember the morning I left you, Mr. Factor died the same night, of convulsions, in his bed, Not

knowing a soul at Portsmouth, I returned on board the ship and wanted to see you, hoping you could recommend me to some lady to lodge with. You was gone to your friends, but your first lieutenant received me, and when I told him my tale, he affected to feel for me; beseeched me not to afflict myself, and immediately accompanied me to Mrs. Read, who accommodated me with a first floor on the Point. At that time, sir, I had no more thoughts of him than I have now of you; and I was not a little surprised to receive from him a letter. I will read it to you."

"Avast there!" cried the lieutenant, "Avast, and spare my blushes."

"This is the letter, sir," said Flora.

"DIVINE FLORA!

"The havoc committed by shells thrown into the sea-port of an enemy is a mere trifle in war time, compared, queen of queens, to the destruction of my heart from the fire of your eyes. Yes! goddess of goddesses! a shot from either one or both of those heavenly bow-chasers has raked my heart fore and aft, and knocked it into splinters; splinters that no carpenter can repair, but the magic of your smiles. Alack! alack! every time I lie down in my hammock, I fairly make the clues strand, conceiving I hold you, beautiful Flora, in my arms: and if this be not a proof of my most ardent love, I know not in which point of the compass it lies. Lowering my top-gallant sails to you,

"I am, your dying lieutenant,

"HENRY HURRICANE."

To be grave on hearing this letter read, exceeded all power of face; "Ha! ha! ha!" roared the captain. "Bravo, Hurricane! By the piper that played before Moses in the woods, you went upon the right tack. Ay! let a sailor alone for laying an anchor to windward of a fair lady!"

"Well, sir," continued Mrs. Factor; "the next morning he came ashore in a full suit of uniform, a gold laced hat, and a swaggering sword by his side; and being admitted to my presence, threw himself at my feet. He swore I was more beautiful in my undress (I was then in my dishabille) than a seventy-four gun ship in full sail; and after heaping a thousand praises on what he called my top-lights, he implored I would suffer him to send for a chaplain to splice us together. At first, I could with difficulty repress my smiles; but when I saw the man take his handkerchief from his pocket and cry like a school boy—

"I beg pardon for interrupting you, madame," said the captain, "but I suspect Mr. Hurricane had an onion in his pocket."

"Upon my soul, sir," answered the lieutenant, "when I thought she scorned my passion, I wept like a child."

"Belay there!" cried the captain; "you may tell that to the marines, but I'll be d—d if the sailors will believe it."

"Well, sir," returned Flora, "beholding a man weep for me, who I knew but a few days before was burning with impatience to encounter the enemies of his country, my heart was melted into tenderness, and I consented to become his wife. We were married privately the next day; and I will candidly acknowledge that the ardour of a young sea-officer soothed into oblivion the memory of my old merchant."

"Yes, Flora," interrupted the lieutenant, "you found me no Plato-comic lover."

"Well, captain," continued Flora, "I now thought myself happy; and I put into the hands of my new husband a bag full of joes; I also accompanied him on board the frigate, and I loved him so in my heart, that I would have gone with him, cheerfully, on a voyage round the world. But I soon found my happiness vanish like a dream. My husband pretended that he had business at the dock-yard, and desired I would amuse myself with a book till he returned. But, suspecting that in reality, he was tired of my company, I followed in another boat, and popped upon my dying lieutenant at the door of a bad house, toying in the company of some more lieutenants, with several vulgar wenches, whose bold looks would have disgusted a man of the least sentiment."

"Hurricane," said the captain, "here is a grand charge

* Ladies are hoisted on board in a chair fastened to a rope on the topsail-yard, which is called a whip.

† Joes are golden coins that go in the West Indies; and would indeed, I presume, go anywhere. A bag full would be equivalent to a great fortune, if the bag were pretty large.

against you. Were you to be tried by a court-martial, where there was a jury of husband's, you would certainly be transferred to the bottom of Hymen's list."

"Indeed, sir," said the lieutenant, "I am an innocent fellow."

"Yes," rejoined the captain, "so it appears."

"Why, sir," said the lieutenant, "the fact was this: Having dined at the Blue Posts, with three or four of my old mess-mates, in walking down together to the boat at the Point, we passed a house where there were half a dozen young women before the door. They all of them hailed us; but all I wanted was to luff up, to bear away, and keep clear of the fleet; for I had now got a wife, and had entirely done with drifting. But I was embarrassed in the clench. For just as I was endeavouring to shove off my boat from them, a girl laid hold of me, stock and flute, and swears I shall not leave her."

"Yes," cried Flora, "she hanged and lolled upon you; and you smiled, and was ready to accompany her into the house."

"How now?" rejoined the lieutenant "I was trying to get

from the house, and had already cleared myself from the arms of the woman, when, lo! my wife appears, and reads the articles of war to me."

"Well," said the captain, "we will hoist the barge in upon the strength of it."

The yard and stay-tackles of the frigate were now hauled down and hooked to the barge; the falls were manned, and the boatswain, together with his three mates, began to tune—

"The shrill whistle, which doth order give

To sounds confus'd."

The sailors were making a run of the tackle-falls, and Mr. Hurricane, the lieutenant, was heard to exclaim, "Silence there! Step out, men; step out. Walk away with him, cheerily."

In one minute the barge was suspended in the air, between the main and fore-yards. And now were heard the following orders, which had the magic to place the boat upon the booms.

"High enough with the stays. Avast there! Lower away the yards! Lower away the stays! Let go!"



LOSS OF THE SHIP FANNY, CAPTAIN ROBERTSON COMMANDER, NOVEMBER 29, 1803.

LOSS OF THE FANNY.

THOMAS PAGE, who was second officer to the Fanny, and who has communicated the particulars of her loss, went out to India as a free mariner, in the Elphinstone (Captain Craig) March 1803. Twelve days after their sailing from the Downs, they arrived at Madeira. The following morning they proceeded to the Cape, and arrived there about the middle of May,

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after experiencing, in their course, variable winds, and much bad weather.

Their stay at the Cape was but short, the troops whom they were to have taken from thence to India, having been embarked in some other vessel a short time before their arrival. They therefore continued their course to Bombay, where they arrived July 7.

Our correspondent now received a packet from a friend, enclosing letters of recommendation of different gentlemen. He accordingly hired a palanquin, and with great confidence and cheerfulness, set out to present these letters.

The first person he waited on, was a merchant, opulent and haughty, who hardly deigned to notice him on his entrance, but at length read his letter, and condescended to inform him, with a very supercilious air, that he had no ships in want of officers. Mr. Page feeling himself rather independent (as he had yet two letters unpresented) and piqued at his cavalier behaviour, wished him a good morning in a dry and ironical style, of which he felt the force; for, immediately changing his tone, he requested him to leave his address, assuring him that he should recommend him to the first vacancy. The second letter was addressed to a lieutenant of the Bombay marine, from whom our author received every attention; and the third was to Lieutenant Mickie, the naval store-keeper at Bombay, who told him that no ship could arrive in the harbour without his knowledge, and that he would give him the earliest tidings of any which might want officers. About ten

days afterwards this gentleman informed him, that there was a ship in the roads in want of a chief mate, and that the captain of her wished to see him. Mr. Page waited upon him accordingly; and, as he was not very conversant in the Malay tongue, it was agreed that he should be his second mate, and that he should go on board immediately, as the ship was to get under weigh the next morning. Accordingly he went on board the *Fanny*, Captain Robertson, bound for China. It has been a long established custom at Bombay, for every officer to receive four month's advance of wages previous to the ship sailing; this amount, therefore, should have been paid to him; but not having occasion for it, he deferred receiving it till they should arrive in China, when he intended to lay it out, with others moneys, in the purchase of articles for private trade, which is always sure to turn to good account in Bombay.

Early the next morning, August 8, the ship got under weigh, and proceeded without any interruption, until they arrived at the Straits of Malacca, where they unfortunately got aground, and knocked off their rudder, but soon shipped

it again, and went on as smoothly as before, until the middle of September; a month pregnant with danger in those seas, as the breaking up of the S.W. wind generally takes place then, accompanied with such tremendous gales, as few ships can withstand. This hurricane is called a typhon, vulgarly, tiffoon by the seamen, and ta-fun by the Chinese, which, in their language means a great wind. Mr Barrow, in his tra-

vels in China, gives the following description of these violent winds:—

These hurricanes sometimes blow with such strength, that according to the assertion of an experienced and intelligent commander of one of the East India Company's ships, were it possible to blow ten thousand trumpets, and beat as many drums on the fore-castle of an *Indiaman*, in the height of a ta-

fun, neither the sound of the one or the other would be heard by a person on the quarter-deck of the same ship. In fact, vast numbers of Chinese vessels are lost in these heavy gales, of wind, and ten or twelve thousand subjects from the port of Canton alone, are reckoned to perish annually by shipwreck.

About the 15th of August, from the appearance of the moon, they expected blowing weather; and accordingly, on the 19th they had a fresh gale, with increasing sea, until the 19th, when the sky presented throughout a vivid glare; the clouds were flying about in all directions, greatly agitated, and not fixing to any point, and the sea tossing about in the same manner. They were certain that something more than usual was coming on, and accordingly prepared their vessel to meet it; she was tight and strong, and capable of resisting any common gale, and they made her as snug and secure as possible. On the 21st, at noon, the gale came on, and by eight o'clock p.m. it blew so exceedingly hard, that they could not carry a stitch of canvass; it increased in violence during the night, attended with a very high sea, until eight o'clock the next morning, when, on a sudden, it changed from a heavy gale of wind to a start calm.

Nor were they aware of the typhon's approach, which came on with great violence at half-past eight. The frothy ocean appeared like a boiling cauldron, and, about nine, their foremast went by the board, and the wreck going astern, tore away the rudder; there were now three feet water in the hold, and the ship was driving to and fro, at the mercy of the wind at sea. They got all hands to the pumps; the chief mate was now raving mad, and they knew not what to do with him; the captain was in very low spirits, and as for Mr. Page, his feelings cannot be described, but his duty kept him constantly cheering the men at the pumps. Providence, however, preserved them for greater trials still.

At midnight the gale abated, and by nine o'clock the next morning (the 23rd) by incessant pumping, they had reduced the water in the hold to nine inches. The ship was still drifting at the mercy of the waves, on account of the loss of the rudder: had they lost all their masts, the accident would not have been so unfortunate. They were in the midst of dangers, being then 17. 42. North latitude, 112. 18. East longitude. The wind was dying away, and they were not able to carry sail to steady the ship, which made her roll about excessively; and at ten at night, her main-top-mast went overboard, by which one man was killed, and five wounded.

On the 24th, they got up a jury fore-mast, and after drifting about nearly a month in these dangerous seas, steering by the sails, and encountering innumerable dangers, they at length gained the coast of Hainan on the 13th of October, and came to anchor in a bay there on the same day. The day following, they shipped a temporary rudder, which they had made since the loss of the former.

On the afternoon of the 15th, a gale blew them out of the bay, with the loss of a cable and anchor. Although they grieved at this (as they could not replace them) yet they were consoled with the thought of the rudder being shipped, which placed the vessel again under command.

We should have observed, that when they first arrived in the bay, the chief mate left the ship, determining, as he said, to take his chance among wild beasts in a desert, in preference to remaining longer with them, where he found himself rather an incumbrance than useful, and where, too, his malady was evidently increasing, owing to the excessive difficulties and hardships of their situation. He went accordingly in one of their boats which they sent on shore for water, and the boat had not returned when the ship was driven out of the bay, so that there were four men, besides the chief mate and his servant, left behind.

On the 16th they had another gale of wind; on the 17th they stood in, made land, and came to anchor in Tongsoi Bay, on the S.E. part of the island of Hainan, well sheltered from the N.E. monsoon. They remained there three weeks, and got plenty of water; but the natives being forbidden to trade with them, they could procure no provisions, notwithstanding the repeated entreaties of the captain and Mr. Page. Their rice being consumed, they had to support them only

four bags of dohl (a kind of peas, of which the Lascars are very fond). There were indeed forty bags of rice in the ship: but they knew not where they were stowed; and it would have taken them a month to ransack the hold, and perhaps to no purpose, a cotton cargo being so tightly screwed, that it becomes as solid as a mass of iron, and cannot be unstowed without a great number of hands, and even then with great difficulty. Their men were too weak to undertake this task, had they even known where the rice lay; so that they were just as badly off as if they had nothad a grain on board. Finding they could not procure rice from the Hainanese, they were obliged to allowance their men, at the rate of only half a pound of peas for the twenty-four hours. They bore it with patience, but soon began to droop, and frequently told the mate they were very hungry; but allowed that no one was to blame.

Previous to their leaving the place, they received a note from the chief mate, informing them that himself and the boat's crew were made prisoners immediately on their landing: that they had been marched across the country to the place off which the ship lay, and had been treated with the greatest cruelty. This usage, he added, had brought him to his senses, and he now earnestly entreated to be admitted on board.

Four of their men about the same time stole the long boat and got ashore, after which she was dashed to pieces in the surf; they had driven considerably down the bay in a squall of wind; and as the Hainanese would not give up their people without ransom, the captain determined to resort to force; and having four six-pounders, they intended to get abreast of the town to intimidate them, and show, if they withheld their people, they should lay the town in ashes.

They accordingly got under weigh on the 4th of November to carry this design into execution, and kept a Chinaman (an Hainanese) as an hostage. When under sail, the wind became unfavourable, and blew them from the land; and at two o'clock they split their main-sail, which hindered them a little. However, they got up another, tacked ship, and stood into the bay at seven p.m., and were at thirty fathoms water, when unfortunately their rudder broke from the stern, and away they drifted to sea, surrounded with dangers, and the Paracels, a dreadful reef which has never yet been completely explored, under their lee.

Happily they drifted between the rocks and Cochin-China; and wonderful were the escapes which they continually made, every hour bringing them into some new danger, till at length the ship came round upon the other tack, and they drifted to the south-east, across the southern tail of the Paracels, going in a south-east direction until November 21st, by which time they had finished another rudder, and got it shipped.

Having once more their ship under command, they felt themselves more at ease, and stood to the south-east that night: at day-light next morning they perceived rocks and sands around them in every direction; they tried every way to get out but could not succeed, and therefore came to anchor.

They had a small China boat which they procured at Hainan; and it being so leaky as not to be sea-worthy, it was agreed that they should repair it immediately, and search for a passage through the reefs. The repairs of the boat took up three whole days, during which time the ship drew nearer the lee rocks at every puff of wind; and at times they were not more than a mile from the nearest rocks, over some parts of which the sea broke with the greatest fury. They had two anchors down, the only two indeed which they had. The boat on trial was found to be as leaky as ever, and there was therefore, no time to be lost; they hove up one anchor, cut the cable of the other, and made sail.

The reef was now about one hundred yards from them, and they had every hope of clearing it, and of saving the ship and their lives, when unfortunately the wind altered, and drove them right upon it. They endeavoured to tack, and exerted every means in their power to avoid the fate, but in vain.

At one o'clock, p.m. of the 26th November, the Fanny struck. The first blow knocked off the rudder, which they

had been at such pains to make. The ship struck very hard, driving further among the rocks. Expecting her to go to pieces every moment, they cut away the mizen-mast; which eased her, and she appeared to be fixed. It was high-water when they got upon the reef, and they could then see no appearance of anything but the shoal water; but as the tide sunk, the rocks began to show their heads, and at dead low water they were dry for several miles round them. There were twelve feet water where the ship was, and she laid over very much. Although they doubted whether they should ever live to see the sun rise again, they cut down the yards from the masts, and put them overboard as props to support her.

Such was the perilous situation of this unfortunate crew. They were cast away upon a reef never before known, in lat. 9. 44. North, long. 113. 51. East (from lunar observations) the north-east monsoon at its height; the nearest coast to them was Cochin-China, and that was distant two hundred and fifty miles; and the nearest land they could possibly make was Pulo Auro, eight hundred miles; they had not a boat fit to carry them; their ship's company amounted to fifty-six persons, and they every moment expected the ship to go to pieces. She remained, however, perfectly tight as yet, but seemed likely to afford them only a few days longer of a miserable existence. The poor blacks, half dead with hunger before, and nearly dead with fear now, were incapable of much exertion.

After many consultations, they resolved on cutting off the poop (if the ship should hold together long enough), and making out of it two flat-bottomed floats; this appeared the only method which afforded them any chance of saving the lives of all; and although they never expected to see it accomplished, they set about the task with alacrity, and the poop-deck was cut off the next day and sawed into lengths. They then broke open the hatches, and hove overboard a great number of bales of cotton, to prevent the vessel oversetting; in doing this, they had the satisfaction to find the rice, twenty-six bags of which were in good condition, and they now gave the poor Lascars a hearty meal, which they ate with great avidity. This repast put them into better spirits, and all assisted in the work but one, who swore he would rather die than do anything more:—the fate of this man our readers will hereafter learn.

Mr. Page now considered, that the little boat which they had, and which was about twelve feet long, with some labour, might be made serviceable, and therefore proposed to the captain, as it was uncertain how long the ship might hold together, that the gunner and himself (who with the captain were the only English on board) should endeavour to make her water-tight; for both the carpenters being employed on the floats or rather rafts, they could not expect the least assistance from them. This boat, he remarked, would just do for him, (the captain) his servant, the gunner, and himself, and they could place her under the ship's stern, with a few pounds of rice and some bottles of wine, ready to be thrown in instantly; that after repairing it they could go on with the floats, and if the ship went to pieces the four should endeavour to save themselves, though they might be swallowed up by the ocean before they had been long afloat. The captain assented to this proposal. It was now the 29th of November, and the ship had two feet seven inches water in the hold.

The next morning the gunner and mate went to work upon their little vessel. They pursued their task diligently, the floats going on at the same time, and the water increasing in the hold to three feet four inches; and on the 1st of December it was four feet nine inches.

On the 2nd they completed their boat, and thought her perfectly tight; they surveyed her from head to stern, calculated her dimensions, and made many learned remarks concerning the buoyancy of Chinese boats. The gunner, however, got half a dozen buckets of water, and threw them into her; but alas! it ran out as fast as he poured it in—unable to speak, they first looked at each other, then at the boat, and so on alternately.

There were now six feet two inches in the hold; and this boat being still the only chance they had left, they tore off all

their former work and began afresh the next day, December 3, on which morning the water was seven feet nine inches in the hold, and in the evening, eight feet six inches; on the succeeding morning, the 4th, there were nine feet ten inches in her, and at noon she was completely bulged, the water within being at the same height as that without. The ship now began to give, the timbers started, and the planks were broke in several places, which alarmed them, and gave them reason to think she would not hold long together. In five days they finished their boat, and had the pleasure to find her completely tight. Their fresh water now began to fail them; but the Almighty provided for them; they had two showers of heavy rain, which they caught with sails spread, and filled their butts. They continued to work at the floats with the greatest diligence.

The reef upon which they struck was composed entirely of sharp rocks, in every part except the spot where the wreck lay, which was a little sandy bay, formed by two points, or a prong, of the reef. They were driven close up to the rocks in this little bay, and the points secured, sheltered them from the force of the sea; and had they not most providentially been driven on this very spot, even had they struck a hundred yards farther, backwards or forwards, they must inevitably have been dashed to pieces in a few hours. At low-water, when the rocks were dry around them, their people often went on them in quest of shell-fish, and there found a quantity of rock oysters, which however were so strong that none could eat them but the blacks. They sometimes caught a few fish, which the tide had left in the holes of the rocks, and they afforded the captain and mate some good meals. Mr. Page once ventured on the reef; but the sharp coral rock cutting his feet like a knife, he was glad to return. But the Lascars who had never been accustomed to wear shoes or stockings, and the soles of whose feet were consequently of the substance of horn, trampled over the rock with the greatest facility.

After they had been upon the wreck about a fortnight, they began to feel the effects of the effluvia, arising from the putrefaction of the cotton in the hold, which was produced by the salt-water. It was so pernicious, that a silver spoon, placed between decks, became black in the space of a very short time, and their people soon fell sick. This uncommon disorder began with an excessive swelling of the face and head, and many who were well at night were so disfigured in the morning, that it required some degree of skill to recognise them. The captain was also taken ill, but his disorder proceeded from the liver, and to which a long course of living upon scarcely anything but rice and salt beef had reduced him. He was soon obliged to keep his bed, and daily grew worse. Disease, in fact, had affected the whole crew; four men died in the course of a week; all the others were drooping, the carpenters lost their spirits, and the work upon the rafts went on slowly. In addition to which, the ship continued to give more and more; and in this deplorable condition they remained until the 22nd of December, when to their great surprise, they perceived a sail in the east, standing towards the wreck.

Supposing it to be a Malay vessel blown from the coast of Borneo, and knowing the savage disposition of those barbarians, they did not wish to have any communication with them; the reef was between this vessel and their's and they could not come near them without much difficulty. They made no signal until she approached nearer, when they perceived her to be a brig under American colours; they then hoisted the English ensign, union down, as a signal of distress; upon which she came close to the edge of the reef and hove to, at about the distance of two miles from them, and then sent off her boat to them, which rowed along the reef, over which the sea broke with the utmost fury.

There was but one small passage through which a boat could pass; and fearing they might not find it out, Mr. Page took the little boat with three men and went to the mouth of the passage, at the extreme edge of the reef, and, by waving his hat, brought the boat abreast of him. Even here the surf was very high. The people in the boat waved to him, to

come to them; which he could very easily have done in his boat, which was of a peculiar construction, but a thought occurred to him which made him hesitate. He considered that if he got through the surf into deep water on the outside, it might be impossible for him to return to the wreck; in which case he must have gone on board the American, and have left those on the wreck to their fate. This he could not reconcile to himself to do, although by so doing he had a fair prospect of saving his own life; but, resisting the impulse of self-preservation, he resolved not to go outside the reef, but stayed for some time waving to the Americans to come through the surf to him: this, however, they could not do, and he returned to the wreck. They then rowed back to the ship, which made sail and stood away from the reef.

They now concluded that she had left them, but they were mistaken. She again appeared about noon, came nearer to the reef, and sent her boat off again; which after some attempts, got through the surf, and coming alongside, informed them they belonged to the brig *Pennsylvania*, from Philadelphia, bound to China, had been out forty-three days from Malacca, and were going the eastern passage; which accounted for their being in these unfrequented seas. They brought a note to Captain Robertson, offering to convey his ship's company immediately from the wreck: and next morning to take what rigging and stores might be necessary. To this the captain replied, "That he was determined to take his chance in the floats he was building, but that if any of his people wished to go they might."

The chief mate of the American, who came in the boat, took Mr. Page aside, and said, he had better not neglect this opportunity, but go with him on board the brig, adding as an inducement, that all contracts between him and the captain were necessarily void, as the ship was a complete wreck; that he was certain he had done his duty, and that he would justify his character at Canton, to everybody. The Lascars were all ready to go, and Mr. Page, notwithstanding the chief mate had already deserted the ship, had the resolution to resist this friendly advice; he had never heard of a true sailor deserting his ship until the last extremity, or ever leaving his commander behind him; and, he therefore told the American, that he was very sorry the captain had formed such a desperate resolution; but that, impelled by a strong sense of duty, it became altogether impossible for him to leave him, and he hoped they would take care of the Lascars.

The American mate then rowed away to his ship; and his commander, hearing that the captain and mate were inflexible, directed him immediately to return to them with a few trifling articles, such as sugar, vinegar, bread, &c., for Captain Robertson, telling him at the same time that he would now take only four persons from the wreck, and that they must be Christians. This threw a damp on the spirits of the rest; however, four Portuguese were selected, and they gave with them some cordage and sails, and they put off to join the brig.

The next morning, the 25th, they saw the brig at a great distance, and at ten a.m. she was out of sight. Our sufferers were very glad when she was so, as it put an end to all disagreeable reflections; they passed Christmas-day very gloomily, reflecting on the many happy festivals which, at that season, they had passed with their friends in England, and contrasting that happiness with their then miserable situation.

In a few days, by the assistance of the sugar, vinegar, &c. the captain's health was so far re-established, that he was able to superintend the building of the floats, which were at length finished on the last day of the old year. They in some measure resembled two large boxes or chests, the fore part projecting in an angle of 45 deg. like the barges in England: they were each seventeen feet and a half long at the bottom, and, by the projection forward, they became twenty feet long above; they were five feet deep, five feet broad below, and as the sides projected in the same manner as the fore part, but only to an angle of 15 deg., the extreme breadth above was eight feet: they were very small, considering the num-

ber of the crew, and were, besides, entirely open, their size not admitting of any deck. The work had been very long and tedious; for, to make them as strong as possible, they had ripped planks from off the sides, and copper from the bottom of the ship.—They were afterwards employed three days more in getting in their rigging, sails, provisions, and water, of which last article they had a butt and a half in each float.

At length, on the 4th of January, 1804 (after having been upon the rocks from the 26th of November), they left the wreck, and, stowed as they were, and that closely in these uncommon rafts, or rather boxes, they again trusted themselves to the elements: the captain, mate, and Europeans, to the number of twenty-three, being in one, and the natives, in number twenty-four, in the other. It is impossible to describe their sensations, on quitting this scene of their misfortunes. Their long stay upon the rock made the place familiar to them, and they were by this time inured to the hardships which, in such a situation, they were hourly experiencing; and though to have remained there would have been inevitable destruction, yet they had little prospect of avoiding it, even in the attempt they were now making to escape. The construction of their vessels was such (being flat forward and on the sides) that they would answer only before the wind and sea; and if by any accident, they should come side-long to the sea, it was ten to one that, having no deck, they would have filled and gone down. The nearest place they could reach with any safety was Malacca, which was a distance of no less than eleven hundred miles; for the inhabitants of Pulo Auro (and that was eight hundred miles off) were a set of barbarous Malays, who would in all probability have destroyed them, had they made for that part of the coast.

Every way dangers surrounded them, and they had only a choice of evils. Anything, however, was better than remaining to starve upon the rocks; and therefore, hopeless as it appeared, they determined to make for Malacca. They had eleven muskets and some ammunition, the whole of which was taken into the captain's boat; for the Lascars being at all times but ill-disposed to fighting, they thought they should make better use of these articles than they would, and they therefore undertook to protect them. They then fastened the little Chinese boat to the stern of their raft; and thus equipped, and trusting to Providence for protection, they bid adieu to the rock.

Their outset was very inauspicious; for as they could only go before the wind, and in a south-west direction, they were obliged to pass over the reef; in attempting which, both the rafts grounded on the rocks, and beat so violently upon them, that they expected every moment they would go to pieces. They were two hours in this condition: but at length they found a hollow with eight feet water in it, and there came to anchor for the night. The striking on the rock had beat the copper off the bottom of their float, and made it so leaky that they were obliged to keep two men constantly bailing during the night.

In the morning, January 5th, at high-water, they sought for a passage with the utmost care, and at length found one, though it was scarcely the length of the raft, and got clearly off the reef. They then sent the small boat to the assistance of the other float, which was still aground, and in great distress, and with difficulty they succeeded in getting her outside also.

When the men whom they had sent returned from her, they brought intelligence that one of the Lascars had poisoned himself in the night. It was no other than the fellow who refused to work on the wreck! and it appears that, unable to bear the taunts of his shipmates, and perhaps the reproaches of his own conscience, he had swallowed a large quantity of opium, which he had reserved for the purpose, and thus put an end to his existence which had become miserable to him. This circumstance made the numbers equal in each raft.

They now set sail together: but when they got out to sea, they found that their float was only nine inches out of the water; for she was loaded as deep as four feet three inches,

to make her steady and carry sail. The spray was constantly washing into her, and rendered baling continually necessary. They therefore, ran along another plank nine inches wide, and over that a length of canvass, which prevented the force of the sea from filling her, but could not hinder a great quantity of water from washing in. They then set two of the natives in the little boat, which they were towing, and gave them particular directions as to their steering. They continued their course gently through the day, and at night they hoisted a lanthorn at their mast-head to guide the other raft, and they had the pleasure of seeing her the next morning at no great distance.

Next day, January 8th, there was no appearance of their consort. After standing under easy sail for her during the day, they concluded she must have foundered in the night; they therefore proceeded on their course, not without apprehensions of soon sharing the same fate. The further they got into the open ocean, the higher they found the sea. But the little boat astern rose remarkably well to the waves; and as the lives of those in it depended on their steerage, the mate was continually cautioning them to be very vigilant, especially before dark.

These instructions had been generally attended to; but on the 9th of January, a heavy sea overtook them, and upset the boat at about eleven o'clock at night. They were both washed out, and the poor fellows were heard crying out in despair, "Allah! Allah!" but they knew not how to assist them. One, however, fortunately seized hold of the boat's tow-rope, and was taken in—the other was seen no more; the last that was heard of him was his crying out "Allah!" when the sea stopped his crying for ever.

It was very remarkable, and on superstitious minds the circumstance might have a strong impression, that two enormous sharks had kept pace with this boat, night and day, from the time of their leaving the rocks; they kept on each side of her, usually swimming with their back fins above water; but after this poor man was lost, they saw no more of them.

They now cut away the boat from the stern, as it impeded the steerage, and proceeded for several days with the same caution as before. The sea rising higher and higher, became at last almost too much for their little fabric to bear; and about the seventeenth day of their voyage, it was truly tremendous, that, situated as they were in a little box, they all thought that they must have been overwhelmed, and prepared themselves to meet that fate at which every man shudders.

Their situation now was every way deplorable; for the captain had lost the use of his limbs, and a dreadful scurvy had broken out among the crew: ten of them were incapable of doing any duty, their gums and throats having become so putrid that they could scarcely swallow; even wounds which had been healed many years, now broke out with their former inveteracy; and one man lay dead before them, who had just departed this miserable life in extreme agony. This scurvy was occasioned by their eating damaged rice, which was wetted with salt water, on the day they left the wreck.

The whole of the crew (although they were still able to do a little duty) were very ill, the mate only excepted, it having pleased Heaven to bestow health on him, while his companions in misfortune were so dreadfully afflicted. But all these calamities they surmounted, and on the 23rd of January, came in sight of the Southern Anambas.

On the 26th they were driven to the westward by the force of the current to Pulo Tingey, an uninhabited island. Here they stayed two days, hoping to discover an antidote for the scurvy, but without success. However, they filled their butts with fresh water, and resumed their course.

On the 20th they saw a brig at the entrance of the Straits of Malacca, bound to Rhio, on the island of Bentang, to trade with the Malays for pepper. She assisted our mariners with some provisions, and her captain advised them to keep close to the Malay shore, as the straits were infested by pirates, with whom he lately had an engagement in which his chief mate had been killed, himself wounded, and the ship nearly shattered to pieces. Thus cautioned, our wretched sufferers left

him and proceeded on their way; but the current carried them down upon the Sumatra coast, which they were so desirous to avoid.

When within six miles of the shore, they fell in with a fishing-boat, by which they sent a note to the governor, who in a short time sent two boats to them, with plenty of fowls, wines, fruit, and vegetables, and directions to tow them in. They got in the same night, and next morning were towed up the river where they moored their crazy bark and afterwards removed their sick to the hospital.

Thousands of persons came down to see them; and the kindest attention was paid to them by all the gentlemen in the settlement, who strove to make them forget their late misfortunes. The captain was removed to a gentlemen's house where he was taken proper care of; but Mr. Page remained in the float, where he was supplied by the governor with fowls and other provisions.

The float, and every thing belonging to her, was sold for eight hundred dollars; and Mr. Page, who, as before observed, had no advance of wages, and consequently expected to be now paid, received from the captain no remuneration whatever for his services, losses, &c.

About this time a vessel came in, on board of which was one of the Lascars belonging to the other float, which was supposed to have foundered.

This Lascar reported, that their float had steered right before the wind, until they came to a small island near the Straits of Malacca, when, being in want of water, they went on shore to procure some. The barbarous Malays, natives of this island, now attacked these poor half-starved defenceless men, and most inhumanly murdered them. Fortunately this poor Lascar escaped the cruel fate of his companions, by taking refuge in the woods, and having, during the night-time, stole a canoe, he got to Rhio, in the island of Bentang (which forms the south-eastern part of the straits) where he met with this vessel, the captain of which kindly took him in.

After a long stay at Malacca, of about twenty days, the Bombay fleet came from China. Captain Robertson procured a passage to Bombay for himself, but refused to take our author (Mr. Page) with him, alleging that the vessels were too much crowded already. Mr. Page was, however, determined to get to Bombay by this fleet if possible, in order to answer any question which the underwriters might have put to him; and at length, in spite of Captain Robertson, got a passage on board the *Minerva*, Captain Pope, from whom he received the kindest attention. Captain Pope supplied him linen and every thing else which he stood in need of. They stopped at Penang, which is in the Straits of Malacca, to take in water, and thence proceeded for Bombay.

The following is a list of the crew which was on board the *Fanny*, and the particulars of their fate.

On leaving Bombay, her crew consisted of 64
On their passage, they took on board at Malacca, &c. 6
And the Chinese hostage at the island of Hainan 1

In all 71

Of these were killed by the fall of the mast (in the typhoon) 1
Died at sea, on their passage to China 3
Ditto on the rocks (by the effluvia of the cotton) 4
Poisoned himself (in the Lascar's boat) 1
Murdered by the Malays 22
Died of the scurvy 2
Washed overboard and drowned 1

Dead —36

The chief mate and his servant went on shore at Hainan, accompanied by four men 6
Run away with the long-boat, at the same place 4

Missing —10

Portuguese taken on board the American 4
Arrived at Malacca 20
Ditto, ditto (from the Lascar's float) 1

Preserved from the wreck —25

71

THE HEROINE OF THE HUON.

BY MARY LEMAN GILLIES.

It was a bright spring morning when the signal at Mount Nelson announced a ship in sight, and immediately the yellow flag was hoisted at Mulgrave Battery, and proclaimed the welcome news to the inhabitants of Hobart Town. Those of London, that emporium in which culminate all the great interests of existence, could but poorly imagine the emotions excited by the event. Expectation was on tiptoe; the vessel might be from Sydney, from India, above all, it might be from England. At the period of my story all were exiles. Natives, save the dark race which is fast disappearing before the white man, there were none. All I repeat were exiles, but all were not *penal* exiles. The exiles to whom I allude were those settlers whom step-dame fortune had driven from their father-land, or whom the hope of winning her favour had allured from it. All these had left their loves and dearest interests behind them, and all their dreams and wishes were directed to the fair fields and bright firsides of their childhood. It is now far otherwise. Van Dieman's Land, like other lands, has grown national, with the usual exclusive prejudices and partialities. Beautiful girls and gallant youths, born in its sweet valleys, have ripened into womanhood and manhood, have become surrounded by a young progeny, and they love the land of their own, and their children's birth, in a manner impossible to their fathers, to whom it was but the land of adoption.

If the approaching bark was anticipated by many a beating heart in Hobart Town and its vicinity, what were the feelings of those on board the Dart, the gallant ship that had now been nearly five months from England. It carried a miscellaneous assemblage of passengers, and had touched at Cork to take in some women and children who were going to join their husbands and fathers in the colony. In all this freight of humanity there were two women singularly remarkable,—the one, Dora Callan, for beauty; the other, Bridget Ryan, for an extreme ugliness, which would have been repulsive, had it not been redeemed by honesty, simplicity, and good nature. She had an infant of a few weeks old, to which she was a tender, watchful mother; but it did not engross her genial heart. She had a kind word for every one, and a helping hand for all who needed her aid: the sick found her ready to forego her rest to soothe his sufferings, and the sorrowing never called upon her sympathy in vain; and it was soon the feeling of all on board to seek Bridget Ryan under any emergency of annoyance or distress. But above all, she became to Dora Callan the very stay and prop of her existence: the young creature had come on board in bad health, and with a prospect of becoming a mother, a prospect realized before they were many weeks at sea. In her hour of trial who was beside her? Bridget Ryan. When the new-born made its feeble appeal to its feeble mother, who took it to a cherishing breast? Bridget Ryan. Amid all her own and her infant's wants, she found the means to minister to the wants of the young mother and her nursing; amid all the claims upon her time and toil she found hours to devote to them.

"Bridget Ryan," said Dora, "I shall never see the far land we are seeking, and one is waiting me there to whom it will be a sore sorrow. Here is his last letter, which I have read every night after my prayers, and every morning as soon as it was light. He will be on the watch for our ship, and among the first on board."

"Heaven speed him, my woman!" exclaimed the cheerful Bridget, "and wot he be proud of the gift you have for him," she added, looking at the sleeping child; "oh! sure and it is I must be at the merry meeting!"

"Who has such right, Bridget? But it will never be."

"Tush, woman dear, tush! Don't talk such nonsense, child. It is the *wakeness* that has come over you. Wait awhile, and a blithe christening we'll have when we are once on shore."

The young mother bowed her beautiful face upon her pillow, and the heaving of her breast revealed the emotion that con-

quysed her. After an effort at composure, she raised herself in the bed, and flung her arms around the neck of her friend.

"Oh, on this wide, wide sea, where I thought to find only danger and sorrow, I have found a friend like unto the mother I have left. You will have her blessing, Bridget, and *his*. Oh, that I might live to tell him all I owe you!"

"Now, Dora dear, if you go on after this manner," said Bridget, struggling with emotion, and gently trying to disengage herself, "what will I do! Sure I shall be fit for nothing this blessed day—and the babes, too—why we are changing places with them, and crying as if they could not do it much better than we. Take heart, woman dear, the boy will need all your care."

"All your's, Bridget, all your's. Oh! tell me you will never forsake him. I know it, I feel it, he will soon be alone with you—have only you. Oh! let him creep to your heart when the salt sea covers his mother. Nay, Bridget, you shall not unclasp my hands until I have your promise: say that in danger, in distress, in sickness, he shall be to you as your own."

"Mother of God, be my witness!" fervently ejaculated Bridget. "He shall have half my heart, half my strength. When I forego my hold of him, sorrow be my portion. But you will live, Dora Callan, and my child may call you mother by *manes* of this boy of ours; for now he is mine, you see, and I *mane* to dispose of him."

A faint smile played upon the lips of the sinking girl in answer to this sportive sally, and then closing her eyes, she folded her hands upon her breast in silent prayer. The prophetic spirit in which the young creature had spoken was soon apparent. A rapid change passed over the fair face; the power of utterance suddenly failed; but while life lingered her grateful and beseeching eyes were raised to the face of Bridget, at whose breast the creature so soon to be orphaned nestled in comfort.

The next night a white hammock was lowered into the sea beneath the solemn starlight. The passengers and crew stood round whilst the captain read the funeral service; his voice often faltered, and at intervals a deep sob was heard; it burst from the bosom of Bridget Ryan, who, with both children clasped in her arms, knelt upon the deck. When the solemn ceremony was over, and the fair form of Dora had sunk many fathoms to its deep and silent grave, a low wail of excessive anguish broke from the lips of Bridget.

"Dora Callan! Dora Callan!" she at length uttered, with a deep fervency of tone which was in itself eloquence. "Why have you gone from me—from me whose heart loved you like its life? But who may keep what the Great Maker wants? Bright be your place among the angels—welcome be your fair face where all is beautiful! Och! shall I ever forget how sweet you were, how kind, how loving. When you wake from your great winding sheet, Dora mine, may we who mourn you now, meet you rejoicing."

Then her voice sunk till its murmurs became inaudible; while rocking herself to and fro on the deck, she cowered over the children and bathed them with her tears. Impressed by the scene, all stood in deep silence, watching the subsiding struggles of her grief. Almost unmarked, a change of weather had gradually come on, and a more than common activity on board declared that some exigency was approaching. Low winds seemed from afar gathering the clouds that soon overspread the sky, till the hollow dismal wailings became long howls, and hoarse shrieks, and the darkness grew into blackest night. Oh, for the pen of Cooper to portray the storm which broke above the devoted ship, while it reeled and staggered amid the rage of contending winds and boiling seas. The captain and crew did their duty firmly. Perhaps there is no energy, no courage, equal to that of the English sailor; no sense of duty so high, so perfectly, so nobly fulfilled. Vain were all their efforts; the sea surged above the yards, sweeping down on the doomed bark, which would bravely rise again and again above the briny deluge. Desperately she ploughed her wild way, till at midnight she became a total wreck on one of the small islands in D'Entrecasteaux's channel.

The morning broke at length, but it came rather to reveal,

than to relieve their distress. When the vessel struck, a shriek compounded of many wild voices pierced the thick darkness; the masts went by the board, a rushing sea swept the deck, carrying many despairing wretches into the engulfing waters; but with the grey drear light of morning came a lull. The captain, who still survived with some few of the passengers and crew, felt deep anxiety for the fate of Bridget, and was seeking her, inquiring for her, when she crept forth with the two children in her arms. "The bravest heart on board by heavens!" he exclaimed, as he beheld her. "Hope on," he continued, springing forward, "we are desecrated; there are boats making towards us." At these words Bridget started to her feet, just as a tremendous wave struck the ship, and, sweeping the deck, carried her and the children overboard. Much is said of human selfishness in the emergencies of great danger, and much is of course exhibited, but so powerfully had Bridget's example and beauty of character impressed her fellow sufferers, that the most vital interest was felt in her fate, and at this catastrophe, many cried aloud, "Save her! save her!" while at the moment hopeless of saving themselves. The boats which had put off from Bruné Island, redoubled their efforts. Bridget succeeded in grasping a fragment of timber, and thus kept herself afloat; the heavy rain, which had been some time falling, increasing, refreshed her, and the sea subsided, as if calmed by the tears of heaven; the cheering voices of the approaching men kept alive the pulses of her heart, and at last Bridget and the children were rescued, the little helpless creatures, wonderful to relate, alive. This, however, she scarcely was herself; yet amid, what were apparently the pangs of death, her sense of duty was still paramount. Carried on shore, soothing voices and succouring hands were soon around her, but she made a feeble effort to retain the children, while she exclaimed with what strength remained to her—"Michael Callan." The name was repeated aloud by those who marked her anxiety; and immediately a young man who had helped to man the boat that saved her, pressed eagerly forward. "Here I am," he cried, "what would you with Michael Callan?" He was directed to the dying woman, he knelt down beside her. Bridget opened her eyes, which a moment before had been closing in the last exhaustion and faintness, "Are you he?" she asked. "I am, Michael Callan." "Now the father of mercy and all his saints be praised," she faintly ejaculated. "Michael Callan, here is your child—DORA'S CHILD!" and with these words her long sustained energies forsook her, and she sunk insensibly into the arms of the people near her.

The story soon spread through the colony, and by the time Bridget was restored to health and strength, she found herself possessed of a little fortune. All who, like herself, had survived the wreck, bore testimony to her Christian charity and heroism, and from every quarter of the island subscriptions in her behalf poured in. Her home was on the banks of the Huon; thither every year Michael Callan and his boy make a pilgrimage to the fond friend of Dora, and the faithful preserver of her child.

ANECDOTE.

THE Britannia East Indiaman, when sailing to the Brazils, with the expedition to the Cape, in 1806, having on board a large sum of specie, suddenly struck on a sunken rock, then got off, and immediately went down. The narrator tells the following highly characteristic anecdote of a British Sailor: "one poor fellow refused to quit the ship, saying he had lived poor, and he would be d—d if he would not die rich! He went below, where the dollars were stowed, filled his shirt bosom, and came upon the deck, shouting huzza! till the ship was nearly under water. He then took off his hat, gave three cheers, and went down with her."

DREADFUL ADVENTURE AT SEA.

THE Magpie, a small schooner, under the command of Lieutenant Smith, an active, intelligent officer, was ordered to cruise between the Colorados, a shoal at the western extremity of the island of Cuba, and the Havannah, in order to intercept a piratical vessel, which had committed innumerable depredations both on shore and at sea, and which every trader had seen, but none could accurately describe. It was a service of the utmost importance, inasmuch as the existence of this vessel rendered higher insurances requisite; the merchant-vessels dared not sail without a convoy, and the men-of-war were otherwise in great request in every part of Columbia and Mexico, to protect the merchant from the rapacity of the different governments, or the constant revolutions which threw the weak entirely on the power of the strongest, without a chance of assistance. The Magpie proceeded to her destination, and there remained, in hopes of capturing the marauder. It was one evening when the sea-breeze had lulled, and the calm in being which occurs before the land-breeze commences, that the schooner lay upon the silent waters without a motion, with her head towards the shore, and about eight miles distant from the Colorados. Smith, who had swept the horizon with his glass from the mast-head of his charge, until the twilight had died into darkness, was in his cabin, the mate on deck, the crew talking over past scenes and occurrences, everything apparently in the most perfect security, when an event occurred, which I well know I cannot paint in the glowing colours the heart-rending tale deserves. It is requisite here to mention, that the schooner had her fore-top-sail set, the yard being braced for the starboard tack: the fore-sail was in the brails, and the jib and boom main-sail, the latter with the tack triced up, hanging up and down in the calm. On the larboard bow, a small black cloud had hung over the land; and in tropical climates, almost invariably, the clouds setting on the hills is the sign of the land-breeze being about to commence.

Perhaps many of my readers have not been in these climates, where the blessings of the cool night-breeze must be felt to be appreciated; generally speaking, the land-wind comes on in light flaws, until it settles into its strength, which is rarely sufficient to drive a frigate at the rate of five knots an hour. No one can guess with what impatience the navigator, who has been beating all day against the sea-breeze and current, awaits the arrival of his fair wind, and cooling breeze, which is to give him renewed existence by its bracing qualities, and to forward him towards his port. It is a blessing eagerly sought after, and heartily welcome when it comes. The cloud, which at first seemed only of small dimensions, gradually increased; and the moon, which was shining brightly just over the vapour, perhaps made it appear darker than it really was. The mate looked at the gathering blackness without apprehension, although some foreboding of approaching mischief seemed to render him uneasy. "Mr. Smith," said the mate, looking down the hatchway, "I think the land-breeze is coming off rather strong, sir; the clouds look very black." "Very well," replied Smith; "keep a sharp look-out. I shall be on deck myself in a moment."

It is proper for the historian of all misfortunes to show how, by cautious attention, such misfortunes might have been guarded against. When the mate observed the increasing blackness and density of the cloud, he ought to have braced the fore-yard round, and thus to have prevented the schooner being taken aback; for there are no vessels so ticklish (as we call it) as schooners, and no yards so difficult to manage in a squall, as the long overgrown yard for a schooner's fore-top-sail, or square-sail. Had this slight manœuvre been executed, the horrible consequences which ensued might have been obviated; at any rate, the men ought to have been kept in readiness, the fore-top-sail should have been furled, or lowered, and preparations to meet any circumstances ought to have been made.

It is a singular fact, that the crew, who had been engaged in relating all kinds of wonderful events, about five minutes

before the catastrophe occurred became awfully silent ; not a word escaped them ; there seemed a preparatory stillness for death itself, or a respectful fear at its reproach. A squall of wind, which must have been fearfully strong, seemed to burst from the cloud alongside the schooner: it reached her before the mate could call the watch into activity. The vessel was taken aback ; and Mr. Smith, as he put his foot upon the last step of the ladder, found his schooner upset, and scarcely had he time to reach the deck, before she sunk, to rise no more.

The crew, amounting in all to twenty-four, happened luckily to be on deck, with the exception of two, who were drowned in the schooner ; and in one minute they found themselves struggling in the water—their home, their ship, and some of their companions, lost for ever. The wild cry for assistance from some, of surprise from others, and fear from all, seemed to drown the wind ; for, as if sent by Pro-

vidence to effect this single event, no sooner had the schooner sunk than the wind entirely ceased, a calm came on, and the bright rays of the moon fell upon the wet faces of the struggling crew.

Most fortunately, as some would think, but in reality most painfully unfortunate from what followed—the boat on the booms of the schooner floated clear of the sinking vessel, and seemed prepared for their salvation ; the fore-yard-arm had somehow got fixed on the gunwale ; and as the schooner sunk, it naturally heeled the boat, until she was nearly upset and half full of water, when the yard got disentangled, the schooner sunk, and the boat floated. The only ark of their safety was amply large enough to have saved the twenty-two men, who instantly swam to her ; and such was the impetuosity occasioned by their fright, that prudence was overlooked : and in the hurried exertion of eight or ten endeavouring to scramble in, all on one side, the half-filled



boat heeled below her gunwale in the water, and rolled over and over ; some got across her keel—the others held on by her—and all were saved from drowning.

Mr. Smith, who appears to have been a man of most consummate command and coolness, began to reason with his crew on the impossibility of their being saved, if they continued in their present position ; for those who were on the keel would shortly roll off, and exertion and fatigue would soon force the others to relinquish their holds, or urge them to endeavour forcibly to dislodge the possessors from their quiet seats. He pointed out the necessity of righting the boat, of allowing only two men to get in her and bale her out, whilst the others, supported by the gunwales, which they kept upright, might remain in the water until the boat was in such a condition as to receive two more ; and thus by degrees to ship the whole crew in security. Even in this moment of peril, the discipline of the navy assumed its command. At the

order from the lieutenant for the men on the keel to relinquish their position, they instantly obeyed, the boat was turned over, and once more the expedient was tried—but quite in vain : for no sooner had the two men begun to bale with a couple of hats, and the safety of the crew to appear within the bounds of probability, than one man declared he saw the fin of a shark. No language can convey the panic which seized the struggling seamen ; a shark is at all times an object of horror to a sailor ; and those who have seen the destructive jaws of these voracious fish, and their immense and almost incredible power—their love of blood, and their bold daring to obtain it—alone can form an idea of the sensations produced to a swimmer by the cry of "A shark ! a shark !"

Every man now struggled to obtain a moment's safety. Well they knew that one drop of blood would have been scented by the everlasting pilot-fish, the jackalls of the shark ; and that

their destruction was inevitable, if one only of these monsters should discover the rich repast, or be led to its food by the little rapid hunter of its prey. All discipline was now unavailing; the boat again turned keel up; one man only gained his security, to be pushed from it by others; and thus their strength began to fail from long-continued exertion. As, however, the enemy so much dreaded did not make its appearance, Smith once more urged them to endeavour to save themselves by the only means left, that of the boat; but as he knew that he would only increase their alarm by endeavouring to persuade them sharks did not abound in those parts, he used the wisest plan of desiring those who held on by the gunwale, to keep splashing in the water with their legs, in order to frighten the monsters at which they were so alarmed. Once more had hope begun to dawn; the boat was clear to her thwarts, and four men were in her, hard at work: a little forbearance, and they were safe. At this moment, when those in the water urged their messmates in the boat to keep baling with unremitted exertion, a noise was heard close to them, and about fifteen sharks came right in amongst them. The panic was ten times more dreadful than before; the boat again was upset by the simultaneous endeavour to escape the danger; and the twenty-two sailors were again devoted to destruction. At first the sharks did not seem inclined to seize their prey, but swam in amongst the men, playing in the water, sometimes leaping about and rubbing against their victims, this was of short duration—a loud shriek from one of the men announced his sudden pain: a shark had seized him by the leg, and severed it entirely from the body. No sooner had the blood been tasted, than the long-dreaded attack took place; another and another shriek proclaimed the loss of limbs; some were torn from the boat, to which they vainly endeavoured to cling—some, it was supposed, sunk from fear alone—all were in dreadful peril. Mr. Smith, even now, when of all deaths the most horrible seemed to await him, gave his orders with clearness and coolness; and, to the everlasting honour of the poor departed crew be it known, they were obeyed: again the boat was righted, and again two men were in her.

Incredible as it may appear, still, however, it is true, that the voice of the officer was heard amidst the danger; and the survivors actually, as before, clung to the gunwale, and kept the boat upright. Mr. Smith himself, held by the stern, and cheered and applauded his men. The sharks had tasted the blood, and were not driven from their feast; in one short moment, when Mr. Smith ceased splashing, as he looked into the boat to watch its progress, a shark seized both his legs, and bit them off just above the knees. Human nature was not strong enough to bear the immense pain without a groan; but Smith endeavoured to conceal the misfortune; nature, true to herself, resisted the endeavour, and the groan was deep and audible. The crew had long respected their gallant commander; they knew his worth and his courage; on hearing him express his pain, and seeing him relinquish his hold to sink, two of the men grasped their dying officer, and placed him in the stern sheets.

Even now, in almost insupportable agony, that gallant fellow forgot his own sufferings, and thought only on rescuing the remaining few from the untimely grave which awaited them; he told them again of their only hope, deplored their perilous state, and concluded with these words:—"If any of you survive this fatal night, and return to Jamaica, tell the admiral (Sir Laurence Halsted) that I was in search of the pirate when this lamentable occurrence took place; tell him I hope I have always done my duty, and that I—" here the endeavour of some of the men to get into the boat, gave her a heel on one side; the men who were supporting poor Smith, relinquished him for a moment, and he rolled overboard, and was drowned. His last bubbling cry was soon lost amidst the shrieks of his former companions—he sunk to rise no more. Could he have been saved, his life would have been irksome; and, but for the time which even the best desire to make atonement for the sins and errors of early life—to offer their contrite prayers to the throne of grace—to implore that salvation we all hope for, and none of themselves can claim—he had better have died as he did, than live to be dependent on others;

to hear the peevish complaint of his attendants, or to sigh for pleasures he could never obtain. With him died every hope; all but two of the crew gave way to loud execrations and cursings. Some, who had not been seriously injured by the monsters of the deep, endeavoured to get upon the keel of the boat, which was again upset: but, worn out with excessive fatigue, and smarting under the keen pain, they gave up the chance of safety, and were either eaten immediately by the sharks, or, courting death, which appeared inevitable, they threw themselves from their only support, and were drowned.

At eight o'clock in the evening, the Magpie was upset; it was calculated by the two survivors, that their companions had all died by nine. The sharks seemed satisfied for the moment; and they with gallant hearts resolved to profit by the precious time in order to save themselves; they righted the boat, and one getting over the bows, and the other over the stern, they found themselves, although nearly exhausted, yet alive, and in comparative security; they began the work of baling, and soon lightened the boat sufficiently not to be easily upset, when both sat down to rest. The return of the sharks was the signal for their return to labour. The voracious monsters endeavoured to upset the boat: they swam by its side in seeming anxiety for their prey; but, after waiting some time, they separated—the two rescued seamen found themselves free from their insatiable enemies.

Tired as they were, they continued their labour until the boat was nearly dry, when both lay down to rest, the one forward, and the other aft; so completely had fear operated on their minds, that they did not dare even to move, dreading that an incautious step might again have capsize the boat. They soon, in spite of the horrors they had witnessed, fell into a sound sleep—and day had dawned before they awoke to horrible reflections, and apparently worse dangers. The sun rose clear and unclouded, the cool calm of the night was followed by the sultry calm of the morning; and heat and hunger, thirst and fatigue, seemed to settle on the unfortunate men, rescued by Providence and their own exertions from the jaws of a horrible death. They awoke and looked at each other—the very gaze of despair was appalling: far as the eye could reach, no object could be discerned; the bright haze of the morning, added to the strong refraction of light; one smooth interminable plain, one endless ocean, one cloudless sky, and one burning sun, were all they had to gaze upon. The boat lay like the ark, in a world alone! They had no oar, no mast, no sail—nothing but the bare planks and themselves, without provisions or water, food or raiment. They lay upon the calm ocean, hopeless, friendless, miserable. It was a time of intense anxiety; their eyes rested upon each other in silent pity, not unmixed with fear. Each knew the dreadful alternative to which nature would urge them. The cannibal was already in their looks, and fearful would have been the first attack on either side, for they were both brave and stout men, and equals in strength and courage. "Tis a bad business, this, Tom," said the man on the bow; "a very bad business, indeed: I think I am sorry I was not eaten by the sharks, with the rest of the poor fellows, and then I should never have known the misery of this moment." "I have been," replied Jack, "in many a heavy squall before now; but I never felt such a gale as this—no hope, Tom, none! Here we are, doomed to die of thirst and hunger!—nothing to eat, you know, Tom, nothing!"

The word "nothing" was repeated by Tom, who afterwards continued the conversation:—"Well, boy, many's the ship that passes through the Gulf of Florida, and which must come nearly within hail of us; so that if we, or one of us, can but live a little while—and I dare say we can find food for one—why, then, you know the whole story will be told, and that will be something." "Food for one!" re-echoed the other, and advanced a little towards his only companion, with a look of savage determination. Both understood the allusion: there was no doubt but that they could have outlived the day without resorting to the last resource: but they stood afraid of each other. Both had knives, for sailors always carry these instruments suspended to their necks by a strong piece of white line, which they call a lanyard. Although not driven to the dreadful alternative, they anticipated the worst results; they knew they could not both

long survive the awful situation in which they were placed. If no ship passed them within four-and-twenty hours, it was evident that one must have been murdered to save the other. In all times of tribulation and danger, men turn their thoughts to God; and solicit that support for which, when in health and security, they had omitted to pray. There is a delightful calm which generally comes over the mind of the most hardened after they have been induced to pray for support and forgiveness; and few there are who, having once experienced the consolations of religion, totally abandon it afterwards.

In the situation in which the two men were placed, they had not even the comfort of employment, for they had nothing to employ themselves upon; all they could do, was, or could be done, in a second—namely, when the sea-breeze came, to place a thwart upright with a jacket upon it in the bows of the boat, and send before the wind: in which case, if they could exist four or five days, they might reach the western shore of the Gulf of Mexico. The man abaft fell upon his knees, and, lifting his clasped hands to heaven, silently began his prayer. The throb of religion reached the heart of his companion, who, fearing to approach too near the only human being he was likely to see again, knelt down on the fore part of the boat: and thus, in silence, they prayed for support, and a happy issue out of all their afflictions.

It was now about half-past six in the morning, the sun was beginning to prove its burning power, the sea was as smooth as a looking-glass; and, saving now and then the slight cat's-paw of air, which ruffled the face of the water for a few yards, all was calm and hushed. In vain they strained their eyes—in vain they turned from side to side to escape the burning rays of the sun: they could not sleep, for now anxiety and fear kept both vigilant and on their guard; they dared not to court sleep, for that might have been the last of mortal repose.

Once, they nearly quarrelled, but fortunately the better feelings of humanity overcame the bitterness of despair. The foremost man had long complained of thirst, and had frequently dipped his hand into the water, and sucked the fluid: this was hastily done, for all the horrors of the night were still before them, and not unfrequently the sharp fin of a shark was seen not very far from the boat. In the midst of the excruciating torments of thirst, heightened by the salt-water, and the irritable temper of the bowman, as he stamped his impatient foot against the bottom boards, and tore his hair with unfeeling indifference, he suddenly stopped the expression of his rage, and call out—"By G—d, there is a sail!" The extravagance of joy was now equal to the former despair; they jumped into each other's arms—they laughed and cried together. It was a sail, a brig which had a light breeze aloft, and was steering exactly in their direction. Every means of making a signal was resorted to: one stood upon the thwart and flung his jacket in the air; whilst the other, although the stranger was miles distant, endeavoured to hail her. Sometimes they hailed together, in order to produce a louder sound, and occasionally both stood up to make some signal. Their eyes were never off the brig: they thought no longer of the burning sun, or of hunger, or of thirst; deliverance was at hand, at least so they flattered themselves, and no time of greatest joy could have beat the excitement and gratification of that moment. Whilst they stood watching in silence the approach of the brig, which slowly made her way through the water—and at the very instant that they were assuring each other that they were seen, and that the vessel was purposely steered on the course she was keeping to reach them,—the whole fabric of hope was destroyed in a second; the brig kept away about three points, and began to make more sail. Then was it an awful moment: their countenances saddened as they looked at each other; for in vain they hailed—in vain they threw their jackets in the air—it was evident they had never been seen, and that the brig was steering her proper course. Both now attempted to break adrift one of the fixed thwarts: the loose ones had been lost during the night; and although, as all may fancy, every muscle was exerted, and all the strength nature had given them pushed to its utmost, yet were they insufficient in power to succeed. Their object was to use two of

these thwarts as paddles, and to edge down at an angle from the course of the brig; so that they would, if they did not reach her, at any rate pass so near, as to be certain of being seen. This last was a sad disappointment; but, sailor-like, they would not despair while hope was in sight: they endeavoured, by heeling the boat on one side, to propel her by their hands: but they were soon worn out with fatigue, and obliged to relinquish the attempt; for, independently of the impossibility of success in such an undertaking, they lost the better opportunity of being seen from the vessel. It was after a long deep sigh from the man in the stern sheets, and after wiping away a stream of tears as he looked at the vessel, then about two miles and a half distant, that he broke into a loud lamentation on the utter hopelessness of their condition if they were not seen. In vain they declared that the brig had purposely altered her course to avoid them—in vain they pointed to a man going aloft, whom they could distinctly see—and in vain they waved their jackets, and assisted the signal with speech. The time was slipping away, and if once they got abaft the beam of the brig, every second would lessen the chance of being seen; besides, the sea-breeze might come down, and then she would be far away, and beyond all hope in a quarter of an hour. Now was it that the man who had been so loudly lamenting his fate, seemed suddenly inspired with fresh hope and courage; he looked attentively at the brig, then at his companion, and said—"By Heaven, I'll do it, or we are lost!" "Do what?" said his shipmate. "Though," said the first man, "it is no trifle to do, after what we have seen and known; yet I will try, for if she passes us, what can we do? I tell you, Jack, I'll swim to her; if I get safe to her, you are safe; if not, why I shall die without adding murder to my crimes." "What! jump overboard, and leave me all alone!" replied his companion: "look, look at that shark, which has followed us all night—why, it is only waiting for you to get into the water to swallow you, as it did perhaps half of our messmates: no, no—wait, do wait, perhaps another vessel may come; besides, I can't swim half the distance, and I should be afraid to remain behind: think, Tom, only think of the sharks, and of last night."

This appeal staggered the determination of the gallant fellow. There, about twenty yards from the boat, was the fin of the shark, and now and then another and another might be seen; he looked at his enemies, and then at himself. Certain death awaited him in the boat, perhaps heightened by crime: a chance of death awaited him in the sea; but there was hope to buoy him up—the time was flying, the breeze had begun to freshen a little, the brig was fast advancing, and hope was every minute growing less. "Well," said he, "Jack, it comes to this, you see, that if we wait we must die,—if I get to the brig we must be saved. If the sharks—God Almighty protect me!" said he, shuddering as he mentioned the word—"should take me, and you live to get back again, you know where to remember me. I say, Jack, it's no use being frightened to death when we can but die: come, give us your hand my last companion. I'll do it, if it is to be done. Good-bye:—now if you see those devils in chase of me, splash, or make some noise to frighten them, but don't tell me you see them coming. (Another shake of the hand—) God bless you; Jack, keep your eye upon me, and make signals to the brig:—there," said he, putting his knife down, "that might be of use to you, and here's my toggery. If I am taken, it's none the better for last night's swim." Then falling on his knees, and saying, "God protect me!" he jumped overboard with as much calmness as if he was bathing in security. No sooner had he begun to strike out in the direction he intended, than his companion turned towards the sharks. The fins had disappeared, and it was evident they had heard the splash, and would soon follow their prey. It is hard to say who suffered the most anxiety. The one left in the boat cheered his companion; looked at the brig, and kept waving his jacket—then turned to watch the sharks; his horror may be imagined when he saw three of these terrific monsters swim past the boat exactly in the direction of his companion! he splashed his jacket in the water, to scare

them away, but they seemed quite aware of the impotency of the attack, and lazily pursued their course. The man swam well and strongly. There was no doubt he would pass within hail of the brig, provided the sharks did not interfere; and he, knowing that they would not be long in following him, kept kicking the water and splashing as he swam.

There is no fish more cowardly, and yet more desperately savage than a shark. I have seen one harpooned twice, with a hook in its jaws, and come again to a fresh bait: yet will they suffer themselves to be scared by the smallest noise, and hardly ever take their prey without it is quite still. Generally speaking, any place surrounded by rocks where the surf breaks, although there may be a passage for a ship, will be secure from sharks. It was not until a great distance had been accomplished, that the swimmer became apprised of his danger, and saw by his side one of the terrific creatures: still, however, he bravely swam, and kicked! his mind was made up for the worst, and he had little hope of success. In the meantime the breeze had gradually freshened, and the brig passed with greater velocity through the water; every stitch of canvass was spread. To the poor swimmer the sails seemed bursting with the breeze; and as he used the utmost endeavour to propel himself, so as to cut off the vessel, the spray appeared to dash from the bow, and the brig to fly through the sea. He was now close enough to hope his voice might be heard; but he hailed and hailed in vain—not a soul was to be seen on deck; the man who steered was too intent upon his avocation to listen to the call of mercy. The brig passed, and the swimmer was every second getting farther in the distance: every hope was gone, not a ray of that bright divinity remained; the fatigue had nearly exhausted him, and the sharks only waited for the first quiet moment to swallow their victim. It was in vain, he thought, of returning to the boat, for he never could have reached her, and his companion had no means of assisting him. In the act of offering up his last prayer, ere he made up his mind to float and be eaten, he saw a man look over the quarter of the brig: he raised both his hands; he jumped himself up in the water, and, by the singularity of his motions, fortunately attracted notice. A telescope soon made clear the object: the brig was hove-to, a boat sent, and the man saved. The attention of the crew was then awakened to the Magpie's boat; she was soon alongside; and thus through the bold exertions of as gallant a fellow as ever breathed, both were rescued from their perilous situation.

At first the dreadful tale was discredited; and the American captain rather fancied the addition to his crew to be two pirates, who had, to avoid a surer death, put to sea in an oarless, mastless, sailless boat. They were landed at the Havannah, and then conveyed to Port Royal in the first man-of-war. Such were the sufferings and the deaths of the crew of the unfortunate Magpie; and these facts were related to the officers composing the court-martial, which sat upon the two remaining men. The story was told with unaffected modesty; and he who had so generously risked his life to save his messmate, could not be prevailed upon to tell that part which solely related to himself: but when the truth was out, and his messmate had done ample justice to the heroic act, they both burst into tears in the court, and ran into each other's arms. There was not a man in that court, either captain or crew, who did not show how quickly the feelings of sailors can be touched, and how alive they are to recording a generous and manly act. The survivors were both strongly recommended for promotion; and the recommendation was not in vain—a few short months saw them warrant-officers; and when I left that station some years afterwards, these two men had gained the confidence and esteem of their commanding officers, who found them sober, attentive, and alert, in doing their duties; and thus it sometimes happens that the most unfortunate circumstances are the best roads to promotion and contentment.

LIFE OF PAUL JONES.

JOHN PAUL, which was the real name of this notorious character, was born at Dumfries, in the year 1748. He was educated at Whitehaven, in the best manner a youth of his station and expectation in life could be supposed to be, his father being a gardener in the service of the Earl of Selkirk.

Being a lad of remarkable activity and quick apprehension, at fourteen years of age he was apprenticed to one Captain Johnstone, in the coal trade at Whitehaven; and, during this period of his time, every one thought that, with the patronage of the Noble Earl, his father's master, he would one day become owner of a vessel or two in that trading port; but he himself judged otherwise of things; and though he served his time out, he showed during that short period many refractory instances of perverseness, that equally chagrined his father and master. His rebellious disposition, however, did not openly break out till he had served his apprenticeship.

A short time after he came out of his time, he made a few trips to the Coast of Guinea, in a vessel belonging to Captain Baynes, of Kilkowry, on board of which he disgraced himself by his wanton cruelty, and attempting to sink the ship. He was tried for these offences on his return; and though he was acquitted, his character suffered so much that he was long out of employment; and it was the reason that the Liverpool owners would never employ him. He did not prevail better with the Leith and Scarborough merchants: in short he found himself so circumstanced in the world, that none that knew him would encourage him, and he was forced to return to his father, who as it has been before observed, was head gardener to the Earl of Selkirk.

Upon his return, he debauched three young women, servants in the neighbourhood: and two of them became pregnant. He then took great pride in boasting that he had the address to prevail upon the women to swear the children to an opulent farmer, though he was firmly persuaded that the man had not been engaged in a criminal intercourse with either of them.

Though the Earl of Selkirk was acquainted with many of his misdemeanours, yet, from a long regard to his father, he still retained him in his service, and even took frequent opportunities of expostulating with him on the impropriety of his conduct.

To indulge the wanton cruelty of his disposition, he frequently whipped the horses while they were in the stable till they were almost irritated to madness; and he generally continued this exercise till he was either interrupted, or, through fatigue, was no longer able to hold the instrument of his cruelty.

Being one morning engaged in this barbarous practice, he received a slight kick on the thigh from a fine young gelding, that was a particular favourite of the Earl's; in consequence of this, he fetched a knife from the dwelling-house, and stabbed the horse in several parts of his body, to such an extent, that with all the care and attention bestowed on him by the other servants of the earl, the noble creature died in a short time.

When the above circumstance came to the earl's knowledge, he dismissed Paul, informing him, that the whole line of his conduct had been so extraordinary, that he could not, consistently with the dictates of his conscience, give him such a character as would recommend him to another service.

He afterwards engaged with an innkeeper, near Whitehaven, as a post-chaise driver; but on account of his disobliging and quarrelsome temper, and his cruelty to the horses under his care, he was in a short time discharged from this employment.

Paul was not so intimidated with these matters as his father, who now prevailed upon his son to write to the earl a penitential letter, which had the desired effect, being backed by the persuasions of a naval officer, nearly related to the earl, who engaged to answer for Paul's future good behaviour; but how far he deserved such a friend, the reader will soon discover.

The various artifices he put in practice for seducing one of the servant girls proving abortive, he actually attempted the violation of her chastity by force, and had nearly accomplished his purpose, when the earl, who had been walking in the gar-

den, alarmed by the cries of a person in distress, came into the dairy-house, and rescued the young woman from her intentional ravisher.

The earl severely reprimanded him, and threatened him with a prosecution; but at length yielded to his entreaties, and granted him a pardon, on condition of his solemnly promising to conduct himself with more propriety in future.

Not many days after the above transaction, great complaints were made respecting Paul; the earl then ordered the delinquent into his presence, and questioned him in relation to the complaints that had been exhibited against him. His answers were so disrespectful and insulting, that the earl was betrayed into a momentary forgetfulness of the dignity of his character, and actually struck this unworthy servant; who departed, breathing forth the most violent denunciations of vengeance. It will be found in the course of these pages that though many years had elapsed, his desire of wreaking revenge upon the earl suffered no abatement.

Soon after leaving the service of the Earl of Selkirk, Paul formed an acquaintance with a party of smugglers, who observing him to be a young fellow of an active and enterprising spirit, and of a desperate resolution, they invited him to become a party in an exploit they had under contemplation.

He remained some months with this gang of desperadoes, during which time he saved upwards of two hundred pounds; but being deserted by his companions on account of his violent, quarrelsome and revengeful spirit, he lived in an idle dissolute manner at Whitehaven, Sunderland, Shields, and some other towns in the North, till his money was exhausted. After this he committed several highway and other robberies, for one of which he was indicted and tried at Lancaster, but acquitted in defect of evidence.

Paul now engaged himself as a foremast man on board a Sunderland vessel, and being afterwards engaged in the same capacity on board several traders belonging to Shields and Whitby, he acquired the reputation of an expert seaman, and gained a very accurate knowledge of the northern coast.

Being impressed on board a man-of-war, he availed himself of the first opportunity to escape, and a second time commenced a smuggler. After an unsuccessful cruise of a few weeks, he and his companions landed on the coast of Sussex, and Paul took up his residence at a farmer's in the neighbourhood of Brighton, whose daughter he, in a short time, married, and received with her a fortune of about three hundred pounds.

Notwithstanding that his wife was a most amiable young woman, Paul abandoned her in a few weeks, and entering into contract with some of his former associates, purchased a vessel for the purpose of carrying on the illegal practice of smuggling, and assumed the command of her himself, appointing such of his companions officers, as he knew, from experience, to be able seamen.

His crew consisted of fifteen persons (himself included)

and the vessel was provided with every kind of ammunition and necessary for hazarding desperate adventures. This gang of resolute desperadoes proved a most formidable annoyance to the trade of England, Scotland, and Ireland. They plundered several of our West India ships; but their most capital depredations were committed on the coast of Ireland and Scotland. Some days after having made a booty of the most valuable part of the cargo of one of our homeward bound Baltic ships, Paul was overtaken by so violent a storm, that he was under the necessity of ordering all his guns to be thrown overboard; and the vessel springing a leak the next day, he judged it expedient to have the mainmast cut away, lest she should be water-logged. During the violence of the storm he behaved in the most outrageous and blasphemous manner that can be conceived; and for some slight instance of neglect to his orders, he laid hold of the man at the wheel and threw him overboard, and would not allow any person to go to his assistance.

With great difficulty they navigated the vessel, which was in a most deplorable shattered condition, to Boulogne, where they sold their cargo at a very low price; the greater part of the goods being so much damaged as to be of little value.

The hotel where Paul took up his lodgings was kept by a young widow, a native of Ireland, to whom he made overtures of marriage; but these she declined, qualifying her denial, however, with an intimation that she might yield to his entreaties, if he could convince her that he was entitled to the property that he had assured her he had possessed in England.

He remained about three months at Boulogne, during which time he became so enamoured of the fair Hibernian hostess, that he deposited two hundred guineas with her, as a secu-

rity of his speedy return. He then embarked for England with a view of renewing his illicit practices, and continuing them till he should obtain a sum sufficient to ensure him a favourable reception from the widow.

He first went to Dover, and then to the Isle of Man, where he hired a house and assumed the character of a merchant; and, indeed, his dealings were considerable among the smugglers. Having employed a deputy to transact his business in the Isle of Man, he proceeded to Sunderland, where he was, in a short time, joined by ten of his former accomplices, whom he had left in France, and they contrived a scheme for running away with an armed vessel, which had been fitted out by a company of merchants to act against the corsairs.

Bold and dangerous as the undertaking was, they actually succeeded; and it was supposed that the vessel was lost, as when she was seized, there were only two men and a boy on board, whom it is supposed they murdered. Their first expedition was to the coast of Ireland, on different parts of which they landed, and plundered several gentlemen's houses of plate, jewels, money, and other valuable effects.

They now steered towards the Sussex coast, and while they were attempting to effect a landing, they observed one of the



PAUL JONES LANDING AT WHITEHAVEN AND FIRING THE SHIPPING.

king's armed cutters within a league and a half of shore. By taking advantage of a thick fog that rose at the close of the day, they proceeded further along the coast, and disembarked with some of their most valuable effects; soon after which they were surprised by a party of custom-house officers, and a desperate contest ensued, which lasted near an hour, when victory was declared in favour of the smugglers. In the conflict, one of Paul's men was so desperately hurt, that he died on the following day, and one of the custom-house officers was disabled in the arm.

Fearing the country would be up in arms, and that vessels would be despatched in pursuit of them, they put to sea with all possible expedition, and directed their course towards the Isle of Man, where they procured a supply of ammunition and provisions; and then sailed again with a view of plundering some vessels bound for London, on board of which they had received intelligence was gold and silver to a considerable amount. They met with only one of these ships, and that not one of the most richly laden. In a few weeks they committed depredations upon several vessels, particularly two belonging to Bristol. Paul now found himself entitled to a share of the spoils amounting to upwards of five hundred pounds, when he determined to pursue his amour at Boulogne.

When he was on the point of disembarking at Port l'Orient, he gave up all claim to the vessel and her appurtenances in favour of his companions; binding them, however, in a solemn oath, that they should deal with him only in such articles as were proper for sale at Boulogne and the Isle of Man.

Having supped, and spent the greatest part of the night in a jolly manner on board the vessel, Paul took leave of his friends, apologizing to them respectively, for the severe treatment they had received from him.

In the morning, after sending his companions a present of twelve dozen of wine, and a liberal supply of fresh provisions, Paul set out for Boulogne. On his arrival he was heartily received by the widow, with whom he had held a correspondence during the several months of his absence. In about four days they were married; and having assumed the character of landlord, he gave the principal customers of the house an elegant entertainment, and among the poorer sort he made a very liberal distribution of wine, spirits, and roast beef. In this last instance he paid one mark of respect to Old England, whose hospitable fare will never be forgotten.

For several weeks his behaviour was so affable and condescending and the articles in which he dealt so good of their respective kinds, and so moderate in price, that the custom of the house surprisingly increased. But nature had not formed him to keep within the bounds of moderation. The idea of being possessed of property sufficient to render him independent of business, and the prospect of greater riches, inflated his pride to that degree, that he was no longer able to act under the mask of humility, that had for some time disguised the natural turbulence of his disposition.

He often abruptly interfered in the conversation in which the frequenters of his house was engaged; obtruded his own dogmatical observations; and if the company declined an immediate acquiescence in them, he insulted them in the most abusive language that the most depraved imagination could possibly suggest. Such conduct soon drove away his customers, which obliged him to leave the business to the care of his wife; and, with a venture he sailed to the Isle of Man.

A few hours after he had embarked, the vessel was accosted by the gang of smugglers with whom he had parted at Port l'Orient; but upon his appearing upon deck, and waving his hand, they immediately altered their course. As soon as he arrived, he made the first entry of licensed goods transported from England into the Isle of Man, and his name stands first in the custom-house books at Douglas.

He then returned back to Boulogne and for some time carried on an extensive trade with different parties of smugglers. Upon the decease of his wife, he again went to the Isle of Man, and transacted some business in the legal way, the better to elude the suspicion of his being engaged in contraband dealings.

When any capital enterprise was resolved on, he frequently took the command of a smuggling vessel; and on these occa-

sions, it was seldom that he did not prove successful. He came to England three or four times a year, in order to settle with his agents, and to dispose of goods. In one of these trips the following incident occurred, which is highly expressive of the degenerate character of the man. Paul requested one of his fellow passengers to oblige him with some trifling circumstance, and the stranger was about to comply; but not being so expeditious as the impatient temper of the other required, he actually clapped a loaded pistol to his head, and drew the trigger; but the weapon fortunately flashed in the pan, and no damage was sustained.

In consequence of this act of extravagance, the crew of the vessel made preparations for confining Paul, supposing him to be a lunatic; but he fought in a most desperate manner against five men, three of whom he wounded so terribly, that their lives were for several days judged to be in the most imminent danger. Fearing his conduct would produce a mutiny, he gave them a double allowance of grog, and a barrel of fine pork, with promises of greater allowance; concluding, however, with an emphatic denunciation of instant death, to such as should offer any further violence to his person.

Paul was not yet an absolute pirate, but a desperate smuggler; and his crew consisted of some of the boldest and hardiest fellows he could pick up, or who sought refuge from their crimes under his colours. Blacks, Swedes, Americans, Irish, Whitehaven, and Liverpool men, were particularly welcome to him; and in the north of England, he was called the English Corsair.

Paul having amassed upwards of two thousand pounds by the most iniquitous practices, considered that his situation was very precarious, as his avaricious turn of mind had led him to take great advantages of several of the smugglers with whom he dealt, some of whom he apprehended, might, however, at length, be provoked to lodge information against him on account of the illegal traffic, he had so long pursued. He therefore determined to sell off what effects he had in the Isle of Man, and repair to London; but before he put his scheme in execution, he borrowed several sums of money, and obtained goods from different people to a large amount, after which he secretly decamped.

Fearing that if he came immediately to England, his place of residence would be discovered, and measures pursued to punish him for his fraudulent practices, he went to Dunkirk, in France, and there opened a coffee-house for the entertainment of English travellers. Here he renewed his practice of dealing in contraband goods; but in a few months he, in several instances, experienced a reverse of fortune.

Several capital seizures being made of goods that he had sent to England for sale, he was driven nearly to a state of distraction, and vowed destruction to the persons with whom he had entrusted so considerable a part of his property; as through their want of precaution, the goods had fallen into the hands of the king's officers.

Paul now shut up his house at Dunkirk, and prepared to embark for England, having previously remitted a small sum to each of the persons he had defrauded in the Isle of Man; and as they accepted of payment in part, they destroyed every legal idea of felony, and constituted their respective claims into mere matters of debt; he was therefore no longer apprehensive of prosecutions under the criminal laws.

He then took shipping for Edinburgh, whence he proceeded by land to Newcastle, where he met with two of the persons from whom a part of his effects had been a short time before seized by the custom-house officers. He attacked the men in the most grossly insulting terms, upbraiding them of treachery and cowardice; they resented his ill-language; on which he drew his hanger, and threatened to put them both to instant death: in consequence whereof, one of the men challenged him to single combat; and small swords and pistols being procured, they met in about two hours in a field upwards of a mile from the town. When the antagonists came within sight of each other they almost at the same instant fired their pistols in the air, and drawing their swords a desperate contest ensued, in which great dexterity was dis-

played on both sides; but the warmth of Paul's temper exposed him to the assaults of his adversary, who wounded him in three places, and he fell to the ground, where through the very great loss of blood, he lay more than half an hour without the least signs of sensibility: but his wounds being bound up, he was conveyed to the nearest inn, and in about a fortnight he was perfectly recovered.

Paul now went to Rochester, in Kent, in order to solicit payment for some smuggled goods, which a tradesman of that town had bought of him about nine months before. Having succeeded in that business, he rode on horseback to Chatham, and came to London in the tide-coach.

Paul hired a lodging in Mercer's-street, Long-acre, where he had not resided many weeks before he debauched his landlady's daughter, who removed with him to Tottenham-court-road; but in about three months he deserted her, and she became a common prostitute, in which station she continued near seven years, when a dangerous fit of sickness struck her mind with a conviction of the heinous course of life she led, and she determined on a reformation of her conduct. She adhered to her resolution, and was soon after very comfortably settled in a small village adjacent to the metropolis.

Paul now engaged in a criminal intercourse with the mistress of a notorious brothel, in the neighbourhood of Covent-garden, who assumed his name and passed under the character of his wife. This woman was seized with a fit of apoplexy, and she died while he was examining some accounts in a small parlour adjoining to her bed-room. He no sooner discovered her situation than he searched her pockets and taking her keys, secreted all her ready-money, and some other valuable effects, amounting in the whole to about two hundred pounds; when having alarmed the servants, he went off with the booty.

He now found means to procure the command of a small vessel; and after some depredations committed on the trading ships of these kingdoms, he went to the coast of Spain, and made capture of a rich vessel bound to the port of Ferrol. Paul intended to carry this prize to Genoa, but two days after her capture she struck on a rock, and sunk with all her cargo; four of the men were drowned, but the rest were taken up by a Danish vessel.

Soon after this exploit, he returned to his old practice of annoying the coasting trade of our northern parts, and in a short time engaged the John and Mary, near Leith, which, after an obstinate resistance, he drove right upon the Bell rock in the harbour, where the ship sunk, and he lost his prize once more. He picked up all the hands but four, who were wounded and unable to swim.

In retiring from this action, he fell in with his old master, Captain Johnstone, of Whitehaven, in his own ship, the Anne. He gave a salute as he passed; for he fired into his ship, and kept up the fight with his stern chase till he got into Whitehaven; but the Lynx, and another king's sloop heaving in sight, he retired without doing further mischief. He now only kept hovering near the Humber, where he picked up but little; for the coasters cautiously kept in shore, and he was forced to sheer off without accomplishing his purpose.

Upon his return to Whitehaven, which he had soon the audacity to do, he stole a young woman, one Mary Young, a maid-servant, that lived in Duke or Lowther-street, as she was standing on the quay. At the same time, he had a fisherman, that kept a liquor-shop in the town, brought on board his vessel by force. How he disposed of the girl is quite unknown; but the man returned about seven years afterwards, and found his wife married to another man, and several children born in his absence. This was upon the event of the first open rupture between England and America in 1774, when it became evident that hostilities would soon ensue. He now set out for America, and as soon as he arrived, he wrote to Silas Deane and others, afterwards leaders of Congress, and offering very valuable communications and intelligence, he obtained from time to time, several remittances, and crossed the Atlantic to Europe twice, to pick up further particulars of the situation of our coasts. Upon this account he is generally said to have

changed his name, and assumed that of Captain Paul Jones. Government not being apprised of the sort of spy that had arrived in the country, he was at liberty to go about the capital, and dwell for a short time in Wapping, daily buying maps, charts, soundings, and everything relating to the navigation of the home seas, abundance of which he found on Tower-hill, as well as upon the disposition of our naval force.

At his return he was examined by several persons of science respecting the coasts of England, and parts adjacent. His information was considered of so much importance, that great distinction was paid to him by the leaders of the American opposition, and he was soon appointed to the command of one of the privateers fitted out against this country. His success greatly exalted him in the opinion of the great men there, who were so entirely satisfied with his conduct, that they imposed no commands on him, but left him to act according to his own discretion, and in this their policy was very conspicuous, for he proved a far greater annoyance to our trade in those parts than any other commander in the American service; his repeated successes, about the early part of 1775, being so highly thought of by the principal leading men of America, that he was soon employed to fit out the little squadron which the Congress had placed under Commodore Hopkins, who had then the command of all the armed vessels belonging to America, and accordingly it is a fact that he then hoisted with his own hands the first American flag on board the Alfred, which was then the first display of the thirteen stripes!

(To be continued.)

AMERICAN ANECDOTE.

A TRAVELLER in America records the following anecdote: "I had a genuine Yankee story from one of the party on deck. I was inquiring if the Hudson was frozen up or not during the winter? This led to a conversation as to the severity of the winter, when one man, by way of proving how cold it was, said—'Why I had a cow on my lot up the river, and last winter she got in among the ice, and was carried down three miles before we could get her out again. The consequence has been, that she has milked nothing but ice creams ever since.'"

THE SEA.

There is something exquisitely pleasant in sitting upon a pier projecting far out into the sea, and surveying the immense expanse of waters stretching almost all around you. If you have cares to devour in secret, the gloomy aspect of the element in its hour of coming storm, seems to frown in unison with our own dark fate: and if you have joys on which you would ponder, the face of the sunny deep, as it lies cradled in tranquillity in its mighty bed, appears to wear the smile of fellowship. Have you little domestic disputes to arrange, with your better half, conduct her to the pier—provided you live near one; let her either imbibe the soothing and calming influence of the silent sea, when it is in repose, swathed in blue and purple; or may you both perceive the folly of indulging in your own rude passions, by marking with what useless violence the ocean, in the moments of its fury, lashes on the sounding strand. Many a moral is taught by the mighty deep: and not another section of the vast whole of Nature retains her secrets, and preserves her mysteries so faithfully or so well. The ocean, like the avaricious miser, clings to the treasures which its own mad career has caused the powerless vessel to pour into its depths—those caverns of eternal silence, fearful even as the tomb:—more fatal than war, pestilence, or famine, the ocean swallows up its victims from day to day, nor contents itself with human hecatombs at long intervals of time; and less stable than even the vacillating mind of the most capricious coquette, that same powerful but inconstant ocean, suddenly surrounds with all its terrors the luckless mariner, whom but a few hours before it wooed to its bosom by the melodious sounds of its gentle ripples, the sunny smiles of its countenance, and the balmy breath which waved over its vast expanse!

THE IMMINENT DANGERS

Of William Okely, John Anthony, William Adams, John Jepps, and the Carpenter, on board the Mary, of London, who made their escape from Slavery in Algiers, in a boat of their own building, June 30, 1644.

In the year 1639, William Okely and his companions went on board the *Mary*, of London, at Gravesend, (Captain Boarder, commander) bound for the Isle of Providence in the West Indies. Having lain in the Downs five weeks waiting for a favourable wind, they at length set sail, and came to anchor near the Isle of Wight.

By this time they were obliged to throw overboard all the beer in their ship, which was spoiled, and to take in vinegar to mix with water for the remainder of their voyage. Having set sail again, and coming between the island and the main land, they stuck fast in the sands; but the tide afterwards came in, and heaved them off.

On the sixth day they discovered six Turkish men-of-war who chased them, and at break of day boarded and took them. Having kept them close prisoners about six weeks, they brought them to Algiers, where William Okely was sold for a slave, the first market-day, to a patron, who told him he must allow him two dollars a month, get it where he could, and live on shore wherever he was able.

Driven thus to seek his fortune in a strange country, Okely, during his rambles, met with an Englishman in his little shop, who traded in tobacco, and other trifles. He immediately became his partner by means of a little money, which he had reserved, and a small sum which his patron allowed him for his stock. Here our adventurer got money, and hired a cellar to lay up his goods.

Tired, however, of slavery, he was determined to make his escape, if possible, and communicated his bold design to John Anthony, carpenter, John — another carpenter, William Adams, bricklayer, John Jepps, seaman, and two others, men of stout constitutions, and formed by nature for the execution of any laborious undertaking. These agreed to contrive the model of a boat, which being formed in parcels, and then put together, might be the means of their deliverance.

This work was commenced in Okely's cellar; a piece of timber twelve feet long, having been first provided for the keel, which, in order to convey it the better out of the city, they cut in two, and fitted it for joining in the middle. They then procured ribs, and made the boat water-tight; but because boards would require hammering, which noise would doubtless have led to a discovery, they bought strong canvass to cover their boat twice over upon the convex of the carine. They also provided as much pitch, tar, and tallow as would serve to make a kind of tarpauling cerecloth to swaddle the naked body of their infant-boat. Of two pipe-staves sawed at the corners, they made two things to serve for oars. They purchased some canvass for a sail, and having carried out these by parcels, they fitted them together in the valley half a mile from the sea, whither four of their company carried the new-made boat on their shoulders being followed by the rest. Having stripped themselves by the sea side, they put their clothes into the boat, and now carried it as far into the sea as they could wade. Their provisions consisted of a little bread and two leather bottles of fresh water, and all the seven men now got into the boat, June 30, 1644.

Finding, however, the boat was overlaiden, two of the company agreed to stay on shore, and only John Anthony, William Adams, John Jepps, John the carpenter, and William Okely remained in her. Four of them pulled at the oars, and the fifth freed the boat, which by degrees leaked through the canvass. Their bread was soon spoiled with the salt water, and their fresh water stunk of the tanned skins and owse; these misfortunes, however, they bore with considerable patience.

—By their economical management their bread lasted them three days, at the expiration of which time famine began to stare them in the face, and they were in the utmost distress for water. They frequently drank the salt water, but this instead of assuaging, increased their thirst. To add to their misfortunes the wind was full against them for some time;—at length it changed in their favour. Another inconvenience was, that their labour was without intermission, which, added to

the extreme heat of the season, and the want of necessary drink, rendered them exceedingly faint and spiritless. He that emptied the boat frequently threw the water on the body of his companions, by their own request, in order to cool them; but this afforded them only a temporary relief; after which it was productive of much continued pain; for their bodies thus alternately scorched and cooled, rose up all over in blisters, and rendered their condition truly lamentable.

During day, they steered their course to Mayork by a pocket-dial, and during night by the stars and clouds. Four days and nights elapsed in this state of dreadful suspense—on the fifth they were so exhausted with fatigue and overcome by despair, that they toiled no longer except in emptying the boat of water. They now lay hulling up and down, and happily discovered a tortoise, asleep in the sea. They took up their oars, silently rowed to their prey, took it into the boat with exultation, cut off its head, and let it bleed into a pot. They now feasted on the blood, liver, and flesh, which wonderfully refreshed their spirits, and, in some degree restored their strength.

Apprehending about noon that they saw land,

—“their gloomy souls cheered up,

Their hopes reviv'd, and gladness dawn'd within them.”

Hereupon they exerted all their strength, and their hopes were speedily confirmed by their coming in sight of the island of Mayork.

On the 6th of July, about ten at night, they came under the island, and crept as near the shore as they durst till they found a convenient place to thrust in their weather-beaten boat. When they came to land they were not insensible of their deliverance, but though they had escaped the sea, they were apprehensive of dying on shore. They had no food since they eat the liver, and drank the blood of the tortoise; therefore William Okely, and John Anthony were sent to scout abroad for fresh water, because they had some knowledge of the Spanish language.

Having arrived at a watch-tower of the Spaniards, these two men addressed the sentinel, and told their condition, earnestly begging some fresh water and bread. He threw them a stale cake, which, notwithstanding its mouldiness, was very acceptable, and directed them to a place not far distant, where they could get some water. They immediately proceeded to the place, and came to a well, where was a pot with strings to draw with. They drank a little water and ate a piece of the cake, but in consequence of their long fasting, they could with difficulty swallow. Mindful of their companions behind, they then returned to the boat, and acquainted them with their success. Having tied their boat fast to the shore, they all hastened to the well together and there refreshed themselves with copious draughts.

As soon as it was broad daylight, they hastened to the sentinel again, and requested him to direct them to the nearest house or town, where they might find relief. He accordingly pointed them to one about two miles on, which, on account of the blisters on their feet they with difficulty reached. An honest farmer, moved at their miserable appearance, sent them out bread, water, and olives, and on hearing their melancholy story, called them into his house, and gave them warm bean pottage, which was very acceptable to them.

From hence they proceeded to the city of Mayork, about ten miles off, having lain during night by a well side, and in the morning entered the suburbs. The viceroy being told of them, commanded them into his presence, and, when acquainted with their story, ordered that they should be maintained at his cost till they could procure a passage to their own country.

The English ships, however, seldom trading thither, they petitioned the viceroy for a passage in the king of Spain's galleys, then in the road, bound for Alicante, which he generously granted.

Owing to the contrary winds, it was five weeks before they reached the Downs, where they arrived in the month of September, 1644. Their boat hung for a monument upon the side of the great church at Mayork, where the remains of it were seen in 1687.

GREAT WESTERN STEAM SHIP.

BY A PASSENGER.

SATURDAY, APRIL 7.—We departed from Bristol at the appointed time of sailing, and having got on board a small steamer, a twaddling little thing, we left the foot of the Cumberland, or outer basin, at a few minutes past two, p.m. to join the Great Western, at the mouth of the river Avon—a tributary to the Severn—and upon which, at some six or eight miles from its confluence with the parent stream, Bristol is situated.

The day was an unpropitious one. A strong breeze, almost a gale, blew dead against us; the clouds lowered, and a cutting rain alternated with a fitful sunshine. Had our lot been cast in those good old times, when Nature, in her freaks, revealed to

grandames the butter-milk and unhatched eggs, we had surely deemed it ominous, for the elements seemed to fret and fume over the commencement of the voyage. Thanks to the darkness of the latter days, however, the wind to us was but wind, and the rain but rain; so wrapping our cloaks still closer about us to exclude both, our duckling of a steamer was permitted to paddle on.

The scenery in the vicinity of Bristol is, perhaps, the finest of its character in England, and passing down the Avon it is seen in some of its most enchanting features. For some miles below the city the shore, on either side, is a continuity of stupendous granite rock, sometimes attaining the height of three hundred feet above the water mark. Starting from the stream, with but a narrow road or towpath at the base, occasionally to relieve the abruptness, they rise, piling mass on mass and vein



FIRST VOYAGE OF THE "GREAT WESTERN" STEAM-SHIP, LIEUTENANT HOSKEN, R.N., FROM BRISTOL TO NEW YORK, APRIL, 1838.

on vein, frowning in naked crags, the impracticable precipice—or yielding their severity, gently recede, grudging their rude cliffs to the mountain larch.

At one point on the river, the heights of Clifton were visible, with their graceful crescents peering above like the creations of a fairy land. Near to these we passed the site of the contemplated suspension bridge over the Avon. The workmen were as yet engaged only on the abutments—enormous structures—wrought upon the hill side, resembling rather the gigantic efforts of a giant race, the engrafting of rock on rock, than the work of common men. An iron bar, seven hundred and eighty-five feet in length, stretched from summit to summit on either side, at an elevation of one hundred and seventy-two feet from low-water mark, shows the precise spot, height, and length of the intended bridge.

Beyond this rocky section the shore breaks into finely sloped hills, abounding in wood, hedge, and lawn. Foliage had not yet burst; still had the plough and harrow been busy, contrasting delightfully the warm and mellow earth with the verdure of the sward, already in the rich hue of spring.

We reached the Great Western at about five, p.m., and strange it seemed. So strongly had curiosity been excited by this vessel, that we, who had now come to take our departure by her, were obliged to wait whilst a small steamer, thronged with eager visitants, left her side to make room for us.

We joined her; and as is ever the case on ship-board, at the appointed moment of sailing, everything was pell-mell. It seems little short of professional, or in conformity with some quirk in a sailor's creed, that it should be so; and had not experience given me a hint of this fact, I would really

have been dismayed — spars, boards, boxes, barrels, sails, cordage, seemingly without number, stirred well together; coals for the groundwork—baggage to infinity; captain scolding, mates bawling, men growling, and passengers, in the midst of all, in the way of everything and everybody, is a pretty good description of the state of a ship's deck generally, when about to get under weigh.

It happens mostly that a very little time is sufficient to put matters in tolerable order, and off they go, relying upon the sea to do the rest, in shaking persons as well as things into their proper places. With us, however, the derangement was a little beyond this, and the breeze having now increased to a gale, it was determined by Captain Hosken to lie by until the morning; so each installing himself in his little castle, found enough to do in the arrangement of it to amuse him

for the evening, and all I believe found an early bed made welcome by a day of fatigue.

Sunday, 8th.—At eight, a.m., this morning, our ears were saluted by the low roar of the furnaces, which announced the kindling of the fires, the note of preparation for departure.

At nine the steam was up; our colours were hoisted—the British ensign at our gaff, while that of our sister country, the land of our present hope, was assigned an honourable place at the fore. The call for all hands was immediately made, with the order to man the windlass. It was over two hours before the anchor was to the bow, a delay at which all grew impatient, but unavoidable, by reason of the great scope of chain out, and everything being new, the windlass worked stiffly.

At twelve we were fairly off, and whatever misgivings might

previously have assailed us in the contemplation of our voyage, I believe that at this moment there was not a faltering heart amongst us. Such stability, such power, such provision against every probable or barely possible contingency, and such order presented itself everywhere on board, as was sufficient to allay all fear. That there should latterly have been a doubt as to the practicability and safety of a passage by steam across the Atlantic, seems indeed strange, when with any effort of reason we look at the question. The North Sea and the Mediterranean, by way of Gibraltar from England, have been long navigated by steam; and it is now two years since the passage to India, by way of the Cape of Good Hope, has been successfully made by four or five different vessels; and in all this there has surely been as much encountered as is ever likely to assail a navigation by the same

means between Europe and America: yet, that doubts have existed on the score of this new attempt, extensively, and in the minds of many who ought to be able to form a correct judgment upon the subject, there can be no question. It is a weakness of our nature that sometimes so strangely permits our imaginations to beset us with difficulties, which exist only in the fact that an effort to confront them has not been made. Thus it was in a former age that regions unexplored were invested with fancied terrors, and more than half the globe lay for centuries unknown.

The evening found us at the mouth of the Bristol Channel, Lundy bearing N., making our way against a head wind, and upon an ugly hard sea.

Monday, 9th.—The morning opened upon us delightfully, and with such a face as made our steamer glorious; sunny

and quiet, the sea heaved in glassy volumes, disturbed only immediately around us by the plunge of our paddle-wheels, and the rapid progress of the vessel. To one accustomed to the associations of the sea, as they are usually presented to the voyager in a sailing vessel, the effect was very striking. In his feelings, the waves and the expanse of water have, in some measure, taken the places of friends and a stirring world; and their rippings and splashings are to him like the voices and glee of boon companions, or their tossings and foamings, as the angry discord of other elements; and the absence of these, the quietude of a calm; the glare of the unruffled ocean; conveys to his feelings a sense of solitude and silence not less powerful, perhaps, than would the wilderness itself to one accustomed only to the jarrings and jostlings of the every-day world. This, indeed, is the only soliloquy the sailor knows—the only silence he truly feels; and to see the repose of the deep thus invaded, our vessel coursing on, I can scarce call it aught else, for her swiftness appeared the eagerness of hot pursuit, seemed strange as the sight of some startling apparition of active life in the midst of the unbroken desert.

At twelve, noon, we came up with and spoke with the American ship *Neponset*, of Boston, four days out of Liverpool, for Charleston.

Tuesday, 10th.—Fairly shaking hands with old Neptune, through a head wind, and over a head sea. The incipient symptoms of yesterday have become confirmed cases this morning. Sea-sickness stalks in stifling horror among us, and the dreadful cry of “steward, steward!” the last ejaculation of despair, comes from a dozen nooks, hurried in a piercing treble, or growled forth with muttered maledictions on the dilatory bucket-bearer, in the deep tones of thorough bass.

At nine, a.m., two sail in sight—a large ship abeam, to windward, standing E., a ship on the weather-bow, close hauled on the larboard tack; wind W.S.W. Soon discovered a black ball painted in the fore-top-sail of the latter, by which we knew her for a packet-ship; hoisted our colours, the American at the fore; kept the steamer up a point, and at eleven passed and spoke her—the South America, seven days out of Liverpool, for New York.

Whatever might have been the kindness and good will with which we graced our greeting of this fellow wayfarer of the deep, and however warmly and sincerely we would have yielded to any claim upon our charities in his behalf, yet I much fear that, with it all, we entertained at heart a feeling that partook of unbecoming exultation. It was impossible almost that it could be otherwise, and the frailty can hardly be called unpardonable.

The meeting of a packet-ship, a creature, I may call it, of proud pre-eminence, was a sort of contest, and triumph was at that moment in our hands. The feelings of the sailor are ever enlisted for his own ship, whatever she may be; yet sailing, quick sailing, being the beauty—the point of pride—the one thing needful to constitute her perfect, whenever that is found, especially if combined with other merits, she is supremely the object of his regard above all else that he may meet. Her conquests are his, and he would be little less affected by anything impairing her high claims, than if he himself had become the victim of disaster and defeat.

Our salutations were in the courtesy of the seas; our colours were answered by his numbers, to which we again responded by hoisting ours. Thus decked with flags we bore up to speak him. As we approached, the steamer stretched to windward, though not near enough to hail; our engines were stopped, the ship shot a-head, and gathering our way again we passed under her stern and up to leeward. It was a noble sight; and she was under top-gallantsails, making the best of a fresh breeze, dead a-head, jammed upon a wind, a sailor would term it—and I really know no phrase of more polished form by which to convey the idea better, even to a landsman.

Fancy her careering to the breeze, plunging at one moment, the foam rolling in volumes from beneath her bows—rising at the next—up—up her polished copper bare, her keel almost out, seeming the very exertion of instinctive effort, then down with a plunge, dashing off the foam again, every inch of can-

vass stretched to its uttermost, and the wind seeming in her very teeth—fancy this, and you have some notion of a ship at sea “close hauled.” Her sides were crowded with passengers; there were but two ladies. We too bore “a cottage,” with its flaunting veil, and our pride dilated in the display of such a sharer in the venture of our voyage.

Our captains exchanged a mystic tone; the indefinable below of a “hail!” “Where from?” and “how long out?” were soon asked; adieus were made; and exchanging three hearty cheers, first given by our friends, the steamer urged her way a-head, the helm was ordered hard a-starboard, our colours were hauled down, and we were again upon our course.

Wednesday, 11th.—This morning we were surprised by the appearance of a bouquet on one of our cabin tables; hyacinths, daffodils, violets, and primroses, at sea! It were vain to inquire whence they came, so we scout the question, and, like good heathens, receive them, rendering thanks to the Nereides.

It would be difficult for the uninitiated to conceive how ardently every circumstance on shipboard is taken hold of, however trifling it may be in itself, that can in any way be made to contribute to agreeable occupation, or even to a momentary pastime. The mind seems unwillingly to partake of the restraint upon our corporeal freedom, and to shrink instinctively from its accustomed flights to others of a narrower range. A sail in the distance, a wearied land bird flitting by, an excursion in the boat, a gun let off, a burning barrel turned adrift, the veriest jest that can be named, trifles that at another time and in another mood, would scarce cast the shadow of a gnaw upon one's brain, are there made the objects of delighted interest. They are sought with the zeal of hungry childhood and if by chance the incident, as in the present instance, assume a familiar feature of domestic life, a household seeming, it is seized with the quick avidity and enjoyed with the zest of a stolen pleasure.

Thursday, 12th.—The repose of last night might be compared to a tossing in a blanket, and a dance of pot-hooks and frying-pans were nothing in din to the glorious clatter among the moveables that accompanied it; to a sailor it would be quite enough to say, the wind was “right aft,” the text to a whole chapter of horrors. The motion of a ship under sail has sometimes been compared to the noble bearing of a stately horse; it is a pretty simile, and a vastly exciting one, when upon a smooth sea we can fancy our nag ambles well; or even in a breeze, when mounting the waves with a “side wind,” the exhilaration of the moment may persuade us that we prance upon the deep; but with the wind abaft, the roll, the interminable, ceaseless roll, is beyond the power of imagination to liken to anything to which Providence ever gave a gait. The congregated infirmities of all the halt in Christendom could scarce be worse.

The difference of motion by a “side wind” and the wind abaft is, that with the former, however the ship may pitch, she is still so much inclined always—pressed over by the wind, that whatever moves is sure to go to the lower side, or “down to leeward,” and will there lie quietly. But when before the wind the ship rolls, descending to equal points on either side, and the consequence is, that everything not absolutely spiked or lashed down hard and fast, plays at every oscillation to the utmost of its tether, accompanying the movement with its own peculiar music of creak, clatter, or squeak, as the case may be. Sometimes, as if by way of climax, the water tumbles in over one gunwale, washing over the deck, and dribbling by every aperture into the cabin below; then rolling again, as if to court the embraces of a sister wave, the ship descends, and again it pours a briny sweep one over the other. Sitting or standing at such a time is equally an exertion of our best powers of tenacity, and to take to one's berth may be likened to seeking refuge within the arms of a “demented sentry-box.” And with all this, the confusion, the row among chairs, trunks, and all the locomotive paraphernalia of the cabins, the never-dying conflict of platters, spoons, and dishes in the steward's room, the creaking of bulk-heads, and the occasional thump and rumble of a “fetch away” on deck, form an aggregate of ludicrous discomfiture, unequalled by the most refined misery which any derangement or disorder on shore could

possibly inflict. I speak now of what sometimes occurs at sea. We have not had anything quite of this order.

Friday, 13th.—A fine morning: the sea in its richest livery, a brilliant blue, studded with flowing "white caps," and looking gay and merry. The day has been interesting by experiments upon our engines; the object was, to ascertain the speed of the vessel relatively, with the degree of power applied and the required consumption of coal.

The result is reducible to figures in a very small compass.

Power of Steam to the square inch.	Revolutions per Minute.	Miles per Hour.	Cwt. of Coals per Hour.
3½ lbs. or full steam	15½	12½	28
8-10ths of 3½ lbs.	15	12½	27
7-10ths ditto	14	12½	26
5-10ths ditto	13	11	23

The power of the engines being 225 horses each.

The gradations were arrived at by the cramm, a part of the engine adapted to "cut off the stroke," as it is technically termed, to any desired proportion, which is done by its action on one of the principal valves in such a manner as partially to close it. The proof of the amount of pressure was shown by an instrument called the indicator, which was screwed upon the cylinder, communicating with it from within for the purpose, and which, by the action of the engine, most ingeniously given to it, described with a lead pencil upon paper a parallelogram, cutting off one corner, showing the precise vacuum in the cylinder, and by this the proportion of power applied.

To a novice, the whole process seemed a mystic operation, and reminded one of the story of an Indian, who seeing a steam-engine, fancied that a spirit lay imprisoned within the boilers, and that by building a fire beneath them, it was excited to fury, and thus put the whole in motion.

The experiments strikingly illustrate the mechanical principle of the differences between the ratio of power applied, and that of its results. Our sails were set during the day, with the wind from the southward, but so light as could have had no appreciable influence on our experiments.

The morning was thus well nigh consumed, and a day thus began at sea, to and fro on deck—upon the wing, as it might be—is seldom given in the end to sedentary occupations, or to any pursuit more profitable than a prolonged lounge. Our strolls for the afternoon lay between the jib-boom end and the poop, watching the heaving of the sea and the motion of the vessel; and we were at least exhilarated, if made none the wiser by our peregrinations.

Saturday, 14th.—The bouquet has our care. It is now among the first duties of the morning to look to it; to cull its withered leaves and replenish the water. It has become a matter of ambition with us to carry into New York a flower still fresh, though plucked in England. How incongruous it seems that a simple violet should become the testimony to a great achievement!—even to beward the philosopher himself.

Saturday afternoon on board ship is made to bear some likeness to a termination of the same day on shore by a likeness in its duties—a general clearing up and marked preparation for Sunday. We have had enough of it. Forgetting all else in the bustle, I will merely mention that our decks were "holy-stoned!" Hast ever seen or heard of holy stones? They are of the good old family of grindstones, bearing a relationship to it, kindred to that of squeaking pigs to their grandmother. To describe them: they are blocks of stone, something larger, and nearly as heavy, as a square of fifty-six pounds weight. They have brush handles attached, and are used with as much sand as may be needful to aid the operation and bring the music to a certain pitch, to scour the decks. Now imagine a dozen or more of these put in motion over head, some two or three feet above you, for the purpose and in the manner I have named; that is, "holy stoning simply," infliction in the first degree, and suited to an age ere the inquisition became an exquisite. But the moment chosen invariably happens to be that at which you have just fallen into an afternoon nap, or are enjoying the raptures of delicious morning dreams! and this—but I cannot find a name for the foul torture.

The day being smooth, the engines were stopped at noon for the first time on the passage, to examine the paddle-wheels, and to "screw up." Lay by two hours.

Sunday, 15th.—Commences with a fine breeze from the southward and a smooth sea—a brilliant morning. All sail set, our ship going nobly on. Nowhere is the influence of fine weather upon the spirits more strongly felt than at sea—a bright day, a fair wind, and the sea glittering in the sun, seem spells which charm every element of happiness within us into activity and life. This seems strange in the absence of so much generally associated with our pleasures, yet it is so; and the reason I take it to be, is this: that though deprived of much that under other circumstances might minister to feelings of a grosser birth, yet the freedom from care, and the abstraction from the world which every one at sea feels, leaves us the more susceptible to a subtle influence and a high enjoyment.

Monday, 16th.—Morning comes and evening goes at sea, as elsewhere, and every day has its chronicle. A ship is a little empire; it has its monarch and its chief councillors, its patricians and plebeians, its codes and customs, its laws and their vindication, its fashions and its follies; and the history of a voyage might be compared to the annals of an era in the existence of one of those greater members of the world's community. There is this difference, that while men remain sufficiently unchanged at sea, to carry still the seeds of discord and disunion within, it is left to a nobler influence from without, than that of a fear of our fellow men—a dread of the elements themselves, to overcome them; an influence, that in its character of an appellant to our fears, one is almost ready to believe involves the only principles of combination—the only impulse to a common purpose, to which our imperfect natures are susceptible. A member of our state, of the plebeian order, was this morning given over to the chief judge, and by the chief judge to the king! In plain truth, Jack had been refractory, and refusing his work, he was brought to judgment. The hearing was a short one; a negotiation was entered upon with the belligerent, and terms offered for his ratification, either to do duty and share the privileges and protection extended to faithful subjects, or to do nothing and share nothing appertaining to those things which men are pleased to deem wholesome and comfortable—meat and drink. Jack was too much a man of the world to desire to place himself in a position so peculiar as the latter would have entailed, so accepting the former, the affair was ended.

Tuesday, 17th.—An appropriate figure-head for our ship would be, Vulcan with Neptune by the beard, and old Æolus fairly under foot. Such had been the picture had Ovid told the story of our voyage, for it seems little short of a conquest of the elements.

The past night and day have afforded us, in some measure, an opportunity of testing the powers of steam against the adverse influences of weather—a gale in our teeth, and a sea a-head, which in volume is seldom found in any part of the Atlantic beyond the limits of the banks of Newfoundland. Our ship behaved nobly. She plunged and rolled, as every vessel in similar circumstances must have done—often burying her paddle wheels to the shaft, and was as uncomfortable as any huge cradle well tossed and tumbled could be: yet her motions were easy, and her progress without intermission.

In consequence of the heavy sea, the working of the engines was reduced to ten revolutions per minute, during which time it is shown, by the result of the observations of the morning, that we made an average of five and a half knots per hour.

The morning found our cabin in some confusion, as is usual on ship-board after a rough night. Among other mishaps, the little pitcher holding our bouquet had "fetched way," and the flowers lay bruised and strewn about the carpet. Our drowsy senses, after a wakeful night, seemed little affected by the event; an undisturbed nap, and an absence of care for our own proper equilibrium on a smoother sea, will doubtless leave us more alive to our loss.

Wednesday, 18th.—It is quite clear we have no fraternity

with the fishes. The porpoise, the most frequent of our ocean visitors usually, whose gambols around the bows are often the subject of a moment's interest to the voyager, comes now, dashing forward with its merry troop in all their accustomed glee, until near our paddle-wheels they turn—startled by the splashing—and dash off, tumbling and rolling, it would seem upon each other in their haste, like a bevy of frightened children who had become suddenly assured of having mistaken a hobgoblin for a well-known friend. In making a voyage in the Great Western, every day affords occasion for the expression of astonishment at the progress of science and the attainment of human power; and as vain or as commonplace as the question may appear, it seems to present itself there, invested with something like solemnity—when and at what point shall the pile be shaken which constitutes the sublime fabric of human knowledge? But a few generations since, and the ocean upon which we sail, the continent to which our course is directed—aye, more than half the world, were beyond the ken of men? and now, what are they? What is man himself, and what are human means, wrought out by the divinity within us, compared with the creature and his aids of those days? The question, where will these things find an end is irresistible.

Thursday, 19th.—To an accustomed sailor—a minion of the winds—it is long before the novelty of a steamer at sea, with all the attendant circumstances of its internal economy, can wear itself into familiarity. Chiefly he feels a strange relief in the absence of care about the weather or the winds—sources to which he has habitually looked for a large proportion of his contentment. The never-ceasing question of the morning to which he is used—"how is the wind?" or, "how does she head?" presents itself at his waking like the remembrance of some nauseous morning dose now discontinued and in place of the excitement among his fellow voyagers by a fair wind and the prospect of a fine run, on the despondencies by a foul one and all sorts of evil forebodings, he hears the common parlance of every-day life, or issuing from his room, finds them distributed in groups awaiting breakfast, in the discussion of the merit of their favourite picture! The space, too, and, as far as regards the Great Western, the splendour around continually surprise him. The light spars, light sails and light rigging on deck, look like light walls and great windows to an accustomed prison—robbing it of half its terrors. A sailor, to whom a dark cloud has ever been a thing of watchful apprehension—like a stealing, crafty enemy—cannot cast his eyes aloft but, feeling a new sense of safety, he will turn to the squall with a grin, and looking it in the face, bid it "blow his heart out."

The richness below—the cabin—seems the expression of individual taste, and the elegance of a bountiful hospitality, rather than a provision for the common participation of the wayfarer; and this at sea, too! The change is a pleasant one, and to the old voyager, unfamiliar as it may be, it is perhaps the more delightful, as he alone can truly estimate the change—a transition from the endurances to what may be called the luxuries of the enjoyments of a sea life.

Friday, 20th.—A thoroughly uncomfortable day, and decidedly a bad road, with such tracks left us to crawl over as the wind-god makes when there has been heavy work—our coach rolling and pitching to the very hubbs. A more than usually heavy sea has left us little with which to occupy ourselves to-day, beyond the care needful to maintain that position which is the pride of our nature—a well-poised equilibrium on both legs. The motion of the ship was greater this morning than any we had before. Nearly calm, or the little wind there was nearly a-head, our sails were of no service, and a heavy sea, such as usually follows a violent gale, tossed us like a floating bird upon the waves. It was satisfactory, however, as affording further illustrations of the capabilities of the vessel. Her engines were eased, yet she continued at a speed of not less than six or seven knots per hour. And those features in her model which, before sailing, were the only grounds of doubt, as far as mere model was concerned—her length and sharpness—seemed now the characteristics

best adapted to her purpose. She cleaves the sea upon her water-line, while her bearings below are quite sufficient to give her buoyancy, almost without a plunge; and a remarkable consequence of this, aided by her length, is, that her way, though abated, as must ever occur to any vessel upon a head sea, is yet never wholly lost; hence have we been during her whole voyage without that jar and check, by the stroke of the sea, to which vessels are usually subject under similar circumstances. The nature of the propelling power has, also, an important agency in this distinction; the action of the paddle-wheel being from the centre of the vessel horizontally, has no effect upon her perpendicular motions, while that of the mast under a heavy press of sail, being from above, acts partially as a lever upon the hull, to make every plunge the more severe.

Towards the evening the sea became more smooth, the wind hauling to the northward. Sudden transitions of this kind, more than once upon our voyage, have led us to the idea that the power of locomotion gives us an advantage never before dreamt of; that we are enabled, in some measure, to verify the Munchausen story of keeping the rain at our horse's tail—that, in short, we may very much decrease the endurance of foul weather by running out of it. It would, at all events, be an interesting subject of inquiry, by a comparison of log, from time to time, with the account of other vessels, to ascertain how far the changes arising from this circumstance really do occur.

Saturday, 21st.—We have to congratulate ourselves upon another fine morning and another smooth sea. With a fine breeze from the northward, we are staggering under all our canvass, and the engines in full play—it is impossible to conceive anything of human sway or human power upon the deep more exhilarating or delightful. Few positions in life carry with them a greater spell upon the feelings, or excite us to a nobler sense of our own nature, than that of the voyager upon the ocean, when his ship, bending under a press of canvass, and mounting majestically at every succeeding wave, she urges her rapid way. Such magnitude, such power, and yet so child-like! A word—the slightest movement of the helm—and she is governed; the winds and the very sea seems to be at her commander's control.

With us, too, there is much to aid the excitement; we are of the first to make the great adventure, to establish that success which may, and probably will, mark an era in the intercourse—in the fraternity of a wide world.

The afternoon was diversified by a sharp snow squall. It continued until our masts, sails, and rigging were completely hung in its fleecy drapery, and until the snow lay nearly two inches deep upon our decks; the result of all which was, a thorough set-to at snow-balls by all the idlers of the cabin.

A mass of heavy clouds had gathered above and around, darkening the day. It broke in the west, and rose in a broad, low, and strongly-defined arch, like the lifting of a curtain, displaying the setting sun through an atmosphere so rich and so pure that the fancy might almost deem it such as angels dwell in. The ocean lay tinted in its hues; blending the gold and purple with its own deep blue; and as the sun sank still lower, streams of light shot upward, bathing the heavens and the whole canopy of clouds in floods of richest crimson. It was a sunset and twilight of the new world.

Saturday evening on board ship is mostly a time of some distinction, and this being the last we looked for on our voyage, both dinner-time and evening were made merry: at the former the health of our captain was drunk for the tenth time on the passage, I believe, and, responded to with that enthusiasm which warm hearts own, when feeling points to an object worthy their high regard.

Sunday, 22nd.—The day has partaken something of the excitement of anticipated arrival. The anchors were got over the bows, the cables were got up and bent, and all those arrangements made which mark the approach to land; and, as is ever the case among the idlers, the disposition to do little else than lounge and talk, and dream of the things of the morrow, prevailed over every other incentive to occupation.

Monday, 23rd.—The morning of arrival to the journalist is

one of brief periods. Objects multiply upon his attention too fast—the occasion itself distracts him. The number of vessels within the horizon, the bustle of active preparation, the momentary expectation of making the land, and the dimly-described pilot-boat in the distance, are excitements too great to admit of that equanimity which is needful to prolonged remark. One almost breathes hurriedly at the thought of all that fits before him in the delightful picture of gratified curiosity, or of home, and friends, and fire-side enjoyments which his imagination paints as so nearly within his reach.

At ten, a.m., we were joined by the pilot. His boat—a graceful little schooner—came down before a fine breeze, and hauling up to windward, salutations were exchanged, his skiff was launched, and a few moments brought him to our deck. It was amusing to observe the wonderment of the tenants of the little craft at our vessel. If eyes and mouths be any indices to feeling, there must have been something not often of this earth in theirs.

At twelve, noon, the cry of land ran through the ship; and in an instant there was a rush to the poop, the rigging, the forecabin, the highest point of the vessel—it was there—a-head, and “land, O!” was re-echoed loudly and merrily upon every tongue. It is difficult—impossible, justly to describe the expressions which pervade a ship at the moment of first discovering land. It is a look of joy—not the expression of common passion, but a highly-wrought sense,—an eruption of the feelings which displays itself in all that tongue can utter, all that smiles can say, all that eye can speak. It is a time as well of grave ejaculations as of merry jest. “My country!” cried one, extending his arms half solemnly, and with a look of thought. And “there,” cried another, peeping through his nether eye, and pointing to the broad sheet of foam which marked our way upon the water, as far as eye could reach—“there is the road to mine.”

There is something, too, of the ludicrous with all at such a time. The resurrection of “other” clothes, and the exchange of hats for caps, make such changes as seem almost to claim the necessity of other introductions. The rusty jacket has suddenly become the superfine black long-tailed, and the out-at-elbows of yesterday, sports now perhaps the finest fleece in the flock.

Our progress was rapid, and the land which at first was but a dark line on the horizon’s verge—a cloud seemingly at its early birth—soon became distinctly visible—the heights of Neversink.

Before crossing the bar, our “poles,” which had been some time “housed,” were all aloft, and flags streaming at each; the British ensign at the gaff. That at the fore was one adopted at the launching of the ship—a combination of the British and American ensigns, the stars quartered on the British union, the stripes on the field—an emblem one might fancy of that regard for each other, if one may so speak of states, of that alliance in a noble fellowship of parent with its daughter empire, which it is quite certain the intelligence of both countries ratifies, and would desire should ever be.

At one moment it seemed probable we should be afforded the opportunity of adding an act of kindness to the events of the day. The wind light and baffling. A little schooner at some distance, in attempting to pass too near the edge of a shoal, was so drifted by a strong tide, that her grounding amidst the breakers seemed to us inevitable; and it was only after the most positive assurances of the pilot that she would work clear, that our captain would allow the steamer to proceed further, without first sending her a hawser, and relieving her from the difficulty. At three, p.m., we passed the Narrows, opening the bay and harbour of New York, our sails all furled, and the engines at their topmast speed. The city was scarcely discernible, reposing, it seemed, in the distance in the quietude of majesty, while little islands on either hand, cannon crested, stood like Nature’s ushers to this queen of the western world. The country around looked arid and unsightly, the vegetation of spring having not yet put forward.

As we proceeded, an exciting scene awaited us. Coming abreast of Bradlow’s Island, we were saluted by the fort with twenty-six guns, and the coincidence of this with our own

movements on board, heightened our enjoyment of it immeasurably. The sky-lights to our cabin abaft are made to form two tables on deck, mahogany topped, and with a most bewitching look of invitation to a repast upon them, whenever a smooth sea and sunny day make it pleasant to dine or lunch beneath the awning.

It had been agreed amongst us some days previously, that before we left the ship, one of these tables should be christened the Victoria, the other the President. Wine and fruit had been set upon them for this purpose—we were standing round the former of them—the health of Briton’s Queen had been proposed—the toast was drunk, and amidst the cheers that followed, the arm was just raised to consummate the naming, when the fort opened its fire. The fire was electric. Our colours were lowered in acknowledgment of the compliment, and the burst which accompanied it from our decks—drinking to the president and the country, and breaking wine again, was more loud and more joyous, than if at that moment we had unitedly overcome a common enemy. Proceeding still, the city became more distinct—trees, streets, the people—the announcement of the arrival of the ship by telegraph had brought thousands to every point of view upon the water-side; boats too, in shoals were out to welcome her, and every object seemed a superadded impulse to our feelings. The first to which our attention was now given was the Sirius, lying at anchor in the North River, gay with flowing streamers, and literally crammed with spectators—her decks, her paddle-boxes, her rigging, mast-head high! We passed around her, receiving and giving three hearty cheers, then turned towards the Battery. Here myriads seemed collected; boats had gathered around us in countless confusion; flags flying, guns were firing, and cheering again—the shore, the boats, on all hands around, loudly and gloriously, seemed as though they would never have done.

It was an exciting moment—a moment which, in the tame events of life, find few parallels; it seemed the outpouring congratulations of a whole people, when swelling hearts were open to receive and to return them. It was a moment, that if both nations could have witnessed, would have assured them, though babblers may rail, and fools may affect contempt, that at heart there is still a feeling and an affinity between them. It was a moment of achievement!—we had been sharers in the chances of a noble effort, and each one of us felt the pride of participation in the success of it, and this was the crowning instant: experiment then ceased—certainty was attained—our voyage was accomplished.

SHIPWRECK OF A PORTUGUESE VESSEL ON THE COAST OF AFRICA, IN 1553.

EMMANUEL SOSA DE SEPULVEDA, descended from one of the most ancient and distinguished families of Portugal, obtained great reputation in the Indies by his courage and talents. About the middle of the sixteenth century he obtained the government of the citadel of Dia, a post given only to officers of merit and tried valour. This situation he held several years, till conceiving an irresistible desire to revisit his native land, he embarked at the port of Cochin. The vessel in which he sailed had on board the wealth he had amassed, together with the property of the officers and passengers who had accompanied him. Sosa likewise took with him his wife, Eleonora Garcia, the daughter of Sala, at that time general of the Portuguese in the Indies; his children, his brother-in-law, Pantaleon Sala, together with several officers and gentlemen. The number of sailors, servants, and slaves, was very great; the whole of the crew and passengers amounting to about six hundred.

An acquaintance with the sea and winds has proved that the month of January is the most favourable season for the passage from India to Europe. Sala stopped to make some purchases at Coulan, by which he was detained till February. On the 13th of April they discovered the coast of Caffaria;

from thence they proceeded, without accident, to the Cape of Good Hope, when a north wind that arose produced the most tremendous hurricane that had ever been experienced in those seas. The sky was suddenly overcast; the waves, rising to the clouds, threatened every moment to engulf the vessel: the darkness was interrupted only by the lightning's blaze and the peeling thunder, which struck terror into the hearts of the most resolute. The pilot and sailors deliberated whether they should strike the yards and wait at sea till the tempest was over; but being terrified by its continuing with redoubled fury, and deprived of all hope of being able to double the Cape, on account of the season, they unanimously agreed to steer their course back to India. In this design they were not more fortunate than in the other, and the unrelenting winds seemed to have conspired the destruction of the wretched vessel, which was already considerably injured; in vain the pilot and sailors employed their utmost efforts, to save her from their fury. The sides were so rudely shaken by the waves, that at length the planks gave way, and the ship made more water than the pumps were able to discharge. The goods were thrown overboard to lighten the vessel, but this measure did not lessen the danger. Their condition was hopeless, and every wave threatened them with inevitable destruction; but after the tempest had continued several days without intermission, a south wind decided their fate, and drove the ship aground, which was the least misfortune that could happen to them.

The anchor was immediately thrown out, and the boats, which were their last resource, were hoisted overboard. Sosa, his wife, and children, and the principal persons of his suite, snatching up in haste their most valuable effects, threw themselves into the boats. New dangers attended them; the waves, impelled by the force of the wind, dashed against the shore and formed mountains that appeared ready to overwhelm their feeble bark. At length, after much difficulty and danger, they reached the shore. All could not effect their escape in the boats, for after the second or third voyage they were dashed to pieces upon hidden rocks; at the same time the cable parted, and those who remained in the vessel, had no other method of saving their lives than to throw themselves overboard, and endeavour to gain the shore. Some seized hold of casks, or boxes while others trusted to their strength and their expertness in swimming. Very few, however, were so fortunate as to arrive without accident, and by this disaster three hundred men, Portuguese and foreigners, lost their lives. Those who escaped had scarcely reached the shore, when the vessel foundered. This loss overwhelmed the Portuguese with despair; from the fragments of the ship, they might have constructed a brigantine, and have gone to seek some relief at Sofala and Mozambique; but from this hope they were completely cut off.

The country on which they were wrecked was in the latitude of 31 deg. south. Sosa directed large fires to be made, in order to dry and warm his people, who suffered exceedingly from cold and hunger, and their wounds. He distributed among them, with the greatest economy, a small quantity of flour picked up from the wreck, but half spoiled by the salt water. Their situation was dreadful. The shore presented to their view nothing but desert sands and arid rocks. After a long search, they discovered some springs of fresh water, which were extremely serviceable, and then began to form an entrenchment of boxes, and large stones that they might pass the night in safety. Sosa, on this occasion, forgot none of the duties of a good citizen and a benevolent master. Here he remained with his people till they had recovered from the fatigues of the sea, and as long as he entertained any hope of being able to subsist upon the provisions thrown on shore from the vessel. It became necessary, however, to think of removing, and they deliberated upon the course they ought to pursue; all were in favour of proceeding along the coast till they found the river to which Marchesez had given the name of Santo Spiritu, and where the Portuguese of Sofala and Mozambique carried on a considerable traffic.

That river was about one hundred and eighty leagues distant from their post. Sosa, after adopting the resolution, encouraged his troop, and exhorted them, by his words and example, not to lose their courage. "Before a person exposes himself, (said he) to the dangers of the sea, he ought to be resolved to bear thirst, hunger, hardships, and inconvenience of every kind. Far from being dejected at their approach, he ought to meet them as if he expected them, and substitute those transitory evils instead of the eternal misery due to the crimes he has committed. In our present misfortune (added he) we ought less to consider what we have lost than what we have saved; the loss of our property is a small object when compared with the preservation of our lives. I can give you no better advice than to resign all private claims, and relinquish all personal and individual interest in favour of the public welfare. If we are split into parties we can never be secure; but while united we have nothing to fear." He concluded with a prayer, extorted by love, in behalf of his wife and children, and entreated his companions in misfortune to pay some respect, on the way, to the sex of one and the age of the others. All replied, it was but just that the strongest and most robust should assist the weakest, that he might lead them wherever he pleased, and that they would never withdraw themselves from his command.

They immediately set off. This caravan was composed of Sosa, his wife Eleonora, a woman of masculine courage, their children, as yet too young to know the dangers of their situation, Andrew Vasez, the master of the vessel, and eighty Portuguese. This first troop was followed by about one hundred servants, who alternately carried the children on their backs, and their mistress on a rude kind of chair. These were succeeded by the sailors, and the female servants; and Pantaleon, with a number of Portuguese and slaves, closed the rear.

After proceeding several days through a very dangerous country, they were stopped by inaccessible rocks, and torrents, swelled by the rains that had recently fallen. By endeavouring to discover the easiest roads, they had made a circuit of above one hundred leagues, while they would have to go about thirty if they had kept along the seacoast. Their provisions were soon consumed, and they were obliged to live upon apples and wild fruit, and even upon herbs, of which the animals of that country are very fond.

After a progress of four months they at length arrived at the river Santo Spiritu, but without recognising it, for the country is traversed by three different branches, which unite before they discharge themselves into the sea.

Their doubts were removed by the king of the district, who was the more favourably disposed towards the Portuguese, because he had, some time before, traded peaceably with Lorenzo Marchesez and Antonio Caldera. That prince gave a kind reception to Sosa and his people, and informed them, that the king of the country contiguous to his dominions was a crafty and rapacious man, of whom they ought to beware. The desire of speedily reaching some place inhabited by Europeans, rendered them blind to the misfortunes that were predicted; but they soon had reason to repent having passed the second arm of the river.

The following day they perceived two hundred Caffrees coming towards them. Though exhausted with hardships and fatigue, they prepared their arms and put themselves in a posture for defence; but seeing that the Caffrees approached them peaceably, and rather showed a desire of forming an acquaintance with them than of doing them an injury, their fears were dissipated, and they endeavoured to obtain provisions, either for money or in exchange for implements of iron, which those people highly value. A mutual confidence appeared to be established, and the wants of the Portuguese encouraged their good opinion of the natives, but the opportunity of stripping the strangers of all they possessed was too favourable for the barbarians to be neglected. In order to accomplish their design with the greater facility, they gave the Portuguese to understand, that if they would proceed to the habitation of their king, they would experience a gracious reception. Their excessive weariness, their joy at having found the river they were in

search of, and a still more powerful motive, the want of provisions, induced them to embrace the proposal of the Caffres. They followed them towards the habitation of their chief; but the latter directed them to stop on the way, in a place shaded by trees. Here they remained several days, during which they purchased various kinds of coarse provisions with the effects they had saved from the wreck. Deceived by the air of sincerity of those people, Sosa conceived he might wait at this place for the arrival of some merchants from Sofala, and demanded permission of the king to erect huts for himself, his wife, and all his people, whose number had been much diminished by the fatigues of their long peregrination.

The king, with more artifice than he could be suspected of, told Sosa, that two circumstances retarded the favourable reception which he wished to give them; the first was, the dearth and scarcity of provisions; and the second, the fear which his subjects entertained of the swords and fire-arms of the Portuguese; and if these were sent to him as a pledge of their peaceable and tranquil disposition; he would agree to their request.

The hope of arriving at the end of their hardships, induced the Portuguese to comply with these conditions, to which prudence ought to have dictated a refusal. In vain Eleonora reminded Sosa of the unfavourable account given of this sovereign by the other king; deaf to the entreaties and admonitions of his wife, he accepted with fatal credulity the subtle offers of this prince. The rest of the troop followed their captain's example, and the arms were delivered to the perfidious monarch. They, however, soon repented of this step, for the Caffres immediately seized upon the treasures they had brought with them with such fatigue, and stripped them of all their clothes. Those who attempted to make any resistance were massacred by the merciless barbarians.

Eleonora alone resisted with courage; but of what avail are the efforts of a female against men of a disposition so ferocious! They stripped her likewise of all her clothes. Ashamed to be exposed stark naked to the view of those wretches, and of her own servants, she threw herself into a ditch a few paces distant, and buried herself, as it were, in the sand, resolving not to leave that situation. Overwhelmed with fatigue and chagrin, she could not forbear saying to Andrew Vasez, and others of the Portuguese who would not leave her. "There, my friends, you see the consequence of your silly confidence. Go: I want nothing more; think only of yourselves; and should Heaven permit you to revisit your native land, tell those who inquire after the unfortunate Eleonora and her husband, that our sins have drawn upon us the indignation of Heaven." Here sighs choked her utterance, but she cast a tender look at her children and her husband. The latter, overcome with grief for his imprudence, and its fatal consequences, remained motionless. The Caffres, had, by this time, retired with all their booty; his companions had dispersed to avoid the fate that impended over them, and not one was to be seen. At length the sentiments of tenderness were again excited in his breast, and he ran about, in every direction, in quest of fruit, of any kind, by which he might prolong the existence of his wife and wretched infants. But, naked and unarmed, Sosa was unable to find anything in a country ravaged by barbarians, and burned up by the sun. He frequently returned exhausted with fatigue, and the last time he returned, he found that his wife and children had expired with hunger and thirst. He had sufficient strength to perform the rites of interment, after which, fleeing from this scene of horror, he roved about in the deserts, where, doubtless, he died, as he was never heard of afterwards. The miserable remains of this troop, reduced us to twenty-six persons, by the fatigues and miseries they endured, wandered about a long time, and were, at length, treated as slaves. They would all have finished their career in this state of hardship and humiliation, had not a Portuguese merchant, who repaired from Mozambique to this part of the country to purchase ivory, ransomed them for four piastres a piece. Of these Pantaleon Sala was one; he died at Lisbon of an apoplexy, at a very advanced age.

The disaster of Sosa excited great compassion among his countrymen, but did not correct their imprudence. The following year, five more vessels sailed from the port of Cochín

for Portugal, under the command of Fernand Alvarez Capral. Only one of these ships arrived at Lisbon, after encountering a thousand dangers. It is not known what became of any of the others, excepting the St. Benedict, which was so deeply laden that the sailors could scarcely work her. A violent tempest overtook her in the middle of her course, near the Cape of Good Hope; a gale of wind drove her ashore, and destroyed her on the desert coast called Natal. Two hundred men, who endeavoured to save themselves by swimming, perished on this occasion.

Mesquita Perestrella, who survived this disaster, and has left a very accurate account of it, exaggerates the terrors which his companions underwent by the apparition of demons in the air, and the noise of the wandering spirits of the sailors, which he declares that he both saw and heard. The unfortunate wretches who escaped from the wreck, experienced the same hardships as Sosa and his company; for having pursued almost the same course, they had to endure the greatest extremity of hunger and thirst. In short, from three hundred, they were reduced to twenty-three, who, half dead with famine and fatigue, were at length made slaves. A few months afterwards some merchants, who visited that part of the country for the purposes of trade, ransomed and conveyed them to Sofala and Mozambique, where they arrived, after suffering almost incredible misery.

NAUTICAL SUPERSTITIONS.

THE most exaggerated of the many extant in the Orkneys, is the belief that the spirit of the mariner, immediately after its committal to the world of waters, is consigned for a certain period, as a kind of purgatory, to the care of the Demons of the Norse. The following free translation from the Bunic ballad will sufficiently illustrate:—

We are the merry mariners, who trade in human souls,
And we never want a noble freight where'er our vessel rolls:
We seek it on the eastern wave, we seek it in the west,
And, of all the trades for mariners, the human soul is best.
Our weapons are the thunderbolt, and strong arm of the wave,
That strike the clay from prison'd souls, and hurl it in the grave!
We wither up the heart of man, with lightning from the cloud,
And ocean is its sepulchre, and the tempest sky its shroud.
We envy not the ocean depth's that hold the lifeless forms,
We only give to fishes food, that else had been for worms;
Let others look for pearls and gold, for diamonds bright and rare;
Oh! what are diamonds, pearls, and gold, to the noble freight we hear.

We are the mere mariners, that trade in human souls,
And we never want a noble freight, where'er our vessel rolls;
We seek it on the eastern wave, we seek it in the west,
And, of all the trades for mariners, the human soul is best.

SALT LAKE.

AMONGST the many wonderful discoveries made by the mission to the court of Shoo, in Abyssinia, one of the most extraordinary is that of a magnificent salt lake, some distance inland. It is seven hundred feet below the level of the nearest sea, of which it has at one time obviously formed a portion—having been cut off by the elevation of an enormous mass of volcanic matter which now separates it from the shore. It is so extremely saline, that a man walking into it floats in spite of himself, while his skin feels sore from the brine. The shores are covered with one thick white sheet of crystallized salt. The depression of its surface appears to have been occasioned by evaporation; and it is probable that in a few years more, its waters may have disappeared—its basin forming an immense mass of rock salt.

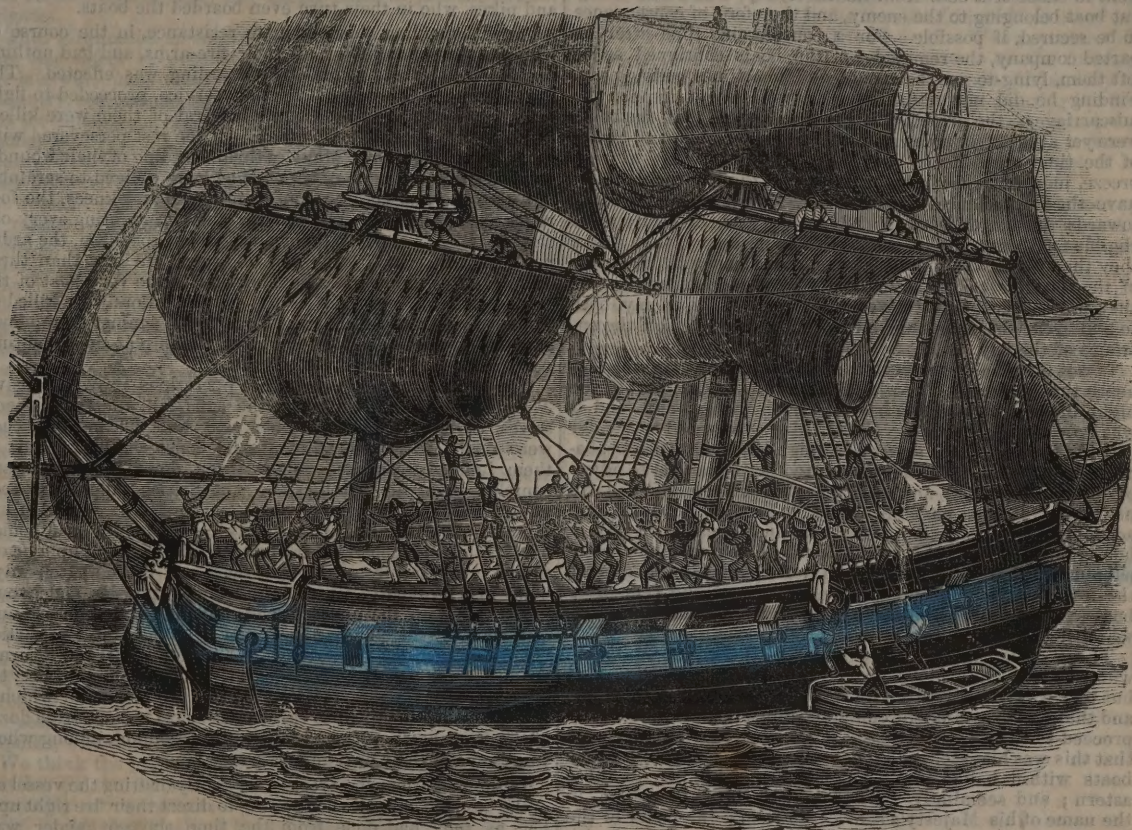
CUTTING OUT OF THE CHEVRETTE.

It has been universally allowed in the Navy, that the capture of this vessel was an exploit of peculiar difficulty, and could alone have been achieved by the most prompt and dexterous heroism.

We have the satisfaction to subjoin the following full and authentic narrative of the enterprise, which we think will be read with equal surprise and admiration:—

In the month of July, 1801, a squadron of British frigates, employed in watching the enemy's fleet, lay at anchor close in with the harbour of Brest. The combined fleets of France and Spain were full in their view; still nearer, and quite open to them, was the bay of Camaret, where the French national

corvette, La Chevrette, lay protected by the batteries. In this situation she was considered by the French as no less secure than if she had been in the roads of Brest; while the effect which this seemingly impregnable position had upon the British squadron was to inspire a wish to cut her out. It was resolved by the commander of the squadron that this attempt should be made. Accordingly, the boats of the Doris and Beaulieu, manned entirely by volunteers, under the orders of Lieutenant Losack, who had been sent from the admiral's ship to conduct the enterprise, set out on the night of Monday, the 20th of July, to endeavour to bring out the corvette. But a separation of the boats having taken place, no attempt was made that night. Some of the boats having reached the entrance of the bay, lay there on their oars till dawn of day, in expectation of being joined by the rest; and before they got



SCENE ON THE DECK OF THE CHEVRETTE.

back to the frigates, were unfortunately seen, both from the corvette and from the shore.

The enemy now concluded, what they never before imagined, that an attack was meditated. Though they judged it a measure of extreme rashness, they were resolved to omit no possible preparation. In the morning of the 21st, they got the corvette under way, moved her a mile-and-a-half up the bay, and moored her under the batteries. They put on board of her troops from the shore, so that her number of men now amounted nearly to four hundred. The arms and ammunition were brought upon deck, and the great guns were loaded to the muzzle with grape shot. The batteries were prepared; temporary redoubts were thrown up upon the points; and a gun-vessel, with a couple of thirty-two pounders, was moored at the entrance of the bay as a guard-boat. Having taken these

precautions, they, in the afternoon, displayed a large French ensign above an English one, as a signal of defiance.

All these manoeuvres were well observed from the Beaulieu the crew of which ship had showed extraordinary ardour to engage in this enterprise. Though they now saw that a most desperate resistance was certain, the severe disappointment which they experienced from the fruitless expedition of the former night, filled them with eagerness to make an effectual attempt. Mr. Maxwell, the first lieutenant, who had not been out on the night before, and who was ordered on an expedition then in agitation, of carrying fire-ships into Brest, gladly embraced this opportunity of practising his boat's crew selected on this occasion, preparatory to the grand object, and resolved to head his own shipmates in the attack to be made that night. This officer, warned by the former failure, resolved to keep his

own boats in close order; and should a separation of the other boats happen as before, through any unfortunate accident, to proceed to the attack with the Beaulieu's boats alone. This resolution, so congenial to their wishes, his shipmates heard with much satisfaction, and employed themselves through the day in putting their arms in the best order, particularly in grinding their cutlasses to cut the boarding nettings, and other impediments which they expected to meet with.

When night arrived, six boats, manned with between eighty and ninety officers and men of the Beaulieu, all volunteers, joined, about half-past nine, the boats of the Doris, Uranie, and Robust; the whole being, as before, under the command of Lieutenant Losack. The orders which he then gave were, to lie on their oars, or pull easy, as it was much too soon for the attack. About a quarter of an hour afterwards, Lieutenant Losack, with his own boat, accompanied by some other boats, went in chase of a boat from the shore, supposed to be a look-out boat belonging to the enemy, and therefore, of consequence to be secured, if possible. For a considerable time after he parted company, the remainder of the boats continued as he left them, lying-to on their oars, and sometimes pulling easy. Finding he did not return, Mr. Maxwell, reflecting upon the miscarriage of the preceding night, considering that the boats were yet at least six miles from the scene of action, and aware of the time requisite to row that distance against a fresh breeze, judged it expedient, in order that the enterprise might have the best chance of succeeding, to proceed immediately towards the entrance of the bay, a situation evidently more eligible for them to lie-to, should this be necessary, than where they then were. He therefore gave way ahead with the boats of the Beaulieu, and the other boats followed his example. As they proceeded, they perceived the signals of the enemy, both to and from the shore, and at length they arrived off the entrance of the bay.

It was now half-past twelve. The moon was sinking beneath the horizon. The wind, which for the first part of the night blew right into the bay, had been dying away, and it was now a perfect calm. Every thing concurred to render this the time at which an attack might be made with probability of success. The night was too far advanced to admit of any longer delay; and had the attempt been deferred till next night, it must have been made to great disadvantage, on account of the increasing moon, now in the eleventh day of her age. However, Mr. Losack, and the boats which accompanied him, were still absent. In consequence of his absence there was much difference of opinion through the remaining boats. Many were undetermined in what manner to act, whether to go on, or return to their ships.

These circumstances were adverted to by Mr. Maxwell, who was now the senior officer. He saw that there remained but one way of preventing a total failure of the enterprise; and that was to assume the command himself, and immediately proceed to the attack with the boats present. He declared that this was his resolution; he intimated his intention to the boats within hail, and despatched a midshipman to those astern; and seemingly returning, with orders to them, in the name of his Majesty's service, to follow the boats of the Beaulieu to the attack. This determination was received with rapture by the volunteers of the Beaulieu.

About this time, by good fortune, a gentle breeze sprung up from the south, right out of the bay. This breeze, so auspicious to the success of the enterprise, animated the men to enthusiasm. To Mr. Maxwell it dictated a manœuvre singular and daring. He gave orders, that immediately upon boarding, while the rest were engaged in endeavouring to disarm the enemy's crew on deck, the smartest topmen of the Beaulieu, whose qualifications he well knew, should fight their way aloft and cut the sails loose with their cutlasses. He also appointed the most trusty hands to cut the cable, one of the best men in the boats for the helm, and hands for the rudder-chains, in case of the tiller-ropes being cut. Having made this arrangement for setting the ship adrift instantly upon boarding, and thus taking advantage of the favourable breeze, he gave orders for the charge.

The sky being clear, though the moon was set, they soon

came in sight of the corvette, and were as soon seen from her; the instant she halted, at the distance of four or five cables, she opened a heavy fire of musketry from every part of the ship, accompanied by showers of grape shot from the great guns. A heavy fire of musketry at the same time commenced from the shore, and batteries; in the face of which the Beaulieu's boats, in the most gallant and intrepid manner, rushed on to the attack, most nobly assisted by those of the Uranie, commanded by Lieutenant Neville, who stood up in his boat, cheering and animating his men, with the most undaunted bravery, while the bullets were flying about their heads like hail, and many were dropping down, killed or wounded, before they came alongside. When they reached the vessel, the Beaulieu's boats boarded on the starboard bow and quarter; the Uranie's, one of the Robust's and one of the Doris's on the larboard bow. The attempt to board was most obstinately opposed by the French, armed at all points with fire-arms, sabres, tomahawks, and pikes, who in their turn even boarded the boats.

Notwithstanding this obstinate resistance, in the course of which the assailants lost all their fire-arms, and had nothing remaining but their swords, the boarding was effected. The men who had been ordered for that service, proceeded to fight their way aloft. In this attempt several of them were killed, and others desperately wounded; but the rest persevered with unparalleled courage. Many of them, bleeding of their wounds, got upon the yards, upon which they were obliged to scramble out with their cutlasses, upon their hands and knees, the foot ropes having been all strapped up; and surmounting every obstacle, they executed, with inconceivable expedition, the arduous service in which they were engaged. In less than three minutes after the boats came alongside, in the very heat of the conflict, when almost half of the British sailors were killed or wounded, and the enemy were three to one against them, down came the three top-sails and courses, the ship at the same time casting, the cable being cut outside.

The prompt execution of these operations proved decisive. The moment the French saw the sails fall, and found themselves, as if by a miracle, under way and drifting out, they were seized with astonishment and consternation. Some of them jumped overboard, others threw down their arms, and tumbled down the hatchways. The British sailors now soon got possession of the quarter-deck and fore-castle, which in five minutes after boarding were nearly covered with dead bodies. The rest of the enemy, having retreated below, kept up a heavy fire of musketry from the main deck and up the hatch-ways. They also frequently set off large trains of powder, endeavouring to blow up the quarter-deck, and throw the British into confusion. This obliged the British to divide into two parties. One party guarded the hatchways and gangways, and returned the fire of the enemy with their own arms and ammunition; the other party made sail, in order to clear the decks, for which it was necessary for them to throw overboard two or three dozen of the Frenchmen who had fallen in the conflict, among whom were some of their own gallant companions.

In the meantime the breeze was gently drifting the vessel out of the bay, the batteries continuing to direct their fire right upon her, as they had done from the time she got under way. Scarcely was she clear of the point, from which showers of musketry and grape played upon her, when it again fell calm. This calm left her still exposed to the fire of the batteries. Though she was now free from the danger principally apprehended, that of getting on shore, still the two and-thirty pound shot and shells from all directions were flying about through the ship's side, masts, sails, and rigging. The state of the boats prevented towing: some of them were sunk, others were adrift with killed and wounded men, and the rest were engaged in towing out these from under the fire of the batteries. However, a light breeze springing up from the north-east, at length drew her out.

The engagement had now lasted upwards of two hours; though during this time the enemy had kept up a constant fire from the main deck and from the shore, yet the British seamen managed to set every sail in the ship, and had even got top-gallant yards across. The ship being now quite clear of the batteries, and our men having twice threatened that they would

give the enemy no quarter if they continued their fire from below, they at last surrendered themselves prisoners of war.

About this time some boats were perceived coming from the direction of Brest, which accordingly were suspected to be enemies. Mr. Maxwell, therefore, immediately prepared for a new conflict and had the sides of the ship manned with pikes and arms to defend her. But on nearer approach, these were found to be the boats which had not been present during the action, and with them Mr. Losack, to whom Mr. Maxwell then resigned the command.

The morning's dawn displayed a dreadful scene of carnage, and at the same time, close to the scene of action, the harbour of Brest, with the combined fleets of France and Spain; and, to the enemy, the mortifying sight of one of their ships of war brought out, in their immediate presence, from a position that was deemed impregnable, and sailing down to join the British frigates.

Thus terminated an enterprise, which in this species of warfare may safely be pronounced to be without a parallel. In the late war, many ships of the enemy were, with the greatest gallantry, boarded and cut out by the meritorious British seamen; but the cutting out of the Chevrette is distinguished from all similar achievements, by several material circumstances. The enemy were not taken by surprise—they expected an attack, they prepared themselves for it, and they defied it. Not only the vessel, but the batteries on shore which protected her, were in readiness and on their guard; the British seamen were exposed to a severe fire, both from the ship and from the shore, before they came alongside; they then fought their way up the sides of a vessel full of men, armed with every kind of weapon calculated to resist their attempt. Having succeeded in boarding, they at once contended with an enemy three times their number, and made themselves masters of the rigging, and got the vessel under way; exposed to a dreadful fire from the numerous surrounding batteries, and occupied with the conflict within, they brought her in the night out of a roadstead narrow and difficult. All this was done in the presence of the grand fleet of the enemy; it was done by nine boats out of fifteen, which originally set out upon the expedition; it was done under the conduct of an officer who, in the absence of the person appointed to command, undertook it upon his own responsibility, and whose intrepidity, judgment, and presence of mind, seconded by the wonderful exertions of the officers and men under his command, succeeded in effecting an enterprise, which, by those who reflect upon its peculiar circumstances, will ever be regarded with astonishment.

Total of the English killed, eighteen; wounded, fifty-seven; missing one.

Total of the French killed:—first captain, two lieutenants, three midshipmen, one lieutenant of the troops, with eighty-five seamen and troops. Wounded:—one lieutenant, four midshipmen, with fifty-seven seamen and troops.

We think the following anecdotes, descriptive of individual exertion on the memorable occasion above described, will be acceptable to our readers:

Mr. Brown, boatswain of the Beaulieu, after forcing his way into the Chevrette's quarter gallery, found the door planked up, and so securely barricaded, that all his efforts to force it were ineffectual; through the crevices of the planks he discovered a number of men sitting on the cabin deck, armed with pikes and pistols; with the fire of the latter he was frequently annoyed whilst attempting to burst in. He next tried the quarter, and, after an obstinate resistance, gained the taffrail (the officer who commanded the party was at this time fighting his way up a little farther forward), for an instant, whilst looking round to see where he should make his push, he stood exposed a mark to the enemy's fire; when, waving his cutlass, he cried, "make a lane there," gallantly dashed among them, and fought his way forward, until he reached his old post, the forecabin, which the men, animated by his example, soon cleared of the enemy. Here Mr. Brown remained during the rest of the contest, not only repulsing the French in their frequent attempts to retake his post, but attending to the orders from the quarter-deck, and assisting in

casting the ship, and making sail, with as much coolness as though he had been on board the Beaulieu.

Henry Wallis, quarter-master of the Beaulieu, was appointed by the officer who commanded during the attack, to the Chevrette's helm. This gallant seaman fought his way to the wheel, killing one or two of the enemy in his progress. Although severely wounded in the contest, and bleeding, he steadily remained at his station, steering the Chevrette out until she was in safety from the fire of the batteries. On his officer's saying, he was afraid his wounds were severe, the brave fellow said, it was only a graze and a prick with a cutlass, and would not prevent him from going again on such another expedition, and wished it were the following night. He knew there was an arduous and important service about to be performed by the fleet, and being among the volunteers from the Beaulieu, concealed the state of his wounds that he might not be laid aside. This brave man had served near seven years in the ship, and constantly distinguished himself on every service of danger or difficulty that occurred. Was any extraordinary exertion required, Wallis was sure to be the foremost. If a man had fallen overboard, he was always, fortunately, in the way, and either in the boat or the water. During the time he belonged to the ship, nearly a dozen men were indebted to him for their lives which he had saved by plunging overboard, sometimes even in a gale of wind, at the utmost hazard of his own.

After this sketch of his character, it will be natural to suppose he possessed the confidence of his officer; and his behaviour in this arduous contest justified the high opinion entertained of his courage and perseverance.

Another of these brave fellows, Richard Smith, quarter-master, was desperately wounded while steering one of the boats, before they reached the corvette; after laying stunned for some time, he recovered himself, and was very much distinguished during the whole of the combat on board the Chevrette.

One of the top-men, who had been appointed to cut loose the sails, was wounded in the body and arm while boarding; after they gained a footing, the commanding officer observing him going aloft with his arm bleeding fast, desired he would wait while a tourniquet was put on; the brave fellow refused, saying it would be time enough when he had performed his duty. He persevered, and did not descend until the sails were set. The enemy, among other precautions, having stopped the horses up, he was obliged to crawl out on the yard; and the exertion, while aloft, occasioned his wounds to bleed so profusely, that he fainted the instant he came down.

John Ware, boatswain's mate, lost his left arm by the cut of a sabre, while boarding. He fell into the boat, but, having bound up the stump, returned to the charge, and behaved gallantly during the whole of the contest.

LIFE OF PAUL JONES.

Concluded.

HE at the same time acquainted Mr. Hewes, a member of Congress, and his particular friend, with a project he had conceived for seizing on the Island of St. Helena, by means of his little squadron, which would have inevitably rendered the Americans masters of great part of the homeward-bound East India fleet; and as the Congress at that time proposed to appropriate two thirds of all the prizes to itself, they would have been furnished with better means of carrying on the war during several years; but other events and of a more pressing nature, prevented this scheme from being carried into execution. The vexatious conduct at that time exercised by Lord Dunmore, in Virginia, determined the Congress to detach the squadron against him; but Mr. Hopkins the commander, who was secretly in the interest of Great Britain, displayed neither zeal nor talents for such an enterprise, and on this occasion lost so much time, that the squadron was froze up in the Delaware River.

The frost continued more than two months; and after that

delay the squadron was disengaged, when it set sail for New Providence, the principal of the Bahama Islands, where they found a large quantity of military stores and artillery, of which the Americans then stood greatly in need; with particularly large quantities of slops and shoes, sufficient to supply ten thousand men. Here he had the good fortune to recommend himself to the commodore, by his diligence and tactical knowledge. This officer, it seems, was but very little acquainted with naval knowledge and operations, and he was entirely indebted to Paul Jones for the plan he adopted, when his squadron arrived in sight of New Providence, where he moored the ships in a proper manner to execute the purposes of the expedition.

On their return from this service, they took two armed vessels, one of which was loaded with bombs; and fell in, near Rhode Island, with the Glasgow, an English man-of-war, of twenty-four guns; but, notwithstanding the Americans' superiority, both in force and sailing, this clever commodore, suffered her to escape, after having many men killed and wounded, both on board the Alfred and Cabot. Had the Yankees appointed a few more such officers, they would not at this hour boast of independence.

After this, the squadron entered the port of New London, in Connecticut; when Commodore Hopkins, on receiving intelligence that the English frigates had been driven from Newport, and were out at sea, took advantage of the darkness of the night, to repair to Rhode Island. At this place a council of war having dismissed the captain of the Providence, one of the ships of the squadron, the commodore gave Paul Jones orders, in writing, to take the command of her, and to escort some troops that were proceeding from Rhode Island to New York, and who were destined for General Washington's camp. After this he received instructions to escort a convoy of artillery and ammunition from Rhode Island to New York, for the defence of which, it was destined. On this occasion he had two different engagements, with the Cerberus frigate: the first, for the protection of a vessel from St. Domingo, laden with naval stores, for the Congress. In the course of this service, between Boston and New York, he had also many actions with ships of war under the command of Lord Howe; but on these, as on former occasions, he was enabled to preserve his convoy; and at length he arrived safe in the Delaware, August 1, 1776.

On the 8th of the same month, the President of the Congress, presented Paul Jones in person, with the commission of Captain in the Marine of the United States. This was the first granted by Congress, after the declaration of independence, which took place on the 4th of July of that same year.

The prudence of Congress was visible in the choice they had made, and Captain Paul Jones looked up yet with ambition upon future elevation in the American marine; in short, he seemed made for the time and measures he pursued.

The orders of Congress were given, and the necessary preparations begun for the construction of thirteen frigates; but, as none of them were yet ready, he proceeded to sea alone, on board the Providence, which was a vessel of but small force, as she carried no more than seventy men, and twelve small cannon. When in the neighbourhood of the Bermudas, they fell in with the Solebay, and her convoy, from Charlestown; she was a thirty-two gun frigate, and formed part of the squadron under Rear-Admiral Parker. Captain Jones was of course desirous of avoiding an engagement with such superior force; but, as his officers and men insisted that it was the Jamaica fleet, and as it was necessary to command by means of persuasion at this epoch of the war, the result was a serious engagement during six hours, which towards the close, was carried on within pistol-shot. A desperate manœuvre was the sole resource left him; he attempted this, it succeeded, and he was fortunate enough to disengage himself.

A short time after this, he took several prizes, and sailed towards the coast of Nova Scotia, on purpose to destroy the whale and cod fisheries in that neighbourhood. When near Sable Island, they fell in with the Milford frigate, carrying thirty-two guns, with which it was impossible to avoid an engagement. A cannonade accordingly took place, from ten

o'clock in the morning till sun-set; but the engagement was neither so close nor so hot as that with the Solebay and Paul at length escaped by passing through the flats, and entered a little harbour next day, where he destroyed the fisheries and vessels.

After this, he set sail for Ile Madame, where he made two descents, at the same time destroying the fisheries, and burning all the vessels he could not carry away with him. Having accomplished this service, he returned to Rhode Island, after an absence of six weeks and five days from the Delaware; during which interval he had taken sixteen prizes, without including those destroyed.

The Americans were at this period, so unprovided with able commanders at sea, that every adventurer that boldly stepped forward was sure of employ. Jones, while negotiating with the Congress, had become intimately acquainted with Brigadier-general Benedict Arnold.

The Americans this summer, by extraordinary exertions, having collected a naval force, the command of a squadron was given to Mr. Arnold, now a brigadier-general and an admiral. His conduct in this situation was equally spirited and brave: he seemed alike qualified for the service, both by land and sea. Meeting with the fleet commanded by Captain Phillips, and General Carleton, he engaged it, though with ill-success; and finding he had no chance to escape, he ran his vessel a-ground, but did not desert it, until she was on fire, keeping his flag flying to the last. For his gallantry in this affair, he was promoted to the rank of Major-general.

At this period, it must be observed, that Paul Jones's vigilance was indefatigable; he seemed now to live quite another life from what he had done before, and his success enabled him to procure consideration and attention. He now proposed to the commander-in-chief, Hopkins, who had remained a long while inactive in harbour, the following scheme, and which consisted in the destruction of the enemy's fisheries at Ile Royale; and of restoring to liberty more than three hundred American prisoners, detained there in the coal mines. Three vessels were destined for this service, the Alfred, the Hampden, and the Providence; but the Hampden, commanded by Arnold, having received considerable damage in consequence of running on a rock, could not accompany him. He, however, embarked on board the Alfred, and taking the Providence by way of consort, he set sail on the 2nd of November, 1776. The first he made prize of, was a vessel from Liverpool, and soon after, the Mellish a large armed vessel, having two British naval officers on board, and a captain belonging to the land service, with a company of soldiers. This ship was carrying ten thousand complete suits of uniform to Canada, for the army posted there under the orders of Generals Carleton and Burgoyne. Nothing could be more seasonable or welcome to the American service than this capture; and they were so sensible of it, that the commodore ordered their secretary to transmit the public thanks of the country to him, his officers, and the men serving under his command.

The Providence having now left the Alfred during the night, without any pretext whatever, he remained alone, and that too during the stormy season, on the enemy's coast; but notwithstanding this, and that he was also greatly embarrassed with many prisoners, he resolved not to renounce his project. He accordingly effected a descent, destroyed a transport of great value, and also burned the magazines and buildings destined for the whale and cod fishery.

In addition to this, he took three transports and a vessel laden with ling and furs, near Ile Royale; these prizes were escorted by the Flora frigate, which happened to be at a small distance, but which was concealed from him by a fog. Having taken a privateer from Liverpool, mounting sixteen guns, in the course of the next day, he instantly returned with his prizes towards the United States; but when in the latitude of Boston, fell in with the Milford frigate, which he unwillingly engaged. Towards night, however, he placed the Alfred between the enemy and his prizes, and having given the necessary instructions to the latter, to make for the nearest port, he changed his course, set up lights, and by this stratagem saved the vessels he had captured, as the

frigate continued in chase of him. Next day he was fortunate to escape, after a very serious action, which was not terminated until dark, and even then in consequence of a hard gale of wind.

Having returned to Boston December 1, 1776, the intelligence of the uniforms he had taken on board the *Mellish*, re-animated the courage of the army under General Washington, which at that period happened to be almost destitute of clothing. Besides, it may be said, that this unexpected succour contributed not a little to the success of the affair at Trentown, against the Hessians, which took place immediately after his arrival.

He now paid out of his own purse, the wages due to the crews of the *Alfred* and *Providence*, and lent the rest of his money to the Congress. That assembly transmitted him orders from Philadelphia, on the 5th of February, to undertake a secret expedition of great importance, the design of which was, to lay the island of St. Christopher, and the north side of Jamaica, under contribution; after which they were to attack Pensacola. This project was first conceived by himself, and then communicated to Mr. Morris, afterwards minister of finance; but such was the jealousy of Hopkins, the commander-in-chief, and Arnold, who had five of the best frigates under his command, that it was never carried into execution. Hopkins was suspended for this, and dismissed from the service; while Arnold made his case to the Congress, and left the naval service for the military again.

The season being too far advanced for the execution of the scheme in the West Indies, Paul Jones received orders to take the command of the *Amphitrite*, a French vessel destined to sail from Portsmouth, in the New Hampshire, to France, and make for Halifax harbour, where its entrance, called Partridge Island, afforded shelter to two British frigates, which he was directed to cut out, or destroy, as he might find most convenient to his strength.

It was now the depth of winter, and when he arrived off the coast, the British vessels he found were withdrawn. He determined not to lay long here; but, before he departed, he sent his cutter and long-boat into the harbour, to discover if possible, the situation of any considerable British settlement on the coast. It was the morning of Christmas day; and though the cold was extremely severe, yet the sun illumined the icy shores with its enlivening rays.

Returned from this expedition, he was ordered to France, whence they were to pass into Holland, and take possession of the *Indienne*, a large frigate, constructing there for the Congress. Some difficulties, however, ensued, and he was ordered to prepare the *Ranger*, a vessel mounting eighteen guns.

After his first sailing from America on this expedition, a scheme was formed by a number of the seamen to take the ship from him, and pilot her to England, when an Irishman on board discovered the plot. The men were all called over, and charged with it, but denied any concern in, or knowledge

of it. The informer was then put in irons; but Jones relied so much on the man's assertion, that he returned and had all the people ordered on shore, and on a more strict examination, upwards of ninety were dismissed, for refusing to swear allegiance to the Congress.

When General Burgoyne and his army were obliged to surrender at Saratoga, it was Paul Jones who was the first to carry this interesting intelligence to Nantz, whither he arrived on the 2nd of December, 1777. In the course of his voyage he took two prizes forming part of a convoy from the Mediterranean, under protection of the *Invincible*, a seventy-four gun ship, under the guns of which, one of them was taken.

In the month of January, 1778, he repaired to Paris, to make the necessary arrangements with the American ministers relative to the equipment of the *Indienne*; but, as the recent intelligence relative to the capture of Burgoyne, had determined the court of France to recognise the independence of America, by means of a treaty of alliance, and as the English ambassador at the Hague, in consequence of obtaining possession of the papers of an American agent, found that the *Indienne* was the property of the Congress, he ac-

quiesced in the opinion of the American ministers; and it was determined to cede the property to his most Christian Majesty, this being the most likely method of preserving the ship.

Indignant at the barbarous treatment experienced by the Americans, he determined to make a grand effort in their behalf. Paul Jones accordingly planned, by way of retaliation, to effect a descent on some part of England, with a view of destroying the shipping. It was also his intention to make some person of distinction prisoner, whom he resolved to detain as a hostage for the security of, and in order to exchange with, the American pri-



[DESPERATE ENGAGEMENT BETWEEN THE BON HOMME AND THE SERAPIS.]

oners that were confined in England.

Paul was now acting a conspicuous part on the theatre of the world, and in the midst of the greatest revolution that ever agitated the political world. Admiral D'Orvilliers, to whom he told his project, offered to procure for him a captain's commission in the French marine, that, in case he met with any disaster, he might claim the protection of his Most Christian Majesty; but, however advantageous this was, he determined to decline the acceptance, because, in the first place, he was not authorised by Congress to change his flag: and in the second, such conduct might have rendered his attachment to America suspected.

He accordingly sailed from Brest to Ireland, neglecting the capture of a number of vessels within his reach, as he did not wish to diminish the strength of his crew. Near to the entrance to Carrickfergus, he, however, seized on a fishing boat, manned by six persons, who proved to be pilots. The *Drake*, a twenty-gun ship, happened to be then in the road, and even within sight, and he imagined it possible to obtain possession of her by surprise during the night.

With this view, he immediately gave orders for making the necessary preparations; but the mate, who had drank too

much brandy, did not let go the anchor according to orders, which prevented the *Ranger* from running foul of the *Drake*, according to his intentions. As he had reason to believe that his appearance had not hitherto given any alarm, he deemed it prudent to cut his cable, and return into St. George's Channel.

When the weather became favourable, he determined a second time to attempt a descent; this project, however, greatly alarmed his lieutenants; they were poor, they said, and their object was gain, not honour; they accordingly excited disobedience in the ship's company, by persuading them that they had a right to determine on the operations of their commodore.

They happened to be at this period within sight of Whitehaven, at the mouth of the Solway Frith, in which there were about four hundred sail, some of them of two hundred and fifty tons burden; and Paul determined to take advantage of the ebb-tide when the shipping was dry, to destroy them. To effect this it was necessary to land about midnight, with a party of determined men, and seize on a fort and a battery which defended the port. His two lieutenants being averse to the enterprise, and yet being unwilling to discover their true motives, feigned illness. On this he determined to take the command in person, and with some difficulty prevailed on thirty volunteers to follow him.

With this handful of men, and two small boats, he quitted the *Ranger*, at eleven o'clock at night, and rowed towards the harbour; but it being further off than they imagined, and the tide against them, day broke before they effected a landing.

He now sent the smallest of the boats towards the northern side of the harbour, to set fire to the vessels, and he advanced with the other to the south, to take possession of the fort and battery, the first of which was taken by assault, he himself being the first to enter it through one of the embrasures. They then spiked the thirty-six cannon mounted on the batteries, and then advanced towards the south, with a view of burning all the vessels, when to his infinite astonishment, he beheld the other boat returning without having accomplished any thing.

On this he thought it best to unite his forces with a view of effecting, at least, some part of the enterprize. In short, they set fire to some of the vessels, and they soon burned with great fierceness, and began to communicate; but, as it was now eight o'clock in the morning, and the inhabitants began to approach near the invaders in crowds, he could no longer defer his retreat.

On his return on board the *Ranger*, the wind being favourable, he set sail for the coast of Scotland. It was now his intention to take the Earl of Selkirk prisoner, and detain his lordship as a hostage, in conformity with the project already mentioned. It was with this view, that about noon of the same day, he landed on that nobleman's estate with two officers and a few men. In the course of their progress, he fell in with some of the inhabitants, who taking him for an Englishman, observed that Lord Selkirk, was then in London, but that her ladyship and several ladies were at the Castle.

On this, he determined to return; but such moderate conduct was not conformable to the wishes of his people who were disposed to pillage, burn, and destroy every thing, in imitation of the conduct of the English towards the Americans. Although he was not disposed to copy such horrid proceedings, more especially when a lady was in question, it was yet necessary to recur to such means as should satisfy their cupidity, and, at the same time, provide for Lady Selkirk's safety. It immediately appeared to him to be the mode to give orders to the two officers to repair to the castle with men, who were to remain on the outside under arms, while they themselves entered alone. They were then instructed to enter, and demand the family plate in a polite manner, accept whatever was offered to them, and then to return, without making any further inquiries or attempting to search for more.

In this he was punctually obeyed; the plate was delivered. Lady Selkirk herself observed to the officers, that she was exceedingly sensible of their commander's moderation; she even intimated a wish to repair to the shore although a mile distant from her residence, in order to invite him to din-

ner; but the officers would not allow her ladyship to take so much trouble.

Next day he prepared to return to Carrickfergus, to attack the *Drake* in open day, but the lieutenants were so averse to the project, that the crew of the *Ranger* became so mutinous, that he ran no small risk of being killed or thrown into the sea; and but two days before, he was on the point of being abandoned, and left ashore at Whitehaven.

In the meantime, the captain of the *Drake* sloop of war, having been informed of their descent at Whitehaven, prepared to attack him; and while every thing was getting ready, he despatched an officer on board his boat, with a spy-glass, in order to reconnoitre the *Ranger*. On this, Jones immediately masked his guns, kept his men out of sight, and disguised his vessel in such a manner as to resemble a merchantman; in consequence of this, the crew of the boat were deceived and taken. This trifling success produced the effects of enchantment on his sailors, who were no longer averse from giving her battle.

The *Drake* having fired a gun to recall her boat, hoisted her anchor, and came out, attended by a number of yachts and pleasure-boats, with ladies and gentlemen on board; but, when the engagement became serious, they thought proper to withdraw to a respectful distance. No sooner did the enemy make his appearance, than he lay-to, determined not to engage until she came within pistol-shot. The engagement was accordingly sustained with great vivacity on both sides during an hour and five minutes, when the English captain and lieutenant being both mortally wounded, the English flag was lowered, and Paul took possession of her. He regretted greatly the death of these brave men; and committed them to the ocean with all the honours due to their valour. He at the same time dismissed the six fishermen, whom we have before mentioned, whose loss he repaired, and whose services he recompensed out of his own purse.

The *Drake* was greatly damaged in her masts and tackling, and lost forty-two men either killed or wounded during the action. He had before also taken several prizes; but as his complement of men had only amounted to one hundred and twenty-three, he retained no more than two of them, which arrived in safety at Brest, where he himself anchored with the *Ranger*, and *Drake* on the 7th of May, after an absence of twenty-eight days, during which he had taken upwards of two hundred prisoners. This expedition was of great detriment to Great Britain, as she was not only obliged to fortify her ports, but also to permit the arming of the Irish volunteers, as Lord Mountmorris demonstrated in a speech in Parliament that year.

During the course of the war, he found it impossible to restore the plate belonging to the Selkirk family: he, however, purchased it at a great price, and at length found means to send it by land from l'Orient to Calais, by means of Mr. de Calonne, who transmitted him a very flattering letter on the occasion: in short, he at length received a very obliging letter from the Earl of Selkirk, acknowledging the receipt of the plate.

Paul next obtained the command of the *Le Duras*, until a better vessel could be procured; he called her the *Bon Homme Richard*. She was a very old and infirm vessel, that had made four voyages to the East Indies, &c.

He now received orders to escort a fleet of transports and merchantmen from l'Orient, destined for different ports, between that and Bourdeaux; and after that, he was to drive away the English cruizers from the Bay of Biscay, and then to return for further orders.

After executing this commission, on his representing how necessary it was to make a diversion in favour of the Count D'Orvilliers, then cruising in the Channel, he then received a *carte blanche*, during six weeks, without any other restriction than that of repairing to the Texel by the 1st of October. By this time he received intimation from England, that eight East Indiamen were soon expected on the coast of Ireland, near Limerick. This was an object of great attention, and as there were two privateers at l'Orient ready for sea, the captains of which offered to place themselves under his orders, he accepted the proposition.

Towards the latter end of August, Jones entered the North Sea, where he captured several vessels; and learned by the prisoners that the capital of Scotland and the port of Leith were left totally defenceless, he deemed it practicable to lay these two places under contribution; therefore he distributed red clothes to his men, and put some of them on board the prizes, so as to give them the appearance of transports full of troops.

All the necessary arrangements were taken to carry the enterprise into execution, but about a quarter of an hour before the descent was to have been made, a sudden tempest arose, and drove them out of the Forth, or Edinburgh Frith. This did not, however, deter him, notwithstanding the smallness of his force, from forming enterprises of a similar nature; but he was obliged to content himself with spreading alarm on the coast, and destroying the shipping, which he did as far as Hull.

On the morning of the 23rd, a fleet of forty-one sail appeared off Flamborough-head, and Jones hoisted the signal for a general chase. The merchantmen, observing the American squadron bearing down upon them, made directly for the shore; the two convoys steered for the open sea, and prepared for battle. These two were the *Serapis* and the *Countess* of Scarborough. The alliance paid no attention to signals from the *Bon Homme*, and Jones could not come up with the *Serapis* till seven in the evening, when commenced one of the fiercest naval engagements which history has recorded. The *Serapis* was a new ship, of forty-four guns; her crew picked men; and her commander, Captain Richard Pearson, celebrated for skill and courage.

Except as regarded her captain, the *Bon Homme* was in all respects the contrary of the *Serapis*. The vessel was old, the timbers unsound, some of the guns worn out, and the crew, a heterogeneous medley of six nations,—Americans, French, Maltese, Portuguese, and Malays. Add to which, the *Bon Homme* had not her full complement of men, two boats' crews having been lost on the coast of Ireland, and a third boat's crew Jones had sent away to seize a brigantine. The decided superiority of the *Serapis* over the *Bon Homme* was evident to all on board the latter. Jones felt that everything depended on himself, and wonderfully did he approve himself equal to the task.

The action commenced, the two vessels being abreast of each other, and the broadsides were almost simultaneous; but their nearness to each other prevented the *Serapis* from manœuvring to advantage, and in a short time the *Bon Homme* ran her bows into the stern of the *Serapis*. Captain Pearson, aware of the vast inferiority of the *Bon Homme*, deemed this the consequence of her crew's inability to work her, and demanded if she had struck. Jones himself replied that, "he had not yet begun to fight."

Paul's vessel, however, was already much galled by the broadsides of the *Serapis*, and was pierced in several places under water. The water was fast rushing in, and she was in manifest danger of sinking. All this time, though the need of support must have been evident, the *Bon Homme* received no aid from the rest of the squadron; the *Pallas* was engaged with the *Countess* of Scarborough, and the other two, the *Vengeance* and the *Alliance*, kept aloof, with the hope that Paul Jones might be beaten. The *Serapis* was much more manageable than Jones's ship; but in attempting to separate from the *Bon Homme*, her bowsprit ran in over the *Bon Homme*'s poop by the mizen-mast.

In the midst of the confusion, Jones instantly grappled, the action of the wind brought her stern round to the *Bon Homme*'s bows; by this means the ships lay close alongside of each other, their guns touching, and their yards entangled. This was a bold expedient of saving a sinking ship, and preventing the effect of the eighteen pounders under water.

The battle, to use his own words, was fought with unremitting fury.

The rammers were run into the respective ships to enable the men to load. The *Serapis* now fought with the actual view of sinking the enemy, and her broadsides were incessant. But for the two ships being lashed together, the *Bon Homme* must have struck or sunk, or both. The battery of twelve pounders, on which Jones had placed his chief dependence, which was commanded by his only lieutenant, and manned by Americans, was entirely silenced and abandoned. Colo-

nel Chamillard, who commanded a party of twenty French volunteers on the poop, abandoned his station, having lost nearly all his band. Notwithstanding this, and the certainty that, sooner or later the *Bon Homme* must sink, Paul Jones fought as if assured of victory; he shouted again—"Now victory was sure—was his." The main mast of the *Serapis* went overboard, when Captain Pearson hauled down his colours, and struck to Paul Jones, nor was there time to do more than remove the wounded before the *Bon Homme* sank!

The glory of this victory must be conceded entirely to Paul Jones; but for the exercise of his authority as captain, his vessel had long before struck. The result was wholly owing to his cool and determined courage.

After this victory, Paul Jones instantly assumed the command of the *Serapis*, on which he erected jury-masts; but the sea was so tempestuous, that it was ten days before they reached the Texel. No sooner was his arrival known, than vessels of every description were fitted out from the ports of Great Britain against him, and two of these were stationed for three months at the mouth of the Texel; he, however, had the good fortune to escape, and entered the port of Corunna, January 16, 1780.

On his return to France, he found that the French commissary had made a private sale of his prizes to the king without consulting him; on this he repaired to Versailles, along with Dr. Franklin, but was received with great coolness by the minister of marine. The public, however, received him at the opera, and all the public places where he appeared, with the most lively enthusiasm; this, added to the very favourable reception he received from his Majesty, afforded him singular satisfaction; and the Minister of the Marine, from that moment paid him the most marked attention. The Minister of the Marine, a short time after this, lent him the *Ariel*, a king's ship carrying twenty guns, with which he sailed, October 8th, 1780, for America. The wind was at first favourable; but he was soon found after in danger of foundering on the Penmarks, and escaped only by cutting away his main and mizen-masts. As soon as the storm abated, they erected jury-masts, and returned to refit. In short, it was the 18th of December before he could proceed for Philadelphia.

During the voyage, he fell in with an English twenty-gun ship, called the *Triumph*, and, partly by stratagem, and partly by hard fighting, forced her to strike her flag; but, while they were about to take possession of her, the captain, taking advantage of her superior sailing, made off, and escaped. On his arrival in America, the Congress, on the representation of the Chevalier de la Luzerne, passed a law to enable him to accept the Military Order of France. The French Minister, on this occasion, gave an entertainment, to which all the Members of the Congress, and the principal inhabitants of Philadelphia, were invited; after which he was invested, in their presence, with the decorations of the Order.

Paul's health being impaired, he remained here till the latter end of 1783, when by an act of Congress, dated at Prince Town, November 1st, of that year, he obtained permission to come to Europe, to receive his share of prize-money due to him, and to his officers for their captures from the belligerent powers at war with France and America. This took him two years to settle; and he returned back in March, 1785.

Sickness now began to make serious inroads on Jones's constitution, thus he lingered till the beginning of June, 1792, when he breathed his last, in the forty-sixth year of his age.

NARRATIVE OF CAPTAIN KENNEDY'S DISTRESSES, FROM LOSING HIS VESSEL AT SEA, DECEMBER 23, 1768.

CAPTAIN KENNEDY and his crew, being twelve in number, sailed from Port Royal, in Jamaica, on the 21st of December, 1768, bound for Whitehaven; but on the 23rd, having met with a hard gale at north, they were obliged to lie to under a fore-sail for the space of ten hours, which occasioned the

vessel to make more water than she could free with both pumps. Under this situation they set sail, in hopes of making the island of Jamaica again, which, from their reckoning they judged, lay about ten leagues to the eastward. In less than an hour's time the water overflowed the lower deck, and they could scarcely get into the yawl, before the vessel sunk; having with much difficulty been able to take out only a keg, containing about sixteen pounds of biscuit, ten pounds of cheese, and two bottles of wine, with which small pittance they endeavoured to make the land. But the wind continuing to blow hard from the north, and the sea running high, they were obliged, after an unsuccessful attempt of three days, to bear away for Honduras, as the wind seemed to favour them for that course, and it being the only visible means they had of preserving their lives.

On the 7th day, they made Swan's Island, but being destitute of a quadrant and other needful helps, they were uncertain what land it was. However, they went on shore, under the flattering hopes of finding some refreshments: but to their unspeakable regret and heavy disappointment, they only found a few quarts of brackish water, in the hollow of a rock, and a few periwinkles. Notwithstanding there was no prospect whatever of finding water, or any other of the necessities of life, it was with the utmost reluctance some of the crew quitted the island. Having been at length prevailed upon, through the captain's remonstrances and persuasions, they embarked in the evening with only six quarts of water, for the bay of Honduras.

Between the seventh and fourteenth days of their being in the boat, they were most miraculously supported, and at a time when nature was almost exhausted, having nothing to eat or drink. The wild sea-fowls, hovered over their heads in the evening and lighted on their hands when held up to receive them. Of these the sailors ate the flesh, and drank the blood, declaring it to be as palatable as new milk. The captain ate twice of the flesh, and thought it very good.

Though Captain Kennedy neither tasted food nor drank for eight days, remarkable as it may seem, he did not feel the sensations of either hunger or thirst; but on the 14th, in the evening, his drought often required him to gargle his mouth with salt water, and on the 15th it increased, when happily for them they made land, which proved to be an island called Ambugris, lying at a small distance from the main land, and about fourteen leagues to the northward of St. George's quay (where the white people reside) in the bay of Honduras; though the want of a quadrant and other necessities left them still in suspense. They slept four nights on this island, and every evening picked up periwinkles and conchs for next day's provision, embarked every morning, and towed along the shore to the southward. On the first evening of their arrival here, they found a lake of fresh water, by which they lay all night, and near it buried one of their people.

On walking along the shore, they found a few cocoa-nuts, which were full of milk. The substance of the nuts they ate with the periwinkles instead of bread, thinking it a delicious repast, although eaten raw, having no implements whereby to kindle a fire. The support which they received from this shell fish was very great.

On the 3rd day after their arrival at this island, they buried another of their crew, which, with four who died on the passage, made six, who perished through hunger and fatigue.

On the fifth day after the arrival at Ambugris, they fortunately discovered a small vessel at some distance under sail, which they made for. In the evening they got on board of her, and in a few hours (being the 10th of January, 1769) arrived at St George's quay, in a very languid state.

During this distressing voyage Captain Kennedy, had recourse to the following efficacious expedients, which he had learned from the perusal of a treatise written by Dr. Lind, and which beneficial circumstances should certainly be known to all sea-faring people, in case of similar calamities; this was soaking his clothes twice a day in salt water, and putting them on without wringing. It was a considerable time before he could prevail upon the crew to follow his example; but when they witnessed the good effects which this

measure produced, they afterwards practised it twice a day of their own accord; and to this may be attributed the preservation of their lives.

There is another remarkable circumstance, which is, that they daily made the same quantity of urine, as if they had drank moderately of any liquid; this must be owing to a body of water having been absorbed through the pores of the skin. The saline particles remaining in their clothing, became incrustrated by the heat of their bodies and that of the sun, which cut and wounded their posteriors, and from the intense pain, rendered sitting very disagreeable. They found, however, upon washing out the saline particles, and frequently wetting their clothes without wringing, that the skin became well in a very short time, and such very great advantage did they derive from this practice, that the violent thirst went off; the parched tongue was cured in a few minutes, after bathing and washing their clothes; at the same time they found themselves as much refreshed as if they had received some actual nourishment.

LOSS OF THE AMERICAN SHIP GOLDEN RULE, CAPTAIN AUSTIN, COMMANDER,

Which sprung a Leak, September, 29, 1807, and of the Sufferings of the Crew.

The ship, Golden Rule, Captain Austin, sailed from Willcas, set with a cargo of timber, September 8, 1807.

On the 29th, she experienced a severe gale from the south-east; and at eight o'clock, a.m. they discovered she had sprung a leak, and had four feet water in her hold; at nine it had increased to eight feet, notwithstanding they had two pumps going, and were throwing her deck load overboard, which they were enabled to do very slowly, from the sea driving the planks about the deck, and wounding the crew.

About ten o'clock, the water had risen to twelve feet, and the gale had also evidently increased; the crew and all on board were quite exhausted; and going into the cabin, they found she was welling fast. The main and mizen-masts were now cut away, to prevent her upsetting, and she was quite clear of her deck load. At eleven o'clock she was full up to her main deck, and all her bulk heads were knocked away.

It now occurred to the crew, to endeavour to save some bread; and Mr. Boyd, the first mate, with great resolution, went into the cabin, and gave out some bread, and two bottles of rum; but so rapidly did she fill, from the timber of her cargo shifting, that he was forced to break through the skylight to save himself.

Their small stock of provisions was now put into the binnacle, as a secure place. It had been there but a few minutes, when a tremendous sea struck them, and carried away the binnacle. They had now little hope left—the wheel was broken, and they proceeded to secure themselves as well as they could, some in the fore-top, and the rest were lashing themselves to the taffrail; before they could accomplish the latter plan, another sea, if possible, more heavy than the former, hurried them all from their places, and washed two of their poor men overboard; they were seen swimming for the ship a short time, when a wave hurried them from the sight of their lamenting comrades.

They now endeavoured to keep the ship before the wind, which they were enabled partially to do through the night. The next day, another of their men died from cold and hunger.

The ship's deck was now blown up, and her side stove in, and they had all given themselves up, when on the 30th, at noon, they were roused by the cry of, "A sail!" and they had the satisfaction to see her bear down for them. About three she came alongside. She was the brig George, of Portland; and Captain Wildridge sent his long-boat, and took them from the wreck.

THE MURDERS ON BOARD THE TORY.

The following is a complete account of the above horrible transactions, and is as gross a specimen of cold-blooded atrocity and brutality as ever stained the annals of this, or any other country. We cannot but feel surprise, as Englishmen, that a crew of twenty-six persons could be eye-witnesses, and, in more than one instance, sufferers, by this man's (the Captain's) demoniacal ferocity, and yet raise no arm to resist and stop them. His cunning and artifice, in charging his crew with mutiny, to screen himself from the consequences of his own inhuman sins, are only paralleled by his barbarity and cruelty.

The dreadful occurrences on board the Tory commenced

on or about the 23d of September, when the ship missed the Island of Ascension. The crew, who were in general exceedingly obedient, became dissatisfied at the shortness of provisions and the scanty supply of water, and a complaint was made, which appears to have been too well founded, that the captain had not taken in a sufficient store of water and provisions at the last place he touched at. However, there was no open revolt or disobedience of orders. About the same time, the Tory spoke to a French barque, *L'Avenir*, and obtained a supply of water, provisions, a cask of wine, and some brandy. After this, the captain, who was sober, steady, and collected during the former part of the voyage, was continually intoxicated, and drank to excess of the wine and spirits which he obtained of the French vessel. He suspected the crew of having some design upon him, and questioned Rambert, the chief mate



THE BARQUE TORY, CAPTAIN GEORGE JOHNSTONE.

who denied that he knew of any hostile intentions towards him. He kept the mate on his knees for several hours in the cabin, wounded him, and then sent him upon deck. He also sent for the crew, and cut three of them, named Reason, Cone, and Lee, in a most savage manner, and while they were bleeding from their wounds, he sent two to the mizen-top and one to the main-top, loaded with irons and shackles, and again cut at them with a sword. The chief mate, who knew his tyrannical disposition, advised the crew to secure him, and said he had threatened to kill all hands, and with some difficulty he made them go aft, armed with belaying pins and capstan bars. They made known their design to one of the men named French, an especial favourite of the captain's, who advised them to desist from their attempt, and the crew, who had

not quite made up their minds what to do, went forward again. It is to be regretted that, after the atrocious and cowardly manner in which the captain mutilated three of the men, and after he had wounded the chief mate, they did not secure him, sail the vessel to the nearest place, St. Helena, and openly and fearlessly appeal to the British authorities there. If this had been done, several murders and much bloodshed would have been prevented. Directly after the crew had relinquished their half-formed design to seize the captain, he ordered the chief mate in irons, and wounded him in several places with a sword, and nearly cut his ear off. He wounded him while he was in irons, and ordered him to be released, and chased him round the deck, cutting at him as hard as he was able. The unfortunate mate, fearful he would be cut to pieces, jumped overboard and

perished. This was the first murder; and all the horrible circumstances are so well substantiated as to preclude the possibility of a doubt. The wounded men were taken out of irons a day or two afterwards, and, with an exception of an occasional outbreak on the part of the drunken captain, nothing happened until the arrival of the ship at Fayal, where the captain went ashore and transacted some business with the British Consul, at whose house he drank to excess of wine. He told a boy, named Stephens, the son of one of the female passengers on board, and who accompanied him on shore, that he intended to kill all hands when he returned to the ship. He wounded one of the men in the boat on the way to the vessel, and swore he would clear the boat's crew fore and aft. As he ascended the ship's side, he appeared to be drunk, and exclaimed, "Here I come, like a seven bells half struck." He commenced cutting

and wounding the crew soon after he returned to the ship. Mars, the second mate, and Reason, an able seaman, were wounded and put in irons, and while in that state, the savage monster mutilated them in a barbarous manner. They were placed against the cabin door, and the captain pitched the sword at them, and when Mars was unable to stand, from loss of blood, some of the men were ordered to prick him with a bayonet to make him stand up. This proving ineffectual, he was hauled from the floor of the cabin and raised on his feet, by means of a rope fastened to his body, and drawn over a cleet. He was then sent on deck, and orders were given to squeeze him, which the men, acting from fear, proceeded to do; but the poor fellow died while they were about to effect the horrible process. Reason died in the cabin, after being cut to pieces by the captain, who completed his death by running him through the



body with a bayonet. The only remorse which the ferocious monster displayed, was at the time Reason was dying; for he held him up, and said, "Tom—dear Tom—do speak two words." The captain had been drinking nearly the whole of the day he murdered Reason, and while cutting him about, he exclaimed vauntingly, "here's the arm that slew the van at Bannockburn." Some others of the crew were wounded about the same time, and without the least provocation. The captain seemed to have felt the awful situation he was in after the three murders; for he compelled Spence, and one of the apprentices, to make false entries in the log relating to the transactions, and much cunning was exhibited by him. Raimbert, the chief mate, was stated to have been mutinous, and to save himself from the consequences, to have committed

suicide by jumping overboard, and to have given three cheers before he did so. It was entered that Mars and Reason were killed by the crew; and this remarkable entry was made in relation to Mars, "we have come to the conclusion that Mars was a mutineer of the blackest dye." The uneasiness of the captain increased as the ship approached, and he began to concoct measures to justify himself for the atrocious crimes he had committed. He proposed that all the crew should be called aft—that French who succeeded Raimbert as chief mate should call out mutiny, and that an attack should be made upon the men. This plan was carried into effect off Plymouth, where, if there had been any mutiny, immediate assistance could have been obtained. A dreadful scene ensued, the men were wounded by the captain and French, and the latter con-

tinued firing pistols, loaded with powder, at the men for three quarters of an hour; a Frenchman named Reulau, who, shipped in the name of Morris, was shot by the captain, with a pistol loaded with ball, which passed through his thigh while he was in a kneeling position, and entered the calf of his leg. A man named Gair received 25 sabre cuts about his head, face, and body, and his face was burnt with gunpowder. The Frenchman and Gair are ruined for life, and will never be able to go to sea again. Other men were burnt and mutilated in a shocking manner. The crew, including the master and boys, consisted only of twenty-six persons; of these, three were barbarously murdered; one was shot, and thirteen severely wounded and scorched. The mind recoils with horror at the detail of such atrocities. The closing scene of this tragedy was the confinement of the crew, and putting them in irons at Deal. They were brought to London, and to use the words of Mr. Lewis, the surgeon, they scarcely looked human. They were charged with mutiny, but the tables were soon turned, and their crafty accuser was soon compelled to change places with the unfortunate men. It has been a matter of surprise, that a British crew should have submitted to such barbarous treatment, and it does seem really astonishing. They were a mixed crew. There were two Swedes, a Norwegian, a German, a Frenchman, and an Italian among them. They appeared to be completely overawed by the ferocity and desperate conduct of the captain, who was cunning enough to arm his two countrymen, Sinclair, the carpenter, and Spence, (who have given their evidence very cautiously), French, and the apprentices, while he was cutting and wounding the men, and firing at them on deck.

SUMMARY OF THE EXAMINATION OF CAPTAIN JOHNSTONE.

CAPTAIN GEORGE JOHNSTONE, the master of the barque *Tory*, from Hong Kong, who preferred an unfounded charge of mutiny against seventeen of his crew, and who was subsequently taken into custody himself, was again brought before Mr. Broderip at the Thames Police Court. He stood charged with the Wilful Murder of William Rambert, chief mate; William Mars, second mate; and Thomas Reason, able seaman; during the voyage from Hong Kong to London.

The first witness called was Julian Cordivallio, an Italian seaman, who was given into custody at Deal, brought to London in irons, and charged with mutiny, when the captain excepted him from the others, and he was immediately liberated. On being sworn, he was desired by Mr. Symon's, the chief clerk, who conducted the examination, to confine himself to the circumstances attending the death of Reason. After a good deal of rambling, he stated "that he saw Tom Reason sitting on a sofa in the cabin, and the captain was asking him about a mutiny. Reason was hurt before this, and some physis was administered to him." The witness here begun muttering to himself, in broken English, about his determination to tell the truth, and that he would not tell a lie for £20,000. With some difficulty, it was elicited from him "that the captain had cut Reason with a sword, and that was the cause of giving him medicine. That was when the ship was crossing the line. On the last occasion when Reason was wounded, he was very prudent and quiet, and the captain asked the boy Jemmy for a bayonet, as the sword would not do. The bayonet was brought to the captain, who immediately hit Reason with it on the chest, but witness could not recollect whether it was the larboard or starboard side." (Some laughter was here indulged in, at the odd manner of the witness, which was repressed by the ushers.) The witness continued—"I called the cook directly and I cut Reason's flannel that I might discover the wound, so as to stop the blood with some cotton, and the captain then said 'Oh do, Tom, for God's sake, speak two words!' and the captain threw the bayonet on the cabin floor. The man soon died. He did not live above a quarter of an hour after he received the wound with the bayonet. The corpse was hauled on deck." He was directed to state what he knew about the death of Mars. He said "The captain repeatedly called Mars 'Brute, brute, brute,' and cut him with a sword. The last time he saw Mars, was at the time the captain was getting his dinner. The captain sent for Mars; but whether it was a boy or not he could not

say. But if it was a boy," said the witness, "send for him; let him speak. (Laughter.) Mars came down into the cabin, and Spence, Harry Slack, the carpenter, and witness, were in the cabin."—Mr. Broderip: "What did the captain do to him?" Witness: "He struck at him with the sword. He was almost killed when he came down, and all the blood over him, and he was in irons."—Mr. Broderip: "Where was he cut?" Witness: "He was cut any way—any way wherever you could name, on de breast, de face, over his head, and all his fingers were nearly cut off. (Sensation.) I respected my officer just as much when he was in the irons as if he was on duty. The captain ordered us not to call him any more Mr. Mars, but call him Mars. He told me and the boy not to touch him with our hands, but to prick him up with the bayonet, and make him stand up. Then he says, 'Are you and Harry not able to make him stand up?' and I said, 'No, sare.' Well, then," says he, "make him fast with a rope somewhere or other." There was a cleet run into the deck, and there was a bag of seizin (old rope) underneath the table—so he told us to make fast to this cleet. So we make fast to both Mars' hands, which were in irons together. We did it by the captain's order, 'or else,' said he, 'you and the boy, little Harry, shall be punished together,' and we were afraid of him. While he was fastened to the cleet, the captain struck at him with a sword, as if he was a porpoise."—The witness here described the sword as a spad, and Mr. Symons, being at a loss to understand him, Mr. Broderip said: "He is thinking in Italian, and endeavouring to explain himself in English."—The Italian proceeded, and was told to use the English word for the cutlass. "The captain while at dinner kept throwing the sword at Mars, and sometimes it stuck in one place and sometimes in another; and when it fell, he told little Harry to pick it up and throw it at him again, for he meant to stick him all over. (Great sensation.) Well, then, after he had done so, and all the blood came from his body, the captain said: 'Take that brute away; take him away; squeeze him.' The captain ordered him to be taken on deck, and the body was very heavy. The captain said: 'What for, don't you arm yourselves? Go and call all hands to squeeze that brute—that rascal; or else I'll squeeze somebody else.' The captain sent me up to tell all hands to squeeze him, but not for me to put my arm on him. I took Mars, along with the rest, to the main hatch, with the bayonet in my hand, but did not touch him. The captain sent for me back into the cabin. He asked me if that function was done; if they had squeezed the man; and I said: 'I don't know, sir.' At the time the boy came upon deck with a pistol in his hand."—Mr. Humphreys: "Which boy does he mean?" Witness: "Barry Yelverton, sir. He came and said he was dead. The captain said a single twine is enough for him; don't use so much twine. He meant the canvass, and twine to sew it up, to bury him. Before Mars was squeezed up, he asked for some water, and I brought him some. That is all I know, sir."

William Dunn, the cook, was then called and sworn. He is one of the men originally charged by the prisoner with mutiny, and brought from Deal to London in irons. He said "He could not recollect dates," and then deposed as follows:—"I was in the cabin when Reason was called down, about half-past 12 o'clock one day, and saw the captain, with a bayonet in his hand, standing over Reason. I heard a noise, as if the captain was sticking a bayonet into Reason's head, and he was calling out for mercy, to which the captain said 'he would show him none at all.' The boy Glover then came into the pantry where I was kept, and told me the captain had killed Reason. I was sent up for some water, and when I came down into the cabin again Reason was lying on the captain's sofa. The captain had his hand on Reason's left breast, and he told me Reason was dead. The captain took his hand off his breast, and I saw two wounds which had been made with a bayonet, from which the blood was oozing. I told the captain he had better get some cotton to be put on the wounds. The body of Reason was then taken out and laid at the pantry door, and five men were called to take him upon deck. The captain then ordered the body to be laid out on the fore-castle. Next morning the body was sewed up in some canvass, and Spence (one of the apprentices) read the funeral service, and the body was committed to the deep."

William Dunn, the cook, was re-called, to state what he knew relating to the death of Mars, and he confirmed all the horrible details as related by the Italian and other witnesses, but he gave a more distinct account as to what occurred when Mars was first called into the cabin after the captain came on board from Fayal, about the 25th of September. "The captain, on his return to the vessel, then off the island, sent for Mars and spoke to him, and immediately struck him with the cutlass, and cut his face, and he then told him to jump out of the stern windows of the cabin. Mars said 'he could not,' and was sent out of the cabin. In a few minutes he was again sent for, and again cut, but on this occasion with more severity. He was then sent forward to the forecabin."—Mr. Broderip: "Where was he cut? Now, be correct." Witness: "The first gash was across his whiskers, on the right side of his face—a dreadful cut. The captain came upon deck with his cutlass in his hand after Mars, went into the forecabin, and shortly afterwards he went below into the cabin and went to bed. Next morning the captain sent for Mars again. In the afternoon I saw Mars in the cabin in handcuffs. The captain sent for him several times that evening, and cut him every time he came down. The captain sent for him on the following afternoon, and he asked to be released from his handcuffs. The captain ordered the carpenter to take off his handcuffs, and then took him into his own cabin (an inner one in the principal cabin). I heard a great noise in the captain's cabin, and then heard Mars breathe short and thick as if he were strangling. Then all was quiet. In a minute I heard a noise again, and heard the captain tell Mars to jump out of the cabin window. Mars said 'he could not, and that he wished to be tried by the laws of his country.' The captain said 'he should not, but should have board-of-ship law.' Mars was then brought out of the captain's cabin into the other. He was then bleeding, his eyes glared, and he could scarcely speak. A few moans were all that could be heard to issue from him. He was put in irons, and sent on deck and laid on the main hatchway. In about three-quarters of an hour he was again brought down, cut with the sword, and again sent on deck with the blood streaming from him. He was sent for to the cabin several times that evening, and cut up by the captain. His fingers were cut to pieces, the joints were hanging down, and the bone was sticking out of his little finger. In the middle watch that night I was sent by the captain to tell the carpenter to put the best bower anchor shackle on his head. His neck was bared to let the shackle go over it, and the carpenter put it on him. Mars complained that his neck was too sore to bear it (the shackle, it ought to be stated, is of 50lbs. weight, made of iron). In the morning I saw the captain continually heaving a sword at Mars while he was at dinner. I went down into the cabin, and Mars was groaning and bleeding. I saw the captain repeatedly heave the sword at the dying man. The sword was frequently rattled against the cabin-door, against which Mars was standing. The captain said he would cut him up in inches. The cabin-door was opened, and I saw Mars with his head on one side dying. The captain ordered the hands to get a rope and haul him on deck, and squeeze him, and if they did not he would have their lives. Mars was taken to the main hatchway, and a strand was put round his body, but whether the men hove upon it, I cannot say. He asked for a drink of water, and he was given one, and a worm came up out of his throat. I went down into the cabin again, and shortly afterwards a man came into the cabin, and told the captain he was dead. The body was sewed up in canvass, and taken to the gangway. I read the prayers over him, and he was buried."

He was then examined on the transactions in the Channel, and deposed. "The pilot was taken on board off Plymouth. In the evening the captain sent for Thompson and Johnson, and cut them with the cutlass. He then sent for the boy, Beresford, and accused him of getting a strand to kill Mars. The captain cut Beresford with a cutlass. At 1 o'clock, next day, the captain sent for Cone and Gair out of irons. He told Gair he should be hung when he got to London, and hove a cutlass at him, but did not strike him. He told me to take them away, and put them in irons. Whilst at tea, in the evening, he sent for Gair again, and cut him with a cutlass. The captain then gave me his sword, telling me to go forward, and send all hands

down. They were forward, and were doing nothing, and came down directly. When they came, the captain cut them with a cutlass, and broke a chair over Thompson's head. They were then sent on deck again, but shortly after, I was sent for them again."—Mr. Broderip: "Were they doing any thing?" "Nothing, sir. I could not see them all, so I sent down four of them, Gair, Burton, Nelson, and Alison. When they came, the light was put out, and I heard the captain call 'Mutiny.' There were only four of the crew in the cabin. The captain asked French to fire at them. They had nothing in their hands, used no mutinous gesture or expression, and were on their knees. French fired at them repeatedly. I told French to put very little powder in the pistol. He fired with powder and crumbs of bread. I asked him to put in small charges, and he said he would not; that he would put in full charges, and let them know that he was chief mate now, and that he'd hang Thomas Gair. I don't know if the captain answered that, but French called me on deck to lend him a hand to do it, but we were called to the cabin by the captain. I was shortly after sent again for the men. Three came down. Gair was one of them. The captain was then asleep in the water-closet, and I told them to go on deck again. Gair was put in irons. I could not see what time the captain came out of the water-closet, but no more injuries were done from that time."—To Mr. Broderip: "I was in the cabin when Morris was shot. He knelt by the cabin-door. The captain took his pistol and aimed at him. He aimed at his breast, but it fell. The muzzle was at his breast, but it fell when it flashed in the pan."—"What happened then?" "He ordered the boy, Glover, to prime it again, which was done, and the captain aimed the pistol at the man again, at the same time turning away his head. The pistol dropped a second time, and went off, when Morris said that he was shot."—Mr. Broderip: "In what state was the captain?" "Not sober, sir; he was intoxicated at the time."—"Did he drink much during the voyage?" "I never saw him drunk before the 23rd of September."

Barry Yelverton, the apprentice (who has been erroneously described as the grandson of the celebrated Lord Avonmore), was next called. He is a very intelligent youth; and on being ordered to state all he knew relating to the death of Mars, the second mate, said: "I was in the cabin when the captain sent for Mars, and I saw him cut at him. I now allude to the last day—the day he died. He was down several days before that. I saw a large piece cut off his head by the captain. I cannot tell how many days that was before he died."—Mr. Broderip: "About how many?—recollect yourself." Witness: "I think it was the day before—the night time. I saw no more of Mars the day following that on which the piece was cut off his head. The last day he was called into the cabin, the captain cut at him a good deal with a cutlass, or sword. At that time Mars was all over blood. I could scarcely see his face for blood."—Mr. Symons: "Was he at liberty, or in any way confined?" Witness: "He had been in irons before that. I cannot exactly say whether he had the handcuffs on when he last came into the cabin, but his hands were in such a position before his body that I have no doubt they were confined. Mars could not stand at the time, and one of the boys and Julian tied his hands up to a beam, while the captain cut at him; I gave Julian a wink to take the man down out of that. Mars was so weak at that time, he could not hold his head up. He was taken down, and lay gasping on the cabin-floor for a short time, until the captain ordered him to be taken upon deck. The captain looked at him and said, 'Look at the murderer, don't he look like one?' I can't say who took him on deck, but I heard the captain say, 'Squeeze him, squeeze him; or I will squeeze you.' He was taken on deck, and shortly afterwards some one came down into the cabin, and said Mars was dead. The captain told me to go upon deck, and ascertain if he was dead. I went upon deck, and saw him lying dead, abreast of the main-hatch, on the larboard side."

Barry Yelverton desired to confine himself to what had occurred since the arrival of the vessel at Plymouth:—"On the day the pilot came aboard in the morning the captain was speaking to me and French about the men being cut so, and said, 'Now, boys, we'll send them all aft, and swear mutiny

against them." The night before he took me to the cabin, he took a strand, and tore the shirt off my back. The next morning my eyes were black, and my neck all swelled. He said to me, "Yelverton, I am sorry for what I have done to you; 'tis a wonder I did not kill you." He said, "Do you know the way you addressed me yesterday?" I said, "Yes, sir." It was at dinner, and he was threatening to kill all hands in the ship, and I said to the captain, "For God's sake, don't kill any more." French said, "Yes, Captain Johnstone, you can kill them all, if you please," and added, "Never mind this fellow; the moon affects him." I said to French, "There is very little of the moon in that; I speak for the man's good." This conversation took place the day before, and that was what the captain meant when he asked if I remembered how I addressed him. I said to that, "There was no harm done," and went on deck again. The pilot came on board shortly after, and things went on well till towards the latter part of the evening, when the captain sent the cook to tell the crew to come aft. Before the crew came to the cabin, he ordered me to my berth, and said, "When the crew come to the cabin, come you in and say, 'Look how they abused me,' and say, 'they had me lashed against the mizenmast, with a rope round my neck,' so that it would show the crew were determined to do something when they approached the cabin. I got up when the crew came aft, and went to the larboard after-cabin. They were firing away with pistols—French and the captain; sometimes one would fire, and sometimes the other. The crew were sober, sometimes kneeling and sometimes standing, as the captain ordered them. After I went into the cabin, I saw French and the captain shoot at Nelson and Gair, and cut them a good deal with the cutlass; French cut the most at that time. I was in the cabin when Morris was shot. They were called down several times that night. There was a good deal of confusion when Morris was shot. The man Lee was standing at his side."—Mr. Broderip: "In what position was Morris when he was shot?" "To the best of my knowledge he was kneeling at the time."—"In what position and state was the captain?" "I think, sir, he was rather intoxicated."—"Did you see anything else?" "The pistol missed fire the first time. The captain was standing with his arm extended and inclined downward. He snapped it, and it missed fire, when he cocked it again and it went off. The candle went out at the same time, and he called the boy to get him another light. When it came, Morris had left the cabin, but how he got out I cannot say. There was a good deal of cutting and hacking after that. The captain and French were cutting and hacking at the men every time they were sent down. He told me to take the pistol and shoot the men."—"Who?" "The captain."—Mr. Broderip: "Were the men doing anything at the time?" "No, they were kneeling on the deck. I held the pistol towards them."—Mr. Humphreys: "Were all the men there?" "They were. I threw the pistol on the deck, and told him it would not go off. He then gave me the cutlass to cut them down, and said, 'This will not miss fire,' or something that way. I stood with the cutlass in my hand, and spoke a little to the men, as I did not like to cut them, because I knew they had done nothing. I began speaking to the chaps—"Are you implicated in this?" but never struck one of them. I got them put off. The captain went by me speaking to Julian. I laid the cutlass on the table and shortly after went on deck. I do not recollect anything more."

James Glover, the steward of the *Tory*, a very young lad, was called to state what occurred between the captain and Rambert previously to the death of the latter. "Rambert dined with the captain in the cabin the day before his death, when they appeared to be on good terms."—Mr. Symons: "Was there anything particular amongst the crew that day?" "Nothing until about 7 o'clock at night, sir."—Mr. Symons: "What happened then?" "I was called to the cabin by the captain to give him a little brandy-and-water. I saw the mate, Rambert, on his knees praying the captain to forgive him. He was in the cabin about five hours in the same position—all the time on his knees. The captain was standing over him with a sword in his hand."—"Was Rambert then wounded at all?" "I did not observe that he was at that time. At 12

o'clock the captain left the cabin on some occasion or other; but previously to the captain going, he asked Mr. Spence, Barry Yelverton, and me, whether he should forgive Rambert. I did not hear what Spence or Barry Yelverton said, but I told the captain I would leave it to himself. He then left."—Mr. Symons: "Did you know of anything that Rambert had done?" "No, sir; after the captain went out of the cabin the mate slipped on deck. The captain then sent me and Barry Yelverton in search of him. That was about half-an-hour after the mate went on deck. We looked on deck, but could not find him. We then got a lantern, and saw him coming out of the maintops. He called out several times, and I returned him no answer, but went and told the captain where I had seen him. The captain told us to go and bring him into the cabin. We took the lantern again and went all round the decks, but could not find him. The captain then went on deck and sent French after him. He was not brought into the cabin again, and I did not see him afterwards. Thomas Lee, another of the crew, was in irons in the maintop, when Cone was in the mizen, also ironed. Saw Rambert come into the top. There were no wounds on him when he came to the top where I was. He tried to get off the jew's harp (shackle) which was round my neck. Captain Johnstone was then singing out for him, and away he went down the mainstay. The next thing I heard Captain Johnstone say was, 'I pardoned your life three times, you overgrown son of a b——, but I'll have your life now; I'll not grant you your life again.' He then chased Rambert round the decks, and the blood was flowing from the mate's side then, as he jumped up the poop-ladders. He then jumped overboard, the captain at the time following immediately with the sword. David Johnson was then at the wheel, which happened to slip out of his hand, and the sails just shook in the wind, for which Johnson thought the captain was going to kill him. The captain cried, 'Up helm again; keep her to, lads, lay aft, and get a glass of grog.' I lay in my irons until 6 o'clock that evening, when the carpenter was sent to fetch me down from the main-top. The captain gave me, Reason, and Stephen Cone (the three men in irons) a glass of wine each, and told the cook to get a pint of water to wash our wounds."—Mr. Symons: "How came you by these wounds?" "I got them from Captain Johnstone, who cut me on the back, head, hands, and shoulders, with the sword. There are two cuts on my head, one right down behind, and one on the left side of my face, right upon the whisker. I have not been able to put my jacket on since I came home, without the help of my wife. He probed me with the sword whilst I was in irons, both hands and knees. Perhaps you would like to see the clothes?"—Mr. Symons: "'Tis not, necessary."

Franklin Tucker, one of the seamen, who was brought from Deal in irons, said, "He knew no more about the death of Reason, except that he saw his corpse brought upon deck. He saw him go into the cabin alive about three-quarters of an hour previous. He was then in a dreadful state, and bleeding profusely from several wounds on the head. The deceased was in the cabin in the early part of the evening; witness did not then see any wounds or other injuries on his person. The deceased told him the captain had cut him."

The witness was then examined relative to the death of Mars, and he confirmed the last witness in all the material points of his evidence. "Tucker was called into the cabin by the captain after Mars was wounded, and the captain exclaimed, 'Look at the brute, see what he has brought upon himself, don't touch him with your hands, get a rope's end and haul him upon deck.' The captain also ordered Mars to be squeezed, and said 'if he was not well squeezed the witness should be.' Tucker also stated in addition, that "the savage order of the captain was obeyed, and that Julian Cordivallo was sent upon deck to see if it was done effectually. A rope was made taut round the body of the unfortunate creature, and Tucker and Blackden hove upon it as hard as they could. While the mate was undergoing this horrible torture, the witness put his hand on his face, and found he was dead. He went below and reported the fact to the captain, who asked 'if the mate had been well

squeezed?" Witness replied that he had, and the captain expressed his satisfaction; and ordered the irons to be removed from the body, and then buried."—Mr. Symons: "Did you examine his body?" Witness: "I did."—Mr. Symons: "How many wounds?" Witness: "I can't say how many wounds there were upon his body, for it was cut to pieces. There was hardly an inch of it without a wound."

David Johnson was again called, and said that, "He was called into the cabin with Reason and Mars, and he was so cut up that he could scarcely crawl to his berth."—Mr. Broderip: "You were cut. Who by?" Witness: "By Captain Johnstone, sir."—Mr. Broderip: "Where were you wounded?" Witness: "About the head and hands, sir. I also received several wounds on the shoulder. Next morning I found Mars in irons, and the captain called for a strand and a heaver, and made a kind of a bow-string of it, and hove it taut round my neck, till I was nearly choked, and he called a man named French, and told him to put me in irons, and said I was implicated with Mars. Mars was then sitting on an empty spirit cask. French, by the direction of the captain, took a sword, bent at the point, to the grindstone, to make the point straight and sharp. French brought it down again, and said that was the sword with the straight point. The captain then took the sword and cut Mars over the head with it, and the blood gushed forth very fiercely indeed. I was then ordered upon deck to my duty." The witness then gave a description of the terrible scenes which took place in the cabin and upon deck, similar to the evidence of the other witnesses, and said "the body of Mars was shocking to behold. The head and breast of Mars were in such a state that it was impossible to lay a finger upon the body without putting it upon a wound." The witness then proceeded to describe the intimidation practised by the captain towards the crew, to compel them to torture poor Mars. "Julian Cordiviallo told the men if they did not squeeze Mars and heave upon the strand round his body, the captain would kill all hands. French was armed with a sword and a brace of pistols, and Sinclair, the carpenter, and the apprentices were also armed, to overawe the crew, and compel them to put in execution the savage orders of the captain. When Mars was being squeezed he looked very ghastly, and the breath was not quite out of his body, but he died soon afterwards. French said to the witness, 'Do you know how your life stands?' and he said, 'If you do not—'"

Mr. Symons said "that would not be evidence," and stopped the witness.

Mr. Humphreys: "But a good deal of the conversation has been already taken down."

Mr. Broderip: "No, only that which is so material to the case that it could not be omitted."

Mr. Humphreys: "I do not object to it."

Stephen Cone, an able seaman, who had been grievously maltreated by the prisoner, was then examined. His evidence was very short but expressive. He said, "I was in the cabin before the death of Mars. I saw the captain make one cut at his head with a sword, and he took off a piece that size, your honour." [The witness placed one hand on the other, denoting that the prisoner cut a piece off the head of Mars half the size of his hand.]—Mr. Broderip: "Did you see the prisoner do that, Cone?" "I did, sir, he cut a piece right off his head, and he then stabbed him in different parts of his body."

Arthur Gilmore Spence, was called, one of the apprentices of the ship, who produced the log-book of the *Tory*, which he put in as evidence, and stated "That he made an entry of the deaths of Mars and Reason, by direction of Captain Johnstone. The entry of Reason's death was inserted in the log-book on the 24th of October. Upon entering the cabin that day, the captain said that Reason had died in the fit, and that he was to enter it in the log to that effect, and he did so." The witness was then directed to refer to the log for the entry of the death of Mars, of whose brutal murder, by the captain, he gave evidence a fortnight ago. Spence said "he was directed by the captain to make entry in the log, 'that Mars was murdered by the crew.'"—Mr. Broderip: "By the crew?" "Yes, sir."—Mr. Broderip: "You saw some of the circumstances attending the death of Mars?" Witness: "I did, sir; and related those cir-

cumstances on a former occasion. The captain cut Mars with a sword, and told the men to squeeze him."—Mr. Broderip: "When the prisoner told you to enter in the log-book that Mars was murdered by the crew, did he tell you of any circumstances to bear out his assertion?" Witness: "I can't exactly say he did. He said the crew had put an end to Mars." The witness then referred to the entry of Mars' death, which was dated October 25.—Mr. Symons: "You stated, on a former examination, you were called to take down evidence from the men. In what part of the ship did you go?" Witness: "In the larboard after-cabin. I found one of the men there. I can't exactly say whose evidence I took down first. He was called out of his bed by the boy Glover. The first man seemed very nervous and alarmed. Some of them told me to pay very particular attention to what they said, and I said I would."—Mr. Broderip: "Was there any one in the cabin armed when you took down the statements from the men?" "No, sir, not where I was."—Mr. Broderip: "Was any one armed upon deck?" Witness: "I really can't say, sir; I was not on deck myself. I took statements from five or six of the crew. They came down separately. I cannot say who brought them into the cabin. They came down by themselves. I do not recollect seeing the captain there any part of the time. Among the men, who told me to be particular, I can only recollect David Johnson, who also told me to take time. I wish to state further, that after these circumstances, now under investigation, the captain called me into his cabin five or six times every day, or else into the larboard after-cabin, and compelled me to read over the entries I had made in the log, to alter some, correct them, and make additions to what I had already written. I wish also to state, that the whole of the entries in the log were not made by the direction of the captain, only parts."—Mr. Broderip: "Which parts; those relating to alleged disturbances in the ship, or the customary entries?" Witness: "Those relating principally to these circumstances, and the deaths of the men."

Mrs. Mary Blewett, one of the female passengers, now residing at 12, Albany-street, Commercial-road: "Remembered three of the men in irons in part of the rigging. Understood she was a cabin passenger, and was there for the first fortnight, and was then removed to the half-deck, a little more forward, but had not left the poop on the 26th of September. I believe about 3 or four o'clock I heard Captain Johnstone demand the mate to be found and brought, wherever he was. Barry was the person who found and brought him on the poop close by the captain. I was then looking on, of which Captain Johnstone was not aware. He had a pistol in his left hand, and a cutlass in his right. I believe the pistol was loaded, for Captain Johnstone always ordered his pistols to be kept loaded. He was then sticking Rambert right and left across the head and shoulders. Rambert had no hat."—Mr. Broderip: "Had he any arms?" "No, your Worship."—"Were his hands bound or free?" "They were free."—"Did he strike the captain?" "I did not see him. During the time the captain was striking Rambert he begged him to have mercy; to spare him; to which Captain Johnstone replied, 'No, you overgrown monster; no, you cowardly brute, and again struck at him with the cutlass.'—Mr. Broderip: "Where did he strike him?" "He struck him on the head, and everywhere in this manner. [Here the witness waved her hand in such a way as represented a person cutting away with a sword indiscriminately.] The mate said, 'Ask the sailors, Captain Johnstone, did I ever say a word against you?' When he said, 'Ask the sailors!' Captain Johnstone got more enraged, and struck at him more violently than before. He ordered Rambert on his knees, and again calling him an overgrown monster, struck at him with the cutlass most severely. The mate, who was on his knees, cried out, 'Oh, my God! oh, my God! I am killed, and dropped on one side. Captain Johnstone then called for the irons, when the carpenter came, and was putting the irons on him in the smoking-hatch on the half-deck.'—Mr. Broderip: "In what state was Rambert after the captain struck him?" "Bleeding so that I could not see a feature. Rambert asked the boy Slack to bring him something to tie his hand up, but Slack said he had

nothing. During that time the captain retired to his cabin, I believe, for refreshments. He returned in a few minutes, and went to the mizen-top, where Stephen Cone was in irons, and struck at him in the most violent manner. I heard the blows from where I stood. I did not see what he struck him with, but I know he took up a cutlass in his hand. I said, 'My God, he's at Stephen again; he'll kill him.' I said so to Mrs. Thompson, and that was the first time I spoke. Rambert heard my voice, and said, 'Mrs. Blewett, Mrs. Blewett, I am dying. Give me a handkerchief to tie my head, for I am bleeding to death.' I answered, 'I am in that state, Mr. Rambert, I am not fit to move, I am so exhausted.' Rambert said, 'He is coming down again, Mrs. Blewett. He will kill me. Oh, my God! oh, my God!' I made no reply, as Captain Johnstone was coming towards us, and said, 'Where is the overgrown monster, or brute? I cannot say exactly which. He asked, 'Where is the carpenter, or chips?' I am not sure of the word. On seeing Rambert, the captain said, 'Take him from here; the overgrown monster, and throw him on the main hatch.' I said to Mrs. Thompson, 'Oh, my God; there's an end to us all to night.' I believe Captain Johnstone was forward; and I think I heard that Rambert was going to be taken out of irons. Directly after I heard a rush from the main deck to the poop, where there was a boat. I do not know whether on the starboard side or the other. I saw Rambert trying to make his escape between the end of the boat and the companion. Julian was in the poop at the time, with a musket, and a bayonet at the end of it. I heard Julian halloo out, 'Stop, stop,' and presented the bayonet towards Rambert. I then heard a voice say, 'Where is he? where is he?' and Julian answered, 'He's gone overboard.' Captain Johnstone, who was after him at the time, said, 'I do not like to use the word.'—Mr. Broderip: "However painful it may be, you must use the expression." Witness: "The captain said, 'The b——, I'll have half of them over the side before sun-set to-day.' Captain Johnstone then called the boy, and ordered a glass of grog for all hands; but I cannot say that all hands were there at the time. I felt so exhausted and faint that I either sat down or lay down, and observed no further, only I was in hopes there might be peace, which there was for about three weeks or so. Your worship, I was treated very unkindly by Captain Johnstone, and was obliged to come ashore at Deal on the 9th of last month, to save my life and the child's. He had me down in the cabin on the 7th of last month, having sent for me by Slack." "My God, Harry," I said, 'does he want to kill me?' and the boy replied, 'I do not know, I am sure, Mrs. Blewett.' I went to the cabin where Barry, French, and Mr. Spence were, as well as the captain. Mrs. Thompson seeing me alarmed accompanied me; besides, it was the wish of Captain Johnstone that she should. Captain Johnstone said, 'I wish you to understand, Mrs. Blewett, that I am going to put you in irons for the remainder of the voyage, and you are going to be hung at the Old Bailey.' He said, 'Is not that it, French?' who answered, 'Yes, I believe it is, sir,' I said, 'I'm willing to die, Captain Johnstone, for I've had no peace since I came into the ship; but may I speak one word or two?' I embarked on board on the 14th of last May, and from that time to this I never heard a man belonging to the crew say a word ill against you or the ship either; and if any soul can say I ever said a word against you, let him say it. The only word that ever passed was when they were frying flour with salt-water in the galley, French then said it was a hard case, and I asked him why he did not go and make his statement to the captain. I asked Mr. Spence if he ever heard me say anything, and he replied, 'I did not.' I was in such dread and fear of the captain, I apprehended I should never come out of the cabin alive, I asked Yelverton if he ever heard me speak ill of the captain. He answered, he did not, except that once he heard me say, 'A man's a man for a' that,' but he (Yelverton) said he did not know what I meant by that. If I said it I meant nothing by it; but, to tell you the truth, Captain Johnstone, it was a word of my father's. Nothing was done to me in the cabin. I felt very bad there, which I believe Captain Johnstone observed, and he ordered me a glass of wine."

Thomas Gair, whose appearance created a strong sensation

in the court, was then called, and desired to state all he knew respecting Rambert's case.—"On the night previous to Rambert's jumping overboard, witness went to the helm at 8 o'clock. After being there about 20 minutes, he heard Rambert call to Captain Johnstone to spare his life. There was a good deal of noise in the cabin, like rustling in a fall. When relieved at 10 o'clock, witness saw William Rambert, and the second-mate, William Mars, both on deck, and wounded. Rambert came forward and told him the captain intended to murder all hands, and they had better prepare themselves. Rambert gave some of us iron-belaying-pins and others capstan-bars. The mate was sent for down in the cabin again, and told us the captain was very quiet, and did not intend to harm him. He came up again in a quarter of an hour after, when the blood was running from his head down over his shoulders. He was put in irons on the main hatchway, whilst the Italian (Julian) was set as a guard over him. I heard him say that sooner than he would suffer the captain to take his life he would jump overboard. As soon as he saw the captain coming towards him, he jumped into the sea. He said, he (Gair) was put in irons on the false charge of threatening to take French's life on the 1st of November, and was continued so for 11 days. On the 11th day the captain sent for him to the cabin. Cordoviallo was the person sent. Witness went to the cabin, where he found Nelson, Burton, and the captain. As soon as witness entered the cabin the captain ordered him to go on his knees, and commenced cutting at him with the cutlass. He at the same time told the man French to load his pistol and fire. The captain told him to put a double charge of ball in the pistol. French put no ball in, but blew several charges of powder in witness's face and head. The captain told him if he did not load and fire as quick as possible he (the captain) would take his life. The captain afterwards cut witness several times on the head, and placed the point of the cutlass to his side, with his hip against the hilt of it, as if to thrust him through, which he said he would do. He being intoxicated at the time staggered, and the cutlass went through witness's clothes, inflicting a slight wound in his shoulder, through his clothes. After that he ordered the man French to fire again, and directed witness to be put on the table, which being done the captain pushed him off again with his cutlass. The crew were shortly after ordered to pump ship, which they went on deck and did.—Mr. Broderip: "Were you one of those who manned the pumps in that state?" Witness: "No, sir, I was not able. It was the carpenter who ordered the pumps to be manned. In a very few minutes the witness, Burton, and Nelson were ordered down to the cabin again, but the captain did not make his appearance. Witness was again put in irons, and placed in the lower fore-castle. Witness received 18 cuts in his head, two stabs in his left shoulder, two in his left breast, two in his left side, one in the right arm, besides several other cuts in different parts of the arms."—The Chief Clerk: "What was the state of your face?" "It was very much blown with powder, and I lost the sight of my right eye for six or seven days."—"Did you hear any expressions made use of by the captain whilst in the cabin?" "I heard very foul language, but cannot repeat the words. I did not see Morris whilst I was in the cabin."—Joseph Morris was then called and examined. He is the person who was confined on board the hospital-ship from the effects of a pistol-shot wound.—The Chief Clerk: "Describe what occurred since you came into the Channel." Witness: "I do not speak very good English."—Mr. Broderip: "You seem to speak what you do speak very well; but, as I know how difficult it is to think in one language and express one's self in another you must have an interpreter; if, as you go on, you find the need of one." The witness then attempted to proceed, but, finding it difficult to render himself clear, an interpreter was sworn, and he gave his evidence in French.—The Chief Clerk: "Keep to what occurred in the Channel." Witness: "The pilot came on board, and the same evening the captain called me down from the wheel to the cabin. When I was there he asked if I had heard the crew say anything about him. I was on my knees. He then said to me, 'You know all about it, you son of a b——.' I was ordered on my knees by the captain. During this time, the captain was striking me with a cutlass."—Mr. Broderip:

"Where?" "There is the mark" (pointing to his temple).—"Did he strike you with the flat or the edge?" "With the edge." He then called to the cabin-boy for a pistol, which he aimed at my stomach, but the pistol missed fire, only burning the priming. He then called for more powder to prime a fresh one, after which he fired, turning his head from me, but, in doing so, his hand dropped somewhat. The ball went through my thigh and the calf of my leg, whilst I was in the kneeling posture. I then ran on deck, when I found I was wounded. The cook then caught me, and brought me down again. When the cook took me below, he said to the captain, "This man is wounded," to which the captain answered, "Take him away." I then went on deck, and stowed myself away under some sail, beneath the long-boat. I have no more to say."

When asked by the magistrate to spell his name, he said he could not read or write. It was, however, ascertained that his right name was Joseph Ronilleau; the name Morris being a *nom de guerre* given by the shipping-master. William Burton examined: "Performed the duty of second mate after the death of Mars."—Mr. Broderip: "When were you put in irons?" "On the 7th of November, when the pilot came on board. He came about 10 o'clock, and went below with the captain. They returned in about half an hour, when the pilot took a parcel ashore, but I cannot say what it contained. The captain sent for me to the cabin about half-past one or two o'clock, to read the log-book over to me. I told him I partly knew what was in it, as it had been read to me once before. I told him the evidence I had to give was, that Mars and Rambert came and pulled me out of my berth to come aft and secure the cabin doors." He said that was not what I told him; that they came to bring me aft. I said it was not; and repeated the evidence I gave him before. He took the soup plate he was having soup from and threw it at my head, but it did not strike me, and he then ordered French to put me in irons. About seven o'clock that night he called me to the cabin and said that I was a rascal, and going to give false evidence. He then cut me in three places."—Mr. Broderip: "With what?" "A cutlass. He cut me on the ear and on the cheek, running the sword clean through. He also cut me on the wrist. Gair was then called down, and in my presence the captain cut him unmercifully. He ordered Dunn to go on deck, and bring the crew aft. Nelson, Alison, and Tucker came. When they got to the bottom of the cabin stairs the light was extinguished, and French and the captain sung out, 'Mutiny,' 'To arms, to arms.' They began to pull the three persons into the cabin, and the captain began cutting at them."—Mr. Broderip: "Had the crew anything in their hands at this time?"—Witness: "Nothing, sir."—Mr. Broderip: "Was there any mutiny going on at this time?"—None, sir; nor had any mutinous or threatening language, or mutinous or threatening gestures been used by the crew. Light was brought, and he began cutting at them for his own pleasure."—"In what position were they?" "On their knees. He then ordered French to load the pistols and fire on them as quick as he possibly could, or he'd have his life."—"French's life?"—"Yes, sir. French began firing on Gair and Nelson four or five times. He then put the pistol to my ear and said, 'You—, I'll shoot you.' To Mr. Broderip: "French said this. I was in irons (had irons on) all the time. He put the muzzle of the pistol to my ear and fired. It was loaded with powder, only. He struck me two blows with the lock of the pistol on the head. In about half an hour after the carpenter sang out to pump ship, and we were all ordered on deck. I was ordered to the long-boat and went there, staying all night. About 10 o'clock the next morning he sent for me to the cabin and told me to keep up my heart, as there was no fear of me. He ordered Julian to get some warm water to wash the blood and powder from off my face. Whilst Julian went for the water I went into the fore-castle, where I remained until I was washed. The captain ordered me to put on clean clothes and that I must have leg irons, to stop in the lower fore-castle till the ship got to London. On the 9th the revenue cutter boarded us off Deal. The second in command came on board and ordered the three men in irons, Cone, Gair, and myself, to be taken out of the lower fore-castle, and taken to the top-gallant fore-castle, which was accordingly

done. That day the remainder of the crew were confined on the half-deck. The three in irons were liberated that night by order of the second in command of her Majesty's cutter Ranger, and told to make ourselves as comfortable as we could, which we did to the time the ship reached London."

(To be continued.)

ANECDOTE OF A SAILOR.

His name was Jean Papineau, and he was a seaman belonging to Captain Defaud's ship, employed in one of her boats trading between Porto Nova and Wydah. The boat had arrived at Wydah, the officer commanding which reported, that, soon after he had got under weigh from Porto Nova, a tornado came on, and that, while Papineau was in the act of furling the topsail, he fell overboard. It was about eight o'clock in the evening when the accident occurred; and the wind blew with so much violence, that it was some time before the man was missed, and his fate known to his officer; and no doubt whatever was entertained by him but that he had perished. He however, by great muscular power, and skill in swimming, was enabled to keep himself above water all night without any extraneous aid, and he was picked up at six o'clock the following morning, by the ship Liverpool Hero's boat, about a quarter of a mile from the shore, in safety, without any assistance whatever. Joy at seeing him, and liberty and equality, being the order of the day, he was immediately placed at the dinner table, with a bottle of claret before him, when he related to the company what his feelings and recourses were during his perilous situation. The tornado had come on with unusual violence, just when he had got the sail secured, and he said that he was literally blown overboard, and fell into the water about a foot clear of the vessel's side. He called out, but the wind and sea made too much noise for him to be heard, and the vessel was quickly out of sight, scudding before the storm. He was aware that he was only three or four miles from the shore, and being an excellent swimmer, he was determined to struggle for his life. Sharks alone gave him any uneasiness, but even with them he was determined to contend. Sailors, in order to secure their knives, fasten them by lanyards, either to the flaps of their trousers' pocket, or round their neck. Papineau's was secured to his neck, and the possession of this weapon (which fortunately he had no occasion to use), gave him confidence against the tiger of the deep. Soon after he got into the water, he divested himself of his shirt and trousers, and tied his handkerchief about his head; the tornado continued to blow strong for an hour, when the wind veered to the northward, and blew fresh from the land during the greater part of the night, which retarded his progress to the shore. He swam towards it, as nearly as he could calculate, about half an hour at a time, and that alternately on his back, and on his stomach, when he would rest himself by remaining nearly motionless on his back for as long a period, with his head generally as he supposed towards the shore, and he often fancied that he had made much greater progress towards it, than proved to be the case; for the wind blowing from the land, and his ear being nearly on a level with the water, caused the sound of the surf roaring on the beach, to be sometimes so audible, as to give him the impression of his being just about to enter it, when he would renew his exertion of swimming, and be disappointed in the result. His remaining so long in the water as ten hours, and without any support but what he derived from his own exertion, appears almost fabulous, and can only be accounted for by his superior muscular strength and self possession, being aided by the temperature of the water approaching that of his body, by which means heat was but slowly, (if at all), abstracted from it; the specific gravity also of sea water being, in all probability, considerably augmented near the equator by excessive evaporations, his body floated in it without much muscular exertion being required.

LOSS OF THE AMPHITRITE.

THE *Amphitrite* convict ship, commanded by Captain Hunter, sailed from Woolwich on Sunday, August 25, 1833, on her voyage to New South Wales, having on board one hundred and eight female convicts, and twelve children, under the care of Mr. Forrester, the surgeon, and a crew of sixteen persons. The captain was part owner of the vessel.

When the ship arrived off Dungeoness, the gale of the 29th began; and on the morning of Friday, the 30th, the captain hove the ship to, the gale being too heavy to sail. On Saturday, at noon, the vessel was about three miles to the eastward of Boulogne harbour, when they made land; and the captain

set the topsail and main-foresail, in the hopes of keeping her off shore.

From three o'clock she was in sight of Boulogne, and certainly the sea was most heavy, and the wind extremely strong; but no pilot-boat went out to her, and no life-boats or other assistance were despatched. She was observed from three o'clock, till about half-past four in the afternoon, when she came round into Boulogne harbour, and struck on the sands. By four o'clock it was known that it was a British ship; but some said it was a brig, others said it was a merchant-vessel, though all said it was English.

It appeared from the statements of three men, who were saved out of the crew—all the rest having perished—that the captain ordered the anchor to be let go, in hopes of swinging round with the tide.



LOSS OF THE AMPHITRITE, CAPTAIN HUNTER, AUGUST 31, 1833.

In a few minutes after the vessel had gone aground, multitudes rushed to the beach, and a brave French sailor, named Pierre Henin, who had previously received the thanks of the Humane Society of London, addressed himself to the captain of the port, and said that he was resolved to go alone, and to reach the vessel, in order to tell the captain that he had not a moment to lose, but must, as it was low water, send all his crew and passengers on shore.

As soon as she had struck, a pilot-boat, commanded by François Heuret, who had, on many occasions, shown much courage and talent, was despatched, and by a little after five came under her bows. The captain refused to avail himself of the assistance of Heuret and his brave companions, and when a portion of the crew proposed going on shore, the captain prevented them. Two of the men saved, stated that they knew the

boat was under the bows, but that the rest were below making up their bundles. The crew could then have got on shore, and all the unfortunate women and children.

When the French boat had gone, the surgeon sent for Owen, one of the crew, and ordered him to get out the long-boat. This was about half-past five. The surgeon discussed the matter with his wife and with the captain. They were afraid of allowing the prisoners to go on shore. The wife of the surgeon is said to have proposed to leave the convicts there, and to go on shore without them.

In consequence of this discussion, no long-boat was sent out. Three of the convict women told Owen that they heard the surgeon persuade the captain not to accept the assistance of the French boat, on account of the prisoners who were on board.

Let us now return to Pierre Henin. The French pilot-

boat had been refused by the surgeon and captain—the long-boat had not been put out, through a discussion as to saving the convicts—and it was now nearly six o'clock. At that time Henin went to the beach, stripped himself, took a line, swam naked for about three quarters of an hour or an hour, and arrived at the vessel at about a little after seven. On touching the right side of the vessel, he hailed the crew, and said, "Give me a line to conduct you on shore, or you are lost, as the sea is coming in." He spoke English plain enough to be understood. He touched the vessel, and told them to speak to the captain. They threw (that is, some of the crew, but not the captain or surgeon) two lines, one from the stern, and the other from the bow. The one from the stern he he could not seize—the one from the bow he did. He then went towards the shore, but the rope was stopped. This was, it is believed, the act of the surgeon and captain. He (Henin) then swam back, and told them to give him more rope to get on shore. The captain and surgeon would not. They then tried to haul him in, but his strength failed, and he got on shore.

It will be perceived, then, that up to this moment, the same obstacle existed in the minds of the captain and of the surgeon. They did not dare, without authority, to land the convicts, and rather than leave them on board, or land them without such authority, they perished with them.

To return to the narrative of events. The female convicts who were battered down under the hatches, on the vessel running aground, broke away the half-deck hatch, and, frantic, rushed on deck. Of course they entreated the captain and surgeon to let them go on shore in the long-boat, but they were not listened to, as the captain and surgeon did not feel authorised to liberate prisoners committed to their care.

About seven o'clock the flood-tide began. The crew, seeing that there were no hopes, clung to the rigging. The poor one hundred and eight women and twelve children remained on deck, uttering the most piteous cries. The vessel was about three quarters of a mile English from shore, and no more. Owen, one of the three men saved, thinks that the women remained on deck in this state about an hour and a half. Owen and four others were on the spars, and he thinks they remained there three quarters of an hour; but, seeing no hope of being saved, he took to swimming, and was brought in a state of insensibility to the hotel. Towsey, another of the men saved, was on a plank with the captain. Towsey asked who he was. He said, "I am the captain," but the next moment he was gone. Rice, the third man, floated ashore on a ladder. He was aft when the other men took to the raft. When the French pilot-boat rowed away, after being rejected by the captain, he (Rice) saw a man waving his hat on the beach, and remarked to the captain that a gentleman was waving to them to come on shore. The captain turned away, and made no answer. At the moment the women all disappeared, the ship broke in two.

These are the facts of this awful case. The French Marine Humane Society immediately placed hundreds of men on the beach; and the office, or lodge, being close to the shore, as soon as the corpses were picked up they were brought to the rooms, where many assisted in endeavouring to restore them to life. Their efforts, however, were fruitless, except in the cases of the three men, Owen, Rice, and Towsey. Never were seen so many fine and beautiful bodies. Some of the women were the most perfectly made; and French and English wept together at such a horrible loss of life in sight of—ay, and even close to the port and town. Body after body was brought into the town, more than sixty having been found, and were buried on the Monday following. But, alas! after all their efforts, only three lives were saved out of one hundred and thirty-six.

Though young and gay they sailed from port,
How many a kind heart threw
A last farewell to the parting ship,
And her brave and gallant crew.

Now in the desert sea she lies,
A helpless, silent thing,
Linked to a tale of vice and crime,
Of death and sorrowing.

THE SKELETON OF THE WRECK.

WHILE Sir Michael Seymour was in the command of the Amethyst frigate, and was cruising in the Bay of Biscay, the wreck of a merchant ship drove past. Her deck was just above water, her lower masts alone standing. Not a soul could be seen on board; but there was a caboose on deck, which had the appearance of having been recently patched with old canvass and tarpaulin, as if to afford shelter to some forlorn remnant of the crew. It blew at this time a strong gale; but Sir Michael, listening only to the dictates of humanity, ordered the ship to be put about, and sent off a boat with instructions to board the wreck, and ascertain whether there was any being still surviving whom the help of his fellow-man might save from the grasp of death. The boat rowed towards the drifting mass, and while struggling with the difficulty of getting through a high-running sea, close alongside, the crew shouting all the time as loud as they could, an object, like in appearance to a bundle of clothes, was observed to roll out of the caboose against the lee shrouds of the mast. With the end of a boat-hook they managed to get hold of it, and hauled it into the boat, when it proved to be the trunk of a man, bent head and knees together, and so wasted away as scarce to be felt within the ample clothes which had once fitted it, in a state of life and strength. The boat's crew hastened back to the Amethyst, with this miserable remnant of mortality; and so small was it in bulk, that a lad of fourteen years of age was able, with his own hands, to lift it into the ship. When placed on deck, it showed for the first time, to the astonishment of all, signs of remaining life; it tried to move, and next moment muttered, in a hollow sepulchral tone, "there is another man." The instant these words were heard, Sir Michael ordered the boat to shove off again for the wreck. The sea having now become somewhat smoother, they succeeded this time in boarding the wreck; and looking into the caboose, they found two other human bodies, wasted, like the one they had saved, to the very bones, but without the least spark of life remaining. They were sitting in a shrunk-up posture, a hand of one was resting on a tin pot, in which there was about a gill of water; and a hand of the other reaching to the deck, as if to regain a piece of salt beef, of the size of a walnut, which had dropped from its perverse grasp! Unfortunate men! they had starved on their scanty store till they had not strength remaining to lift the last morsel to their mouths. The boat's crew having completed their last melancholy survey, returned on board, where they found the attention of the ship's company engrossed by their efforts to preserve the generous skeleton; who seemed to have just life enough left to breathe the remembrance that there was still "another man," his companion in suffering, to be saved. Captain S. committed him to the special charge of the surgeon, who spared no means which humanity or skill could suggest, to achieve the noble object of creating a new, as it were, a fellow creature, whom famine had stripped of almost every living energy. For three weeks he scarcely ever left his patient, giving him nourishment with his own hand every five or ten minutes; and at the end of three weeks more, the "skeleton of the wreck," was seen walking on the deck of the Amethyst; and to the surprise of all who recollected that he had been lifted into the ship by a cabin boy, presented the stately figure of a man nearly six feet high.

LOSS OF THE ATHENIENNE, CAPTAIN RAYNSFORD, Oct. 20th, 1806.

His Majesty's ship Athenienne, of sixty-four guns, commanded by Captain Raynsford, and manned by a crew of four hundred and seventy men, sailed from Gibraltar on October 10th, 1806, with a fair wind.

On the 4th day from their leaving, they passed Sardinia, and were all in high spirits, fully expecting to arrive at Malta the following day; but, dreadful to relate, at half past nine o'clock that very night, when going fully nine knots an hour

the Athenienne struck on the rocks known by the name of the Skirres (Esquerques), or Quilla. They were completely under water, and at least sixty miles from any shore. The shock was terrible, and the dreadful consternation into which the crew were thrown, must be left to the imagination to conceive. Every soul was instantly on deck, most of them naked, and in such a state of despair, as to be absolutely incapable of making any exertion. Some went below, and resigned themselves to their fate; while others took possession of the poop, which was highest out of the water, as the lee-side of the quarter was in a very few minutes under water; and some, who had more presence of mind, took to the boats, three of which, containing twenty-seven men, got off from the ship about a quarter of an hour after she struck.

The masts were immediately cut away to lighten the ship, and in order to prevent her falling over on her broadside; but in less than half an hour after, from violent concussion of the rock against her bottom, she filled up to the lower deck-ports, and fell on her beam ends on the larboard side.

Captain Raynsford, who foresaw the total loss of the ship from the first, ordered the boats to be hoisted out, with an idea that they would be useful in towing a raft which was constructing to leeward, and which might have been the means of saving a great many from destruction; but as soon as the jolly-boats were lowered down from the quarters, and clear of the ship, the men—for there were no officers in them—bore up, and were no more seen by their unhappy shipmates, who stayed by the wreck. The cutter and the barge, on being hoisted out, were stove and swamped; and thirty men, unable to regain the ship, perished. By the fall of the masts several people were killed, and others desperately mangled; and two midshipmen were killed by the spanker-boom crushing them between it and the side.

The termination of the miseries of all seemed fast approaching; and the launch being the only boat that was not either stove or wrecked, was filled with men on the booms; but the water having by this time covered the whole wreck, with the exception of the poop, they had not the mechanical power to move it, nor the necessity of using it, for, to the great joy of every one, she floated off the booms, and escaped the many dangers she had to encounter with the floating pieces of the ship and broken spars. She afterwards came under the stern, where many, in attempting to swim to her, shared the untimely fate of those who had preceded them.

No entreaties could prevail on Captain Raynsford to quit his ship. From the first moment of her striking till the time that the launch last quitted her, he conducted himself in the most heroic manner: his presence of mind never forsaking him, and his whole faculties being employed in saving his people. He and three hundred and forty-six others were supposed to have perished, while only one hundred and twenty-one men and two women were saved.

The Athenienne had on board dollars to the amount of ten thousand pounds sterling, and despatches for Malta and Sicily.

The launch left the wreck about an hour and a half after the ship struck, and immediately pulled towards the island of Maritimo, which they got a sight of at daylight on the morning of October 21, by the assistance of a miserable sail made out of the men's shirts. At the same time they boarded a Danish brig, that supplied them with a sail, some bread and water, and a little brandy. They put two officers and twenty men on board of her, who returned towards the wreck, in the hope of saving any who might have been still clinging to it; but the wind blew so fresh, that the Danish vessel failed in this benevolent intention. It is supposed that the wreck went to pieces soon after the launch quitted her, particularly as the wind continued to increase after the ship first struck, and blew stronger the following day.

Two of the boats which first escaped from the wreck, were in sight when the launch boarded the Dane, and followed them to Maritimo, which they reached about four o'clock in the evening. They were very humanely treated by the governor, and remained there all night. The next day they set out for Trepani, in Sicily, where they arrived the same night; and finding a small boat bound to Malta, some of them embarked,

and arrived there on the 25th, after encountering all the horrors of a shipwreck, as deadful, perhaps, in consequence, as was ever experienced.

Among the survivors of this disastrous calamity were Brigadier-general Campbell, Doctor Pym, Lieutenants John and James Little; Mr. Goodwyn, purser; Messrs. McLean, Silas Wells, George Thorn, Thomas Manning, John Frances, midshipmen; Richard Byrn and Augustus Cameron, master's mates; Samuel Parker, master, and ——— Dyer.

Those who escaped during the confusion and necessary hurry for the preservation of their lives, lost all their property which they had brought with them.

A HINT TO CRITICS.

A sailor who had been many years absent from his mother, who lived in an inland county, returned to his native village, after a variety of voyages to different parts of the globe, and was heartily welcomed home by the good old woman, who had long considered him as lost. Soon after his arrival, the old lady became inquisitive, and desirous to learn what strange things her son John had seen upon the mighty deep. Amongst a variety of things that Jack recollected, he mentioned his frequently having seen flying fish. "Stop Johnny," says his mother, "don't try to impose such monstrous improbabilities upon me, child; for in good truth I could as soon believe you had seen flying cows; for cows, you know, John, can live out of the water. Therefore, tell me honestly what you have seen in reality, but no more falsehoods, John." Jack felt himself affronted, and turning his quid about, when pressed for more information, he said, prefacing it with an oath, "mayhap, mother, you won't believe me, when I tell you that once casting anchor in the Red Sea, it was with difficulty we hove it up again; which was occasioned do you see, mother, by a large wheel hanging on one of the flukes of the anchor. It appeared a strange old Grecian to look at, so we hoisted it in; and our captain, do you mind me, being a scholar, overhauled him, and discovered that it was one of Pharaoh's chariot wheels, when he was capsized in the Red Sea." This suited the meridian of the old lady's understanding. "Aye, aye, Johnny," cried she, "I can believe this, for we read of this in the Bible; but never talk to me of flying fish."

THE BATTLE OF THE NILE.

AGAIN the yard-spinners assembled on the old spot before the foremast, and, once more they commenced their tough 'uns; their tongues being oiled with the lubricating liquor.

"I say, Bob!" exclaimed Joe Nighthead, "then I'm blessed if we shan't cut the shine out o' all the saucy frigates on the station; and they may get up a ginger-bread battle at the theatre, with the thrash-em-all Spankaway and her prizes!"

"I hope it'll be a better consarn than I once fell foul on in a place they called 'Bart'emy Fair,'" said the captain of the fore-castle. "Well, I'm blow'd if it warn't out-and-out gammon! Dye mind, I was in the owld Goliah seventy-four, in 'Ninety-eight, at the Nile; and led into the action, although Hood in the Zealous tried d—d hard for it; but our skipper, Captain Foley, warn't the boy to let him do the trick, for the Goliah had the heels of the Zealous, and we passed a-head of her, inside the enemy's line, every gun double-shotted. 'Because,' says our skipper, says he, 'we'll take 'em on the in-shore side, as the chance is they'll not expect us there, and that broadside won't be manned;' which in course was all right enough, and just as we found it. Well then, I'm blessed if it didn't look funny to run so close to 'em that you might have seen a moskito wink his eye. We tried first for the French Gorear, but slipped past him to the Conquerant, 'cause

the best bower hung in the stopper arter they'd got the cable out abaft. Howsomever, I arn't going to fight the battle over again; ownly at the peace we got long leave, and, having lots of prize-money, I thought I'd go up to Lunnon, just to see what sort of a place it was, as I'd heard my shipmates in their watch overhaul a good deal about it. Well, my boys, I just takes a berth 'pon deck in one o' your fly-by-night vehicles from Portsmouth; but, as to what sort of a passage we had, I don't much disremember about it, seeing as I'd had more plush that day than any cook in the service. Howsomver, next morning, I finds myself all snug, riding it out in a four-masted thing-em-he, as they calls a post-bed along shore, and the canvass was hanging in the brails; and there was chairs, and a table, and a looking-glass, and 't other thing, all ship-shape; and I'm blow'd if there warn't a beauty alongside o' me: 'Yo-hoy!' says I, 'what ship, my darling?' 'The Goliah, to be sure,' says she; 'don't you know that?' 'I'm blow'd,' says I, 'if you arn't more like a cousin than an acquaintance. How came you in my hammock?' says I. 'You was groggy last night,' says she, laughing like a tickled Venus, 'and so I was afeard you'd rowl out.'—'All right, my precious!' says I; 'but, where's the shot, my darling?'—'All safe in the locker,' says she; and so it was, shipmates, every bit of it, not a stiver missing. 'That's my tight 'un!' says I; and, in course, Bob, we consorts together, and that arternoon we hauled our wind for what she called 'showing me the city; but I'm bless'd, shipmates, if I could see anything for the houses till we got to a place, as I said afore, was named 'Bart'lemy Fair.'



Now, in regard o' Sal's kindness, d'ye mind, I'd rigged her out, fore-and-aft, from the keel to the truck, with a spick-and-span new suit o' sails; and, as for colours, then I'm—if she hadn't an ensign and pennant as long as that 'ere craft as swept all the sheep off the Isle of Wight, going down Channel. Her gownd was covered with flowers, every one on 'em as big as a cabbage; and her bonnet would have sheltered the frigate's marines in a snow-storm. Then she'd pink silk stockings upon her legs, as warn't like yer kick-shaw-spindle-shank sliding-gunter ladies', but a reg'lar pair of good, stout lower-deck stancheons, as 'ud howld up stiff in a squall. She wanted boots; but I thought it 'ud be a sin and a shame to hide such handsome and proper consarns in leather-casings, so I stepped her heels into pink long-quartered pumps, with blue sandals, in regard o' the colour o' the jacket. Then she'd a broad red band round her waist, with a fathom and a half of the same towing over her stern, and when the wind caught it, why it blow'd out like a pennant from the peak, as a signal for going to church. She'd blue at the main, and a banging gold watch hanging a cockbill under one of her cat-heads; and a smarter looking frigate—ownly she was pimpled a little about the nose with grog blossoms—I never set eyes on. Well, shipmates, so she said she'd show me Lunnon; but,

Lord love yer hearts! I couldn't never make out nothing but a big church as they called Sam Paul's, booming up in the air so, as you couldn't see anybody in the tops. At last we got to Bart'lemy fair, and then there was som't to look at, for I'm blow'd if they hadn't turned the hands up to skylark, or rather to mischief! There was such a halloo bulloo, and some of the lubbers began to overhaul their jawing gear so as to pay out of the slack of their gammon, that I should have been dead flabbergasted if it hadn't been for Sal, who pitched it at 'em again, sometimes sending a long shot a head, and then giving 'em round and grape from her stern-chasers. As for the shows! well then, I'm blessed if there warn't a little sum't of everything! At last I spies outside one of the booths 'The Battle of the Nile to be seen here!' with some more lingo about mechanical figures and tommytons; but 'Blow me tight, Sal!' says I, 'that 'ere's just what I must see, in regard o' the owld Goliah and Lord Nelson.' So I tips the blunt to a fellow in a box, and walks in, with Sal alongside of me, and a woman comes round with a basket of oranges, and axes me to buy. Well, shipmates, seeing as I'd plenty o' dumps, I buys the whole cargo, and serves 'em out to all hands, young and old, whilst the fiddlers struck up 'Jack's alive!' and presently they maws the fore-clew garnets, buntlings, and leechlins, and up went the forsel in a crack, and the music changed to 'Come cheer up, my lads!' and says I to Sal, 'Then I'm—if I don't, owld gal, and so here goes!' and I took a precious nip from a bottle o' rum she'd stowed away in her ridicule. And there was the sea all pretty and picterlike, and the shore beyond; but the devil a bit could I see of the French fleet at anchor, or a craft of any build or rig, till there was a flash o' priming, and then in sails a ship under British colours, and fires a gun; and then in comes another, and another, till there wur the whole of Nelson's squadron, though they were no more like line o' battlers than Mungo Pearl is like the Archbishop of Canterbury. Still, shipmates, I says nothing; for 'Mayhap,' thinks I to myself, 'it may all do very well for them know-nothings as never seed a seventy-four in their lives.' But, presently, when they'd all hove in sight, in comes the French fleet arter them, just for all the world as if Nelson had run away, and owld Brewy was in chase. 'D—my precious limbs!' says I to myself, 'but that's coming it pretty strong!' and I shies an orange at the French admiral and capises him, so that he went down directly. 'Who threw that ere?' shouts a man, poking his head up, right up in the middle of the sea, like a grampus coming up to blow. 'It was I, and be d—d to you!' says I, shieing another at him, that took him right in his bridle port. 'You lubberly son of a sea-coote!' says I, 'when did Nelson ever run away from the enemy, you wagabone? And here goes again!' says I; for, shipmates, my blood was up, and I slaps another shot at a Frenchman, and sunk him in an instant. Sal hailed me to sit still, and everybody shouted, and the fellow bobs his head down under the sea again; 'Battle of the Nile!' says I, 'and me one of the owld Goliah's, as had young Muster Davies killed alongside o' me! Make the French run, and be d—d to you!' says I; 'heave about, and strike your colours. That arn't the battle of the Nile, yer tinkering tailors.' But, finding that they were slack in stays, and that the French fleet were pursuing the English, I couldn't bear it any longer, shipmates; so up I jumps, and boards the stage, and put two or three of the French liners into my pocket, when the same fellow rouses out again right through the water, and pitches into me right and left; and I lets fly at him again, till a parcel of pollis-officers came in, and there I was grabbed, and brought up all standing. Howsomever, as they axed me purtly to go with 'm, why in course I did, carrying my prizes and Sal along with me, afore some of the big-wigs, and 'Yo-hoy, yer honours,' says I, making my salaams in all due civility, 'I'm come to have justice done me on that 'ere gander-faced chap as pretends to fight the battle of the Nile, and me one of the owld Goliah's!'—'Yer worships,' says the man, 'he 'salted me, and 'salted my ships.'—'And pretty pickle you've made of it, you lubber,' says I. And then the big-wigs axed what it was all about, and the man ups and tells 'em about the fleets, and my shieing the oranges, and hitting him in the eye, and the whole consarn, even to my having the Frenchmen stowed away in my lockers.

And the big-wigs laughed; and one on them says to me, says he, 'Now, sailor, let us hear what you've got to say for the defence.'—'The defence, yer honours?' says I, glad to find that they know'd som't about the squadron; 'the defence,' says I, 'why, yer honours, she came up a-starn o' the Minnytaw, though she afterwards took her station a-head of her, and engaged the Franklin, French eighty'—'All very good,' says the genelman; 'but we want to know what you have got to say for yourself?'—'Well, yer honour,' says I, 'it arn't altogether ship-shape for a fellow to blow his own trumpet, but I was stationed the fifth gun from chock aft on the lower deck, and I hopes I did my duty.'—'We've no doubt on it, my man,' says another of 'em; 'but how came you to attack this man's expedition?'—'Oh, yer honours, if it's owly an expedition,' says I, 'then I got nothing to say again it, owly he chalked up that it was the Battle o' the Nile, and there warn't one of the French fleet at anchor, but all under way, and giving chase to the English.'—'He mistakes, yer worship,' says the man; 'I brought the English fleet on first out of compliment to 'em.'—'And a pretty compliment, too, yer lubber, to make 'em be running away!' says I.—'But you have done wrong, sailor, in mistaking him,' says one of the big-wigs. 'Let us see the vessels you have taken.' So, shipmates, I hauls 'em out of my pocket; and I'm blessed if they wur anything more nor painted pasteboard as went upon wheels, and 'Here's the prizes, yer honours!' says I, handing 'em over; 'it's easy enough to see the wagabone's a cheat.'—'Still he's entitled to his expedition,' says the magistrate; 'and I'm sure one of Lord Nelson's tars wouldn't wish to injure a fellow-countryman!'—'Lord love yer honour's heart; no, to be sure I wouldn't,' says I, 'and so he may have the prizes back again.'—'But you have done him some damage, my man; and you're too honest not to pay for it,' says he.—'All right, yer honour!' says I, 'in course I'll pay. What's the damages, owld chap?' So the fellow pulled a long face; and at last the big-wigs axed him whether ten shillings would satisfy him? and he makes a low bow, as much as to say 'Yes.'—'All square,' says I, 'and I pitches a guinea on the table. 'Take it out o' that,' says I; 'and, yer honours, he may keep the whole on it, if he'll let me go and have another shy at the French.' But the gentleman laughed me out of it, and the lubber had his ten shillings; and Sal and I made sail for a tavern, where we got all happy, and then bowled home in the cabin of a coach, singing 'Rule Britannia.'

"Ah, you man-handled 'em like a Briton!" said old Jack Sheavehole. "There's nothing like a shot or two to bring the lubbers to reason."

"Trim sails a-hoy;" went the pipe of the second boat-swain's mate from abaft, and every soul was instantly on the alert. The breeze freshened from the northward; canvass was packed upon the frigate and her prizes, and away they danced cheerily over the waters, making a goodly show.—*Bentley's Miscellany.*

AN AWFUL MOMENT.

I SAILED from New Orleans in the beginning of February, 1823, in a small schooner, bound for New York. We descended the river without any accident, and went to sea with a fine breeze; we had favourable winds and good weather for the first five days. On the morning of the sixth, it began to cloud up; as the day wore away the gloom increased, and when the night set in it was as intensely dark as I ever remember to have seen it. The novelty and interest of my situation prevented me from turning in; the scene was awfully grand,—the rolling of the thunder could just be distinguished above the roaring of the waves, and the vivid flashes of lightning dispersed for a moment the gloom, and showed the raging waters round us. I continued walking the deck with the captain, who was relating to me some of the many dangers and difficulties, that a life of thirty years on the ocean had subjected him to. He had been thrice shipwrecked, and twice captured by the enemy, in the late war with England. He was a good seaman and

had all the virtues and vices of a sailor. We continued on deck some time; the wind had now increased to a gale. The waves ran mountain high, and our little vessel danced over them in fine style, when accidentally casting my eye over her side, I thought I perceived something dark moving in the water; I pointed it out to the captain, who no sooner saw it than with an exclamation of terror and despair he cried, "we are all lost," and sprung to the binnacle for his trumpet. I saw in an instant our danger; it was a large ship with all her sails set bearing full upon us. I knew if she struck us our destruction was inevitable; she would pass over us in a moment; the people on her deck would be scarcely sensible of the event, and we should be buried in the ocean without the least possibility of relief. The captain twice raised the trumpet to hail her, but fright and despair made him mute; I snatched it from him, and in a voice rendered supernaturally loud by the danger of my situation, and which was heard even above the roaring of the waves, I hailed her with "starboard your helm." In an instant after, I heard the officer on her deck, in a voice scarcely less loud than mine, pass the word of "hard a starboard." In another moment she passed us with the velocity of lightning, her huge bulk and lofty sails casting a still deeper gloom over the deck of our little vessel. She rolled in the chasm, occasioned by the passing of the vast body, so high her, and nearly upset. I sank on deck, overcome by the intensity of my feelings, and deprived, as it were, of the power of motion. I recovered myself, and approached our captain; he was standing in the same position, as before the vessel had passed us, and appeared to be insensible to the objects around him. I spoke to him, but he answered me not. I shook him, and he roused as from a stupor or reverie. It was some time before his mind resumed her empire, and he afterwards told me, that in all his danger and perils, and when death stared him in the face, and deliverance seemed impossible, he was never so impressed with the certainty of his destruction as at that moment. As for me I shall never forget my feelings on that eventful night, and cannot even now look back without horror on the danger of my situation.

THE OCEAN FIEND.

"And my thoughts were of human things, as I hung
In the depths of the ocean drear,
The only warm-feeling breast, among
Spectres, and monsters, and shapes of fear.
I thought of the light, and the air above,
And of human voices, and human love."

At a coffee-house in London, I became acquainted with a gentleman, whose singular life is worthy of being related. From the first moment I felt interested in the stranger: the naval uniform, and his handsome, sunburnt countenance, showed he had visited foreign climes. We generally dined at the same table, but seldom addressed each other. A circumstance, however, brought us intimately acquainted. Indisposition had, for some time, confined me to my apartment; when I returned to the coffee-room, I found my friend in his usual place. He welcomed me with a smile, saying, "You have been a long time absent, sir; I am afraid you have been unwell; and, indeed, from your paleness, I fear you suffer still." The restraint which at first existed between us being thus removed, we soon became intimate, and the more I saw of my new friend, the more I esteemed the qualities both of his head and heart. One day he invited me to take a sail with him as far as Greenwich, and we reached that noble hospital, which is a refuge for more than two thousand invalid seamen. We had scarcely entered the court, when I observed that the eyes of my companion were anxiously in search of some one. With hasty steps he approached an old sailor, with snow-white hair and a weather-beaten countenance, who was seated on a bench, warming himself in the sun. The moment the old man saw the captain, he instantly rose and touched his hat. "Why, my old shipmate," said the captain, "you seem to be lying quietly at anchor here;

you have tumbled into a secure and peaceful haven, after the storms of life." "Thanks to my king, and to you, sir," said the old man, with a cheerful smile, while he again resumed his seat. "I still sail with a fair wind, and hope to enjoy a few more years, yet, in this quiet home. This day, twenty-five years since," he continued, with a significant wink, "we little thought to live to see this day, or to reach such a secure port; and, to think that I still sail with a fair wind, and have anchorage in this good haven here, to rest from all my toils and cares, is more than I could have looked for. Take it not amiss, that I speak thus freely; but our meeting, this day, brings back many a long year." "Yes, yes, Tomkins," said the captain, "this day, twenty-five years since, was a dreadful day; and I would not have given sixpence for either of our lives; but courage and firmness often overcome danger, as the spectre found, who so obstinately persisted in taking up his quarters with us." Tomkins gave a significant nod in reply; and my friend, having spoken a few words aside to the old sailor, slipped some money into his hand, and we left him.

On our return, my friend informed me, that Tomkins had served many years under him; that he was steady and faithful, and that he owed to him his life. This account gave me a desire to hear more of his history, and I requested my friend to gratify me. "Yes," said my companion, with a thoughtful look, "it is, indeed, a wonderful story, of which I have never yet spoken; but to you, my young friend, I will confide what has never yet crossed my lips.

"About twenty-five years since, I served as lieutenant on board the *Minerva*. Our ship had gone as a convoy to some merchant-vessels, bound to Canton, and it was our intention to return the same way, as soon as they had taken in their lading. The season was far advancing, and we were prepared to encounter many dangers. The captain of the *Minerva* was of a stern and determined character, and so obstinate that he would listen to no one's advice. Avarice was his ruling passion; and from this vice the crew suffered great privations, as he never laid in stores sufficient for the voyage; but trusted to receiving a supply from the merchant-vessels, should it be required, without reflecting, that if we were to be separated from them, our situation would indeed be dreadful. As we lay at anchor at Java, I thought it my duty to warn the captain of what might take place: but he replied that it was no business of mine, and not to meddle in matters that did not concern me; and that, unless I wished to bring punishment upon myself, I would instantly desist from my impertinent interference. Upon this I was silent; and although we have the fruitful coast of Java before our eyes, yet no one dared approach the island. At length we put to sea, and sailed between Sumatra and Malacca, through the dangerous straits. Here it was, that our captain showed his skill and courage. With the greatest ability he piloted us through the numerous rocks and sand-banks, by which we were encircled, and the merchant-vessels followed in our course. We safely passed the dangerous sound; but we had hardly reached the open sea, when a dreadful storm arose, which raged during the whole of the night. Our vessel, though good and strong built, yet sustained some damage, though fortunately not of much consequence. But you may imagine our horror, when day-light broke, on finding that the ships under convoy had all disappeared. Not a sail was to be seen. For the first time, the captain seemed anxious and discomposed. All on board were aware that the cutter had only provisions for a few days. The evil which I had anticipated had now overtaken us; and, with one voice, the crew insisted that we should return and procure provisions at the first port. This proposal recalled the captain to himself. A dark shade overspread his countenance, while, with a voice of thunder, he exclaimed, "Silence, every man of you! the first who dares to murmur, I will hang at the yard-arm. I know my duty—I command here—my orders shall be obeyed, though every soul should go to the bottom." To this, none had the courage to reply. I myself could not but wonder at this bold speech.

"For some days we continued to cruise in the Eastern Ocean, without meeting a single sail, and always receding from the coast. The daily rations at length were so dimin-

ished, that, from exhaustion, the crew were disabled from working the ship. I now remarked that the captain had become extremely irritable; his countenance alternately changed from the flush of fever, to the paleness of death. The others he formerly issued with determination, were now given with intemperance; and if not instantly obeyed, the crew were severely punished. Amongst others, Tomkins was harshly punished for a very trifling fault; but on my remarking that it was from the effects of fever, he thought no more of the matter. The same day the captain died. His body was the first that was food for the fishes: but many were to follow. Already had the spirit of destruction marked us for his prey.

"After the captain's death, I assumed the command. As I thought it probable that the dispersed vessels were driven to the coast of Sumatra, I determined to bend our course there; and this determination gave universal satisfaction to the crew. The state of exhaustion, however, to which hunger had reduced us, rendered our reaching the coast so improbable, that a feeling of despondency took possession of us. Notwithstanding all our economy and care, in regard to distributing the provisions, to our horror we found that we had only one day's allowance on board; and, even with a favourable wind, we could not expect to reach the nearest coast in less than five or six days. With a heavy heart I watched the ship's course, which, with a slight wind, moved slowly on. The heat now became oppressive. I was the only one on deck. When twilight began, Tomkins approached, with a mysterious look, and said, in a half-whisper, 'Lieutenant, it goes ill with us; in a short time the *Minerva* will be driven out to the open sea. Have you not remarked the oppressive heat? See how her sails flap together. All hope is past, for there will be a dead calm, which will last for many days.' Tomkins, I replied, 'you yesterday predicted calm weather—it may be so—but may we not be fortunate enough to procure some fish or wild-fowl? or, perhaps, we may fall in with some vessels that will bring us assistance?' 'Sir,' answered Tomkins, with a serious look, 'don't be offended that I speak my mind freely. I am not the man to grumble at the want of provisions. Do you think that an empty larder is distressing to me? that that is the evil I dread? No, no; old Tomkins has suffered that privation too often to be cast down by it.' But, continued he, with earnestness, 'there is a spirit coming on board, which is always the forerunner of destruction. Do you see nothing, sir? Do you not observe something extraordinary upon deck? Hist! it moves!' he exclaimed, in a suppressed voice. And now I did remark that the evening mist had assumed a strange and spectral form, which laid itself down upon the deck. 'How, Tomkins!' said I, in an ironical tone, 'have you no other grounds for your anxiety than the phantoms which are raised by the mists of the evening? You, who are an old sailor, ought to know that this frequently occurs without any evil agency.' 'Ah! to be sure,' grumbled the old sailor, 'every cabin-boy would stare at me if I did not know that; but a fog in this shape, and upon these seas, is something worse than common evening mist. Have you never heard, lieutenant,' he continued, 'of the sea-spectre? I shook my head.' 'Well,' said he, 'I shall tell you of this spirit, of which I have heard from old sailors, who have been in these seas. It is well known that this spectre comes on board every vessel which has the misfortune to enter these seas. Over the winds and the provisions has this spirit, which is called the spectre of the mist, no power, but only over the wretched crew. It takes its place at the helm, and steers where it thinks fit. This spectre seems every moment to increase in size; it begins to move a few steps from the helm, to which it soon returns, and, at every step it takes, dooms its victims to death; but if it once reaches the other end of the ship, all hope is lost, and the spectre either brings the captive ship on a rock, or sinks it in the deep.'

"The story of the old sailor appeared so truly ridiculous, that but for our melancholy situation, I would have laughed outright. 'Tomkins,' said I, as I turned to go to the cabin, 'I fear not your spectre; we have enough of real evils, without troubling ourselves with a fabulous spirit.' 'We shall see enough of it by and by,' grumbled the old man, as I left him.

"Want of sustenance, and the fatigue of watching upon deck, had so much exhausted me, that I soon fell into a deep slumber. About midnight, I was suddenly awakened by a dreadful tumult on deck; the noise of voices, the clashing of swords, and the firing of pistols became tremendous. I flew to the door, but, to my rage and disappointment, I found it locked. This is mutiny," was my first thought. I called on the mate, the boatswain, old Tomkins, but no one answered me. I went to the cabin window, and listened attentively; the tumult appeared to be over the gangway. I fired my pistol, but no notice was taken of it.

"It was nearly an hour before the affray ceased. I heard the boatswain exclaim—'Surrender instantly, you rascals! or, as sure as you are imps of Satan, I'll fire the powder-room, though we all should dance in the air together.' This threat seemed to take effect; for I again heard the boatswain say—'Ah, it is well, old boy; and now I will bind you so tight, that the blood shall spring out from your fingers' ends. And now, Tomkins,' he added, 'you may go and free the lieutenant, whom we locked in.'

"In a few minutes the cabin-door flew open, and old Tomkins entered; who told me that the crew had broken open the provision-room, and had helped themselves to all that they found there; and that some of them had entered into a conspiracy to barricade the cabin-door, and leave the vessel to its fate. They carried the stolen provisions on deck, where an unexpected reception awaited them: they were immediately attacked by that part of the crew who would not join in their enterprise, and a severe conflict ensued. In the meantime, some of the mutineers had, unobserved, placed the provisions in the boat, which they instantly lowered into the sea; and having taken possession of it, they were soon joined by their companions, who had the good fortune to fight their way through those who opposed them, and to reach the boat in safety. Deep was the indignation of those who remained, at the treachery of their companions. All had taken to flight, except four, who had been placed as a guard at the door of the cabin. I immediately ordered lights to be hung out, and sent several shots after the cowardly rascals, which unfortunately missed them, and they soon vanished in the dark. In the gangway we found many dead, and some severely wounded: the first we lowered into the sea, and we bound up the wounds of the latter. Our situation was now indeed deplorable.

"At break of day, as I stood mournfully on deck, gazing upon the calm sea, old Tomkins again approached me, saying, 'Well, sir, you yesterday laughed at me for telling you the spectre would pay the Minerva a visit; but I don't think that you will again take the old sailor Tomkins for a man who troubles his head with a fabulous spirit.' In truth I did again observe something standing immovable by the helm, which appeared like the figure of a very large, tall man. Without waiting to reply to Tomkins' remark, I quickly approached this singular apparition. The nearer I approached it, the more indistinct and shadowy it became. When I reached the place where the phantom stood, to my astonishment it had disappeared; but the instant I left the place, the spectre re-appeared, and assumed the singular form of an old sailor, in a bending attitude. 'See, lieutenant,' said Tomkins, 'the spectre makes himself sure of a good prey during this night, because he is seen more distinctly. He will now begin to take command of the ship, which he will keep for days.' I knew not what to think of the matter, but on being called down to the cabin, where two of the steersmen lay mortally wounded, I cautioned Tomkins to say nothing of it to any of the crew, as not a man would stir from horror at the apparition. I found both the wounded men at the point of death. The same day, four more of the crew died, and at midnight we had only twelve men on board the Minerva.

"When we sunk the last body in the sea, I looked towards the helm, but the apparition had vanished. Tomkins, who stood beside me, whispered, that it would again appear in the evening, and that it would be more distinctly seen than hitherto. We had paid the last honours to the dead, and my unhappy comrades had gone below to avoid the oppressive heat, whilst I stood lost in thought on our melancholy situation; not a breath of air cooled the burning atmosphere; not a star glimmered in

the wide horizon. Our vessel rocked from side to side; the helm had lost all power over her. I now apportioned what remained of our provisions to the crew; for myself I retained none. Tomkins was still the most active and unrepining.

"As soon as I dealt out the small remains of the provisions, I returned on deck. Here I found my favourite dog, Cynthia, who, the moment he saw me, turned with feeble steps towards the helm, and looking steadfastly on the place, began to howl sorrowfully. I called the faithful dog to me. 'Cynthia,' said I, 'for many years you have faithfully served your master: you must now receive your death from his hand.' I need not express to you what my sensations were; seizing my pistol, a deep groan followed the shot, and then 'all was still.' The report brought all the crew upon deck. With a bitter sigh, I gave the dog to the poor fellows. Their repast was soon prepared, and they all expressed their gratitude for the sacrifice I had made. When Tomkins returned upon deck, he approached me and said, 'Lieutenant, you are a generous man, and spare nothing to your crew.' 'Truly, I have never had that in my power until now,' said I; 'I have done nothing more than you would have done, had you been in my place, Tomkins; for I think you are a warm-hearted fellow.' 'But,' answered Tomkins, 'I would rather have kept the dog for another and a worse time, which we may yet see.'

"In the evening I felt some one touch my shoulder; I quickly turned round—it was Tomkins. 'Our steersman is here again,' he whispered; see 'how restless he becomes, and how he strides backwards and forwards.' 'Courage will not help us here: those over whose heads he walks, are doomed by him, and he makes himself sure of us also.' I now looked towards the helm, and saw the spectre more distinctly than I had done in the morning. On approaching nearer, I remarked, with horror and astonishment, two eyeless sockets; and the dark and furrowed countenance of the phantom was meagre and ghastly. With crossed arms and measured steps, he paced between the helm and the mast. I summoned my courage to my aid, approached and addressed him; but he silently continued his walk, without appearing to have observed me. I now drew my sword from the scabbard, and made a thrust at the unbidden guest; but it only cut the air, and the spectre quietly pursued his wanderings. 'You are right, Tomkins,' said I, as I turned to the old man; 'Satan has taken up his abode with us, and I have no power to drive him away.' With a feeling of terror, which till then I had never experienced, I went forward, leaving the spectre to continue his walk, undisturbed. The moon had risen; the heavens were bespangled with stars; Tomkins and I were sitting upon the deck, lost in thought, when suddenly a wild song arose from the steerage. Without doubt the unfortunate beings were endeavouring by this means to restore their cheerfulness. As I was still in hope that the spectre would suddenly vanish, I looked towards the helm; but, to my disappointment, I still saw him pacing backwards and forwards as before. Since the evening, I had allowed all the work of the ship to stand, as the famished crew were quite unfit for service; and as no exertions on our parts could be of the slightest use. All was now quiet in the steerage. That is the calm of desperation, thought I; and as none came on deck to enjoy the cool breeze, I went down to inquire the reason, and, to my surprise, I found them all in a state of insensibility. They had emptied the last anker of rum; the empty keg lay upon the table, and the unhappy crew lay extended on the ground, without any signs of life. At first, I thought it was from intoxication, but on finding behind the empty anker, a bottle with 'opium' inscribed upon it, and which was also empty, I soon found that the miserable wretches, to console themselves under their privations, had had recourse to this dangerous and fatal remedy. I hastily called Tomkins, and told him my suspicions: we tried to restore them to consciousness, but without success. 'Sir,' said Tomkins, 'I greatly fear none of these poor fellows will ever come to life again: take notice, 'tis not for nothing the spectre is walking over their heads.' He was right. The same night eight of the unhappy crew died in violent convulsions: but the boatswain and cabin-boy became sensible next morning. They told us that they had all partaken of the drug, for the purpose of

delivering them from their wretchedness. As they had frequently indulged in the use of opium, its operation was slow, but at length death asserted his power, and by mid-day all was over.

"With a mind full of sadness, I paid the last rites to the dead. Tomkins was still active and cheerful, whilst I, who was much younger, could hardly support myself upon this sorrowful occasion. When all was concluded, I became extremely faint. I threw myself down upon deck, every thing appeared to move around me, and I soon fell into a stupor: my thoughts wandered and became unsettled. I dreamt that I was on a fertile coast, and that several persons approached me with the most delicious fruits. A number of slaves came near, bringing in their hands cups of gold, which emitted the most delicious perfumes. From this enchanting vision I suddenly awoke; but on opening my eyes, I thought I still dreamt, for Tomkins stood before me, holding in his hand some of the fruit I had seen in my dream. Without inquiry, I took part of it, from which I found great refreshment. Inquiringly I looked at Tomkins, who, in confusion, threw down his eyes. 'How came you by this fruit, Tomkins?' I asked, after a pause, 'Did you swim for it to-day, sir?—that's a sign we must be near some coast.' 'Not to-day,' said Tomkins; 'but I swam for it when we lay at anchor, on the coast of Java.' 'Impossible, Tomkins!' I replied, as I angrily sprung up; 'surely you could not have kept this refreshing fruit when so many of your messmates were dying of want?' 'I give you my word, sir,' said Tomkins, with a firm voice, 'I have always divided my rations with them; they are now dead; but not from famine alone, but from their wounds, and the opium they drank.' This reply placed the old sailor in a favourable light. He told me he had overheard my conversation with the captain, in regard to our want of provisions; in consequence of which, when keeping watch during the night, he swam secretly to the shore, brought some fruit, and returned without being missed. He expressed his happiness in having an opportunity of showing his gratitude to me, for having saved him from a punishment with which the captain had threatened him. We now went down to the steerage, where he showed me where he hid the fruit and some cocoa nuts, under an old chest.

"In the evening our spectre friend again appeared: he was even more restless than ever. With rapid steps he quickly strode to the bench where we sat, and with a commanding air, he stretched forth his right hand. On his deep furrowed features lay the expression of a fiend. By heavens, my young friend, I have stood the battle's thunder without feeling the terror which seized me at the sight of this spectre! The nearer it approached me, a shudder ran through my veins. The dreadful feeling of expectation which filled me, at every turn the spectre took, became at length so insufferable, that, drawing a pistol from my belt, I fired at this wandering spirit; but it had not the least effect on him. 'Of what use is it, sir,' said Tomkins, as I threw myself, in deep disappointment, by his side; 'no human hand can injure him. We, too, are marked out for his sacrifice, and he is compelled to continue his wanderings over the whole ship. If he again come this way we are lost. You had better now write down the melancholy intelligence, how that the cutter *Minerva*, and her crew, were sunk into the sea.'

"In the evening the spectre again began its wanderings, which continued till next morning. After we had divided the last cocoa-nut, 'Tomkins,' said I, 'I owe my life to you, and the service you have rendered me is the more to be praised, as you will probably live some days longer, and have nothing left for yourself. Let us, Tomkins, boldly meet death as brave seamen, nor fear the spirit as he stands before us with his threatening looks and gestures.' Upon this, I went down to the cabin, to give an account of the destruction of the vessel and the crew. I had just finished my document, which was to be thrown into the sea, and believing my last hour to draw near, I lay down in my hammock, when I was suddenly aroused from my uneasy and disturbed slumber by the joyful voice of Tomkins; who, rushing into the cabin, exclaimed, 'Hurrah, sir, our deliverance is near; the spectre has disappeared, and a stiff breeze now fills the sails.' I flew upon deck, and found to my relief, that the dreadful spectre had indeed taken to

flight; but I could not restrain a sigh at the loss of the crew, as, from want of hands, we could make but little way. 'Courage, lieutenant,' said Tomkins; 'if this wind will not take us to any vessels, it may bring them to us. The phantom has taken himself off—that is the principal thing, and convinces me that we will soon be succoured.' Tomkins was so strong in this hope, that, in the evening, he hung out lights, and fired a signal gun; but, as the morning dawned, not a sail could we descrie on the wide and solitary ocean. I now gave up to despair, but nothing could damp the hopes of Tomkins. He ascended to the mast-head, declaring he would stay there till he saw a sail, or die like a brave sailor. This affected me much: I threw myself upon deck, there to await our unhappy fate. I was soon aroused from my painful reflections by an exclamation from Tomkins, of 'A sail! a sail!—a sail before the wind!' he exclaimed in breathless haste. The joyful intelligence instantly restored my strength. While Tomkins fired a signal gun, I went up the mast, and there saw not one, two, or three, but four sails. It was the fleet which we had conveyed to Canton, and, to my great joy, I saw the vessels bending their course towards us.

"I was soon in the arms of my friends. Some sailors who were on board, informed us that the spectre was the apparition of a Portuguese corsair, who, two hundred years ago, had drowned himself in the Eastern Ocean, from remorse, at having, in the most cruel manner, allowed his crew to die of hunger.

"We returned to England. Tomkins made some new voyages with me, after which, we went to Greenwich. He is now nearly ninety years of age; we have not met for a year; and, my young friend, this is the anniversary of that day on which the phantom disappeared, whose presence had caused so much terror."

SIR ROGER CURTIS.

This admiral having received orders, while in London, to take command of a squadron at Portsmouth, travelled, for despatch, without servants, plainly dressed, in the mail coach. As it frequently happens in this sort of conveyance, the passengers were unknown to each other, and Sir Roger found himself in company with a young man, who proved, by his uniform, to be a mate of one of the East Indianmen, then lying at the Motherbank. When they had proceeded within a few miles of Petersfield, the young officer pulled out some bread and cheese from a bundle, and invited his fellow travellers to eat. During the repast, he entertained them with sea phrases, which induced the admiral, jocosely, to ask him many simple questions relating to nautical tactics. Among others, he demanded how sailors could see at night, and whether they were not compelled to tie the ship to a tree or post until morning? The mate was not backward in bestowing a few hearty damns upon the ignorance and lubberly lingo of the admiral, who laughed heartily at the joke; and he not only bore the rough observations of the sailor with good humour, but the contemptuous grins of his fellow-passengers. On their arrival at Portsmouth, the admiral shook hands with the mate, and went on board his ship.

The same day, Sir Roger came on shore in his broad gold-laced hat and uniform; he was attended by several of his bargemen, and while walking up Point-street, he met his late fellow passenger, the mate of the Indianmen. Before the latter could recover from his surprise, Sir Roger accosted him with, "What cheer, messmate? you see I am not the lubber you took me for; but come, as I breakfasted out of your locker this morning, you shall *splice the main brace* with me this evening; then you may square your yards, and run before the wind to the Motherbank." The mate, with astonishment, apologised, as well as he was able, for the liberty he had taken with the admiral, who soon released him from his embarrassment, and advised him, over a bottle, never to be decoyed in future by false colours, but to look sharply at the mould and trim of every vessel he met, before he suffered her to surprise him.

ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN ROBERT JOHNSON,

From his first leaving England for Madras, in the year 1768, to his return to England, in 1776.

Our hero, Captain Robert Johnson, son of an eminent doctor, then of Edinburgh, having in 1768, accepted of an appointment in the military service of the East India Company, took his passage accordingly on board a vessel at Gravesend. Having been accustomed to a naval life, he was treated with much respect by the captain of the ship, and chief officers. They had a number of raw recruits on board, and Captain Johnson was requested to teach them the new exercise. He undertook this task with great pleasure, and it was no small

matter of astonishment to the captain and officers of the vessel, when they saw him throw the musket about so smartly, in order to teach them their motions. They stared with surprise, and declared they never thought before, that a sailor and a soldier could be worked out of the same stuff.

Captain Johnson likewise taught some few of the cadets, at their own particular request; but they were all more inclined to learn and play at single stick and with foils, than with the musket, the captain's time, however, was thus filled up.

Having stopped some time at the Cape of Good Hope, our hero and four others undertook to climb up the Table Mount. It was very late when they set out, and scarcely were they half way up, when their guide, looking at the clouds, which began to roll down from the top of the mount, declared he would proceed no farther, for they should be so enveloped in a



THE WATER SPOUT.

thick dust, that it would be both dangerous and difficult for them either to go on or return; and if they did succeed in safely ascending it, they could not possibly derive any benefit from the view, as the mist would inevitably confine it to a very few yards.

Notwithstanding these plausible reasons of the guide, Captain Johnson, and another of the company, persisted in the undertaking. The rest of his companions were persuaded by the guide to return. As the captain and his partner proceeded, they found the ascent much more difficult and dangerous, nor could they discover any kind of a path to convince them they were right. In about an hour's time they were completely wet, and the mist was so thick that they could not possibly ascend higher. They now saw their own folly, and the prudence

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of the guide; and the captain and his companion immediately began to descend, to overtake the rest of their companions, if possible. The foggy mist having rendered the way extremely slippery, they found it more difficult and tedious to descend than it had been to ascend. They could see no further than three yards on any side, and having passed several dreadful precipices, they stepped with great caution, and were frequently obliged to descend backwards, and lay hold of scrub bushes, and other things in the way, in order to defend themselves.

Thus proceeding for some time, they at length arrived at a kind of wood or wilderness, by which it was evident they had lost their way. They were also uncertain whether they should find it again before night, and equally doubtful whether they

ought to attempt. The captain and his companion had pocket pistols, and other articles with them, which they had taken as a measure and precaution, understanding there were several wild animals on these mountains.

After consulting with each other what they should do, it was mutually agreed, that while thus involved in darkness, they should take shelter in the trees. Accordingly they made choice of a spot under two trees, that were close enough together for the branches to entwine; and having gathered brushwood enough for a good fire, they began to think how they should light it. Captain Johnson soon made a kind of tinder, or touchpaper, of some brown paper which he had about him, by rubbing it with gunpowder. As he wished to preserve his pistols loaded, he now strove to strike a light by their knives, &c. but these attempts being ineffectual, he was constrained to

draw the charge out of one of the pistols. They made plenty of touch paper, and gathering some moss, the captain fired the paper by the priming; then putting it in the middle of some of the driest moss they had, held it between the palms of his hands, and blowing it well, they soon kindled a fire, which they found no difficulty in keeping up, and which was the only consolation they had till the morning began to dawn.

They heard the noise of several animals during the night, but it was impossible for them to discover of what kind they were. Their chief consideration was to keep up a good fire, in order to defend themselves from them. Their next consideration was to procure, if possible, some repose. One of the trees suited very well for one person to lie down at the top, amidst the branches, without the danger of falling; but the remaining branches only afforded a seat for another. It was

therefore agreed to watch alternately for two hours to keep up the fire, while the other took his repose. In this manner they passed the night, and met with no harm.

The thick clouds having been dispersed before day-light, they saw the ships at anchor in Table Bay, which accordingly directed their course. They soon recovered their path, and returned to their companions, who rallied them on the agreeable night they had passed.

During their stay at Cape Town, they lived most luxuriously at the rate of one dollar each per day. They were invited by the first inhabitants, to board and lodge with them at this price. The table was spread with great variety of fish, flesh, and fowl, and to every plate a bottle of wine was set. After dinner, as much wine as they desired was also brought. They

had likewise desserts of excellent fruit at breakfast, dinner, and supper. Of this plenty our adventurers availed themselves, having laid in a large stock of every thing desirable for the remainder of their voyage.

Captain Johnson arrived at Madras just time enough to assist at the close of the war with Hyder Ally. The army was soon separated, and ordered into various districts. Captain Johnson's destiny was in the Northern Circars, on his departure for which he was honoured with letters of recommendation from the general, to an old officer who had the command there. The major also made him a present of a handsome horse, well accoutred. This horse the captain sent by land to meet him at Masulipatam, for which place he embarked with others on board a country vessel.

The captain had a Gentoo servant who had never been on salt water before. The weather being rough, he was very seasick, and consequently incapable of taking care of anything: the provision therefore appropriated to himself was all stolen. There was plenty of provisions on board the vessel, but this Gentoo, unfortunately, from his religious tenets, durst not partake of any of them. Had there not been two or three Rajahpoots, who were passengers, and whose caste allowed this poor fellow's drinking some of the water they had brought with them, though not to eat of their food, it is probable the captain would have lost his servant before they had reached Masulipatam on the sixth day. The sickness having cleared his stomach and bowels of all nourishment, he appeared for the last two days he was on board, in a state of immediate dissolution. He was conveyed on shore by the first boat, under the care of the Rajahpoots, and soon recovered. He was exceedingly attached to Captain Jones after this, and proved not only a faithful, but a clever servant.

On his arrival at Masulipatam, our hero experienced the most polite attention of several persons of distinction. After some months' stay, he was unexpectedly appointed judge-advocate for the Northern Circars. He felt rather diffident in undertaking this new office, and had it not been for the friendly advice of several officers of rank, who generously offered to assist him when necessary, in all probability he would have declined it. By their persuasions, however, he accepted it.

Captain Johnson was much hurt at the indecorous mode which was practised here of burying the dead. There was no person appointed as chaplain, or to officiate as such, either as to burials, christenings, or any other religious forms. A military ceremony of firing over the grave, was frequently all the compliment that was paid to the deceased. He was resolved, if ever he found it possible, to rectify this evil; and fortunately an opportunity occurred. On a visit that was paid him by the chief, from Masulipatam in his way to Rajahmundry, to settle the rents which the different rajahs were to pay the three following years. Captain Johnson mentioned to him the disgraceful appearance of this want of religious ceremony among the natives. He persuaded the chief to represent the necessity of a chaplain, who should have a regular salary, to the governor and council; and till such a chaplain to the garrison was obtained, our hero offered to officiate himself as such, without any pay. Accordingly, the captain became a parson for about ten months, marrying, christening, burying, and reading the church service to the troops, under a large banyan tree every Sunday. Thus the captain performed the double duties of judge and parson; and during their convivial meetings of an evening, when he was obliged to throw off the austerity of the one and the gravity of the other, it was diverting to hear the judge or parson called on for a love ditty or a bacchanalian song.

Captain Johnson having been at Condepillie, in the province of Golconda, with four companies of Seapoys under his command, he was suddenly ordered to join his battalion, and march against the rajah, who had declined meeting the before mentioned chief at Rajahmundry, and who had also refused to pay the rent affixed to the territory he held.

This rajah, it seems, depended on the natural state of his situation, which was amid hills, bamboo woods, and jungles. Notwithstanding the bold resistance which he made, he fell, and his country was taken possession of, but not before the English had lost some of their officers, and several of their men. Our hero was among the number of those who were severely wounded, by which he was rendered incapable of further active service. At first it was supposed that he could not possibly survive, having lost an immense quantity of blood before he had procured any surgical assistance. His patience, however, during his pain, and resignation to his fate, happily prevented a fever; and by means of the kind attention which was paid to him, his life was saved.

At this time the Ginee fever had raged violently, and carried off several officers and men. One of the former, who lay dangerously ill with it, was much esteemed in the army; and every time the surgeon visited him, there were many anxious inquiries made about his health. Once, when the surgeon was

quitting, he was stopped, and the usual question, "How is the captain now?" put to him. "Ah!" said the surgeon, with a melancholy face, "I shall not see him alive on my return from the other sick." As this passed close in front of his tent, the patient heard it, but as he felt sound in heart, though so much reduced as to be incapable of assisting himself, he thought the surgeon was deviating a little from the truth. This patient, it appears had repeatedly requested of the surgeon, his permission to drink a magnum bonum (that is, about three pints of claret), which was peremptorily refused him by his doctor, who declared that it was absolute poison for him. As soon, however, as the surgeon was gone, his patient prevailed upon the servant, who was attending him, to bring to him the above mentioned quantity of wine. At first the servant, knowing that it had been strongly prohibited, endeavoured to dissuade him from his purpose; but his enraged master (though not able to rise from his bed) violently swore, that if he did not immediately obey him, he would blow out his brains with a pistol. This threat sufficiently alarmed the servant, who never recollected his master's capability of performing it. Accordingly he obeyed his master, drew the cork, and held the long wished for bottle to his mouth. The patient, determined upon curing himself, sucked in the delicious wine as long as he had breath; and when he had satisfied his longing, he told his servant to place the remainder under his cot, and in a few minutes he fell fast asleep.

The surgeon having returned about three hours afterwards, and saw the servant outside his master's tent, concluded, according to his prediction, that the latter was dead. He was, however, told by the servant that he had been in a sound sleep for those two hours. "I dare say it is a sound sleep," replied the surgeon, "a very sound sleep indeed." He then stepped into his tent, and to his very great surprise found that his patient was actually asleep, and in a fine perspiration. He felt his pulse, and being further astonished at this unexpected change, he inquired of the servant if he had taken anything besides what he had prescribed for him. The servant then related what had passed, and produced the remainder of the wine as a corroboration of his story. The surgeon looked at the bottle with an additional amazement, told the servant to replace it, and then leaving the tent, added, "when your master awakes give him as much of it again as he likes." In about an hour afterwards, the patient awoke with increased strength, and having drunk the remainder of his delicious beverage, soon recovered, and used frequently afterwards to laugh at the surgeon, declaring that he would always be his own doctor for the future.

Another patient, who was also dangerously ill, expressed the same desire for milk, which was in like manner refused to him. Having been ordered by his medical friends to the sea-coast, though they despaired of his ever being able to outlive the journey, he was accordingly conveyed thither, on a palanquin, in as gentle a manner as possible. Being now free from his doctors, he desired to rest at the first village he came to, and immediately ordered his servants to procure him some milk, in which he was indulged, and of which he drank copiously. During the whole journey he continued to drink this and nothing else; and when he arrived at the sea-coast he persevered in his milk diet, by means of which he soon recovered. Thus it is evident that nature is the best physician—"she ways us to the mood of what she likes or loaths."

Another patient had continually called for porter, which, notwithstanding his earnest entreaties, was denied his wish, and the consequence was that he died. Several were afterwards of opinion, that had the porter, agreeable to his wish, been given him, it might have saved his life. This supposition occasioned an agreement to be drawn up among the officers, which was immediately signed, purporting that every patient, in the last stage of illness, should have anything he wished for, notwithstanding the prohibition of their doctors; and in consequence of this strange agreement, it is supposed that many lives were afterwards preserved.

Condepillie, which signifies the Hills of Tigers, abound also in wild peacocks. These peacocks are very good substitutes for turkeys; but whenever a party went out to shoot them,

it was necessary that they should be both strong in numbers and arms, in order to guard against the attacks of the tigers. Here are likewise various sorts of monkeys; also large flocks of beautiful green pigeons and paroquets.

Notwithstanding the danger resulting from meeting any of the tigers which infest these hills, yet some of the natives will go singly into the most unfrequented wild parts of them, and remain there for two or three days, in the hope of killing a tiger for the sake of his skin. This method of proceeding is very curious. They fix on a tree, in a likely situation, whose branches are high and convenient enough for them to build what they call a man's nest, which consists of a number of sticks and boughs interwoven among the branches, large enough to be out of the spring of a tiger. To this they go in the day time, carrying boiled rice and water sufficient for the time proposed to watch for the chance of a tiger's passing near enough to fire at with a matchlock gun. The principal danger is in the passing to and fro from their nest, which will serve them for a long time. Sometimes two of these natives make their nests near enough, though on different trees, to see, converse with, and aid each other; however, during the time of watching the most profound silence is observed.

The wildest parts of these mountains are greatly frequented by large mountain snakes, which are as extensive in circumference as four stout men. The covra capell and covra manill, are also reckoned very poisonous snakes; one of the latter description was discovered by Captain Johnson's servant coiled up under his pillow. The captain, on receiving this information, took a bamboo in his hand, and, accompanied by other officers, went in search of the snake. On turning the pillow back with the end of the cane, it was soon discovered; this covra manill was still lying coiled up, but on raising its head it received such a violent blow from Captain Johnson's bamboo as rendered it incapable of doing the company any mischief.

The whole of Condepillee comprehends three forts, one within the other; the village called the Pettar is to the eastward, on the outside of the fort, at the foot of the hills, and opening on the plains of Golconda. The wall of the outer fort, as it is called, is built not much unlike some of the stone fences to be seen in various parts of England, nor is it stronger. The middle fort is so high up the hills as to make the greater part of it inaccessible by perpendicular rocks. The passage up from the lower fort is formed by regularly cut stone steps, several feet wide, and winding in its ascent up the valley. The inner fort is an exceeding high pinnacle of a rock, completely inaccessible every way, except a narrow path up stone steps, so high from one to the other, and insecure withal, as to require both hands and feet to climb up in safety. A large stone tank, or reservoir, hollowed out of the solid rock, was full of water, and must have been supplied by the clouds, which often encompassed and crowned its head.

The gentlemen, in hot weather, frequently ascend to the middle fort, on account of the pleasant temperature of the air; the difference being such, that, while people below would be gasping for breath from heat, those at the top could with facility even play at trap-ball.

Our hero having once ascended the upper fort in order to enjoy the extensive prospect, and breathe the refreshing air, the clouds suddenly began to gather along the eastern side of the mountain, about midway between the captain and the plain, or lower fort, where he and his friends desired. It was not long before the lightning and thunder produced a tremendous but most awfully grand effect from the clouds below him. The lower fort, village, and plains, were deluged with rain, while the captain sat on high, with a serene beautiful sky over his head, calmly looking down, delighted with the playful appearance of the lightning, as it darted in lovely zig-zags from the clouds at his feet, while the loud peals or thunder reverberated along the different valleys between the mountains. This was one of the grandest sights Captain Johnson thinks he ever saw.

The royal tigers (as they are called) of these hills, are prodigiously large, and the following is an extraordinary instance of their strength, which came within view of the captain,



[THE CAPTAIN ALARMED BY THE UNEXPECTED APPEARANCE OF A TIGER.]

while on a visit to a gentleman, who had engaged to supply by contract, a quantity of stone chunam, or lime, for the Honourable Company's use. He resided in a village formed chiefly of his own workmen in a district across the Kistna, one of the Company's territories. It was a complete wilderness where he lived, and without any other European. During this visit, they made a party of four, taking a guard of seapoys with them. About midnight, they were alarmed by the cry of "A great tiger!" vociferated by several voices, and attended with loud screaming from the natives in

the village. The sentinel immediately turned out the guard; the gentlemen were soon up and armed, and sallied forth with lighted torches. Pursuing a track of blood for more than a hundred yards, they found a buffalo which had been dragged away, after he was struck, and torn from the ropes to which he had been fastened, by a tiger, whom the gentlemen did not see, the lights, together with the violent screams of the people, having made him quit his prey. The buffalo was stretched along the earth in an expiring state. The tiger had struck him in the throat with one of his fore paws, so deep as to injure the windpipe, and occasion his death. Captain Johnson having a large hand and long fingers, tried in vain to put the ends of his fingers into the holes which the tiger's claws had made in the buffalo's neck.

Captain Johnson one morning, while taking a ride before breakfast, met with a royal tiger, who, without being in the least disturbed himself, put our hero and his horse into a terrible aguish fit, which was succeeded by profuse perspiration. The captain had ordered his horse-keeper to wait for his coming back at some little distance from the fort, instead of accompanying him. Our adventurer rode on smartly

by himself for four or five miles, when this handsome tiger, whom he had the dissatisfaction of meeting, was sitting as a cat generally does when licking his hind foot. The noise of the horse made the tiger look about. The horse, which certainly beheld the tiger as soon as his rider did, made a dead halt almost down upon his haunches, and nearly unseated the captain. The royal tiger, though about six yards distance, never altered his position or betrayed the least sign of alarm, but seemed patiently to wait for their nearer approach. Both the captain and his horse appeared to be so charmed with the unexpected sight, that neither of them could take their eyes off him. In vain the former endeavoured to turn the horse's head; however, having a strong cutting moorman's bit in his mouth, with great difficulty the captain forced him back, until at last they had receded to such a distance, that they fortunately lost sight of that which had acted upon their sense of seeing like enchantment. The horse was no longer ashamed of turning his back, but notwithstanding he was a fine spirited beast, it was some time before the captain could force him into a gallop. It is remarkable that the horse did not recover from his fright for several days, nor did he ever relish taking that path again, though in company with others.

Several other alarms our adventurer experienced. Once having been ordered to another station, he and a comrade had travelled two days, making regular halts with their baggage, servants, and a small guard of sepoy. At length, resting beneath the branches of some lofty trees, they were diverted by the frolics of some dancing girls, from a neighbouring village. In order to enjoy this amusement, they sent their baggage and all their articles off before them, that their quarters might be prepared on their arrival, keeping only their horses and the servants belonging to them. Unfortunately they took too long a nap in the afternoon, and by the time they reached a long wood they had to pass through, nearly fourteen miles in extent, the sun was going down and the clouds threatened a storm. Our adventurers being soldiers, thought that to return to the village would be derogatory to their dignity, and therefore boldly proceeded. They put on a dog trot, as fast as their horse-keepers could travel; but it became exceedingly dark and stormy before they reached one-third of the way through the wood. It is impossible to describe the several discordant sounds which now issued from the numerous wild animals which inhabited this immense wood. The approaching storm no doubt was the occasion of this disagreeable and tremendous chorus. Add to this, the thick darkness of the night, rendered any warning of their approach impossible; all our adventurers could do, was to ride with their pistols ready cocked in their hands; to which, as a preventive against any attack, the gentlemen and horse-keepers, added all the terror their united voices were capable of inspiring, from a general supposition, that all wild animals; however bold and greedy, are alarmed at the human voice. They also began to sing martial and bacchanalian songs, and in short made all the noise that was possible. At last the storm came on most violently, and they had still two miles of this gloomy desert to pass. The lightning, thunder, wind, and rain, were so severe, that their horses turned tail, and remained immovable for near half an hour. The horse-keepers now fared better than the gentlemen, for they took shelter under the beasts, while the riders were exposed to the severity of the weather. The storm having at length abated, they proceeded, and after riding briskly for about three miles further, they had the consolation of soon reaching their quarters.

Among the several amusements of this place, Captain Johnson assures us that conjuration is one of the most principal. He and his friends were, one afternoon, very much entertained by the exploits of a conjurer and his son. The boy, who was about thirteen years of age, kneeled down at some distance from his father, and one of the gentlemen, at the request of the latter, put a melon upon his head. The father, who never stirred from his place, charged his matchlock gun with powder, and then desired another of the company to load it with a bullet which he produced. This done, he kneeled down, and, taking aim at his son, fired through the melon. This exploit he performed three times running, and with the same success. No

deception was discovered; but that there was some trick was certain from the nature of his other exploits. He afterwards put the boy into a round basket with a lid to cover it; but first sent the youth with another similar basket empty, which he placed on the ground about the same distance he had been fired at. When the lid of the basket was tied down over the boy, the father asked him a question, and the voice of the boy, in reply, sounded as if it came from the other distant basket. The boy was then ordered to go into the empty basket, which he did, and having been interrogated as before, the answer sounded as if it came from the other. Both these baskets were critically examined by the spectator, and the trick was several times repeated, but no discovery could be made.

During the time Captain Johnson officiated as judge-advocate, only one trial of any importance came before him; which was that of a young soldier for thieving, notwithstanding he had been repeatedly punished for his pilfering. This cunning rogue made it appear that the fort was haunted; for every portable thing in it, even the soldiers' victuals, used to vanish in a most wonderful manner. A serjeant going his rounds early on a gloomy morning, saw something glide across, and instantly disappear. On the report of this story, the ghost was properly watched, and at length a den was discovered inhabited by the apparition; when everything he had stolen, for more than two months (except the provisions), was also found with him. The evidence was so clear, that he was soon found guilty. The fellow, however, having displayed some degree of ingenuity, received a conditional pardon.

The Gentoo religion which prevails here, renders the natives exceedingly superstitious, and tenacious of their rights. A ludicrous affair happened during the captain's stay in India, which proves at once these remarks, and shows the real character of these people. In a village, where the captain resided for awhile, one of the natives rudely forced himself into the tent where he and his friends were dining, making a strange noise, and using unaccountable gestures. He was at last forced out by the palanquin bearers; when the fellow, who pretended to be devoted, swooned away, as it were from the effects of pollution, having been touched by these men of low caste. The natives consequently assembled round the man, and in loud lamentations bewailed his supposed death. Captain Johnson found it necessary to order out his guard, and convince the inhabitants of the deception. He claimed their attention as he officiated himself in the religious character of chaplain, and declared he would prove whether there was, or was not a spark of life remaining. He then took a wax taper, a match, a bottle of phosphorous, and some sealing-wax, these being articles he never travelled without. Then using all the mummery of a conjurer, and repeating a few unintelligible words, which had a wonderful effect on the bystanders, our hero bent himself over the body, and drew the cork from the bottle of phosphorous just above his navel. "Now," cried he, "if this man only counterfeited death, a flame will arise from his body, which in the end shall consume him, and he shall be really dead." This said, he applied the match to the phosphorous, and immediately the flame was seen. The natives instantly raised a horrible yell, and the impostor, by the motion of his muscles, now manifested some alarm. To complete this miracle, the captain melted some sealing wax with the taper, and dropped it close above the man's navel. Three drops were sufficient. The fellow no longer able to endure the pain, jumped up and ran away, bellowing and rubbing his belly, to the great astonishment of all the spectators. This trick had the desired effect; for the captain was never afterwards visited by these impostors.

Capt. Johnson, in consequence of his wound, was now obliged to resign his situation, and quit these quarters. Accordingly, he took his passage for Benecolen, in a country vessel belonging to Bombay, then lying in the roads, bound to Acheen, the northern-most end of Sumatra. In crossing the bay of Bengal he saw several water spouts, one of which threatened the vessel with considerable danger. The sea within the circle of its influence, boiled up with increasing rage and height, whirling round with great velocity and a kind of hissing noise. At times the water was thus raised nearly as high as the fore-yard; then sinking as from some

obstruction, and again commencing as before. As the firing of guns at water spouts is declared to be an excellent mode of decreasing their evil, the captain of the ship gave directions accordingly; but though they had several loaded, unfortunately not one was found in proper condition; they only burned the priming. Orders were then given to load a fresh gun; but the men were so panic-struck, that except the mate, not one of them was able to move. While the mate was busy after the carriage gun, Capt. Johnson proposed to the captain of the vessel, the effect, which loud cheers might have, by making a slight concussion in the air. As the experiment cost nothing but the exertion of their lungs, it was accordingly made. Every man joined his voice, and it was imagined the bellowing they made had some effect. By this time the gun was loaded and primed. The match was then applied, and the firing was then succeeded by loud shouts as before. Hereupon the water spouts subsided; and they had the satisfaction to find that the vessel was not the least affected by them, except by the undulating swell when the water fell down again; yet from the whirlwind kind of hissing, they were every moment apprehensive that the yards and masts would be torn to atoms, and whirled into the air. Indeed some were afraid that the ship would be engulfed in the vortex.

On their arrival at Acheen, a boat, or rather a barge, was by the sultan's orders sent off to the vessel; in which was the agent and several officers of his court, who invited Captain Johnson to the sultan's palace. They were saluted by the ship's guns as they came on board, and on their departure. On landing, our hero was met by an Indian Portuguese, a resident merchant, who spoke English fluently, and was to act as an interpreter. He was also met, and attended to the palace by other officers of the court.

Our adventurer was graciously received by the sultan, who immediately gave orders that the vessel should be allowed to trade, a permission seldom obtained without considerable delay, and till after several presents are made. However, by Captain Johnson's means those presents were saved, and no time was lost.

The captain's time was now partly occupied in strolling about, and seeing the curiosities; having three Malay attendants to escort and show him wherever he liked. The pain of his leg, however, prevented him from ever going very far, as our hero was afterwards informed he made too free with it, and thereby prevented an immediate cure. Every day he was invited to the sultan, to chew chenam and beetle-nut with him. His table was also well supplied, by direction of the Portuguese, with female slaves to attend him.

In the captain's first rambles, particularly about the market-place, he was very much accustomed to see several cripples, some without hands, others without feet, and many without both. On inquiry, he was told they were all culprits, punished according to their offences, by the chopping off a hand or foot. Some by the repetition of crimes, and the consequent repetition of punishments, had no hand or foot; and were therefore rendered incapable of offending again. Our adventurer inquired how these limbs were cut off, and was astonished to hear that a bamboo cane was first prepared, ready suited to the size and length of the culprit's leg, the hollow of which cane was nearly filled with a heated kind of substance, something like pitch. The instant the punishment was inflicted by lopping off the foot (which was literally chopped off, by an instrument at one stroke, a little above the ankle), the bleeding stump was thrust into the heated rosin within the bamboo, which as it cooled, became fixed; and thus, if the sufferer lived, he was provided with an excellent bamboo leg to stump upon.

That singular and barbarous custom of running a muck, is practised by the Malays, in the following manner. A Malay, who abandons himself to despair from any cause, though it most commonly proceeds from the ruin attending his extreme propensity to gambling, takes opium till he becomes frantic. Then, with dishevelled hair, he draws his creese (a kind of dagger worn by these people), runs along, and stabs and destroys all he meets, until he is destroyed himself.

The people are savagely jealous, and revenge themselves by

assassinating the party they suspect even without any proof. When the crime of adultery is actually detected, the injured Malay kills both the man and woman if he can. The latter is sure to fall a sacrifice, and should the man escape, and be afterwards taken and accused, though even suspected to be guilty, he has to go through the following dreadful ordeal, from which few can escape with life. He is brought to a large open spot, where every Malay in the neighbourhood, who wears a creese, attends. A ring is then formed according to the number assembled, and the delinquent is placed in the centre. If he can make his way through these surrounding opponents, thus armed, and then by flight can make a certain tree his sanctuary, he is immediately acquitted of the crime. If he makes no attempt to escape, the circle is drawn in closer and nearer, until one or more stabs him with their creeses. His only chance is to start off at the beginning, before the ranks draw in and thicken. Notwithstanding the severity of punishment for adultery, it is still a prevailing crime in this country. Indeed the Malays are brought up in such a savage manner, that they seemed to disregard, not only the loss of a limb, but even life itself.

Captain Johnson, after leaving Acheen, touched at other Malay ports along the coast, some of which were said to be at war with the Sultan of Acheen, and this appeared true from the captain of the vessel being refused permission to trade in those places. They touched at Ayerbungy and Padang, two Dutch settlements, where they were treated with civility. They also stopped some time at Tappanooly, which is one of the out-settlements belonging to Bencoolen. Here our adventurer met with three of the mountaineer natives of the island, supposed to be cannibals. These men, reputed to be of the class of the original inhabitants, were paid the greatest attention to by the resident at Tappanooly. They were very different from the Malay natives on the coast, and, as it appeared were driven from the sea-coast, some centuries back, by the Malays, when, retiring to some extraordinary strong fortresses in the mountains; they have maintained a complete independence ever since.

These men usually dined with Captain Johnson at the resident's table, and partook of everything with infinitely more ease than could have been expected. In the course of conversation, the captain boldly inquired whether or no there was any truth in the reports concerning their eating human flesh. The Europeans present were astonished at the captain's abrupt question, and were much afraid his temerity would occasion some disagreeable consequences. The men, however, instead of being offended, seemingly thought themselves complimented by the question, and readily informed the company that it was customary for warriors to cut up a vanquished enemy, and to take a piece of flesh and champ it with their teeth, smearing their faces and arms with the blood, in token of triumph, as well as to increase their courage. This practice, however savage, is still not so detestable as cannibalism.

From Tappanooly, our adventurer sailed for Morocco, a place so very warm, that it is called Hell, by English sailors. From hence he proceeded to Bencoolen, where he paid his personal respects to the governor, commanding officer, &c., and was most hospitably received. Unfortunately, the ship that was bound to England, was not expected to sail for several months. The numerous invitations, however, which Captain Johnson received, and the pleasant excursions which he frequently took into the country, rendered the interim very agreeable.

This island is very subject to earthquakes, productive at all times of much mischief, and serious changes. During our hero's stay, there was a shock, when the earth trembled under him, and he distinctly felt a tremulous motion of his body. It passed away in a few seconds, and was spoken of with indifference by the inhabitants. The excessive heat of the place is the occasion of many destructive fevers, and, consequently, of several deaths.

In some of the captain's excursions to the interior parts of the island, he had an opportunity of seeing the wild elephants and wild buffaloes. One day, while at dinner at a gentleman's country box, a herd of more than twenty wild elephants came

in full view, moving slowly along, one after the other. As the headmost elephant was entering a wood, two or three gentlemen took up muskets, loaded with ball, and fired at them. They were at too great a distance to injure them much; and either from the report, or some of them being struck, they instantly rushed into the wood with great impetuosity, and were soon out of sight; but the crackling noise of the trees and boughs, borne down by their weight and strength, was remarkably loud.

The vessel in which Captain Johnson took his passage in for England, had been so long upon the coast, that many of the sailors, from a total want of vegetables, and a scarcity of fresh meat, were laid up with the scurvy. Their passage to the Cape of Good Hope being very tedious, they buried more than one-third of the ship's company, who fell victims to this dreadful disorder. It was very common for those who were apparently stout and hearty the day previous to their complaining, to droop so suddenly and quick in their strength and spirits, that within two or three days they were incapable of doing the least work. They became so exceedingly feeble, from the loss of appetite, that they had not even power to creep from their hammocks to the doctor's berth for advice. In this gloomy situation, scarcely a day passed, for the last three weeks they were at sea, that they had not to bury one or more of them; frequently three at a time. For more than a week before the vessel got to the Cape, the whole of the ship's company, before the masts, were not able to eat one sauceman of fresh pork and fowls, cooked for them as savoury as possible. To add to their misfortunes, the vessel was exceeding leaky, and as their hands were incapable of working hard at the pumps, the water gained upon them fast.

In this dreadful and perilous situation, they were at length becalmed in sight of the Cape. A Dutch India vessel was now in sight, about seven miles to the southward. She was seen in a strange position, apparently down on her beam-ends. At this time it was a dead calm, without the least appearance of any wind. The captain of the ship and his crew could not conceive what was the matter with the Dutch ship. At this time, and for some hours before, their vessel's courses were hauled up, the top-gallant sails lowered on the caps, top sails hanging to the masts (the ship having neither wind nor motion) and the stay-sails down, every eye was looking earnestly at the Dutch ship, without discovering any cause for her strange position. The captain of the vessel in which our hero was, ordered some hands up to furl the top-gallant sails; and then ordered the top-sails to be lowered, and a reef to be taken in. The men were going aloft, and were actually on the yards, when so sudden and violent a squall came on, as to lay the ship on her broadside. The first effect was violent, increasing every second of time; and in less than two minutes it blew a perfect hurricane. The few men on the yards fortunately got off again, and all hands were ordered down for their safety. In less than ten minutes, every loose sail in the ship, except the fore-sail, was blown clear away from the yards. Had the top-sails remained up, her masts must have been carried away, or she must have overset; the latter more likely, for she was very crank; owing to the great quantity of arrack which the captain had taken on board for his private venture, to sell at the Cape and St. Helena; and which, being stowed between the decks, made her very heavy. Though at a considerable distance from the land, they were on a lee-shore, and it was very fortunate that the fore-sail (though split in getting the tack down) being a strong new sail, enabled them to haul the wind sufficiently to clear the land. Other requisite sails were soon bent; and the squall terminated in a strong gale, which lasted some days; but their main bustle was over in two hours.

In consequence of the daily decrease of the ship's company, through the severe scurvy, as before mentioned, passengers and all were obliged occasionally to give their assistance. Neither the captain of the vessel, nor any of the senior officers had ever been at the Cape. Captain Johnson, therefore undertook to pilot the ship in, but they had not sufficient strength left to bring the vessel to an anchor and moor her in safety,

without aid from the shore, the last gale having proved fatal in destroying the feeble remains of life in many of the crew. Indeed, so much was the assistance of every person on board required to work the vessel in, and bend the cables, that the bodies of two men who died the preceding night, were left uninterred upon the poop when the ship came to an anchor; and another poor fellow, who lay ill in his hammock, spoke to the gunner (as he passed along to fire a signal gun for assistance) rejoicing he was likely to get on shore soon; however, on the gunner's return a few minutes after, he was found dead. It was supposed, the feeble remnant of his breath was driven away by the shock of the gun, which had been unavoidably fired near him.

As soon as they came to an anchor, between forty and fifty of the ship's crew were conveyed to the shore, many of whom were incapable of walking. One only died after landing; he was a strong, stout built negro. When landed, they moored rapidly recovered; indeed, within three days, more than half of these patients were found drunk in the streets, taken up by order of the fiscal, imprisoned for the night, and next morning sent on board the ship. They had been directed to drink new wine medicinally, and this, with a superabundant supply of excellent vegetables, accelerated their recovery. In consequence of the number of the crew being thus reduced, as well as the debility of those who survived they were obliged to stay some weeks at the Cape, for the purpose of recruiting.

On the recovery of their few men, and having procured some fresh hands, they made a pleasant and short passage from the Cape to the island of St. Helena; their decks were covered with sheep and cattle, chiefly for the island. Here the captain of the vessel found it convenient to make a stay of three weeks; nor did the time appear at all long to the passengers, being continually engaged in parties of pleasure to the country houses of the governor and principal inhabitants. The ladies of this island are remarkable for their beauty; during our hero's stay here, he had not less than fifty sweethearts.

From St. Helena, they ran down with the trade wind to the Isle of Ascension, a scraggy barren rock, which, were it not for the famous large turtle that are caught on it, would be known but as a mark in the middle of the ocean, to be shunned by navigators. It is about five hundred miles from any other land, and reckoned about twenty eight miles in circumference.

The captain and his friends bestowed one whole day in exploring the interior, in detached parties, but none of them were fortunate enough to find a spot that had soil or vegetable mould sufficient to grow a common salad. The whole surface was covered with rough, sharp, cinder-burnt, honey-comb rocks, except where there appeared a stream of lava, that had formerly flowed from the crater of a high mountainous pinnacle, some miles from the part of the island they were at. On this hardened lava, which terminated in the sea, they could walk very well. On some of the elevated parts of the rock they found sea birds of all descriptions, assembled together by thousands. The greater part of them continued on their legs, without attempting to fly, when they were surprised by our adventurers; some walking or waddling about, and others standing, and all joining in a most discordant noise. Captain Johnson took a great number of their eggs with him. He also made a prisoner of a tropic bird, which had a beautiful long plumage, with its two young, entertaining a hope of keeping one or the other alive; but the attempt was unsuccessful.

Some of the sailors, for sport, ran down two or three of the wild goats, which are numerous on those rocks; but they were miserable looking, shaggy, lean creatures, and more offensive to the nose than even pole-cats. The turtle, however, that they caught, made ample amends. They divided into companies, taking separate bays, and lying on the sand all the night, in order to turn the turtle that came upon the beach to lay their eggs in deep holes, which they scoop out in the sand with their fins. They caught fourteen in this manner, the smallest of which weighed more than two hundred pounds. The shores of this island abound with rats; and by

the thousand of little skeleton turtle shells scattered on the top of the beech it is evident that these animals made them their chief food. The turtle probably subsist by grazing on a great variety of sea weed, if not coral, growing at the bottom of the sea; and likewise on some species of shell-fish, and slow moving insects found there. This opinion seems very plausible, on account of their great strength.

From the innumerable quantities of eggs, the produce of one turtle, a person would be apt to imagine, that they must swarm with them; but when their numerous enemies, from each of the three elements, are considered, who attack them the moment they are burst from their shells, it appears as extraordinary that so many of them should escape. Our hero has watched the fish lying in wait for their prey, and cruising about at the edge of the outer surf, with the water as transparent as glass; when, if the little animals swim in ever so small a degree above the surface of the sandy bottom, they dart at it with almost a certainty of devouring. Its safety, while so young, small, and tender, appeared to be in keeping close upon the sandy bottom, where it seemed to bury its little body, while, by its fins, it crept almost imperceptibly along into deep water.

The remainder of our hero's passage to Europe had nothing remarkable in it; their ship's company continued in good health and free from the scurvy, after so good a recruit at the Cape. After an absence of some years Captain Johnson landed at Plymouth, to the great joy of his friends. That joy, however, was short lived. The wound which he had received in his leg not having been properly treated, a mortification took place, of which he died about nine months after his arrival.

Captain Johnson's account of the Malays, is by no means exaggerated; Captain Percival, in his narrative of the Cape of Good Hope, thus describes them:—

"The slaves of the Malay race are tolerably numerous. They are employed in many kinds of laborious work, such as gardening, and attending the grounds belonging to the pleasure houses round the town; and in the kitchens, and in the drudgery work belonging to them. They are also often employed in fishing and procuring fuel. This last class of people are extremely vindictive, treacherous and ferocious; implacable in their revenge, and on the slightest provocation, or imaginary insult, will commit murder. They are indeed a scourge to the people they come amongst. When bent on revenge, or irritated at some supposed insult, they scarcely ever fail of wreaking their vengeance. Many shocking murders have been committed by the Malay slaves on their masters and mistresses, not for the purpose of robbing, but merely to gratify their thirst of revenge, which nothing but the blood of their object will satisfy, though at the certain loss of their own lives. When the Malay has determined on revenge, he takes a quantity of opium to work himself up to a state of madness, when he rushes out with a knife or dagger, which is called a creese, and after putting to death the object of his infernal passion, he next rushes at every one he meets, till he is overpowered and taken, which perhaps is not the case till several victims fall before him. Nothing but a lucky shot or blow, that stuns him to the ground, will ensure the safety of his opponent, as he proceeds with such a savage fierceness and impetuosity, that it is reckoned a most arduous and dangerous service to encounter him in this state. This is what is called running a muck; on the slightest alarm of which every one flies before him, and escapes the best way he can. Whoever kills a Malay, in the act of running a muck is entitled to a very high reward from government; and he certainly deserves it, for the most cool and intrepid are scarcely a match for the Malay when worked to this pitch of desperate madness.

"The two following instances occurred whilst I was at Cape Town:—A Malay, for some insult or necessary chastisement received from his master, drew a knife, and stabbed him to the heart, and immediately ran into the streets with the weapon reeking with the blood of his unfortunate victim. The first person he met was a very fine slave girl, about seventeen years old, into whose face he darted the

weapon. Fortunately a country farmer was at the moment passing by Strand-street, where it happened, and having a gun loaded in the waggon he was driving, fired and killed the Malay on the spot. If this shot had not succeeded in bringing him down, I, and a brother officer, who came to the spot a few moments after, would, in all probability, have been the next victims. The poor slave girl died in a few hours after.

"This was the second time that a slave of the Malay race, running a muck, was prevented from falling in with me. Once, indeed, at Ponamola, in the East Indies, I very narrowly escaped, having been slightly wounded in the arm by a Malay who had attacked some seapoys; and if I had not been fortunate enough to give him, at the first cut, so severe a wound as to disable him, he would certainly have put me to death. The creese he struck me with was poisoned, and, my arm, in consequence, swelled to a very great degree, and for some time it was thought I must have lost it, if not my life. I must here remark, that I received the greatest benefit from the Eau de Luce, which I have every reason to believe is a valuable antidote against poison; it has been found to prevent the fatal effects from the most venomous bites of snakes.

"Another instance of the barbarity of this race of slaves, which happened at the Cape whilst I was there, occurred in a Malay, who, on being refused leave by his master to go out to a festival, or merry-making with his fellows, took a knife and stabbed him to the heart, then went to his mistress in an adjoining room, and committed on her the same barbarous and inhuman act. An old Malabar slave who was cutting wood before the door, having observed him perpetrate these horrid murders, watched the opportunity as he rushed out of the door, and striking him on the head with the axe with which he was cleaving the wood, killed him on the spot. The government was generous enough to reward the Malabar with his liberty, and one hundred dollars."

THE SEA BREEZE.

"WHENCE comest thou, O wind of the sea,
Bounding as fresh, and as mirthfully
As a lion in his pride?
Lending strength to the morbid weak,
And to young beauty's faded cheek
Health's renovated tide?"

"I'm from my range o'er the baseless deep;
From my ceaseless flight afar:
From the sparkling, odorless lands that sleep
Cradled in waters—each a star
In liquid sapphire burning:
I come from my wild career o'er the wave:—
From my maddening dance o'er the briny grave
Of ships and their crews, am returning.

"I've sped o'er coral reefs—I've brush'd
The slack beseeching sail;
I've rush'd—when all thought of ill was hush'd—
All read of the sea and gale—
And dash'd at the barque, and rent her shrouds,
And shriek'd, as I brought up my warrior clouds,
Till the freshest cheek turned pale;

"I too have howl'd and shriek'd for a few—
The horrid wreck of a famished crew,
Clinging to life with feverish strength;
Hope long since dead; and I've seen at length
How the rav'ning wretches madly fought
For the sick'ning morsel dearly bought
By bitterest lot; and how they fed
Like wolves, on their brothers slain for bread.

"No more—no more; to a distant shore
The breeze of the sea must haste;
There's a barque to sink, ere the pale stars wink,
And an island to lay waste!"

THE STORMING OF FORT MUROS.

On the 3rd of July, 1805, Captain Maitland of the Loire frigate, being informed that a French privateer was fitting out at Muros, and being perfectly acquainted with that bay, he resolved to attempt her capture or destruction; for which purpose he stood as close in as possible, and, having made every preparation for engaging at anchor, he directed Mr. Yeo, his first lieutenant, with two other officers and fifty men, to land, and storm the fort which protected the privateer. The boats in which they were to embark were kept alongside of the frigate till she got well into the bay. On hauling round a point of land, a small battery unexpectedly opened a fire on the ship, which was promptly returned; and as Captain Maitland found that, unless this fire was silenced, the frigate would be much annoyed, he desired Lieutenant Yeo and his men to push on shore and spike the guns. As they were about to leave the side of the ship, Captain Maitland reminded the boat's crew that it was their sovereign's birth-day; which they saluted with three hearty cheers, and pushed off in high spirits for the enterprise. As the ship drew in, and more fully opened the bay, fresh difficulties presented themselves, for besides the privateer of which Captain Maitland had received information, a very large corvette, called the *Confiance*, pierced for twenty-six guns, and a large brig, called *Le Belier*, pierced for twenty guns, were seen, apparently ready for sea; but as neither of them began to fire, hopes were entertained that they had not their guns on board. Captain Maitland, therefore, directed his first and principal attention to a strong fort, which opened a heavy and well-directed fire, every shot taking place in the hull; and as it was evident that the nearer the frigate approached, the more she would be exposed, he anchored in an advantageous position, and began to return the fire; but owing to the fort being completely embrasured, very little impression could be made upon it.

In the meantime, Lieutenant Yeo, with the men under his command, had made good their landing; as soon as they approached the fort on the point, the enemy abandoned it. Lieut. Yeo next directed his attention to such other measures as he thought would best aid the purpose for which he had been sent on shore; he soon observed the strong fort at the entrance of the town, which, as has been noticed, fired with such effect against the Loire. Notwithstanding its great strength, both from its position, and from the guns which were in it, Lieutenant Yeo was convinced it might be carried by storm; he well knew the bravery of the officers and men that were with him; and that whatever was possible, they would attempt and execute. He, therefore, ordered them to follow him for the purpose of taking the fort by storm; no sooner was the word given, than he was obeyed with all that energy and bravery which, on such an occasion, Britons always display. It fortunately happened that the enemy had neglected to secure the gate of the fort, through which the British entered; they were, however, met at

the inner gate by the governor with all the troops he could collect, and the crews of the privateers. Lieutenant Yeo was the first who entered the fort, and, with one blow, he laid the governor dead at his feet, at the same time breaking his own sabre in two. The enemy had the advantage at first, from the extreme narrowness of the gate; but they were soon dislodged, and compelled to fly to the farthest part of the fort; such was their confusion and dismay, that many of them actually leaped from the embrasures, a height of about twenty-five feet, on the rocks below. The instant the British gained possession of the fort, they laid aside one of their characteristic qualities, bravery, and assumed another, humanity; as soon as the enemy had surrendered, he was to them a fellow-creature, to whose assistance and comfort they were anxious to contribute all in their power; each rivalled the others in relieving the poor wounded prisoners; and their humanity was amply acknowledged and repaid by the gratitude which the unfortunate men's friends expressed when they came to take them away.

Soon after the British flag was displayed on the fort, Captain Maitland took possession of the enemy's vessels already mentioned, and hoisted a flag of truce, informing the inhabitants that, if they would deliver up such of the stores as

were on shore, he would do them no damage, which proposal was instantly and cheerfully agreed to.

The captain, in his official despatch, praises in the highest terms, the bravery and discipline of such of his men as were on shore. "Much to the credit of the ship's company," he says, "the bishop and one of the principal inhabitants of the town, came off to express their gratitude for the orderly behaviour of the people, and to make offer of every refreshment the place afforded."

This spirited enterprise was effected at noon-day, though the fortress mounted twelve eighteen-

pounders, and was garrisoned with more than two hundred and fifty men. Lieutenant Yeo and some of his men were wounded. For his valour and conduct on this occasion, he was promoted to the rank of master and commander, and finally appointed to the command of the *Confiance*, one of the captured vessels.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH SAILORS.

In Admiral Hotham's naval victory off Genoa, in 1795, when the surviving officer of a line-of-battle ship which was taken, had, some days afterwards, his sword returned to him, he congratulated himself upon receiving it, and at the same time observed, that he had been obliged to thrust that sword through the bodies of several of his seamen to make the remainder stand to their guns; he, at the same time, asked the first lieutenant of the admiral's ship, on board of which the Frenchman was prisoner, "How the English officers contrived to keep their men to their guns?" "We have no necessity to keep them to their guns," replied the lieutenant, "for the devil himself could not drive them from them."



THE BRITISH ENTERING THE INNER GATE OF THE FORT.

THE MURDERS ON BOARD THE TORY.

(Concluded)

Henry Slack, an apprentice to the owner (Mr. Gibbs), was then called, and examined as to what occurred from the day the pilot came on board. "William Burton was coming down the companion with his palm and needle. The captain asked, 'who is that?' He replied, 'I am coming down for some twine.' The captain asked 'if he was prepared to say what he had to say when he came to the court.' More words passed, which I do not remember. I believe he struck Burton; I am sure he did, but cannot say what with."—Mr. Broderip: "was it with his hand?" "I cannot say, sir. He ordered him to be put in irons, which was done in the cabin, and he was then sent on the deck to the fore-castle or long-boat, I cannot say which. About five o'clock, to the best of my recollection, the captain called Thomas Lee, Thomas Gair, and Stephen Cone, to be brought to him. They were brought from the lower fore-castle. He told Cone that he would clear him if he could, but that he would hang Thomas Gair. They were again ordered to the lower fore-castle. All hands were called, about eight o'clock, to the after-cabin, when I saw the captain strike Thomas Gair on the head with a cutlass."—Mr. Broderip: "Was Gair in irons then?" Witness: "I cannot say, sir. The captain told French to fire away, and French did fire a pistol, and for about three quarters of an hour, he still continued firing. The candle was put out several times, and I was ordered in to light it. The carpenter came down and said the ship wanted pumping out. All hands went on deck. The captain sent me on deck for Gair. I went, and he came with me to the cabin. I held him by the arm. He was very weak, bleeding from the head, and it was as much as he could do to walk. When he came down, Richard French made two blows at him with a pistol, without any order to do so. William Dunn, the cook, went on deck, I believe, to send down the rest of the crew. When they got down the companion-stairs, French cried out, 'Mutiny, mutiny,—arms, arms,' and the captain and French drove them all into the after-cabin. I heard the captain say 'Fire away, French! Load and charge, cook.' The candle went out several times, and I was called in again to light it."—Mr. Broderip: "Were any of the crew armed at the time?" "Not that I saw."—Mr. Broderip: "Was any threatening language or gesture used?" "Not that I heard or saw, sir."—Mr. Broderip: "In what position were the crew when French was firing at them?" "Kneeling down and lying down. When I went into the cabin I saw French fire a pistol, but I could not say at whom. The captain went into the water-closet, and fell asleep there. All hands then left the cabin, and I turned into my berth. There was no more that night. I did not see Morris shot."

Robert Thompson, another of the crew, examined: "On or about the 6th of November, after the pilot came on board, but on the same day, I was at the wheel, and the top-gallant sheets were carried away. The captain sung out to the boy to bring up his cutlass and pistol. He told the men 'if they did not look sharp, and stow the sails, he'd blow their brains out.' I was at the wheel, and he came after me and cut me on the head with a cutlass.—To Mr. Broderip: I had a cap on, which was cut through, and also my head was cut. The mark is on the top of it. He then called me from the wheel, and said I had no business there. He caught me by the shirt, and gave me a stick with the point of the cutlass. He struck twice; once below the eye, and once in the forehead. I got clear from him and ran forward. The fore-top-sail then blew away, and he sent for me to the cabin. He told me to go on my knees, and asked why I gave my arms up to Mr. Rambert to take his life. I said I did not; that Thomas Gair relieved me in the poop. He then called up French, and said to him, 'Did not this fellow give up his arms to the mate to take my life?' French said, 'Yes; if it was I, I would take his life this minute,' upon which the captain took the cutlass, and was going to run it through me. He took the blade then, and bit me on the arm with the handle of it. He afterwards struck

me with the point in the arm and side."—Mr. Broderip. "Were you wounded in those places?" "Yes, sir, the marks are there still. He then sent for Johnson, and asked why did he give arms to the mate, and then began cutting at him. He also kicked both of us with his feet, after which, he made us kiss the sole of his foot. He then told me to go to the main-royal."—Mr. Humphreys: "Did you kiss the sole of his foot?" "We did. He sent Johnson to the fore-top-sail-yard, to bend another topsail. In an hour after, I was sent for to the cabin again. Beresford was also sent for, when the captain asked about a log-book that one of the men was keeping. He began hitting Beresford with the handle of the cutlass, and struck me two or three times, also with the handle. He sent French to fetch me down the next night, when he ordered me on my knees, and told Dunn to sit on a chair close by me. He asked French if there were any others whom he wanted to get down. French said 'Yes, Nelson and Morris,' on which the cook was sent to fetch them. French told Dunn not to go on deck without arms, when the captain desired him to take a bayonet. He did so, and went on deck, bringing Nelson and Morris down. The captain ordered them on their knees, and when they did so, the captain gave directions to send for all hands. Dunn and French went up with a bayonet each to bring them down. They were told to go on their knees, which they did; and he asked Morris if he was not going to stick him with a knife. Morris said, 'No; he had never intended to do so.' The captain asked French if he did not say so; to which French replied, 'He did.' The captain then took a chair in one hand, and a cutlass in the other. He beat me on the head with a chair, until he broke it. He then went to Gair, and hit him also. He then ordered French to put me, Gair, and Nelson, on the table. He directed French to load the pistols. French got one, and shot Nelson in the face. I was bleeding so much, Spence told me to go off the table. The captain asked French if Nelson was dead? French replied he was not. He then told him to carry Nelson on deck, and ordered us all on deck, where we began to pump the ship, when he sent for us to the cabin again, and he began at Morris once more, ordering the boy Glover, to get his pistol, which was done. French sung out that the pistol was double-loaded. The captain said he did not care; that he'd blow his (Morris's) brains out. He pointed the pistol at his head; it missed fire. He told Glover to prime the pistol again. It was primed, and given to the captain, who pointed it at Morris. The captain's hand fell a little, and the pistol went off through Morris's leg. The candle went out, and all hands ran upon deck. I stowed myself under the long-boat."

Andrew Nelson, a Norwegian, was examined: "After the pilot came on board, we carried away our fore-top-sails. I don't recollect the day of the month, but it was blowing hard that day. Other ships carried close-reefed main-top-sails, topsails, and fore-top-sails. I was told by French to go in the cabin, when the captain asked me what I had to say for myself. He held a cutlass hard against my breast, and said, 'if you do not tell the truth, the way you are going to do it, I will have you on the point of this cutlass before morning.' 'I told him I had been laid up sick for three months and a half,' but he said, 'That does not matter, I will have your life before morning.' We came into the Downs and got a crew on board from Deal, when he (the captain) ordered me to the cabin again, and told me he was sorry for what he had done."—Mr. Broderip: "What had he done?" "He fired into me on Friday night after the pilot came on board. That was when he said he'd have me at the point of the cutlass. He stabbed me that same night, and fired into me."—Mr. Broderip: "Relate all that occurred to you that night." "I was called down with Tom Lee and Morris, the Frenchman. The captain had a loaded pistol, and told Morris to go on his knees. He fired once at him, and the pistol missed fire. The second time he fired, the pistol went off through Morris's leg and thigh. Some of the crew went on deck at the same time. I was kept in the cabin and the door locked. I was shot both before and after Morris was shot. Before he was sent on deck, the captain ordered French to fire into me, saying if he did

not do it, he would blow his brains out and mine. It was fired in my face twice, and I rather think, Captain Johnstone fired the second time. The pistol was within four or five feet of me. The powder came full in my face, and I was burnt."—Mr. Broderip: "You say you were stabbed!" "Yes."—"Was it before or after Morris was stabbed?" "It was the same night."—"How did the master, Captain Johnstone, as you call him, stab you?" "I was called to the cabin, and he began cutting away at me; he cut me on the head, on the arm, and in the groin. I was wounded by the blows. (Here the witness exhibited a large patch of plaster on his head.)"

Henry James Stephenson, a lad about 14 years old, not examined before, and son to Mrs. Thompson, a passenger on board the *Tory*, was then called, and said:—"I remember when the *Tory* was off *Fayal*, but cannot tell the date. I went ashore there with the captain, before anything had happened to Reason or Mars. The captain told me he'd kill all the crew when he got aboard."—Mr. Broderip: "Did you say any thing before that?" "No, sir."—"When did he say he would kill them all?" "When we were going up-stairs to the English Consul. He did not say why. I said 'Don't, sir.' I returned with him to the ship in about a quarter of an hour afterwards. He said nothing whilst in the boat, but he cut David Johnson."—"What with?" "A cutlass."—"Where did he cut him?" "On the back, and about the head. In a little while after, he said he'd clear all the boat's crew, fore and aft."—"Did he say any thing of having been drinking?" "Yes, he said he drunk a bottle of wine with the English Consul's daughter. When going on board, he said, 'Here I come, like seven bells half struck.' I could not say if he was steady, or had been drinking. The Harbour-master left the ship about a quarter of an hour after the captain had got aboard. The captain, in a few minutes after the Harbour-master left, asked for his pistols and sword. They were brought to him by James Glover, and he then struck Mars with the edge of the sword once. When I saw it I went down below. Mars was standing by the gangway at the time. He had not said or done any thing, but had a lantern assisting the things on board from the boat."—Mr. Broderip: "Was there any thing like threatening language or gesture from the crew?" "No, sir, I never heard any."—Mr. Broderip: "Neither on the part of Mars or any one else?" "No, sir."—Mr. Hayward: "When did you next see Mars?" "Next morning, all over blood. Three days afterwards I was at the funeral of Reason and Mars."—"Had Reason and Mars been in good health before?" "Yes, sir."

Alexander Sinclair, the carpenter, was then called and examined.—"The ship was quiet, and as usual, until we arrived off the Island of Ascension, somewhat about the 23rd of September. We were short of water and provisions there. Several of the crew were dissatisfied, and grumbled. There had been no disturbance that I am aware of, up to that time. I cannot tell the date when we spoke to the French barque, but it was about four or five days after passing the parallel of Ascension. Rambert jumped overboard the third day after we spoke to the French barque. We got water from her, some provisions, and a cask of wine. The captain found fault with the mate for the boat being damaged. The mate said, 'if he had not a wife and family he'd jump overboard.' I did not hear him then make reference to the conduct of the captain. I heard Yelverton, that night, tell the captain that he heard Reason say, 'if the captain would not make the Island of Ascension on the following morning, he would be no more Captain Johnstone.' Yelverton told this to the captain after we spoke to the French barque. The captain called the first mate, in reference to Yelverton's information, and told him he had heard the intentions amongst the crew against him. Rambert said, 'he did not know of any.' The captain then ordered Rambert, Mars, myself, and the three boys, to take arms, which we did. It was about nine o'clock at night. One watch was asleep below, consisting of about eight men and a boy. The other watch was on deck, doing duty, and all orderly, as far as I know, up to this time. I heard no more of any mutiny, more than what Yelverton said. The captain told us they had sharpened their knives to take his life. He meant the crew,

I had seen nothing of the kind myself. The captain, when we were armed, ordered us to follow him on deck, and when there, directed the watch to be called from below. Reason, Cone, and Lee, were amongst them. All hands were then on deck. The captain first, charged Reason and Cone, and Lee next. He charged them with having sharpened their knives to take his life. They denied having done so. He called all the crew, then, and asked if he had behaved unkindly to them. They said, 'No, he had not.' They all denied, as far as I know, having had any intention of doing him injury. He then cut Reason, Cone, and Lee, with a cutlass."—Mr. Broderip: "Did you see any of them doing any thing at that time?" "I did not, sir."—"Did they stand still?" "No, they ran about the deck, to try and avoid him; but he followed them about, cutting at them. By the captain's orders I put Reason, Cone, and Lee, in double irons. They were all bleeding. Nothing was done to their wounds. He told me to put Rambert in irons. The mate was bleeding from a wound behind the left ear, which he got from the captain, whilst I put him in irons."—Mr. Broderip: "With what was the wound inflicted?" "I believe, by a stroke of the pistol. I soon after took him out of irons, by the captain's orders, and shifted him to the main-hatchway, where I again put him in irons. After which, the captain came to me in the poop. French was with me. French told the captain that the crew had been stationed round the companion with bolts and bars, with some intentions upon the captain, as he came up, and that the mate seized him (French) by the collar, saying, 'D—n you, come along.' The captain then ordered me to set the mate at liberty, and asked him if he had been armed to take his life. I did not hear him answer. I must have heard, unless it were given in a very low tone. He struck with the sword at the mate, who escaped by running, whilst the captain pursued him with a drawn sword. Rambert got aback the main rigging. This was about day-break. The mate jumped overboard. The master was not far behind, with a drawn sword. The mate was bleeding. I was on the poop at the opposite side, about twenty-four feet from him. He did not give three huzzas, as entered in the log-book. The helm was put down, and the captain consulted the crew as they were all aft, as to whether it would be any use to try and get the boat out, and they agreed that, as there was such a crowd of canvass on the ship, it would be of no use. I heard Curtis say the mate was the cause of the whole disturbance, as he wanted them to take the ship from the captain, and carry her to America. I am quite sure he said to America."

William Beresford was then examined as to the state of Mars when he had to attend and feed him, off *Fayal*, for three or four days before his death: "He was then on the main hatch. He was in irons, hands and feet, and also had a large shackle round his neck."—"What state was he in?" "He was covered all over with blood."—"Could you see what from?" "He had several cuts about his head, and his upper lip was nearly cut off. It hung over his mouth. I had to lift it up to put the bread in."—"What sort of bread?" "It was hard bread. I had to soak it in coffee or in tea, to give it to him. I saw him hauled out of the cabin with the rope. He was not then quite dead."—Mr. Broderip: "In what state was he?" "Very near dead. He died in about a quarter of an hour after. When he was hauled out of the cabin there was a rope put round his waist, but I do not know whether they squeezed him or not." He also stated "that the captain called him to the cabin on arriving in the Channel (but before the pilot came on board) and gave him two cuts on the head and one on the wrist. He asked me why I had given up my arms when I was walking sentry. He told Spence to go out of the cabin, as he did not want any one to witness the son of a —'s death. He then made me kiss the sole of his foot."

Peter Curtis stated "That after the pilot came on board, the captain cut him that night in several places about the head and body. It was in the cabin, and almost all hands were in the cabin at the same time on their knees. French, Julian, and Dunn brought me down. I was stowed away the best part of the night, whilst they were looking for me with lanterns. I went under the long-boat, because the captain said he would have my life."

Franklin Neckar called: "I was called to the cabin on the 7th of November, and the captain ordered me on my knees, telling me to stop there a few minutes. He called French, and told him to fire as long as the powder lasted. He fired at Burton and at me also, in the face. French stood right alongside me, and the captain stood before me with the cutlass over my head. When next I was called to the cabin, the captain cried out, 'Mutiny! to arms!' There was no mutiny. The lights were blown out, and French caught me by the collar, saying, 'Here you are, you son of a—,' and struck me on the head with a pistol, of which I have the scar now. The captain was present, and sung out, 'He's my prisoner, put him in irons.'"

James Blackden, a German, said, "The day after the pilot left us we were ordered to the cabin, and the captain told us to go on our knees. He struck me with the flat of the cutlass over the shoulders twice, and said, 'You have all to die to-night. I'll have your lives.'"

John Allendson, a Swede, hitherto called Alison, in the depositions, said, "The captain cut me in the ear and head with a sword after our arrival in the Channel. I was on deck at the time, helping to put the ship about. I believe it was before the pilot came aboard."

Barry Yelverton was recalled, and examined as to the papers signed by the crew, and the accounts in the log-book relative to the death of Mars and Reason.—Mr. Broderip: "How came you to sign accounts so different from your present statements?" "I refused at first, but the captain said, 'if we did not he would cut our hearts out, and make us sign them with our heart's blood.' Julian, the Italian, the cook, William Dunn, and I think Spence, were there when the expression was used. This was said after the death of Mars, and repeated several times. In consequence of that I signed the documents."

John Cordoviallo was then called, and said: "I signed some papers by force, but I do not know what they were, nor can I exactly say whether before or after Mars's death. The captain or Spence said, 'You must sign it, or else I'll kill you.' It was in consequence of that I signed it."

William Dunn, the cook, said: "I signed my name to some papers relative to the death of Mars and Reason. I signed three or four times. They were read over to me by Spence in the presence of the captain, whilst I was in the cabin. We were required to sign the paper. French and some of the crew would not sign them with a pen, and the captain said 'he'd cut their heart's out and make them sign them with their heart's blood.' I only heard him say it once. 'Twas in consequence of that I signed the papers. I signed three or four papers at one time."

Mr. John Lavies, surgeon of the Westminster House of Correction, saw several of the crew of the *Tory* on the night of their arrival, and produced a memorandum made the following morning. "He saw Nelson, Gair, and Burton, on the night they were committed to prison, on the evening of the 17th of November."—"State their condition." Witness: "They were scarcely human in appearance. They were dirty, their hair much dishevelled, and their wounds had not been dressed or washed, apparently, for some days. I attended the captain when he came to the prison, and found an apparently punctured wound on the back part of his right leg. It was healing, but inflammation had set in, which has since become extensive, suppuration affecting the whole leg and thigh. He has been very ill. I suspect there was bad habit of body, and there was, besides, much depression. There was no sign of *delirium tremens*, nor any symptoms to show that he had recently been addicted to drinking."

Mr. William Clapp, another surgeon, was then examined: He stated "That he was second surgeon of the *Dreadnought*, and a man named Joseph Morris, was placed under his care on the 12th of last November. He had a wound on the outside of the right thigh, on the lower part."—"Mr. Broderip: "A gun shot wound?" "Apparently. It was four inches in length, and about one in depth."

The depositions were then fully read over. When it came to Sinclair's turn, Mr. Broderip asked him "Whether he was

sure he heard Curtis tell the captain that Rambert intended to take the vessel to America?" Witness: "I am almost certain I did."—Mr. Broderip: "Recollect yourself, and think whether it was Curtis, or the captain, who made the observations about America?" Witness: "To the best of my recollection, it was Curtis."—Mr. Broderip: "Are you certain?" Witness: "Yes, I do recollect the words."

Mr. Broderip, then, solemnly addressing the prisoner, amidst the most perfect stillness, asked, "If he had any thing to say?"

The prisoner, under the direction of his solicitor, was silent.

Mr. Broderip: "Prisoner, at the bar, it is now my duty to send you to take your trial at the next Session of the Central Criminal Court, for the Wilful Murder of Thomas Reason; also for the Wilful Murder of William Mars, and also for the Wilful Murder of William Rambert. I have, moreover, to commit you to take your trial on the charge of feloniously wounding Stephen Cone, Thomas Lee, David Johnson, Thomas Gair, Joseph Ronilleau (Morris), William Burton, Robert Thompson, Andrew Nelson, William Beresford, and Peter Curtis."

The prisoner was removed from the bar in a very feeble condition.

THE TRIAL.

[Having already laid before our readers, a detail of all the evidence adduced against Captain Johnstone, we abstain from giving a report of the first day's proceedings, as it would be a mere repetition of what have already been stated.]

Friday, February 6.

The judges took their seats on the bench shortly after ten o'clock, and the prisoner was immediately placed at the bar.

The Attorney-General, with Mr. Bodkin and Mr. Clark, appeared for the Crown, and Mr. Jervis and Mr. Huddleston, for the prisoner.

Mr. Jervis then rose to address the jury, and he commenced by observing, that the interval which had been afforded to him, by the kindness of the court and jury, to prepare the defence, had not at all tended to diminish the anxiety with which he now rose to address them on behalf of the prisoner at the bar. That anxiety was not occasioned by any fear that the jury would be, in any way, prejudiced by what they had heard out of court—and he would take that opportunity of thanking the Attorney-General for the very fair and impartial manner in which he had laid the case before the jury—but from the difficulty in which he was placed by the very extraordinary character of the occurrence which they were inquiring into. He had no anxiety which arose from a belief of the prisoner's guilt, for he assured the jury that, in his own opinion, whatever might be the character of the act committed by the prisoner, that it would be impossible for the jury, under the circumstances that had been detailed by the witnesses, to find the prisoner guilty of the offence imputed to him by the present indictment, namely, wilful murder, and in the terms of the law, of his malice aforethought, and he trusted he should be able to satisfy them that at the time the prisoner committed the act imputed to him, he was not in such a state of mind or consciousness as would render him criminally responsible for his actions. He would pass over the discrepancies that appeared in the testimony of the different witnesses, because he agreed with the Attorney-General, that under the exciting circumstances in which they were placed, it was impossible to expect that they should remember everything that occurred, and the fairest way would be to take a general view of the effect of their testimony. The learned counsel then said, that the main point upon which he rested the defence of the prisoner was, that his mind had become in such a state, that when he killed the deceased, he was not criminally responsible, and that it would be the duty of the jury to acquit him upon that ground. He wished them to understand that he did not mean to contend that the prisoner was in point of fact a madman, without any lucid intervals, but that what had occurred on board the vessel had the effect of rendering him subject to paroxysms of

madness, and that in one of those paroxysms he destroyed the deceased. The evidence for the prosecution clearly proved the prisoner's conduct to have been most extravagant and extraordinary; he appeared to have attacked the crew without any provocation, cutting them most cruelly, and acting altogether in a manner totally unaccountable. The witnesses had denied that any mutinous spirit existed on board the vessel; but whether there was an actual mutiny or not, he submitted that it was abundantly clear the crew were perfectly well satisfied that their conduct had been such as to subject them to punishment, for otherwise, when the captain had behaved to them in such a violent and cruel manner, they would surely have complained to the captain of the other English vessel when he came on board, or at all events when they got to Fayal, they would have made their complaint; but although Reason, the deceased, Cone, and Lee, the three men who had so shortly before been treated in such a cruel manner, were the very parties who rowed the captain ashore, it did not appear that they made a single word of complaint; and this he submitted could only arise from a fear, that if inquiry were instituted, it would have the effect of bringing punishment upon them for their own conduct. It was admitted, that up to a certain period, the conduct of the prisoner had been particularly kind to his crew, and there could not have been a greater proof of his kind feeling than the fact that, out of his own small allowance of water, he gave a portion to one of the crew who was sick, and this kindness continued until his reasoning powers were destroyed by the cause to which he should afterwards allude. The learned counsel then proceeded to read extracts from different works upon the subject of crime and insanity, contending that they bore out the conviction he had expressed, that the prisoner was not legally accountable for his actions. He should rely upon the circumstances of the case deposed to by the witnesses for the prosecution in support of that defence. What was the position of the prisoner? He was the captain of a vessel containing a valuable cargo, said to be worth £80,000, with an unknown crew, whom he had very good reason to believe were in a mutinous state. He knew that there was a scarcity of provisions and water, and he might very naturally suppose that this would increase the discontent of his crew, and while things were in this state he was led to believe that the crew intended to destroy his life, and to seize the vessel and her valuable cargo. The jury were aware of the representations that were made to the prisoner—he was told that the crew had sharpened their knives—that they had armed themselves, and also that there was a determination if he did not reach the island of Ascension the next morning, which he might at the time have known to be impossible, that he would no longer be captain of the vessel. The jury would also remember that French had told him a story about Dunn, and while he imagined that he was his friend, another of the crew came to him and told him that French had sharpened his knife to kill him, and this would naturally lead him to imagine that the whole of the crew were leagued against him, and that there were none of them upon whom he could place any confidence. What was the immediate effect of this? Why, from being a kind and mild well-conducted man, he was at once changed to a state of wildness and intemperance, and apparently to be regardless of his actions. He became furious and raving. The three men whom he supposed to be concerned in the mutiny he put in irons, and while in that condition, according to the testimony of one of the witnesses, he cut at them 50 times; and afterwards, with a drawn cutlass in his hand, he pursued the chief mate, Rambert, wounded him, and eventually drove him into the sea; and his whole conduct at that time, he should submit, was such as to show that he was then clearly not accountable for his actions. It might be said that after this, which occurred in the month of September, the prisoner conducted himself perfectly quiet and calm for a month, and until the vessel had sailed from Fayal; but he should contend that the blow upon the mind of the prisoner had been struck, his reason was affected, and, the moment the chord was again struck, a paroxysm of madness was the consequence. At Fayal there could be no doubt that he had conversed with the

Consul or the harbour-master upon the subject of the conduct of his crew, and that by this means was laid the foundation of what occurred so soon after their departure from that port. The string had been touched that effected his mind, and, according to the testimony of the boy who had been called, he at that place, without receiving any provocation, declared that when he got on board, he "would kill them all." The sight of the crew, who he believed were the persons whom he had such good reason to dread, again drove him to frenzy, and unchecked by reason, and uncontrolled by judgment, there was no doubt, that in a paroxysm of madness, he committed the act for which he was now called upon to answer. He requested the jury to consider the circumstances under which the unfortunate man met his death. If the prisoner really desired to gratify any vindictive feeling, would he have sent for the man into his cabin, and destroyed him in the presence of the crew? He first sent for him at 7 o'clock, and then, without any provocation, he attacked him, and cut him in a most brutal manner. At twelve o'clock the same night, he again sent for him, and immediately, and without a word being said, again attacked him, and while several persons were standing by, stabbed him to death. Were not these the acts of a madman—of a person bereft of all reason and judgment; but if any proof of insanity were wanting, he considered it amply supplied by the conduct of the prisoner afterwards, in falling on his knees before the dead body, imploring the deceased to speak to him; saying that if he would only say two words, he, his murderer, would forgive him, and after this, revelling and laughing by the side of the dead body, which he (Mr. Jervis) considered could be looked upon in no other light than the last frantic act of a raving maniac. It might be said, in reference to the condition of the prisoner's mind, that his conduct in making the entry in the log-book, that the deceased died in a fit, and compelling the crew to sign it, was a proof that he was perfectly well aware what position he had placed himself in; but he should contend that it was merely the cunning of insanity, which it was well known in several cases had been established in a most extraordinary manner. In a celebrated case, cited by Lord Erskine, a gentleman who had been confined as a lunatic, preferred indictments against the parties who were concerned in his incarceration, and he underwent a strict and protracted cross-examination, without evincing any symptoms of insanity, until he was asked whether he was not the Almighty? This was the chord that vibrated upon his whole system, and the state of his mind became immediately apparent by his answer; but, to show the cunning of insanity, the same party afterwards preferred other indictments, and being fully aware of the effect of his former answers, when the same question was put to him on the second occasion, he refused to give any reply. The learned council, then referred to the other circumstances that had been deposed to, contending that all went to show that at the time the prisoner committed the act with which he was charged, he was unconscious of the effect of it, and was not, therefore, criminally responsible. He said he should wish the jury to understand that the ground upon which he asked for the acquittal of the prisoner was, that he was in a state of temporary insanity when he destroyed the deceased. He did not mean to deny that afterwards his mind recovered, and that at the present time, he might be perfectly sane, but the exciting cause had passed away, and this was the manner in which that would be accounted for. The learned counsel concluded a very eloquent and able address, by imploring the jury, if they had any doubt, to lean to the side of mercy, which was the greatest attribute of British justice.

The name of one witness was called, who, it was supposed, was to speak to the character of the accused, but he did not answer.

The ATTORNEY GENERAL said he should wave his right of reply on behalf of the Crown.

Mr. Justice WILLIAMS then proceeded to sum up. He observed that the learned counsel for the prisoner had rested his defence entirely upon the ground that at the time he committed the act he was not in such a state of mind as to render him accountable for his actions, and this was the question,

therefore, which the jury had to decide. After going through the evidence minutely, his lordship said in conclusion, that the mere fact of a crime being committed, under most atrocious and revolting circumstances, ought not to be taken as a proof of the insanity of the person who committed it, but those circumstances were merely an ingredient in the case for the consideration of the jury. It was for them to weigh all the facts carefully and attentively, and after having done so, if they felt a doubt whether the accused at the time he committed the act really was in such a state of mind as not to be aware what he was about, they should acquit him on that ground; but if, on the contrary, they thought that notwithstanding all the circumstances he should be considered as responsible for his actions, it would then equally be their duty to find him guilty.

The jury retired at one o'clock, and at twenty-five minutes after two they returned into court.

Mr. Straight, the deputy clerk of arraigns then inquired "whether they had agreed upon their verdict?"

The Foreman replied: "We find the prisoner guilty, but that he was not at the time in a sound state of mind."

Mr. Justice WILLIAMS: "Am I to understand that you think he was not in a sane state of mind when he committed the act? If so, that would be a verdict of not guilty on the ground of insanity. Is that what you mean to say, gentlemen?"

The jury returned no answer, and did not appear to understand what was said by the learned Judge.

Mr. Justice WILLIAMS said, if they had not agreed upon what verdict they should deliver, they had better retire.

The jury wished to know what would be the effect of finding such a verdict as that mentioned by the court.

Mr. Justice WILLIAMS said, "the jury had nothing to do with the consequences of any verdict they might deliver."

The jury then again deliberated for a short time, when—

Mr. Justice WILLIAMS said "they had better retire, and discuss the matter," and, accordingly, they again left the Court.

They were absent nearly half an hour, when they again returned, and gave a verdict of "Not Guilty, on the ground that the prisoner was in a state of insanity at the time he committed the offence."

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL then addressed the Court, and said "there were several other indictments against the prisoner, but after the verdict that had been delivered, he did not consider it would be necessary to proceed with them."

Mr. Justice WILLIAMS said "he thought he exercised a proper discretion in taking this course."

The prisoner was then removed: the usual order being given, that he should be kept in safe custody until Her Majesty's pleasure should be made known respecting him.

We cannot close this most important trial, without passing a few words on the sentence.—A conclusion has been come to; the man has been proved by the tongues of more than one, who were eye witnesses of his revolting cruelties, to have been guilty of *three murders*, perpetrated without cause—And yet with these facts staring them in the face, the twelve men, whose duty 'tis to hear and judge impartially, to uphold virtue, and punish vice; after one hour and a half's discussion returned into court and delivered their verdict "NOT GUILTY."

Full of truth are the words of a contemporary, who says, "A little murder, like a little learning, is a dangerous thing." The assassin who hopes to escape the gallows, must wade deep into blood; for so 'things had begun make strong themselves by ill.' To kill one man would be murder, but to kill three is insanity! Any superaddition of barbarity, also, conduces to safety, as it is looked upon as a corroborative evidence of madness."

Another (*The Times*) observes with equal truth "The trial of Captain Johnstone, of the Tory, has ended in his acquittal. The jury have found, after an investigation of two days, that the prisoner is, in fact, guilty of the homicide of three human beings, under circumstances of the most deliberate and revolting cruelty; but that he is not guilty, in theory, of the crime of

murder, because he was not at the time a reasonable and responsible creature. Their verdict of 'Not Guilty' is given on the ground of insanity; they are satisfied that the murderous hackings, and hewings, and stabblings, committed by the captain on his helpless, abject crew, and continued with little intermission for the space of several days, were all the acts of a madman, of a being without reasonable motives or moral restraints, ungovernable and ungoverned. It is not for us to question the propriety of this verdict, nor to inquire by what process of ratiocination it was arrived at. The law ascribes to those awful twelve men, to whom it is given to pronounce the fiat of life or death the attribute of infallibility. In criminal cases there is no appeal. Whether the guilty escape or the innocent be condemned, whether the iron inflexibility of written law be used to crush the helpless victim of overwhelming misery, or the sinuous tortuosities of technical chicanery be applied to rescue the hardened villain from the fate he has well deserved, in the face of plain conviction and in the teeth of justice, in any and in every case, the decision of those twelve men is final and irrevocable.

"It is difficult to restrain one's indignation, it is impossible to abstain from bitterness, in beholding the first principles of law perverted and made to work the grossest injustice. It is laid down by all writers on criminal jurisprudence, and is in fact a very axiom among lawyers, that in a charge of murder, if the act be proved, the malice is implied. This position rests upon the universal law of human responsibility, upon the principle that every man can, if he will, control his own acts, and is therefore accountable for them. If circumstances can be brought forward to show that the party accused has not this power of control, and consequently should not be held accountable to his fellow men, it is for him to make these circumstances appear. But in the first place he must be held guilty, if he has taken away life. It is not to be denied, as a consequence of this doctrine, that insanity is a just ground for remitting the punishment for any and every offence. But it must be admitted, at the same time, that it is a dangerous ground. Insanity is a malady that hardly admits of definition. There is moral and physical insanity, temporary and permanent. Then there is idiotcy and frenzy, mere mental aberration and monomania. Examine a dozen physicians, and each will give a different description of the disease, but all will agree in pronouncing its varieties infinite. Some will say it is an absence of motive in the general conduct, a 'lesion of the will.' Others will call it a general inability to appreciate cause and effect. Others, again, will describe it generally as an absence of reason. All are right as far as they go, but none go far enough. The truth is insanity is not to be defined, and is, therefore, a most dangerous word to write in books of criminal jurisprudence. Each man, each dozen of men, may give it a meaning to suit a particular view of a given case; and, as we see daily in investigations before coroners, it may be used as a means of evading a law that has become distasteful, though perhaps without sufficient reason, to the general feelings of the community.

"We speak here more particularly, though not exclusively, of temporary insanity. It is become almost a fashion, of late years, to presume the existence of this disease in every criminal, whose offence is characterised by extraordinary atrocity. The maudlin philanthropists of these charitable times cannot believe in the possibility of guilt so enormous as to approach what themselves might call a demoniacal frenzy. The commission of a great crime without apparent motive is supposed to be in itself a proof of insanity. Such was the idea that prevailed in M'Naughton's case, and now in Captain Johnstone's. Such an idea, however, is, in our estimation, subversive of every principle of sound humanity. Once admit it, and you give a premium to enormous crimes. The deeper the guilt, the greater the chance of escape; the more atrocious, the more hideous, the more monstrous the act, the more perfect the impunity. Let the murder but exceed belief, let it only lack a precedent in the Newgate calendar, and find no parallel in the annals of blood, and the murderer shall be acquitted, though a thousand eyes had witnessed his crime, and a thousand voices attest its perpetration.

"Observe how this absurd, this dangerous doctrine of irresponsibility, has been applied in the trial before us. The master of a merchant vessel, with a crew of some thirty men, sails from China for an English port. Midway on his homeward voyage, the water and provisions run short. The crew are placed upon short allowance, and, of course, show some symptoms of discontent. These are conveyed to the captain's ears by meddling, sneaking rascals, such as are always to be found on board ship, ready with any act of meanness to curry favour. The captain is alarmed (we put the matter in the most favourable light for himself) for the safety of his valuable cargo. He determines, to crush the spirit of mutiny in the very outset; and to do this by a system of intimidation. In order to wind up his feelings to the necessary point of savage barbarity, he seeks the usual resource and incentive of crime—the bottle. An unfortunate occurrence—the meeting with another vessel on the high seas—supplies him with an unlimited means of intoxication. He drinks to drown fear, and drowns at the same time, every spark of reason, and quail of conscience. He becomes furious in his cups, and, as many drunken men are, savage, and careless of consequences. He commits, with a reckless, indiscriminate atrocity, and a barbarous exultation, repeated acts of cruelty upon his trembling crew. He perpetrates murders wholesale, cuts and slashes men as though they were senseless stocks, then drinks again to deaden the stings of remorse, and returns to the attack. He arrives at length in port, and, having had ample time for deliberation, resolves to assume the initiative, and charges his crew with mutiny. The charge is investigated, but in the course of it, such tales are told as throw the guilt upon the master, instead of the men, and the Crown is compelled to intervene. The captain is placed at the bar of his country on a charge of murder. The case is proved against him, with all the attendant horrors of a cold-blooded and motiveless inhumanity. He offers no defence—not even an attempt is made to prove his insanity. On the contrary, it is admitted that up to the moment of the supposed mutiny, he was quiet, and sufficiently inoffensive. His defence rests solely on the unaccountableness of his conduct, on the fashionable idea, *that a crime without a motive is no crime at all*. The jury find him guilty and insane. They are told the verdict is a contradiction. They are puzzled at first, and no wonder. At last they acquit him on the ground of insanity.

"And this trial takes place in 1846, in the heart of London, in the centre of enlightenment and civilisation, before a jury sworn "to give a true verdict, according to the evidence." That they have not done so, we do not hesitate to affirm. They may have decided according to their consciences, but they have not decided according to the evidence. The contest lies between their judgment and their honour. The one has failed. We will not suppose it to be the latter.

PUNISHMENT OF SEAMEN IN THE REIGN OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

[From the Harleian MSS.]

"These executions and capitall punishments I finde to be thus in Queene Elisabeth's tyme, aborde her owne shippes. If any one man killed another, he was to be bownde to the dead man, and soe throwne into the sea. If any one drew a weapon wherewith to stryke his captaine, he was to loose his righte hande. If any one drew a weapon within borde in anye waye of tumult or murder, he was to loose his righte hande. If any one pilfered, or stole awaye anye goods or monies from anye of his fellows, he was to be thrise ducked att the boltsprits, and then to be dragged at the bote's sterne, and sett on shoare upon the next land, with a lofe of bread and a can of beere. If any one practysed to steale awaye anye of her Majesty's shippes, the captaine was to cause him to be hanged by the heels untill his braines were beaten out against the shippe's sides, and then to be cutt downe and lett fall intoe the sea. If anye one slept in his watche, for the first time he was to be headed with a bucket of water; for the second time, he was to be haled upp by the wrysts, and to have two buckets of water poured in his

sleeves; for the third tyme, he was to be bounde to the maynemast with plates of iron, and to have some gunn chambers, or a basket of bulletts, tied to his arms, and soe to remain at the pleasure of the captaine; for the fourthe time, he was to be hanged at the boltsprite, with a can of beere and a biscott of breade, and a sharp knife, and soe to hange and chuse whether he woulde cutt himself downe and fall into the sea, or hang still and starve. If anye one marryner or soldier stole awaye from Her Majesty's service, without lycense of his captaine, he was to be hanged. If anye one did mutinye about his allowde proportion of victuals, he was to be laid in the bilboes during the captaine's pleasure. As for all pettie pilferings, and commisions of that kinde, those were generallie punished with the whippe, the offender beinge for that purpose bounde faste to the capstan; and the waggerie and idleness of shippe boys paid by the boatswayne with a roddle; and commonlie this execution is done upon Mondaye mornings, and is so frequentlie in use, that some meere seamen and saylers doe believe in good earnest that they shall never have a faire winde untill the poore boyes be dulle brought to the chest; that is, whipped every Mondaye morninge.

ANECDOTE OF GEORGE THE FOURTH.

WHEN the yacht was endeavouring to double the Land's End (on the return from Ireland), the weather was terrific; it blew a hurricane, and seemed setting in. Sir Charles Paget told the king that he would not be answerable for the consequences of persevering. His Majesty said, "Paget, do nothing but what is right; act as you would do if I were not here."

In altering the course to run for Milford, a thick fog came on, and it was impossible to see a ship's length; the gale increased, and Sir Charles, naturally anxious in having such a charge as the king, again felt it his duty to state the danger in which he thought the vessel. His Majesty received the communication with the greatest coolness, and again desired him not to think about him.

Still the weather grew worse, and while the yacht was under bare poles, or nearly so, a sea struck her wheel, and unshipped her tiller ropes. To any person acquainted with nautical matters, this occurrence, in a storm, needs no remark; and Sir Charles felt it his duty (not able himself to quit the deck) to despatch an officer to report the accident to the king. "Tell Paget," said the monarch, "that I am quite satisfied in having as gallant and skilful officers, and as active a crew as Europe can produce—for the rest we must rely upon Providence."

Similar fortitude and presence of mind marked his Majesty's conduct in his short excursion to Calais. When the yacht arrived off that port, it was blowing hard, with a heavy sea running; the waves rolling in, struck her on the weather-side, and dashed furiously over the quarter-deck. It was reported that as his Majesty's barge was not arrived, and no means of insuring a safe landing were at hand, they must stand out to sea for the night. The king asked if there was no French boat; a French fishing-boat was dancing before the yacht at the moment; the people offered their services. Sir E. Nagle and Sir C. Paget (both experienced naval officers) wished to deter his Majesty from going, but he called to the Frenchmen in their own language, and asked them if they could carry him safe ashore; they affirmed that they could: upon which his Majesty, turning with a smile upon his nautical attendants, said, "Come—I am quite sure you don't mind a ducking;" and instantly went down the side—they of course followed.

The boat having got entangled in some ropes which were adrift, a sea completely washed the whole crew. Sir C. Paget, alarmed for the king, was about to seize the helm, when the king, touching his arm, said—"Be quiet, my good friend; leave the Frenchmen to manage their own boat in their own way, and I'll be bound for them they will land us safe." They, however, struck three times on the bar, and were very nearly swamped.

The landing of his Majesty at Calais was not accomplished without a little risk, owing, it is said, to some awkward mismanagement of a French sailing-boat, which had the honour of receiving his Majesty from the Royal George, improperly coming to the bow of the yacht, where the boats mast got entangled for a moment. At this period the king's cap fell into the water, and he lost it. His Majesty, however, got safe on shore, and in high spirits; he seemed much entertained with the difference of the manner and appearance of the French, from that of the people whom he had so recently left at Ramsgate.

HIS MAJESTY'S BRIG, PELICAN, AND THE UNITED STATES' BRIG, ARGUS.

HIS MAJESTY's brig of war, Pelican, Captain J. F. Maples, was ordered, on the 12th of August, 1813, to cruise in St. George's channel, for the protection of the trade, and particularly for the purpose of seeking an American sloop of war, which had been committing serious depredations on our commerce, and which had made little short of twenty captures. The Pelican had only arrived at Cork at about six o'clock on the morning of the 12th; before the sails were furled she received the order, and by half-past eight a.m. she was beating out of harbour, against a heavy head wind and sea. About four o'clock a.m. on the 14th, after two days' anxious search, the Pelican discovered a vessel on fire, and a brig standing from her; which latter, the vigilant eye of Captain Maples soon made out to be the long looked-for cruiser.

All sail was immediately set in chase; but the enemy, which proved to be the United States' brig of war, Argus, made no preparations for flight, but shortened sail, being unable to get the weather-gage, which gave Captain Maples an opportunity of running alongside her at about six a.m.; her commander, as it afterwards appeared, being confident of victory "in ten minutes." The American's colours were now hoisted, and her larboard broadside discharged. The Pelican, being in a most favourable position, saluted her opponent with three cheers; the old English ensign flew up at the same instant, the broadside returned, and the action commenced within the range of musket-shot, with the greatest spirit on both sides. At about twenty minutes after the commencement of the action, the American captain and first lieutenant were carried below severely wounded; and the Pelican, being on the weather quarter, edged off for the purpose of passing under her opponent's stern. But the Argus, dexterously throwing her main-topsail aback, luffed close to, and frustrated the attempt of the Pelican, giving her at the same time a raking broadside. The bold commander and crew of the latter, not dismayed by this failure, again attempted the manœuvre; and having shot away the preventer main-brace of the Argus, she, in consequence fell off before the wind, and the Pelican, passing under her stern, succeeded in taking her position on her starboard beam.

The first lieutenant of the Argus now returning to the deck of his ship, found her most terribly mauled; and the Pelican, profiting by her condition, passed her broadside, and raked her for some minutes longer, when the two vessels fell on board each other. Captain Maples immediately gave the signal to board, and, with his gallant crew, dashed on the deck of the American. A volley of musketry was the only opposition they encountered, but by this fell the master's mate, Mr. Young, in the moment of victory, and, as Captain Maples expresses it in his despatch, "while animating, by his courage and example, all around him."

All resistance now ceased, and the Argus was taken possession of by her conquerors; the action lasting forty-five minutes. She lost six killed and twenty-one wounded; six of the latter (among whom was her commander) mortally. She was much cut up in her hull, lower masts, and rigging, though no spar of consequence was shot away. The Pelican lost her brave master's mate and one seaman killed, and five seamen slightly wounded. She also suffered much in her hull and rigging, her sides being literally sown with grape shot; but, like the Argus,

she lost no spar of moment. She was rather superior in size and tonnage to the Argus, and also in weight of metal; her broadside weight in pounds being 274, and that of the latter 228. In complement, however, the American brig was superior, and not less in *apparent* quality than in number; for her crew consisted of 122 picked men and three boys (so called); total, 125. A finer set of fellows than whom never was seen, few of them less than six feet in height, and many of them British subjects. The Pelican's complement was 104 men, of all shapes, sizes, and ages, and twelve boys, total, 116.

When we consider (deducting the killed, wounded, and boys from each side) that ninety-eight athletic Americans surrendered to ninety-nine various sized Englishmen, without any material resistance, when boarding was resorted to, we may rank the capture of the Argus by the gallant Captain Maples among the most brilliant exploits recorded in British naval annals.

LOSS OF THE DUTTON, EAST INDIAMAN, JANUARY 26, 1796.

THE Dutton, East Indiaman, arrived at Plymouth on the 25th of January, 1796, from Admiral Christian's fleet; but on the following day, at about ten o'clock in the morning, a dreadful gale of wind came on from the S. W., when she was driven to leeward, and about two hours afterwards, she struck on the S. W. part of Mount Batten, and immediately after, parted her cables. She then veered round with her head to the N. W., and stretched across the harbour under her fore-topsail; but by her striking on the Batten, having knocked her rudder off, she became unmanageable, and, at about half-past twelve o'clock, was driven on shore, under the citadel, when her masts were all cut away. After violently beating on the strand for several hours, her back was entirely broken, and she became a mere wreck.

The number of persons that were on board when the ship struck, amounted to five hundred, including soldiers, seamen, women, and children; but notwithstanding the violence of the sea, and the imminent danger, from the dreadful situation of the ship, not more than three or four persons perished—and those were carried away by being entangled in the rigging when the main-mast was cut away; but, such was the eager anxiety of the soldiers and seamen to get to land, that numbers of them jumped overboard, and had very nearly lost their lives by the violence of the sea dashing them on the rocks.

Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell;
Then shrieked the timid, and stood still the brave;
Then some leaped overboard with dreadful yell,
As eager to anticipate their grave;
And the sea yawned around her like a hell.

It was on this account that Sir Edward Pellew, with great intrepidity, got himself conveyed on board the Dutton, by means of a rope extended from the ship to the shore; and by his able conduct, put an end to the confusion that existed, assuring them, that he would be the last man to quit the ship. To this was owing the order and regularity which instantly prevailed.

Measures were immediately taken to get the men out of the ship, which was effected by means of boats, and by ropes fastened to the shore; and it is a singular circumstance, almost unparalleled in the history of maritime disasters, that owing to the manly conduct and efficient presence of mind which was evinced by Sir Edward Pellew on this occasion, and for which the corporation of Plymouth afterwards presented him with its freedom, that not another life was lost, although, such was the dreadful situation of the vessel, but very little hope could be reasonably entertained that any of them would be saved.

LOSS OF THE TER SCHELLING;

Including the various Calamities of the Crew, during an unfortunate Voyage to Bengal, in 1661.

On the 3rd of September, 1661, the *Ter Schelling*, which carried about eight pieces of cannon, and had upwards of seventy men on board, left Batavia for Bengal, with the *Wesop*, *Brouwers-haven*, and *Nieuwenhove*. Their freight consisted chiefly of pieces of silver coin, and copper-plates.

On the 18th of October, they were in sight of the coast of Bengal, but knew it not. In this state of uncertainty, they steered towards it, and cast anchor within two leagues of the shore, where the captain, Jacob Jantz Stroom, a native of Amsterdam, sent out the long-boat, and despatched the pilot

to the inhabitants, with seven or eight seamen, and the steward, who had some knowledge of the language of that country, in order to inquire into the nature and name of the coast they saw. They knew, from information, that the coast of Bengal was surrounded with rocks and dangerous shelves, whereon several vessels had been cast away, but for want of experience they were ignorant whereabouts they lay, and consequently had not the precaution to avoid them.

Three days elapsed, during which time they were in anxious expectation of their men's return; but now suspecting that they either perished through some unforeseen accident, or that they were made prisoners on shore, they weighed anchor, and sought a port where they might make inquiries about them. After a long search, they descried three small barques that made towards them from the land side. The sight of these



LOSS OF THE TER SCHELLING.

afforded them infinite pleasure, as they hoped now to obtain some intelligence of the long-boat. These barques stopped at a small distance from their vessel, seemingly in a consultation whether they had better or not come on board her, the *Ter Schelling* being a man of war. After about a quarter of an hour's deliberation, their commander, whom they called Orangkai, drew near with his barque, and told them by signs, that the two others were laden with fowls, fish and several fruits of their country. The people of the *Ter Schelling* now gave him to understand in the best manner they could, that he had no reason for apprehension; and being at length encouraged by their promises, he came on board. As soon as he entered the vessel, he ordered the other barques to come up and unlade their provisions, which were, at this time, very acceptable.

Captain Jantz Stroom took Orangkai into his cabin, where he entertained him in the kindest manner. He made inquiries,

but to no purpose, respecting the fate of the long-boat; and as they began to discourse about the country, the *Ter Schelling* touched upon a shelf, which occasioned a general alarm. The noise and confusion produced by the means which were employed to extricate themselves from their sudden danger, filled Orangkai with the apprehension that it was a signal to betray him. He was, therefore, anxious to make his escape, which he did so dexterously, that none of them were aware of his departure, till he was at some distance. For awhile they expected his return; but when they perceived that he had left behind him the money which they had paid him for the provisions, they soon guessed the cause of his sudden retreat, and heartily regretted his mistake.

Their vessel being now afloat, they found themselves as far advanced as they were before. In this dilemma, the greatest part of the crew was of opinion that they should stay here for

some time, in hopes of finding the long-boat; which they did for eight days, but to no purpose. Hereupon they cleared themselves of this place, and hoisted sail in search of the vessels that set out with them.

After a tedious look-out, they ran upon a long shoal, from which they got clear, but afterwards fell upon another, more dangerous than the former. This obliged them to let down their boat into the sea, as well to sound the depth of the water as to understand the nature and quality of the place. Far and near, they could discover nothing but shallows and flats, and there was so little water everywhere, that they knew not which way to pass. The melancholy situation in which they were placed, filled them with the most gloomy apprehensions. They cast anchor behind and before; but in spite of their endeavours to preserve the vessel, the roughness of the sea, and the vio-

lence of the wind, soon occasioned a great breach in her, when, in order to prevent her sinking, they immediately cut down their bowsprit. Their boat was instantaneously swallowed up in the sand, and one man who was in it, was happily preserved by the assistance which the crew of the vessel gave him.

Thus were they deprived of their small boat, out of sight of land, and in an unknown sea; these calamities almost drove them to despair; yet it was the will of Providence that they should encounter worse misfortunes. While thinking on the best measures to adopt, a violent gale of wind snapped both their cables. They immediately threw out two others; these, however, did not prevent the vessel from striking against a sandy hill; therefore they were obliged to cut them with hatchets, leaving their anchors in the sea. As to their sails, the wind not only carried away their fore-top, but they were forced

to clear the vessel of water, and let them all down. The wind, moreover, swelled the waves to such a degree that the vessel let in water through the port-holes, and every moment they expected her to be dashed against a rock.

In this distressing situation, while some were sending up their imperfect but ardent prayers to heaven, and others drowning their sorrows in copious draughts of liquor, another sudden gale drove the ship from between the shoals, and set it on float again. This unexpected occurrence revived their hopes, but they were short-lived hopes; the water sprung in from all sides; whereupon they fell to work with their pumps, but to little purpose; the water still gained upon them; the greater part of the crew, through weakness, being incapable of exertion.

Several consultations were now held which course to steer, when contrary opinions prevailed; the commander's advice,

however, was followed, which afterwards proved a fortunate circumstance; for, if the seamen had had their will, they would have carried the vessel far from the coast. Though now assured that they were in the right course, they had several difficulties to encounter with—the water was still gaining upon them, they had been a great while out of the sight of land, and in want of provisions. Moreover they were all so overcome with sleep and fatigue, that they were not able to stand. While in this deplorable condition, he that was upon the watch, cried out, "Land! land!" declaring that it was near them. This good news put them all in heart again, and made them fall to work afresh. Their hope, however, did not last long, for they had the tide against them for three or four hours, which hindered them from advancing, so that at night they were forced to cast anchor at three leagues distance from land, about four fathoms deep. This last misfortune completed their sorrow.

for they could pump no longer: but the strongest of the crew, perceiving that they were now almost ready to perish in sight of land, used their utmost endeavours to encourage each other, resolving to cut the cable the next morning, and advance with the flood as near as they could to shore. They had scarcely spent six hours in this undertaking, when they perceived that of one bucket of water, half of it was sand with which they had ballasted their vessel, which of course rendered their measures abortive.

All means of preservation having been tried in vain, some gave themselves up to sleep, patiently waiting their expected dissolution: others resolved not to close their eyes till they should be closed for ever. Many indeed, mad with hunger, became outrageous for want of meat, whereupon the captain ordered that every man should have his share of water and smoked beef. It was with much difficulty the steward obeyed this injunction; but finding himself obliged to comply, he distributed such a quantity of both, that one would have imagined they had still a long voyage to make. Several, whose spirits had been exhausted through watching and fatigue, became frantic; in short, the situation of all was truly deplorable.

As soon as they left off pumping, their yard, and foreyards, which they let down, were full of duckers, which were easily taken. A parcel of beans called Kiteri, which were found lying at the bottom of a seaman's chest that lay asleep, were also dressed, which, though they supposed it would have been their last meal, they ate with a great deal of satisfaction. Soon after, there entered so much water through the port-hole of the cook's cabin, where the violence of the waves had made a breach, that they were forced to make holes in the deck to let the water run down into the hold. This they stopped with great difficulty, with plates of lead wrapt about with tow. Exhausted with fatigue, the stoutest then was obliged to yield to the powers of sleep; the captain, who had endeavoured to stay awake, lay down on a chest which was fastened to the deck, not willing to give himself an easy couch at a time of such imminent danger.

The captain had scarcely rested an hour, when he was awoke by the violent screams of some, who having been on the watch, perceived the vessel to incline on one side. A general confusion then took place, every man endeavouring to withdraw from the crowd, to seek alone some means to preserve himself. At this time it was observed that three of their seamen were wanting, who it was supposed were drowned at the bottom of the hold, where they had reposed themselves.

They were two hours in this dreadful condition, most of them half dead and hopeless, when the vessel suddenly and miraculously raised itself up again. Their astonishment at this unexpected change could only be equalled by their joy. Taking advantage of this opportunity, which heaven afforded them, they determined on forming a raft in order to save themselves when the vessel sunk. Accordingly the carpenter, with the assistance of others, took down the sail-yards, masts, and other necessities, with which he made a kind of vessel, which held about forty men. Though the number of the crew exceeded this, there were several who derided the undertaking, and were so far from assisting in it, that they even refused to lend their hatchets and other utensils for the purpose. The cook's mate; whose name was William Usbrants, was particularly averse to it. This man dissuaded many from helping the carpenter, assuring them he would suggest a more probable plan for their preservation. In spite of all opposition, however, they finished their float-boat, which they fastened to the ship, till the oars were made to guide it. When every thing was ready, each man who was willing to confide himself to the raft had ten pieces of money current in Bengal, given him for his relief when on shore. One of the crew was very desirous to go on board this new made boat, but finding that it lay level with the water and was overladen, and particularly those who were appointed to guide it, were unfortunately drunk and disposed to quarrel, he thought it best to stay in the vessel with the commander, and those few who remained behind. Scarcely had the men

in the raft rowed a few yards from the ship, when several, repenting of the undertaking, jumped out and swam back to the vessel; so that, upon their return, there were thirty-two who took the chance of the ship. The men in the raft endeavoured to use the sail of the shallop, but it proved too heavy, and the wind having ceased, they made very little progress.

They were afterwards seen at a great distance by the anxious crew of the ship, who, depending upon their promises, were in hopes of deriving some advantage from their enterprise. Soon, however, they lost sight of them, and as they never saw them any more, concluded, as was probably the case, that the raft sunk, and that all the men on it perished. Oppressed with these melancholy thoughts, for they now despaired of any boat coming to their relief, some of them resolved to make another raft; accordingly they went to work, but when finished they found it would not hold more than about a dozen at most. It being therefore expedient to enlarge it, for this purpose they began to cut down the scuttles of the main mast, which had been already stripped from its tackle. They afterwards wanted the sail-yard, but this being far in the water, entangled with ropes and sail, they despaired of getting it out from thence. One William Bastians, however, caused a rope to be fastened round his middle, and having been let down in the sea, he cut away all those entanglements which hindered them from accomplishing their work. In the meantime they were so incommoded by the darkness of the night and the violence of the waves, that they were every moment in danger of perishing.

While the greatest part of the crew were employed in cutting down the fore-mast (the only one that stood) six of the men had secretly planned together, to run away with the raft, and leave their companions in the lurch. They were about executing this their treacherous design (having already cut the two ropes by which the raft was fastened) and beginning to put off from the vessel; when unfortunately the mast which the others had just cut, fell down into the sea before the raft, and, by its fall, discovered their evil intentions, and forced them back again. Had they succeeded in their scheme, those in the ship doubtless must have perished that night, for the foul weather increased, the waves became boisterous, and the vessel was not in a state to resist them.

The mast which they had felled having been duly accommodated to the raft, it was thereby rendered fit to carry about twenty, though the number of the crew now in the vessel was thirty-two. The tide having been half spent by midnight, they would willingly have waited its return, and embarked by daylight; but their danger was too pressing to admit of delay: accordingly they prepared for their departure out of the vessel, taking along with them a quantity of provisions, two compasses, two cutlasses, a sword, a pole-axe, some oars, made in haste, and a lanthorn and candles for the night.

Thus wretchedly furnished, they forsook the ship, and embarked in their new boat, where each of them, with an oar in his hand, made towards the shore. It is impossible to describe the severe sufferings which they endured, while up to their middle in water, in a cold season and dark night. As soon as the day appeared, they had the tide against them, and not being able to resist it, they were carried off by it so far, that they lost sight of land. An hour after they desisted it, and exerted their utmost endeavours to reach it, but the swiftness of the currents rendered all their attempts fruitless. The greatest part of the crew now became delirious, and by their frantic fits were exceedingly troublesome to the rest. In the meantime, the tide carried them so far that they lost all hope, and now betook themselves to prayer. Some time after, they thought they saw land, and cows feeding; this, though merely the force of imagination, yielded them for a while no small satisfaction, but they soon discovered their mistake, for it was only a sandy bank which they saw, that had been cast up by the violence of the sea.

Finding their danger increasing, it was resolved by the most resolute of the crew, to push, during night, as many of

their companions as they could, into the sea, in order to lighten the boat. The carpenter, however, prevented this cruel design; he recollected that they had money to a considerable weight, which might serve them instead of an anchor or counterpoise, and consequently be serviceable in two respects, as it would also lighten the raft. His advice was also readily taken, and every man immediately gave his money, which was put into a pair of close knee breeches, tied with a cord; then into another pair, and also into a third, which were equally tied, and then the whole fastened to a rope, which they let down to the bottom, when desirous to stop. They made another packet of this money, which they used instead of a plummet, to find on what side the tides cast them. Both one and the other of these were so useful to them, that in a short time they found themselves near land, without any apprehension of again losing it.

About two in the afternoon they took up their anchor to give every man his own again. After this distribution, there was found a sack in a barrel, full of biscuit, which nobody regarded, and which would have been left behind, if the captain had not taken charge of it.

They came at length so near the shore, that they thought they saw fishermen stretching out their nets to dry them. On a nearer approach, they believed they saw other persons who seemed to wear the same habits as they did, and whom they supposed to be those that had left them. They had all the same clothes, hats, and caps, except some that wore canvass taken out of a sail, and others that were only in their drawers. The tide carried them not to that side neither brought them so soon to shore as they desired. This tedious progress rendered them still apprehensive, and one of the men was so impatient, that he absolutely threw himself into the water to try whether he could not swim to land, but he was soon glad to return to the raft. In the meantime, they recollected that the inhabitants of Bengal had a great antipathy to swine's flesh, and it was therefore agreed to throw what they had remaining into the sea.

They now came on shore, and left their crazy raft at the disposal of the sea. As soon as they were landed, the captain, with ten or twelve of the stoutest of his crew, went in search of some convenient place where they might dry and refresh themselves. Those who remained behind were alarmed at their long absence, and went in search of them. After much fatigue and agitation of mind, they found them lying fast asleep, and being equally tired, they also lay down in the same place, and fell fast asleep with them.

The next day we spent in providing wood, of which they made three piles, in a triangular form, which they set on fire with the candle they brought with them in the lanthorn. Near each fire a sentinel was placed, in order to apprise them of the attacks of any wild beasts, and by this means they warmed themselves in greater tranquillity.

They now walked near the shore, in hopes of meeting with some fishermen, or others, from whom they might procure relief. The first object they saw was a great tortoise, without a head, and soon after a buffalo stretched out on the ground, whose head was half rotten, and full of maggots. Several animals, which the inhabitants called leganes, were about this creature's body, which smelt so strong that they could not bear to come near it. Hunger, however, subdued this delicacy; for, some days after this, they were very glad to feast upon this carcase, and pick even the very bones.

About a quarter of a league from this place, they found themselves near a river, on the other side of which they saw eight Moors, viz., four men, two women, and two children, whom they took for natives of Bengal. They immediately endeavoured to pass over it, but found it too deep; about an hour afterwards it appeared more fordable, and they succeeded in crossing it. The Moors now ran to meet them, and casting themselves at their feet, kissed them. They seemed much afflicted, but their signs were not perfectly understood. It was however conjectured, from seeing a certain kind of boat or float, that they were some poor slaves, whom their master's cruelty had obliged to run away. Finding that these people were in want of relief themselves, and consequently incapable of being any service to them, our distressed mariners left them, and repassing the river,

went in search of the tortoise they saw, which they roasted in its shell. Each of them took a part (which on account of their number was very trifling), and greedily devoured it.

The next morning before they set out on their march, their commander, gave each a slice of cheese (from one that weighed about three pounds which he brought from the ship) and by advice of the surgeon, they drank a cup of water, half salt, which seemed to refresh them.

After about five or six hours' march they came to the land's end, by which they supposed this place to be an island, and distant from the main land about eight or nine leagues. These conjectures extremely dismayed them, and, from the apparent barrenness of the island, they concluded that they must shortly perish with hunger.

They now agreed on returning to the place where they had spent the preceding night, in hopes of finding in their way some of these before-mentioned leganes. For fear of rendering them wild, two of their men, armed with a hatchet or cutlass, marched before, and the rest followed at a distance. They returned soon after with one of these animals, which they carried to the place they intended. Having left their chaplain here, they searched about for, and called him, but could neither see nor hear him.

They afterwards sought a more commodious place to reside in during their stay in this island, and fixed upon a place near the shore, which they deemed preferable to that of the wood, as their only hope of meeting with relief was, in being seen by some vessels that were passing by.

Having gathered wood, and therewith kindled a fire, they cut up the legane, with his skin, which though about the size of a cat, was divided into as many pieces as there were men. Every one took his share, and dressed it according to his taste. Some, oppressed with hunger, scarcely warmed the flesh; and others fearing to reduce it, roasted it only a little. This flesh though very unsavoury and unpleasant, was highly relished by these hungry men.

The next morning as they walked along, the surgeon began to taste the leaves of the trees, which he found very good, and the rest immediately followed his example. These were so exceedingly delicate, that they thought they had never tasted bread which had half such a nice relish.

One day, while walking along the shore, they perceived two great serpents, which filled them with some alarm. Though they retreated from them at first, yet hunger gave them courage, and arming themselves with sticks, they gathered round about them, and soon conquered them; they then cut off their heads and tails, and having flayed and washed them well, gave each man his share, which was greedily devoured; and which contrary to their expectations, agreed very well with their stomachs.

Thus were they every day obliged to go in small companies in search of food, in which expeditions they were generally unsuccessful; they frequently went to the sea-side in hopes of finding something cast on shore, but were continually disappointed. One time, being more than usually hungry, they were all bewailing their unhappy situation, when some of them happened to find a few beans, on which they feasted, and thought them highly delicious. They paid dearly, however, for this meal, being soon after seized with violent pains, and a difficulty of breathing. They were three hours in these agonies, and on their recovery, were so exceedingly languid and weak, that they were incapable of gathering sticks to kindle a fire. This gave them a disgust to those leaves which they relished so much before; instead of being so nice as they thought them, they now seemed to have not only a disagreeable, but an offensive taste.

As their strength was every day decreasing, and there was no probability of any vessel approaching the island, they now agreed to make a kind of boat which might carry them to some more friendly island. Accordingly, they cut down several small trees that grew along the water-side, from which they took off the peel, which served as fastenings for the several parts. This boat, when finished, was incapable of holding more than five men, and every one was ambitious to be one of the number. The commander, however, made his choice of five men, being those whom he judged most capable of the expedition. By his orders, they were to coast along the isle till they

came to the point, where they were, and then suffer themselves to be guided by the side, which would carry them between two islands, above which they might find firm land, which he supposed to be above eight or nine leagues distant from the point they stood upon. Besides these instructions he gave them a compass to steer by; and having taken some leaves along with them for sustenance, they parted the thirteenth day after their arrival in this island, solemnly promising their companions, that if successful in their undertaking, they would not fail to return with necessities for their relief. Each of these five men had an oar, but no anchor, or anything else to stop their boat in a contrary tide.

As soon as they were gone, the rest of these unhappy men betook themselves to the woods, where in vain they searched for food. They then sought the corpse of their chaplain, whom they suspected to be dead, and which, if they found, they intended to feed upon. Disappointed in their hope of finding it, some secretly proposed to kill one of the boys who were with them; but others rejected the cruel proposal. From this hour they lived in fear of each other, every man dreading when he lay down that he would be murdered by his companions.

About evening, they understood that two of their companions, that followed by land the five men who went by water in the morning, had overtaken them at night at the island's point, where they begged so earnestly to be taken along with them, that they could not deny them.

In the meantime one of the men came and informed the rest, that he saw a serpent of a prodigious size, which he was afraid to attack, being then alone, but he thought it would be no difficult task for them altogether to conquer him. Elate with this intelligence, they immediately hastened to the place with sticks in their hands. By the way they killed a legane, which fell off a tree at their feet, but they had the misfortune to lose the serpent, who, by the time they reached the place which the man described, was gone. On their return they divided the legane among them in equal shares, which afforded them a scanty supper.

Another time when they were very weak with hunger, the carpenter, who had been upon the look out, returned with his cap full of snails. These little insects had neither horns nor shells, yet as they looked like snails, they called them by that name. They immediately went with the carpenter to the place where he found them, and took all that remained. They appeared of a blueish colour, which at first made them believe they were venomous and dangerous to eat. Hunger, however, overcame all scruples; and having made a great fire to roast them, they put them under the cinders. When ready they began to eat them, and found them very palatable. They then drank some salt water, and prepared for reposing themselves. An hour or two after, the carpenter found himself ill, and fell immediately into fits. The rest were all alarmed, and in half an hour after were affected in the same manner as the carpenter. They felt such acute pains, accompanied with shortness of breath, that they thought their dissolution near. The pains however, gradually ceased, but their weakness continued.

They now began to despair of the return of their companions; those who observed them, declared they were carried off from the coast by the force of the tide, and therefore thought they must have perished with hunger before they could come to land. This opinion having prevailed, they began to think it expedient to build another boat, but the undertaking was difficult, and upon trying their strength, they found themselves incapable of doing it. Thus were they obliged to yield to necessity, and remain patient for some time longer.

It having been observed by the captain, that fires at night were beheld at a great distance, they judged it necessary to make one on shore that could be seen ten or twelve leagues off. They chose for this purpose a convenient place surrounded with dry trees, whereon they heaped others, and set them on fire. These fires they continued for four days, at the expiration of which time their strength failed them, and they could no longer carry on the laborious task. The captain, who was a very robust, strong man, and who measured their strength by his own, made them still continue to bring wood, though

it was with great difficulty and pain. He encouraged them by several accounts of advantages derived from fires by shipwrecked men; but as they experienced none of those advantages, their hopes as well as their strength failed them, and they soon ceased their work entirely.

Innumerable were the calamities which our unhappy sufferers now endured, a faithful relation of which would tend to disgust as well as shock our readers. Suffice it to say, that through the pressing calls of hunger they devoured a toad of an immense size, which they boiled in a pot, and which was productive of no sickness whatever. Another time they fed on the carcase of a putrid buffalo, and on the remains of two serpents which they found. In short, they were driven to that necessitous condition that even filth was accounted a dainty; and notwithstanding the corruption and badness of their food, it had the desired effect of appeasing their hunger, and increasing their strength.

Having finished their boat, the captain pointed out to them the extreme danger of their undertaking, seeing they could not get to land without sails, nor resist the tides without an anchor. They answered, however, that they could not encounter worse calamities than they at present experienced, and though destitute of anchor or sails, they were determined to prosecute their intentions in hopes of meeting some vessel which would receive them on board. The captain, finding them thus resolute, wished them a good voyage, and gave them leave to take with them a young man who spoke the Portuguese language, which was much used in Bengal and Aracan.

In the meantime one of their men who offered to make a wooden anchor, observed, that for this purpose he only wanted four crooked pieces of wood, which he should so fasten together with the rinds of young trees, as should answer their occasions. As there was no stone in the island to make it sink to the bottom, they filled two or three of their shirt sleeves with sand, which they fastened to the wood, and thus contrived a new kind of anchor. They now wanted twenty fathoms of ground tackle, which they knew not where to get. While considering what they should do, they saw two of their crew coming towards them, laden with ivy, and the rind of young trees; they twisted one with the other, and of these made such a rope as they wanted.

The next morning, eight of the crew, who were determined to embark in the new made boat, took leave of their companions, assuring them, that if they met with success they should return to their assistance with all possible speed. They soon gained the isle's point, which lies directly over the main land. Here they stood still, kindled a fire, and took their repast, which consisted chiefly of the leaves of trees, they then weighed anchor, and with much rowing found themselves far enough from the island. Fortunately the weather was calm, which gave them an opportunity to use a bag of sand instead of a plummet. By these means, having found the tide against them, they cast anchor on a bank where their boat could take no harm.

They now agreed, that the provisions which they had with them should be equally shared, and that every man might manage his own share as he liked best, if the voyage should prove longer than they expected. This, however, was attended with bad consequences, for several having no providence or economy, made an end of all their share at once.

A storm now rose, which broke their cable; the waves washed away the remainder of their provisions, and they were driven back to the same place which they had left in the morning. Having committed their boat to the care of the two youngest in their company, the rest went on shore. They immediately ran to the fire they had left at parting, where they found one of the negroes' wives (whom they had met when they first came to the island) by it. This woman, as soon as she saw them, threw herself at their feet; her body was grievously battered and wounded, and they understood by her signs, that it was her own people that had thus used her.

They were now so grievously pressed with hunger, that one of the crew (Charles Dobbel) secretly proposed the murder of this unhappy woman, though a mere skeleton to appearance, for the gratification of their appetite. This cruel intention was

happily overruled by the rest, who observed, that if they once began to feed on human flesh they might still be hungry for more, and consequently no man among them could be safe.

They determined now to make another anchor, to serve instead of that which they lost; and for this purpose despatched two of their men to borrow of the master his hatchet, which he immediately sent them. Having finished the new anchor, they resolved to return the hatchet to the captain, and thank him for the use of it. When about half-way, one of those that borrowed the hatchet observed, that he had seen the captain's linen lying to dry under the trees, and that both himself and his companions (who were half naked) were tempted to take each of them a shirt and a waistcoat. The absolute necessity they were in for linen overcame all scruples of conscience, and they were resolved to avail themselves of this opportunity of taking them. For this purpose they waited till night, when, having come to their quarters, the captain and his friends were fast asleep. Those that needed linen now took what they wanted; after which they seized part of their companions' provisions, and hastily withdrew. Such were the thanks which the captain received for the use of his hatchet.

Having rested themselves some time, they hastened to their other companions, whom they found where they had left them; viz., on the other side of the river. The water was then so high that they were forced to swim over it with their booty on their backs.

They had left behind four companions, three of whom had eaten nothing since the others had left them, and were so faint that they were not able to stand. The fourth, who had made a reserve, feasted in their presence, and was so hard-hearted as to refuse them a morsel of his dinner. He was severely rebuked for his unkindness, and every man received a due portion of what there was to eat. The woman, it seems, who had been left behind with these four men, when told of the departure of the others, slipped away, and was never afterwards seen.

It was judged expedient to watch by turns, for fear of any sudden attack from enemies. When, therefore, it was night, one set upon the watch while the other seven went to sleep. Scarcely had they rested two hours, when the sentinel perceived a negro stealing softly towards him with a cudgel. As soon as he came within reach of his oar he broke it on his head, and the negro fell down as dead. The alarm being given, those who were asleep immediately arose and pursued the other negroes, who, seeing their companion fall, fled into the thickest part of the wood. As soon as they found themselves pursued, they set up a hideous cry, which sounded as if there were about twenty, though in fact there were only seven or eight. After a fruitless pursuit, they returned to the place where their companion fell, and who, they supposed, lay dead; but it seems he had only been stunned by the blow, or had counterfeited death; for during their absence he had contrived to make his escape.

It was imagined, that the woman who had been with them, and who had taken particular notice of what had passed, had been the chief instigator of this attack. At the time of her secret departure, she knew there were only four, whom she probably thought might have been easily subdued. These negroes undoubtedly came with this view; but instead of four men, to their great disappointment, they found they had eight to encounter with, one of whom watched for the security of the rest.

As soon as it was day, they made a rope for their anchor like the first; but when ready to depart, they found that their boat was not in a condition to carry more than six. They were therefore forced to cast lots for two to remain behind, which fell upon the youngest, whom they endeavoured to console with the promise of returning for them, if successful in their enterprise. These two excluded men accordingly went in search of their commander and his party.

Our six adventurers now placed themselves round a little fire, in order to wait for the tide being for them. In about an hour's time they heard a lamentable cry, and they soon saw the two young men returning whom they had lately dismissed. They

said they could neither find the captain nor any of his companions; that besides where they had left them, they sought them in several other places, and they supposed that some vessel in passing by had seen them, and received them on board. The others, surprised at this intelligence, resolved to postpone their expedition till next day, and go themselves in search of their commander.

About midnight (the flood then favouring their design) they weighed anchor to approach the dry trees, some of which they wanted to repair their boat. In about half an hour the tide carried them with great swiftness towards an immense tree, with large extensive branches, which notwithstanding all their endeavours, they were not able to avoid, and the boat ran against it with such violence that some of them fell into the water; others were left hanging in the branches, and only one person retained his seat in the boat. So sudden and fierce was the shock, that each man thought his companions were drowned. At last, to their great joy, they all found out one another. Being extremely cold and very wet, they now endeavoured to make a fire to dry themselves.

Through this unfortunate accident they lost their anchor and half of the rope, and had no means of repairing this double loss. They were also uncertain whether they could make to the shore, as the force of the streams carried them off with great violence. Two of them therefore took the rest of the rope, and swam to shore, whereby they drew the boat after them without any difficulty.

It was now night, and they were near half a league off the place where they had warmed themselves the day before; yet so far were they obliged to go, otherwise they could have no fire. Accordingly, Charles Dobbel (who was the most lively and courageous of all the crew) took with him the two youngest of the party, and went in search of the fire, with which they soon returned, and which was of great utility: for it not only dispersed the darkness, which was exceedingly terrific, but likewise drove away the cold, which was immensely sharp. Charles Dobbel reported, that during this journey they trod all along upon briars and thorns; that they had lost their way, but having at length found the fire they were in search of, they fell with it into bogs and ditches full of water, which put it out, and obliged them to return for more. Their feet were covered with blood, and their bodies very much lacerated.

The next morning they sent two of their party to the captain's quarters and the adjoining places in order to certify if they were really gone. The rest, in the meantime, sought materials to make another anchor and cord. Towards evening the two men returned, and reported that the captain and his companions were not to be found in any part of the island, and that they could only meet with a piece of stinking fish, a small piece of a buffalo's skin, and four heads of garlic in a pot.

Having boiled this piece of fish with some leaves, they regaled themselves, and then began to consider what they should do. Some were of opinion that it was better to remain in the island in hopes that the captain's party would return to their relief; others thought there was no certainty of such assistance, and judged that it was better to venture out again. This last resolution having been adopted, the rest of the day was spent in fitting out the boat, and the next morning, having broken their fast on the remains of the skin of the buffalo, and provided a good store of leaves, they embarked.

[To be continued.]

THE BARGE'S CREW.

WHY aye, Mr. What's-your-name, we were the pride of the ship—all picked men; and if you had seen us in those days, when hope and enterprise spread our white canvass to the breeze, and we either luffed up to get to windward of the enemy, or sailed large to run down to the succour of a friend in distress, it would have done good to your heart, man. Then there was our barge, so neat and trim, with her gratings in the bow, and stern sheets as white as the drifted snow, and every oar a perfect picture. But to see her under sail, with three lugs and a jib, set, and the sheets trimmed aft—my

eyes! how she'd smack through the breeze, skimming the billow tops like a flying fish as he dips to wet his wings, and refresh him in his flight! Oh, how sweetly she'd walk over the curling wave, and climb the rolling swell. Why she could do anything but speak, and every one of the crew loved her as his own, and tended her with the same affection that a fond mother would her darling child—But then, what's the use of speechifying about it now?—she's broke up by this time (though I'm glad I didn't see it, for every stroke of the axe would have gone to my heart); and of the jovial lads that once manned her, some are cast like weather-beaten, shattered hulks, adrift upon the ocean of distress, exposed to the windy storm and tempest, without a port in view, or friendly barque to hail them in adversity. Ah! they think of the barge now, and, on these times they will never see again, when they were called "the jolly coach horses," that never flinched from their duty. Every soul was first captain of a gun; and our coxswain, Joe Snatchblock, was one of the finest fellows in the fleet, be the other where he would—six feet two inches without his shoes—a heart like a prince, and the spirit of a lion—generous and brave. Why, lord love you, Mr. What's-your-name, he was the very man as nailed the colours to the mast, on board the — in Duncan's action. I think I sees him now. Up went the helm, and away we bore down right into the thick of it: slap comes a shot athwart the halliards, and down rattles the ensign. "Hurrah!" shouted Mynheer, in exultation. "Dunder de bloxham," roared Joe from the gangway; and, shaking his fist at the enemy, "Dunde bloxham, but we'll give it you presently!" and then he ran aft, and, rolling up the flag, tucked it under his arm and skimmed away aloft like a sky-rocket, while the musket balls came pouring round him in leaden showers. "Grape and canister to the five aftmost guns," cried the first lieutenant; "point them: well at the enemy's poop—watch the roll and be steady, my men!" "Ay, ay, sir," and we clapped the grapes into the still, and pressed them down with canister, ramming all home with a vengeance. Rattle went a volley at Joe again, but we matched 'em for it in prime style; we smoked their manoeuvres, and powdered their wigs. Yes, yes, our grape was squeezed in Win-de-grave for a good many—it damaged their upper-works, and knocked away their understandings. Well, d'ye see by this time Joe had got to the main-topmast head, with the ensign under his arm, the hammer betwixt his teeth, and the nails in his pocket; so he shoves one through the head of the flag, just below the toggle, and drives it into the mast above the cross trees. Down he comes about half-a-dozen ratlines, and in went another nail, and so on till he descends to the main-cap, where he took a severe turn with the tack, and hammered all fast. At this moment all hands at their quarters were casting one eye aloft, and the other at the gun, like a crow peeping into a pitcher, or a goose at a thunder-cloud. "Huzza!" roared Joe, as he threw out the fly of the ensign, which, catching the breeze, waved majestically above us, floating in grandeur, like the Genius of Britain soaring on the wings of Victory—"Huzza!" shouted Joe again, sluing his starn to the Dutchmen, and slapping his hand in an inexpressible attitude, while they returned the salute with a round of musketry, that, had he not been bumb-proof, must have knocked him off his perch. "Huzza!" responded the main and quarter-decks; the lower deck caught the soul-enlivening strain, and three hearty cheers resounded from all hands. At it we went again, like fighting-cocks, for, d'ye see, we expected some of the right sort in the prizes—real right earnest Scheidam Ginevar. At it we went, while Joe came sliding down the topmast back-stay like a cat. "Weel behaved, my mon, weel behaved," said the captain—he was a Scotchman, though his name was English. "Troth ye've the spirit of a Highlander. Bring the warthy soul a glass of grog; or mayhap you would like it pure and uncontaminated." Joe preferred the stuff stark naked, with the jacket off—and standing on the break of the poop, he held it up to mortify the Dutchmen; but fearing an envious shot might crack the heart of his darling, he turned his back by way of protection, and stowed it away in his spirit-room in an instant. Well, d'ye see, we lay close alongside, locked yard-arm and yard-arm, and ham-

mered away round and grape, great guns and small arms, till Mynheer Van Scatterbrauckens dropped the tackle falls, mounted their pipes, and, thrusting their hands into the breeches-pockets of their small-clothes, showed they had surrendered. Ah, Duncan was the boy! he was none of your butterfly-gentry—only fit for a summer's cruise. He outwitted the whole of 'em, conquered Winter, and hoisted his ensign as the flag of liberty. Mayhap, Mr. What's-your-name, you never saw him, with his open, manly countenance, expressive of true courage and benevolence, and his curling locks flowing gracefully over his head:

"A furious lion in battle—so let him;

But, duty appeased, in mercy a lamb."

Yes, he'd a heart that could feel for another; and there's not a tar in Greenwich moorings but reverences his name, for he was their father and their friend; but he's gone, as the chaplain used to tell us, he's gone the way of all flesh.

SHIP STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.

THE following is an extract from the log of the *Ville de Lyon*, American packet-ship, which put into Plymouth in June, 1837, having been struck by lightning.

"At ten, p.m., Barfleur Light bearing S.S.W., distant about fifteen miles, they experienced a heavy squall from W.S.W., with rain. Whilst in the act of taking in sail, the ship was struck by lightning. The electric fluid descended by the main-top-sail-sheets, passed through the bolt into the passage-way leading to the cabin, thence ran along the bell-wires in the steward's pantry, melting those connected with the larboard state-rooms, and passed through the side into the water, starting several of the treenails, and ripping the copper. Two men engaged in hauling taut the main-top-sail-sheet were instantly killed, and two others were hurt. Within a minute after, another shock, still more severe, struck the ship in the same manner as the first, and escaped in the same direction. A passenger, who was in the steward's pantry, examining the effects of the first stroke, was slightly injured in the head by the second. Notwithstanding the appalling scene, perfect order was observed. Captain Stoddard immediately sounded the pumps, and examined the vessel in every part. The appearance of the lightning was most remarkable. When the fluid struck the ship, the explosion resembled that of a bomb. The vessel, both above and below deck, appeared to be filled with fire. At twelve, p.m., the wind moderated."

The *Ville de Lyon* is a new vessel of 800 tons burden, and had on board a large number of cabin and steerage passengers.

THE RED ROVER'S SONG.

A MERRY life is ours, I trow,
While o'er the billow's surge we go;
Our birthright joy to care unknown,
For time and pleasure are our own:
O'er bounding main we boldly dash,
'Mid thunder's peal and lightning's flash.

The skies may frown, or be they fair,
We seldom look, and never care:
But gaily sail, our track to keep,
Upon the proud and peerless deep.
The land we loathe—the sea we love,
For joys it hath all joys above.

We joy to see the dolphins play
Beneath the sun-lit sparkling spray;
To mark, while on the course we run,
The splendour of the setting sun:
But oh! our greatest joy must be
To feel—to know we're brave and free!

THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

THE discovery of America forms one of the most remarkable events in modern history. Till the close of the fifteenth century, this vast continent was unknown to the inhabitants of Europe. The celebrated Christopher Columbus, in attempting to explore a western passage to India, discovered St. Salvador, one of the Bahama Islands, in the year 1492. In a second voyage, he discovered several large Islands which he supposed to belong to India, and which he therefore called the West Indies. In his third voyage, in 1498 he reached the American Continent, which had been discovered the year preceding, by John Cabot, a Venetian mariner, in the service of Henry VII. of England. Amerigo Vespucci, a Florentine navigator, sailed thither in 1599, the year after Columbus; and drawing up an interesting account of the country, of which he pretended to be the discoverer, gave to the whole Continent, his own name, America, which it has ever since retained.

The discovery of such a vast continent as America, interested in a very high degree, the curiosity of Europe. America became the grand object of commercial adventure and scientific research. In magnitude, it seemed far to exceed any of the great continents hitherto known; while the unusual aspect which nature here assumed, led the beholders to regard it as a new world, which had risen but recently under the Creator's hand. Forests of new species of trees, surpassing in extent and magnificence all that they had ever seen; vast mountain ranges, in comparison with whose elevation even the loftiest of the Alps dwindled into insignificance; and rivers, which rolled to the ocean with the majesty of seas, were the sublime features of the new world. Its animals differed no less from those with which Europeans were familiar, and it appeared inhabited by a peculiar race of human beings, who soon had reason to deplore the arrival of these strangers on their shores. Its soil, of exhaustless fertility, abounded with the richest productions; and mines of the precious metals, in the mountainous regions, offered the tempting prospect of immediate and incalculable wealth to the fortunate discoverers.

The names of the three ships which formed the expedition, when St. Salvador was discovered, were the Santa Maria, on board of which Columbus was; the Pinta, and the Nina. These vessels sailed from Palos, in Spain, on the 3rd of August, 1492, on this the greatest voyage of discovery that ever was undertaken.

It was on the morning of the 7th of October, at sunrise, that several of the admiral's crew thought they beheld land in the west, but so indistinctly, that no one ventured to proclaim it, lest he should be mistaken. The Nina, however, being a good sailer, pressed forward to ascertain the fact. In a short time the flag was hoisted at her mast head, and a gun discharged,

being the preconcerted signals for land. New joy was awakened throughout the little squadron, and every eye was turned towards the west. As they advanced, however, their cloud-built hopes faded away, and before evening the promised land again melted into air. The crews now sank into a degree of dejection proportioned to their recent excitement, when new circumstances occurred to arouse them. Columbus having observed great flights of small field-birds going towards the south-west, concluded they must be secure of some neighbouring land, where they would find food and a resting place. He knew the importance which the Portuguese voyagers attached to the flight of birds, by following which they had discovered most of their islands. He had now come 750 leagues, the distance at which he had computed to find the island of Cipango; as there was no appearance of it, he might have missed it, through some mistake in the latitude. He determined, therefore, on the evening of the 7th of October, to alter his course to the south-west, the direction in which the birds generally flew, and continue in that direction for at least three days. The farther they went, the more frequent and encouraging were the signs of land. Numbers of small birds, of various colours,

some of them such as sing in the fields, came flying about the ships, and then continued their flight towards the south-west. Tunny-fish played about the smooth sea; and a heron, a pelican, and a duck, were seen, all bound in the same direction. The herbage, which floated by the ships, was fresh and green as if recently from land; and the air, Columbus observed, was sweet and fragrant as April breezes in Seville. All these, however, were regarded by the crew as so many delusions, beguiling them on to destruction; and when, on the evening of the third day, they beheld the sun go down upon a shoreless horizon, they



[COLUMBUS TAKING POSSESSION.]

broke forth into clamorous turbulence. They exclaimed against this obstinacy in their commander, in tempting fate, by continuing on into a boundless sea. They insisted upon turning backward, and abandoning the voyage as hopeless. Columbus endeavoured to pacify them by gentle words, and promises of large rewards; but finding that they only increased in clamour, he assumed a decided tone. He told them it was useless to murmur; the expedition had been sent by the sovereigns of Spain, to seek the Indies, and happen what might, he was determined to persevere, until, by the blessing of God, he should accomplish the enterprise.

Columbus was now at open defiance with his crew, and his situation became desperate. Fortunately, however, the manifestations of neighbouring land were such, on the following day, as no longer to admit a doubt. Besides a quantity of fresh weeds, such as grow in rivers, they saw a green fish, of a kind which keeps about rocks; then, a branch of thorn, with berries on it, appearing as if recently separated from the tree, floated by them; they then picked up a reed, a small board, and, above all, a staff, artificially carved. All gloom and mutiny now gave way to sanguine expectation; and

throughout the day, each one was eagerly on the watch, in hopes of being the first to discover the long-sought-for land. In the evening, when, according to invariable custom on board of the admiral's ship, the mariners had sung the Vesper Hymn to the Virgin, Columbus made an impressive address to his crew. He pointed out the goodness of God in thus conducting them by such soft and favouring breezes, across a tranquil ocean, cheering their hopes continually with fresh signs, increasing as their fears augmented, and thus leading and guiding them to a promised land. He now reminded them of the orders he had given on leaving the Canaries, that after sailing westward 700 leagues, they should not make sail after midnight. Present appearances authorised such a precaution. He thought it probable they would make land that very night; he ordered, therefore, a vigilant look-out to be kept from the fore-castle, promising to whomsoever should make the discovery, a doublet of velvet, in addition to the pension to be given by the sovereigns.

The breeze had been fresh all day, with more sea than usual, and they had made great progress. At sun set, they stood again to the west, and were ploughing the waves at a rapid rate, the *Pinta* keeping the lead, from her superior sailing. The greatest animation prevailed throughout the ships; not an eye was closed that night. As the evening darkened, Columbus took his station on the top of the castle or cabin, on the high poop of his vessel. However he might carry a cheerful and confident countenance during the day, it was to him a time of the most painful anxiety; and now when he was wrapped from observation by the shades of night, he maintained an intense and unremitting watch, ranging his eye along the dusky horizon, in search of the most vague indications of land.

Suddenly, about ten o'clock, he thought he beheld a light glimmering at a distance. Fearing that his eager hopes might deceive him, he called to Pedro Gutierrez, gentleman of the king's bedchamber, and inquired whether he saw a light in that direction. The latter replied that he did. Columbus, yet doubtful whether it might not be some delusion of the fancy, called Rodrigo Sanchez, of Segovia, and made the same inquiry. By the time the latter had ascended the round house, the light had disappeared. They saw it once or twice afterwards, in sudden and passing gleams, as if it were a torch in the barque of a fisherman, rising and sinking with the waves, or in the hand of some person on shore borne up and down as he walked from house to house. So transient and uncertain were these gleams, that few attached any importance to them. Columbus, however, considered them as certain signs of land, and, moreover, that the land was inhabited. They continued their course until two in the morning, when a gun from the *Pinta* gave the joyful signal of land. It was first discovered by a mariner named Rodrigo de Iriana; but the reward was afterwards adjudged to the admiral, for having previously perceived the light. The land was now clearly seen, about two leagues distant; whereupon they took in sail, and laid to, waiting impatiently for the dawn. The thoughts and feelings of Columbus, in this little space of time, must have been tumultuous and intense. At length, in spite of every difficulty and danger, he had accomplished his object. The great mystery of the ocean was revealed. His theory, which had been the sneer of fools, and the scoff of sages, was triumphantly established. He had secured to himself a glory which must be as durable as the world itself. It is difficult, even for the imagination to conceive the feelings of such a man at the moment of so sublime a discovery. Had he come upon some wild island far in the Indian sea? or, was this the famed Cipango itself, the object of his golden fancies? A thousand speculations of the kind must have swarmed upon him, as with his anxious crews he waited for the morning, wondering whether the dawn would reveal a savage wilderness, or lead them to spicy groves and glittering fane, and gilded cities, and all the splendour of oriental civilization.

It was on the morning of Friday, the 12th of October, 1492, that Columbus first beheld the new world. When the day dawned, he saw before him a level and beautiful island, several leagues in extent, of great freshness and verdure,

and covered with trees, like a continual orchard. Though everything appeared in the wild luxuriance of untamed nature, yet the island was populous, for the inhabitants were seen issuing from the woods, and running from all parts to the shore, where they stood gazing at the ships. They were perfectly naked, and from their attitudes and gestures, appeared to be lost in astonishment.

Columbus made a signal for the ships to cast anchor, and the boats to be manned and armed. He entered his own boat, richly attired in scarlet, bearing the royal standard of Spain; whilst Martin Alonzo Pinzou, and Vincent Janez, his brother, put off in company in their boats; each bearing the banner of the enterprise, emblazoned with a green cross, having on each side the letters F and I, the initials of the Castilian monarchs, Fernando, and Isabel, surmounted by crowns.

As they approached the shore, they were refreshed by the sight of the ample forests, which, in those climates, have extraordinary beauty of vegetation. They beheld fruits of tempting hue, but of unknown kind, growing among the trees, which overhung the shores. The purity and suavity of the atmosphere must have had its effect upon the susceptible feelings of Columbus. No sooner did he land, than he threw himself upon his knees, kissed the earth, and returned thanks to God, with tears of joy. His example was followed by the rest, whose hearts, indeed, overflowed with the same feelings of gratitude.

Columbus, then rising, drew his sword, displayed the royal standard, and took solemn possession in the name of the Castilian sovereign, giving the island the name of San Salvador. He called upon all present to take the oath of obedience to him as admiral and viceroy. The feelings of the crew now burst forth in the most extravagant transports. They thronged round the admiral in their overflowing zeal; some embraced him, others kissed his hands. Those who had been most mutinous and turbulent during the voyage, were now most devoted and enthusiastic.

The natives of the island, when, at the dawn of day, they beheld the ships, with their sails set, hovering on their coasts, had supposed them some monsters which had issued from the deep. They had crowded to the beach, and watched their movements with intense anxiety. Their veering about, apparently without effort, the shifting and furling of their sails, resembling huge wings, filled them with astonishment. When they beheld their boats approach the shore, and a number of strange beings clad in glittering steel, or raiment of various colours, landing upon the beach, they fled in affright to their woods. Finding, however, that there was no attempt to pursue, nor to molest them, they gradually recovered from their terror, and approached the Spaniards with great awe, frequently prostrating themselves on the earth, and making signs of adoration.

The admiral particularly attracted their attention, from his commanding height, his air of authority, his dress of scarlet, and the deference which was paid him by his companions. When they had still farther recovered from their fears, they approached the Spaniards, touched their beads, and examined their hands and faces, admiring their whiteness. Columbus, pleased with their simplicity, their gentleness, and the confidence they reposed in beings who must have appeared to them so strange and formidable, allowed their scrutiny with perfect acquiescence. The wondering savages were won by this benignity; they now supposed that the ships had sailed out of the chrysal firmament which bounded their horizon; or that they had descended from above on their ample wings, that these marvellous beings were inhabitants of the skies.

NARRATIVE OF THE VOYAGE, DETENTION IN THE ICE, SUFFERINGS OF THE CREW, AND ULTIMATE LIBERATION OF THE SWAN.

THE above vessel which had been given up as lost; and so strong a belief was entertained that both the ship and crew had perished, that an appeal was made to the public, on behalf of the widows and families of the crew of the Swan.

Hopes, however, were held out by the captain of the ship *Advice*, (which vessel had also been given up as lost) that the *Swan* would yet make its appearance.

On Monday, July the 3rd, 1837, in consequence of intelligence having been received, that the *Swan* had been seen off the coast of Holderness, many thousands of persons were assembled at Southend, to greet the long lost vessel.

We subjoin below a narrative of the adventures of this ship.

(Written from the Ship's Log, with other authentic information by Capt. Dring and the surviving officers.)

On the 14th of April, 1836, at four in the morning, the *Swan* weighed anchor in White Booth Roads, and ran out to sea; the same evening was off Flamborough, from which she took her departure at 9 p.m., with light wind from S. by E., and did not return until the 3rd of July, 1837; she had consequently been absent one year, two months, and nineteen days. On the 19th of April, 1836, arrived at Lerwick, and found there H. M. Stm. *Rhadamanthus*, the *Comet*, *Truelove*, *Venerable*, *Sisters*, *Zephyr*, of Hull; *St. Andrew*, of Aberdeen; and *Hannibal*, of Peterhead; and next day were joined by the *Harmony* and *Abram*, of Hull. Sailed from Lerwick on the 23rd, and reached the ice on the 9th of May, in lat. 60 N. On the 23rd could get no further north, the ice being close. On the 24th no water to be seen to the north. From this time, the journal contains a series of notes respecting the state of the country, the course of the ship, the bearings of the land, &c. The season appears to have been very inauspicious on account of the fastness of the ice. In the early part of August, the ship received some tremendous blows from large masses of floating ice, which it was impossible to avoid, and some of which appeared to be about eighteen feet thick. On the 12th two fish were caught; which filled 68 butts with neat blubber. On the 25th saw a wreck, which proved to be the *Margaret*, of London, which was crushed between two floes, at 6 a.m.; during the forenoon received from the wreck a boat and crew, consisting of David Stoddart, the mate, and five seamen. On the 27th, in lat. 72, the ship was made fast to the land, abreast of an Esquimaux village, and several of the inhabitants came on board. Next day another fish, a dead one, was taken, and filled 23 butts of neat blubber, which proved to be the close of their fishing success. On the 3rd of September could get no further south, in consequence of an immense body of ice, in which not the least alteration had taken place since they left it in company with the *Neptune*, on the 22nd of August, except that the floes had become cemented together with bay ice.

In consequence of this state of things the *Swan* bore away to the north; on the 4th was in lat. 71 48, and on the 14th, in 74 30; another fish had been seen in the interval; at this date, Sept. 14th, we find the following note.—“Fresh breezes from the northward; great appearance of water to the southward. Our chance of getting through this body of ice for some time is very little: the captain has, therefore, prudently ordered the bread casks to be headed up, and every man to receive $4\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. of bread weekly. Our situation and our prospects are very gloomy, completely beset in such high latitude as 74 30, at this period of the year, a solitary ship: every heart forebodes the danger and privations we shall experience, and many an earnest prayer is offered up to Him who has so often delivered us in the time of peril.” From this date to the 6th of October, there were, at intervals, partial openings of the ice which lasted for an hour or two, and then closed for one, two, or three days; every favourable opportunity was seized for sawing through the ice, but the progress made was very small. The hair-breadth escapes which they experienced from the heavy presses of the ice, are, from this time, almost innumerable, and a spirit of great thankfulness appears to have been manifested on these occasions. On the 9th of October, the thermometer being at nine below zero, the men could scarcely stay on the ice, and sawing was given up. This day a bear, nearly full grown, was shot by Thomas Phillips, surgeon, and James Dring, second mate, in the act

of springing on its pursuers. From this time the ship appears to have become more firmly fixed in the floe, by the increasing breadth and strength of the ice; no sooner did a lane break out than it was froze up again. On the 12th October, all hope of getting out of the ice that winter being given up, everything was done for the comfort of the crew that their humane commander could suggest. Awnings were spread to cover the deck from the fore-castle to the quarter-deck, so that the men might be enabled to take sufficient exercise to preserve their health, and not run the risk of being frost-bitten by the severity of the season; at the same time they were cautioned not to neglect cleanliness between decks, and for that object, the captain ordered holes to be cut through the decks, and long tubes to be fixed over the lamps to carry away the smoke which was considerable. The sun declined very fast, not rising till eight, and setting about four in the afternoon. About this time, too, the coals ran short, and the crew were obliged to have recourse to a spare topsail-yard, for fuel. Every subsequent day witnessed the destruction of spare masts, yards, planks, and everything that could be burnt, and a considerable number of casks and shakes were thus sacrificed during the imprisonment. The log-book, at this date, (kept by the surgeon), states that great economy was used in the fires, there being no more kept than were barely sufficient to keep up a proper temperature. The half-deck stove was not allowed to be lighted when the thermometer was higher than 13 deg. below zero. Thermometer this day 16 deg. below zero, followed by a succession of bitterly cold nights and days, with wind from N.E. to E.N.E. Sunday, October 23rd: at eleven a.m., all hands assembled in the twist-decks for the purpose of divine worship, beginning by singing a hymn, and the reading of an appropriate sermon; after which, an extempore prayer was offered up, by a truly pious individual which seemed to make a deep impression on the men. From this time public worship appears to have been attended to, with great regularity and devotion, by the whole ship's company, twice every Sabbath day, and in subsequent parts of their captivity, appears to have afforded them great consolation.

On the 26th October, being in the midst of forty bergs, one of which (about a mile distant) was calculated to draw 200 fathoms water, every thing was packed up ready for leaving the ship. On the 27th land was again seen. The devotions of the following Sabbath were marked with peculiar fervour. On the 29th, stock was taken; they had 48 cwt. of bread, which would allow 3 lb. 12 oz. weekly to each individual for six months, the crew consisting of 51 persons, including boys and officers; they were, however, continued at 4 lb. per week for some time after this. On the 15th of November, the ink in the table drawer, opposite the cabin stove, required to be thawed before it could be used; and the ice had formed nearly an inch thick on the dead lights. Next day, the mate and surgeon left the ship, and walked about six miles over the ice to a large berg, which proved, according to the captain's opinion, to be aground, and against which the floe was tearing up in the form of a water-spout, with awful force, and a noise which it is impossible to describe. Land seen same day, which proved to be *Saunderson's Hope*, bearing S.S.W., distant twenty to twenty-five miles. On the 23rd November, the moon never set, but was seen the whole 24 hours; the nights at this time were much lighter than the day. Men employed in sawing round the ship. The 29th was colder than they had ever experienced, the quicksilver in the thermometer sank within the bowl and froze; it was oftener in this condition than otherwise during the remainder of the winter. Capt. Dring supposes the extreme degree of frost which they experienced would be about 70 degrees below zero, but they could only calculate to 38 by the thermometer; it would never be less than that when the mercury froze in the cabin, which was only six degrees warmer than the open air. On the 10th of this month, the sun went below the horizon, and did not re-appear for 74 days. At noon, on the 5th December, the fears of the whole ship's company were realized by finding themselves in the midst of a great number of bergs, which they had been observing for several days; seventeen were counted from the deck, laying to the southward, right in the drift of the

ship. The day closed with dark weather. "On the 7th," says the log, "we had a wonderful preservation from shipwreck. About 7 a.m., the floe, in which we were froze up, came in contact with two bergs aground. The concussion was tremendous, and our ship trembled like a leaf, but providentially the floe split about forty yards from the ship, and we experienced not the least damage." It is impossible to conceive a more miraculous escape; had the ship drove in any other direction to the east, it would have been impossible to save her, the bergs lying on the reef very close to each other. 8th. The aurora borealis playing about the heavens with great splendour. 10th. At noon, the stars as clear as our winter nights at home. At this time all the crew were in perfect health, and possessed of a buoyancy of spirits which was surprising. On the 14th, the ice measured twenty yards from the ship, and found to be twenty-three inches thick—allowance of bread reduced to three and a half pounds per week, lat. 72 1 N. On the 16th, no day-light had been perceived for a long time; about three hours twilight was all they enjoyed, and all hands anxiously looked forward to that period when they should once more behold the light of the sun, if preserved. Oil cask replenished, twenty two gallons, and oak tiller cut up for the cabin fire. The 19th was exceedingly cold, thermometer 32 below zero. On the 22nd, at noon it came on a heavy gale, which at three p.m. had considerably increased, and owing to the great drift of snow, it was impossible to see only a few yards distant. At four p.m. the floe broke into pieces, and at five p.m. the dock, which is always cut round a piece beset, if possible, for her safety, broke up; a warp was got out, and the ship made fast to the ice, the wind blowing a hurricane. The night ended with dark, gloomy weather, but rather more moderate. The thermometer this day was as high as 25 above zero, being a change of 51 degrees in twenty-four hours. This sudden change produced a great effect on the poor fellows below; their bed-cabins, which a few hours before were encrusted with ice, in some places two inches thick, were reduced to a miserable condition, some of the bedding being as wet as if thrown overboard. On the following day, there was a great swell. On Saturday, the 24th December, at one a.m., the watch on deck saw a berg, to leeward of the ship, driving down upon it very fast. Destruction seemed inevitable; called all hands, cleared away the awnings, and got a couple of bread casks on deck; everything ready for the worst, and every man waiting for his fate. Very shortly the berg was seen at a distance of two hundred yards, when the gale shifted, and in a few minutes they had the happiness to find themselves to leeward of it. What is very remarkable, it proved to be the same berg which had given them so much uneasiness on the 7th of the same month. The day closed more moderate, the ship driving south. On Sunday, 25th, (Christmas day) with light airy winds, and the thermometer at 10 degrees below zero, the ice was all cemented together again, and the prospect was, that in a few days it would be as firm as ever. All hands assembled in the 'tween decks in the evening, when an appropriate sermon, expressive of their thanks to the Almighty for their late deliverance, was preached; from the 30th verse of the 107th Psalm—"Oh, that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men." On the 25th, during heavy gales, another narrow escape from bergs, precisely similar to that just recorded; indeed, they were daily exposed to them.

January 9, 1837.—Land twenty miles distant at the nearest point. At two, p.m. the above mentioned bergs (which had caused much anxiety for several days) rent our floe into several pieces; one of the cracks was only eight feet from our stern; called all hands, and got the remainder of the provisions on deck,—the bergs at the same time tearing up the floe with such violence that our ship trembled exceedingly, the ice breaking with an awful noise resembled one continuous roar of thunder. At six, p.m. the press abated, and the ice began to slack, and the wind having got round to the N. E. the ship drifted to the southward. January 11th. Strong breezes from the westward, with thick hazy weather, the ship driving in shore, in the direction of a reef of bergs; got the bread started into the bags, and all our provisions and

clothes on deck. At two, p.m. the floe caught one of the bergs, broke the dock up, and the pressure of the ice threw the ship on her broadside, everything at the time being thrown out of her on the ice, and some of the men in jumping out of the ship bruised themselves very much. At four, p.m. the floe cracked astern, when the ship righted, and we once more beheld the goodness of the Almighty. Covered with snow, and benumbed with cold, we ventured on board, after having been on the ice three hours, expecting every moment to see our home laid in ruins, and ourselves exposed to the fury of the raging storm. At ten, p.m. the wind abated, and on trying the current, found that the ship was brought up, when, tired with fatigue and cold, some of us lay down and slept. The damage the ship has sustained unknown at present. On the 12th, the captain ordered two pounds of bread extra to be served out to each man, and on the following day, all hands were engaged in getting the provisions out of the boats, and covering the deck over with awnings, the weather being very severe. The plan of rigging the boats, in expectation of losing the ship, was devised and executed by the carpenter, and is much admired by Captain Dring. It was so contrived that each boat should possess a flat floor, for sleeping upon, the holds being well stowed with provisions, while all was covered in securely with sails, in the form of carriers' covered carts. The method of covering in the ship, is equally admired by nautical men; the whole of this was under the direction of the master: the awnings were secure but lofty, so as to admit plenty of air, while at each end of the ship and in several places on each side, small curtains were left, to be opened or shut at pleasure. On the 23rd January, the sun partially showed himself above the horizon, "being," adds the log, "seventy-four days since we beheld him in the same situation. None but those who have been placed in similar circumstances, can describe with what eagerness we gazed upon that blessed luminary, after so long an absence, and which to us has been full of dangers and privations. The mercury in the thermometer is frozen, and we are unable to ascertain with accuracy the degree of cold, but it is very severe. After walking under the awnings a few minutes, the eyebrows or the least hair exposed, is immediately covered with frost." On the 24th, the thermometer was frozen, but on being placed within twelve inches of the cabin stove, rose to 26 above zero, being 6 below the frozen point. This intensity of cold lasted several days. Captain Dring informs us, that on the same day on being taken into the half-deck, where there was always a great number of men, and many lamps burning, the thermometer rose to 20 degrees above the freezing point. The low temperature of the cabin compelled him to take exercise for warmth, while the greater heat of the half-deck incapacitated the men from that wholesome exertion which was of such benefit to him. On being exposed to the frost on deck a few moments, they were obliged to retire, and to this, with the neglect of a due regard to cleanliness, he attributes the loss of many of his men; indeed he is of opinion all might have been saved, by a rigid adherence to those rules of health, which he scrupulously followed, and endeavoured to enforce, as far as possible. The surgeon, on the contrary, in the log book, under date of February 13th, attributes the declining health, and increasing scurvy, to want of sufficient nourishment, and regrets that some, through neglect, had suffered themselves to be frost-bitten.

We must, of necessity, pass over numerous interesting incidents from the above dates, until the unfortunately memorable

EXPEDITION TO HARE ISLAND.

Under date of the 31st March, 1837, we find the following statement in the log-book:—Light winds, with fine clear weather, the ship having drifted north since yesterday several miles. One whole cask full of bread is now left, twenty-seven hands having been served out of the other, so that, in four weeks time, it will be impossible to stay by the ship, and abandon her we must, for there is not the least hope of being liberated *being fixed in the very centre of an immense field of ice.* A reduction in our allowance, would be attended with serious results, four of our crew being laid in the last stage of scurvy, while the majority of the remainder are suffering from the same

disease. At noon the following men voluntarily came forward, and offered (for the safety of the ship) to launch a boat ashore, and attempt to reach the Danish settlement of Four Island Point, or Lievly, as the opportunity offered; lat. by obs. 70 30. April 1: at five a.m., the following men left the ship with a whale-boat, 7 pounds of bread each, two pieces of beef and pork, and one cheese and other necessities, accompanied by two watches, (about twenty men in each watch) who assisted them in launching as far as possible, being prevented from proceeding further by lanes of water and bay ice: David Stoddart, William Harper, William Bernson, Alexander Anderson, James Jameson, belonging to the Margaret of London; and the following part of our crew, namely, Daniel Knight, Thomas Halley, William Walker, Robert Darby, R. Collier, John Nuttal, Bruce Nelson, Magnus Harrison, John Moira. Fine clear weather to the end of the day, with light wind from the north. At seven, p.m. our travellers were just perceptible from the mast-head, apparently making great progress. Thermometer standing at 14 degrees. On the 2nd April, the thermometer sunk to 10 degrees: on the 3rd was down to zero, and the sun obscured. On the 4th, the thermometer was useless, the mercury having sunk down into the bowl. The ship drove a few miles in shore, but made no southing. Same day a circumstance of importance is recorded. One pound of flour was weighed out yesterday to each man, being an increase of four ounces, to the usual weekly allowance; some of them still lie in a very deplorable state of scurvy. Our little stock of antiscorbutics is expended, and what the result will be, God only knows. Our time is getting very short, and a few more weeks will decide all. To Him who has preserved us thus far, we still trust and pray for a continuance of his divine protection. Thursday, 6th, 1 p.m. the ship began to drive to the southward. At 4 30 p.m., while walking the quarter-deck, observed two men about four miles from the ship, standing on a hummock of ice, and wafting a handkerchief, another being seen by the mate, from the mast-head, a few miles astern of them; called all hands, and launched a boat towards them, for the purpose of getting over a lane of water, when what was our astonishment to find that we beheld the only surviving part of the unfortunate boat's crew, Mr. Stoddart and Daniel Knight. A party proceeded further, and fell in with Robert Darby, prostrate and dying on the floe, and before he could be conveyed to the boat, the vital spark had fled. Such was the severity of the frost, that out of the sixteen persons who launched the boat to their assistance, only two escaped being frost-bitten; the thermometer at 28 below zero, at sun-set. The sudden and severe change in the weather was the cause of the dreadful loss in this unfortunate expedition.

The following affecting details of the expedition are from the mouth of Mr. Stoddart, who is now the only survivor. The boat having been launched on the preceding night, and conveyed as far as was practicable, by the ship's crew the company retired to rest, and early next morning set off, and made considerable progress, considering the difficulty of the way; they pursued their course until they were overtaken by the night, when they lay down in the boat, covered themselves with the sails, and thus endeavoured to sleep through the night, but were only able to do so partially, owing to the frost. In the morning, one of their companions, William Harper, was found dead. Having read the funeral service over his remains, and committed them to the deep, through a hole in the ice, they again proceeded as fast as their strength and the increasing severity of the weather would permit. The second night, they canted the boat on her side, and sat under her lee till morning, screening their front with the sails which on the first night had served them for covering. This night they slept warmer, and suffered no calamity. In the morning they again set out, pursuing their journey by compass, as usual, towards Hare Island. At three in the afternoon, Robert Collier fell into the water, through an aperture in the ice, and did not get shifted. The third night was exceedingly severe; Magnus Harrison grew delirious, and died towards morning; when the morning dawned, Robert Collier, after exhibiting the same symptoms, expired also, and shortly afterwards the survivors had the distress to wit-

ness the last breath go out of William Bernson, whose approaching end had been precisely similar to his predecessors. Their number being now reduced to ten, they found themselves unable to launch the boat. They knew not what to do; fifteen miles they had travelled from the ship, and the land was not yet in sight; however, after offering up prayers to God, and consulting one with another, they resolved to make the best of their way for the land, which was supposed to be about five miles distant, and only obscured from their sight by the thickness of the weather. They accordingly set out, carrying what provisions and clothing they deemed barely necessary for their sustenance, having first buried the bodies of their late companions under the snow behind the boat. They proceeded forward until noon, when they came to a lane of water, which they could not cross, and here, after again falling on their knees, and supplicating the direction and preservation of the Almighty, they held another consultation, when it was resolved to return towards the ship. They reached the boat about dusk, and there remained the fourth night. In the morning, another of the party, Alexander Anderson died, and was buried with the others. The survivors had not proceeded more than a mile, when John Nuttal became unable to walk, lay down, and expired. The fifth evening they came to a large hummock of ice, under the lee of which they travelled all night, but in the morning were appalled to witness the last moments of another of their company—James Jameson, of the Margaret. The remainder resumed their journey; at eleven o'clock, Mr. Stoddart got sight of the ship, and proceeded with the chief part of the company towards her, but Bruce Nelson and John Moira, not crediting his eyesight, took a more northerly direction towards the place where they had left, and expected to find her. They were both at that time considerably exhausted, were soon out of sight, and seen no more. Thomas Halley, soon after fell into a hole; William Walker, the cooper's mate, was left with him, to assist in shifting his stockings, and follow in company, but they never overtook their shipmates, and were not afterwards seen. Darby also grew feeble, and about a mile and a half from the ship, Mr. Stoddart and the cook found their way intercepted by a lane of water. They got upon a hummock of ice, and waved a signal, which was seen from the ship; the remainder of the story has been told in the log. Mr. Stoddart attributes the preservation of so many lives in the Swan, to the excellent quality of her provisions.

We forbear to enter more fully into the dreadful feelings and forebodings of the crew, from this period to the time of their ultimate release. Suffice it to say, that they were intense and oppressive, and daily grew worse, as they saw their shipmates drop off, one by one, and sometimes two on a day. The story of their release has been faithfully given by Captain Thoms.

The following is an alphabetical list of the sufferers.—Englishmen, belonging to the Swan—Brady, R., of Grimsby, April, 21, of scurvy—was the support of his mother; Collier, Robert, April 3, frozen; Darby, Robert, April 6, frozen; Halley, Thomas, same day, frozen; Judge, Henry, harpooner, April 30, scurvy; Knight, D., cook, same day, after having both feet amputated, in consequence of being frost-bitten in the expedition. Nuttal, John, of Grimsby, April 4, frozen—left a widow, to whom he was married three months before his departure; Stocks, John, of Newcastle, April 27, scurvy; Walker, W., cooper's mate, April 6, frozen. Shetlanders belonging to the Swan—Duncan, Lawrence, April 18, scurvy—had been fifteen years in the Swan, and has left a large family; Harrison, Magnus, April 3, frozen; Hunter, Peter, May 9, scurvy—had been twelve years in the Swan, has left a large family; Jameson James, April 19, scurvy; Johnson, John, May 27, at Whale Island, of scurvy; Moira, John, April 7, frozen—had been seven years in the Swan, has left a family; Moor, James, May 17, scurvy; Nelson, Bruce, April 6, frozen; Tomlinson, Thomas, in June, of scurvy, had been five years on board, has left a family; Wenwick, Gifford, in June, scurvy. Shetlanders, belonging to the Margaret—Anderson, Alexander, April 4; Bernson, William, April 3; Harper, W., April 2; all in the expedition. Hewson, Thomas, May 2, of scurvy.

The readiness and extent of the relief afforded by our Scotch friends, particularly James Hutchinson, Esq., of Peterhead, and also, the owners of the Lord Gambier, of Newcastle, was almost beyond conception, and ought not to be passed over in silence. The profusion of every thing calculated to relieve the condition in which beset whalers were expected to be found, reflects honour on their respective ports, and their countries.

THE BATTLE OF NAVARINO.

WE shall dispense with a detail of the circumstances connected with this celebrated battle, previously to the arrival of the Egyptian fleet in the Morea. This fleet consisted of ninety-two sail, including forty-one transports, eleven of which were armed. It contained two ships of the line, of 84 guns; twelve frigates, four of which carried 64 guns, besides corvettes, schooners and fire-ships. The most formidable part of it was composed entirely of Egyptian vessels, organised on the European system, and manned with newly trained crews. It had on board five thousand troops, a large sum of money for their regular payment, and several French officers to conduct their operations. The fleet sailed from Alexandria in the beginning of August, and after touching at Candia; appeared at Navarino in the end of the month. The British squadron, under Admiral Codrington, was off that harbour, when it approached; but the admiral was ignorant of the refusal of the Porte to accede to the armistice — a refusal which, in fact, had not yet been given; and he had not received the instructions which were to be consequent only on that event. He hailed, however, the Egyptian commander, informed him of the negotiations going on at Constantinople, and offered him safe conduct, if he would order his fleet back to Alexandria. If, on the contrary, he thought proper to enter the harbour of Navarino, he would be permitted to do so without molestation; but, if any of his vessels ventured out, they would be driven back. The Egyptian commander chose the latter alternative, and entered Navarino, where the fleet from Constantinople was previously at anchor.

Ibrahim, having landed his new troops, and re-equipped his old ones, was again ready for active hostilities in the north of the Morea, and determined to order round part of the fleet to the gulph of Patras: but it was impossible for the European admirals, especially after the known refusal of the Porte to accede to the armistice, to allow a single ship to leave the harbour for any such purpose. On the 19th of September, however, Ibrahim, desirous probably to ascertain how the British squadron, the only one that had remained before Navarino, would behave towards him, sent out a division of the Turkish fleet, under the command of the Capitana Bey. The English commander, seeing this movement, sent a frigate to request the Turkish commander to put back, adding, that, in case of resistance, he would compel him by force. The Capitana Bey replied, "That he was surprised at such a threat, and that he had no orders to receive, except from Ibrahim, to whom he would refer." The English admiral, on learning this resolution, sent one of his officers to Ibrahim with a letter, informing him that, in consequence of a treaty between England, France, and Russia, the allied powers had agreed to unite their forces to hinder all conveyance of troops, arms, or ammunition, to any part whatever of the Greek continent and the islands; that, to enforce that treaty, they had used the humane foresight to send a considerable force, to weaken all opposition from the Ottoman commanders, whose resistance would lead not only to their own destruction, but to consequences fatal to the interests of the Sultan: he was, therefore, earnestly requested not to oppose a resolution, the execution of which it would be impossible to hinder; for the allied commanders had such orders, that they must come to extremities rather than give up the object for which their sovereigns had united together; and if, on this occasion, a single

cannot-shot should be fired at them, it would lead to the ruin of the Ottoman flag. Ibrahim answered by his interpreter, whom he sent on board the English admiral, that he would not begin open hostilities against a friendly nation, without the instructions of his sovereign; that he had directed the Capitana Bey to re-enter the port, but that he would sail with his whole fleet, whenever he received orders to do so; and, without regarding the combined forces of the allies, would expose himself to every danger, however great, in doing the duty of a general determined to execute the instructions of his government. The



[EXPLOSION OF THE TURKISH ADMIRAL'S SHIP.]

French squadron having joined on the 22nd, Admiral de Rigny, to convince him that there was no difference of opinion among the allies, sent him a communication in the same terms with that which had been previously transmitted by Sir Edward Codrington; and the two admirals further requested a personal interview with him. The conference took place on the 25th, in the tent of Ibrahim, each of the admirals having been allowed to enter the harbour with his flag-ship and a frigate.

They declared to him, that they had received from their courts the most precise instructions to stop the effusion of blood, and that they would reduce, by force, either of the two belligerent parties that should refuse to accede to it; that the Greeks had already accepted the armistice; and that, if he resolved to continue hostilities, he would expose his fleet, and the most essential interests of his sovereign. After listening with great composure and attention, the Pacha answered, that, as a servant to the Porte, he had received orders to push the war in the Morea, and to finish it by a decisive attack on Hydra; and he would brave every danger to execute these orders. The admirals attempting to represent to him the inefficacy of the means of the Porte, he replied, that he had only to execute the orders of his sovereign, who was the sole judge of the necessity

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of continuing or terminating the contest, and he would consider as enemies all, without distinction, who, under any pretext whatever, should wage an unjust war with his master; that he had no power to listen to the communications made to him, or, of his own authority, to take any part; that, however, the orders of the Porte not having provided for the extraordinary case which now presented itself, he should send couriers to Constantinople and Egypt, and he gave his word, that, till their return, his fleet should not quit Navarino; however hard it was for him to be stopped at the moment when all was finished, since the strength of his expedition, such as they saw it, was evidently irresistible by the Greeks. A sort of armistice for twenty days was accordingly concluded, after a long conference; but it seems to have rested on what then passed between the commanders, and not to have been reduced into a formal document.

Trusting to the engagement which Ibrahim had come under not to quit Navarino till he should have received new instructions from Constantinople, the British and French squadrons had immediately sailed, the former to Zante, the latter to Milo, to obtain a supply of fresh provisions, leaving an English and a French frigate to watch the harbour, and the motions of the Turks. Taking advantage of their absence, Ibrahim, on the 30th of September, before there was time for any answer to have arrived to a request for further instructions, despatched by him on the 25th, ventured out to sea, with the view of sailing to Patras. An armed brig brought intelligence of this violation of the armistice to Admiral Codrington at Zante, on the 2nd of October. The admiral immediately put to sea again with his own ship, one frigate, and two brigs, the only force which he could then dispose of. He soon discovered a part of the Turkish fleet, sailing along the coast of the Morea, composed of seven frigates, nine corvettes, two brigs, and nineteen transports; all the ships of war were Turkish. He sent a message to the Turkish commander, expressing his surprise at such a breach of faith, and telling him, that he was ready to oppose by force the passage of the Ottoman squadron, the British ships, at the same time, clearing for action. The Turks immediately tacked about, escorted by the English vessels. In a short time, a second division appeared, composed of six frigates and eight brigs. The same summons was followed by the same result, and the whole Turkish fleet then returned into the harbour of Navarino.

Disappointed in his attempt at naval operations, Ibrahim proceeded to execute his orders to put down the insurrection on land; and, irritated, perhaps, by his disappointment, he executed them mercilessly with fire and sword. On the 19th of October, he marched a corps of six thousand men to Calamata, another of three thousand men to Arcadia, and prepared to march himself, at the head of a third body into the district of Maina. His footsteps were marked by blood and desolation. He issued orders to put all to the sword who should be found armed; and in the villages of Maina, where some resistance had been shown, these orders had been ruthlessly executed. Continual clouds of fire and smoke rising all round the gulph of Coron, bore frightful testimony to the devastation that was going on. The miserable survivors, who escaped slavery and the sword, sought concealment in caves among the mountains, where women and children were daily dying of absolute starvation; for, even in the plains and around the cities, the war had already produced famine. A morsel of boiled grass, was almost the only food within the reach of these miserable people.

Admiral Codrington, who had re-united the squadrons before Navarino, in the middle of October, having received an official account of these atrocities from an officer whom he had sent into the Gulph of Coron, to learn what was going on, resolved, in conjunction with his colleagues, to put a stop to them, if possible. They had already, by flags of truce, made many unavailing remonstrances to Ibrahim against his violent proceedings; they had urged and advised him to return with his own fleet to Alexandria, and send the Turkish to Constantinople, to which they would present no hindrance; they had exhausted their means of persuasion and conciliation. All these endeavours, however, had, they said, "been treated

as mockeries, and the troops of the Pacha were continuing a species of war, more destructive and exterminating than before, putting women and children to the sword, burning their habitations, and tearing up trees by the roots, in order to complete the devastation of the country." As these proceedings were directly contrary to the object of the treaty of London, the enforcing of an armistice *de facto*, in all events, which object the fleets were intrusted to carry into execution, the three admirals came to be of opinion, that they had only one of three courses to adopt. These courses, they said, were, "first, the continuing throughout the whole of the winter, a blockade, difficult, expensive, and perhaps useless, since a storm might disperse the squadrons, and afford to Ibrahim the facility of conveying his destroying army to different points of the Morea and the islands; secondly, the uniting the allied squadrons in Navarino itself, and securing by this permanent presence the inaction of the Ottoman fleets; but which mode alone would lead to no termination, if the Porte persisted in not changing its system; thirdly, the proceeding to take a position with the squadrons in Navarino, in order to renew to Ibrahim propositions, which, entering into the spirit of the treaty, were evidently to the advantage of the Porte itself." This last proposition seemed just to mean that they would enter the harbour, and renew to Ibrahim their demands, that he should desist from his military enterprises, under the alternative that, if he refused, they would attack and destroy his fleet; for, if they merely "took a position with the squadrons in Navarino," without opening their guns they merely brought themselves into the circumstances of the second alternative. This last mode was the one which they unanimously agreed to adopt, in the hope "that it might produce a determination leading to the desired object, without the effusion of blood, and without hostilities, but simply by the imposing presence of the squadrons." Their entrance, therefore, was to be with a hostile intention; the enemy was to yield to the actual application of force, if he resisted the imposing display of it: and if they entered the harbour, resolved to fire on Ibrahim's ships in the event of his saying no, then was Ibrahim, determined as he probably was to say "no," perfectly justified in keeping them, if he could, out of the harbour, by the same means by which they intended to constrain him, when they should have gotten in. Their first movement towards the harbour was a hostile act.

The admirals having adopted this plan on the 18th October, proceeded to carry it into effect on the 20th. At two o'clock in the afternoon, the combined fleets passed the batteries to take up their anchorage, formed in the order of sailing in two lines; the British and French squadrons forming the weather or starboard line, and the Russian squadron the lee line. The Turkish ships were moored in the form of a crescent; the larger ones presenting their broadsides towards the centre, the smaller ones in succession within them, filling up the intervals. The Asia, which carried Admiral Codrington's flag, led in, followed by the Genoa and Albion, and anchored close alongside a ship of the line, bearing the flag of the Capitana Bey, another ship of the line, and a large double-banked frigate; each of the three British ships having thus her proper opponent in the front line of the Turkish fleet. The four ships to windward, part of the Egyptian squadron, were allotted to the squadron of Rear-Admiral de Rigny; and those to leeward, in the bight of the crescent, were to mark the stations of the whole Russian squadron—the ships of their line closing those of the English line, and being followed up by their own frigates. The French frigate Armide was directed to place herself alongside the outermost frigate, on the left hand entering the harbour; the Cambrian, Glasgow, and Talbot were next to her, and abreast of the Asia, Genoa, and Albion; the Dartmouth and the Musquito, the Rose, the Brisk, and the Philomel, were to look after six fire-vessels at the entrance of the harbour.

As the Admiral's first object was only to have the enemy's fleet within his grasp, and then, before laying hold of it, to make his propositions to Ibrahim, orders were given that not a gun should be fired, unless the Turks should begin;

and these orders were strictly observed. The three English ships were accordingly permitted to pass the batteries, and to moor, without any act of open hostility, although there was evident preparation making for it in all the Turkish ships; but, upon the Dartmouth sending a boat to one of the fire-ships, the Turks, probably imagining that the boat was approaching for the purpose of boarding, fired, and a lieutenant and several of her crew were killed by a discharge of musketry. Upon this the Dartmouth, and the flag-ship of the French admiral, opened with musketry in return. This was followed by the French admiral receiving a cannon-shot from one of the ships, to which the Frenchman answered with his broadside—and thus the battle, apparently without plan or design, became general. Moharem Bey, the commander of the Egyptian ships, appeared anxious to put a stop to the confusion. Though his ship was nearer to the Asia, Admiral Codrington's own ship, than that of the Capitana Bey, with which the admiral was engaged, Moharem did not fire upon the Asia, but sent a message "that he would not fire at all." Admiral Codrington, however, having directed his pilot to go on board of Moharem to explain to him the admiral's wish to avoid bloodshed, the pilot was killed in the boat by a shot from Moharem's ship. Whether it was done with his knowledge or by his orders, was uncertain; but his ship soon afterwards fired into the Asia. The Asia, of course, immediately opened upon her, and reduced her to the state of a mere wreck, as had been done already with the Capitana Bey on the starboard side. All the other ships of the line were in the meantime equally well employed, while the frigates, after silencing the batteries, destroyed the frigates opposed to them. As each ship of the enemy became disabled, such of her crew as could escape from her set her on fire, and the combined fleets had to exercise as much activity in avoiding danger from these frequent explosions, as in continuing the contest. The battle continued with unabated fury during four hours. At the end of that period, the Turkish and Egyptian fleets had disappeared; the bay of Navarino was covered with their wrecks; only a few of the smaller vessels, or some battered and useless hulks, escaped into the inner harbour. The carnage on board the crowded ships of the enemy was destructive. In two of their ships of the line alone, two-thirds of their crews were killed or wounded. The severest loss on the side of the allies was sustained by the British squadron, which had seventy-five men killed, and one hundred and ninety-seven wounded. Among the killed was Captain Bathurst, who commanded the Genoa. The three line of battle-ships, the Asia, Albion, and Genoa, suffered so severely, that the admiral found it necessary to send them home to England, so soon as they had received at Malta the repairs necessary to enable them to undertake the voyage.

The loss of men in the Turko-Egyptian ships was immense, as will be seen by the following statement made by the secretary to the Capitana Bey:—

Three Turkish line of battle ships; 1 Turkish admiral, 84 guns, 650 men, 150 killed; 1 ditto 84 guns, 830 men; 1 ditto 76 guns, 850 men, 400 killed.

4 Egyptian double-banked frigates; 64 guns each, from 450 to 500 men.

15 Turkish frigates; 48 guns, from 450 to 500 men.

18 Turkish corvettes, 8 Egyptian ditto; from 18 to 24 guns, 200 men.

4 Turkish brigs, 8 Egyptian ditto, 19 guns, from 130 to 150 men.

6 Egyptian fire vessels.

40,000 Egyptian troops in the Morea; 4,000 of whom came with the above ships.

Return of the French killed and wounded.—Killed, 3 officers; wounded, 3 officers. Total killed, 43; total wounded, 144.

CAPTURE OF A PORTUGUESE MERCHANTMAN BY PIRATES.

THE sea-breeze had risen in the offing, and was sweeping along the surface to where the pirate schooner was at anchor. The captain ordered a man to the cross-trees, directing him to

keep a good look-out, while he walked the deck in company with his first mate.

"She may not have sailed until a day or two later," said the captain. "I have made allowance for that, and, depend upon it, as she makes the eastern passage we must soon fall in with her; if she does not heave in sight this evening by daylight, I shall stretch out in the offing; I know the Portuguese well. The sea-breeze has caught our craft; let them run up the inner jib, and see that she does not foul her anchor."

It was now late in the afternoon, and dinner had been sent into the cabin, when, "Sail, oh!" was shouted from the mast-head.

"There she is, by G—!" cried the captain. "A large ship, sir; we can see down to the second reef of her top-sails," said Hawkhurst, looking down the sky-light. The captain hastily swallowed some wine from a flagon, cast a look of scorn and anger on Francisco, and rushed on deck.

"Be smart, lads!" cried the captain, after a few seconds' survey of the vessel through his glass: "that's her; furl the awnings, and run the anchor up to the bows: there's more silver in that vessel, my lads, than your chests will hold; and the good saints of the churches at Goa will have to wait a little longer for their gold candlesticks."

The crew were immediately on the alert, the awnings were furled, and all the men, stretching aft the cabin-cable, walked the anchor up to the bows. In two minutes more the Avenger was standing out on the starboard tack, shaping her course so as to cut off the ill-fated vessel. The breeze freshened, and the schooner darted through the smooth water with the impetuosity of a dolphin after its prey. In an hour the hull of the ship was plainly to be distinguished: but the sun was near to the horizon, and before they could ascertain what her force might be the daylight had disappeared. Whether the schooner had been perceived or not it was impossible to say; at all events, the course of the ship had not been altered, and if she had seen the schooner she evidently treated her with contempt. On board the Avenger they were not idle; the long gun in the centre had been cleared from the encumbrances which surrounded it, the other guns had been cast loose, shot handed up, and everything prepared for action, with all the energy and discipline of a man-o'-war. The chase had not been lost sight of, and the eyes of the pirate captain were fixed upon her through a night glass. In about an hour more the schooner was within a mile of the ship, and now altered her course so as to range up within a cable's length of her to leeward. Cain stood upon the gunwale and hailed.

The answer was in Portuguese.

"Heave to, or I'll sink you!" replied he in the same language.

A general discharge from a broadside of carronades, and a heavy volley of muskets from the Portuguese, was the decided answer: the broadside, too much elevated to hit the low hull of the schooner, was still not without effect—the foretop-mast fell, the jaws of the main-gaff was severed, and a large portion of the standing, as well as the running, rigging came rattling down on her decks. The volley of musketry was more fatal: thirteen of the pirates were wounded, some of them severely.

"Well done, John Portuguese!" cried Hawkhurst. "By the holy poker! I never gave you credit for so much pluck."

"Which they shall pay dearly for," was the cool reply of Cain, as he still remained in his exposed situation.

"Blood for blood! if I drink it," observed the second mate, as he looked at the crimson rivulet trickling down the fingers of his left hand from a wound in his arm; "just tie my handkerchief round this, Bill."

In the interim, Cain had desired his crew to elevate their guns, and the broadside was returned. "That will do, my lads: starboard; ease off the boom sheet; let her go right round, Hawkhurst: we cannot afford to lose our men."

The schooner wore round, and ran astern of her opponent. The Portuguese on board the ship, imagining that the schooner, finding she had met with unexpected resistance had sheered off, gave a loud cheer.

"The last you will ever give, my fine fellows!" observed Cain with a sneer.

In a few minutes the schooner had run astern of the ship. "Now, then, Hawkhurst, let her come to and about; man the long gun, and see that every shot is pitched into her, while the rest of them get up a new foretop-mast and knot and splice the rigging."

The schooner's head was again turned towards the ship; her position was right astern, about a mile distant, or rather more; the long thirty-two-pounder gun a mid-ships was now regularly served, every shot passing through the cabin-windows, or some other part of the ship's stern, raking her fore and aft. In vain did the ship alter her course, and present her broadside to the schooner; the latter was immediately checked in her speed, so as to keep the prescribed distance, at which the carronades of the ship were useless, and the execution from the long gun decisive. The ship was at the mercy of the pirate; and, as may be expected, no mercy was shown. For three hours did this murderous attack continue, when the gun which, as before observed, was of brass, became so heated that the pirate captain desired his men to discontinue. Whether the ship had surrendered or not it was impossible to say, as it was too dark to distinguish: while the long gun was served, the foretop-mast and main-gaff had been shifted, and all the standing and running rigging made good; the schooner keeping her distance, and following in the wake of the ship until daylight.

We must now repair on board of the ship: she was an Indian-man; one of the very few that occasionally are sent out by the Portuguese government to a country which once owned their undivided sway, but in which, at present, they hold but a few miles of territory. She was bound to Goa, and had on board a small detachment of troops, a new governor and his two sons, a bishop and his niece, with her attendant. The sailing of a vessel with such a freight was a circumstance of rare occurrence; and was, of course, generally bruited about long before her departure. Cain had, for some months, received all the necessary intelligence relative to her cargo and destination; but, as usual with the Portuguese of the present day, delay upon delay had followed, and it was not until about three weeks previous that he had been assured of her immediate departure. He then ran down the coast to the bay we have mentioned, that he might intercept her; and, as the event has proved, showed his usual judgment and decision. The fire of the schooner had been most destructive: many of the Indianman's crew, as well as of the troops, had been mowed down one after another; until, at last, finding that all their efforts to defend themselves were useless, most of those who were still unhurt had consulted their safety, and hastened down to the lowest recesses of the hold to avoid the raking and destructive shot. At the time that the schooner had discontinued her fire to allow the gun to cool, there was no one on deck but the Portuguese captain and an old weather-beaten seaman, who stood at the helm. Below, in the orlop-deck, the remainder of the crew and the passengers were huddled together in a small space; some were attending to the wounded, who were numerous; others were invoking the saints to their assistance; the bishop, a tall, dignified person, apparently nearly sixty years of age, was kneeling in the centre of the group, which was dimly lighted by two or three lanterns, at one time in fervent prayer, at another interrupted, that he might give absolution to those wounded men whose spirits were departing, and who were brought down and laid before him by their comrades. On one side of him knelt his orphan niece, a young girl of about seventeen years of age, watching his countenance as he prayed, or bending down with a look of pity and tearful eyes on her expiring countrymen, whose last moments were gladdened by his holy offices. On the other side of the bishop stood the governor, Don Philip de Ribiera, and his two sons, youths in their prime, and holding commissions in the king's service. There was melancholy on the brow of Don Ribiera; he was prepared for, and he anticipated, the worst. The eldest son had his eyes fixed upon the sweet countenance of Teresa de Silva—that very evening, as they walked together on the deck, they had exchanged their vows—that very evening had they luxuriated in the present, and had dealt with de-

lightful anticipation on the future. But we must leave them and return on deck.

The captain of the Portuguese ship had walked aft, and now went up to Antonio, the old seaman, who was standing at the wheel. "I still see her with the glass, Antonio, and yet she has not fired for nearly two hours; do you think any accident has happened to her long gun? if so, we may have some chance."

Antonio shook his head. "We have but little chance, I am afraid, my captain; I knew by the ring of the gun, when she first fired it, that it was brass; indeed, no schooner could carry a long iron gun of that calibre. Depend upon it, she only waits for the metal to cool and daylight to return: a long gun or two might have saved us, but now, as she has the advantage of us in heels, we are at her mercy."

"What can she be—a French privateer?"

"I trust it may be so; and I have promised a silver candlestick to Saint Antonio, that it may prove no worse: we then may have some chance of seeing our homes again; but I fear not."

"What, then, do you imagine her to be, Antonio?"

"The pirate which we have heard so much of."

"Jesu protect us! we must then sell our lives as dearly as we can."

"So I intend to do, my captain," replied Antonio, shifting the helm as he spoke.

The lay broke, and showed the schooner continuing her pursuit at the same distance astern, without any apparent movement on board. It was not until the sun was some degrees above the horizon, that the smoke was again seen to envelope her bows, and the shot crashed through the timbers of the Portuguese ship. The reason for this delay was, that the pirate waited till the sun was up to ascertain if there were any other vessel to be seen, previous to his pouncing upon his quarry. The Portuguese captain went aft, and hoisted his ensign, but no flag was shown by the schooner. Again whistled the ball, and again did it tear up the decks of the unfortunate ship: many of those who had re-ascended to ascertain what was going on, now hastily sought their former retreat.

"Mind your helm, Antonio," said the Portuguese captain; "I must go down and consult with the governor."

"Never fear, my captain; as long as these limbs hold together, I will do my duty," replied the old man, exhausted as he was by long watching and fatigue.

The captain descended to the orlop-deck, where he found the major part of the crew and passengers assembled.

"My lord," said he, addressing the governor and bishop, "the schooner has not shown any colours, although our own are hoisted. I am come down to know your pleasure. Defence we can make none; and I fear we are at the mercy of a pirate."

"A pirate!" ejaculated several, beating their breasts, and calling upon their saints.

"Silence, my good people, silence," quietly observed the bishop; "as to what it may be best to do," continued he, turning to the captain, "I cannot advise; I am a man of peace, and unfit to hold a place in the council of war. Don Ribiera, I must refer to you and your sons. Tremble not, my dear Teresa; are we not under the protection of the Almighty?"

"Holy Virgin pity us!" exclaimed Teresa.

"Come my sons," said Don Ribiera, "we will go on deck and consult; let not any of the men follow us; it is useless risking our lives which may yet be valuable." Don Ribiera and his sons followed the captain to the quarter-deck, and with him and Antonio they held a consultation.

"We have but one chance," observed the old man, after a time: "let us haul down our colours as if in submission; they will then range up alongside, and either board us from the schooner, or from their boats; at all events, we shall end out what she is, and if a pirate, we must sell our lives as dearly as we can. If, when we haul down the colours, she ranges up alongside, let all the men be prepared for a struggle."

"You are right, Antonio," replied the governor; "go aft, captain, and haul down the colours; let us see what she does now. Down, my boys! and prepare the men to do their duty."

As Antonio had predicted, as soon as the colours were hauled

down, the schooner ceased firing, and made sail. She ranged up on the quarter of the ship, and up to her peak soared the terrific black flag; her broadside was poured into the Indian, and before the smoke had cleared away, there was a concussion from the meeting sides, and the bearded pirates poured upon her decks. The crew of the Portuguese, with the detachment of troops, still formed a considerable body of men. The sight of the black flag had struck ice into every heart, but the feeling was resolved into one of desperation.

"Knives, men! knives!" roared Antonio, rushing to the attack, followed by the most brave.

"Blood for blood!" cried the second mate, aiming a blow at the old man.

"You have it," replied Antonio, as his knife entered the

pirate's heart, while, at the same moment, he fell, and was himself a corpse.

The struggle was deadly, but the numbers and ferocity of the pirates prevailed. Cain rushed forward, followed by Hawkhurst, bearing down all who opposed them. With one blow from the pirate captain the head of Don Ribiera was severed to the shoulder; a second struck down the eldest son, while the sword of Hawkhurst passed through the body of the other. The Portuguese captain had already fallen, and the men no longer stood their ground. A general massacre ensued, and the bodies were thrown overboard as fast as the men were slaughtered. In less than five minutes there was not a living Portuguese on the bloody deck of the ill-fated ship.



(See page 708.)

LOSS OF THE TER SCHELLING.

(Concluded.)

THIS time they made a little sail of a shirt, by the help of which, and a gentle wind, they got past the false tides in less than half an hour. Awhile after, the wind ceased, and their sail becoming useless, they plied their oars. They then cast anchor in order to take some refreshment, such as it was. When they judged the tide could not incommode them, they weighed, set sail, and thus were carried from the island till they lost sight of it.

The next morning they discovered the two islands which their captain mentioned to them, and profiting by the in-

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structions he gave them, they got so far that they passed by them. Six or seven hours after, they believed they saw main land, in which they were not mistaken; but as soon as they discovered it, the tide turned against them. They cast anchor, therefore, with great fear, lest their rope should break, for thereon depended all their hopes. Having no compass, the sun and stars served for a guide, and by their assistance they distinguished whereabouts they lay. The next morning the wind and tide being for them, from morning to night, they drew very near the shore but could not land. They were forced then to cast anchor, and pass over another night in great distress and fear, the currents running very swiftly.

Early the next day they gained the shore, and left the boat

at anchor, meaning to return to it, should the country they were in, be contrary to their expectations. Having walked some time they met with two ways, one along the shore and the other along the river of Sandiep, which two were quite opposite. They were now at a loss which way to take, and after much debate, they proceeded at all hazards towards the river. They were so exceedingly exhausted with hunger, cold, and fatigue, that they could scarcely go six steps without resting themselves, so that they advanced but slowly, and for three hours met with no living creature. They now perceived trees, whose branches seemed to have been lately lopped. At the distance of about twenty paces from thence, they beheld a barque, towards which they drew near, and as soon as those that were in it perceived them, they immedi-

ately made towards them. This readiness of advancing, filled our sufferers with the apprehensions that they meant to do them harm; and their terrors increased when they found that they were six in number, armed each with a long knife in his hand. On their approach, our wretched adventurers held out their wasted arms, in order to show that they were in no condition for engaging in hostilities; they also held up the leaves of the trees and the remains of the skin of the buffalo, endeavouring to make them comprehend by signs that these were their only food. At length they understood them, and expressed their commiseration. The poor wretches finding them satisfied of their sincerity, now signified, as well as they could, the need they had of them to bring them to the next village. The barbarians readily offered

their assistance, provided they were paid for it, notwithstanding they saw that they were victims to famine and nakedness. The eldest in the boat was now deputed to make a bargain with these strangers, who offered them a piece to the value of a crown. The Bengaloises gave them to understand that they must have ten, for less than which, they would not leave their work; another piece, and afterwards a third was offered, but these not satisfying their greediness, the old man showed them his empty pockets, thereby insinuating they had no more. This having the desired effect, they were received on board their barque.

They now solicited by signs to have something to eat; but as they would part with nothing without money, one of the unhappy crew produced another crown, for which they received in a cloth, about a handful of rice and a pisang, the

size of a man's finger. Every one held out his hand with such greediness for this morsel, that the vender became apprehensive that his handful of rice would occasion a disturbance, and withdrawing it, he made himself eight equal divisions, which he distributed among them. He did the same with the pisang, which is a tolerable kind of fruit. This, though a small repast, was highly acceptable.

The negroes perceiving that they had still some money left, took an advantage of our poor men; they suddenly ceased to row, making signs that they had not received enough for their trouble, and that they would not go further without they were paid more pieces. They were now obliged to give them another; on the receipt of which, they rowed about twelve strokes more and then gave over. Another piece was then given, and going at the same rate as before, they stopped.

again. Thus they continued to renew their demands, and oblige our wretched adventurers to give more and more.

They now perceived two other barques, which came and joined them. Their gestures plainly indicated that their whole discourse, which continued for some time, was relative to their visitors. Having landed, these negroes consulted together, and counting the money they had received, they now and then looked at those who had paid it, in such a manner as made them apprehend the result of their conference.

Having stayed about an hour in the barque, full of suspense and fear, two of the crew went out to request the negroes to show them some fresh water. As soon as the barbarians saw them, one of them took the men by the arms, and made them return to the barque again. This ambiguous behaviour confirmed their apprehensions, and they expected every moment to be sacrificed. Having remained in this dreadful state of alarm upwards of two hours, the three barques parted, and the masters of the barque returning, pursued their course; and, for another crown gave them a pot of fresh water. It is impossible to express the satisfaction with which they drank this, it being a month since they tasted any other than salt water. This draught served them as food; their hunger in some measure abated, and they felt a gratification which they had not experienced for several days.

The negroes now informed them that twenty of their companions were in the next village—for this joyful intelligence they gave them another crown. Hereupon, they prepared to bring them to the place where they were; and on entering the village, two of the negroes went with them to the governor, at whose feet they laid down the three crowns that were given for their passage, having thrice touched the earth with their heads and hands, saying *salamabela* (i. e. peace be with you.) The governor gave our adventurers a very kind reception, telling them by signs, to take the money again, that lay at his feet. This, however, they declined; giving him to understand as well as they could, that his men had earned it, and that they could not think of depriving them of their due. He now ordered two or three of his servants to conduct them to their companions, who perceived them at a distance, came to meet them, expressing their satisfaction at this unexpected interview. Those they had left in the island, arrived in this village five days before them; and the five that went off first in the boat which they made, came some days before them, under the guidance of certain fishermen.

Two days after their arrival here, the governor proposed that those who came first should be sent to the factory, in order that the company might be informed, as soon as possible, of the loss of their vessel. He advised them (by means of his interpreter) to stock themselves well with provisions, as they had to go above two hundred leagues; and moreover, would be obliged to travel five days in a barren country; and even that which they would enter afterwards, not being much more fruitful or better inhabited. This intelligence alarmed the poor men, who had not as yet sufficiently refreshed themselves, nor satisfied their eagerness for meat.

Those who came last, having inquired of their captain's party their adventures, and by what means they reached this village, were informed, that on the morning when they found their provisions stolen, they became exceedingly melancholy. Towards evening, two of them strayed to the point of the island, whence they perceived some fishermen. As soon as they imagined they were seen, one of them broke off a bough from a tree, and fastened a piece of linen to it. This he waved in the air, in order to show that there were persons in the island. The fishermen accordingly drew near the shore, and, after, about a quarter of an hour's consultation among themselves, they advanced still nearer, and demanded in the Portuguese language, what they were. They answered in the same language; and being fully satisfied with their replies, they came on shore. They were well armed, some with darts and javelins, and others with bows and arrows. Although they saw plainly that these poor wretches were in no condition to assault them; yet they anxiously demanded their arms.

Having only knives, they immediately threw them on the ground, and one of the negroes gathered them up. They now approached with confidence, and desired to see the rest of their companions; at the same time inquiring how many there were. Lest their number should alarm them, they were told that there were not above seven. These two men, accompanied by the negroes, now ran to their companions, shouting and hallooing for joy. The others hearing these shouts, and supposing that some beast had been wounded, and that their assistance was required, armed themselves each with a good cudgel, and ran to meet them. The negroes seeing them advance with such fierceness, supposed themselves betrayed, and immediately let fly their arrows, which providentially did no harm. The others seeing the negroes, and witnessing this act of hostility, concluded they were the very slaves whom they had seen on the other side, two days after they had landed in the island, and that they had attacked their two unprotected companions. Animated by these suppositions, they prepared for a smart encounter. The two men who were with the negroes, perceiving these mutual mistakes, and dreading the consequences, cried out as loudly as they could to their companions, assuring them they were deceived, and begging them to throw away their cudgels, and boldly advance. They instantly obeyed; and one of the negroes told them in Dutch, that their wants were apparent, and should be supplied, but first they must deliver up their staves and knives, which was done without the least hesitation.

The apprehension of the negroes now subsiding, they gave these suppliants a small quantity of sod rice, which was greedily devoured. They then inquired if they would take them from the island, which the negroes promised they would for a proper remuneration, alleging that they were very poor, and consequently could not afford to do anything for nothing. A price was then agreed upon, which was four crowns a man; and the fishermen spent the next day in repairing their barques. As to provision, they said they were stored with rice sufficient for all, and hoped they should be able to take fish enough to satisfy the most hungry among them. Rejoiced at this intelligence, the men demanded a hat full of rice, which they obtained for half-a-crown. Whilst the negroes were fishing, our shipwrecked adventurers boiled the rice; and before it was ready, the negroes returned with fish, and the proper necessaries for dressing it. At night, when it was time to repose, the captain ordered his men privately to watch by turns, for fear the negroes might act treacherously towards them. The same precaution was also observed, by the negroes; thus each party was apprehensive of the other.

Two days after the negroes gave notice that they should be ready for their departure the night following; when, as soon as they embarked, they rowed so manfully, that they soon came to the village. They were introduced by the negroes to the governor, by whom they were kindly received, and who despatched two or three barques with provisions to those who set out in their boat from the island. He insisted upon the fishermen returning the money which was given for their passage, but this the captain would upon no account accept. The next morning, which was the market day, the governor came to them, and having changed their money into little shells, (which is the coin of that country) he assisted them in buying what they wanted, and prevented their being imposed upon.

Such were the adventures of the captain's party who remained in the island; we shall now briefly state those of the seven men, who had departed in the first boat they had made.

Having no anchor, for the space of five days and as many nights, they struggled against the force of the tides, which cast them upon a bank of sand. This bank was of great extent, and they imagined at first, that they might find something for their refreshment, the provision they took with them having been spent. After a long and fruitless search, they were obliged to live two days upon the moss which the floods from the sea had made on the trees it dashed against. On the third day, they were so very weak that they could not

row, and it was with great difficulty they could stand upright, some of the crew, apprehensive of hunger, secretly planned the destruction of two of their companions. This was happily prevented by Adrian Raas, who apprised the two men of their danger, and leading them to a bye-place, helped them to make two holes, wherein they concealed themselves at night. Missing their intended victims, they now fixed upon another among themselves, a corpulent man, who, perceiving the evil design, stood upon his guard.

Two of these miserable men at last proposed to go in quest of land, promising, if they succeeded in their expedition, to send help to the others. This offer was agreeable to all; and in order to facilitate their undertaking, those that remained behind, gave these two adventurers almost all their money, with which they parted, and arrived unexpectedly at a village in Bengal; but being ignorant of the country, and incapable of making themselves understood, they could not indicate the place where their wretched companions were. Their own wants, however, being apparent, they were well treated for two days, and then put on board a vessel, wherein they sailed three hundred leagues, to be presented to the Great Mogul.

Eight days afterwards they were gone, the five unhappy men, who remained behind in daily expectations of their companions return, happened to perceive some fishermen pass by the place where they were; and coming within call, they endeavoured to communicate their distress by signs. The fishermen, on approaching them, desired they would lay down their knives before they came on board. No sooner were they in the boat, than they perceived a dead fish; and in the scuffle who should have it, one of them unfortunately dropped a bag of money, which being seen by the fishermen, they immediately plundered their wretched passengers, and turned them out again in the same place from whence they took them. Now, destitute of all succour and hope, these five poor sufferers remained in a state of inexpressible agitation for twenty-four hours, when, fortunately, other boats passed by, who, seeing them, made signs of their own accord for them to come on board. They were now unexpectedly treated by a barrel of honey, which was set before them: and the next morning were carried to Sandiep, where the captain and his party had arrived the same day. They met with the same liberal treatment from the governor of the town as their other companions.

Having been here five days they requested the governor permission to go to Bolwa where their other companions, had gone before them. The governor at first scrupled, supposing they were not able to endure so long a journey; but finding them anxious to follow their party, he caused three barques to be made ready, one to carry them, and the other two for their companions.

The night following, they arrived at Assam, a poor despicable place that afforded nothing. Here they sent back the three barques, and hired another as far as Bolwa. At two leagues distance from this village, their guides set them on shore, and made them walk on foot the rest of the way. Whilst these guides went to the governor to give notice of their arrival, our adventurers bought milk and rice, which they dressed in a pot that was lent them by Moors, that spoke the Portuguese language. It was nearly ready when their guides returned, and told them they must come immediately to the prince, who sent for them. This news displeased them, for their appetites were very keen; however, they took the pot and carried it by turns to the prince's palace gate, where they eat what was in it before they entered. They were at length brought to their lodging, and, by the prince's order, served with an excellent kind of meat called brensie, which is only seen here at great men's tables. This was such a nourishing food, that in less three or four days they recovered their full strength.

In a day or two after, the prince sent them word that they might go when they pleased, the barques being ready. This being their desire, they parted an hour after, and happily

arrived at Decca. The factory received them very kindly, to whom our adventurers imparted their whole story.

The governor now caused a barque to be ready to transport them to Ongueli, where the Dutch have also a considerable factory. But an hour before the appointed time of their departure, the governor received a letter from the Great Mogul's general, in which he enjoined him to send them to him. This order they were obliged to obey, though contrary to their inclination; for this general threatened, in case of refusal, to seize upon all the Dutch in his master's kingdom, and make them slaves.

They travelled thirty days together, sometimes by land, and sometimes by sea, passing by several cities made desolate; the inhabitants of the country being wont, in time of war, to leave their houses, in order to follow the army wherever it marched.

On the thirty-fifth day they went on board one of the vessels belonging to Nabah, where they found four Englishmen, some few Portuguese, and two of their own party. From thence they went and cast anchor near the city of Rengue-mati. In a short time they landed, and were entertained in the army of the Great Mogul. The general, whom they saluted in his tent, seemed glad to see them, and immediately ordered a large cup full of arrak, that they might drink his health. The cup was so closed, that it was a difficult matter for them to open it; and therefore the general ordered it on purpose, to divert himself with their embarrassments. Every one endeavoured to open it, but to no purpose; at last one of the party finding that it was made of wood, made a hole in it with the point of his knife, and being brim full, the arrak, sprang out abundantly. By this means they all drank of it; and it being a very strong liquor, they were soon intoxicated.

The next morning the general sent them three hundred roupees, and assigned them certain vessels called gouropes, one of which carried fourteen guns, and about fifty or sixty men. Each gourope was attended with four kosses, which are boats, with oars, to row great vessels. There were also several great flat-bottomed boats which carried no masts, but were well furnished with guns. The greatest part of the officers were Portuguese. There were several other vessels laden only with provision and ammunition.

As soon as they were ordered to march, our adventurers sought the vessel which was assigned them, but, in the great multitude of people, two of them, unfortunately went astray, and were eight days without knowing where to betake themselves. After a long march, these two wanderers entered Kosbia, a country lying between Bengal and Azo.

The Great Mogul's general was at war with the king of Azo, and at this time subdued him. Our two adventurers expected a share of the plunder, but were disappointed. This was exceedingly mortifying to them; their wages, which were no more than ten crowns a month, being insufficient to maintain them, on account of the then dearness of provision. The reason that they had no more was, because they served in the army by constraint, whereas those who served voluntarily, had twenty-five crowns each per month.

Immediately after the overthrow of the king of Azo, the general hastened to attack the countries belonging to the king of Assam; and lest the flood, which every six months overflowed the greatest part of the kingdom, should frustrate his designs, he advanced with great expedition, and arrived before that time at the place he intended.

In the meantime our two adventurers, and the English who belonged to the army, having observed all the signs of an approaching tempest, carefully repaired their vessels. Their precautions, however were unavailing; the vessel in which were our two adventurers, not having been properly ballasted, was overturned by the currents, and four Dutchmen, and twenty four Moors perished. Both our heroes, after swimming several hours towards land, had the good fortune to be assisted by an English vessel, who took them on board.

The next morning they thanked their benefactors, and went to the army, where they sought an occasion of admittance to

the general. As soon as he heard of the loss of the vessel, he fell into a violent passion, and commanded them to withdraw and choose what other vessel they had a mind to.

In two days after their admiral set sail in search of the enemy, attended by the whole fleet. Although the wind was little favourable to them, the vessel which our adventurers entered, followed on the course, and three or four hours after dashed against a rock, which struck off their helm. Not long after they discovered the enemy's fleet, consisting of six hundred sail. As soon as the enemy perceived them, they advanced, and a smart encounter ensued. They took three hundred of the enemy's vessels, the least of which carried seventy men; and of this whole number there did not escape above fifty. The three hundred vessels that escaped, unhappily cast anchor at about a quarter of a league's distance from the general, who advanced up the country with all possible expedition. Having brought near three hundred pieces of cannon, he planted them against them, and sunk the greatest part of them: the rest passed over the other side of the river, and were pursued by the general's vessels with success. After this pursuit, their admiral cast anchor before the city of Lokwa, situated about six leagues from Gueragan. They were obliged to stay here about three months in consequence of the flood: as soon as the waters were sufficiently fallen they quitted their post.

Having been fifteen months in the Great Mogul's army, by the mediation of their consul, our adventurers at length obtained their discharge and prepared for their departure. In fifteen days they came to Decka, and from thence took shipping for Ongueli. Having sailed about one hundred and twenty leagues along the river, they made some stay at Cazimabahr, a place famous for silks. From thence they returned to Ongueli, where each betook himself to different employs, and it was not till 1673, that the last of our adventurers was enabled to return to his native country.

SUFFERINGS OF A BOAT'S CREW.

THE following is a narrative of a most interesting character, being an account of the sufferings of Mr. Clarke (the survivor of a boat's crew of eight persons), who was for six weeks drifting about the Pacific in an open boat:—"I left Tahiti in the schooner *Sophia*, for the Paunertors, or Chain Islands, March 4, 1843, and arrived at the island where I was to be stationed, seeking pearl shells, in the month of May; but previous to my being placed there, I visited, in conjunction with Mr. Samuel Henry, of Tahiti, in the schooner *Sarah Ann*, Captain Dunnett, an island represented to us by the natives as being rich in shell, and not known to others who were visiting islands trading; we discovered it, and stood in with a boat, containing Mr. S. Henry, Mr. J. Dunnett, and myself; there were also ten of the natives of a 'gang' with us, all armed; we saw the natives on shore were making signals by large fires, which the other natives told us was for them to collect together; we pulled within twenty yards of the shore; one of them came down to the beach, and hailed us to come on shore. Mr. Henry told our interpreter to tell him to come off, we were friends; after hesitating some time he did so, but at the same time we perceived him followed by others, who were bringing with them a long line, which reached into the bush, attached to which were about fifty natives, so that when the line was fast, to haul away and get us on shore, the first native had by this time swam to the boat. Our interpreter told him to go aft to the chief, meaning Mr. Henry. Mr. Henry told him to come in, which he no sooner did than he seized Mr. J. Dunnett's musket, and would have wrenched it from him, had not Mr. H. struck his fingers with a cutlass, which compelled him to let go his hold; he immediately jumped overboard and swam to the beach, when he made all manner of gestures, by which, our interpreter told us, he meant to show what he would do to us if he got us on shore; the other natives that had followed the first, swimming and diving to the boat, seeing their chief leap overboard so

quickly, thought something was wrong, and soon followed. Those on shore hauling in the line, which the one who had been entrusted with it had had no time to fasten; after they had all left, we opened fire upon them for their treachery, and delivered about forty rounds; but as we fired so they fell on the ground, to be less exposed; we also saw a large number of females with baskets on their arms, made from the cocoa-nut leaf. Our interpreter told us they were intended to carry our limbs into the bush to be cooked, had they been successful in their foul designs. It being sundown, and not liking the character of the natives, we pulled on board the *Sarah Ann*, which had been lying off and on. We were convinced there were pearl shells there from the ornaments they wore round their necks and arms. We judged there must have been 600 natives on the island. Mr. H. proposed to Captain Dunnett to remain off and on the island that night, and go on shore the following morning to force a landing, having seven good boats, besides fifty natives, sufficient, we supposed, well armed, to effect it; but Captain Dunnett thought it better to proceed on our voyage to the Island of Takumea, one of the same group. After visiting several gangs of divers on the other islands, we arrived at an island called Tahania, where I was landed with five boats and a gang of eighteen divers, with five females to open the shells. The first week we were prevented from commencing operations from bad blowy weather, when, if such is the case, it ruffles the lagoon so that the divers cannot see where to descend. We formed a settlement on the west side of the island, and commenced operations; found the shells very scarce; remained collecting five weeks, and was then visited by the *Sophia* schooner, Captain M'Lean, from Tahiti, who brought a supply of cocoa-nuts; these were soon expended, when the natives refused to work. This somewhat disconcerted me, as our main stay, cocoa-nuts, were now becoming very scarce. The payment usually made to these men for diving was three cocoa-nuts, a portion of sour bread-fruit, and from eight to ten fathoms of navy blue cloth per month. However, I persuaded them to gather the shells and take them in our boat to the small harbour there was in the island, and there leave them. The time for the return of the Countess Wilton or *Sophia* had now expired, and being very short of provisions I began to feel somewhat anxious, and proposed, with a boat's crew, to visit Hanea, an island about 45 miles south-west, to endeavour to obtain information if any vessel had called there from Tahiti; and, supposing such not to have been the case, to proceed direct to Tahiti, about 250 miles distant. We, next day, got our boat ready (one of the Greenland fishing-boats), and put into her for provisions, about 30lb. of biscuit, in a bag, one small sucking-pig, cooked, about four gallons of water, and six young cocoa nuts; the following morning, at day-break, 15th of August, 1844, we left, myself, four grown-up men, and three youths, in all eight persons. I also had my dog with me, besides my chest and bed. After great difficulty we got out of the harbour and directed our course to the westward, with a nice breeze; at noon we were off the west end of the island, and sighted Taitea. I proposed remaining the night, but the natives objected, not being on good terms with them. We then stood to the south-west for Hanea. About four p.m. one of the natives said he saw the haze of the land, but he was mistaken. The breeze had been freshening from noon, and was now blowing pretty stiff. We kept on the same course until 10 p.m. I proposed, that as it was probable we could not get on land that night, to steer for Tahiti, as the wind was fair and strong, to which they all consented. Having no compass, we had to steer by the stars, and bore away as we supposed due west; we kept the boat this course up to 2 a.m., when we shipped a sea which nearly filled her to the thwart. We then rounded her to the sea, lashing the oars to make a raft, which we threw overboard. When she lay comparatively easy, attached to about four fathoms of the native rope, unshipped her mast to ease her; then had something to eat, being the first we had had since the morning previous; but found our bread saturated with salt water. We were in this state 'lying to,' about two hours, when the rope parted, and the boat immediately went broadside to the sea, which was breaking with violence on board her. I offered the natives several fathoms of

cloth if they would leap overboard and secure the raft, but from the sea running they said it was impossible, and the boat drifting so rapidly, they could not overtake it. While we were lying to, we shipped two seas, which completely filled us. I jumped to the stern oar, and put her before the wind, while the natives baled her. We shipped our mast again, and set the fore and aft foresail, without the sprit; this we found sufficient, and with this sail we ran about eight knots an hour; we ran in this way for three days, and on the fourth at noon, I took an observation of the sun, having my sextant and epitome with me, and found ourselves eighty miles south of Tahiti, and supposed about one hundred and fifty miles to the westward. On the fourth day it began to moderate, and I proposed to the natives to haul the boat to the N.W., or as near to that point as the sea would permit; we steered to the N.W. until sundown, when we saw a flock of birds standing from the northward to the southward. The natives wished me to steer in that direction, as they were sure the land was there. On this day, I put all hands on allowance, about half a pound of bread per man; this we ate each day at 4 p.m. I told the natives, when they wished me to alter the course, that I had found my latitude, and knew where we were; that, by steering to the northward, we should probably fall in with some of the islands to the north and west of Tahiti; but they insisted on my giving up the charge, and took the steer oar from me, which it was useless to resist, they being seven to one. On the fourth day all our water was expended, and they kept running the boat about, following birds, until the fifth day; on this day we caught some water, by means of our buckets and cans, about one quart each. On the sixth day, the natives consulted what course to steer, which was determined by a majority; but they kept running her about in so many directions that I asked them to allow me to steer; they said no—that as I had missed Tahiti they would still retain the charge. I had possession of the bread, which was allowed, and with me one bottle of brandy, about a pint and a half; this I mixed with my portion of water, making about two quarts of it; of this I was very careful, impressing also on the natives the necessity of being sparing with theirs. On the seventh day, they killed my poor dog, without my consent; this they cooked in the saucepan, producing fire by rubbing two sticks together, breaking out the sides of the boat for firewood. This they ate, and, with the blood mixed with the salt water, said it made excellent soup; they offered me a portion, but I refused, he having been a great favourite. On the eighth day, at one of their consultations, the majority proposed that we should steer to the westward, which they did for two days, the boat running about five knots, the wind and sea in our favour. All this time our soddened bread was becoming less, and our allowance could only be about the size of a quarter of a common ship biscuit per diem. On the tenth evening we hove to, and on the morning of the eleventh day found the wind had become north west. On this day they consulted me on the best course to steer; I told them, if they thought the wind would continue a week, we might perchance sight some of the islands to the eastward (Society Islands); but as there was a very heavy head sea, and the boat only going two knots an hour, I told them it would be better to steer to the westward, and endeavoured to make the Harvey Group; but they insisted on steering to the eastward, which they did for two days and a half. The water belonging to the natives had been out near two days; but I had still my bottle of brandy and water secreted in my chest, from which I continued to sip at night unknown to the natives; they now slept a great deal, and spread an old mat in the bottom of the boat to lie on, which they could do, she being perfectly tight. On the thirteenth day the wind shifted to the eastward; they then ran the boat about again, not knowing where they steered. They consulted me as to Palmerston Island and Aitutaki, of which they had heard. I had all this time taken the sights to obtain the latitude, but could only guess at the longitude; I told them they were to the eastward of these islands—they had better steer south, for the Harvey Group, but they would not take my advice. From this time they only ran in the day time, and lay to at nights, lest they should run past land. On the eighteenth day we

discovered we had only one day's allowance of biscuit left; but on the morning of the 19th, I found that some of them had come aft and stolen it from the bag whilst I slept. This finished the only remaining portion of that which I had fondly hoped would have certainly kept those with me alive at any rate one day longer. They generally ate their miserable allowance by putting it into a bottle, pouring salt water on it, until it became quite soddened, and then sucking it through the opening. After the bread was expended, the natives gave way to the most piteous lamentations and howlings it is possible to conceive, continually bewailing their fate, and charging me with bringing them to so miserable an end. On this day they consulted together, and gave me charge of the boat, intimating they wished to lie down in the bottom of her, and then die; that to this end the masts should be unshipped, and the boat kept stationary, and not run her in search of land; but I had that hope within me which never forsakes, and I put the boat to the southward, endeavouring to make the Harvey Group. On this day, having a very little coffee, I gave them a few berries each, but it only increased their desire for salt water, of which they continued to drink freely. This day I commenced drinking laudanum, mixed in small quantities with salt water, which produced sleepiness, but lulled my miserable feeling. When I commenced steering to the south, I was in sixteen degrees. Nothing particular happened until the twenty-fourth day, when the natives, having suspected me of stealing the nineteenth day's allowance, perceiving I did not suffer so much as they, searched my case while I was asleep, and discovered my medicine chest, the contents of which they drank, about five ounces of castor oil, a small phial of laudanum, also a bottle of sugar of lead; they were soon overtaken by sleep from the laudanum, and two of them slept forty-eight hours without awakening. The castor oil had not the slightest effect on them. I still kept steering to the southward, and, on the night of the twenty-eighth day, we caught a little rain from a passing squall; the natives roused themselves, and commenced licking the boat and sails, to produce saliva, but not nearly enough; this small quantity only increased their desire for more, and one of the poor fellows became insane. They having two hatchets, I persuaded them to deliver them to me with their knives, telling them the poor fellow might kill some of them and me; but I was more afraid of their retaining it than of him, as they continued threatening that if I ran the boat, and did not keep her still, they would knock out one of her timbers, and go down altogether; after these were delivered up, I felt much more at ease, throwing the knives overboard and securing the hatchets. The absence of reason of my poor cook troubled me a great deal, as he had been one who had kept our spirits from drooping, entirely by his lively conversation, and upbraiding them for finding fault with me, and reproving them for making such horrid lamentations. On the morning of the 29th day my poor fellow died, and was buried in his winding sheet of native cloth and shirt, which was a determination they had previously come to, that when each died, not to eat him, but throw him overboard. On this day the father of one of the boys in the boat, who was very ill, came and demanded the little water I had caught, about half a pint, from the last rain, to give him, which I did; but this did not save his life, for on the morning of the 31st day he died, and was buried by his father. In the afternoon of this day, I had some occasion to go forward to arrange some part of the jib sheet, when the old man who had buried his son in the morning gave me a push, and overboard I went, but fortunately succeeded in catching the gunwale of the boat, and clambered up: I asked him what he meant, and he told me it was the lurch of the boat, and not he who did it. The natives gradually grew worse, and after my laudanum was drunk, I commenced drinking sugar of lead, mixed with salt water, which produced violent sickness. We had had no rain since the 29th day, and on the evening of the 35th day, two more of my crew died in dreadful agonies, gnawing the boat, and beating themselves distractedly; they had eaten all the leather from the rowlocks, as also part of the sails. On the 36th day another died, and was buried by me, as also the two previously, the

others being too weak to assist; thus leaving three, but in the evening another died, and was thrown overboard, reducing our number to two. No one can judge of my feelings when I looked at the last of my unfortunate crew, and wondering whether he should throw me overboard, or I him; but I had not long to wait, for on the morning of the 37th day I found him dead, and had a great deal of trouble to throw him overboard, being an enormously big man; this was the father of the poor lad who died the second. I was now all alone, and found myself getting very weak, and unable to hold the steer oar: this I fixed amidst ships, and allowed the boat to go where the wind wished; I laid myself down in the bottom, with a mat laid on the thwarts as protection from the sun. I was ruminating one evening what my end would probably be, when I heard something leap by the side of the boat, and knew them to be fish, and found they were jumping at a little end of the mat sail trailing in the water; I immediately threw over three pearl hooks which I had brought from the Chain Islands, when they were caught at greedily by a fine albacora, which I thankfully hauled on board, and caught a second and third in the same way; I eagerly drank their blood, and took out their eyes, which I ate, but the flesh I could not manage, as my throat seemed stuck together. I sliced them and laid them on the seat of the boat to dry; I sank down again in my usual place, and fancied what Providence would send next, for something within now began to tell me I was not to die, and I remembered I had brought my violin; this I unstrung and eat all but the fourth string; but what I wanted was something to allay my excessive thirst, under a sun in the tropic. It was now four days since my last native died, and brought me to the fortieth day, and on looking overboard I perceived, right ahead, land! Just imagine my surprise, running steadily along towards it. What land it was I could scarcely imagine, but supposed it must be the Navigator's Islands. Towards mid day it fell calm, leaving me in the same uncertain state, and so continued for two days; but on the forty-second day, at break of day, I missed myself to look over the boat, and saw ten canoes pulling towards me, with five natives in each. I sank down in the bottom of the boat from excitement and exhaustion, thanking Providence for hope of deliverance. I now heard, from their conversation, that they had approached pretty close, and, putting my head over the side of the boat, they raised one cry of horror and surprise at the wretched object I look, and immediately pulled away, crying out, 'O, le Pope! O, le Pope!' (The priests, the priests), meaning the French, for these natives cannot disconnect the idea of there being priests without necessarily being Frenchmen. I beckoned them to approach, and intimated I wanted to drink by the usual sign, when they handed me a cocoa-nut, the only one they had. They now had more confidence, but still alarmed at my appearance, my beard being nearly seven weeks old, and the shadow of a man they saw. After some consultation, one of the chiefs being heathen, proposed that I should be killed (this I understood, from the great similarity the language possesses to that of the Chain Islands); but the majority were Christians, and said, 'No; that it was contrary to their religion; they ought to be good Samaritans.' This being the case, eight of them jumped into my boat with their paddles, and we went on shore. The arrival of a stranger at any time, at the little island of Manua, (the most windward island of the Samoan group) is treated with no little importance, but now, a herald preceded us, in one of the canoes, and raised the whole population, who reside on the sea shore, with the words, 'They are bringing the *papalagi mai le vasa*,' (the white man they had found on the sea); so that consequently, when I was carried on the shoulders of four stout natives, we were followed by all who could walk, to the number of about two or three hundred, crying out, 'Aga, Aral' this being a word expressing astonishment. I was thus borne along to the residence of a Tongateacher, and laid down on the best bed they could find—a few mats laid on the ground. While some were preparing these, others procured some food and cocoa-nuts; but I was exceedingly cautious, lest by eating heartily it might produce that which, providentially, I had just been released from. My thirst continued unquenched for three days, and I was still very weak; in fact, so weak that I kept my bed for

three weeks. During this time an incessant levee was held at the house of my kind host—natives came from far and near to see me, and shake hands, even while I slept; the screen was frequently raised that they might be allowed the pleasure of seeing me. At the end of three weeks I began to move about, and found myself on an island different from most others, there being no outer reef, and the sea breaking with terrific violence on the windward part; so that had I not been becalmed I should have, in all probability, been dashed to pieces, being too weak to steer the boat over the breakers. I now felt a desire to return to Tahiti; but the natives insisted on my not leaving them yet, that they wanted to pay a visit round the island to their friends, and take me with them. I had almost forgotten to mention that just as I was recovering I received a kind visit from the Rev. M. Harbutt, the agent for the London Missionary Society, at Manua; he showed me great attention, and impressed on the natives the necessity of doing likewise. There being no harbour at Manua, and having been there now three months, I proposed to visit Tortirila, an island about seventy miles distant, to see if there was any opportunity of returning to Tahiti. Accordingly I left, and took with me fourteen natives from Manua, and arrived at Tortirila the same evening; we found that at the harbour of Apia, Island Upolu, another of the same group, was the harbour most frequented by shipping; but unfortunately we were detained from proceeding there, from westerly winds, for nearly three weeks. This island is about forty miles from Tortirila. On arriving at Apia, judge my surprise in finding a vessel, the Currency Lass, bound direct to Tahiti, to sail in two or three days. There being no mate on board, I was offered that situation, and eagerly accepted it; we took with us two passengers, the Messrs. Evans, from Apia, and sailed from thence on the 30th of January, 1845, and here again we did not escape privation from exceeding light and contrary winds; our provisions and water were soon expended, so that until we made the island of Atitui we had then lived twelve days on yams alone. After a long passage of forty-three days to accomplish one thousand two hundred miles, we arrived at Tahiti, just twelve months from the day I left to superintend the 'Shelling.' I found on my arrival that the oars and raft from which my boat had parted, were driven on shore on the south end of Tahiti (Tairaboo) and recognised by Mr. Henry, who had consequently given us up as lost. My sorrow was soon turned into joy; on my arrival at Tahiti, I found a letter had long been lying there from England, and on opening it I read that property to a considerable amount had been left me, and was ordered home to secure it."

"HENRY CLARKE."

SEA MISERIES.

BEING anxious to land after a long voyage from India, trust your precious body in an open boat. A hurricane coming on, your little bark is driven out to sea, and you are obliged to seek refuge in an enemy's country. If you escape with life, you are fortunate indeed; but the loss of your long-collected treasures is inevitable.

Being obliged to sit next a person with whom you have quarrelled, and are to settle your little affair of honour on arriving at the first land.

As one of the pleasures of being a sound sleeper, find, when you awake in the morning, that you have been tied in your hammock, with your face towards the deck; in which state you are obliged to hang suspended till some kind friend relieves you.

Sitting, on a passage from India, next to your tailor or shoemaker, to whom you owe a long bill.

So late as 1802, the King of Sweden engaged some British surgeons to serve in his ships of war; their perplexity and mortification may be imagined, on finding that they were expected to shave the whole ship's company, as a duty belonging to their station.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN.

AFTER the discovery of America by Columbus, the Spanish Court granted full permission to a variety of adventurers to make what discoveries they could in the new world; and, accordingly, a great variety of expeditions were fitted out, under different commanders. By degrees nearly the whole coast of America, on the side of the Atlantic, was discovered and explored. By the voyage of Ojeda and Pinzon, two of Columbus's companions, the whole of the Atlantic or Eastern coast of the Isthmus of Darien became known to the Spaniards, who began to make settlements on the coast. But as yet they knew nothing of the Pacific or Western coast. In general they behaved with great injustice and cruelty towards the Indians, the natives of the country, and in consequence they obtained very little information from them as to the interior, the extent, or the productions of the great continent which had been so unexpectedly discovered.

In an expedition, commanded by Enciso, which set sail in 1509, in search of Ojeda, and a new colony which he had founded on the eastern side of the gulf of Darien, where he built a fortress called San Sebastian, was a man of the name of Vasca Nunez de Balboa, who, having dissipated his estate in idleness and debauchery, was desirous of proceeding again to America, (for he had been there once before,) in order, if possible, to retrieve his fortunes. But being very much in debt, he was afraid to embark openly, lest he should be arrested, and thrown into prison. To avoid this, he contrived to get on board Enciso's ship, concealed in a cask, which was marked as containing provisions. When the ship was far at sea, Balboa came out from his cask, and Enciso, glad to have a person of his courage and knowledge among his officers, for it was well known that Balboa had already been one voyage to America, readily forgave the trick that had been played him, and allowed him to accompany them. And it was well for mankind that he did so; for, to this man Balboa, it is that we owe the discovery of the Pacific ocean.

By the time the voyage was half over, the settlement at St. Sebastian had been broken up, in consequence of the repeated attacks of the natives, who could no longer submit to the oppressive treatment of the Spaniards. Soon after Enciso had reached Carthagena, he was joined by the famous Pizarro, the conqueror of Peru, with the wretched remains of the colony at St. Sebastian. From him he learned the disastrous fate of that colony; but in spite of this account he determined on pursuing his voyage to that settlement. Upon his arrival there, he found that Pizarro's statement was too true; for, where St. Sebastian had stood, nothing was to be seen but a heap of ruins. At this place, misfortune followed misfortune; first he suffered shipwreck, and then he was attacked by the natives. In despair at these repeated disasters, Enciso was quite at a loss what to do; but Balboa, whose courage and presence of mind

never forsook him, advised him to continue his course along the coast. He stated that he had once before been on an expedition in the same gulf, and he well remembered that on the western side there was an Indian village, on the bank of a river, called by the natives Darien.

This village Enciso resolved to take possession of. Accordingly, as soon as he had reached the river, he landed his men, and without giving the unfortunate Indians any notice, he attacked them, killed several, drove the rest out, and plundered them of every thing. He then named the village Santa Maria del Darien, and made it the chief place of his new government.

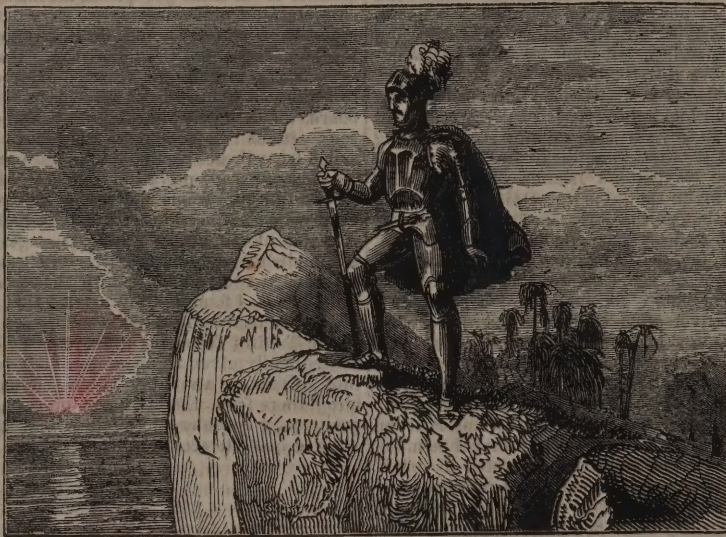
The cruelty, however, with which Enciso treated the natives, and the tyranny of his measures towards themselves, soon created in the hearts of the Spaniards under him a desire to get rid of him. Being seized and forced to embark for Spain, Balboa assumed the command, and became governor. Unlike Pizarro, Enciso, and others, he treated the Indians with kindness, and he was one of the few Spaniards in authority whom they were inclined to trust. Balboa, for dignity and real generosity, although in the early part of his career, while under the orders of Enciso, he was not altogether free from the charge

of injustice and oppression, appears to have come the nearest to Columbus of all the Spanish adventurers that at this time hastened to the newly-discovered countries in search of wealth and fame.

In one of the expeditions into the interior parts of the Isthmus, set on foot by Balboa, in search of gold, he first heard of a sea to the west as yet unknown to Europeans. He had received a large quantity of gold from an Indian Cacique or chief, and was weighing it into shares for the purpose of dividing it amongst his men, when a quarrel arose as to the exactness of the weight. One of the sons of the

Indian Cacique was present, and he felt so disgusted at the sordid behaviour of the Spaniards, that he struck the scales with his fist, and scattered the glittering gold about their feet; and, before the Spaniards could recover from their astonishment at this sudden act, he said to them, "Why should you quarrel for such a trifle? If you really esteem gold to be so precious as to abandon your homes, and come and seize the lands and dwellings of others for the sake of it, I can tell you of a land where you may find it in plenty. Beyond those lofty mountains," he continued, pointing towards the south, "lies a mighty sea, which people sail upon, in vessels almost as large as yours. All the streams that flow down the southern side of those mountains, abound in gold, and all the utensils that the people have are made of gold."

This speech excited the avidity of Balboa, who eagerly inquired the best way of penetrating to this sea, and to this land of gold. The young chief warned him of the dangers he would meet with, from the fierce race of Indians scattered about the mountains, who were cannibals or eaters of human flesh. But the curiosity of Balboa, once roused, was not to be quelled by accounts of difficulties and dangers. He was, besides, desirous



[BALBOA'S FIRST SIGHT OF THE PACIFIC.]

of getting possession of the gold, and of obtaining by a discovery, almost equal to that of Columbus, the pardon of the king of Spain, for depriving Enciso of the command of the settlement. He resolved, therefore, to penetrate to this sea, and immediately began the necessary preparations for the journey. It was in the year 1511, that he received this account, and he lost no time in sending to Hispaniola, to request that the governor of that settlement, Don Diego Columbus, the brother of the great discoverer, would send him sufficient assistance to put his design into execution.

His application was not attended with the success which he expected. He had written to request that a company of a thousand soldiers, with proper arms, should be sent to assist him in his perilous adventure. But his messenger, instead of these, brought back intelligence that he would most probably have the command of Darien taken from him, and be punished for aiding in depriving Enciso of the government.

This news induced him to hasten his departure for the discovery of the sea beyond the mountains. Instead of the thousand men that he had thought necessary for the expedition, he found that he could only muster one hundred and ninety. But these hundred and ninety men were hardy and resolute, and much attached to him. He armed them with swords and targets, cross-bows and arquebuses. He also took with him a number of blood-hounds, and a few of the Indians of Darien, whom he had won by kindness, and whose services would be of much use to him, from their knowledge of the wildernesses he was about to enter, and also from their knowledge of the habits of savage life.

On the 1st of September, 1513, Balboa embarked at Darien with his followers, in a brigantine, and nine large canoes. He sailed north-west, and arrived without accident at Coyba, the residence of the Indian Cacique, the father of the young man who had first told them of the sea, of which they were in quest. From this chief he obtained the assistance of guides, and some warriors; and leaving half his men to guard the brigantine and canoes, he prepared to penetrate the wilderness before him with the remainder.

It was on the 6th of September, that he began his march for the mountains which separated him from the great Pacific Ocean. He set out with a resolution to endure patiently all the miseries, and to combat boldly all the difficulties that he might meet with; and he contrived to rouse the same determination in his followers. The heat was excessive, and the Spaniards felt it the more, because they were encumbered with the weight of their armour and weapons. They had to climb rocky precipices, to struggle through close and tangled forests, and to cross marshes which continual rains had rendered almost impassable. Their Indian guides were of essential service to them, by carrying their provisions, and by pointing out the least difficult paths.

On the 8th of September, they approached an Indian village at the foot of the mountains, and the inhabitants fled in alarm into the fastnesses of the forest. Had not Balboa contrived, by kindness, to gain some friends among these alarmed people, he could never have proceeded. In this village he halted several days to refresh his men, many of whom had fallen ill. Having discovered the place to which the chief of the village had retreated, he prevailed upon him to return, and so charmed him by the kindness of his manners, as to make him his friend. From this chief he received all the information he needed, to complete with success his daring enterprise. He informed Balboa that when he reached the summit of a lofty ridge of mountains, which he pointed out, the sea would appear spread out far below him.

The heat of the marshes, and the fatigue of forcing their way through the almost impassable forests, had, in the short space of two days, so impaired the health of some of his men, as to make it impossible for them to proceed. Balboa ordered the sick to return slowly to Coyba, and having persuaded the Cacique to assist him with fresh guides, and taking with him only such men as were fresh and vigorous, on the 20th of September, he again marched forward.

Their journey was through a broken rocky country, covered with forest-trees and underwood, so thick and close as to be

quite matted together, with every here and there deep and foaming streams, some of which they were forced to cross on rafts. So wearisome was the journey that, in four days, they had not advanced more than ten leagues, and they began to suffer much from hunger.

They had now arrived in the territories of a fierce and warlike tribe of Indians, who, instead of being deterred by the character for cruelty which the Spaniards had received, or flying at their approach, were determined to resist their farther progress. They set upon the Spaniards with furious yells, thinking to overpower them at once. They were armed with bows and arrows, and clubs made of palm-wood, almost as hard as iron. But the first shock of the report from the arquebuses of the Spaniards, struck them with terror. When they saw their companions fall bleeding and dead around them, they took to flight, and were closely pursued by the Spaniards with their blood-hounds. The Cacique of this tribe and six hundred of his people were left dead upon the field of battle. After this victory, the Spaniards entered the adjoining village, which was at the foot of the last mountain that remained to be climbed. This village they robbed of every thing valuable. There was much gold and many jewels; and Balboa shared the booty among his band of followers.

Several of the Spaniards had been killed, and some were wounded by the arrows of the Indians. These Balboa was obliged to leave in the village, while he ascended the mountain. Sixty-seven men were all that remained of his party with health and strength sufficient to accompany him.

At daybreak, he assembled his band, and began to climb the height, anxious to reach the top before the heat of noon. The labour was severe, for the road was very rugged. About ten o'clock, they emerged from the thick forest through which they had been struggling ever since the dawn. The soft breeze that blew over the mountain fanned their feverish brows, and brought refreshment to their parched lips, toiled and wearied as they were by their five hours' march in the close and tangled wood. At this moment, one of the Indian guides pointed to the height above them. "From that spot," he exclaimed, "may be seen the great sea of which you are in search." This tended still farther to revive and encourage them.

On learning that they were so near the object of their pursuit, Balboa gave orders that his men should halt, and that none should stir from his place. He was resolved to be the first European who should look upon that sea, as he had been the first to determine upon discovering it. Accordingly he ascended the mountain height alone; and when he reached the summit, he beheld stretching far away beneath him, the vast Pacific glittering in the morning sun. What a sublime moment! Greater and nobler was the adventurer Balboa standing alone upon that lonely eminence, surveying his discovery, than is the blood-stained, though lauded hero, who, looking from afar over the field of his victory, sees nothing but the disfigured bodies and mangled remains of thousands of his fellow creatures, sacrificed to his insatiate ambition and pride.

After surveying the scene for some time in silent admiration, Balboa called to his little troop to ascend the height, and look with him upon the glorious prospect; and they joined him without delay. "Behold, my friends," said he, "the reward of all our toil, a sight upon which the eye of Spaniard never rested before!"

The Spaniards having congratulated their leader, and rent the air with their shouts of triumph, Balboa, according to the usual practice, took formal possession of the sea, and the coast, and the surrounding country, in the name of the king of Spain. He then ordered a tree to be cut down, and fashioned into the form of a cross, and planted it on the spot from which he had first beheld the sea. He also made a mound, by heaping up large stones, upon which he carved the names of the king and queen of Spain. The Indians saw all this done, and while they gave their aid in piling the stones, and setting up the cross, they little thought that they were assisting in depriving themselves of their possessions and their country.

This event took place on the 26th of September, 1513. The Spaniards had been twenty days in performing the journey from Coyba in the province of Careta, where they had left the brigantine and canoes, to the summit of the mountain; a distance which may now be travelled in six days. The Isthmus, at this place, is eighteen leagues in breadth in its widest part, and in some places not more than seven leagues; but it is crossed by high and rugged mountains. Across the difficult country, in spite of every obstacle, did Balboa and his followers force their way on their journey from the shores of the Atlantic. Without roads, or even paths, they followed those tracks which none but Indians knew, and which only Indian guides could have found out.

Balboa was not content with merely beholding this ocean. He determined to descend to it, although the whole distance between him and the sea-coast was filled up with rocks, and thick forests, and green marshes. Being joined by such of his men as had recovered sufficiently, and whom he had left in the village after the battle, he set out on the 29th of September, for the sea shore; and soon arrived at one of the vast bays of that coast, which bay he called St. Michael's bay. The whole coast, as far as the eye could reach, was quite wild, and the sea had not a sail or canoe upon it.

When the Spaniards reached the shore, they found a beach half a league in extent, partly covered with sand and mud, with here and there a pool of water.

"If this is a sea," said Balboa to his men, "like the great Atlantic, this beach will ere long be covered with its waters. Let us wait here—a short time will decide whether there is a tide."

So saying, he seated himself under a tree. He was not long in doubt. The tide began to rise, and the waters rushed in so impetuously, that they soon reached the spot where Balboa and his party had placed themselves.

Balboa then arose and marched into the sea, until the water reached above his knees, and in the same manner as he had claimed a right to the land, he took possession of the sea for the king of Spain.

This ceremony being finished, he and all his followers stooped down and tasted the water, which they found to be salt, like the water of the other seas that they were acquainted with. They could no longer doubt that a new sea was discovered; and both himself and his men cut off branches from the trees, intending to carry them away as precious tokens of their discovery.

Balboa's little band was, after this, engaged in fighting with the Indian tribes that inhabited the sea coast; but he soon subdued them. From them he heard of the rich country of Peru; and one of the Indians, with a moulded figure of clay, described the form of the Llama, the native beast of burden of South America, of which the Spaniards had not as yet heard.

Early in November, Balboa quitted the borders of the Pacific Ocean, on his return across the mountains to Darien. His route homewards was different from that which he had before pursued, and the sufferings of his men were much greater. The heat having dried up the pools and brooks, many died from intolerable thirst, and those who survived, although loaded with gold, were exhausted from want of food; for, the poor Indians, seeing the greediness of the Spaniards for gold, brought gold and jewels, instead of food, as peace-offerings to those whom they had but too much reason to look upon as cruel despoilers.

At length, after much slaughter of the various tribes of Indians that dwelt in the mountains, and burning of their villages, Balboa and his troop reached Coyba, having carried off all the gold and silver that they could find. There they embarked in the brigantine, and arrived the next day in the river of Darien.

By the Spaniards at Darien, Balboa was received with much delight and praise, on account of his great discovery. Only a small part of his followers accompanied him back, and these were half starved, and many of them dangerously ill—the rest had perished in the expedition. He was also ill himself with a fever, brought on by anxiety and toil. He had shared with his followers every privation, and had been the foremost in every danger that they had encountered.

Balboa despatched a ship to Spain, with the intelligence of his discovery, and with part of the gold which he had carried

off from the different tribes of Indians. A few days before this ship reached Spain, a new governor had been sent out, named Pedrarias Davila, with orders to punish Balboa for his misconduct to Enciso.

The new governor arrived in the Gulf of Uraba in June, 1514; but when he reached Darien, and found how much the discoverer of the Pacific was beloved by all the people of the settlement, he hesitated through fear, and finally resolved to defer the execution of the orders with which he was entrusted with regard to Balboa, till a more fitting opportunity.

In 1516, Davila permitted Balboa to depart from Darien to Careta, for the purpose of building brigantines, and transporting them across the mountains, with a view to navigate and explore the Pacific Ocean.

Three years had elapsed since Balboa had discovered this ocean, and as soon as he reached Acla, a town built by the Spaniards in the province of Careta, he lost no time in preparing the materials for four brigantines.

The timber was felled on the Atlantic side of the Isthmus, and was then, with anchors, and cables, and rigging, carried across the mountains to the shores of the Pacific. Spaniards, negroes, and Indians were all employed carrying these materials, through the thick forests, and across the torrents, along the precipices, and up the rugged parts of the mountains; and this under the heat of a burning sun. Many of the unhappy Indians, unused to labour, sunk on the road and died, overcome by the weight of their loads. The Spaniards and negroes, being stronger, suffered less. At last, after descending the mountains, they reached the navigable part of a river which flows into the Pacific Ocean. This river they called the Balsas.

In this manner they had transported sufficient timber and rigging for two brigantines, when they discovered that the ravages of a worm peculiar to those shores had rendered it unfit for ship building, having been cut down near the sea-coast. The men were, therefore, obliged to use for the purpose such timber as grew near the river.

The labour and difficulty of building these ships were very great, and the want of food was also felt; but Balboa, having conquered all his difficulties, had the pleasure of seeing the reward of his perseverance. Two brigantines were finished and floated on the river Balsas. As soon as they had been made ready for sea, he embarked with some of his followers, and sailing down the river, launched into the ocean that he had before discovered. Thus, he was not only the discoverer of the Pacific Ocean, but the first European to spread a sail upon it.

When not marching to conquer, Balboa himself had generally been kind and faithful to his promises to the Indians, but had not been able to make his followers the same. His name, therefore, was loved by the unfortunate natives, who looked upon him as one of the few friends that they had, among the strange people who had come and by force taken possession of their country.

But his death had long been resolved upon, and was now to take place. The new governor Davila was envious of Balboa, on account of the discoveries he had made, and the favour in which he was held, both by the Spaniards and the natives; and the time having, as he thought, arrived which was favourable for his villainous design, he sent for Balboa to return to Acla; and on his obeying the command, had him seized by one of his early friends and followers, Francis Pizarro, and thrown into prison. Balboa, after a mock trial, was publicly beheaded at Acla. He died, as he had lived, a brave man. Spain bestowed chains on Columbus, the discoverer of the new world, which chains Columbus directed should be buried with him, and gave to the courageous Balboa, the headsman's axe, as his reward for the discovery of the Pacific!

This great ocean was at first, and is yet sometimes, called the South Sea. It lies between Asia and America, and is upwards of 10,000 miles in breadth. When Magellan entered this ocean, through the dangerous strait that bears his name, he sailed three months and twenty days in a uniform direction to the N.W. without discovering land, and enjoyed such uninterrupted fair weather, with favourable winds, that he gave the ocean the name of the Pacific; the name by which it is now more generally known.

RATTLIN THE REEFER.

THE crew, to a man, would have done anything for me, because—it was very foolish, certainly—I used, for some months, to cry heartily when any of them were tied up. And afterwards, when I got rid of this weakness, I always begged as many of them off from the infliction of the lash, of Mr. Farmer, the first lieutenant, as I could. With him I could take the liberty if I found him in a good humour, though I dared not with the captain; for, though the latter had some attachment, it was a dreadfully wayward and capricious feeling. The longer I sailed with him the more occasion I had to dread, if not hate, him. The poor man had no resources; it is not, therefore, surprising, that he began to have recourse to habitual ebriety. Then, under the influence of his wine, he would be gay, mischievous, tyrannical, and even cruel, according to the mood of the moment. I was learning to play chess of the purser—the game had already become a passion with me. It was also my turn to dine in the wardroom, and, consequently, I was invited. The anticipated game at chess enhanced the value of the invitation. That same afternoon, the captain and I had been very sociable. He gracious, and I as facetious as I could. I had been giving him a history of my various ushers, and he had been pleased to be wonderfully amused.

I was down in the midshipman's berth: a full hour after I had received the wardroom invitation, the captain's steward shoved his unlucky head within the door, and croaked out, 'Capt. Reud's compliments to Mr. Rattlin, and desires his company to dinner to-day.'

I answered, carelessly, rather flippantly, perhaps, 'Tell the captain I am going to dine in the wardroom.' I meant no disrespect, for I felt none. Perhaps the fellow who took back my answer worded it maliciously. I had totally forgotten, as soon as I had uttered my excusal, whether I had or had not used the word "compliments" or "respects," perhaps, thoughtlessly, neither one nor the other. I dined in the wardroom, enjoyed my chess, and, good easy youth, with all my blushing honours thick upon me, of having given mate with only trifling odds in my favour, the drum beat to even quarters. I was stationed to the four aftermost carronades on the quarter deck. I had run up in a hurry: and at that period, straps to keep down the trousers not having been invented, my white jeans were riddled a good deal up my legs. I passed the captain, touched my hat, and began to muster my men. Unconscious of any offence, I stole a look or two at my commander, but met with no good humoured glance in return. He had screwed up his little yellow physiognomy into the shape of an ill-conditioned and battered face on a brass knocker. He had his usual afternoon wine flush upon him; but a feeling of vindictiveness had placed his feelings of incipient intoxication under complete mastery.

"So, you dined in the wardroom, Mr. Rattlin?"

"Yes, sir," my hat reverently touched, not liking the look of my interrogator.

"And you did not even condescend to return the compliments I sent you, with my misplaced invitation to dinner."

"Don't recollect, sir."

"Mr. Rattlin, in consequence of your ignorance, I can forgive a personal affront—dam me—but, by the living G—, I cannot overlook disrespect to the service. You young misbegotten scoundrel! what do you mean by coming to quarters undressed? Look at your trousers, sir."

"The captain is in a passion, certainly," thought I; as I quietly stooped to pull the offending garment down to my shoes.

"Mr. Farmer, Mr. Farmer, do you see that young black-guard?" said the commander. "Confound me, he is making a dressing-room of my quarter-deck—and at quarters, too—which is the same as parade. Hither, sirrah; ho—ho—my young gentleman. Young gentleman, truly—a conceited little bastard!"

The word burnt deeply into my young heart, and caused a shock upon my brain, as if an explosion of gunpowder had taken place within my skull: but it passed instantaneously, and left behind it an unnatural calm. "Pray, sir," said I,

walking up to him, deliberately and resolutely, "how do you know that I am a bastard?"

"Do you hear the impudent scoundrel? Pray, sir, who is your father?"

"Oh, that I knew," said I, bursting into tears. "I bless God that it is not you."

"To the mast-head! Where's the boatswain? Start him up! start him up!"

The boatswain could not make his way aft till I was some rattlings up the main rigging, and thus his intentional and kind dilatoriness saved me from the indignity of a blow. Twice I gazed upon the clear blue and transparent water, and temptation was strong upon me, for it seemed to woo me to rest; but when I looked in-board and contemplated the diminutive, shrivelled, jaundiced figure beneath me, I said to myself, "Not for such a thing as that." Before I got to the main-top I thought, "This morning he loved me! poor human nature!" and when I had got to the topmast-cross-trees I had actually forgiven him.

"Mast-head there!"

"Sir."

"Up higher, sir—up higher."

I hesitated—the order was repeated with horrid threats and imprecations. There was no rattlings to the top-gallant rigging. It had been tremendously hot all day, and the tar had sweated from the shrouds; and I was very loath to spoil my beautiful white jean trousers by swarming up them. However, as I perceived that he had worked himself into a perfect fury, up I went, and to the top-gallant-mast-head, embracing the royal pole with one arm, and standing on the bights of the rigging. My nether apparel, in performing this feat, appeared as if it had been employed in wiping up a bucket of spilled tar. But I was not long to remain unmolested, in my stance on the high and giddy mast.

My astonishment and dismay were unbounded at hearing Capt. Reud still vociferate—"Up higher, sir."

The royal pole stood naked, with nothing attached to it but the royal and the signal halyards, the latter running through the truck. My lady readers must understand that the truck is that round thing at the top of all the masts, that looks so like a button. I could not have got up the well-greased pole, if I had attempted it. A practised seaman could, certainly, and, indeed, one of those worthies who climb for legs of mutton at a fair might have succeeded to mount a few inches.

"What," said I, half aloud, "does the tyrant mean? He knows this thing I cannot do; and he also knows that if I attempt it, it is probable I shall lose my hold of this slippery stick, and be rolled off into the sea. If he wishes to murder me, he shall do so more directly. Forgive him! never. I'll brave him first, and revenge myself after."

Again that deadly calm came over me, which makes soft dispositions so desperate, and to which light-haired persons are so peculiarly subject. In these temperaments, when the paleness becomes fixed and unnatural, beware of them in their moods. They concentrate the vindictiveness of a life in a few moments, and, though the paroxysm is usually short, it is too often fatal to themselves and to their victims. I coolly commenced descending the rigging, whilst the blackest thoughts crowded in distinct and bloodstained array upon my brain. I bethought me from whence I could the most readily pluck a weapon; but the idea was but instantaneous, and I dismissed it with a mighty effort. At length, I reached the deck, whilst the infuriated captain stood mute with surprise at my outrageously insubordinate conduct. The men were still at their quarters, and partook of their commander's astonishment; but I am convinced of no other feeling. When I found myself on the deck, I walked up to Captain Reud, and between my clenched teeth I said to him, slowly and deliberately, "Tyrant, I scorn you. I come premeditatedly to commit an act of mutiny: I give myself up as a prisoner: I desire to be tried by a court martial. I will undergo anything to escape from you; and I don't think that, with all your malice, you will be able to hang me. I consider myself under an arrest." Then, turning upon heel, I prepared to go down the quarter-deck hatchway. Captain Reud heard me to an end in silence, he even

permitted me go down half the ladder unmolested, when, rousing himself from his utter astonishment, he jumped forward, and spurning me with his foot violently on my back, dashed me on the main deck. I was considerably bruised, and, 'before I got to the midshipman's berth, two marines seized me and dragged me again to the quarter deck. Once more I stood before my angry persecutor, looking hate and defiance.

"To the mast-head, sir, immediately."

"I will not. I consider myself a prisoner."

"You refuse to go?"

"I do."

"Quarter-masters, the signal-halyards. Sling Mr. Rattlin."

Mr. Rattlin was slung.

"Now run the mutinous rascal up to the truck."

In a moment I was attached to a thin white line, waving to and fro in mid air, and soon triced up to the very top of the royal pole, and jammed hard to the truck. Is this believed? Perhaps not; yet no statement was ever more true. At the time when this atrocity was perpetrating not an officer interfered. My sufferings were intense. The sun was still hot; my hat had fallen off in my involuntary ascent, and, as the ship was running before the wind under her topsails, the motion at that high point of elevation was tremendous. I felt horribly sea-sick. The ligature across my chest became every moment more oppressive to my lungs, and more excruciating in torture; my breathing at each respiration more difficult, and, before I had suffered ten minutes, I had fainted. So soon as the captain had seen me run up, he went below, leaving strict orders that I should not be lowered down. Directly that the captain was in his cabin, the first lieutenant, the doctor, purser, and the officers of the watch, held a hurried consultation on my situation. But the good-natured doctor did not stop for the result, but immediately went below, and told Reud if I remained where I was I should die. Those who knew the navy at that time will anticipate the answer—no others can: "Let him die and be damned!" The good doctor came on deck desponding. Mr. Farmer then hailed me once, and again, and again. Of course he received no answer: I heard him, but, at that moment, my senses were fast leaving me. The sea, with its vast horizon, appearing so illimitable from the great height where I was swaying, rocked, to my failing sight, awfully to and fro: the heavens partook of the dizzying motion. I only, of all the creation, seemed standing still: I was sick unto death; and, as far as sensation was concerned, then and there I died. Upon receiving no reply, Mr. Farmer sent one of the top-men up to look at me. No sooner had he reached the topgallant rigging than he reported me dead. A cry of horror escaped from all on deck. The captain rushed up: he needed no report. He was frantic with grief. He wept like a child, and assisted with his own hands to lower me down; they were his arms that received me—himself that bore me to his cabin. Like a wilful boy who had slain his pet lamb, or a passionate girl her dove, he mourned over me. It was a long time before my respiratory organs could be brought into play. My recovery was slow, and it was some time before I could arrange my ideas. A cot was slung for me in the cabin, and, bewildered and exhausted, I fell into a deep sleep. I awoke a little after midnight perfectly composed, and suffering only from the wale that the cord had made across my chest. Before a table, and his countenance lighted by a single lantern, sat the captain. His features expressed a depth of grief and remorse that were genuine. He sat motionless, with his eyes fixed upon my cot: my face he could not see, owing to the depth of the shadow in which I lay. I moved: he advanced to my cot with the gentleness of a woman, and softly uttered, "Ralph, my dear boy, do you sleep?"

The tones of his voice fell soothingly upon my ear, like the music of a mother's prayer.

"No, Captain Reud; but I am very thirsty."

In an instant he was at my side with some weak wine and water. I took it from the hand of him whom but a few hours before, in my animosity, I could have slain.

"Ralph," said he, as he received back the tumbler, "Ralph, are we friends?"

"Oh! Captain Reud, how could you treat a poor lad thus, who respected, who loved you so much?"

"I was mad—do you forgive me, Ralph?" and he took my not unwilling hand.

"To be sure, to be sure; but do me one little favour in return."

"Anything, anything, Ralph—I'll never mast-head you again."

"Oh, I was not thinking of that; I ought not to have put you in a passion. Punish me—mast-head me—do anything Captain Reud, but call me not bastard."

He made no reply; he pressed my hand fervently; he put it to his lips and kissed it—on my soul, he did: then, after a pause, gently murmured, "Good night!" and, as he passed into the after-cabin to his bed, I distinctly heard him exclaim, "God forgive me—how I have wronged that boy!"

NAUTICAL SUPERSTITION: THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

"I REMEMBERS once being off the Cape in a fresh gale o' wind, for the Devil had spread his dirty cloth over the Table Land, and so the hands were turned up, reef topsels. I warn't in a man-o'-war, then, shipmates, I was in an Ingeen-man, bound to Madras and Bengal. Well, as I was a-saying, the hands was turned up, reef topsels; it was the middle watch, somewhere about five bells, and it looked squally and sneezing away to the nor-west, with the scud flying over our heads like a shoal of black spirits riding on the wind, and chasing each other for sport. Well, shipmates, I was then on only a youngster, doing duty in the mizen-top; and so I got the clew-lines stretched along, and the topsel-sheets all clear for letting go, and then I waits for the other watch to come up afore we went aloft. All at once, I see'd a large ship away upon the weather-beam, coming down upon us under every stitch of canvass as a craft can set; studd'n sels a both sides a-low and aloft, though it was blowing very hard at the time; and we'd as much as we could hang on, with double-reefed topsels and top-gall'n't masts struck. So when I see'd her, I sings out 'Sail O!' though, shipmates, I'll swear, point blank, she warn't in sight two minutes afore. So, as I was a-saying, I sings out, 'Sail O, to windward! Port your helm!' for the larboard side was the weather side; 'Port your helm! port! or she'll be aboard of us!' Well, the captain jumps up upon the poop alongside o' me, and he see'd the craft, and halloos through his speaking-trumpet to the man at the weather-wheel, 'Port, lad! hard up with the helm! square away the after yards?' But before she could be got to answer her helm, I'm blessed if the stranger's flying jib-boom warn't right over us, just abaft the mizen-rigging; and so, expecting that we should get our quarter stove in, and mayhap, obliged to swim for it, I claps my arms round a loose hen-coop, by way of a Noah's ark, and holds on like grim death agen the doctor. So I waits and waits for the crush; but, to my wonderment, I didn't never feel not nothing whatsoever touch us. There was no shock, no noise, and so I looked up to windward, and I couldn't get the smallest blink of her; but when I looked to looard, there she was, close to us on our lee-quarter, going steadily afore it, without a yaw of a quarter point either way, and carrying on as taut a press as ever. We never see'd a single creature aboard of her, nor heard the creaking of a spar, nor the rattle of a block. She had a high Dutch starn, and steady she went, rolling along like the white shrouded ghost of a giant, seemingly without straining a ropeyarn. And well she might go steady, shipmates," added the seaman, in a voice of solemnity; "well she might go steady, seeing she was steered by a dead man's hand." Here he paused for a minute or two, and then resumed. "Well! what was the upshot of it? Why, shipmates, if it didn't come on to blow great guns directly arterwards, then I never seed it blow great guns in my life. In less than an hour, we were hove-to, under a close-reefed main-topsel, in a sea running as high as a church steeple. One o' the fleet was missing next morning, and never heard on arterwards."

RODNEY'S ACTION WITH DE GRASSE.

On the 19th of February, 1782, Admiral Rodney arrived in the West Indies with a strong reinforcement of ships from England, and resumed the command. Great preparations were now making, both by the French and Spaniards, for the invasion of Jamaica. Sir George Rodney's first object was to intercept a large convoy of troops, provisions, &c., expected from Europe, but in this he was disappointed; the enemy found means to escape his vigilance. It was the intention of the French admiral, De Grasse, to proceed to Hispaniola, and join the Spanish admiral, Don Solano, who was awaiting his arrival, to make, in conjunction, the pre-concerted attack on Jamaica. On the 8th of April, at day-break, the French fleet left the harbour of Fort Royal. Admiral Rodney instantly made the signal for a general chase; and, early the next morning, he came up with the enemy under Dominique, where the van of the English engaged the rear of the French: the continued calms, however, prevented a general or close action. In the morning of the 11th, a fresh gale sprang up; the chase was renewed; and, towards evening, the headmost ships of the van gained so much on one or two of the enemy's ships, damaged in a late action, that De Grasse thought it necessary to bear down for the purpose of protecting them. Sir George Rodney, who had eagerly watched and waited for this opportunity, now manœuvred the fleet with such skill as to gain the windward of the enemy during the night, and entirely to prevent their retreat.

At seven in the morning of the 12th, the two fleets ranged in lines directly opposite, engaged with the greatest fury. Rodney's whole fleet amounted to thirty-six sail of the line:

that of De Grasse only to thirty-four, but higher rates, with superior weight of metal. The French ships being crowded with men, the carnage was prodigious; but no visible impression was made, or material advantage gained, till about noon, when Sir George Rodney, in the *Formidable*, followed by his seconds, the *Namur* and the *Duke*, successfully broke through the enemy's line, about three ships short of the centre, where the Count de Grasse commanded in the *Ville de Paris*. Promptly supported by the remainder of his division, Sir George wore round close upon the enemy, and actually separated their line, placing the central ships of the French between two fires. This manœuvre proved decisive. The French, however, continued to fight with the utmost bravery, and the battle lasted till sun-set. The *César* was the first ship which struck her colours, having lost her captain, and being reduced to a wreck by her adversary's fire. Soon afterwards she blew up, and all her crew perished. The *Glorieux*, the *Hector*, the *Ardent*, followed the example of the *César*; and the *Diadem* went down by a single broadside. The *Ville de Paris* still held out, though reduced to a perfect wreck, till having three men

only left alive and unhurt on the upper deck, she struck to Admiral Hood, in the *Barfleur*, just at sun-set. Night only closed the action; the shattered remains of the French fleet crowded all the sail they could make for Cape François, and in the morning were out of sight. Sir Samuel Hood being detached to pursue them, came up with five sail off Porto Rico, and captured the *Jason* and *Caton* ships of the line, and two frigates; the third with difficulty clearing the Mona passage. — This was justly considered as one of the most glorious and decisive victories ever obtained by the naval prowess of Britain. The number of men slain in this action, and in that of the 9th, on the part of the French, is estimated at 3000 men, and the wounded were nearly double; so that, taking the prisoners on board the captured ships also into the computation, the French must have sustained a loss of 10,000 or 12,000 men.

Their fleet had on board the land forces intended for the Jamaica expedition; and the whole train of artillery, with thirty-six chests of money, destined for the use and subsistence of the troops, were found on board the *Ville de Paris*, and the other captured ships. The designs of the confederated powers

were thus completely frustrated, whilst the loss of men, including killed and wounded, on the part of the English, did not exceed 1100. Sir George Bridges Rodney was created a peer of Great Britain, by the title of Baron Rodney, of Rodney Stoke, in the county of Somersetshire, and a perpetual annuity of £2,000 was annexed to the title.

In this memorable but very decisive engagement, Lord Robert Manners, son of the great Marquis of Granby, received so dangerous a wound, that he died on his passage to England, in the twenty-fifth year of his age; he was

a young officer of distinguished abilities, and universally lamented in the navy.



[LORD MANNERS SEVERELY WOUNDED.]

A TALE OF THE PRESS-GANG.

BY THE EDITOR.

DURING the last war, I held an appointment on board the *N—*, then fitting out at Chatham. We received orders from the Admiralty to join the fleet, lying at Spithead, under the command of the noble Nelson. As we were deficient some fifty men of our complement, the boat was manned and sent ashore, with orders to catch all likely "birds," and that if our eloquence proved unavailing, to have recourse to the more striking, though undoubtedly less fascinating inducement—force. We were on the cruise one dark night, when we fell in with a fine strapping, handsome fellow, dressed half-seaman and half landsman fashion; and who looked as though engaged on some small craft on the river. We instantly surrounded him, and he was seized by more than

one hand. But throwing us from him, as though we were mere children, he struck out right and left, with a vigour and force, that lay more than one of our brave fellows on the ground. We had an old man with us, tough as the oak, and as merciless as death itself. He raised the thick oaken cudgel, with which he was armed, and with an oath, too appalling to be recorded here, struck the young fellow, who was so gallantly defending himself against such fearful odds, a terrific blow on the head. We heard shouts, and the approach of footsteps; and seeing the young man, who had fallen, we hastened to the boat; for the inhabitants had an unconquerable hatred to a system, which, without a moment's warning, rendered families wretched from the loss of a father or a brother. While we pulling towards the ship, one of the crew, who held our victim's head, cried suddenly, "God, how he bleeds!" "Ah!" cried the old man, in a tone of such fierce joy, that it sounded like the voice of a demon. "Who knew Billy's hand to fail?" We lifted him on board, and the form felt as motionless and heavy as a dead man's. He was carried below and laid on a couch, while I proceeded to wash his head and divest him of his clothes; which were saturated with the poor fellow's blood. When this was done, the stark, staring, glassy eyes, the relaxed jaw, and the silent heart, told me he was dead. I covered his face, contorted and hideous from the agony of a violent death, with a sheet, and then wept like a child. The old man entered: I had neither sense, power, nor wish to stop him; advanced to the bed, and with the same laugh on his lips, drew the sheet from the face of the corpse. The action had scarce been done, ere a cry of heart-breaking anguish came from his lips; as he rather shrieked than said, "Oh, God! oh, God! I've murder'd my son. Oh, Tom! dear Tom! do speak; only one word—Tom, Tom!" He rolled on the bed in his agony, and imprinted burning kisses on the face of his son, whom he had murder'd. I went to him to drag him from the corpse. The agony of the last few moments had turned his brain. He was mad—raving mad.

"Who said he was dead?" he cried, "why he's alive and kicking, ha! ha! Look how he laughs! Isn't he handsome? His mother's eyes and mouth to a line!" He went on in this way, rambling from subject to subject, with all a madman's incoherence. I covered the face of the dead man over again, to hide it from his sight, and then coaxed his father from the cabin. When I retired to my hammock, the frightful catastrophe I had seen, was acted over and over again, with fearful precision. I shook (though no coward) with fear. I was alarmed by the report of a pistol, and sprang hastily into the cabin where the corpse lay. The cause was apparent, the old man, with all a madman's artfulness, had secreted a pistol; had shot himself; and, writhing with anguish, had crept to the corpse of his son, and entwining his arms about his neck, had shed his heart's blood on his bosom.

They were buried in one grave ashore, in the church-yard adjoining the cathedral at Rochester.

BILL BUCKLE'S YARN.

THE Ariadne was as fine a barkey as ever seaman set foot aboard on. Her masts tapered away like a lady's sigh, every rope taut as harp-string, sails furl'd smooth in the bunt as the padding of a maiden's bustle. She mounted eight-and-twenty long eighteens on her main-deck, 'sides two Long Toms; bow chasers, in her bridles. She was none o' your round-starn, galloo, goose-rump craft, like the new-fangle fiddle-cases as 'em launches now-a-days. Her quarter-galleries glittered with red coopids and golden flower-pots, 'sted o' being shav'd off like a hen's transtum, with all the feather's blown away. Then, eyes-an'-limbs, what a glorious figger-head! Talk o' your goddesses, your duchesses, an' your Wenusses! The best on 'em couldn't show a candle to the bootiful busk of Ariadne, with a crown on her head fit for a queen to wear, an' a coral necklace hanging over a pair o' cat-heads, that might have tempted a Methodist parson, or an angel itself. Three hundred prime fellers danced on the decks. None

o' your sour-grout, tee-total, bible-society skilly-gallees, but honest lads, fit to rob a church, who stuck to the grog while they could see a hole in the main-hatchway gratin! Oh! it was a grand sight, messmates, to see her sailin' out of Porchmouth harbour, rigg'd all a tanto, stern sails low an' aloft, captain 'pon the hammock cloth, band playin' "off she goes," and the ramparts covered with petticoats, all wishing good luck to the saucy Ariadne. God bless their pretty eyes! Many on 'em were water-logg'd with briny tears. Sally Rose waved a new bandana at Joe Sims, while our swingin' boom swept over Bocker's Pint, an' my Bet, with her two young 'uns stood sniv'lin' under Jack, the painter. Well, I looks at 'em agin and agin, till a drop or two roll'd over my starboard cheek, but that might a bin' from a puff of wind gettin' into my eye through the bow-port. If not, what signifies? Away we goes for St. Helen's, and Joe Sims never saw his Sally, or the Sally-port agin; but avast heavin' there, I'm runnin' my story starn foremast, like a Lowestoff life-boat, an' have almost slipt out the end of my yarn before I've properly untwisted the beginnin'.

Howsoever, no sooner we gets outside o' Scilly, than one precious dark night, when nobody could tell the purser's red nose from the copper cross-piece on the cabin funnel, a thunderin' long craft shoots athaut our bows, goin' away large with the wind on her starboard quarter. "Up with the helm," cries our skipper; "pipe to quarters." Eyes-an'-limbs, what a sheave! Well, in course Joe Sims bein' stationed aloft, goes up to stopper the topsail sheets, while I clears away the foremost gun on the quarter-deck, as it was my 'pinted duty so to do. "Ho! Ho! la Bartimong, ho!" sung out a stranger, which you must know, messmates, is the French lingo for "Ship a-hoy!" "We Mounseer," cried our skipper; "send a broadside into the b——y Crappo," says he, no better, no wuss. Upon this we make no more parley-voo, but goes to work with a will, ding-dong, hammer and tongs. There was sponge and load, prick an' prime, handle your matches, and blaze away! Presently I feels an infernal whack on the top o' my truck. Who should that be but Joe Sims, as had bin shot through both legs with a musket-ball, which dropt from the outside o' the top rim plump into the top o' my timsy brim! "All well it's no wuss, Joey," says I; "it's broke your fall, an' giv'n my sow-wester a cable-tier pinch, but it's quite a marcy you hadn't split my cocoon-tun comin' down with a singe after that fashion." "Stopper over all upon your jaw-tackle," said poor Joe, "an' give us a lift down to the doctor." With that we carries him below into the gun-room, an' I'm blow'd if there wasn't pritty cuttin' up of beef goin' on in that latitude. Mayhap some o' ye 'members Tom Jenkins, captain o' the afterguard? He was my tie-mate in the Ariadne, and not a feller in the barkey had a thicker or a longer head o' hair. Well, our doctor's mate, bein' blind o' one eye, an' scarce able to see out o' the other, goes up to 'Tom, who lay stretch'd like a corpse upon the imputation table, "An' what's the matter with you, my man?" says Bolus. "A grape-shot in my starboard counter," says Tom. "Let me feel your pulse," said the doctor, takin' hold of Tom's pigtail, which hung over the edge o' the table as thick an' as long as my arm. Then clappin' his flipper on the club end of it, an' winkin' his purblind eye, the doctor shook his head, (but there wasn't much in that,) and says he to Tom, "My man," says he, "you're much weaken'd by demurrage or loss of blood, your pulse is down to fifty." "It's the first time," says Tom, "as ever I heard of a pulse in the pigtail." "Pigtail, you vagabone," screamed the doctor, "I thought as how I'd got hold o' your wrist."

Leavin' Joey to have the bullet distracted, in course I goes back to my station. Presently a double-headed shot hits our skipper amidships, an' chops him asunder like a carrot. Howsoever, it's an ill wind that blows nobody good: what's one man's pies'n's another man's broth; an' sartinly for promotion there's nothing better than bloody war an' a sickly season. So Abel Harvey, the first lieftenant, he takes command; an' well they might christen him Abel, for a smarter officer never walk'd into the naval sarvis through the cabin window. Why, he'd an eye like a hawk, a voice like a nightingale, an' a heart like a lion! What more would you have of a British sailor?

By-and-by Johnny Crappo's mainmast went by the board,

an' he paid round off, turnin' his tail to us, as if he meant to say we might kiss it if we liked; but Harvey sends a young aid-de-camp of a reefer along the main-deck, with orders to double shot, the guns, we gives Mounseer such a dose through his starn-post as made fine work for the glaziers. "Up wi' the helm, an' all hands for boarders!" roared the gallant Harvey, when crash went our bo'sprit through the inimy's waist hammocks. Every Jack handled his cutlash an' tommyhawk, an' away we goes like a pack of bull-dogs over the Frenchman's taffrell. Here was cut an' come again, sarvin' out slops, toko for yam, slash right an' left, hurrah! and, "Weave L'Umpey-roar!" Give the devil his due, the soup-meagres fit as well as could be expected of sich warmint; but it was only like tryin' to scrub the black cook white, all labour in vain. What chance o' they again the Ariadne's, led on by Abel Harvey? Poor beggars! why I'd settled to buy Bet a new silk police out of my share o' the head-money afore the action begun; and no man could ever say as how Bill Buckle broke his word, come what might, six dozen at the gang-way, or a five-pun note a pay-day.

But I'm yawnin' out o' the course, lads, so let's bring her to a small helm agin. No sooner was the prize secured, and all the misery-ordres stow'd down the hold, then away I goes in search o' Joe Sims. "Tip us your flipper, bo," says Joey; "it's true they've rather mistlied my dancin' in this here scrimmage; but what o' that? I'm worth two dead men yet, an', damme, but I'll be even wi' the French rascals one o' these blessed days!"

"You shan't want for wollunteers to lend a hand in that sort o' bisness, Joey," said I, "seein' as how I haven't forgot the cable-tier pinch they put in my tarpoling hat, sendin' you down by the run-on the top of it like the heel of a maintop-mast."

Howsoever, I got better fast, an' he was out o' the doctor's list afore you could say Jack Robisson; when one day we spies a schooner on the lee-bow. First, we thought as how she were one o' your riglar Yankey clippers, or Warejinny pilot-boats; but we soon comes up wi' her, hand over fist, an' upon sendin' Long Tom across her forefoot, she jist diskiver'd the tail of a Spanish insine, an' struck demedutly to the go-along Ariadne. I sees great argufyin' among the quarter-deckers as to how we shou'd get pursion o' the prize. The sea run awkurdly high, breakin' in cauliflower heads, so that ev'n the jolly war'n't to be trusted; even Harvey swore he wou'd a devilish syht sooner let the Dons and her dirty dollars escape altogether, than risk the life of a single Ariadne. Twice we tries to drop a man aboard from the end of the jib-boom, but that ere was impossible, the Spaniard pitchin' like a pile-driver. In the second dog-watch, howsoever, we gets a bit of a lull, when Joe Sims an' I, Tom Jenkins, an' Bill Jones, steer'd by a clever reefer, shoves off in the jolly, to try our luck, whether or no Tom Collins. We jist reaches the schooner's quarter, when I sees a curly-headed topper comin' roarin' down upon us, with a ridge o' surf upon his back, rampin' an' bellowin' wuss nor Madrass beach in a tifoön. "It's all dickey with us," said I, jist as the schooner gives a send aft, splashin' her boom-end into the water alongside the boat, like the tail of a grampus. In a moment Sims an' I catches hold of a reef-earn, clingin' to it like grim death; an' as her starn rize, it swung us both into the air,—the sea burst underneath with a voice o' thunder, an' neither boat, reefer, Jenkins, or Jones ever saw the light o' heaven agin.

"Well, there we hangs danglin' at the end of the boom, like a couple of golding fleeces over an ale house upon Common Hard; but we soon shines in aboard like lamp-lighters, an' takes away the Dons' toasin-forks in a jiffey. Then I shoves Johnny Spanyole away from the tiller, an' took his trick at the helm myself. In course, as there was but Joe an' I agin two an' twenty signors, we was forced to keep watch an' watch, one eye open an' t'other shut, according to sarcumstances. About two bells in the middle watch, my whiskers! there comes a squall, sharp enough to blow the devil's horns off. The strongest fellar aboard cou'dn't a' held the edge of a knife to the wind, an' if a man had a' open'd his mouth to wind'ard he must a' turned it round to loo'ard to shut it agin. Why, it blow'd all the anchors off the officers' buttons, so you'll allow there was a fresh hand at the belluss. "Lower away the main-

sail signor," said I; but not a soul seem'd to understand plain English. "Arevo! casteelo! otrabando! killer the butcher," roared Joey, jokin' the lubberly Spaniards, "rowse up my hearties, an' give us a pull o' the peak downhall." "Non intendez," whin'd the frighten'd frickasees, an' droppin' on their knees, begins a crossin' themselves, an' a bellowin' out, "O Santo Francisco! O Sant Antony!" But Joey seein' the jaw-rope o' the gaff wou'dn't travil for want o' grease, "Damn your Sant Antony's," said he, "give us a lump o' santum smearum; an' as for crossin', get across the gaff and ride it down, 'sted o' catterwaulin' like a tea-party o' harlots at a chris'nin." All, howsoever, wou'dn't do; over she went upon her beam-ends, the poor lousy Spaniards givin' a univarsal schreech as the sea rolled her under, the whole kit goin' down to Davy Jones' locker like a dip-sey lead, all 'cept Joe, I, an' the Spanish skipper, who lashed ourselves fast to the upper rough-tree.

For a week a'ter this capsize there we three struck upon high starvation—nothin' a-day, an' find yourselves—everlasting banyan-day, an' no grog—ship under water, black sky overhead, ragin' ocean all round, hunger squatted at the bow, and thirst upon the starn-post! Truly might our chaplain say—"Them as goes down to the sea in ships, and does their bisness in great waters, these men see the wonders o' the Lord, an' his works upon the mighty deep!"

The Ariadne parted company that same night, as the schooner turn'd the turtle, an' not a sail cou'd we dissarn in any quarter. For seven weary nights an' days, each on 'um a year long, we strainin' our eye-balls a lookin' for help, but found none. I shares my backey-box with Joey an' the Spanyole till there war'n't a chaw left. Then we pull'd all the hide off the lower riggin' and knar'd that; an' a'terwards we cut up the Spaniard's leather breeches, which kept life and soul together, tho' mayhap many wou'd a thought the meat rather unsavoury. Joe's hairy cap went next, an' that warnt much more palatable, 'sides it could scarcely be spared, being our only tank for catchin' rain water. Then a'ter all was gone, we squeezed one another's hands, an' blubber'd like babies.

However, sniv'ling was no use, an' the worst was yet to come. We star'd upon one another till our eyes dried, our hearts harden'd, an' we begins to think on the Lots! What won't hunger and thirst drive men to do? Them's hard times when human creeturs feel like wolves, an' change natur with sharks and halligaiturs. "We're two to one," said Joe, "but fair play's a jewel: we'll take no advantage o' the Signor, though he is but a furriner." So we put three bits o' rope-yarn in my tarpoling hat, gave Don Spanyole the fust chance, drewed our own lots, an' the shortest fell upon Joey! Werrily! I thought as how this wou'd a broke my heart asunder, for in course Joe was dearer to me than my own flesh—far more than a lousy Spaniard, what didn't savey one word of our lingo, nor we of his. I offered Joe to take his chance—I even wanted to skiver the Signor—but all was like whistlin' jigs to a millstone. "Never," said Joey, "you has a wife an' young uns, Buckle, an' so, mayhap, has the poor Spanish skipper; 'sides, the lot was fairly draw'd, an' damn the dog that finches. I defies a man, woman, or child, to say black's the white o' Joe Sim's eye. I've always done a seaman's duty, and so I will even here, messmate, clingin' to a few slippery planks upon a roarin' ocean. I will die, Bill, as I've lived, true blue to the back-bone." Kneelin' then as well as he was able, athaut the gunnell, he seemed to pray earnestly; then untwisting his pigtail, he cut off a long lock of his brown hair, an' tied it up with the 'dential bit o' yarn what sealed his doom. This he put into my hand, an' gripin' my fist, exclaimed, "God bless you, Bill, give this token with my last love to dear Sally Rose!" Havin' said this, he lifted the knife, cool as a cucumber, an' wou'd at once have settled the job by drawin' it athaut his throat; but I grappled him, an' made him promise to wait until another daybreak, thinkin' as how summit might heave in sight to pick us up. Joe, howsoever, as he said, was no fincher; in the middle of the night he suddenly stabbed the knife into his heart, crying out, "Good bye, Bill, mind you 'members Sally!"

Now, I 'spose as how you thinks I've gone to overhaul what followed a'ter Joe's death; but avast heavin' lads, I can hardly bear to think, far less to speak, of what that

Spaniard an' I did to presarve our lives for eight dismal days an' dreary nights. Life is sweet to all men, 'specially to him as has a wife an' helpless babes at home. If there was sinfulness in what we did, there is a commander-in-chief above who is able and willing to weigh the temptation agin the crime. It was his goodness what sent a merchantman to pick us up at last, an' it was his bounty what gave me the means to purwidge a home for poor Sally. So now let's pull the capstan for a full dew, since no purchase ever invented by mortal man shall drag another word upon this here matter out o' the jaw-tackle o' Bill Buckle.

INTERESTING NARRATIVE.

On the 12th of March, 1822, the ship *Wear*, Thomas Thomson, master, carrying eleven men, sailed from London for a cargo of ice. Nothing particular occurred till the 28th, when she was struck with a large flaw piece of ice, about 11 a.m., upon the larboard bow. The men immediately tried the pumps, but she filled so rapidly, that they were found to be of no use. Finding themselves thus situated, they proceeded to fix the ice-anchor, which they accomplished. They then began to collect provisions; they got out four bags of bread, each containing one hundredweight; several pieces of beef and pork, amounting to nearly a hundred pounds; a box of candles, about eighteen inches square; and six-and-thirty yards of new canvass, together with all the ship's stock of nails. Very fortunately, they had a sextant; they also saved nine blankets. John Williams, the carpenter, saved a few of his tools, consisting of one axe, a tenant saw, a spoke-shave, a mallet, and a small chisel. The wind blowing rather brisk, the ship broke loose from the ice, leaving six, who were receiving the stores, on the ice. The remaining five on board immediately endeavoured to get out the boat, but whilst thus engaged, the ship went down, about five minutes after twelve, leaving the long-boat floating upside-down in the water. The captain, mate, and cook, rising again, got on the top of the boat, and by the help of two studding-sail-booms, and two oars, they reached the ice; and by laying the oars from one piece of ice to another, they reached the other part of the crew.

With the canvass and oars they erected a tent to screen themselves from the wind, and night coming on, they collected what clothes they had saved to sleep on, and cover them with. In the night, the weather becoming much more cold, they were obliged to run about every half hour, to keep themselves warm. On the 29th, some, finding themselves stronger than the others, proceeded to lay the booms and oars, in order to reach the place where the ship sunk, and collect whatever they could find floating. They recovered a boat-hook, a rough oar, three main hatches, and the slide of the half-deck hatch; but no remains of the boat were to be seen. They then returned to the others, having been away about four hours: in returning, they found a coil of rope, which the captain had fortunately thrown upon the ice, when on deck.

The following day, the ice was so open that they found it impossible to get more than fifty yards in any direction. Being thus situated, and thinking that some other vessel might be going on the same errand, for ice, they formed a triangle with the oars, and tied four handkerchiefs on the top for a signal. They then began to collect what materials they had to build a boat with, which consisted chiefly of the booms and three hatches. They began by placing the booms parallel to each other, at the distances of two feet four inches, then knocked off the boards from the carlings, and, nailing them to the booms, thus formed the bottom. With the carlings they formed the sides of the boat, and the slide of the half-deck hatch, formed the stern; the wood remaining of the booms, served for the head or bow; the rough oar was split into two, which formed the gunwale: the canvass was extended twice round the outside, being nailed to the booms at the bottom, and lashed to the gunwale at the top with spun yarn, made from the rope. This occupied them until the 8th of April. About twelve, p.m., of this day, when they were all fast asleep on the ice,

they were driven out to sea, and were nearly covered with water, before they were aware of their increased danger. Most of their provisions were washed away, chiefly their bread; whatever continued to float they saved.

On the 9th, being provided with a flint and steel, they made a fire of rope, in order that they might melt the candles to grease the outside of the boat, and keep out the water. On the 10th, having finished their boat, which in breadth was two feet four inches, and in length twelve feet six inches, they launched it, and, delighted with the result, they gave three hearty cheers. They all immediately got in, and proceeded through the ice, by the help of their oars, towards Iceland, from which place they were distant about a hundred leagues. They had not been gone long when they were obliged, by the exceedingly thick weather, to get upon another piece of ice; they slept there all night, and on the 11th, proceeded on. Their provisions being nearly gone, they caught as many seals as they could. Towards eleven, p.m., they again got upon the ice, and in this manner proceeded until the 13th, about four, p.m., when, finding it impossible to get any further, the ice being so thick and close, they were obliged to stop. They collected what drift wood they could on the ice, to make a fire of, and cooked two seals.

On the 14th, they steered their course towards the Faro Islands, and proceeded, much as usual, till the 17th, when they got into clear water. On the 18th, they cooked four seals, filled the candle-box with fresh water, obtained by melting ice, and three bags with ice, with the intent of putting out to sea, should the wind be favourable on the 19th. On this day, the wind blew strong, and the boat being very narrow, they were obliged to throw out a bag of ice to keep it from upsetting. They continued steering for the Faro Isles until the 22nd, when the wind changed to the eastward, on which account, not being able to proceed, the water in the box being used, and the ice in the bags having been melted, they judged it better to steer towards Iceland.

On the 29th, three men died for want of water. At eleven o'clock they reached the shore, and remained there two days, creeping on their hands and knees, having lost the use of their legs from cold, and their confined posture in the boat, when they were accidentally taken up by some of the inhabitants who were passing in a small boat, and were treated very well. They remained there till the 1st of June, and embarked for Port Rush.

FALSE ALARM.

DURING the late siege of Gibraltar, in the absence of the fleet, when an attack was daily expected, one dark night, a sentry whose post was near the Devil's Tower, and facing the Spanish lines, was standing at the end of his walk, whistling, looking towards them, his head filled with nothing but fire and sword, miners, breaches, storming, and bloodshed! By the side of his box stood a deep narrow-necked, earthen jug, in which was the remainder of his supper, consisting of boiled peas. A large monkey, encouraged by the man's silence, and allured by the smell of the peas, ventured to the jug, and in endeavouring to get at its contents, thrust his head so far into the neck, as to be unable to withdraw it. At this instant, the soldier turning round, came whistling towards his box; the monkey, unable to get clear of it, started up to run off with the jug sticking on his head. This terrible apparition no sooner saluted the eyes of the sentry, than his frantic imagination converted poor pug into a fine, blood-thirsty Spanish grenadier, with a most tremendous cap on his head. Full of this dreadful idea, he instantly fired his piece, roaring out that the enemy had scaled the walls. The guard took the alarm, the drums were beat, signal guns fired, and in less than ten minutes the governor and his whole garrison were under arms. The supposed grenadier, being very much incommoded by his cap, and almost blinded by the peas, was soon overtaken and seized, and by his capture, the tranquillity of the garrison was restored, without that slaughter and bloodshed which every man prognosticated in the beginning of the direful alarm.

SHIPWRECK OF THE AMAZON FRIGATE,

During an Engagement with a French Ship.

On December the 21st, 1796, the Amazon sailed from Falmouth, in company with the Indefatigable frigate of forty four guns, Sir Edward Pellew, commander, after bringing intelligence of the French fleet being at sea by some of which they had a few days ago been chased. They stretched, however, to the westward, off Ushant, with an intention to watch their motions more narrowly; but the weather turning so very thick and foggy, and coming on at the same time to blow a heavy gale from the westward, they thought it necessary to give the enemy's coast a wide berth. This gale continued for a considerable time, and drove

them a long way to the southward; but when the weather cleared, and the gale abated, they thought it proper to pay the coast of Spain a visit, and hovering awhile off Corunna, they fell in with one of their Havannah men, which they despatched for England, and soon after they fortunately captured two more Spanish vessels, which they sent home likewise.

They now scoured the coast along to the southward, as far as Cape Finisterre, but met with nothing that was worth notice. Hearing, however, from a neutral vessel, that the French fleet was out, consisting of nineteen sail of the line, besides transports, having troops, ammunition, and other implements of war. They imagined they were on some great expedition; and as their two frigates were remarkable for sailing, they thought it most expedient to endeavour to get



SHIPWRECK OF THE AMAZON FRIGATE.

sight of them, to watch their motions, and carry the intelligence to the British fleet. With this intention they made sail to the northward with all expedition; and getting about the latitude of 46 N., it blowing a fresh gale from the westward, they thought it necessary to go under easy sail, and keep a good look out, as they were in the track of vessels coming out of Brest. On the 13th of January, 1797, the morning being thick and foggy, it still blew very hard from the westward, but at noon it cleared up a little. The commander despatched a sail to the eastward, and making sail towards her, they found she made for them; the weather still clearing up more they found she could not answer their private signals. This plainly discovered her to be an enemy; then getting their top-gallant masts and top-gallant yards up with all expedition, and giving chase under a heavy press of sail, they found they

came up with her, for they still kept her in sight, though it began to grow dark. Finding then there was no danger of her getting away from them, they made preparations to give her battle.

About six o'clock, the Commodore, being the headmost ship came along side of her, and after exchanging a few broadsides with her, steered off to give the Amazon his place, which she soon took; and giving her some heavy salutes, they could not keep their vessel from running a-head, therefore they thought it necessary to steer off to windward, and take a reef in their top-sails, to adjust their sails to keep due company with their antagonist. Being thus refitted, they saw the enemy was much disabled by the loss of all his topmasts. However, by eight o'clock they got their wreck pretty clear. They undauntedly laid the adverse vessel right along side, with the

intention of bringing down her flag, or sending her to the bottom; this being the first time they discovered her to be a line of battle ship; for finding her metal to be very heavy from both decks, with continued volleys of small arms, Captain Reynolds thought it proper to take the advantage, and rake her every opportunity; accordingly they did, working round her sometimes on the bow, and other times on the quarter, in a very judicious manner. The seamen kept up a continual fire the whole time; and about ten o'clock they perceived her mizen mast go by the board, which certainly must have occasioned great confusion on board to the enemy; notwithstanding all this, they still kept up a continued fire, and drifted towards the shore with what sail they could set.

At this time the enemy would doubtless have struck to the

English frigates; but it blowing fresh and dead on the shore, and they knowing, by what distance they had run, they could not be far from the land, they were resolutely determined to run her on shore, and run all hazards of their lives, for then she could be compared to nothing but a mere wreck. This was about twelve o'clock, the enemy being then in a deplorable situation, with scarce a mast or yard standing that they could depend on, and consequently there must be a great deal of water in her hold; so, as there was no signal made for the Amazon to steer off, she still kept working round the French ship as before, sometimes raking her forward, and sometimes aft, and other times alongside; in this manner they kept her in constant play.

About three o'clock in the morning the Amazon's main-top-sail yard and mizen-top-mast was shot away; this being the

only considerable damage they could perceive they had received at this time, and that being but trifling to what the enemy had suffered, they began afresh on her again, and fired in her with such heat and violence that they silenced the guns entirely; but being so very close to them they made several attempts to board the Amazon, but the officers having always sufficient command of the ship, found little difficulty to prevent their intentions.

About four o'clock in the morning, the weather still remaining very thick, they observed the water turn rather smooth, and Captain Reynolds conjecturing they were too nigh the land, immediately ordered a cast of the lead; which being done, they found there was thirteen fathoms of water, and at the same time, through the fog, saw the land under their lee, the enemy being dismasted and wrecked.

Every exertion that was expedient was now made to get the ship on the other tack; but finding their braces, halyards, &c. all shot away, and by the loss of their main-top-sail-yard and mizen-top-masts they could get no after-sails on their ship, they found they inevitably must be wrecked; and, accordingly as they expected, on the 14th, about five in the morning, she struck the ground, and for ten minutes beat very hard. The officers considered that she would lay much easier if they cut away her masts, which immediately was done, and as it happened to be on the ebb tide, in a short time their wreck lay pretty easy.

Now their fate was in an equal poize, death or imprisonment, which choice was indifferant, for they would as soon embrace one as the other. But however, they endeavoured to keep their spirits as cheerful as possible, until day-light, to see what

might turn out in their favour; but while they were thus waiting for the approach of day, eight of their crew consulted together, and stole away one of their boats from the stern. But not inspecting the boat to see what damage she had received from the engagement, soon after they left the ship, she swamped: six of them were drowned, and the others with much difficulty reached the shore.

When day-light appeared, they saw the tide was ebbing very fast; so that they were under no apprehension of getting safe on shore, and they saw the enemy's ship in a more dangerous situation, and crowds of people flocking from all parts of the adjacent country, and placing themselves on the beach, right opposite to them. They no sooner got their feet on the beach than their hands were in their pockets, robbing and plundering them of everything. Regardless of these ungenerous wretches, they got all their wounded shipmates on shore, that were not able to assist themselves, leaving only two on board (Ralph Smith and Moses Roach), who died of their wounds. William March was so dangerously wounded, that they could see but little hopes of his surviving; but his messmates tenderly carried him on shore, and took him up to the first inhabited place, leaving him in care of the woman of the house, giving her clothes and necessaries to shift him, and money to supply him with any refreshment that might be found requisite. They were then driven away by the French soldiers, to join the rest of their crew, who were altogether at a small distance from where they landed; where they mustered and found only the before-mentioned two killed, six drowned, and thirty-six wounded, some very slightly.

Whilst they were here they were joined by some Englishmen who had been taken prisoners on board the enemy's ship, who informed them that she was a French seventy-four, the *Droits de l'Homme*; she sailed from Brest with the rest of the French fleet, with the intention to land troops in Ireland; but by a gale of wind had parted the fleet, and was driven to where they fell in with her. They likewise gave them an account of the dreadful slaughter they had made on board of her. Their crew consisted of one thousand five hundred and seventy-four men, seamen and troops; and by the lowest calculation, five hundred of them were killed in the action, and what were drowned they could not tell; but they positively affirmed, that out of the whole ship's company, there were not above two hundred reached the shore alive; they declared that in the time of the engagement, the blood ran from the deck on them in the hold where they lay; they likewise said, had she not run on shore when she did, it would have been impossible to keep her long above water.

The crew of the *Amazon* were now rudely marched away by a strong guard of soldiers, about three miles up the country to a fort, near which is a small borough town called Hodiernne, where, when they arrived, they were mustered, and all strictly searched for knives or any other edged tools. But their real intention was for the sake of plunder; and in that they did not fail, for some they left without the second change of anything. After this they were all put into an old church; and the remaining part of this day they passed in a deplorable situation, without either victuals or drink, until near eight o'clock in the evening, when they had every man a small glass of brandy and a biscuit; with this they composed themselves to rest, as well as their different habitations would permit them, and being every one harassed out with fatigue, they found but little difficulty to sleep, although their lodging was hard.

The next day, in the afternoon, they were paid a visit by their captain and officers, who gave them every applause for their courage and behaviour in the action. Captain Reynolds promised faithfully to exert his interest as far as lay in his power, to get them released as soon as possible, so they gave him three huzzas, which he and the officers returned, and took their leave of them. After this they were served out with about two ounces of beef a man; and with an equivalent quantity of brown bread, with orders to prepare for marching next morning to Brest.

On the 16th, before they proceeded on their journey, they were treated with a breakfast, which consisted of nothing

better than brown bread, and water. After this poor regale, they were mustered together in a yard; and as they were thus standing in readiness for marching, they were again visited by their captain and officers, who still promised to do the best of their endeavours to get them over to England as soon as possible. This done, they cheered them all singly as they went out, and then by the beat of the drum proceeded on their journey.

The bay they were wrecked in was called Hodiernne, about one league and a half from the town, and about two leagues from the French ship. After a fatiguing march they arrived, about seven o'clock, at a place called Douline, distance from Hodiernne about twenty-five miles, where they were to remain all night, and were accordingly put into an old church as before, but with this addition, that they were allowed straw, which, however, had to serve them for victuals, drink, and lodging.

In the morning they were alarmed by the officers of the guard, with an order to prepare for another day's march; accordingly on the 17th, about eight o'clock, with as good spirits as could be expected, they proceeded on their journey, though very unfit for it, through the want of proper sustenance. However, they bore all with good spirits, and about four o'clock in the afternoon arrived at the place appointed, which was called Quimper, distance from Douline twenty miles. This seemed to be a very extensive and populous town, but they were not permitted to have any great view of it, for they were soon shown their place of confinement, which was no other than the common town jail; and which was worse than any of their former prisons, for here they were ranked with thieves, murderers, and traitors to their country. They found that this dismal place differed from their former one for the worse in every respect, but especially one, and that was in diet; for to their sorrow they got no victuals, nor did they see hopes of getting any this night. They then considered the money and clothes the only friends they could apply to for relief; so with the help of these, they purchased such refreshments as were necessary.

When day-light appeared they arose, and made application to the commissary for some subsistence; after some hesitation he complied with their request, and sent in beef and bread, and wood to dress it with; about one cwt. of beef amongst two hundred and thirty men; but the butcher that dressed this bullock, artfully contrived to put the head, shin, sticking-pieces, liver and lights, in their lot.

Early on the 20th, they were ordered to prepare for marching; and by the beat of drum they proceeded on their journey. About six o'clock in the evening they arrived at Chatolin, distance from Quimper about twenty-six miles. Each man having got his small property under his arm out of the carts, they were shown their night's quarters, which was an old church, which the good natives were pleased to convert into their head rendezvous. About eight o'clock they had the pleasure of seeing some beef and bread sent in to them, and thrown down in the middle of the prison; when every man immediately seized his loaf and share of the meat. The next day they marched to Aurfur, distance from Chatolin about twenty-two miles. This place is a small borough town, seemingly of no great business, its buildings low and mean, and the inhabitants did not appear to have any show of grandeur, but rather of a low class; they consequently began to be very apprehensive of having but an indifferent night's lodging, and indeed they were not at all mistaken, for when they were shown into their place of confinement, they had to ascend up a broken pair of stairs to a place much resembling a cock-loft, with windows without glass, and indeed the whole fabric seemed so much on the decay that they could not rest with safety under the roof. About seven o'clock their beef and bread were sent in, but the disagreeable smell of the place deprived them of all appetite, and taking up only their bread, they converted their clothes into brandy, and by this means confused their brain without filling their bellies; then getting a good quantity of straw to cover themselves, they all sunk down to rest.

On the 22nd, they marched to a place called Landenor, dis-

tance from Aufour about twenty-five miles; where, after much fatigue and weakness, they arrived about five in the evening. Here they were lodged in stables, with hay and straw, and soon after their usual quantity of beef and bread was sent in. On inspecting their place of confinement, they found a back door that led to an adjacent house; the people of which were remarkably civil, and as they procured their livelihood by disposing of spirituous liquors, they gave the prisoners to understand, that if they kept themselves sober, and behaved with any degree of decorum, they might have their victuals dressed to perfection, gratis; and likewise be supplied with anything they wanted, at a reasonable profit. These promises were accordingly made good, and having finished their supper, they spent the evening in a very agreeable and social manner; drinking pretty freely for the benefit of the house, as a recompense for their kindness.

About nine in the morning they set out on their last march, and about four o'clock in the evening arrived at their place of destination, which was called Pontenezen, about three miles from Brest, and about twenty-two from Landenor; when they came to the gates of this prison, they made a general halt, to let the carts with the baggage come up, and in about half an hour's time joined them, and every man taking his small remnant, that he had left, the gates opened wide, and in they passed. Here they saw the bounds of their confinement, which was a square piece of ground about a mile in circuit, and encompassed round with a strong plain stone wall about twenty-eight feet high, and on each side of this square were placed pieces of cannon. Here they found above eight hundred of our countrymen and fellow sufferers; particularly the crew of his Majesty's frigate *Huzzar*, which was wrecked by the misconduct of the master, on the North coast of France; and about thirty of the crew of his Majesty's sloop, *Arab*, wrecked on some part of France a considerable time ago.

The ward of the prison in which they were confined was near four hundred and fifty feet in length, and about thirty feet in breadth, with three rows of cradles that were very indifferently furnished with beds; for being all filled with straw, and lying such a considerable time without being cleaned or shifted, they abounded in vermin, which occasioned considerable scratching, and groaning throughout the prison.

On the first of February their non-commissioned and warrant officers arrived here from Quimper, who informed them that their captain and lieutenants were in good spirits, and that the sick and wounded they left behind in the hospital were all in a fair way of recovery; also that his Britannic majesty's minister, Mr. Swinburn, was then at Paris on a treaty of exchange, which they were all in good hopes would take place early in the spring. On the 26th of March they were again agreeably surprised by a visit from their commissary and others, who informed them that a general exchange had taken place, and that they only waited an answer from Paris to prepare cartels to take them home.

Accordingly on the 27th, about three o'clock in the afternoon, the petty officers of the *Amazon* and *Huzzar*, and several others, to complete the complement of two hundred and thirty, were mustered and marched off under a strong guard towards Brest. They arrived at the gates of the town about half-past five o'clock, where they halted, and having been drawn up three abreast, were marched through the town by the beat of the drum, amidst thousands of spectators. When they came to the water side, they found several large launches waiting to receive them. They immediately entered on board the launches; and were told that they were going on board a cartel lying in the Roads; but when they came near the ship, they were to go in, they found she had no rudder hung, no sails bent, nor running rigging. They then saw two others in the same situation, and intended for the same purpose, which gave them every reason to believe they should not see England so soon as they imagined. When they arrived on board this ship they were informed orders had not yet been received from Paris for their going to England. Here, however, they had the benefit of breathing the fresh air, and likewise a view of their fleet, which consisted of seventeen sail of the line, besides a number of frigates and small vessels. The ship they were on board of was

a Swedish built vessel, about 300 tons burden, called the *Pallas*.

On the 5th of May, the commissary for the cartels came on board, and distributed clothing among them. Each man received one jacket, one pair of trousers, one shirt, one pair of stockings, and one pair of shoes.

May 7th, in the morning they hoisted the cartel colours, a union-jack at the fore-top-gallant-mast-head; and each captain of merchantmen, likewise masters and naval officers, were presented with a piece of cloth to make them a coat.

About twelve o'clock on the 21st, the captain of the cartel came on board, and told them they were certainly going home in a very short time; that all the officers that were upon parole were sent for to go with them, and as soon as they arrived they were to sail the first fair wind, which happy tidings gave general satisfaction.

On the morning of the first of June, there was an alarm of fire, which occasioned great confusion; after a strict search, it was found to have proceeded out of the pump-well, and in a short time it was put out.

June 5th, they were favoured with a fine breeze from the eastward, and about nine o'clock the captain came on board, and gave orders to unmoor the ship, and to put to sea with all expedition. As they passed the guard-ship they were ordered to heave to, that the French might overhaul their passport, and their boat came on board the cartel. They were then just upon a poize, whether they should go to sea or not, for their captain had left his passport on shore; but he going on board, the Admiral in the morning had got an order to carry them out, so with a little hesitation, they were permitted to proceed on their passage.

They were resolved, when out of the sight of the French ships, to take the cartel to themselves, and carry her into the port or bay, which was most convenient for them to land at in safety from press-gangs, and not for that alone, but in regard to having more provisions served. They chose two of their people to act as stewards. They thought of steering betwixt Ushant and the main, but the wind coming a-head obliged them to steer another course. They were scarce two hours out before they desiered two sail on their weather bow, which proved to be the *Indefatigable* and *Cleopatra*, which kept their course, not seeming to mind them; but they saw two more sail coming down to them, one of which very soon brought them to, by firing shot at them; she hailed them, and ordered them to lay to until she spoke the *Snow* astern; but when she was out of gunshot, they made sail again in hopes of jogging on until night and then steering a different course; but in this they were disappointed, for they were soon brought up again by the *Melpomene* frigate; and in the morning the officer and a boat's crew came on board, and called for the *Amazon's* and *Huzzar's* men, wishing them to enter on board their vessel, telling them they should be sure to be distributed amongst the fleet in the morning. But none of them would enter. As soon as day-light appeared, they saw our fleet to windward of them, and the *Jason* frigate came and relieved their fears by telling them that Captain Colnett, of the *Huzzar*, had been on board the admiral's ship, and informed Lord Bridport of their situation, and what they had suffered in prison, which occasioned his lordship not to suffer one of them to be taken but those who were agreeable.

Having the wind in their favour, they made the best of their way; at four o'clock they desiered land, and were in with it about twelve; they now lay to, not knowing how far they had now run; about two o'clock a convoy of coasters passed them, steering to the westward. Having discerned some lights a considerable time, they conjectured them to be those on Start Point, which they proved to be; and accordingly, as soon as they weathered the point, they ran into the bay, and came to an anchor. As soon as she was brought to, they hoisted their boat out and it was soon full; they then shoved off, and saluted those on board with three cheers, which they returned, and landed on a fine gravelly beach at Tor Cross, a few miles to the westward of Torbay.

The people of the place were very much alarmed, as they

had French colours flying, and there being at this time some apprehensions of an invasion. There being plenty of boats on the beach, they soon launched them, and sent them to the ship; so by their help all who wanted were soon on shore. When all who were on shore that wished, or were under fear of being pressed, the officers and those who were left, proceeded with the cartel for Portsmouth.

CONQUEST OF BUENOS AYRES.

"The invasion of the Spanish settlements on the Rio de la Plata, in the year 1806, may be considered as a new era in the continent of South America; and the capture of the rich colony of Buenos Ayres and its dependencies, seemed to open a new source of commerce to the merchants of Great Britain.

No sooner had the force sent out to the Cape of Good Hope effected the complete reduction of that settlement, than Sir Home Popham formed a plan for employing the vessels under his command on a beneficial expedition to the opposite shores of the American continent. It obtained the approbation of General Baird; who, having received some reinforcements from England, assigned what troops he could spare for its execution, and gave the command of them to Major-general Beresford.

The armament sailed from the Cape, and arrived towards the latter end of April at St. Helena, where the commanders, on application to the governor, obtained permission to embark a detachment of troops belonging to that island. Notwithstanding this recruit, their whole force, including the marines and seamen, destined to act on shore, did not exceed 1635 men, officers included.

On the 2nd of May, they sailed from St. Helena, and, after a passage of unexpected length, made Cape St. Mary. Sir Home Popham considering it an object of material consequence to obtain the earliest local information in the river, placed the squadron under the direction of Captain Rowley, on the 27th of May, and preceded it in the *Narcissus* for that purpose. He was accompanied by Captain Kennett of the engineers, who was directed by the general to reconnoitre the enemy's places on the river, in the best manner circumstances would permit, and to collect every possible intelligence concerning them. On the 8th of June, the *Narcissus* anchored near the island of Flores; on the 11th the commodore had the satisfaction to fall in with the *Encounter*, and the *Ocean* transport, which had parted from the fleet previous to its arrival at St. Helena. Owing to fogs and baffling winds, it was not till six days after the armament entered the river, that it joined the *Narcissus*.

The commanders immediately consulted whether it would be most prudent first to attack the town of St. Philip, Monte Video, or Buenos Ayres, the capital of the province. They determined to proceed against the latter, on which no time

was lost in removing from the line-of-battle ships the troops, marines, and such seamen as were incorporated with them, and others who had been regularly exercised to arms during the passage, into the *Narcissus*, the *Encounter*, and the transports; while the *Diadem* blockaded the port of Monte Video, and the *Raisonné* and *Diomède*, by way of demonstration, cruised near Maldonado and other assailable points. This was accomplished on the 16th of June, at which time the armament was about ninety miles distant from the place of its destination. Its progress up the river was very much retarded by the shoaly state of the water, adverse winds and currents, continual fogs, and the great inaccuracy of the charts; but by the skill and assiduity of Sir Home Popham, and the unremitting and laborious exertions of the officers and men under his command, these difficulties were surmounted, and the squadron anchored on the afternoon of the 25th off Point Quilmes a Pouichin, about twelve miles from Buenos Ayres.

Here General Beresford proposed to land, having been informed by an Englishman who was pilot for the river, and was taken by the *Narcissus* out of a Portuguese vessel, that it was an excellent place for that purpose, and there was an easy access from it into the country. As it was impossible for the *Narcissus* to approach the shore on account of the shoalness of the water, the *Encounter* was run in so close as to take the ground, the more effectually to cover the debarkation of the army in case of necessity. The whole, however, was landed in the course of the evening, without the least opposition, consisting of the detachment of his Majesty's troops from the Cape, and that from St. Helena, with the marine battalion, under the orders of Captain King of the *Diadem*, which was composed of the marines of the squadron, augmented by the incorporation of some seamen, and three companies of royal blues.

The enemy was posted at the village of Reduccion, which was on an eminence, about two miles from the beach, with the appearance of a fine plain between the two armies, which, however, proved, on the following morning, to be only a morass in a high state of verdure. General Beresford was informed by his guide, that, though in winter this place was impassable, it was then very practicable and easy for guns to pass.

It was eleven o'clock on the morning of the 26th before General Beresford could move off his ground, and the enemy, from their position, might have counted every man of the British force. They were drawn up along the brow of the hill, on which was situated the village of Reduccion, which covered their right flank, and their force consisted principally of cavalry, to the number of two thousand, with eight field-pieces. The nature of the ground was such, that General Beresford was under the necessity of going directly to their front; and to make his line as nearly as possible equal to theirs, he formed all the troops into one line, except the St. Helena infantry of 150 men, which he formed 120 yards



EMBARKATION OF THE TROOPS.

in the rear, with two field-pieces, and orders to face to the right or left, as either of the flanks should be threatened by the cavalry. He had two six-pounders on each flank, and two howitzers in the centre of the first line. In this order the troops advanced against the enemy, and General Beresford having arrived within range of their guns, a tongue of swamp crossed his front, and obliged him to halt, whilst the guns took a small circuit to cross. This was scarcely performed, when the enemy opened their field-pieces, at first well pointed; but as the English advanced at a very quick rate, in spite of the boggy ground, very soon obliged them to leave all their guns behind, and the fire did them but little injury. The 71st regiment reaching the bottom of the heights in a pretty good line, seconded by the marine battalion, the enemy would not wait the nearer approach, but retired from the brow of the hill, which our troops ascended, with that coolness and courage which has on every occasion marked the character of the British soldier. The Spaniards now fled with precipitation, leaving behind their artillery, consisting of four field-pieces and one tumbrel.

General Beresford halted two hours on the field to rest the troops, and to make arrangements for taking with him the enemy's guns and his own, which had now been extricated from the bog by the exertions of Captain Donnelly of the Narcissus, who had accidentally landed, and accompanied the troops on seeing them advance to meet the enemy.

The general then marched, in hopes of preventing the destruction of the bridge over the Rio Chuelo, a river at that season of the year not fordable, and which lay between him and the city, distant from it about three miles, and eight from his then situation; and though he used the utmost diligence, he had the mortification to see it in flames long before he could reach it. He therefore halted the troops for the night, a mile from it, and pushed on three companies of the 71st, under Lieutenant-colonel Pack, with two howitzers, to the bridge, to endeavour to prevent its total destruction. He accompanied this detachment himself; but on reaching the bridge, found it entirely consumed; and as the enemy, during the night, was heard bringing down guns, he withdrew the detachment before light, as their position was thought too open and exposed to the enemy's fire.

On the 27th, as soon as it was light, General Beresford sent Captain Kennett of the engineers, to reconnoitre the sides of the river, and found that his troops had little or no cover to protect them, whilst the enemy were drawn up behind hedges, houses, and in the shipping on the opposite bank of the river, which was not thirty yards wide. As his situation and circumstances could not admit of the least delay, he determined to force the passage; and for that purpose ordered down the field-pieces to the water's edge, and direct the infantry to remain in the rear, under cover, except the light company and grenadiers of the 71st. As the guns approached, the enemy opened a very ill-directed fire from great guns and musketry. The former, however, soon ceased, after the British fire opened; but the latter was kept up for some time, though, so ill was it directed, that it did little or no injury. By the exertions and activity of Captain King, who commanded the battalion of marines, rafts, boats, &c., were prepared, and the troops crossed the river. Perceiving no signs of further opposition, and learning that the troops had deserted the city, General Beresford was induced by motives of humanity to send his aid-de-camp, the Hon. Ensign Gordon, with a summons to the governor to deliver up the city and fortress, representing that the excesses and calamities which would most probably occur should the troops enter in a hostile manner, might thus be avoided; and informing him that the English would ensure to the inhabitants the exercise of their religion, and protection for their persons and for all private property.

The governor sent back an officer to request a few hours to draw up conditions, but the general refused to delay his march, which he re-commenced as soon as his whole force had crossed the river; and on approaching the city, he was met by an officer from the governor, with a number of conditions. He informed the latter that he could not then attend to them, but would confirm by writing what he had pro-

mised, when in possession of the city, which he immediately entered. Thus fell the capital of the extensive province of Paraguay, where the conquerors found eighty-eight pieces of cannon, five hundred and fifty barrels of powder, and a quantity of small arms. Their loss in achieving its reduction was one killed, and twelve wounded, and one missing.

On the 2nd of July, the terms granted by the commanders of his Majesty's land and sea forces to the inhabitants of Buenos Ayres and its dependencies, were signed by General Beresford, Sir Home Popham, and the Spanish governor Quintana. By these the garrison were declared prisoners of war, protection was promised to private property, and to the exercise of the Catholic religion, and the privileges before enjoyed by the inhabitants were confirmed to them. The captors, though entitled by the laws of war to all the vessels of every description, yet, feeling the distress which the privation of them must occasion the owners, generously relinquished their right to those vessels and their cargoes, though they were supposed to amount in number to 180, and in value, to a million and a half of dollars. Proclamations to the above effect were likewise issued by the British commanders.

The viceroy had retired from Buenos Ayres on the approach of the English, and a great quantity of treasure had also been conveyed from the city. The first care, therefore, of General Beresford, after he found himself perfectly settled in his new conquest, was to send a small detachment to Luxan, about fifty miles distant from the capital, with the avowed object of escorting back some of the treasure which had been removed, and was reported to be private property; but principally to reconnoitre the country, and to learn the disposition of the inhabitants. A considerable quantity of treasure, actually on its way to Cordova, was fortunately preserved by this detachment for the gallant captors, and the commanding officer, Captain Arbuthnot, reported favourably of the general disposition of the people.

The total amount of the specie which, as public property, fell into the hands of the conquerors, exceeded 1,290,000 dollars. Of this sum 1,086,000 dollars were sent home to England in the Narcissus; the commanders reserving the remainder for the exigencies of the army and navy. It was estimated that, exclusive of the above, the value of the merchandise in the King's stores, and in the Philippine Company's stores, together with the floating property retained, could not amount to less than between two and three millions of dollars.

The intelligence of this capture was received in England with the exultation due to its importance, and numerous commercial speculations were the consequence. An order in council was issued by his majesty for opening a trade with Buenos Ayres and its dependencies, conformably to the regulations in force between Great Britain and her colonial possessions.

The treasure brought home in the Narcissus was conveyed to London in eight waggons, each drawn by six horses, and after parading the streets of the metropolis, decorated with the colours taken at Buenos Ayres, it was deposited at the Bank.

SHIPS OF WAR.

Ye sacred arks of liberty, that float
Where Tamar's waters spread their bosom wide,
That seem, with towering stern and rampart-side,
Like antique castles girt with shining moat.

Should war the signal give with brazen throat,
No more recumbent here in idle pride,
Your rapid prows would cleave the foaming tide,
And to the nations speak with thundering note.

Thus, in the firmament serene and deep,
When summer clouds the earth are hanging o'er,
And all their mighty masses seem asleep.

To execute heaven's wrath and judgments sore,
From their dark wombs the sudden lightnings leap,
And vengeful thunders peal from shore to shore.

A VISIT TO THE ISLAND OF ROCKALL.

It was a fine Autumnal morning, just a week after we had sailed from Lough Swilly, to cruise off the north of Ireland, when a sail was reported on the lee-beam. We bore up instantly, but no one could make out what the chase was, nor which way she was standing—at least, no two of the knowing ones could be found to agree upon these matters. These various opinions, however, presently settled into one, or nearly so—for there were still some of the high-spyers who had honestly confessed they were puzzled.

The general opinion was, that it must be a brig with very white sails aloft, while those below were quite dark—as if the royals were made of cotton, and the courses of tarpawling—a strange anomaly in seamanship, it is true, but still the best theory we could form to explain appearances. A short time served to dispel these fancies, for we discovered, on running close to our mysterious vessel, that we had been actually chasing a rock—not a ship of oak and iron, but a solid block of granite, growing as it were out of the sea, at a greater distance from the main land than I believe any other island or inlet, or rock, of the same diminutive size, is to be found in the world. This mere speck on the surface of the waters—for it seems to float on the sea—is only seventy feet high, and not more than a hundred yards in circumference. The smallest point of a pencil could scarcely give it a place on any map which would not exaggerate its proportion to the rest of the islands in that stormy ocean.

It lies at the distance of no less than one hundred and eighty-four miles, very nearly due west of St. Kilda, the remotest part of the Hebrides, two hundred and ninety from the nearest part of the main coast of Scotland, and two hundred and sixty from the north of Ireland. Its name is Rockall, and is well known to those Baltic traders which go north about.

The stone of which this curious peak is composed, is a dark coloured granite, but the top being covered with a coating as white as snow, from having been for ages the resting-place of myriads of sea-fowl, it is constantly mistaken for a vessel under all sail.

We were deceived by it several times during the same cruise, even after we had been put on our guard, and knew its place well. I remember boarding three vessels in one day, each of which, in reckoning the number of vessels in sight, counted Rockall as one, without detecting their mistake till I pointed their glasses to the spot.

As we had nothing better on our hands, it was resolved to make an exploring expedition to visit this little islet. Two boats were accordingly manned for the purpose; and while the ship stood down to the leeward of it, the artists prepared their sketch-books, and the geologists their hammers, for a grand scientific field-day.

When we left the ship, the sea appeared so unusually smooth, that we anticipated no difficulty in landing; but on reaching the spot, we found a swell rising and falling many feet, which made it exceedingly troublesome to accomplish our purpose. One side of the rock was perpendicular and smooth as a wall. The others, though steep and slippery, were sufficiently varied in their surface to admit of our crawling up when once out of the boat.

But it required no small confidence in our footing, and a dash of that kind of faith which carries a hunter over a five-barred gate, to render the leap at all secure. A false step, or a faltering carriage, after the spring was resolved on, might have sent the explorer to investigate the secrets of the deep, in those fathomless regions where the roots of this mysterious rock connect it with the solid earth. In time, however, we all got up, hammers, sketch-books, and chronometers inclusive.

As it was considered a point of some moment to determine not only the position, but the size of the rock by actual observations made upon it, all hands were set busily at work—some to chip off specimens—others to measure the girt by means of a cord—while one of the boats was sent to take soundings in those directions where the bottom could be reached.

After we had been employed for some time in this manner, we observed a current sweeping past us, at a considerable rate, and rather wondered that the ship, which was fast drifting away from us, did not fill and make a stretch, so as to preserve her distance. But as the day was quite clear, we cared less about this addition to the pull, and went on with our operations. I forgot exactly at what hour a slight trace of haze first came across the field of view. This soon thickened into a fog, which felt like a drizzle, and put some awkward apprehensions into our heads. It was immediately decided to get into the boats and return to the *Endymion*; for, by this time, we had finished all our real work, and were only amusing ourselves by scrambling about the rocks.

The swell had silently increased in the interval to such a height, that the operation of returning to the boats was rendered twice as difficult as that of disembarking: and what was a great deal worse, occupied twice as much time. It required the greater part of half an hour to tumble our whole party back again. This proceeding, difficult at any season, I suppose, was now reduced to a sort of somersault or flying leap; for the adventurer, whose turn it was to spring, had to dash off the rock towards the boat, trusting more to the chance of being caught by his companions, than to any skill of his own. Some of our Dutch-built gentry came floundering amongst the thwarts and oars with such a crash, that we half expected they would make a clear breach through the boat's bottom.

As none of these minor accidents occurred, we pushed off, with our complement entire, towards the ship; but, to our astonishment and dismay, no *Endymion* could now be seen. Some said, "only a minute ago she was there!" others asserted, as positively, that they had seen her in a totally different direction. In short, no two of us agreed as to where the frigate had last been seen, though all, unhappily, were of one mind as to the disagreeable fact of her being invisible. She had evidently drifted off to a considerable distance; and as the first thickening of the air had destroyed its transparency, we could see nothing in the slightest degree even like what is called the loom of a vessel. The horizon was visible—indistinctly indeed; but it was certainly not the same horizon along which we had seen the ship sailing but half an hour before. The atmosphere had something of that troubled look which is given to a glass of water by dropping a little milk into it. So that, although there was no fog as yet, properly so called, there was quite enough of moisture to serve the unpleasant purpose of hiding the object of our search, and we remained quite at a loss what to do. We rowed to some distance from the rock, supposing it possible that some condensation of vapour, incident to the spot, might have cast a veil over our eyes. But nothing was to be seen all round.

It then occurred to some of our philosophers that as dense air, by its very definition (as they gravely put it), is heavier than light air, it might so happen that the humid vapours had settled down upon the surface of the sea, and that, in fact, we were groping about in a shallow stratum of untransparent matter. The top of the rock, which was seventy feet higher, it was thought, might be in the clear region, and the ship's mast heads, if not her hull, be visible from thence. There was a sort of pedantic plausibility about the technology of these young savans, which induced the commanding officer of the party—a bit of a dabbler himself in these scientific mysteries—to decide upon trying the experiment. At all events, he thought it might amuse and occupy the party. So one of the men was landed, the most alert of our number, who skipped up the rock like a goat.

All eyes were now turned on our look-out man, who no sooner reached the summit, than he was asked what he saw, with an impatience that betrayed more anxiety on the part of the officers than they probably wished should be perceived by the boats' crews.

"I can see nothing all round," cried the man, "except something out thereabouts"—pointing with his hand.

"What does it look like?"

"I am afraid, sir, it is a fog bank coming down upon us." And so it proved.

The experienced eye of the sailor, who in his youth had been

a fisherman on the banks of Newfoundland, detected a strip of extended cloud, hanging along the verge of the horizon, like the first appearance of a low coast. This gradually swept down to leeward, and at length enveloped rocks, boats, and all, in a mantle of fog, so dense that we could not see ten yards in any direction.

Although our predicament may now be supposed as hopeless as need be, it was curious to observe the ebbs and flows in human thought as circumstances changed. Half an hour before, we had been provoked at our folly in not having left the rock sooner; but it was now a matter of rejoicing that we possessed such a fixed point to stick by, in place of throwing ourselves adrift altogether. We reckoned with certainty upon the frigate's manning, sooner or later, to regain the rock; and as that was the only mark at which she could aim, it was evidently the best for us to keep near.

We had been cruising for some time off the north of Ireland, during which we observed that these fogs sometimes lasted a couple of days or even longer; and as we had not a drop of water in the boats, nor a morsel of provisions, the most unpleasant forebodings began to beset us. The wind was gradually rising, and the waves, when driven against the rock, were divided into two parts, which, after sweeping round the sides, met again to leeward, near the spot where we lay, and dashed themselves into such a bubble of a sea, that the boats were pitched about like bits of cork in a mill-lead. Their motion was disagreeable enough, but our apprehension was, that we should be dislodged altogether from our place of refuge; while the gulls and sea-mews, as if in contempt of our helpless condition, or offended at our intrusion, wheeled about and screamed close to us, in notes most grating to our ears.

While we were waiting in this state of anxiety in the boats below, our faithful watchman perched on the peak of the rock, suddenly called out, "I see the ship." This announcement was answered by a simultaneous shout from the two boats' crews, which sent the flocks of gannets and sea-mews screaming to the right and left, far into the bosom of the fog.

An opening or lane in the mist had occurred, along which we could now see the frigate, far off, but crowding all sail, and evidently beating to windward. We lost as little time, as possible in picking our shivering scout off the rock, an operation which cost nearly a quarter of an hour. This accomplished, away we rowed, at the utmost stretch of our oars, towards the ship.

We had hardly proceeded a quarter of a mile before the fog began to close behind our track, so as to shut out Rockall from our view. This we cared little about, as we not only still saw the ship, but trusted, from her movements, that she likewise saw the boats. Just at the moment, however, she tacked, thereby proving that she had seen neither boats nor rock, but was merely groping about in search of her lost sheep. Had she continued on the course she was steering when we first saw her, she might have picked us up long before the fog came on again; but when she went about, this hope was destroyed. In a few minutes more, we of course lost sight of the frigate in the fog; and there we were, in a pretty mess, with no ship to receive us, and no island to hang on by!

It now became necessary to take an immediate part, and we decided at once to turn back in search of the rock. It was certainly a moment of bitter disappointment when we pulled round; and the interval between doing so and our regaining a resting-place was one of great anxiety. Nevertheless we made a good land-fall, and there was a wonderful degree of happiness attendant even upon this piece of success. Having again got hold of Rockall, we determined to abide by our firm friend till circumstances should render our return to the ship certain.

In the meantime we amused ourselves in forming plans for a future residence on this desolate abode, in the event of the ship being blown away during the night.

If the weather should become more stormy, and that our position to leeward was rendered unsafe, in consequence of the divided waves running round and meeting, it was resolved that

we should abandon the heaviest of the two boats, and drag the other up to the brow of the rock, so as to form, when turned keel upwards, a sort of hurricane house.

These and various other Robinson Crusoe kind of resources, helped to occupy our thoughts, half in jest, half in earnest, till, by the increased gloom, we knew that the sun had gone down. It now became indispensable to adopt some definite line of operations, for the angry looking night was setting in fast.

Fortunately we were saved from further trials of patience or ingenuity by the fog suddenly rising, as it is called—or dissipating itself in the air, so completely, that, to our great joy, we gained sight of the ship once again.

It appeared afterwards that they had not seen our little island from the *Endymion* nearly so soon as we discovered her; and she was, in consequence, standing almost directly away from us, evidently not knowing exactly whereabouts Rockall lay. This, I think, was the most anxious moment during the whole adventure; nor shall I soon forget the sensation caused by seeing the jib-sheet let fly, accompanied by other indications that the frigate was coming about.

I need not spin out this story any longer. It was almost dark when we got on board. Our first question was the reproachful one, "Why did you fire no guns to give us notice of your position?"

"Fire guns!" said they: "why, we have done nothing but blaze away every ten minutes for these last five or six hours."

Yet, strange to say, we had not heard a single discharge.

THE MOTHER WHO HATH A CHILD AT SEA.

There's an eye that looks on the swelling cloud,
Folding the moon in a funereal shroud,
That watches the stars dying one by one,
Till the whole of Heaven's calm light hath gone.
There's an ear that lists to the hissing surge;
As the mourner turns to the anthem dirge;
That eye! that ear!—oh, whose can they be,
But a mother's who hath a child at sea?

There's a cheek that is getting ashy white,
As the tokens of a storm come on with night;
There's a form that's fixed at the lattice frame,
To mark how the gloom gathers o'er the main;
Whilst the yeasty billows lash the shore
With loftier sweep and hoarser roar.
That cheek! that form!—oh, whose can they be,
But a mother's who hath a child at sea?

The rushing whistle chills her blood,
As the north wind hurries to scourge the flood,
And the icy shiver spreads to her heart
As the first red lines of lightning start.
The ocean boils! all mute she stands,
With parted lips and tight-clasp'd hands:
Oh, marvel not at her fear, for she
Is a mother who hath a child at sea.

She conjures up the fearful scene
Of yawning waves, where the ship between
With striking keel and splinter'd mast,
Is plunging hard and foundering fast.
She sees her boy, with lank drench'd hair,
Clinging on to the wreck with a cry of despair,
Oh, the vision is madd'ning! No grief can be
Like a mother's, who hath a child at sea.

She presses her brow—she sinks and kneels,
Whilst the blast howls on and the thunder peals;
She breathes not a word, for her passionate prayer
Is too fervent and deep for the lips to bear.
It is pour'd in the long convulsive sigh,
In the straining glance of an upturn'd eye,
And a holier offering cannot be,
Than the mother's prayer for her child at sea.

ELIZA COOK.

A VISIT TO THE CATACOMBS.

In exploring the catacombs of Egypt, travellers are often exposed to great danger from the foul air, of mephitic vapour of the subterranean caves or galleries, in which many of the mummies are deposited. Curiosity generally urges them too far, and prompts them to disregard all risk. Even the guides frequently loose themselves among the narrow and intricate passages of these singular repositories of the dead; when they are almost sure to fall victims to the thick, confined atmosphere of the place.

An adventure of this kind happened to a party who visited the catacombs, in the year 1813, and who were in consequence, afterwards led into great danger. The party consisted of a Mr. Lee, his friend Mr. Smart, an American of the name of Berthold, and three of the crew belonging to the boat in which the travellers were descending the river Nile. While they were at Thebes, they were told by a Greek, that he had seen some fragments of the mummies of crocodiles, at the bottom of a pit to which he had descended; and he had no doubt, he said, that this pit communicated with subterranean galleries or passages which extended to an unknown distance.

The statement of the Greek excited their curiosity to such a degree, that they were induced to stop at Manfalout, a town on the left bank of the Nile, on purpose to make a journey to Amabdi, a village in the desert, in the neighbourhood of which the pit was situated. Having provided themselves with asses and torches, they proceeded to the village, near which about nine in the morning, they found four Arabs employed in cutting wood. The latter appeared, at first, unwilling to give any information respecting the pit of which the travellers were in search.

They observed the Arabs consulting together, and muttering something about danger; and thought they heard the expression, "If one must die, all must die." Mr. Berthold had traded for many years on the Red Sea, and spoke Arabic very well. Therefore he could put his companions on their guard. The remark excited some suspicion of treachery, but as the party were seven in number, they believed themselves strong enough to resist, in case of attack. The Arabs at length undertook to be their guides, for a sum of money agreed upon; and after an hour's march in the desert, they arrived at the spot, which they found to be a pit, ten feet across, and almost eighteen feet deep. They descended to the bottom without any difficulty. The Arabs began to strip off their clothes, and advised the travellers to do the same. The party followed their advice, but kept on their shirts and trousers. Mr. Lee had a pair of pistols with him, which he concealed about him, to be prepared against any treacherous attempt of the guides.

It was proposed that three out of the four Arabs should descend into the cavern, while the other remained at the mouth of the pit. The three sailors were left with him to take charge of the clothes. This being arranged, an Arab

preceded each of the adventurers into the subterranean passage. They crept for seven or eight yards through an opening at the bottom of the pit, which was partly choked up with the drifting sand of the desert, and found themselves in a large chamber, fifteen feet high.

Here they observed the fragments of the mummies of crocodiles. They also saw a great number of bats flying about, and hanging to the roof of the cavern. All this agreed with the statement of the Greek. What they had seen, however, only encouraged the wish for seeing more, and they were now desirous of exploring the galleries which communicated with this chamber. Each of them had a torch, and the Arabs insisted on placing themselves in such a way that each of the travellers might have an Arab immediately before him. In this manner they entered a low gallery, in which they continued for more than an hour, stooping or creeping as the height of the roof rendered it necessary. At last, the gallery opened into a large chamber, which, after viewing it closely, they recognised to be the same they had first entered. So that, instead of penetrating farther into the cavern, they had, by some unperceived winding, returned to the very spot from

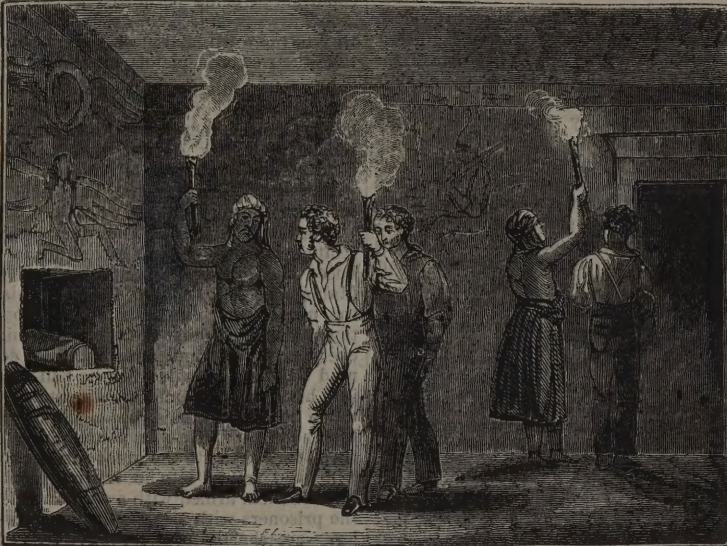
which they had set out. The Arabs, however, denied that this was the same chamber, and confessed that they had missed their way. But they declared that if the travellers would make another attempt, they would conduct them to the mummies in the recesses of the cavern.

With this promise, they were easily induced to persevere. They were very anxious to find mummies of crocodiles, in a complete state, and though they were much fatigued, by the tiresome stooping posture in which they had been obliged to move, and by the heat of the torches in those low, narrow galleries,

they determined to make one more attempt. They found the opening of a chamber, which they now approached, guarded by a trench of a depth unknown, and wide enough to require a good leap to clear it. The first Arab jumped across the trench unhesitatingly, and they all followed him, one by one. The passage which they then entered was extremely small, and so low that they were obliged to creep along on their hands and knees; and in some places even to crawl flat on the ground.

There were so many turnings and windings in this passage, that it resembled a labyrinth. At length it ended in a chamber much smaller than that which they had left; but it contained nothing to repay them for the fatigue they had been put to in reaching it, or to gratify their curiosity in the least. Hitherto their search had been fruitless, but they did not despair. They thought it probable that the mummies were not far off, and that if they made another effort, they might still be successful. The idea of men crawling about on their bellies in noxious places underground, in search of the mummies of crocodiles and other monstrosities of Egyptian superstition!

The Arab who led the way, now entered another gallery. Mr. Lee followed him, and they all continued to move on, in the same manner, each of the travellers preceded by a guide. They



[INTERIOR OF THE CATACOMBS.]

had not gone far before the heat became excessive. The foremost of the travellers found his breathing extremely difficult. His head began to ache violently, and he had a distressing sensation of fulness about his heart, occasioned by the bad, pent-up air. They now felt that they had gone too far, yet they were almost deprived of the power of returning.

At this critical moment, the torch of the first Arab went out. Mr. Lee was close to him, and, to his horror, saw him fall on his side. He uttered a stifled groan; his legs were strongly convulsed; a rattling noise was heard in his throat, one minute more, and he was dead. The Arab who was behind Mr. Lee, advanced to the assistance of his companion, and stooped for the purpose of raising him. In an instant, this second Arab staggered, tottered, and fell. He also had expired. The third Arab came forward, and tried to approach the bodies of his friends, but stopped short. The survivors looked at each other in silent horror. The danger increased every moment. The torches burnt fainter, their breathing became more difficult, their knees tottered under them, and their strength was nearly exhausted. The air in this gallery was very unwholesome; it was death to inhale it; and as the two Arabs had advanced a little farther than the rest of the party, they were the first to fall victims.

The travellers now felt that there was no time to be lost. The American called out to them to "take courage," and they began to move back as fast as they could. They heard the remaining Arab shouting after them, imploring their help, and upbraiding them with deserting him. But they were so much alarmed for themselves that they continued their way back, without paying attention to him.

The winding of the passages by which they entered this terrible place, increased the difficulty of their escape. They feared taking a wrong turn, or that their strength would fail them. They had each attentively observed the shapes of the remarkable stones which projected into the galleries through which they had passed. These assisted them greatly on their return.

Exhausted with fatigue and terror, they reached the edge of the deep trench, which remained to be crossed before they could get into the great chamber. Mustering all their strength, Mr. Lee and the American, succeeded in jumping across! but their companion stood upon the brink, ready to drop with fatigue. He called to his friends, and entreated them to help him over, or at least, to stop till he had recovered sufficiently to attempt it himself. But the fear of dying in the catacomb, overcame every consideration of humanity, or friendship. They would not wait for him, but desired him to exert all his remaining strength. He did so, and happily leaped across. When they reached the open air, it was one o'clock. The sailors who were waiting for them, luckily had a jar full of water, which they sprinkled upon these poor exhausted men; but though this refreshed them a little, they were still too weak to be able to climb the sides of the pit. The sailors unrolled the turbans which they wore, and slinging them round their bodies, drew them to the top.

The appearance of the travellers without their guides, naturally astonished the Arab, who had remained at the entrance of the cavern, and he anxiously inquired for his friends. They thought that if they confessed that the guides were dead, the Arab would suspect that they had murdered them, and that he would summon the inhabitants of Amabdi to pursue them, and revenge the death of their companions. The travellers therefore answered the earnest inquiries of the Arab, by saying that the guides were coming, and were employed in bringing out the mummies they had found, which was the cause of their delay.

The travellers lost no time in mounting their asses, recrossed the desert, and passed, hastily by the village. They got safely on board their own vessel by five o'clock. It happened to be the birth-day of one of the party, and they intended to have regaled themselves on that occasion; but they had no appetite after the adventures of the day, it was of more consequence to consult what was to be done in their present circumstances. That the Arabs of Amabdi would pursue them, to revenge the supposed murder of their friends, there was no doubt; and as it was very unlikely they would be able

to persuade the Arabs that they had no hand in the death of their guides, they all agreed that there was no prospect of safety but in flight. They resolved to wait till night, and then sail down the Nile to Miniet, the first garrisoned town belonging to the Turks. It was, however, five in the morning, before they weighed anchor. The wind was then contrary, blowing strong from the north, and they had sailed only two leagues by seven o'clock.

Four Turks on horseback now made their appearance, galloping towards the river. They were followed by two Arabs on foot, and, as the contrary wind compelled the boat to sail very slowly, they were soon near enough to fire a pistol, and to order the boat to bring to. The travellers were, accordingly, obliged to stop their boat; and the Turks called to them from the shore, saying, they were sent by the Cacheff to bring them to Manfalot, to answer for the murder of the Arab guides. The two Arabs on foot were violent in their threats, declaring they would have "blood for blood," and that they were resolved on the death of the travellers, though it might cost the lives of twenty more of their countrymen.

The travellers inquired whether the Turks would answer for their safety on the way to Manfalot, and they agreed to go on condition of being permitted to carry their arms with them. The Turks promised that they should not be molested on their way to the town, and after some hesitation, permitted them to take their swords, pistols, and double-barrelled guns.

They accordingly went on shore, and walked to Manfalot, under the escort of the Turks. When they arrived at the house of the Cacheff, they found him smoking in an outer court, attended by a few Arnaut guards, and surrounded by almost forty of the inhabitants of Amabdi. The Arabs received them with a shout of exultation. The Cacheff, in a stern and haughty manner, informed them of what they were accused by the people who surrounded them. The American, who acted as interpreter, related the story of their adventure in the catacombs, and produced the *firman*, or passport, which they had received from Mahommed Ali, Pacha of Cairo. This passport was written in the usual form, enjoining all the governors in the different towns through which the travellers might pass, to afford them every protection and assistance. A secretary was ordered to read the *firman* aloud; when he had done so, the Cacheff took it into his own hand, and looking sternly on the prisoners, said, "I do not see that this *firman* allows you either to maltreat or kill the Arabs." He then poured out a torrent of abuse against them, in Arabic, to the great satisfaction of the accusers; after which he retired into an inner court. The Arabs, who were most of them armed with swords and spears, now surrounded the prisoners with threatening gestures. Happily, the travellers were shortly sent for by the Cacheff, and conducted by some of his soldiers into his presence. He now received them in a much more friendly manner than when he was observed by the Arabs, and laid aside his angry tone. "My good friends," said he, putting his hand on the shoulder of the interpreter, "I know I am, by virtue of your *firman*, bound to protect you, and my head must answer for your safety. I believe your story, but I have a guard of only fifty soldiers, and the village of Amabdi is seven hundred muskets strong. Should all the inhabitants take a part in this affair, and come over, the consequences must be fatal to you and myself. You must make your escape secretly, and in the meantime I will amuse and detain the Arabs."

The travellers thanked the Cacheff for his friendly conduct and advice, and lost no time in making their retreat through a gate, at the back of his house. When they quitted their boat to accompany the Turks to Manfalot, they gave orders that the boat should follow them; and they found it waiting close to the town.

Rejoicing in their freedom, they again set sail; but as the wind still blew strongly from the north, they had little prospect of escaping altogether from their enemies. The Nile, in that part, is about two musket-shots broad, and they were continually obliged to tack. Though they rowed with all their might, they made very little progress, and were scarcely out of sight of the town, before they observed a party of horsemen, at a considerable distance, in the desert, on the right bank of

the Nile, whom they took for Bedouin Arabs. Soon afterwards they perceived a number of heads peeping over the sand hillocks on the same side of the river. At this moment they were nearly in the middle of the stream, and consequently not quite within musket-shot. Suddenly, several Arabs jumped up, and shouted to them to come over, or they would fire.

They rowed as quickly as possible to the other bank, and consulted among themselves what scheme to adopt for their safety. The danger was imminent; they were surrounded by enemies. The Cacheff at Manfalont was unable to protect them, and the distance to Miniet was seventy miles. If the wind had been favourable, by fast sailing and keeping close to the left bank of the river, they might have escaped from their pursuers; but, under the present circumstances, they thought it would be madness to continue their course.

They resolved, therefore, to return to Manfalont, again claim the assistance of the Cacheff, or endeavour to persuade the Arabs of their innocence. They had no sooner stepped on shore, than they were assailed by three women and five or six children, who they were informed were the wives and children of the men who had perished. As they were armed, they reached the house of the Cacheff without much difficulty, and found him surrounded by more than four hundred Arabs, and amongst them, the Sheik of Amabdi. In the crowd, to their surprise, they observed the Arab whom they had left in the catacomb, and whom they supposed to have died there with his companions. The appearance of this man was most wretched. He was not able to stand, and was supported by two of his friends. He had escaped by the light of a torch which had been left behind. The American related their story again, and called upon the surviving Arab to confirm the truth of it, but in vain. Incensed, no doubt, at their going away without assisting him, he declared they had by force compelled himself and his companions to conduct them to the place where they met their death. In this falsehood, he was supported by the Arab who had remained on the outside of the cavern, and who also was present.

After some further discussion, the Cacheff proposed that the travellers should accommodate the affair by a present of money. This was finally agreed to, on both sides, and the travellers gladly gave two Spanish dollars to each of the women, and the same sum to the sheik of the village. All animosity appeared now to cease; and they were permitted quietly to return to their vessel, and proceed on their journey.

ANECDOTES OF THE SAILOR KING, WILLIAM IV.

FREDILECTION FOR THE NAVY.

AMONGST the anecdotes that are told of the prince's boyhood, there is one peculiarly expressive of his character, and his early attachment to the sea.

The three brothers received from the hands of the queen a weekly stipend, which they were at liberty to expend agreeably to their several tastes—an admirable mode of discovering the tendency of individual genius. At four years of age Prince William purchased a ship—the first act of free-will, perhaps, he exercised, and for some time he scrupulously dedicated his weekly allowance to the necessary completion of the embellishment, rigging, and furnishing of his vessel. When the gallant craft was deemed sea-worthy, the prince's maiden experiment in navigation was appointed to take place in a large swimming bath at Kew Palace, and the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York (whose title then was Bishop of Osnaburg), were invited to be present. When the ship was fairly launched on the miniature waters, the Prince William, with an enthusiasm natural to his zest for the exhibition, expatiated with childish fondness upon certain parts of the nautical arrangements, and a slight contention, originating in some slight difference of opinion, gradually arose between the brothers. As the dispute increased, the Prince of Wales haughtily reminded his younger brother that,

however assured he was of the correctness of his assertions he should at least utter them with more temperance before his future Sovereign.

"Well, George," retorted the young sailor, the royal blood mounting to his cheeks, "who knows but I may be a king as well as you; I'm sure I look as like a king as Frederick does a bishop. And if ever I shall become a king, I'll have a house full of ships, and no other king shall dare to take them from me."

A MIDSHIPMAN.

In the year 1779, while yet but fourteen years of age, Prince William Henry swung his first hammock on board the Prince George, a ninety-eight gun-ship under the command of Admiral Digby. This vessel had been only lately built, and was named in honour of the Prince of Wales. A description with which we are favoured of the royal middy, by one who had the honour of a berth on board the same ship, and who was then of the same rank, confirms the popular confidence in the affability, kindness of heart, and unostentatious simplicity of the sovereign. He was furnished in all respects as scantily as any youngster of the mess; and the only particulars in which it appears he derived, or desired, any special advantages from his rank were, the privilege of dining at the admiral's table, and the use of a separate cabin, with some other trifling distinctions, which were more cheerfully offered than willingly accepted.

The prince's manners and personal appearance were much in his favour. He was of a very athletic make, well proportioned, and with an agreeable countenance; his humour was rich and pleasant, his temper equal, and his general demeanour plain and affectionate; there was not the least indication about him of the pride of birth or of prospects; and on all occasions he exhibited the determination to act like a sailor, and to maintain that character as the distinctive mark of his life. As Admiral Digby was personally responsible for the care and well-being of his royal pupil, he of course restrained his conversational intercourse within a certain limit; not so much as to curtail his freedom, but sufficient to preserve him from the moral dangers that frequently assail a young officer on shipboard. Some few escapades were unavoidable, and perhaps acted with a wholesale influence upon the mind of the prince. On one occasion, he and a brother middy happening to quarrel upon deck, the latter boldly exclaimed that "only he was a prince he would give him a good threshing." The former instantly tore off his jacket, which was distinguished by some little ornament of lace on its collar, and replied, "You will give me a threshing!" at the same time, flinging away his jacket, he continued, "there goes the prince—now try!" The juvenile combatants immediately closed, and some blows had been already exchanged when they were separated by the officers, who did not approve of that mode of settling the argument. Some blood was lost, but no honour on either side, and the prince and his opponent became greater friends than ever. At a later period, a duel between his royal highness and a brother officer was prevented by the discovery that the cause of the supposed offence given by the prince was in reality an act of generous interference with the admiralty to save the gentleman who challenged him from the consequences of youthful error.

Still more characteristic is the following.—"By the way, as anecdotes of this king have multiplied with a rapidity that promises to leave his historians very little to say, we may as well relate one, which is both singular and true, particularly as it represents the subject of its remembering the time when his title of Prince was insufficient to protect him from the penalties of transgression, and that when the future monarch had no influence upon the fate of the midshipman. What we have to tell happened after dinner, when some of the company near the King were speculating upon the age of one of the oldest admirals on the list who was seated at the other end of the table. One of the party guessing him at a certain age, "Oh!" said his Majesty, "he must be more

than that;" and then glancing down the table at the subject of the conversation, "let me see," he continued, "it is now two-and-forty years ago, since he mast-headed me one cold winter's night in the Channel; and I recollect," he added, "that I richly deserved it."

His Royal Highness was allowed a thousand a-year for his table; and, by that singular obliquity of judgment in many matters for which George III. was known, he only allowed him two hundred more when he commanded a ship of his own. The prince did not suffer the poorest midshipman of the mess to feel he was differently circumstanced from the rest. His kindness to all was uniformly the same, and the consequence was, that all exhibited that esteem and regard towards him which result from right conduct and urbane bearing. Every one of his messmates regarded him with the strongest attachment, which was won by the personal conduct of his Royal Highness in the intercourse of duty and companionship. The private seamen were wonderfully charmed with his affability, and he was naturally a prime favourite with them. His Royal Highness being free from pride, and forgetting in good humour the accidental circumstances of his birth and more than all, being given to the humour and frolic which the commonest seaman knows how to feel from sharing it himself, were bonds of strong attachment on their part to any officer, though he might not be one of so elevated a rank in society, but with such an one they told still more effectively.

The prince was fond of playing tricks to his messmates, which was certain to be repaid. One of these having been played off by the prince nearly ended in a battle with the fists. The antagonist of the prince was named Sturt, the son of a gentleman of property in Dorsetshire. "I'd teach you better manners, sir, if you were not the king's son," said young Sturt. "That shan't stand in the way," replied the prince; "I'll fight you over a chest." Sturt, declined the contest, because he was very much the prince's superior in age and strength. On this a reconciliation took place immediately, and they shook each other by the hand.

One day, or rather night, the prince stole in the dark to the hammock of a tough young sailor boy, and cut it down by the head, so that the slumbering inmate fell caput foremost. The lad sprung up in a moment, and, attacking the prince before he could make his escape, a regular battle ensued in the dark, his Royal Highness making obstinate resistance. The boy at length found out who his antagonist was, and the prince the next day made him a present of some money for his alacrity in attacking him, and as a compensation for the mischief he had done.

ATTEMPT BY THE AMERICANS TO KIDNAP THE PRINCE.

On reaching New York, his Royal Highness landed, and was well received by the inhabitants. The loyalists presented a congratulatory address to the prince on his arrival, for which he returned them thanks. His Royal Highness took up his residence with the Commander-in-chief, and rambled about unattended very frequently, in order to become acquainted with the city, and notice all worthy of being seen.

A plan was laid while the Prince was in New York to carry him off—a fair attempt, under the circumstances of existing warfare. The scheme was well devised, and had it been attempted before some inkling of its existence got abroad, it would no doubt have succeeded. Colonel Ogden, a gallant American officer, then employed near New York, under General Washington, had found that the prince was very slightly guarded, and the possibility of his Royal Highness being in danger of a surprise did not seem to enter the heads of the officers on duty in New York. Ogden had planned to effect a secret landing from four whale boats during a stormy night, to capture the prince, and carry him off to the

Jersey side. General Washington gave his consent to the scheme, in a letter to Colonel Ogden still extant. New York is separated from Long Island by a creek of the sea while it is in like manner cut off from New Jersey by the Hudson river, the bank of which on the opposite side was in possession of the Americans, whose army lay at no great distance. Colonel Ogden proposed to take a captain, subaltern, three sergeants, and 36 men, and consulted the state of the tide, to time it so as to be in the city by half-past nine the first wet night.

The quarters of Prince William Henry were then in Hanover-square, and two sentinels of the 40th Regiment were, it appears, always placed as a guard of honour at his door. The whole 40th Regiment was within 200 yards of the spot where the Prince lived. The main guard of forty men was at the City Hall, and two serjeant's guards of twelve men each were at no great distance from the spot where the landing was projected; in fact the landing place was between them. The party was to be in sailor's dresses, and the attack was to commence by two men with bayonets, only seizing the sentinels at the door. Eight more, following close upon the heels of the first two, provided with crow-bars for forcing the doors, were to enter and seize the prince, admiral, and others, while a captain and eighteen men were to act according to circumstances and cover the retreat; the rest of the party was to guard the boats. The order of retreat with the prisoners was also carefully defined. Washington, however, received intelligence that the British in New York had got a crude hint of some such designs. The guards were increased, the sentinels doubled, and precautionary measures taken so well in time, that Colonel Ogden did not deem it prudent to carry his plan into effect. The blow would have been an advantageous one to the Americans, there is no doubt; but the hazard run would have been very considerable. General Washington had instructed Ogden, if he succeeded, to treat his prisoner with respect.

LOSS OF HIS MAJESTY'S SHIP BOREAS, NOV. 28, 1807.

His Majesty's ship Boreas, in standing towards the Island of Guernsey, November 28, 1807, had the misfortune to run upon the Hannonis Rocks, about six o'clock in the evening, the wind blowing very hard at N.E.

Captain Saumarez, of the Inconstant, having received information of this unfortunate event, about two o'clock in the morning of November 29, immediately sent orders to the Brilliant and Jamaica, which had arrived from Spithead the preceding day, with the Rebuff gun-brig, the Britannia cutter, and one of the government scouts, to proceed off the Hannonis, and afford the Boreas every assistance; but on the tide flowing, the ship over-set, and became a complete wreck at about two o'clock.

Captain Scott, who had long been upon this station, and always shown the greatest zeal and attachment for his Majesty's service, with several of the officers and men, was lost with the ship. The steadiness and good conduct of Captain Scott, his officers and men, under such perilous circumstances, in a dark and tempestuous night, in the midst of the most dangerous rocks that can be conceived, were exceedingly meritorious, and the loss of those brave officers and men, must be sincerely lamented by every lover of his country.

Through the great exertions of Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Thomas Saumarez, in collecting the pilots and boatmen in the vicinity of Rorgains, about thirty seamen and marines were taken off the rock of Hannonis at daylight.

Lieutenant Bewick (second lieutenant) with Lieutenant Wilson of the Royal Marines and six men, were sent off in the gig, and landed in the western part of the island; and about thirty others in the launch and large cutter were also landed, and the boats returned to the ship, but have not been heard of; it is supposed they were lost on nearing her.

ACCOUNT OF AN INDIAN WOMAN.

Found on the South Side of Athapuscow Lake, West of Hudson's Bay, in January, 1772. Related in Hearne's Journey from Hudson's Bay to the Northern Ocean.

On the eleventh of January, as some of my companions were hunting, they saw the track of a strange snow-shoe, which they followed; and, at a considerable distance, came to a little hut, where they discovered a young woman sitting alone. As they found that she understood their language, they brought her with them to the tents. On examination, she proved to be one of the western-dog-ribbed Indians, who had been taken prisoner by the Athapuscow Indians in the summer of 1770; and in the following summer, when the Indians that took her prisoner were near this part, she had eloped from them, with an intent to return to her own country; but the distance being so great, and having, after she was taken prisoner, been carried in a canoe the whole way, the turnings and windings of the rivers and lakes were so numerous, that she forgot the track; so she built the hut, in which we found her, to protect her from the weather during the winter, and here she had resided from the first setting in of the fall.

From her account of the moons past since her elopement, it appeared that she had been near seven months without seeing a human face; during all which time she had supported herself very well by snaring partridges, rabbits, and squirrels; she had also killed two or three beavers, and some porcupines. That she did not seem to have been in want is evident, as she had a small stock of provisions by her, when she was discovered; and was in good health and condition, and, I think, one of the finest women, of a real Indian, that I have seen in any part of North America.

The methods practised by this poor creature to procure a livelihood were truly admirable, and are great proofs that necessity is the real mother of invention. When the few deer-skins that she had an opportunity of taking with her were all expended in making snares, and sewing her clothing, she had nothing to supply their place but the sinews of the rabbits' legs and feet; these she twisted together for that purpose, with great dexterity and success. The rabbits, &c. which she had caught in those snares, not only furnished her a comfortable subsistence, but of the skins she made a suit of neat and warm clothing for the winter. It is scarcely possible to conceive that a person in her forlorn situation, could be so composed as to be capable of contriving or executing anything that was not absolutely necessary to her existence; but there were sufficient proofs that she had extended her care much farther, as all her clothing, besides being calculated for real service, showed great taste, and exhibited no little variety of ornament. The materials though rude, were curiously wrought, and so judiciously placed, as to make the whole of her garb have a very pleasing, though romantic, appearance.

Her leisure hours from hunting had been employed in twisting the inner rind or bark of willows, small lines, like net twine, of which she had some hundred fathoms by her: with this she intended to make a fishing-net, as soon as the spring advanced. It is of the inner bark of willows, twisted in this manner, that the dog-ribbed Indians make their fishing-nets; and they are much preferable to those made by the northern Indians.

Five or six inches of an iron hoop, made into a knife, and the shank of an arrow-head of iron, which served her as an awl, were all the metals this poor woman had with her when she eloped: and with these implements she had made herself complete snow-shoes, and several other useful articles.

Her method of making fire was equally singular and curious, having no other materials for that purpose than two hard sulphurous stones. These, by long friction and hard knocking, produced a few sparks, which at length communicated to some touchwood; but, as this method was attended with great trouble, and not always with success, she did not suffer her fire to go out all the winter. Hence we may conclude that she had

no idea of producing fire by friction, in the manner practised by the Esquimaux, and many other uncivilized nations; because, if she had, the before-mentioned precaution would have been unnecessary.

The singularity of the circumstance, the comeliness of her person, and her approved accomplishments, occasioned a strong contest between several of the Indians of my party, who should have her for a wife; and the poor girl was actually won and lost at wrestling, by near half-a-score of different men the same evening. My guide, Matonabee, who, at that time, had no less than seven wives, all women grown, besides a young girl of eleven or twelve years old, would have put in for the prize also, had not one of his wives made him ashamed of it, by telling him that he had more wives than he could properly attend. This piece of satire, however true, proved fatal to the poor girl who dared to make so open a declaration; for the great man, Matonabee, who would willingly have been thought equal to eight or ten men in every respect, took it as such an affront, that he fell on her, with both hands and feet, and bruised her to such a degree, that, after lingering some time she died.

When the Athapuscow Indians took the above dog-ribbed Indian woman prisoner, they, according to the universal custom of those savages, surprised her and her party in the night, and killed every soul in the tent, except herself and three other young women. Among those who they killed, were her father, mother and husband. Her young child, four or five months old, she concealed in a bundle of clothing, and took with her, undiscovered, in the night; but when she arrived at the place where the Athapuscow Indians had left their wives (which was not far distant), they began to examine her bundle, and, finding the child, one of the women took it from her, and killed it on the spot.

This last piece of barbarity gave her such a disgust to those Indians, that, notwithstanding the man who took care of her, treated her in every respect as his wife, and was, she said, remarkably kind to, and even fond of her; so far was she from being able to reconcile herself to any of the tribe, that she rather chose to expose herself to misery and want, than live in ease and affluence among persons who had so cruelly murdered her infant. The poor woman's relation of this shocking story, which she delivered in a very affecting manner, only excited laughter among the savages of my party.

In a conversation with this woman, soon afterwards, she told us that her country lies so far to the westward, that she had never seen iron, or any other kind of metal, till she was taken prisoner. All her tribe, she observed, made their hatchets and ice chisels, of deer's horn; and their knives of stones and bones; that their arrows were shod with a kind of slate, bones, and deer's horns; and the instruments which they employed to make their woodwork were nothing but beaver's teeth. Though they frequently heard of the useful materials which the nations or tribes to the east of them were supplied with from the English, so far were they from drawing nearer, to be in the way of trading for iron-work, &c., that they were obliged to retreat farther back, to avoid the Athapuscow Indians, who made surprising slaughter among them, both in winter and summer.

SUPERSTITION.

CAPTAIN STUART, when cruising off the Italian Coast, had passed several days without seeing a ship. The men ascribed this inauspicious circumstance to the captain's having taken a black cat on board from the last port they touched at. He immediately called the men aft, and asked them if it really were so? They, without hesitation, confirmed the report; "Overboard with the black cat." "That," exclaimed an old seaman, "is worse still—she must be landed." "Then lower away the jolly-boat," said the captain. The cat was safely landed, with much formality, on an island in sight; and that same night they took the best prize which they had captured in the mediterranean.

LOSS OF THE GENERAL BARKER,

East Indiaman, Captain James Todd, February 17, 1781.

THE General Barker, commanded by Captain James Todd, was chartered by the Hon. the East India Company, and sailed from Madras the latter end of February, 1780, in company with three sail of the line, and several East India ships, having on board Sir Thomas Rumbold, governor of Madras, his lady and family, and other passengers for Europe. About the middle of the following April, they arrived at St. Augustine's Bay, in Madagascar, and having stayed six weeks there, were joined by some ships from China.

In the beginning of July, they anchored in Table Bay, Cape of Good Hope, where they remained about six weeks, and then shaped their course for St. Helena; from whence they sailed in company with three sail of the line, a sixty-gun ship, a fifty-gun ship, and thirteen East Indiamen, for England.

About Christmas, they entered Crookhaven, in the south of Ireland, where they landed Sir Thomas Rumbold, and the rest of the passengers; and after staying some time proceeded up the Channel, and arrived in the Downs with some other ships, on February 10, 1781, and the wind blowing hard from S.W. and W.S.W.; when the captain went on shore, to procure some stores that they were in want of, and the ship was waiting to receive them.

On February 12, the wind continuing to blow very hard from the S. W., they struck lower-yards and top-masts, and soon after let go the small bower under foot. About nine, a small vessel near them having drove, came athwart their hawse, and carried away the larboard bumpkin and bobstays, but they cleared her without any further damage; the gale still increasing, and blowing violently from S.W. to W.S.W., another ship drove, and brought up in their hawse, chafing their best bower cable with her keel, which, being new, and their best dependance, they brought a slight strain on the small bower, and endeavoured to strike their mizen-topmast, but could not get the fid out.

About half-past ten, the thunder and lightning was tremendous, with continual flashes from several ships firing guns of distress. At this awful moment, they parted their best bower, occasioned by the ship that had chafed her cable: upon which they immediately let go the sheet anchor, and wore away on the sheet and small bower together; attempting several times to stop the sheet cable, but to no purpose. They then endeavoured to snub her, by hauling taut the ring-rope and stoppers together; but on feeling the first strain, the small bower parted, the sheet cable running out at the same time. They then got two stoppers passed abaft the main-bits, but both lanyards broke, and the cable ran out to the clench round the mast, and parted likewise.

Being now at the mercy of the wind, which blew a hurricane, they drove, stern foremost, athwart a brig of about one hundred and twenty tons, with such force, that she went down under their bottom, and every soul on board of her perished—

"No reckoning made, but sent to their account,
With all their imperfections on their heads."

The blow being chiefly on the back of their rudder, it broke the tiller short in the rudder-head. They immediately endeavoured to veer the ship, by loosing the fore-topsail, which blew to pieces; they then run up the fore-staysail, which shared the same fate, and finding it impossible to veer by those means, they cut away the mizen-mast, when, at that instant, she struck on a sand-bank, called the Break. They immediately passed a hawser out of the aftermost on the quarter-deck, bent it to the kedge anchor, and let it go; by which means they wore the ship and cleared the Break.

The next day, February 13, they cut away the ends of the cables at the foremost-bits, and at about half-past one, swayed up the fore-yard, knocked down the bulk heads, and cleared away the great cabin, to ship a tiller in the rudder-head.

All the valuable effects of Sir Thomas and Lady Rumbold, which were stowed there with the furniture, were beaten to pieces with mallets, crow's, and axes, and thrown out of the cabin windows, with chests of plate, money, valuable curiosities, and about forty cages of oriental birds, &c.; and it is computed, that not less than ten thousand pounds' worth of property was thus sacrificed, there being no passage to pass them along.

About two o'clock they got the spare tiller shipped, and set the foresail, and in half an hour afterwards, they swayed the main-yard, and set the main-sail; and till about half-past eight in the morning, she made about two knots an hour on the starboard tack when they saw the Kentish Knock on the larboard bow; a high sea running, and blowing a strong gale at the time. This caused a debate on the quarter-deck, as to the most advisable course to pursue; the opinion of the two pilots who were on board, was to veer the ship, and stand off on the other tack; but the officers were of opinion, that being so near, they could not weather it on the other tack, but that if they were to ease her off a foot or two on the fore and main sheets to give her more way, they could weather it on the tack they were on. The pilots, however, prevailed, and all hands were ordered to veer ship. The helm was put a-weather, the main-yard braced to, and the fore-staysail, which they had bent that morning, run up to help her; the four lower shrouds were manned, and as many hammocks as possible stowed there, but all to no purpose; for the instant they got her before the wind, she struck on a bank fore and aft; the fore-staysail slipped, and the sea, which was running very high, made a fair breach over her, from stem to stern.

About ten, the ship began to have a heel to port, upon which they cut away the mainmast, but not having cut the main-stay, soon enough, it fell across their six-oared yawl, which was the only good boat they had, and cut it in two. As yet, they had made but little water, the vessel being strong, and her first voyage; but by continual beating on the bank, she began to make it very fast, which made it necessary to keep the pumps going; and, on observing on the lee-side of the bank, a sloop-rigged vessel, under her fore-sail, they made signals of distress, by firing guns, and hoisting the ensign union downwards; but to their extreme mortification, they saw her bear away under a close reefed main-sail and fore-sail.

At eleven, they lowered down the fore-yard, and hove the broken yawl overboard, unstowed the booms, and began to construct a raft with spars lashed across each other, which they completed by one o'clock, and launched it over the side. They then cut away the timber-heads in the waist, and launched the long-boat; but she leaked so fast, that in twenty minutes after, she sunk alongside, with several men in her, and nearly carried away the raft that was towed alongside. They were obliged to cut her away, but the men were saved by ropes thrown to them. As the ship was striking very hard abaft, they started some casks of water in the lazaretto, to ease her forward, when the ship struck violently, which tore the rudder from the stern-post and shook the whole stern frame.

As the flood-tide continued to make, there were great hopes that she would beat clear over the bank, which they did, by about twenty minutes past three in the afternoon, when they got into seven fathoms water, and soon after, into thirteen, and then into twenty fathoms; upon which, being in deep water, they cleared the gun-deck. In the pens amidships, they had a fine Arabian horse, a tiger, a hyana, two Madagascar cows, two calves, with sheep, goats, &c. which they were obliged to despatch with half-pikes, and then heave them overboard, together with chests, hammocks, bedding, and every kind of lumber, leaving a clear deck, the guns only excepted. The yard was now swayed up, the fore-sail unbent, and another brought to the yard, and the spritsail bent; and by five o'clock in the afternoon, they saw the buoy of the Longsand-head; the ship continuing to make about three feet water per hour.

The raft that was being stowed astern by the cat-fall, broke the tow rope, and went adrift. They got a piece of old junk,

and making fast both ends of it, veered it out of the great cabin windows, with a guy to it, from each aftermost port but one, so as to keep the ship as near the wind as possible; and about nine in the evening, began to heave the guns overboard, which proved a work of great difficulty and danger, as the ship was running gunwale-to, in the trough of a very high sea, without a rudder, the foremost only standing, and the water pouring in as fast as they could free it; but by eleven o'clock, they had hove overboard, eighteen nine and two four-pounders, retaining two nine and four four-pounders, to make signals of distress, in case they should see any vessels. Mr. Gibson the acting officer, Mr. Gore, the gunner, and fourteen seamen, took the starboard side, and Mr. Wellwood the second officer, with the same number of seamen, took the larboard side; as each gun was sent out of the port, it deluged the gun-deck with water, and the port being hauled up as it rolled over, it took some time to discharge the water. After this was done, it was thought necessary to give the people some rest, and at midnight the watches were set, who kept the pumps going without intermission, officers and men, working without distinction.

On the fourteenth, at daylight, they discovered a sail in the S.W., upon which they hoisted the ensign union downwards, and fired several guns as signals of distress, when they observed the sail to stand towards them. To keep the ship to, they got a spare top-gallant mast, lashed another spar abaft, and set the maintop-gallant-royal, and the carpenter stocked the stream anchor, that lay on the deck unstocked. In the afternoon, they spoke the vessel, which proved to be a brig of about one hundred and twenty tons burthen, under Danish colours, from Christiana, and bound to Ostend, who sent their boat on board, and agreed to give them all the assistance in their power, provided they would indemnify the owners for the loss of time, and any damage the cargo might sustain, and £100 sterling for their trouble. This was assented to, and an agreement drawn up, and signed by four officers of the ship. As the wind was now more moderate, and the sea much fallen, they cut away the remains of the foresail from the yard, got the stream anchor into its berth, and bent the thirty fathoms of cable to it which they had previously spliced together from the old pieces cleared away in the gun-room, and got out a new lower shroud-hawser, and bent it to the piece of cable; the ship continuing to make about the same quantity of water.

About half-past eleven, they descried a large ship a point afore the lee-beam when they again hoisted the ensign union downwards, and fired signal guns for about an hour: she appeared to stand towards them, hoisted Swedish colours at her foretop-gallantmast head, fired a gun to windward, and made several tacks; but as they had no command of the ship, they could not bear down to her. It came on to blow soon after, when she lowered her topsails, reefed them, and bore away.

About two, they sent three seamen on board the brig, in her boat, taking with them the hawser, to assist in doing any thing for them, and if requisite, to veer, or stay the General Barker. The wind freshening, they hailed them from on board the brig, that as near as they could judge, they were far to leeward of Ostend, and that if they drifted much longer on the tack they were then on, they would soon be on the Flemish Shoals; and as it looked likely to blow a hard gale, they desired them to bring the hawser to the brig's bow, while they made the other end fast abaft, to endeavour to stay the ship, which was done, and the foreyard braced to, to help her; but those on board the brig, by straining the hawser too taut, broke it, and consequently the General Barker could not stay.

The wind blowing strong, and accompanied with rain, the brig hailed them, and said, that unless they wore the ship, and stood on the other tack, the brig would not stay with them; they answered, that they could not veer, or do anything with the ship, as she was unmanageable, and that as the sea was breaking over them to a fearful height, it would be impossible to save the ship, unless they were assisted: they were answered, that the master of the brig would go no longer on

that tack, and they instantly wore the brig; upon which they hailed again, and implored them for God's sake not to leave them, as every soul on board must inevitably perish. The chief mate desired them all to shout together; many were down on their knees, in places where they could be seen, and upwards of a hundred people on the decks, waving their hats, and making every possible sign of their distress, but all to no effect; for the brig stood from them without returning any answer, when at that time she could have lain about eight or ten yards to leeward of the ship, in almost smooth water.

Death now seemed painted in colours the most gloomy; the wind blew so strong, that it split the foresail to pieces, which was the only sail they could carry, and they had no other foresail in the ship; a heavy sea was running, with rainy weather, and night was coming on; the Flemish shoals were right ahead, and the sea breaking over them; the ship was driving on very fast, the lead showing quarter less seven, and they were confident, when she struck, that she must soon go to pieces, and every one on board perish with her; no land or vessels in sight but the brig, who was by this time at a great distance, and standing from them; the ship making the water as fast as they could free it by pumping; no mast except the foremast, no sails or rudder, no anchor except the stream anchor, and no cable to bend to that, except the spliced one before mentioned; and on board were officers, seamen, passengers, and servants, one hundred and twenty-six men, two women, and two children, who were all on deck, with the exception of those who were working the pumps.

Under such dreadful circumstances, a general consultation of officers and seamen was held, when it was agreed to try by means of the stream anchor to veer the ship, and if that failed, they had only to trust to Almighty Providence. They immediately got up the lower shroud hawser, and passed it through the aftermost larboard port on the quarter-deck, cut the junk from the stream anchor, and bent the hawser; pulled the capstan, took three turns with the inner end, and stood by to veer away when the ship brought up, and snub her gently, till they brought the wind on the larboard beam; they let go the anchor, and as they brought the ship's stern to the wind, they squared the foreyard, and with the swing, brought the wind on the larboard beam, and consequently the ship on the other tack; upon which they cut the hawser, and left the anchor behind, which was their last, and the fifth they had lost.

This success cheered their spirits, and they now indulged a hope, that while they could keep her above water, they had plenty of room to drift, and might meet with assistance; they fired several guns, that those on board the brig might see them on the other tack; but night coming on, they never saw or heard more of her. As soon as the people were a little refreshed with a dram, &c. they got up a fore-topsail, unbent the ragged foresail, brought it to the fore-yard, and as the wind was blowing strong, close reefed it, and set it for a foresail; their soundings were from seven, when they wore the ship to ten, thirteen, seventeen and sometimes to twenty fathoms; the ship's head lay from N.N.E. to N.E., and her driftage about one and a half to two knots an hour. They settled every thing upon deck as well as they could, set the watches at six in the evening, and kept the pumps going without intermission.

On the fifteenth, at six in the morning, they called all hands, got the fish, which is a spar aft on the poop, and made a machine to keep the ship nearer the wind, by unreaving the fore-topsail ties, which they fixed as guys on each quarter; the bight they made fast to the end of the fish, and lashed gratings, bar iron, shot, &c. to it, for the purpose of sinking the end, that it might have more hold in the water. They then launched it, and by noon had it fixed, one end in the great cabin window, and the other sunk by the weight, and by this means the ship's head came up to N. by E. They had soundings from thirteen to twenty fathoms, and saw a steeple or spire, bearing about S., but could not see land; and at noon, they had a good observation which gave latitude 52 degs. 1 min. N.

In the afternoon they would have raised a jury-mast, with a spare topmast they had on deck, but had no rigging, nor a rope in the ship to make it; they, however, raised a small spar on the taffrail, and set the yawl's mainsail, and the main-topgallant staysail, for a mizen staysail. About four o'clock they hauled up a mainsail, unbent the fore topsail which had been set up for a foresail, brought the mainsail to the foreyard, took in one reef and set it for a foresail, the weather beginning to clear up and grow moderate; but towards the evening, the ship fell off to N.E., and N.E. by E.

About seven o'clock, they saw two lights on the lee-bow. The ship still laboured very much, lying in the trough of the sea; towards night, therefore, they lashed everything on the decks, and as the ship was falling off so much, they endeavoured to make her veer, by means of the machine they had made to steer her by, instead of a rudder; but they could not succeed in getting her about, till twelve o'clock at night, having fired signal guns every five minutes during the evening; the watches were set all this night, as before; the pumps kept regularly going, and soundings taken, which showed from thirteen to fifteen, and down to ten fathoms.

On the sixteenth, at daylight, they saw land very near them, the ship nearing it apace, and shoaling the water to seven, and then to five fathoms; they instantly hove overboard two nine and two four-pounders, leaving themselves only two guns to fire signals of distress. At about half past ten in the morning, the ship struck about two miles and a half from the shore; and for some time lay with her starboard side towards the land, the sea making a fair breach over her. They still continued to fire the guns every five or ten minutes, and hoisted a union jack, which was the only colour they had left. The ship beat and swung with her stern to the shore, when being of no further use, they left off pumping, and all hands began to make a raft of what few planks, or anything else they could find, as there was a heavy sea tumbling in upon the beach, and they saw no assistance coming from the shore. In about two hours they had completed the raft, when the gunner's mate, the caulker, the joiner, a midshipman, and sixteen seamen embarked on it, and drove with the wind and sea towards the shore; but sad to relate, those who remained on the wreck had the misfortune to see them washed off one by one, and as the ship began to go to pieces, forward, they expected very soon to share the same fate.

About three o'clock in the afternoon, the water had filled the hold, and flowed over the gun-deck, and the sea made a breach over her from stem to stern. In this situation, Mr. Gibson, the acting officer, the gunner, and carpenter's mate, got staples, nails, &c., drove them in the poop, and with whatever lashings, lines, and gaskets they could get, lashed a great number of invalids, old seamen, two women, and two children thereto, with the hope that when the ship went to pieces, the poop would float on shore, and save them. About six, they fired the last gun, which was nearly covered with water; the upper deck forward, being at this time under water, and all the people on the quarter-deck and poop. It still blew a hard gale, and the sea frequently washed over them; but as night approached, they sheltered themselves on the after-part of the quarter-deck, as well as they could; but their situation during this dismal night may be better imagined than described.

On the 17th, about daylight, the ship parted about the main-hatchway; the after-part remained fast for a short time, but, soon after, that also gave way. At this time they observed two schuyts making towards them from the land. The wreck now parted in several places, but the poop remained entire, with those before-mentioned lashed upon it, which was the means of saving many lives.

On a large piece of the wreck, were a midshipman, the gunner, boatswain, the ship's steward, some servants, and French seamen, who were prisoners of war; but the ship's steward and some others were washed off and perished. The second officer, Mr. Welwood, and Mr. James Hay, a midshipman, were on another piece of the wreck, but had not drifted far before it turned over; the officer, having a cork jacket on, rose again with the youth holding fast to his leg, and they got on the piece of wreck again; but soon after, it again upset, and both went

down to rise no more. Near to them, on another piece of the wreck, were Mr. Gibson and another midshipman, hand in hand, who in this manner reached the shore, almost lifeless. On another piece of the wreck were several seamen, who were repeatedly washed off; but being good swimmers, and assisting one another, they reached the shore in safety. One seaman was quite naked, got two pump-dills, and lashed them together; and though he was often off, and as often got on again, he reached the shore, but expired in a few minutes afterwards. On another piece of the wreck, were two persons, who, after contending a long time with the surf and heavy seas, at last reached the shore in almost an exhausted state.

The two schuyts before mentioned, had by this time reached the poop, and by means of ropes thrown to the people who were upon it, hauled them from their perilous situation, safe on board.

The beach was lined with armed Dutch boors, who made them prisoners of war as they came on shore, either from the schuyts, or from the pieces of the wreck, and guarded them on the beach till every one had landed, when their situation was deplorable in the extreme; the country was frozen up, while some were lying, and others sitting on the beach; but strange to say, those who had no clothes on, appeared the warmest.

The place where they came on shore, was near Schevelling; from whence they were conducted by some Swiss troops and the boors, to a place like a brewery, where they were obliged to pig together for the night, as well as they could.

On the 18th, after a breakfast of bread, cheese, and small beer—at least for those who could struggle most to get it—they were closely stowed together, without distinction, in nine or ten carts, that had been used to convey manure, for, in some of them, a great deal, hard frozen, already adhered, and in this manner they were leisurely driven through some poor fishing villages, and, as they passed along, were pelted by women and children with hard clods of frozen earth. The wind blew fresh, few of them had any clothes on, and they were attended by a brutal mob, who were huzzaing, to drown their complaints of the insults they met with; and had it not been for the Swiss soldiers, it is more than probable they would have been dragged from the carts. Thus escorted, they reached the town of Noordwyk, where they were put into a place like vaults, under ground, strewn with straw, with no provisions, even for those who had money; but some gin was smuggled in at a rupee per bottle, with which they made themselves as comfortable as they could in such a cold damp place, till some Dutchmen came in with large wooden platters, piled up with boiled pearl barley, smoking hot, with treacle on the top; but the sight of such uncouth victuals, even from an enemy, made the seamen so indignant, that without consulting their officers, they instantly seized the Dutchmen, and rubbed their noses in the hot viands, till they roared out fire and murder, when a number of Swiss soldiers entered with muskets and bayonets fixed; but the seamen, still irritated, and nothing daunted, bared their breasts to the pointed bayonets, and dared them to fire; till the officer, convinced that there must be some misunderstanding, procured an interpreter and learned the real cause, when he told them he really pitied their misfortunes, and would see what he could do for them. He turned out the Dutchmen, and in less than an hour his own troops entered, with baskets of broken victuals, which they had collected from the houses by force or persuasion. There was plenty for all, and very good, and officers and all hands had a savoury and comfortable meal, the best they had had for a long time, as from the time they were driven from the Downs, their only food had been raw salt meat, with biscuits full of maggots and weevils, and raw rice. The night was passed in the dungeon, nothing occurring but quarrelling for the straw.

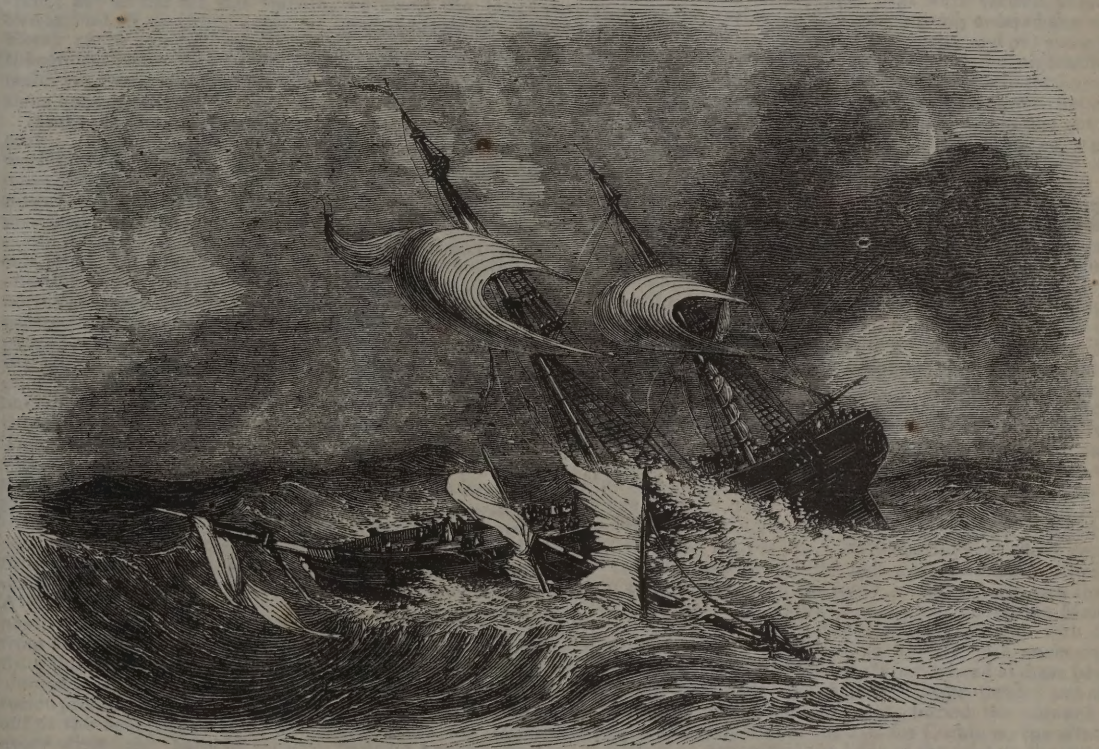
On the 20th, in the forenoon, they were marched for the city of Leyden, where eleven officers were allowed to reside within the gates upon their signing an engagement not to attempt to escape: the remainder of the crew being confined in a place outside the gates, called the pest-house. Among them were a number of invalid soldiers and French prisoners, who had assisted to work the ship home from India, some of whom were saved. The total number lost was twenty-five.

SHIPWRECK OF THE GREAT BRITAIN PACKET SHIP.

The annexed engraving represents the wreck of the splendid packet-ship, Great Britain, Captain Shaxsin master, which took place some time ago on her outward passage to New York, when the vessel and cargo were entirely lost. She was frigate-rigged, of 404 tons burthen, and was built at Quebec in the year 1839. The preservation of her crew and passengers was truly miraculous, as will be observed in the particulars subjoined—a narrative written by Captain Shaxsin to the owners of the ill-fated vessel:—

“Painful as my task now is, in writing the present, it must be communicated, and, under the distressing events, my heart is lifted up with thankfulness that my life and those of my people,

sufferers with me, have been spared. The Great Britain is no more—her career has been short and trying. After leaving the Channel we proceeded to the westward, where we encountered a succession of gales, but without any bad result until the 5th of March. We were then in latitude 47.20, and longitude 34.40, and experienced one of those terrific hurricanes which sweep destruction in its ravages. It commenced at three o'clock in the morning, and continued without intermission until the 28th, with an awful sea. The ship fought nobly against the storm until the morning of the 27th, when the foremast was carried away, it breaking off 18 inches above the deck. She had previously laboured hard, but made little or no water—not more in four hours than we could have pumped out in five minutes at one pump. We were now a complete wreck, the darkness of the morning and the fury of the hurricane preventing our getting at it to cut away anything. Sea after sea washed over us in rapid succession, sweeping everything off



SHIPWRECK OF THE GREAT BRITAIN.

the deck, and the hurricane preventing almost all communication with the crew without bawling as loud as we possibly could. The surging of the ship was truly frightful: the pumps were now constantly going. At 8 a.m., a sea again struck the vessel forward, and turned the cutwater for and aft on the left or larboard side, tearing with it the main stem down to six or eight feet under water. The leaks now increased, the water rushing in through the bows like a river, the wood-ends laying all open. After considerable difficulty we got a sail and threw it over the bows, filled with oakum and ends of rope, which eased the rush there, and the carpenter cut the ceiling where it was to be got at inside, forcing oakum outward any where, but the water had gained in height under the fore-castle deck, and the ship settled well in the water. Nothing now appeared before us but death—we toiled at the pumps, but three of the crew gave up to despair, and could not by threats or entreaties be brought to exert themselves. The cries of the women and

children, of whom you know there were many, sometimes fell on our ear, but this I need not describe. Towards the afternoon the gale abated, and the sea fell very much. Our long-boat was left uninjured. The crew rushed into her and all resistance was in vain. I threatened to disable her if more than half left the pumps to get her ready for the last extremity. She was easily got across the deck, and I put 1 cwt. of pork, a box of bread, compass, sextant and quadrant, and a sail in her, in short, everything I thought necessary to keep such a number from starvation for a certain time. All being in her, nothing would satisfy the crew but to launch her; I endeavoured to persist against it; but the pumps were left, and in an instant she floated over the ship's deck. The next moment she filled, and all would have gone to the bottom but for the pieces of wreck hanging round about the vessel, which they laid hold of, and held on until extricated by myself and others. One seaman, however, named Webb, sunk, and was never seen

afterwards. During the whole of that night, the following day, the 28th, 29th, and part of the 30th, the horrors we endured were dreadful. We were all worn out through excessive exertions at the pumps, for that was our only means of preservation. Boils appeared on all the seamen's legs and arms, and they were benumbed by being continually buried in water, and were exhausted for want of food. On the evening of the 29th violent gales again commenced, with almost equal severity as the former; the only sail left was shivered to atoms, the sea boarded us abaft, washed away the binnacle and compasses, broke the wheel, and split the port-head. I cannot go further to describe the wreck, my heart sickens. These last scenes scarcely excited a feeling; my heart was bound to exertion, and if all failed then death was certain, and to meet that event the most calmly appeared to me the only relief to our sufferings. Daylight, 30th—Nothing in sight; noon the same; at two p.m. a sail coming right towards us; at four, close to us under close-reefed top-

sails. After a great deal of manœuvring we got a buoy from them, and two of their crew attached a line to their boats. They returned to their ship, and we hauled the empty boat back to the wreck. I must tell you that only two at a time and two to row could go. The first trip nearly closed all—the sailors, so frightened and anxious to get on board of the vessel, nearly filled the boat, and the mate and the seamen declared, if I did not take charge of the boat to conduct her, they would not return again. I was obliged to comply, and after three trips, those whom I intrusted for rowing became tired out. The vessels were nearly a mile apart, and only eight taken off. Night came on very dark, and a light sea. Drew lots for other two to row the boat. I had yet fourteen souls to take off, and seven of them were small children. Two trips I made, three of them each time. The third, four children and mother, the youngest child only 14 months old, which I placed in a pocket, and safely brought to the ship, and lastly, at 11 o'clock, I

brought off the father and three boys; all of them, thank God, were saved. The ship proved to be the Philadelphia, bound to Boston, to which place we were conveyed, the utmost kindness being shown to us by those on board. I have no doubt the Great Britain foundered soon after we left her. None of the passengers or myself were able to save any property whatsoever—all was lost. The ship and cargo were insured to the extent of £25,000.

CAPTURING A CLIPPER.

Lox's long had the superior qualities of the Saucy Ind, and the high nautical tactics of her commander, baffled the manœuvres, and eluded the vigilance of the revenue cruisers from the Lizard Point to Cape Wrath, from the Stour of

Assynt to the chops of the Shannon. She was a cutter of the first order, clench built, pliant as an osier, and sharp, fore and aft, as a wedge. Her spars were out of all proportion square, and consequently, she could spread a cloud of canvass beyond any other vessel of her tonnage on the British coasts. Her crew consisted of thirty crack hands, who had been bred in the moonlight from boyhood. She mounted ten nine-pound carronades, with a proportionable quantity of small arms, and a well stored magazine. Betts (for that was the name of her daring commander) had prosecuted the "fair trade" from the time he was the height of a serving mallet, knew every creek and landing place in the island where "business" could be done; was up to all the strategy practised by the "Philistines," and having never been taken, swore he never should. When the ports of the Continent were shut out to every other vessel, Betts contrived to load his "hooker," with the same facility as ever, dashed through every obstacle by sea and land, and

emboldened by uninterrupted success, threatened to sink certain small vessels, who impeded his future prospects. On the 3rd of July, 1820, Betts, along with his consort, the "Matchless," a large vessel which mounted eighteen guns—was quietly discharging an illicit cargo of brandy and tobacco, in the mouth of Loch Bodnall, an obscure bay on the north-west of Sutherland. The brig to which I belonged, mounted twelve long sixes, and was manned with a complement of forty men. At day-break, we descried the two vessels in question, and, from the cut of their canvass, knew them at once to be smugglers. Every inch of cloth was crammed on our barges, the decks were cleared for action, guns loaded with round, grape, canister, pikes cut away from the main-boom, tops barricaded with spare studding sails, and half-a-dozen picked men, stationed in each top to act as marksmen. Towards ten, a.m., the wind fell, and as all was anxiety, the "sweeps" were resorted to. In an hour it became quite calm; but as the sea was smooth, we swept the brig from two-and-a-half to three knots an hour through the water. Every nerve was strained, and every face brightened; for, though the chase were sweeping and towing with might and main, yet being considerably embayed, we ranged up with them hand over hand.

It may not be generally known, that revenue ensigns have a crown and star in the fly, to distinguish them from those worn by vessels under the orders of the Admiralty. As a deception, our commander directed this to be sewed up, ranged the hammocks along the bulwarks, and placed six men with red shirts on the poop in order that they might be taken for marines. We now swung the brig between both vessels, and opened our fire; but the "Matchless," by strenuous exertion, managed to get out of our range, swept away to the northward, and catching a light air in her sails, contrived to escape. We had now to do with the "Ino" alone. We poured a broadside into her; but it was not returned, and the smoke clearing away a little, we saw the smuggler's crew had deserted their quarters. Betts ran fore and aft among his crew, beseeching, exhorting, swearing, and threatening, but in vain—the crew jumped into the boats. The exasperated Betts took off his hat, and jumping on it, was the last man that followed them. They pulled with rapidity towards the shore; while I, with an armed and picked crew, gave chase to them, and kept blazing away at them with musketry, for three or four miles. The desperadoes, however, landed; and, with the celerity of thought, formed behind a rock, and levelled their pieces, awaiting until our boat drew so near them, that every shot might tell. At this critical moment, the recall signal was made for the boat, which, in all probability, saved every individual of us from destruction. In fact, nothing could have preserved us from the deadly effect of their fire-arms, but the signal above alluded to. When we boarded the prize, such a scene of confusion presented itself as baffles description—brandy running out at the scuppers; stove casks lying about the decks in every direction; bales of tobacco, wearing apparel, chests, hammocks, staves, &c. while the guns were run out, loaded to muzzle and primed, lighted matches in the match-tubs, and every symptom of a most determined resistance; and, but for our precautions, I am convinced we should have "caught a Tartar." I afterwards learnt that the "Matchless" run her cargo in safety on the coast of North Wales; but poor Betts died soon after, and as it was thought, of a broken heart.

TOTAL WRECK OF THE JAMES M'INROY

Extract of a letter detailing the total loss of this fine vessel, belonging to Glasgow.

"The ship left Bombay on the 14th of April, bound for Port Glasgow. We had light winds for ten or twelve days afterwards. The breeze increased, and on the 18th sighted the Maldiv Islands, and on the night of the 19th, about half-past nine o'clock, the ship struck upon a sunk coral reef, going at the rate of eight and a half miles an hour. The captain had

gone below only a short time before, having given orders that a good look out should be kept. On the first alarm being given, he came on deck, and did everything that human means could suggest to get the vessel off, but all was of no avail. We had the assistance of the moon for the first five hours after we struck, which time was taken advantage of by the captain in getting out the boats, two in all, anchor and warp, to try and heave the vessel off. Being deserted by the moon, very little could be done until day-light, the vessel striking very heavy all night so much so, as made it impossible to keep our feet. The first or second time she struck, carried away the rudder, ship on her beam-ends. We did not know how far we were from any land. Daybreak was a happy sight for us all; a number of islands in sight; the highest to us distant about seventeen miles; the water gaining on the pumps; at ten a.m., as much water inside as out; opened the hatches, started. A number of cotton and pepper bags were thrown overboard. The captain, seeing all was of no avail, ordered the men to get some of their clothes put into bags, and put some provisions in the boats, and try and make to the highest island. The men left about eleven, the ship driving still further on the reef; the boat returned in the afternoon, took the captain and the remainder of us on shore, where the others had got a tent rigged. The island was very small, about a quarter of a mile in circumference, no inhabitants, but we generally had a visit from the inhabitants of the other islands every day. They appeared very inoffensive people, all Mussulmans; they supplied us with two boats to carry us to the island where the Sultan remained. We left the little island on the 28th. The captain and part of the crew in one country boat; the rest of the men divided amongst the others; we went on sailing by day and anchoring at night, either at an island or reef, bagging fowl and catching turtle as we went along. We came to an island where we lay seven days; here we got ten turtles. We arrived at the Sultan's on the 19th; out of provisions, only one barrel of pork, but only having this, we wished to retain it for the remainder of our journey. The captain's boat arriving first, we were obliged to put ourselves on the Sultan for the necessities of life; being out when we arrived, the captain despatched one of the boatmen to try and get near two fowls. Now, for an instance of what we got to eat. The man went to one of the Sultan's big men and stated our case; he sent us down a few pounds of rice and a few pieces of dried fish, just what the natives use. Next day they set about getting a house built for us, which the men got; the captain, boys, and I went to another, and ate away at fish or dry rice the best way we could till the 10th of June, when we left the Maldives for Cochin, in one of the Sultan's boats, all sick with fever, sailing through as usual, sailing by day, and anchoring by night, till the 17th, the day we got to the head of those islands; lay there three days; got five very large turtle; out of one we killed we took about 300 eggs; buried the steward on a small island; left this on the 21st for Cochin on the afternoon of the same; committed the body of the cook to the deep; on the 24th came to an anchor on the Malabar coast, but owing to the boisterous state of the weather, and unshipping of the rudder, which took place, we were driven a long way to leeward of our port. Next day we tried to beat to windward, but got always to leeward, so that we were obliged to come to an anchor to deliberate on what was best to be done. There was no possibility of us landing here, owing to the heavy swell that sets in during the monsoons, so the captain advised them to go to Ceylon; so on the 26th we got under weigh for Point de Galle, where we came to an anchor on the night of the 29th. Next morning the mate died—could not get the corpse on shore—in the evening committed the body to the deep. Being a little to leeward of Galle, we were as badly off as what we were at Cochin, for owing to the wind and current we could not get up, so we got a pilot, and went to another small place about sixteen miles further leeward. We got all our things on shore, and when I got on shore myself, I never was so glad to get my foot on dry land, as I was at that time to get out of the boat. When our things were landed, we got men to carry them to the government out-house. The captain got bullock carts to carry the sickest of the men that night to Galle hospital, the remainder stopped

there till next day. We got nine bullock carts to carry the men and luggage; so we went along like a caravan. This was all at government expense. The captain has thrown himself and all hands on government. The men having got a house at Point de Galle, and, through the captain's kindness in interceding, we are now in lodgings; he has been very kind all along to us, more than we will be ever able to recompense him for. There are now a few ships for England at Columbia, a place seventy three miles distant from this, where we expect government will shortly send us a passage. Should things go right, I expect to be at Glasgow in about six weeks or two months after you receive this. I could not write you any sooner; the mail was made up only a few days before we arrived, so that is like a month I have lost, or a month longer before you get it." In the P. S. the writer says—"I am getting this sent away sooner than I expected; the overland mail leaves Columbia on the 18th, to catch the steamer at Bombay. A vessel leaves for London, another for Liverpool, in a few days; whether we may get in any of these or not, I cannot say, but the captain expects an answer from government every day."

THE DESTRUCTION OF HIS MAJESTY'S SHIP, QUEEN CHARLOTTE,

OF 110 GUNS, CAPTAIN TODD, WHICH TOOK FIRE OFF THE HARBOUR OF LEGHORN, ON THE 17TH OF MARCH, 1800.

THE Queen Charlotte was, perhaps, one of the finest ships in the British navy. She was launched in 1790, and her first cruise was with the fleet fitted out against Spain, in consequence of the dispute respecting Nootka Sound. Lord Howe who was commander-in-chief of that fleet, was then on board of her; and she also bore his lordship's flag on the 1st of June. After which, she was sent to the Mediterranean, and was the flag-ship of the commander-in-chief on that station. In March, 1800, she was despatched by that nobleman to reconnoitre the island of Cabrera, about thirty leagues from Leghorn, then in the possession of the French, and which it was his lordship's intention to attack. On the morning of the 17th, the ship was discovered to be on fire, at the distance of three or four leagues from Leghorn. Every assistance was promptly forwarded from the shore, but a number of boats, it appears, were deterred from approaching the wreck, in consequence of the firing of the guns, which were shotted, and which when heated by the fire, discharged their contents in any direction.

The only consolation that presents itself under the pressure of so calamitous a disaster is, that it was neither the effect of treachery or wilful neglect, as appears by the following official statement of the carpenter:—

Mr. John Braid, carpenter of the Queen Charlotte, reports, "that about twenty minutes after six o'clock in the morning, as he was dressing himself, he heard throughout the ship a general cry of 'fire,' on which he immediately ran up the after-ladder, to get upon deck, and found the whole half-deck, the front bulk-head of the admiral's cabin, the main-mast's coat, and boats covering on the booms, all in flames; which, from every report and probability, he apprehends, was occasioned by some hay, which was lying under the half-deck, having been set on fire by a match in a tub, which was usually kept there for signal guns. The main-sail at this time was set, and almost entirely caught fire; the people not being able to come to the clue garnets on account of the flames.

"He immediately went to the fore-castle, and found Lieutenant Dundas and the boatswain encouraging the people to get water to extinguish the fire. He applied to Mr. Dundas, seeing no other officer in the fore-part of the ship (and being unable to see any on the quarter-deck, from the flames and smoke between them), to give him assistance to drown the lower-decks, and secure the hatches, to prevent the fire falling down. Lieutenant Dundas accordingly went down himself with as many people as he could prevail upon to follow him,

and the lower-deck ports were opened, the scuppers plugged, the main and fore-hatches secured, the cocks turned, and water turned, and water drawn in at the ports, and the pumps kept going by the people who came down, as long as they could stand at them.

"He thinks that by these exertions the lower-deck was kept free from fire, and the magazines preserved for a long time from danger; nor did Lieutenant Dundas, or he, quit this station, but remained there with all the people who could be prevailed upon to stay, till several of the middle-deck guns came through that deck.

"About nine o'clock, Lieutenant Dundas, finding it impossible to remain any longer below, went out at the fore-mast lower-deck port, and got upon the fore-castle; on which he apprehends there were then about one hundred and fifty of the people drawing water, and throwing it as far aft as possible upon the fire.

"He continued about an hour on the fore-castle; and finding all efforts to extinguish the flames unavailing, he jumped from the jibboom, and swam to an American boat approaching the ship, by which he was picked up and put into a tartan, then in charge of Lieutenant Stewart, who had come off to the assistance of the ship.

(Signed) JOHN BRAID."

"Leghorn, March 18, 1800."

Captain Todd remained upon deck, with his first lieutenant, to the last moment, giving orders for saving the crew, without thinking of his own safety. Before he fell a sacrifice to the flames, he had time and courage to write down the particulars of this melancholy event for the information of Lord Keith, of which he gave copies to different sailors, entreating them, that whoever should escape might deliver it to the admiral.

Thus fell victims to, perhaps, too severe a duty, the captain and his first lieutenant, at a time when they still had it in their power to save themselves; but self-preservation is never a matter of consideration in the exalted mind of a British naval officer, when the safety of his crew is at stake.

Lord Keith and some of the officers were providentially on shore, at Leghorn, when the dreadful accident occurred. Twenty commissioned and warrant officers, two servants, and one hundred and forty-two seamen, are the whole of the crew that escaped destruction out of nearly nine hundred souls on board, that for nearly four hours exerted every nerve to avoid that dreadful termination which too surely awaited them.

THE MENAI BRIDGE.

Who could ever have thought of calling a bridge sublime! And yet that is actually the impression made by the Menai bridge. It is very different, to be sure, from the sublimity of castles or cathedrals; it never perhaps, can have the sublime of association—a battle, indeed, might give it, but this structure has a grandeur of its own. It bestrides an arm of the sea, connecting Anglesea with the main land. It is a hundred feet from the water. The part suspended is five hundred and fifty feet in length. The arches and towers are masses of masonry as stupendous as the Roman aqueducts.

The sole material of the part suspended is iron. As I approached it (it was towards evening) I could see nothing but the towers. And when you distinguish the fine delicate tracery of the iron chains and supporters, it seems as if it were nothing but gauze or cobweb, compared with the mighty masses of masonry on which it rests. The vehicles travelling over it, look as if they were suspended in the air. I went down to the shore below, and as I looked up, it seemed to span a whole third part of the heavens. The late Mrs. Hemans, in speaking of this stupendous work, said that she first saw it from the Isle of Anglesea, so that it was relieved against the lofty mountains of North Wales; and she added, in a strain of eloquent and poetical comparison familiar to her, that "Snowdon seemed to her a fit background for the Menai bridge."

THE EXPEDITION TO MINORCA.

EARLY in 1756, active preparations for war were made between England and France, but it was not formally declared till the 18th of May. A formidable fleet had been equipped at Toulon, and a large body of French troops, under M. de Richelieu, had landed on the island of Minorca, and laid siege to Mahon. A fleet was therefore ordered to be got ready with the utmost expedition, for the relief of that place, and the command of it was given to Admiral Byng. Many unforeseen delays and difficulties prevented the sailing of this squadron, consisted of only ten sail of the line, till the 6th of April, and even then most of the ships were deficient in their complement of men. Being detained in his passage by calms and contrary winds, it was the 2nd of May before the admiral arrived at Gibraltar, where he was joined by Commodore Edgecumbe, who had escaped from Mahon, with the ships under his command.

The admiral lost no time in getting the fleet ready for sea, in order, if possible, to relieve the garrison of Fort St. Philip. The French force in the Mediterranean at this time was about equal in point of number to the English, but in condition and equipment it possessed very great advantages.

The events subsequent to the departure of the British admiral from Gibraltar, will be best described in his own letter, which we have inserted at length, and many of the passages of which were suppressed in the official publication of the British Government.

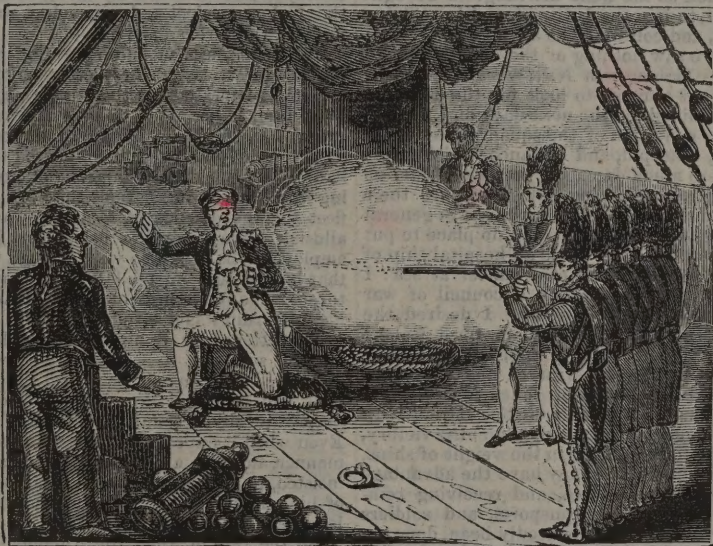
"Ramillies,
"25th May, 1756.
"SIR,—I have the pleasure to desire you will acquaint their lordships, that, having sailed from Gibraltar on the 8th, I got off Mahon on the 19th, having been joined by his

majesty's ship *Phoenix*, off Majorca, two days before, by whom I had confirmed the intelligence I received at Gibraltar of the strength of the French fleet, and of their being off Mahon. His majesty's colours were still flying at the castle of St. Philip, and I could perceive several bomb-batteries playing upon it from different parts. French colours we saw flying on the west part of St. Philip. I despatched the *Phoenix*, *Dolphin*, and *Chesterfield* a-head to reconnoitre the harbour's mouth, and ordered Captain Hervey to endeavour to land a letter for General Blakeney, to let him know the fleet was here to his assistance, though every one was of opinion we could be of no use to him, as by all accounts no place was secured for covering a landing could we have spared any people. The *Phoenix* was also to make the private signal between Captain Hervey and Captain Scrope, as this latter would undoubtedly come off if it were practicable, having kept the *Dolphin's* barge with him. But the enemy's fleet appearing to the south-east, and the wind at the same time coming strong off the land, obliged me to call in the ships before they could get quite so near the entrance of the harbour as to ascertain what batteries or guns might be placed to prevent our having any communication

with the castle. Falling little wind, it was five before I could form my line, or distinguish any of the enemy's motions, and was quite unable to judge of their force excepting by their numbers, which were seventeen, and of these thirteen appeared to be large. They at first stood towards us in a regular line, and tacked about seven, which I judged was to endeavour to gain the wind of us during the night; so that, being late, I tacked in order to keep the weather-gage of them, as well as to make sure of the land-wind in the morning. Being very hazy, and not above five leagues off Cape Mola, we tacked off towards the enemy at eleven, and at day-light had no sight of them; but two tartans, with the French private signal, being close in with the rear of our fleet, I sent the *Princess Louisa* to chase one, and made the signal for the rear-admiral, who was nearest the other, to send ships to chase her. The *Princess Louisa*, *Defiance*, and *Captain*, stood off to a great distance; the *Defiance*, however, took the vessel she was in chase of, on board of which were two captains, two lieutenants, and 192 private soldiers, who were sent out the day before with 600 men, on board tartans, to reinforce the French fleet.

"On our appearing off the place, the *Phoenix*, upon Captain Hervey's offer, prepared to serve as a fire-ship, but without

damaging her as a frigate till the signal was made to prime, when she was to scuttle her decks, every thing else being prepared that the time and place allowed of. The enemy now began to appear from the mast-head. I called in the cruisers, and when they had joined me, I tacked towards the enemy and formed the line a-head. I found the French were preparing theirs to leeward, having unsuccessfully endeavoured to weather me. They were twelve large ships of the line and five frigates. As soon as I judged the rear of our fleet to be the length of their van, we tacked all together, and I immediately



[THE EXECUTION OF ADMIRAL BYNG.]

ately made the signal for the ships that led to lead large, directing the *Deptford* to quit the line, that ours might be equal in number to theirs.

"At two I made the signal to engage, as I found it was the surest method of ordering every ship to close down on the one that fell to her lot. And here I must express my great satisfaction at the very gallant manner in which the rear-admiral set the van the example, by instantly bearing down on the ship he was to engage with his second, and thus causing the French ships to begin the engagement, which they did by raking ours as they went down. I bore down on the ship that lay opposite to me, and began to engage her, after having received the fire for some time in going down. The *Intrepid*, unfortunately, in the very beginning had her fore-top mast shot away; and as it hung on the fore-sail and backed it, the crew lost all command of the ship, her fore-tack and braces being cut at the same time, so that she drove on the next ship, obliging that and the ships a-head of me to throw all a-back. This compelled me to do the same for some minutes, to avoid their falling on board of me, but not before we had driven our adversary out of the line, who put before the wind, and had several shot fired at him by

his own admiral. This not only caused the enemy's centre to remain unattacked, but left the rear-admiral's division rather uncovered for some time. I sent and called to the ships ahead of me to make sail and go down on the enemy: and ordered the Chesterfield to lie by the Intrepid, and the Deptford to supply the place of the latter. I found the enemy edged away constantly, and as they went three feet to our one, they would never permit our closing with them, but took the advantage of destroying our rigging: for though I closed the rear-admiral fast, I found I could not again overtake the enemy, whose van were fairly driven from their line; but their admiral was joining them by bearing away.

"By this time it was past six, and the enemy's van and ours were at too great a distance to engage. I perceived some of their ships stretching to the northward, and imagined they were going to form a new line. I made the signal for the headmost ships to tack, and those that lead before with larboard tacks to lead with the starboard, that I might, by the first, keep the wind if possible of the enemy; and by the second be between the enemy and the rear admiral's division, which had suffered most; as also to cover the Intrepid, which I perceived to be in a very bad condition, and whose loss would produce a great balance against us, if, as I expected, they should attack us the next morning. I brought to about eight that night, to join the Intrepid, and to refit our ships as fast as possible, and continued so all night.

"The next morning we saw nothing of the enemy, though we were still lying to. Mahon was N.N.W. about ten or eleven leagues. I sent out cruizers to look for the Intrepid and Chesterfield, which joined me the next day; and finding, from a statement of the condition of the squadron delivered to me, that the Captain, Intrepid, and Defiance, which latter had lost her captain, were much damaged in their masts, so that they were in danger of not being able to secure their masts properly at sea; and also that the squadron in general were very sickly, having many wounded, and no place to put one-third of their number, if I even made an hospital ship of the Chesterfield, which would be no easy matter at sea: I thought proper, in this situation, to call a council of war before I again went to look for the enemy. I desired the attendance of General Stuart, Lord Effingham, Lord Robert Bertie, and Colonel Cornwallis, that I might collect their opinions on the present situation of Minorca and Gibraltar, and make sure of protecting the latter, since it was found impracticable either to succour or relieve the former with the force we had; for though we may justly claim the victory, yet we are much inferior to the enemy in the weight of ships, though the numbers are equal; and they have the advantage of sending their wounded to Minorca, and receiving reinforcements of seamen from their transports, and soldiers from their camp; all which has undoubtedly been done, in the time that we have been lying-to, in order to refit, and often in sight of Minorca; and their ships have more than once appeared in a line from our mast-heads.

"I send their lordships the resolution of the council of war, in which not the least contention or doubt arose. I hope indeed we shall find stores to refit our ships at Gibraltar, and if I have any reinforcement, will not lose a moment's time to seek the enemy again, and once more give them battle, though they have a great advantage in being clean ships, that go three feet to our one, and, therefore, have the choice how they will engage us, or whether they will engage us at all, and will never let us close with them, as their sole view is to disable our ships, in which they have but too well succeeded, though we obliged them to bear up. I do not send their lordships the particulars of our losses and damages by this, as it would take much time, and that I am willing none should be lost in letting them know an event of such consequence. I cannot help urging their lordships for a reinforcement, if none has yet sailed, on their knowledge of the enemy's strength in those seas; and which, according to very good intelligence, will, in a few more days be strengthened by four more large ships from Toulon, almost ready to sail, if they have not already sailed, to join them. I despatch this by Sir Benjamin Keene, by way of Barcelona, and am making

the best of my way to cover Gibraltar, from which place I purpose sending their lordships a more particular account.

"I am, Sir, &c., JOHN BYNG."

"To the Hon. John Cleveland."

"P.S. I must desire you will acquaint their lordships, that I have appointed Captain Hervey to the command of the Defiance, in the room of Captain Andrews, slain in the action."

To the extract from the above letter, was added, in the account published by the English ministry, a statement of the killed and wounded on board both squadrons, but without mentioning from what quarter the information was received. By this list it appeared that in the British fleet forty-two men were killed and 168 wounded; while the enemy had only twenty-one men killed and 133 wounded: and, likewise, that on board Admiral Byng's ship, the Ramillies, not a single individual had received any injury. This circumstance contributed greatly to injure his character at home, and was probably one cause of the fate which afterwards attended him. It furnished occasion to conclude that he had not attacked the enemy with that vigour and resolution which he ought to have done. A general clamour was immediately raised against him; the derogation which the national consequence was supposed to have suffered, threw the minds of the people into the highest state of fermentation, which was artfully and industriously aggravated by those whose neglect and misconduct were the causes of the unfortunate admiral's disgrace.

The remissness of administration had been indirectly impeached in Mr. Byng's first letter, written immediately after his arrival at Gibraltar, on the 8th of May. He there says:—"If I had been so happy as to have arrived at Minorca before the enemy had effected a landing, I flatter myself I should have had it in my power to have hindered them from establishing a footing there." The negligence of government, notwithstanding the various intimations they had received, in equipping a fleet for the defence of Minorca, was notorious; the distant allusion of the admiral to that subject irritated the minds of his employers: he had been weak enough to speak the truth, to say that he was sent out too late, to declare that the island was lost through the remissness of administration—and from that moment his ruin was determined.

The letter of Mr. Byng containing the account of the engagement, is supposed to have been received on, or before, the 16th of June; but it was not published till the 26th, so that his enemies had sufficient time to prejudice the public mind, and to propagate any accounts they pleased relative to that affair. Even when it appeared, it was mingled in a most unjustifiable manner, and with a view, as the admiral's friends very plausibly insisted, to prevent the people from forming a right judgment of his conduct, or knowing the disadvantages under which he laboured.

On the 16th of June, the Antelope sailed from Portsmouth, having on board Sir Edward Hawke, Rear-admiral Saunders, and several naval officers, with orders to supersede the Admirals Byng and West, and such captains as were ordered by the admiralty bound to return home.

In pursuance of the resolution mentioned in his letter of the 25th of May, Admiral Byng proceeded to Gibraltar, where he arrived on the 19th of June. He there found Commodore Broderick, with a reinforcement of five ships of the line, and began without loss of time to refit his ships, with the determination of returning to Minorca, in the hope of still relieving the garrison of Fort St. Philip, by the defeat of the French fleet. In the midst of his preparations for carrying this design into effect, Sir Edward Hawke arrived at Gibraltar with his letters of recall.

Mr. Byng, in obedience to the order for his supersedure, sailed from Gibraltar in the Antelope, on the 9th of July, together with Admiral West, and such officers as it had been thought necessary to send for home. On the arrival of the vessel at Portsmouth, Admiral Byng was put under arrest, and conveyed to Greenwich Hospital, the place appointed for his confinement previous to his trial. He not only received by the way all the insults and indignities which the malice of narrow minds could suggest, but was afterwards guarded with all the studied caution ever bestowed on criminals charged with

the blackest offences. This circumstance was industriously made known, as if to insinuate that the utmost care was necessary to prevent his escape from justice; while the unfortunate victim, conscious of no criminality, anxiously looked forward to the day of trial, as that which was to retrieve his reputation, and to deliver him from the malice of his enemies.

In December, he was carried back to Portsmouth, and on the 27th of that month, the court-martial which was ordered to inquire into his conduct, assembled on board the *St. George*. The court continued sitting till the 28th of January, when, after a full investigation of the evidence, they came to the following resolution:—"That the prisoner fell under part of the 12th article of the act passed in the reign of George II., which runs thus: 'Every person in the fleet, who, through cowardice, negligence, or disaffection, shall, in time of action, withdraw, or keep back, or not come into the fight, or engagement, or shall not do his utmost to take or destroy every ship, which it shall be his duty to engage, and to assist and relieve all and every of his majesty's ships, or those of his allies, which it shall be his duty to assist or relieve; every person so offending, and being convicted thereof by the sentence of a court-martial, shall suffer death.' As that article positively prescribes death without any alternative left to the discretion of the court, under any variation of circumstances, the court did therefore unanimously adjudge the said Admiral Byng to be shot to death, at such time and on board such ship as the lords commissioners of the admiralty should direct. But as it appeared by the evidence of Lord Robert Bertie, Lieutenant-colonel Smith, Captain Gardiner, and other officers of the ship, who were near the person of the admiral, that they did not perceive any backwardness in him during the action, or any marks of fear or confusion, either from his countenance or behaviour, but that he seemed to give his orders coolly and distinctly, and did not seem wanting in personal courage; and from other circumstances the court did not believe that his misconduct arose either from cowardice or disaffection, and did therefore unanimously think it their duty most earnestly to recommend him as a proper object of mercy."

When the sentence of the court was transmitted to the board of admiralty, it was accompanied with a letter, which concludes in the following manner:—"We cannot help laying the distresses of our minds before your lordships, on this occasion, in finding ourselves under the necessity of condemning a man to death, from the great severity of the 12th article of war, part of which he falls under, and which admits of no mitigation, even if the crime should be committed by an error in judgment only; and, therefore, for our own consciences' sake, as well as in justice to the prisoner, we pray your lordships in the most earnest manner to recommend him to his majesty's clemency."

In consequence of this representation, the lords of the Admiralty petitioned the king for the opinion of the twelve judges, relative to the legality of the sentence; which they having considered, together with the 12th article, to which it referred, were unanimously of opinion that it was legal. This report being transmitted by the privy-council to the Admiralty, their lordships issued a warrant for executing the sentence on the 28th of February. Admiral Forbes, however, being at that time a lord of the Admiralty, refused, with manly independence, to sign the warrant; and expressed his sentiments on the subject in the following memorial:—

"It may be thought great presumption in me to differ from such great authority as that of the twelve judges; but when a man is called upon to sign his name to an act which is to give authority to the shedding of blood, he ought to be guided by his own conscience, and not the opinions of other men.

"In the case before us, it is not the merit of Admiral Byng that I consider; whether he deserves death or not, is not a question for me to decide; but, whether or not his life can be taken away by the sentence pronounced on him by the court-martial, and after their having so clearly pronounced their motive for such a sentence, is the point which alone has employed my most serious consideration.

"The 12th article of war, on which Admiral Byng's sentence is grounded, says, according to my understanding of its meaning, 'That every person, who, in time of action, shall withdraw, keep back, or not come into fight, or not do

his utmost, &c. through motives of cowardice, negligence, or disaffection, shall suffer death.' The court-martial does in express words, acquit Admiral Byng of cowardice or disaffection, and does not name the word negligence. Admiral Byng does not, as I conceive, fall under the letter and description of the 12th article of war. It may be said that negligence is implied, though the word is not mentioned, otherwise the court-martial would not have brought his offence under the 12th article, having acquitted him of cowardice and disaffection. But it must be acknowledged that the negligence implied, cannot be wilful negligence; for wilful negligence in Admiral Byng's situation, must have proceeded either from cowardice or disaffection; and he is expressly acquitted of both these crimes; besides, crimes which are implied only and not named may indeed justify suspicion and private opinion, but cannot satisfy the conscience in a case of blood.

"Admiral Byng's fate was referred to a court-martial. His life and death were left to their opinion. The court-martial condemn him to death because, as they expressly say, they were under the necessity of doing so, by reason of the letter of the law, the severity of which they complain of, because it admits of no mitigation. The court-martial expressly say that, for the sake of their own consciences, as well as in justice to the prisoner, they must earnestly recommend him to his majesty for mercy. It is evident then, that, in the opinion and consciences of his judges, he was not deserving of death.

"The question then is, shall the opinions or the necessities of the court-martial determine Admiral Byng's fate? If it should be the latter, he will be executed contrary to the intentions and meaning of the judges; if the former, his life is not forfeited. His judges declare him not deserving death; but mistaking either the meaning of the law, or the nature of his offence, they bring him under an article of war, which, according to their own description of his offence, he does not, I conceive, fall under; and then they condemn him to death, because, as they say, the law admits of no mitigation. Can a man's life be taken away by such a sentence? I would not willingly be misunderstood, and have it believed that I judge of Admiral Byng's deserts; that was the business of the court-martial, and it was my duty only to act according to my conscience; which, after deliberate consideration, assisted by the best light a poor understanding can afford if, remains still in doubt; and therefore I cannot consent to sign a warrant, whereby the sentence of the court-martial may be carried into execution; for I cannot help thinking that, however criminal Admiral Byng may be, his life is not forfeited by that sentence. I do not mean to find fault with others men's opinions; all I aim at is to give reasons for my own; and all I desire or wish is, that I may not be misunderstood. I do not pretend to judge Admiral Byng's deserts, or to give any opinion on the propriety of the act.

"Signed, Feb. 16th, 1757 at the Admiralty.

"J. FORBES."

A further attempt was made to save Admiral Byng. A member of the court-martial, in behalf of himself and several others, petitioned parliament to be released from their oath of secrecy, having something to disclose relative to the sentence, which in justice to the admiral they ought not to withhold. A bill to that effect was accordingly brought in, and passed the commons, but the lords conceiving it unnecessary, it was almost unanimously rejected in that house. His sentence was accordingly ordered to be put into execution on the 14th of March, on board the *Monarque*, at Portsmouth.

The unfortunate admiral finding himself now abandoned to his fate, prepared himself for death with great resignation and tranquillity. He preserved the utmost cheerfulness to the last, and not the least sign of impatience or apprehension ever escaped him. On the morning of the day appointed for his execution, he wrote the following paper, which he delivered to the marshal of the admiralty, a few moments before he suffered:—

"Sir,—These are my thoughts on this occasion; I give them to you that you may authenticate them, and prevent

anything spurious from being published that might tend to defame me.

A few moments will now deliver me from the virulent persecution, and frustrate the malice of my enemies. Nor need I envy them a life subject to the sensations my injuries and the injustice done me must create. Persuaded I am, justice will be done to my reputation hereafter. The manner and cause, of raising and keeping up the popular clamour against me, will be seen through. I shall be considered (as I now conceive myself) a victim, destined to divert the indignation of an injured and deluded people from the proper objects. My enemies themselves must now think me innocent. Happy for me, that at this, my last moment, I know my innocence, and that no part of my country's misfortunes can be owing to me. I heartily wish that the shedding of my blood may contribute to the happiness and service of my country; but cannot resign a just claim to a faithful discharge of my duty, according to the best of my judgment, and the utmost exertion of my ability for his majesty's honour and my country's service. I am sorry that my endeavours were not attended with more success, and that the armament under my command, proved too weak to succeed, in an expedition of such moment.

"Truth has prevailed over calumny, and falsehood, and justice has wiped off the ignominious stain of my supposed want of personal courage and disaffection. My heart acquits me of these crimes. But who can be presumptuously sure of his own judgment? If my crime be an error of judgment, or differing in opinion from my judges; and if yet the error of judgment should be on their side, God forgive them, as I do; and may the distress of their minds, and uneasiness of their consciences, which injustice to me they have represented, be relieved and subside, as my resentment has done. The supreme judge sees all hearts and motives, and to him I submit the justice of my cause.

"J. BYNG.

"On board his majesty's ship, *Monarque*, in Portsmouth harbour March 14, 1757."

About noon, the admiral having taken leave of a clergyman and some friends by whom he was accompanied, advanced from the great cabin to the quarter-deck, where a party of mariners was drawn up, in readiness to execute the sentence. He proceeded with a firm, deliberate step, and at first resolved to suffer with his face uncovered. His friends, however, represented to him that his looks would probably intimidate the soldiers, and prevent them from taking proper aim, upon which he threw his hat on the deck, kneeled down on a cushion, and having tied a handkerchief over his eyes, he dropped the other as a signal to his executioners to fire. Five balls passed through his body, and he instantly fell dead. The time between his leaving the cabin and being placed in the coffin did not exceed three minutes.

Such was the fate of the unfortunate Admiral Byng, in whose death was exhibited a spectacle unparalleled in the English annals, and which will ever be a source of regret to every unprejudiced mind.

The following anecdote of this devoted hero, has been communicated by the person who attended him and took his orders, who, had, for the fortnight previous to the mortal catastrophe, scarcely been permitted to sleep, being constantly on horseback carrying despatches, so that on the fatal morning he was waked by his master, with "Come, sleeper, 'tis the last morning I shall trouble you." In the course of dressing, he exchanged his gold sleeve buttons for those of his faithful domestic, and was careful, in giving him his wardrobe and other things, to do it in the presence of a relative, that no dispute might arise. The coat in which he was shot, was a favourite; two or three had been consigned to his valet before this fell into his hands, and was selected for the occasion. It is of a drab colour, and shows the marks of long service, as well as the perforations of the balls which had passed through it. It is now in the possession of Sarah Hutchins, daughter of the person already alluded to.

The gallant admiral gave to each of the marines appointed

to the task of putting the sentence of the law into execution, a half-guinea each; then speaking to his valet for the last time, said, "Hutchins, when I fall, throw my morning gown over me; I should be sorry if they saw my blood." This was accordingly done, and it is reported he bled inwardly, so that no blood did appear.

LOSS OF THE *BLANCHE* FRIGATE, ON THE FRENCH COAST, MARCH 9, 1807.

THE *Blanche* frigate sailed from Portsmouth, March 3, 1807, under command of Sir T. Lavie. The next morning, at two o'clock, they made Portland Lights, distant about four leagues. Afterwards they steered a west course, till eight o'clock, then west by south half south.

At this time it began to blow very hard; and, from being under all sail, they reduced to close-reefed fore and main topsails, and got down top-gallant yards. Ushant, by their reckoning, now bore S.S.W. half W. sixteen leagues.

The captain left orders in writing to haul to the northward, the wind being E.N.E. when the ship had run ten leagues, which Sir Thomas Lavie thought a good position to join Admiral Sir James Saumarez in the morning.

At eleven o'clock, Lieutenant Aprece awoke the captain to say that it blew harder; on which he ordered the ship to be brought to the wind on the starboard tack, and the fore-top-sail to be taken in. The lieutenant had scarcely got out of the cabin before the vessel struck. Every body was on deck in an instant; sails were clewed up, and the anchors were let go; they rode a little until she parted from her anchors, and was driven upon the rocks.

The night was dreadfully dark and cold, and there was no possibility of discriminating whether the rocks were distant from the land or connected with the shore; happily, however, it proved the latter. The captain immediately ordered the masts to be cut away, and recommended the officers and men to stay by him and the ship to the last; a few hands got into the quarter-boats, and they were no sooner on the water than they were dashed to pieces; it was about high water, and while the tide flowed the ship lay tolerably easy, until it began to fall, when tremendous breakers covered them.

The captain remained by the wheel, until the vessel divided amid-ship, when he fell over seaward. The crew were all on the side, and hauled him up immediately. It was highly gratifying to his feeling the attention which they paid him to the last; and now they caressed him as their father.

In this state they lay about three hours, when the water left the wreck sufficient for them to attempt a landing; and with the exception of a few, they got safe on shore, and assembled under a rock, when three cheers were given to the remains of the unfortunate *Blanche*. At daylight not two pieces of wood were left together, and the masts were shattered into shivers.

The crew, who had saved nothing, made a most shabby appearance. A cask of rum was the only thing found on the shore, which, after the captain was carried to a cottage, some were so imprudent as to broach, by which about fifteen died.

They landed on a shocking coast, but every attention possible was paid to them. Having been marched about thirty miles, they arrived at Brest, where they were very comfortably lodged and fed in the Navy Hospital. Sir Thomas Lavie was accommodated at the house of the commander-in-chief, M. Cefforelli, who behaved to him with all the manners of a gentleman.

All the officers were saved: viz. Sir Thomas Lavie, captain; Robert Basten, first lieutenant; W. Aprece, second ditto; James Alton, third ditto; Roger Taylor, master; J. T. Wilcock, purser; James Brenan, surgeon; James Campbell, lieutenant of marines; T. J. P. Muters, James Ryall, John Rookes, Henry Stanhope, W. J. Williams, Robert Hay, Geo. Gorden, J. T. Secretan, Thomas Gregg, Chas. Street, and F. E. S. Vincent,

midshipmen; Joseph Slingsby, master's mate; John Moissey, ditto; J. C. G. Moreatt, clerk; John Patterson, assistant surgeon; John Carr, gunner; William Loverin, boatswain; and John Pario, carpenter.—Also, one hundred and eighty-seamen, and twenty-five marines. About forty-five were lost, twenty of whom were marines.

LIFE OF MARY READ *alias* JAMES MORRIS.

THE father of the following singular person, was born in the West Indies, and brought up to sea under his father, who was master of a sloop that traded between Boston and the Leeward islands, in which station he got a pretty deal of money, and had several children, the eldest whereof was John Read, who coming over to England, with more money than brains, was soon led into all the follies and vices of the town, and was as well known in the Hundreds of Drury, as if he had been Swabber at the Horse-Shoe and Rummer all his life.

Getting acquainted with one Rachel Robinson, a young fireship, well equipped and rigged, he was married to her by Dr. Colson, to whom

he gave but six-pence wet, and six-pence dry; she proving a dear bargain too—making him stand pimp to her vices, and to her cullices, till she had made the most of them.

Read took to drinking pale ale, thinking to drown his sorrows by keeping up his spirits by that heady liquor—gin then not being in use. Here he got into a quarrel, over his cups, with one Captain Smart, whom he killed; for which he was forced to fly—leaving his wife, big with child, to take care of herself.

He shipped himself immediately on board the *Nonsuch*, for Virginia.

His father being informed of his marriage in England, gave him but a cold reception; however his mother, whose darling he always was, equipped him out, and sent him aboard the *Defiance*, for Guinea, as second mate; where he, with part of the crew, killed the captain, seized the ship, and turned pirate. A little while after careening here at an inlet in North Carolina, he met with Avery, whom he joined with till they settled in Madagascar.

In the meantime, his father died at Virginia; and the mother hearing nothing of her son, sent for her daughter to come over with her child to Virginia, and she would take care of them; which the daughter readily agreed to, as her son was heir to a small estate which the grandfather left behind him. There she lived three or four years, till she was got with child by a young gentleman of that country, who promised her marriage; but not doing it, she, to hide her shame, resolved to return to England. Although the mother begged of her to leave the child behind, she would not consent, but brought him along with her. He dying at sea, and she being brought to bed of a girl as soon as she landed—when it grew up, she dressed it in boy's clothes, to deceive her mother, and make it pass for her son's boy; but her

mother upon the return of the ship, hearing of the death of the child, would not send her any remittances; and she being ashamed to own the cheat amongst her acquaintance, continued the girl in boy's clothes till she came to be about thirteen years of age, when she put her out for a foot-boy to a French lady, with whom she did not live long, before she entered herself aboard a ship, bound for the East Indies; and upon her return, quitted the sea service, and went over to Flanders, where she carried arms as a cadet, showing a great deal of courage upon all occasions, but yet was never able to get a commission; so she quitted the foot service, and went into a regiment of horse, where, by her bravery and valour, she got the esteem of all her officers. Her comrade happening to be a handsome young fellow, she fell in love with him, and grew more negligent of her duty, so that she was soon taken notice of by her commanders. Whenever her comrade was ordered out upon duty, she would be with him, and very often do the duty for him, running herself into danger when she had no business, only to be near him; which made the troopers believe she was mad, and her comrade thought her little better—not dreaming what was the matter; till one night she found out a way of letting him discover her sex, without any appearance that it was done with a design. This

surprised him greatly at first, but recollecting himself, he was overjoyed that he should have a mistress to himself: it being not usual in a camp, because the women that follow them are generally as common as the highway; but he soon found his mistake, she proving very modest and reserved, and resisted all his temptations, assuring him, that the cause of her disguise was out of pure love to him, and not with any intent of being unchaste. This modest behaviour of her's, quite changed his passion of lust, to pure love and respect; it being what she desired.



[CAPTAIN ROGERS THROWN OVERBOARD.]

At length, finding him sincere, they gave mutual promises to each other, in token whereof they broke a shilling, agreeing to be married as soon as the campaign was over, and they marched into winter quarters. This caused a great noise, not only in the army, but also in the newspapers, of two troopers being married, most of the officers in the garrison being at the wedding; amongst whom they made a very handsome collection for the bride, towards house-keeping—every body giving something, which made them desire their discharges out of the service, that they might put themselves into some way of living, having got above a hundred pounds collected for them. Their discharge being readily granted, they set up an eating-house at the sign of the Valiant Trooper, near the Castle of Breda, where they had a very good trade—every body frequenting their house out of curiosity.

But this they held not long; for the husband drinking too hard threw himself into a fever, and died. The war being over, the army was dispersed into other countries, so that the widow's trade began visibly to decline; and rent being great, and other charges answerable, she let her house, and for a time, lived upon what she had; but being out of business, her money began to grow short, which made her think of putting

on man's apparel again, and to go into Holland, where she enlisted herself into a regiment of foot, quartered in one of the frontier towns; but not liking that service, there being no probability of getting anything by it, she resolved to seek her fortune another way; so watching a proper opportunity, she deserted from the regiment, and shipped herself on board a vessel bound for the West Indies, under the name of James Morris.

In their voyage this ship was taken by the pirates, and Mary Read being the only English person aboard, they kept her, and after plundering the ship, allowed it to depart quietly, they being all Englishmen, and followed the trade of piracy for above a year, till the king's proclamation came out, and was published in all the colonies in the West Indies, for pardoning all pirates that should surrender by a certain time appointed. This was no sooner made known to the crew that Mary Read belonged to, but they all submitted, and took the benefit of the king's mercy.

Afterwards they lived quietly till their money was nearly spent, at which time hearing that Captain Wood Rogers, who was then Governor of the island of Providence was fitting out a privateer to cruise against the Spaniards, they most of them embarked for that island, amongst whom was Mary Read, she being resolved to make her fortune one way or other, let the event be what it would.

They had not been long at sea, but they rebelled upon some pretence or other, against their Captain, and flung him overboard, and then fell to their old trade of pirating again, with whom Mary Read joined, although she had often before declared that she thought the life of a pirate the worst life in the world. So prone is our nature to wickedness, that we often act against our own inclinations as well as reason. She pretended, as indeed most of them do upon their trials, that what she did was by compulsion, and to save her life. Notwithstanding, the evidence against her, who were forced men, they positively swore, that in the time of action, nobody on board was more bold and resolute than Mary Read and Anne Bonny, to attack any ship; and particularly at the time they were taken, when they came to close quarters, Mary Read called to the men under deck, and bid them come up and fight like men, swearing, 'What! would they suffer themselves to be taken, and hanged like thieves!' which some of them not minding, she fired her arms down into the hold amongst them, and killed one, and wounded another.

This is the substance of what was sworn against her; but she denied it with a great deal of art and skill, saying,—it was impossible for a woman to be guilty of what was sworn against her,—and that she entered the privateer purely upon account of Anne Bonny, who was her lover; being well aware, if she had not disguised herself, she could not have been admitted on board the ship.

This had some weight with the jury, as well as the judge; for it plainly appeared by all the witnesses, that she had always behaved herself very modestly and discreetly among the men; though, indeed, they could not say, but she was as brave and bold as any one of the crew, and had at all times behaved herself as such.

Before I proceed any further, it may not be amiss to give a narrative of the singular courtship between Anne Bonny and Mary Read. They were both deeply in love with each other, but did not know how to discover their sex, till Anne Bonny at length not being able to hold out any longer, discovered herself, saying,—she was a woman; had long observed the bravery and courage of Mary Read, and that she could no longer conceal her passion; therefore she hoped that her forwardness in addressing her would not be looked upon as impudence, because she had no other way of discovering her sex, or making herself known to her;—so clinging affectionately round her neck, she stole two or three kisses, and fainted away.

Mary Read was not a little surprised at this discovery and confession; being herself exactly in the same condition. After a minute or two's reflection on her own hapless love, she recovered Anne Bonny, and speaking kindly to her, gave her to understand, that she was also a woman herself, and had

always borne the same deep-rooted love and affection for her that she seemed to express.

They both appeared very uneasy at their disappointment, however, they established a friendship that continued between them to the last.

This gave some uneasiness to Captain Rackam, he being a lover of Anne Bonny's, and not able to endure a rival with him in the same ship, especially where women were so scarce; for Anne Bonny was not one of the most virtuous women in the world, though Mary Read bore quite a different character:—so Rackam stormed and threatened what he would do to Mary Read, if ever he caught her speaking to Anne Bonny.

To pacify this son of Belial's fury, she let him into the secret; who was as much surprised as any of them. By this discovery, Anne Bonny had like to have lost her captain, had not Mary Read's virtue been greater than her cunning; for the captain like most sons of Mrs. was for a new face, presently beginning to neglect his old mistress Anne. This gave great uneasiness to her, till Mary Read assured her she should have no occasion upon that account. However, the captain furiously attacked her with oaths and curses of his sincerity, as fast as he was in the habit of shooting balls from his cannon; but all would not do, the captain could not gain her, and so was compelled to lay by, and keep it a secret for his own reputation.

But to return to the ship's crew.—They took a great many ships belonging to the West Indies, Virginia, &c. in one of which was a young gentleman with whom Mary Read fell in love; being so smitten with him that she could not rest night nor day. But all the difficulty was to let him know it; therefore, first she insinuated herself into his good opinion, by exclaiming against the life of a pirate, saying she abhorred it above all things in the world, but was forced into it; this very much pleased her gallant and made him put great confidence in her,—so that they became messmates, being always together. It was next to impossible that she could remain long concealed from him, and when he challenged her with being a female, she freely confessed—and said, that being among such a set, she kept on her disguise in order to preserve her virtue, which the pirates would have made no scruple in taking, accompanied with brutality and inhumanity. She was, however, so very happy as to escape, and this young man now had imbibed a sincere regard for her—which the peculiarity of her situation was calculated to inspire, even if she happened not to be a pretty woman, which she really was, and had a tolerable spice of coquetry about her, which she could not divest herself of, though disguised in men's clothes, and in so very dangerous a place, where every moment she ran a risk of discovery; and if one had sagacity to find her out, it is very probable that others should do the same, who would not treat her with so much delicacy. She had a truly masculine spirit, and was enthusiastic in her friendships and hatreds, which she now gave a proof of in an extraordinary nature to her new friend and lover.

There happening a dispute between this young gentleman and one of the pirates, they had agreed to go ashore and decide it with sword and pistols. This gave great uneasiness to Mary Read, who would not think of having him branded with being a coward, and yet she dreaded the event; under this dilemma she demonstrated that she was more in fear of his safety than her own; for taking an opportunity to quarrel with the pirate, she challenged him immediately ashore, it being an hour sooner than he was to meet her sweetheart, where she fought him, and killed him on the spot.

This had such an effect upon the young gentleman, that they gave mutual promises to each other of marrying; which Mary Read frankly told him, she looked upon to be as good a marriage as any minister could make in a church, especially since no parson could be had at that place. To him she owed her life afterwards; for, he getting her with child, she pleaded her pregnancy and saved herself thereby.

The court had great compassion on her; but one of the evidence swearing that he once asked her what she could propose in that course of life, wherein she was continually in

danger, either of being killed at sea, or an ignominious death if taken; she answered, 'That as for hanging she did not matter it; and if it were not for some danger, every cowardly fellow would turn pirate, and so men of courage must starve; that many of those dastardly rogues that are now cheating the widows and orphans, would rob at sea, and then the seas would be crowded with rogues like the land.'

But being found quick with child, her execution was respited till after her delivery; during which time, she behaved with so much modesty and devotion, that it is probable she would have obtained a pardon, had she not been seized with a violent fever, which put an end to all her troubles.

LOSS OF THE SHIP FAME, FEBRUARY, 1824.

The following is Sir Thomas Stamford Raffles' (late governor of Bencoolen) account of this dreadful accident:—

"We embarked on the 2nd instant, in the *Fame*, and sailed at daylight for England, with a fair wind and every prospect of a quick and comfortable passage. The ship was every thing we could wish, and having closed my charge here much to my satisfaction, it was one of the happiest days of my life. We were, perhaps, too happy, for in the evening came a sad reverse. Sophia had just gone to bed, and I had thrown off half my clothes, when a cry of *Fire! Fire!* roused us from our calm content, and in five minutes the whole ship was in flames. I ran to examine whence the flames principally issued, and found that the fire had its origin immediately under our cabin. Down with the boats! where is Sophia? Here! The children? Here! A rope to the side; lower Lady Raffles—give her to me, says one—I'll take her, says the captain. Throw the gunpowder overboard; it cannot be got at; it is in the magazine, close to the fire! Stand clear of the powder. Skuttle the water-casks. Water! Water! Where's Sir Stamford? Come into the boat. Nelson, Nelson! come into the boat. Push off; push off; stand clear of the after-part of the ship.

"All this passed much quicker than I can write it; we pushed off, and as we did so, the flames were issuing from our cabins, and the whole of the after-part of the ship was in flames. The masts and sails now taking fire, we moved to a distance sufficient to avoid the immediate explosion; but the flames were now coming out of the main-hatchway, and seeing the rest of the crew with the captain, &c. still on board, we pulled back to her under the bows, so as to be most distant from the powder. As we approached, we perceived that the people from on board were getting into another boat on the opposite side; she pushed off, we hailed her. 'Have you all on board?' 'Yes, all save one.' 'Who is he?' 'Johnson, sick in his cot.' 'Can we save him?' 'No, impossible.' The flames were then issuing from the hatchway. At this moment the poor fellow, scorched, I imagined, by the flames, roared out most lustily, having run up on the deck. 'I will go for him,' says the captain. The two boats then came together, and we took out some of the persons from the captain's boat which was overlaid. He then pulled under the bowsprit of the ship, and picked the poor fellow up. 'Are you all safe?' 'Yes, we've got the man: all lives safe, thank God, pull off from the ship; keep your eye on a star, Sir Stamford; there's one barely visible.'

"We then hauled close to each other, and found the captain fortunately had a compass, but we had no light, but from the ship. Our distance from Bencoolen we estimated to be from twenty to thirty miles in a S.W. direction; there being no landing-place to the southward of Bencoolen, our only chance was to regain that port. The captain then undertook to lead, and we to follow in a N.N.E. course, as well as we could. No chance, no possibility being left, that we could again approach the ship, for she was now one splendid flame, fore and aft and aloft, her masts and sails in a blaze, and rocking to and fro, threatening to fall in instantly. 'There goes her mizen-mast! pull away, my boys; there goes the gunpowder, thank God!'

"You may judge of our situation without further particulars: the alarm was given at about twenty minutes past eight, and

in less than ten minutes she was in flames; there was not a soul on board at half-past eight, and in less than ten minutes afterwards, she was one grand mass of fire.

"My only apprehension was, the want of boats to hold the people, as there was not time to have got out the long boat, or make a raft: all we had to rely upon were two small open boats, which fortunately were lowered without accident; and in these two small open boats, without a drop of water or grain of food, or a rag of covering, except what we happened at the moment to have on our backs, we embarked on the wide ocean, thankful to God for his mercies. Poor Sophia, having been taken out of her bed, had nothing on but a wrapper, neither shoes nor stockings; the children were just as taken out of a bed, whence one had been snatched after the flames had attacked it. In short, there was not time for any one to think of more than two things—'Can the ship be saved?' 'No.' 'Let us save ourselves, then.' All else was swallowed up in one great ruin.

"To make the best of our misfortune, we availed ourselves of the light from the ship to steer a tolerable good course towards the shore. She continued to burn till about midnight, when the saltpetre, of which she had two hundred and fifty tons on board, took fire, and sent up one of the most splendid and brilliant flames that was ever seen, illuminating the horizon in every direction, to an extent of not less than fifty miles, and casting that kind of blue light over us, which is of all others, most luridly horrible. She burnt, and continued to flame in this style for about an hour or two, when we lost sight of the object in a cloud of smoke.

"Neither Nelson, nor Mr. Bell, our medical friend, who accompanied us, had saved their coats: the skirt of mine, with a pocket-handkerchief, served to keep Sophia's feet warm; and we made breeches for the children with our neckcloths. Rain now came on, but fortunately it was not of long continuance, and we got dry again; the night became serene and starlight. We were now certain of our course, and the men behaved manfully; they rowed incessantly, and with good heart and spirit, and never did poor mortals look out more for day-light and for land than we did. Not that our sufferings or ground of complaint were anything to what has often befallen others; but from Sophia's delicate health, as well as my own, and the stormy nature of the coast, I felt perfectly convinced we were *unfit* to undergo starvation, or exposure to the currents. I feared we might fall to the southward of the port.

"At day-light we recognized the coast and Rat Island, which gave us great spirits, and though we found ourselves much to the southward of the port, we considered ourselves almost at home. Sophia had gone through the night better than could have been expected, and we continued to pull on with all our strength. About eight or nine o'clock we saw a ship standing to us from the roads. They had seen the flame on shore, and sent out vessels in all directions to our relief; and here certainly came a minister of Providence, in the character of a minister of the gospel; for the first person I recognized was one of our missionaries. They gave us a bucket of water, and we took the captain on board as a pilot. The wind, however, was adverse, and we could not reach the shore, and took to the ship, where we got some refreshment and shelter from the sun. By this time Sophia was quite exhausted, fainting continually. About two o'clock we landed safe and sound, and no words of mine can do justice to the expression of feeling, sympathy, and kindness, with which we were hailed by every one. If any proof had been wanting that my administration had been satisfactory, here we had it unequivocally from all; there was not a dry eye, and as we drove back to our former home, loud was the cry of 'God be praised!'

"But enough: and I will only add, that we are now greatly recovered, in good spirits, and busy at work in getting ready-made clothes for present use. We went to bed at three in the afternoon, and I did not awake till six this morning. Sophia had nearly as sound a sleep, and with the exception of a bruise or two, and a little pain in the bones from fatigue, we have nothing to complain of.

"The property which I have lost, on the most moderate

estimate, cannot be less than twenty thousand pounds,—I might almost say thirty thousand. But the loss which I have to regret beyond all, is my papers and drawings; all my papers of every description, including, my notes and observations, with memoirs and collections, sufficient for a full and ample history, not only of Sumatra, but of Borneo, and every other island in these seas; my intended account of the establishment of Singapore, the history of my own administration, grammars, dictionaries, and vocabularies; and last, not least, a grand map of Sumatra, on which I had been employed since my first arrival here, and on which for the last six months I had bestowed almost my whole undivided attention. This, however, was not all: all my collections in natural history, and my splendid collections of drawings, upwards of a thousand in number, with all the valuable papers and notes of my friends Arnold and Jack; and, to conclude, I will merely notice, that there was scarce an unknown animal, bird, beast, or fish, or an interesting plant, which we had not on board. A living sapir, a new species of tiger, splendid pheasants, &c. &c. all domesticated for the purpose. We were, in short, in this respect, a perfect Noah's Ark. All—all have perished; but, thank God, our lives have been spared, and we do not repine."

THE LOSS OF THE EARL OF ELTON BY FIRE.

On the 24th of August, 1834, I embarked on board the ship, Earl of Eldon (of London, 600 tons, Captain Theaker), at Bombay, with a view of returning to my native land, on furlough. She was the finest and strongest ship in the trade, and any insurance might have been had on the chances of her successfully resisting the winds and the waves; but who can foresee their fate, even for a day? She was cotton loaded; and as the number of passengers was small, the space between decks was filled chock up with cotton-bales, screwed in as compact and tight as possible, so as to render it a matter of more difficulty to take them out than it had been to put them in. It unfortunately happened that the cotton had been brought on board damp, during heavy rain, and had not been dried in the warehouses previous to its being screwed: as this operation is performed by a very powerful compression, it is not unlikely that fire-damp might be generated in the same manner as in a hay-stack, when it has been stacked damp. The number of individuals on board was forty-five, including three ladies and an infant, and the captain and his crew. On the 26th of September, after a series of baffling winds and calms, and heavy rains with squalls of wind, we got into 9 deg. 27 sec. S. lat., and between 70 and 80 deg. E. long., and the trade-wind appeared to have fairly caught hold of our sails. We began now to anticipate our arrival at the Cape. On the morning of the 27th I rose early, about half-past five, and went on deck; I found one of my fellow-passengers there: we perceived a steam apparently arising from the fore-hatchway; I remarked to H. that I thought it might be caused by fire-damp, and, if not immediately checked, might become fire. The captain came on deck, and I asked him what it was? He answered, steam; and that it was common enough in cotton-loaded ships, when the hatches were opened. I said nothing: but the smoke became more dense, and beginning to assume a different colour, I began to think that all was not right, and also that he had some idea of the kind, as the carpenter was cutting holes in the deck, just above the place whence the smoke appeared to come. I went down to dress, and about half-past six the captain knocked at my door, and told me that part of the cotton was on fire, and he wished to see all the gentlemen passengers on the deck.

We accordingly assembled, and he then stated the case to be thus.—That some part of the cargo appeared to have spontaneously ignited, and that he purposed removing the bales until they should discover the ignited ones, and have them thrown overboard, as also those which appeared to be in the same damaged condition; and that it being necessary, in his

opinion, to do this, he deemed it his duty to lay the matter before us. We, of course, submitted everything to his judgment, and he ordered the hands to breakfast as quick as possible, and to work to discover the source of the fire. This having been done, he said that there did not appear to be immediate danger, and that he hoped we might be able to avert it altogether. However, at eight o'clock, the smoke became much thicker, and began to roll through the after-hatchway—the draught having been admitted forward, in order to enable the men to work. Several bales were removed; but the heat began to be intolerable below, the smoke rolled out in suffocating volumes, and before nine o'clock we discovered that part of the deck had caught fire; in short, the men were obliged to knock off work.

The captain then ordered the hatches to be battened down, with a view to keep the fire from bursting out, and to hoist out all the boats, and stock them in case of necessity; this was done, and about half-past one the three ladies, two sick passengers, an infant, and a female servant, were put into the long-boat, with 216 gallons of water, twenty gallons of brandy, and biscuit for a month's consumption, together with such pots of jam and preserved meats as we could get at, and the day's provisions of fresh and salt meat.

Had the captain ventured to pump water into the ship, to extinguish the fire, the bales would have swelled so much as to burst open the deck, and have increased so much in weight as to sink the ship; so that either way destruction would have been the issue. Under these circumstances, perceiving the case to be utterly hopeless, the captain requested the gentlemen to get into the boats, told off and embarked his men, and at three o'clock he himself left the ship, the last man, just as the flames were bursting through the quarter-deck.

We then put off, the two boats towing the long-boat; the ship's way had been previously stopped by backing her yards. When we were about a mile from the ship she was in one blaze, and her masts began to fall in. The sight was grand, though awful. Between eight and nine o'clock all her masts had fallen, and she had burned to the water's edge; suddenly there was a flash, followed by a dull, heavy explosion—her powder had caught, for a few seconds her splinters and flaming fragments were glittering in the air, and then all was darkness, and the waters had closed over the Earl of Eldon!

Sad was the prospect now before us! There were in the long-boat, the captain and twenty-five persons, including an infant four months old; the size of the boat, 23 feet long by 7 feet broad; in each of the others ten individuals, including the officer in charge; one of the boats had some bags of biscuit, but the chief provision was in the long-boat. We were, by rough calculation, above 1000 miles from Rodrigue, and 450 from Diego Garcias, the largest of the Chagos islands; but to get there we must have passed through the squally latitudes we had just left, and being subject to variable winds and heavy weather, or calms, neither of which we were prepared to resist.

Seeing then that our stock was sufficient, we determined on trying for Rodrigue. About eleven o'clock, having humbly committed ourselves to the guidance of that Providence in which alone we had hope, we accomplished rigging the boats, and were under sail. We carried a lantern lashed to our mast in the long-boat, to prevent the others from losing us during the night; and when day broke, sent them sailing in all directions around, to look out for ships; while the wind was light they could outsail us, but when it became strong, and the sea very high, the difference of speed was rather in our favour as the weight and size of the long-boat enabled her to lay hold of the water better.

On the third day of our boat navigation, the change of the moon approaching, the weather began to wear a threatening aspect; but as we were in the trade, we did not apprehend foul or contrary winds. In the course of the night it blew fresh, with rain; we were totally without shelter, and the sea dashing its spray over us, drenched us and spoilt a great part of our biscuit though we happily did not discover this until we were nearly out of the want of it.

The discomfort and misery of our situation may be more

easily imagined than described. There was a large water-puncher in the boat, on the top of which I slept nearly all the time we were in the boats. The ladies were in the stern of the boat; and H., myself, and the doctor, together with a Bombay lieutenant, in the body of it with the men.

In the course of the next day the weather grew worse and one of our small boats, in which was Mr. Simpson, the second mate, and nine others, was split by the sea. She came alongside, and we put the carpenter into her, who made what repairs he could, but with little hope of their answering. We then proceeded to fasten a spray-cloth of canvass along our weather gunwale, having lashed a bamboo four feet up the mast, and fixed it on the intersection of two stanchions at the same height above the stern. The spray-cloth was firmly lashed along this, so as to form a kind of a half-pent roof; and had it not been for this imperfect defence we must have been swamped, and we still shipped sea to so great an extent, that four men were obliged to be kept constantly employed in baling to keep her clear of water. Towards evening it blew hard, with a tremendous sea; and not thinking the other damaged boat safe, we took in her crew and abandoned her.

We were now thirty-six persons, stowed as thick as we could hold and obliged to throw overallsuperfluities. Wet, crushed, and miserable, the night passed away, and the day broke at last, and, though the weather was still very bad, I again felt that hope, which had never entirely deserted me. A tremendous sea came roaring down, and I held in my breath with horror; it broke right over our stern, wetted the poor women to their throats, and carried away the steersman's hat. The captain then cried out in a tone calculated to inspire us with a confidence he afterwards told me his heart did not re-echo—"That's nothing, it's all right, bale away, my boys." He never expected us to live out that night, but harassed as he was in mind and body, he gallantly stood up, and never, by word or deed, betrayed a feeling that might tend to make us despair; he stood on the bench that livelong night, nor did he ever attempt to sleep for nearly forty-eight hours.

The morning broke and passed away, and after the change of the moon the weather began to be moderate, and we enjoyed a comparative degree of comfort. We had three small meals of biscuit, and some jam, &c., and three half-pints of water per day; with brandy, if we liked it. The men had one gill of spirits allowed them daily; thus we had merely enough for necessity, to which I am inclined to attribute our having the state of good bodily health we enjoyed. We had plenty of cigars, and whenever we could strike a light we had a smoke, and I never found tobacco so great a luxury.

The ladies were most wretched, for they could not move, and any little alteration in their dress was only to be made by spreading a curtain before them. Yet they never uttered a repining word. On the thirteenth evening, we began to look out for Rodrigue. The captain told us not to be too sanguine, and his chronometer was not to be depended upon after its late rough treatment.

The night fell, and I went forward to sleep, and about twelve was awake by the cry that land was right ahead. I looked, and saw a strong loom of land through the mist. The captain had the boat brought to, for an hour; then made sail towards it, and at half-past two it appeared still more strongly. We then lay-to, until day-light. I attempted to compose myself to sleep, but my feelings were too strong, and after some useless attempts, I sat down and smoked with a sensation I had long been a stranger to. With the first light of dawn, Rodrigue appeared right ahead, distant about six miles, and by eight o'clock, we were all safely landed.

A fisherman, who came off to show us the way through the reefs, received us in his house, and proceeded to feed us, and in the meantime sent to tell the gentlemen of the island of our arrival. Two of them came down immediately, and having heard of our story, said that we had been miraculously preserved, and told us off in two parties, the married men to one, and the single to the other; the crew were taken inland and encamped. They then gave our bundles to their negroes, and took us to their houses, where every thing they had was

set before us—cleanlinen and a plentiful dinner; and it was ludicrous to see the manner in which fish, fowl, pork, biscuit, and wine, and brandy disappeared before us; at length, however, we came to a general conclusion, that eat any more we could not. They shook us down four or five beds in an out-house, and we tumbled into them, and enjoyed what we had not known for the last fortnight—a sound sleep.

T. T. ASHTON, Madras Artillery.

A DANGEROUS DESCENT.

It was somewhere near this part of the day that the noise of falling waters, which we had faintly caught in the early morning, became more distinct; and it was not long before we were arrested by a rocky precipice of nearly a hundred feet in depth, that extended all across the channel, and over which the wild stream poured in an unbroken leap. On either hand the walls of the ravine presented their overhanging sides both above and below the fall, affording no means whatever of avoiding the cataract by taking a circuit round it. Toby, having gone to reconnoitre, conceived a plan of getting down. He conducted me to the verge of the cataract, and pointed along the side of the ravine to a number of curious-looking roots, some three or four inches in thickness and several feet long, which after twisting among the fissures of rock shot perpendicularly from it and ran tapering to a point in the air, hanging over the gulf like so many dark icicles. They covered nearly the entire surface of one side of the gorge, the lowest of them reaching even to the water. Many were moss-grown and decayed, with their extremities snapped short off, and those in the vicinity of the fall were slippery with moisture. Toby's scheme—and it was a desperate one—was to intrust ourselves to these treacherous-looking roots, and by slipping down from one to another to gain the bottom. "Are you ready to venture it?" asked Toby, looking at me earnestly but without saying a word as to the practicability of the plan. "I am," was my reply, for I saw it was our only resource if we wished to advance, and, as for retreating, all thoughts of that sort had been long abandoned. After I had signified my assent, Toby, without uttering a single word, crawled along the dripping ledge until he gained a point from whence he could just reach one of the largest of the pendent roots; he shook it—it quivered in his grasp, and when he let it go, it twanged in the air like a strong wire sharply struck. Satisfied by his scrutiny, my light-limbed companion swung himself nimbly upon it, and twisting his legs round it in sailor fashion, slipped down eight or ten feet, where his weight gave it a motion not unlike that of a pendulum. He could not venture to descend any further, so holding on with one hand, he with the other shook, one by one, all the slender roots around him, and at last finding one which he thought trustworthily, shifted himself to it, and continued his downward progress. So far, so well; but I could not avoid comparing my heavier frame and disabled condition with his light figure and remarkable activity: but there was no help for it, and in less than a minute's time I was swinging directly over his head. As soon as his upturned eyes caught a glimpse of me, he exclaimed, in his usual dry tone, for the danger did not seem to daunt him in the least, "Mate, do me the kindness not to fall until I get out of your way!" and then, swinging himself more on one side, he continued his descent. In the meantime, I cautiously transferred myself from the limb down which I had been slipping, to a couple of others that were near it, deeming two strings to my bow better than one, and taking care to test their strength before I trusted my weight to them.—On arriving towards the end of the second stage in this vertical journey, and shaking the long roots which were round me, to my consternation they snapped off one after another like so many pipe-stems, and fell in fragments against the side of the gulf, splashing at last into the waters beneath. As one after another the treacherous roots yielded to my grasp, and fell into the torrent, my heart sunk within me. The branches on which I was suspended over the yawning chasm swung to and fro in the air, and I expected them every moment

to snap in twain. Appalled at the dreadful fate that menaced me, I clutched frantically at the only large root which remained near me; but in vain; I could not reach it; though my fingers were within a few inches of it. Again and again I tried to reach it; until at length, maddened with the thought of my situation, I swayed myself violently by striking my foot against the side of the rock, and at the instant that I approached the large root caught desperately at it, and transferred myself to it. It vibrated violently under the sudden weight, but fortunately did not give way. My brain grew dizzy with the idea of the frightful risk I had just run, and I involuntarily closed my eyes to shut out the view of the depth beneath me. For the instant I was safe, and I uttered a devout ejaculation of thanksgiving for my escape. "Pretty well done!" shouted Toby underneath me: "you are nimbler than I thought you to be, hopping about up there from root to root like any young squirrel. As soon as you have diverted yourself sufficiently, I would advise you to proceed." "Ay, ay, Toby, all in good time: two or three more such famous roots as this, and I shall be with you." The residue of my downward progress was comparatively easy; the roots were in greater abundance, and in one or two places jutting out points of rock assisted me greatly. In a few moments I was standing by the side of my companion.

SHIPWRECK OF CARL EHRLICH, A PRUSSIAN SAILOR, IN THE SNOW HOPE, OF LIVERPOOL.

EARLY in the year 1715, Carl Ehrlich sailed from Hull in the snow Hope, of Liverpool, destined on a voyage from Riga to Lisbon, and laden with hemp and iron (which had a short time before put in there for repair).

She proceeded southward till three o'clock the next morning, when the wind blew a hard gale from the south east, which increased to such a degree that they were driven furiously to the northward. The gale continuing its force with heavy snow and almost total darkness, they could not perceive any object, and as a pilot could not be obtained, they continued driving to northward at the mercy of the wind and waves. About midnight, on the first of February, the ship unfortunately struck on the ground, the sea at the same time running so tremendously high as to make an entire passage over her. At this instant the cabin-boy was washed from the deck: the captain and crew finding every exertion in vain, were obliged to abandon their quarters, and attend to the imperious call of self preservation, declaring at the same time, they would not quit the ship while the least chance of hope remained. The snow was now descending in the clouds, and the darkness was so great that they could not see the length of the vessel. The mate, however, was of opinion that they were near the land, and was determined to attempt to make for it. The captain and Ehrlich accordingly delivered him their watches and money, and he instantly jumped into the boat, which still remained upon deck; but a heavy sea at the moment breaking over her, swept away the boat, and he preserved himself by catching the mainstay; the next tremendous wave, alas! overwhelmed him in the deep, never more to be seen. The rest of the crew now sought shelter in the rigging, one man in the fore-top, and the rest in the main-top. Ehrlich, feeling pity for a boy of the name of Swain, twelve years old, had taken him in his arms, and ascended the main-top, in defiance of the heavy sea which continued to break over them. The captain, in despair, ascended the rigging, and placed himself on the main-yard, from whence he was heard to lament their hard fate, and the consequent distress of his wife and children. In this dreadful state they remained a considerable time; but, from the extreme severity of the night, and their benumbed and exposed situation, the captain was seen to drop down, supposed to be nearly or quite dead, from the cold, and two men at the same time were washed from the main-top. The vessel had now been driven near the shore, and a heavy sea soon after breaking over her, carried away the main-mast, with Ehrlich, another seaman, and Swain, the boy, upon it. Ehrlich again laid hold of the boy, who earnestly exhorted him by crying, "Oh Charles! hold me

fast;" but finding it indispensable for his own preservation, he was obliged to quit his hold, and the poor boy was drowned.

The main-mast being entangled with the ropes of the fore-mast, Ehrlich remained in his perilous situation a long time; at last with difficulty he got to the fore-top-mast head, where he found the man before mentioned still alive. The vessel had by this time drifted to Dimlington Highland, about eight miles to the north of Spurn Point. Ehrlich, perceiving the cliff, prepared to ascend it, exhorting a shipmate to follow, as the only means left of preservation, but he was frozen so stiff and cold, that he was unable to stir a single joint. This poor fellow was never afterwards seen, and is thought to have shared the same fate as the rest of the crew. Ehrlich, watching a favourable opportunity, dropped upon the side of the cliff, which, from being so hard frozen, was very slippery, and it was exceedingly difficult for him to prevent himself from falling into the breakers; he at last, however, got safe to the top of the cliff, at three o'clock in the morning, where he wandered about till break of day, a solitary survivor of the whole ship's crew, lamenting their melancholy fate. He at length reached Hull in a very miserable condition, being worn out with hunger and fatigue, and his limbs nearly frozen, and just able to relate the particulars of his unfortunate situation.

HEARNE'S RELATION OF THE SHIPWRECK OF CAPTAINS KNIGHT, BARLOW, AND VAUGHAN,

With several of their Men, on Marble Island, Hudson's Bay, in the Year 1719.

THE natives who range over, rather than inhabit the large track of land which lies to the north of Churchill river, having repeatedly brought samples of copper to the Company's factory, many of our people conjectured that it was found not far from our settlements; and, as the Indians informed them that the mines were not very distant from a large river, it was generally supposed that this river must empty itself into Hudson's Bay, as they could by no means think, that any set of people, however wandering their manner of life might be, could ever traverse so large a track of country, as to pass the northern boundary of that bay, and particularly without the assistance of water carriage. The following journal, however, will show how much those people have been mistaken: and prove also the impossibility of putting their favourite scheme of mining into practice.

The accounts of this grand river, which some have turned into a strait, together with the samples of copper, were brought to the Company's factory at Churchill river immediately after its first establishment, in the year 1705; and it does not appear that any attempts were made to discover either the river or mines, till the year 1719, when the Company fitted out a ship, called the Albany frigate, Captain George Barlow, (Captain Barlow was governor of Albany Fort, when the French went over land to besiege it, in 1704), and a sloop called the Discovery, Captain David Vaughan. The sole command of this expedition, however, was given to Mr. James Knight, a man of great experience in the Company's service, who had been many years governor at the different factories in the Bay, and who had made the first settlement at Churchill river. Notwithstanding the experience Mr. Knight might have had of the Company's business and his knowledge of those parts of the Bay where he had resided, it cannot be supposed he was well acquainted with the nature of the business in which he then engaged; having nothing to direct him but the slender and imperfect accounts which he had received from the Indians, who, at that time, were little known and less understood.

These disadvantages, added to his advanced age, he being then near eighty, by no means discouraged this bold adventurer, who was so prepossessed of his success, and of the great advantage that would arise from his discoveries, that he procured and took with him some large iron-bound chests to hold gold dust, and other valuables, which he fondly flattered himself were to be found in those parts.

The first paragraph of the company's orders to Mr. Knight, on this occasion, appears to be as follows:—

"Sir,
"4th June, 1719.
"From the experience we have had of your abilities, in the management of our affairs, we have, upon your application to us, fitted out the Albany frigate, Captain George Barlow, and the Discovery, Captain David Vaughan, commander, upon a discovery to the northward; and, to that end, have given you power and authority to act, and do all things relating to the said voyage; the navigation of the said ship, and sloop only excepted; and have given orders and instructions to our said commanders for that purpose.

"You are, with the first opportunity of wind and weather, to depart from Gravesend on your intended voyage: and, by God's permission, to find out the Straits of Anian, in order to discover gold, and other valuable commodities, to the northward." &c. &c.

To Captain James Knight.

Mr. Knight soon left Gravesend, and proceeded on his voyage; but the ship not returning to England that year, as was expected, it was judged that she had wintered in Hudson's Bay; and having on board a good stock of provisions, a house in frame, together with all necessary mechanics, and a great assortment of trading goods, little or no thoughts were entertained of their not being in safety; but as neither ship nor sloop returned to England in the following year, 1720, the Company were much alarmed for their welfare; and by their ship, which went to Churchill in the year 1721, they sent orders for a sloop called the Whalebone, J. Scraggs, master, to go in search of them; but the ship not arriving in Churchill, till late in the year, those orders could not be put in execution till the summer following, 1722.

The north-west coast of Hudson's Bay being little known in those days, and Mr. Scraggs finding himself greatly embarrassed with shoals and rocks, returned to Prince of Wales' Fort, without making any certain discovery respecting the above ship or sloop; for all the marks he saw among the Esquimaux, at Whale Cove, scarcely amounted to the spoils which might have been made from a trifling accident, and consequently could not be considered as signs of a total shipwreck.

The strong opinion which then prevailed in Europe, respecting the probability of a N.W. passage by the way of Hudson's Bay, made many conjecture that Messrs. Knight and Barlow, had found that passage, and had gone through it into the South Sea, by the way of California. Many years had now elapsed without any other convincing proof occurring to the contrary, except that Middleton, Ellis, Beau, Christopher, and Johnson, had not been able to find any passage; and notwithstanding a sloop was annually sent to the northward on discovery, and to trade with the Esquimaux, it was the summer of 1767, before we had positive proofs that poor Mr. Knight, and Captain Barlow, had been lost in Hudson's Bay.

The Company were now carrying on a Black Whale Fishery, and Marble Island was made the place of rendezvous, not only on account of the commodiousness of the harbour, but because the whales were more plentiful about that island than any other part of the coast. This being the case, the boats, when on the look-out for fish, had frequent occasion to row close to the island, by which means they discovered a new harbour near the east end of it, at the head of which they found guns, anchors, cables, bricks, a smith's anvil, and many other articles, which the hand of time had not defaced; and which being of no use to the natives, or too heavy to be removed by them, had not been taken from the place in which they were originally laid. The remains of the house, though pulled to pieces by the Esquimaux, for the wood and iron, are yet very plain to be seen; as also the hulls, or, more properly speaking, the bottoms of the ship and sloop, which lie sunk in about five fathoms water towards the head of the harbour. The figure-head of the ship, and also the guns, &c. were sent home to the company; and are certain proofs that Messrs. Knight and Barlow (the name of Captain Vaughan is not once repeated after his appointment) had been lost on that inhospitable

land, where neither stick nor stump was to be seen, and which lies near sixteen miles from the main land. Indeed the main is little better, being a jumble of barren hills and rocks, destitute of every kind of herbage, except moss and grass; and at that part the woods are several hundreds of miles from the sea side.

In the summer of 1796, while we were prosecuting the fishery, we saw several Esquimaux at this new harbour, and perceiving that one or two of them were greatly advanced in years, our curiosity was excited to ask them some questions concerning the above ship and sloop; which we were enabled to do by the assistance of an Esquimaux, who was then in the Company's service as a linguist, and annually sailed in one of their vessels in that character. The account which we received from them was full, clear, and unreserved; and the sum of it was to the following purport:—

"When the vessel arrived at this place, (Marble Island), it was very late in the fall, and in getting them into the harbour, the largest received much damage; but, on being fairly in, the English began to build the house, their number at that time seeming to be about fifty. As soon as the ice permitted, in the following summer, 1720, the Esquimaux paid another visit, by which time the number of the English was greatly reduced, and those that were living seemed very unhealthy. According to the account given by the Esquimaux, they were then very busily employed, but about what, they could not easily describe; probably in lengthening the long-boat; for at a little distance from the house, there is now lying a great quantity of oak chips, which have been most assuredly made by carpenters.

"Sickness and famine occasioned such havock among the English, that, by the setting in of the second winter, their number was reduced to twenty. That winter, 1720, some of the Esquimaux took up their abode on the opposite side of the harbour to that on which the English had built their houses; and frequently supplied them with such provisions as they had, which chiefly consisted of whale's blubber, and seal's flesh, and train oil. When the spring advanced, the Esquimaux went to the lee continent; and, on their visiting Marble Island again, in the summer of 1721, they only found five of the English alive; and these were in such distress for provisions, that they eagerly ate the seal's flesh and whale's blubber quite raw; as they purchased it from the natives. This disordered them so much, that three of them died in a few days; and the other two, though very weak, made a shift to bury them. Those two survived many days after the rest, and often went to the top of an adjacent rock, and earnestly looked to the south and east, as if in expectation of some vessels coming to their relief. After continuing there a considerable time, and nothing appearing in sight, they sat down close together, and wept bitterly. At length, one of the two died; and the other's strength was so exhausted, that he fell down and died also, in attempting to dig a grave for his companion. The skulls, and other large bones of those two men, are now lying above ground, close to the house. The longest liver was, according to the Esquimaux account, always employed in working of iron into implements for them. Probably he was the armourer or smith."

LOSS OF THE AJAX BY FIRE.

HON. CAPTAIN BLACKWOOD.

AT nine o'clock, p.m., on the 14th of February, 1807, being St. Valentine's day (a sad one indeed for the unfortunate Ajax) the vessel was at anchor off the Dardanelles, in company with the squadron under Vice Admiral Sir J. Duckworth, K.B., when, just as Captain Blackwood had gone to bed, the officer of the watch ran into his cabin and acquainted him, that there was a great alarm of fire in the after-part of the ship.

The captain immediately ordered the drummer to beat to quarters, which was effected; and instantly, as he came out of his cabin, he directed the signal, No. 12, to be made, which was accordingly done and repeated, enforced by guns at intervals. He then called some of the senior officers of the

ship, who went down with him to the after-cock-pit, and the lower-deck, from whence the smoke issued. He immediately ordered as much water as possible to be thrown down, and the cock to be turned, which he found had been previously done.

When the captain had directed the signal, No. 12, to be made, he also ordered a boat, with Lieut. Wood, a midshipman, and a boat's crew, to go and inform all the ships near them of the unfortunate situation of the Ajax. He had scarcely been three minutes on the lower-deck, when he found the impossibility of any officer or man remaining in the cock-pit, to endeavour to extinguish the fire; perceiving from the quantity and thickness of the smoke, that several men fell down with buckets in their hands from suffocation.

To obviate this, Captain Blackwood desired the lower-deck ports to be hauled up to give air; but on finding the harm it produced, he soon directed them to be lowered down, and the after-hatchway to be covered up, in order to gain time, by stopping the vent of the smoke, for the boats to be hoisted; which measure he was induced to adopt, finding that the fire was of that nature, that the ship must soon be in flames. Owing to there not being any cock leading to the after-magazine, the captain ordered the carpenter with his screw to scuttle the after-part of the ship; but by this time (a period, from the commencement, of not more than ten minutes) the smoke, though endeavoured to be stifled, had gained so much, that though it was bright moonlight they could only distinguish each other, even on deck, by speaking or feeling; consequently all attempts to hoist the boats out were ineffectual, except in the case of the jolly-boat, which began to take up the men who had jumped overboard. Immediately as the flames burst up the main-hatchway, which divided the fore from the after-part of the ship, the captain called to every body to go to the foremost part of the ship, as all hopes were at an end of saving her; he desired every one to save himself as soon as possible.

Captain Blackwood had scarcely reached the fore-castle when he saw all parts, from the centre of the booms-aft, in a raging flame. When the fire had reached the other part of the fore-castle, after exhorting the officers and ship's company (to the amount of four hundred) who were on the fore-castle, and about the bowsprit, to be cool and depend on the boats; and also seeing all hopes of saving the ship were in vain, the captain jumped overboard from the sprit-sail-yard, and, being about half an hour in the water, was picked up by one of the boats of the Canopus, and taken on board that ship much exhausted.

Captain Blackwood acknowledges, that in the execution of the duty which devolved on him as commander of the vessel, he derived much assistance from all the officers, but particularly from Lieuts. Proctor, Brown, Mitchell, and Sibthorp, and also the master and captain of marines; and with respect to the ship's company, under such circumstances of fire (more rapid than was ever before known), with hammocks below—under the impression of terror which fire at any time creates, but particularly when men are just out of their beds—no people could have behaved with more coolness or perseverance than they did.

In pursuance of the standing orders, Captain Blackwood had received the report from the first lieutenant, of his having visited all parts of the ship, with the warrant officers and master-at-arms, which he had found clear and safe; he had also received the particular report of the master-at-arms, but not that of the lieutenant of marine-guard, who was accustomed to visit all below, and report to him at nine o'clock, at which hour this unfortunate event took place.

Such is the substance of the captain's account of this unfortunate catastrophe. We shall now subjoin the observations of a spectator in one of the other vessels.

"The Ajax took fire in the bread room, and in ten minutes she was in a general blaze from stem to stern; the wind blew fresh from the N.E. which prevented the boats of the ships to the leeward from rendering any assistance; but from those to windward and near her, she was well enough supplied to save upwards of four hundred of her people; and those may consider themselves as most providentially preserved, as it had blown a

gale all the day, and for two or three days before, and fell moderate towards the evening; a continuance of the gale would probably have rendered all assistance impossible.

"The fire, it appears, had been for some time (comparatively speaking) alight in the bread room before the alarm was given; for, when the first lieutenant and many others broke open the door of the surgeon's cabin, the after-bulk-head was burst down by the accumulated flames and smoke abait it; and so rapidly made its progress through the cock-pit, that it was with difficulty he could regain the ladder, and most of those who accompanied him were suffocated in the attempt. On reaching the quarter-deck, he found the fire had out-rid him; and Captain Blackwood agreeing with him that she was past all remedy, they both ran forward where the majority of the people were assembled, calling on their God for that help they despaired of getting, although many boats were approaching them, so rapidly did the fire work its way forward, and leapt from the sprit-sail-yard, when the Canopus's boat fortunately picked them up.

"At this time the boats were assembling under the ship's bows, and saved most who still clung to them; though many, naked, benumbed with cold, and pressed on by others, let go their hold and perished, as did every one who imprudently, on the first alarm, jumped overboard. The boats, however, cleared her bows, though many of them were in imminent danger of swamping, from the number of poor creatures who were clinging to the gunwales, and who were obliged to be forced off, and left to perish for the safety of the rest. The ship burnt all night, and drifted on the island of Tenedos, where she blew up at five next morning with a most awful explosion.

"The unhappy sufferers of her ward-room are, Lieutenant Rowe, Lieut. Sibthorp, Captain Boyd, of the royal marines, Mr. Owen, surgeon, and Mr. Donaldson, master. The gunner—unhappy father! had thrown one child overboard, which was saved; but, going down for another perished in the flames! Of forty-five midshipmen, of every description, twenty-five were lost. Three merchants of Constantinople were on board; two perished, also a Greek pilot. The purser's steward, his mate, and the cooper, were, according to supposition, lost.

"The occasion of the accident cannot indeed be exactly ascertained; but that there was a light in the bread-room, when there ought not to have been one, is certain. Several of the people died after they got on board the different ships; the rest were distributed among the squadron."

The following is an official list of the commissioned, warrant, and petty officers, with the number of seamen and marines, who were saved.—

Captain, the Hon. H. Blackwood; Peter Procter, the first lieutenant; Jeremiah Brown, second—C. Wood, fourth—Henry Rowe, fifth—Arthur J. Hamilton, seventh—Mr. J. Buller, purser—Samuel Ellis, lieutenant of marines—Joseph Cinnamon, ditto—John Turner, boatswain—Benjamin Rowe, carpenter—Launcelot Armstrong, surgeon's mate—Wm. Dalrymple, school-master—Saml. Armstrong, clerk—Francisco Michello, pilot—John Callam, master's mate—Norwich Duff, Thomas Duff (son and nephew of the late Captain Duff, and who were with him in the Mars, when he gloriously fell in the action off Trafalgar), Robt. Muckworth, Theobald Jones, T. Rawlins, Peter Slark, Benjamin J. Rundell, James Waring, Philip Phips, John Gordon, T. Smith, John Moore, William Walpole, William H. Bruce, Charles Green, and William Trotter, midshipmen; John Dunford, acting boatswain; the Rev. Mr. Palmer and Co. of the royal marines including Sergeant William Bellman, and two hundred and eighty-nine seamen.

One woman out of three saved herself, by following her husband, with a child in his arms, down a rope from the jib-boom-end.

A court-martial was held on board his majesty's ship Canopus, by order of Vice-Admiral Sir J. T. Duckworth, K.B., for inquiring into the cause, and strictly investigating the circumstances by which his majesty's ship, Ajax, was entirely destroyed, which unanimously acquitted Captain Blackwood, his officers, and crew. A similar honourable acquittal was also pronounced by the members of a court-martial held off Cadiz, by order of Lord Collingwood.

GALLANT CAPTURE OF A SLAVER.

THE Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty have received from Commodore Jones, the Senior Officer of Her Majesty's squadron on the west coast of Africa, a letter, inclosing one from Commander Scott, of the Hyacinth, detailing the follow-

ing account of the gallant and dashing behaviour of Mr. John Francis Tottenham, mate of the Hyacinth. On the 12th of August, 1844, in or about lat. 15 deg. south, long. 11 deg. 30 min. east, when off Fish-bay, Commander Scott sent Mr. Tottenham, in a four-oared gig, with one spare hand, to communicate with the Portuguese Governor.

The weather became thick, and he missed his port, but know-



GALLANT CAPTURE OF A SLAVER, OFF FISH BAY, WEST COAST OF AFRICA.

ing that this ship was working along the coast, anchored for the night, and pulled to the southward. On the morning of the 13th, he discovered a brig at anchor, without colours, and saw her slip and make sail, on which he gave chase; being to windward, and the breeze light, he was enabled to approach her weather beam, and fire a musket a-head to induce her to heave to and show her colours; this and a second were dis-

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regarded, but a port was opened and a gun run out and brought to bear on the boat, which caused the officer to pull into her wake, when part of the crew of the brig commenced firing musketry, while the others got the gun on the poop, and pointed it at the boat. Mr. Tottenham now commenced firing, as fast as the spare hand could load for him, being just able to keep way with the brig; having hit four of the

men on board, they left the gun, and, after firing muskets for 20 minutes, finding they were unable to weather the land or tack without being boarded by the boat, they ran the brig on shore, and abandoned her to the number of 18, including 3 wounded men, bearing another mortally wounded (since dead), on board.

In the course of the afternoon the brig was discovered on

shore from the mast-head of the Hyacinth, which stood in and anchored, and hove her off, when she proved to be of 200 tons, without papers, a Brazilian ensign in the cabin, fully equipped for conveying about 1000 slaves, two guns of four pounds calibre loaded, a barrel of powder, and a quantity of langridge shot, a number of muskets, swords, and bayonets on the deck. Almost every bullet expended in the gig was

traced to the gun-carriage, or its immediate vicinity on the poop.

The lords Commissioners of the Admiralty have, we are happy to add, promoted Mr. John Francis Tottenham, mate of the Hyacinth, to the rank of lieutenant.

A correspondent has favoured us with the following *Impromptu*, on reading an account of the single-handed attack upon a slave-ship:—

Oh! ne'er had Honour in the cause of Glory,
 A brighter wreath of evergreen to twine—
 Oh! ne'er had Muse to consecrate in story
 A worthier name, brave Tottenham, than thine!
 With single-handed bravery,
 Against a host of Slavery,
 Thou stood'st the fight
 In dauntless might.

To prove how nerv'd the arm can be
That's rais'd in cause of Liberty!
The Hero of a Hundred Fights
Can never taste the pure delights
Of thy good generous heart—
His calling is to make untimely graves—
Thine to emancipate, not make men slaves,—
Which takes the better part?

SHIPWRECK OF THE *ÆNEAS* TRANSPORT, OFF NEWFOUNDLAND, IN THE YEAR 1805,

*From which, out of Three Hundred and Forty-seven souls, only
Seven were saved.*

THE following dreadful details, from which every sensitive heart must shrink with horror, were transmitted in a letter from an officer at Quebec, to his friend in England. The letter is dated July 6, 1806.

"Yesterday five soldiers, of the 100th regiment, embarked on board a transport, which was supposed to have been lost, from the length of time she had been missing, arrived in a brig from Pool, that touched at Newfoundland, and brought the above men from that island. They give a more melancholy account of a shipwreck, and the circumstances that followed it, than I ever heard, either in real or fictitious story; from one of them I collect the following particulars.

"He says, that about four o'clock in the morning of the 23rd of October last, the vessel, the *Æneas* transport, struck on a rock with such force, that they saw she must soon become a wreck. For the few first minutes all the women and children clung to their husbands and fathers; but in a short time a wave came with such violence, as swept, he supposes, two hundred and fifty of their people from the deck, out of three hundred and forty-seven, which was the number on board before. The rock soon forced its way through all the decks; and thirty-five of the survivors were, before eight o'clock, driven on a small island, about a quarter of a mile from where the vessel struck; at that time she was gone entirely to pieces. He cannot positively say how they got on shore, but he supposes they were floated on part of the wreck. He remembers to have seen one of the boys endeavouring to save Major Bertram, who, having his arm broken by some timber, was on the point of sinking: he held him up as long as his strength permitted, but, to save his own life, was at length obliged to let go his hold, and, the major perished. The thirty-five who landed on the island consisted of seven sailors, and part of the 100th regiment, two of whom were officers, Lieutenant Dawson and Ensign Faulkner. They had the mortification to find the wind change instantly as they landed, and drive everything out to sea, so that not an implement of any kind was saved from the wreck. Mr. Faulkner was correct in his idea of the situation; he knew that the main land which they saw about a mile distant was Newfoundland, and that they were about three hundred miles from St. John's.

"After passing one night on the little island, they formed a raft, and thirty of them arrived safely on the main land; four had previously died, one of whom was the poor fellow who had tried to save the major, and another was missing who had crawled from his comrades, that he might die in quietness, having had both his legs broken; but he was found about eight days after in a shocking state, with his feet frozen off; he still miraculously survives, and is one of the five who arrived here. The greater part directed their course to where the sun rose, leaving behind them the above man and two others, who were unable to walk from their bruises. Lieutenant Dawson was not able to keep up with the party after the first day, and two of the soldiers stayed back to attend him; one of whom is the person who gave me these particulars.

"After toiling on for fourteen days, without eating anything but berries, poor Dawson was unable to stand without support, and on their reaching the banks of a river, he (the informant) attempted to carry him over on his back; but having waded in as high as his neck, he was obliged to return and lay him

on the bank, where he entreated the faithful fellows to make the best of their way, and leave him to his fate, at the same time squeezing them affectionately by the hands, and entreating them to inform his father of his melancholy end. [Here the honest Hibernian (the 100th regiment was raised entirely in that kingdom) burst into a flood of tears before he could proceed.] 'We stayed with him,' he resumed, 'until we knew not whether he was alive or dead.' He described Mr. Dawson not to be above seventeen years of age, upwards of six feet high, and very thin—all circumstances unfavourable for a person to undergo fatigue and abstinence.

"After leaving poor Dawson, they travelled, or rather wandered, in a weak, feeble state for twelve days more, making in the whole twenty-six days; subsisting upon what nature presented to them in a cold barren land; but after the first four or five days they never felt hunger, and, in fact, their misfortunes were so great as (to use his own expression) to kill hunger, and deprive them of feeling; and the snow for the last two days was so deep as to prevent their getting the accustomed berries.

"These two poor fellows were at last found by a man belonging to a hunting party, who, not expecting to meet any human beings in that desolate region, and taking them at a distance for deer, had concealed himself behind a fallen tree, with his gun pointed at one of them, when his dog jumping towards them began to bark, and convinced him of his error. When they related their shipwreck and sufferings to the huntsman, the tears stole down his cheeks, and taking his mankasins from his feet, he gave them to the poor fellows, and invited them to his hunting cabin, which he said was only one mile off (but the real distance was at least twelve), to which by degrees he enticed them to proceed. When they approached the hut, four or five men came out with long bloody knives in their hands, and they said, 'after all we have escaped, are we brought here to be butchered and eat up?' But we soon found our mistake; the men had been cutting up some deer, the fruit of their chase, and our appearance soon drew the pity of these bloody-handed men; and when they produced a bottle of rum, we were convinced they were real Christians.

It appears that they received every possible comfort from these hunters, who, from the description they had received, set out in search of the others; they succeeded in finding the man who remained the first day on the island, and the other two who were unable to leave the shore. The two who accompanied Mr. Dawson, had not made any great progress in the twenty-six days they were travelling; the place they were found at was not at any considerable distance from the spot whence they set off, so that in the woody labyrinth they must have nearly trod over the same ground again.

"I asked my informant if they had given any direction to the hunters, where they might probably meet with the remains of poor Dawson, or Faulkner and his party. He said they had, but it was almost folly to have followed any direction they could have given, for they knew not where they had been.

"Of the thirty-five who survived the wreck, only these five have been heard of, excepting two sailors of Faulkner's party, who were picked up by a man on another hunting excursion, about ninety miles distant, apparently lifeless; but they were taken to an adjacent settlement, where they recovered. They were almost certain Mr. Faulkner and the rest of his companions must have perished in the woods.

"They all describe Faulkner to have been strong, active, and enterprising; and could any thing possibly have been effected for their preservation, he would have accomplished it. The other officers of the 100th expected much aid from these unfortunate young men. Each was proud of exerting himself; whilst the transports were lying about three miles from Portsmouth, they both swam to the ship—Mr. Faulkner climbed up the side very little fatigued, but Mr. Dawson was nearly exhausted.

"When the surviving five arrived at the barrack-square, at Quebec, how affecting was the scene! Men and women flocking round them with an eagerness mingled with despair, anxiously inquiring for some friend or brother that was on board the unfortunate *Æneas*. Their answer was, 'If you do not see him here, be sure he is dead; for of three hundred and forty-seven

souls, we five Irish lads and two sailors are the whole that remain alive.' The tears and exclamations that followed are too mournful to describe, although I could go on with minuter particulars of these disastrous occurrences until I had swollen this letter to a folio volume, which, if either of the poor fellows live to reach home, will probably be the case."

LIBERTY OF THE PRESS, OR A PROOF IMPRESSION.

"GENTLEMEN, I assure you I never was a friend to the



'Liberty of the Press.' I am a Tory all over, and no more fit to fight the battles of my country than Lyndhurst is to turn the Whigs out of office."

VOYAGE &c. of WILLIAM BELSHAW.

CHAPTER I.

I WAS born in the year 1802, on the 27th day of May, of honest and industrious parents. About the age of eleven years, I engaged myself on board a vessel upon trial, as an apprentice. We put to sea, but our ship springing a dangerous leak, we were obliged to put back to Liverpool, the port from which we started, where we got a thorough repair. My parents were soon aware of my disposition, and though my mother objected to my following such a dangerous life, yet my father seemed determined that I should go, and though the brig was only destined for Dublin, he believed this short trip would give me enough of the disasters of a sea-faring life. Indeed, I was not anxious to venture again in this vessel, she was old and cranky, and a new ship was then about to sail to the West Indies.—I was determined to run away from the former, and join the latter. I did so, but fearing to return to my parents, I absented myself from home for two days, at the end of which hunger compelled me to return; and gladly did my poor mother receive me with open arms, as she had just heard that the ship was lost, and all hands on board perished.

Both my father and mother thought, from the dangers I had encountered, that I should think no more of going to sea, still I was determined. My mother, kind hearted soul, persuaded me to go to some trade. I was first put to a watchmaker, and successively to a shoemaker and trunkmaker. Her care for me was in vain, for to sea I would go, and as she found it would be useless to stop me, interceded with a captain, who was boarding with my aunt, and bound me to him for five years, thinking, as he was paying his addresses to my aunt's daughter, he would treat me more kindly. The vessel was a fine built brig, bound for Leghorn, and I soon found out to my sorrow, that the captain was a sharp and very austere man. In 1817, we set sail, and after being two days out, a violent storm arose which lasted several days; during this time, my thoughts recurred to the comfortable home I had left, my heart grew sad at the danger that threatened us; and the vessel being new, and every part of her working very stiff, most of the men's hands got so extremely sore, that the captain, mate, and one man, were the only persons able to work her. Owing to contrary winds, and very bad weather, we were obliged to put into the port of Milford Haven, in South Wales; and while there, I saw the disposition of our cruel captain.

As it pleased God, the cook was taken ill of a fever and ague, and not able to perform his duties. When the captain was informed of it, he went to him and began cursing, and calling him "a lazy lubber," he, (the captain) then went down below, put a rope round the sick man's waist, and lugged him out of his hammock; the poor fellow managed to crawl upon the deck, and rest himself against the coppers, when his unfeeling master got a rope two inches and a quarter thick, and struck him with it several times; after which, he proceeded, with the assistance of the first and second mates, to strip him of his clothes, and the chief mate who was as great a tyrant as his master, threw several buckets of salt water over him, while the second mate scrubbed him with a hard brush. Though commanded to assist in performing this hardened cruelty, the men refused to have any hand in the affair, and retired below to see how they could get away from such a commander: and while so doing, a boat came alongside of our ship, in which was four men, and a gentleman; the latter demanding to know if there was a man going to be murdered on board, the captain replied no, that this black b— of a cook was pretending to be ill, but he would soon cure him! The gentleman, on such a base reply, immediately cried shame, and told the cook to keep his spirits up, and he would shortly see justice done him. He then ordered the boat to be rowed on shore, during which time the three cruel tyrants laid the cook across the windlass, and there struck him as before, using the most abusive language. Soon after this, the captain came below to where I was at work, washed his hands, and after giving me two or three violent kicks, ordered the long-boat to be got ready, that he might go on shore to satisfy the authorities. Scarcely had the boat been got ready, when the same boat which came alongside before, was near close upon us, with six men in her; they were speedily on board, and having shown their warrants, told the captain he must come with them, he swore he would not quit his vessel and leave her in the hands of common seamen. One of the constables made reply, "it must be left to the black man," meaning the cook, "whether he wished them to be taken or not;" the latter was asked, who granted leave for the first mate to remain, and the captain and second mate to be secured. Accordingly, after much parley, the captain, cook, and second mate, were taken into the boat, to appear before the magistrates, but the result of the inquiry I am not in possession of, only that the captain was compelled to pay sixty pounds for the support of the cook and a doctor.

After lying about a fortnight in the haven, one morning early we received orders from the captain to get under weigh, but to our surprise, the same boat, and two constables, came for the first and second mate, to go again before the magistrates, who ordered them to pay fifty pounds each before they could be set at liberty, as the black man was very ill; the first mate said he would see the cook d—d before he would give him any thing. On the magistrates hearing this impertinent language, they committed them both to Pembroke

Castle to take their trial. The captain used all the means he could to get them released, but in vain; he was forced to ship another mate, and two seamen.

The reader may imagine the consternation I was in, on seeing such cruelty practised on board the ship by the master, and heartily did I wish myself home again with my affectionate parents. I was ruminating on my hard fate one day, when a thought came into my head, that I would try and make my escape by stealing the long-boat in the night. That very night being my watch upon deck, when all hands were asleep on board, I stole into the fore-castle, packed up part of my apparel in a bag, went aft on the poop, hauled the boat under the stern and threw my bag into it. I then endeavoured to haul the boat alongside, close to the gangway, but the wind being rough, and the tide running a strong current, caused the boat to bound violently against the side of the ship, the noise awoke the chief mate, who coming on deck, inquired what was the matter, I made an excuse by saying that "I was giving the boat more painter." He ordered me to make less noise, and then went below to his hammock. I began now to have but poor hopes of making my escape, so I went and sat down for about an hour, thinking that the mate might go to sleep again. Supposing all was right, I tried to get the boat to the gangway on the other side of the vessel; after doing so, I put an oar into the boat, and finding it fastened in the main sheet, I was obliged to cut it away.

Just as I was preparing to start, the mate came on deck again, and demanded to know what I was doing? I stammered and said, that "I was making the boat more secure, and giving it more painter." He then belaboured me most unmercifully, and swore he would give it me worse if he caught me on the poop again that night, yet he was ignorant of my intentions.

I now saw the hopelessness of my case: I went below in the fore-castle and awoke one of the men, and told him the trouble I was in, this man told the mate, and on the captain's return on board the following morning, I was summoned into his presence. The captain finding I had hid myself, came on deck with a rope's-end in his hand, stamping and roaring like a mad bull, and ordered an immediate search to be made, this was commenced by all hands, but in vain. Upon this, the captain observed, "I hope the b— has not fallen overboard." "More likely," said one of the crew, "you have frightened him so he has jumped overboard himself." "I hope not," said the captain, "as I have had bother enough with that black nigger of a cook, and I don't know how I shall be able to get out of that scrape." So you perceive, kind reader, how conscience troubled his guilty mind, and so it is with all who rule tyrannically.

The night came and still I kept my hiding-place. At length the new cook came below for coals, I called him by his name, he started back, thinking (like the rest of the ship's company) that I had thrown myself overboard. I begged him to make intercession with the captain for me, as I was afraid he would murder me; he then went to the captain and told him I was living, and the latter smiled to hear it, promising if I would return to my duty he would forgive me; he returned and acquainted me of what the captain said, and persuaded me to come on deck. On coming on deck and hearing the cabin bell ring, I went and answered it, and when I came before the captain he stamped and swore, gave me a severe kick, and told me to light a candle, after I had done so, I fell upon my knees and begged for mercy, and said that I would do every thing in my power to please him, he cursed me, and ordered me upon deck.

Some short time after our ship's owner (Mr. Taylor, of Liverpool) came, and having heard all the particulars, asked me the reason of my attempting to run away, I gave him but little satisfaction, but told him I wished myself at home again.

Mr. Taylor got the first and second mates their liberty by paying twenty pounds each for them. I was sorry to see them come on board any more, as I thought they richly deserved to suffer the punishment of the law; but money will do great things in this world, yet they will have to answer for it in the next, without they repent; but I will leave that to them, and

hope they will repent of their sins before they leave this world. I will acquaint my readers with what became of the black cook hereafter.

We now set sail with a favourable wind, bound for Leghorn. We had not been long at sea, before I found that the captain had not forgiven me; for one day as it was blowing a smart breeze, the cook having hid a tea cup of fat under the coppers, it rolled from under and broke. The captain seeing this, called me upon deck, and inquired how that came there; I told him the truth, saying I did not know. Upon hearing this, he went into a most dreadful passion, laid hold of my jacket with one hand, and my trousers with the other, lifted me up and threw me with great violence against the side of the long-boat. I fell on one of the ring bolts and cut my ankle dreadfully, which left a mark for life; he then kicked and flogged me with a rope's-end till I could scarcely walk. After he had left me, I was assisted by one of the men to go below in the fore-castle, where I remained for about eight or nine days, and was obliged to crawl up and down on my hands and knees; as I had nothing to apply to my ankle, it swelled much, and the wound became dreadful and corrupted, discharging with an offensive smell. The cook advised me to wash it with salt beef brine, which I found very painful, but thanks be to God, it soon gave me relief, and I was able to crawl upon deck at needful times. But one day I was upon deck, and the captain seeing me there for the first time, asked me how I was, and whether I was able to work, saying, if I could come on deck, I must be able to work, and must make myself useful: I then followed him on my hands and knees. My trousers by this time were worn out, and my knees were very sore; but thanks to God, I at last got so well that I could walk on my feet again. I was then ordered to attend the cabin, I did not like it, for I could not bear the captain to look at me. For a few days things went on very well, and I did not receive one blow, but not missing plenty of oaths and curses, which was his common practice. I hope God will forgive him as I do, though at that time I thought I could never forgive him, but now I do all in the hope that the Lord will forgive me my own sins.

The captain soon got tired of being quiet, for he ordered that the men in the fore-castle should have no light at night, saying that they must do without it, for he had not too much oil for the binnacle lamp, let alone the fore-castle one; so the men to please him did as well as they could without it. The weather becoming rather stormy, and the cook knowing the captain had plenty of candles in store, made free to secrete two of them in the fore-castle, which he unfortunately missed; he instantly sent for me, and asked me if I knew anything about them. Upon declaring my innocence, he knocked me down, and threatened what he would do if he found I had taken them. The first mate went forward to the fore-castle, made a strict search and found them; he asked the men concerning the candles, and they said they knew nothing about them. The captain hearing this, grasped me by the hair of my head, and said, "you d—d rascal you are found out." I still declared my innocence. The cook seeing the anger of the captain, immediately came forward and said, "Sir, the boy is innocent, for I took the candles—as there were plenty of them in store, I thought it was hard that the men should be confined in darkness during the rough weather, candles being plentiful on board." But the other cowardly rascals sneaked away, being afraid of the captain's anger, instead of coming forward like men. After the captain heard this, he called the first and second mates, and ordered them to seize him. They did as the captain ordered them, and dragged him to the cat head, stripped his trousers down, and bound him with a rope; then the captain flogged him on the back severely, as though he had only been a boy; and though only but a boy myself, I wondered how the men could stand such treatment, and not turn against the captain and mate. But I must inform the reader that there was not a spirited man on board, except one, and that was the second mate, but the captain had got him to do as he liked for the sake of a glass of grog.

Our captain was a stout young man and very proud, he would walk the quarter-deck as if he were some great monarch,

so that every one was afraid of him. After he had satisfied himself in his cruelty to this poor man he had been flogging, I perceived him coming towards the cabin with a piece of rope in his hand. As soon as he came up to me, he laid hold of me and threw me down on one of the seats and flogged me in a most dreadful manner, and then went upon deck. I was in a most shocking condition, and could scarcely rise. I thought if he returned and found me there he might finish me, so I got to the companion ladder and sat me down, and it was a long time before I could get over the flogging I had received. Indeed I was never without black flesh and wounds while I was on board that vessel.

When we came about two or three days sail from the Gulf of Gibraltar, our captain espied a large brig, on which he said to the chief mate that he did not like the appearance of that vessel, there being so many on board. The captain and mate consulted together, and ordered the men to put the vessel before the wind, or nearly so. We then got out of sight of her, the captain believing her to be an Algerine pirate.

About five or six hours after, which was about nine o'clock at night, we altered our course again, and to our surprise, about one in the morning, she made her appearance under our stern before we perceived her, it being so dark; she then put about, and steered the same course as ourselves, until she came alongside, so near that we expected they would entangle themselves with us and board us.

The captain ordered the mate to call the men aft, and swore we must fight if they offered to board us. The second mate said to the captain, "would it not be better to put the vessel again before the wind, as we should soon leave her astern." The captain replied, "no, no," and snatching up a speaking trumpet he hailed her "brig a ho!" which they did not answer, but went a little ahead of us, hove to, and waited till we came up to her. Our captain again hailed her, but received no answer. He then swore he would make them answer—he ordered the second mate to load one of the guns, as he expected she was a pirate, and waiting till we came up. He hailed her again, but receiving no reply, ordered the mate to fire, which was answered by loud cheers and hooting, and immediately they hoisted a lighted lantern at the peak, but sheered off and pulled it down. The captain and mate with a speaking trumpet each, demanded where she was bound for, and at the same time all the crew shouted as loud as possible, in order to deceive them as to our numbers: luckily we did so, for she sheered off not daring to attack us, although had she done so, the captain had made up his mind to defend the vessel, though we had but few fire arms on board. At daybreak we discovered her at a distance, and fortunately for us, the Spanish coast at the same time, so that we were shortly in the gut of Gibraltar.

Even here, the captain did not forget to exercise his cruelty. As one of the men was about half a minute behind the rest upon deck, after being called, he ordered him to receive seventeen lashes, which the men carefully entered in the log-book, (several of the men keeping one) as they said to keep tally with the captain; for my own part, I considered myself fortunate if I escaped with a few kicks and curses each day. After a fair wind we were close upon Leghorn, took a pilot on board, and entered the Mole where we were put in quarantine for seven days. Here we discharged part of our cargo, the rest being left at Genoa. But sickened at the treatment I had received, I determined to make my escape, so beckoning to a boatman, who was close by, and unseen by any of the ship's crew, I threw my bundle which contained my clothes into the boat, and then got in myself. The man not understanding English, nor I the Italian language I pointed towards the shore and got hold of one of the oars, and began to pull away very hard myself to let him know that I was in great haste to get on shore. When we got into the slip, as I had no money in my pocket to pay him for his trouble, I opened my bag, and took out a new linen shirt, and gave it to him, at the same time giving him to understand that I wanted some money, for it; he gave me two poles, which is worth about one shilling of our money, and a noggin of rum, which I drank and then left him and went on shore, at the same time not knowing where I was going.

"Better to bear the ills we have,
Than fly to others we know not of."

Yet when sailors of any kind experience such treatment as I did from their captain, they will no doubt agree with me in thinking that it was better to run the risk of chance than serve like a slave to be kicked and buffeted about like a dog, and that too by one of the same mould and fashion as yourself, one who ought to protect the unfortunate apprentice in danger, and who was in justice bound to treat him like a Christian, and instruct him in that duty which would make him a good seaman, and a worthy member of society.

"In darkness was shrouded the moon's silver form,
Obscured was each glimmering speck,
When the sea-boy jump'd out of his hammock so warm,
Roused up by the crew in the midst of a storm,
To attend to his duty on deck.

Hoarse bawl'd the stern captain, as orders he gave,
The mainsail to furl with all haste;
The wind it blew cold, and he feared that each wave,
Would plunge him headlong in a watery grave,
As his footing unsteady he placed.

The storm raged with fury on every side,
The sailors were harsh and unkind;
And when it was over he sat down and cried,
'Oh! why did I roam o'er the ocean so wide,
And leave my enjoyments behind.'

But through my own folly came sorrow and woe,
For I discontented became;
And out for a sailor determin'd to go—
How little, alas! did I fancy or know
How foolish I was and to blame.

If our ship to old England return any more,
I'll try to obtain my release;
For I'm weary and faint with the toil I endure,
O, I wish I had stayed at home safe and secure,
Nor embark'd on the perilous seas."

[To be continued.]

LOSS OF THE BRIG ROBERTS.

On the 16th of May, about half-past eight, the vessel was under a heavy press of sail, and bearing on the Manks coast. The captain was not aware of being near the land, for in reply to a question, he said there was no danger, as the vessel was between twenty and thirty miles from any coast. A few minutes afterwards, the captain, and a Mr. Nixon, being in the cabin, the vessel struck on the rock at Langles Point with a dreadful crash. The captain and Mr. Nixon instantly rushed on deck, where a scene of the most horrifying description presented itself. The terrific shrieks of the women and children, and the distraction of the men may be imagined, but cannot be described. At this awful perilous moment, the sea running mountains high, and the waves dashing over the vessel, and on an unknown coast, there was not an instant for deliberation. Those who could swim, immediately jumped into the sea, and gained the rocks, while a few others also succeeded by passing over the bowsprit and descending on a jutting point of the rock. Several who had gained the rock were unfortunately washed off by the overwhelming waves, and it was only by the utmost human exertions that any of them escaped destruction. Those who succeeded in retaining their hold, clambered from rock to rock, during the short interval that succeeded each wave, until they attained the land. Of the entire number not more than nineteen persons (including

the captain and crew) were saved—the remainder found a watery grave. One woman was among the number saved, but she was much injured, and not expected to survive. The captain had a narrow escape, and was much bruised. From the darkness of the night, the unfortunate people had considerable difficulty in finding a habitation; on the following morning they went to Castletown, where a collection was raised for their relief, and a vessel prepared to convey them to their destination.

THE SPIRIT OF THE GALE.

[By HAWKINS A. D'ALTON.]

"'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy——"

L'ALLEGRO MILTON.

I AM free,—I'm free,—where I list, I roam,
And I scud along on the ocean's foam;
The billows I wake with a warrior's shout,
And scatter their surges in spray about;
To the storm's dark spirit I call aloud,
While he mutters a growl from the thunder-cloud.
Where the lightning dances in scathing wrath,
O'er the water's waste, is my ruthless path;
And the mariner lists to my fearful shriek
With a trembling heart, and a pallid cheek.

I am come,—I come from destruction's fripp,
Where I've howl'd a dirge o'er the sinking ship;
On the flapping sail and the tow'ring mast
With a giant's strength was my fury cast.
And away they whirl'd like a slender reed
As I merrily laughed at the fiendish deed;
And I bear on my wings the struggling cry,
Of a drowning swimmer's last agony.

An hour since, I hailed on a crazy raft,
The remaining crew of a shipwrecked craft,
Hunger depicted on visages grim,
With skeleton bodies, and stiffen'd limb:
They were casting lots for the doomed to die,
And I mocked their grief as I whistl'd by.
I will go—I go—ere another sun
Awakes from its sleep, will rare work be done.

Where mountains of ice on the ocean ride,
I'll lash up the waves in my reckless pride
The frozen pinnacles playfully rock,
Like an aged man 'neath the palsy's shock;
As my whizzing hiss and their splitting crash,
Doth mingle along with the billows' splash.

A ship lies at anchor since ev'ning's down
A speck 'neath the shade of an iceberg's frown;
With a fearful scream like a madman's shriek,
As light brittle glass the hard-frost I'll break,
And revel aloft 'mid the echoing rout,
Whilst I toss its masses in air about:
To me are such fragments like flakes of snow,
And I'll hurl them in sport at that barque below.

March, 1846.

LOSS OF THE REGULAR EAST INDIAMAN.

MORE than one inaccurate account of this melancholy affair, having been published, we prefer the following narrative, by Captain Carter. The noble conduct of the crew, of the French frigate *La Cléopâtre*, in rescuing all hands con-

nected with the Regular, from total destruction, has been acknowledged in a letter from Captain Carter to the commander of the French frigate; also, by Sir William Gomm, governor of the Cape of Good Hope; and this praiseworthy conduct has very properly been brought under the notice of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty:—

"The ship Regular, W. R. Carter commander, 550 tons, left London on the 22nd of February, bound to Bombay and China, with a valuable cargo of specie, iron, steel, copper, &c. The passage was an ordinary one until the 8th of May, when, scudding in a heavy gale from the N.W. off the Cape of Good Hope, she suddenly sprung a leak, which, in spite of the continued exertions of the crew for the four subsequent days and nights, gained considerably upon them. On the second day the water gained upon both pumps three inches. The gale continuing with unabated fury, and a tremendous sea running, it was deemed expedient to lighten her, and about eighty tons of copper, &c., were thrown overboard without any good resulting. The crew was then divided into parties, and the pumps assisted by baling at the fore hatchway. For the two subsequent days, the weather continued nearly the same, blowing furiously with a tremendous sea. There was no alternative but to scud before the blast, which was done under a reefed foresail, and close-reefed main-topsail. On the 13th, all hands became completely exhausted, the pumps never having been left for four days and nights. The ship at noon on this day, was in lat. 37 deg. 30 min. S., and in long. 36 deg. 30 min. E., when the immense quantity of water in the hold, affected her steerage, and it was evident to all, she was nearly water-logged. At three p.m. the water in the hold, being nearly up to the beams, and the crew despairing of keeping her afloat by their exertions much longer, they were compelled to take to their boats. At eight p.m., they left her to her sad fate. In the launch were placed eighteen persons, including the chief and second officer and two female passengers; in the pinnace were the third officer and ten persons; and in the gig Captain Carter, and four persons. Several days' provisions and water was placed in each boat. They were now nine hundred miles from the nearest land, scudding, in three small boats, (the largest of which was only twenty-three feet six inches in length, and six feet six inches broad,) before a furious Cape gale, direct from the land. About ten, in a heavy squall of wind, each boat shipped a tremendous sea; from the larger one, everything was obliged to be thrown overboard, to lighten her—water, food, compass, charts, &c. The gig cleared herself as she filled over the stern. So, on the top of a mountainous sea, the whole of her contents, save the crew, were washed over her bows. The pinnace shared the same fate as the launch; the gig was then pulled towards the launch, and reached her at midnight. The crew was then removed into her, and she cut adrift; the launch was now too crowded almost to move in, and had lost sight of the pinnace. Thus in despair, they drove the wretched night through, without chart, or compass, to direct them, or a single necessary to sustain life; the sea birds (such as albatros, and Cape pigeons,) hovering close over them, as if only waiting the moment, when the frail boat should be engulfed. At dawn, to their inexpressible joy, the Almighty directed two vessels to their relief, which were despatched directly to windward, running immediately towards them. A signal of distress was made, by hoisting a shawl belonging to one of the lady passengers, which was providentially not unobserved. The vessels proved to be the French frigate *La Cléopâtre*, 52 guns, and corvette *Alicmene*, 20 guns, proceeding to China via Bourbon. The commodore, on being made acquainted with the discovery of the signal, immediately rounded the frigate towards the boat, and at eight those in the launch, were received in safety on board her. On reaching the frigate's deck, Captain Carter instantly implored the commodore to go in search of his missing men and officers in the pinnace. This request was immediately complied with, and in less than an hour the missing boat was discovered by the corvette, and by her, miraculously preserved, all parties thanking God and the French officers with tears in their eyes, who, through his mercy, had been the means, of rescuing them from a watery grave. The appearance of these

vessels seemed the more miraculously on this day, as for forty-two days previously they had not sighted a single sail, nor did they fall in with any other after, on their passage to the Mauritius. It was also afterwards learned that on the previous day, the commodore had determined to alter his course, but had not eventually done so; if he had he would have passed eighty or ninety miles to the eastward of the unfortunate crew.

"The preparations made by those on board the frigate for removing the poor wrecked people from the boats could never be surpassed. It displayed the skill of a seaman, and at

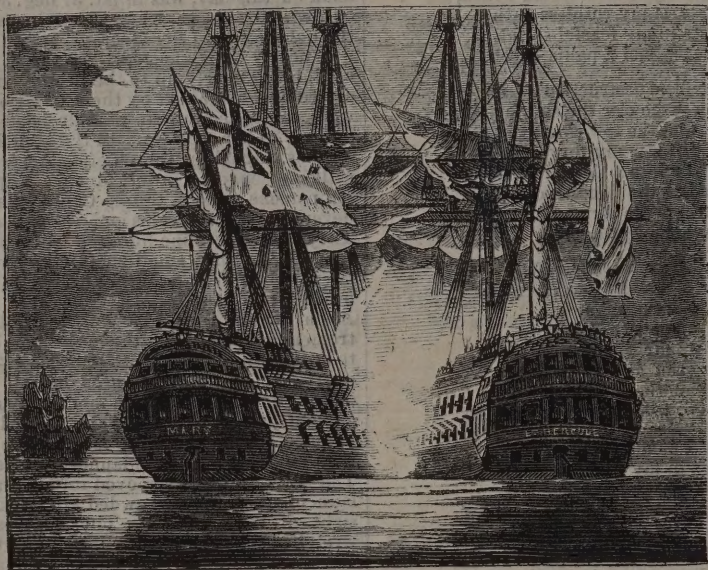
the same time showed that every head and heart on board the *Cléopâtre* seconded the exertions of the excellent commander; and, when they had been safely taken on board, they found that every arrangement had been made for their reception which either humanity or medical skill could devise, and, from that moment, until the arrival of the frigate at the Mauritius, the crew of the *Regular* received such generous treatment from their deliverers, as will never be effaced from their memory. The whole of the officers, passengers, and crew were saved."

ACTION BETWEEN THE MARS AND HERCULES.

In 1798, Lord Bridport had the command of the Channel fleet; and on the 21st of April, he threw out a signal for Captain Hood in the *Mars* to give chase to a strange ship, which was evidently keeping near the French coast, for the purpose of endeavouring to escape through the passage Du Raz; it is probable she would have completely and speedily succeeded in this attempt, had not the wind been directly against her, and the tide at the same time setting in from the shore; she was, therefore, obliged to come to an anchor. Captain Hood took immediate and effectual advantage of this circumstance; and it is difficult to decide, whether the skill which he manifested in laying the *Mars* alongside of the enemy, or the bravery with which he afterwards fought her, is most to be celebrated and commended. The British captain was resolved to do the business so effectually as to put it entirely out of the power of the French ship to escape, or even to resist for any length of time; and besides, it was to encourage and accommodate his brave crew by coming to close quarters, that he laid the *Mars* so near, that several of the lower deck ports were unshipped. The enemy on his part was not dismayed by having a British man-of-war so near him; he fought his ship with great gallantry and coolness; and a most bloody conflict commenced, and continued for upwards of an hour-and-a-half; when British bravery received its due and just reward in the surrender of the French ship. The prize was a valuable one; proving to be a quite new and well-finished seventy-four gun ship—the *Hercules* of seventy-four guns, and seven hundred men. She had sailed but a very short time

before from L'Orient to join the Brest fleet. Her loss was dreadful: upwards of four hundred men were killed or wounded; and on the side, where, from being at anchor, she was exposed to the fire of the *Mars*, her hull was burnt, and almost torn to pieces.

The loss on board the *Mars* was trifling, if the mere number of men killed and wounded is taken into account; but heavy and lamentable indeed, from the circumstance that the gallant Captain Hood fell in this well fought action; just before it terminated, he received a wound in the thigh, that proved mortal; he lived long enough, however, to be gratified in the hour of his dissolution, with the joyful news of the enemy's surrender,



[ACTION BETWEEN THE MARS AND HERCULES.]

which he received with a smile, and expired as a Briton ought to die, whose life is devoted to his country, in the arms of that victory which had been won by his courage. He had previously called for pen, ink, and paper, and made a short will. Besides her captain, the *Mars* had seventeen killed, sixty-five wounded, five of whom died of their wounds, and eight missing. It is probable that the last had fallen overboard during the heat and bustle of this dreadful engagement.

This, though a single action, was one of great importance. The meeting of two ships of the line is a circumstance of rare occurrence, and its decision in our favour a brilliant ornament to our naval history. The *Bellona* and *Courageux*, the *Foudroyant* and *Pégasse*, the *Mars* and *Hercules*, the *Victorious* and the *Rivoli*, will be recorded in the annals of history, as the finest memorials of naval prowess, and a decided proof of our superiority on the ocean.

The loss on board the *Hercules* amounted to upwards of 400 while on board the *Mars* only 17 were killed.

THE NUBIAN SLAVE.

From "Evenings at Haddon Hall." Published by Colburn, 1846.

OVER a parched and arid desert a train of captives painfully pursued their way. The air was heavy with intense heat. Around, below, above, heat was present, as if it were concen-

trated into a palpable substance, resting heavily on the head, weighing down the limbs, oppressing and suffocating respiration. To rest was to perish. The captives, with languid steps and throbbing temples, moved on, animated by the prospect of moistening their parched lips, as the guide indicated that wells were at hand. "Water, water!" was repeated in many dialects

of Africa—one desire in a dozen languages, and by hundreds of voices—"Water, water, or we die!" Old Haloo, the chief of the band, whose life had been passed in the traffic of slaves, looked on the fainting throng as if to calculate how much longer nature could support existence.

The train was numerous. Most of the captives were young—some mere children, others rising into youth, others approaching lusty maturity. In this band there were almost as many girls as lads and men. With few exceptions, all were unconfined. There was no fear of their attempting to escape upon the desert. Their homes were hundreds of miles away. Around the neck of each was a bag containing roasted maize. This was the sole provision for their journey. Each carried a supply for several days. They received water only at the appointed resting-places, which were often at the distance of a long and weary day's travel. They were driven forward like a herd of cattle, kept from straying by natural instinct. When they approached a habitable country, they were bound together in gangs, to prevent any from deserting. In this mode they were hurried to the sea-shore, to be borne across the Atlantic, and commence their life of slavery. But now they thought not of the future. They had but one wish: they believed they should be happy if they could but satisfy the thirst which consumed them.

The horrors of that day drew to a close at last. In the distance, the guides who had advanced were seen filling skins and vessels from the well. A cry of joy resounded through the train. The single camel of the expedition stretched forth his long neck and quickened his pace, while his large lips trembled with desire. As the resting-place was reached, the sun went down, and water and shade were attained together. The younger captives forgot everything in the exquisite sense of relief and delight they experienced. When their wants were relieved they were careless of the future, and sank to rest beneath the large palms, which, at the edge of the desert, gave promise of a more fruitful country.

One man alone had performed that day's march with fetters to his wrists, and a thick rope attached to his ankles. He had been brought from a province of Nubia, where the White River watered the sultry plains, and tall mountains cast on them a grateful shade. A tribe of the Desert had invaded his village, burnt the dwellings to the ground, and made him prisoner. He had struggled desperately, but in vain; though well had he maintained his reputation for courage, and justified the confidence reposed in him. Three of the savages fell by his hand; at last, he was only overpowered by numbers. Bound hand and foot, he had been transferred from one tribe to another, till he formed part of the band destined for the sea-coast. This man was prized by Old Haloo for his youth, large frame, and prodigious strength. No labour seemed to tire him, no punishment to subdue his spirit. He never complained. He took food and water when offered him, but he never asked for either, and, unlike the other captives, he disdained to carry provision for his journey. He was considered of too much value to be neglected, and so was supplied with sufficient nourishment to support life. He had more than once endeavoured to escape, and was now so fettered that no struggles could avail him. At night he was securely tied to several of the other prisoners.

When the well was reached, this man had thrown himself to the ground and closed his eyes. Water was paraded before him, but he did not heed it. He did not stretch forth his hand for one draught of that precious fluid which the herd of captives sought so eagerly. All were first served, and then was taken to him a few drops of water, sufficient to support life but not to quench thirst. This was gratuitous torture, for the element was now abundant. When the vessel was offered to him, he struck it to the ground, and dealt a heavy blow to the slave who bore it. His outcries brought Old Haloo to the spot. He was enraged, but did not wish to lose the 100 dollars which he knew he should receive for so valuable a prize on the coast, and a larger supply was brought. The Nubian drank it, and ate some grains of maize. He next received the punishment of the scourge, ordered him for his disobedience, without a word, and appeared easily to fall asleep.

No one could pierce into the thoughts of the Nubian that

night, or tell the pains of his body, the misery of his spirit. He lay still, but he did not rest. Sometimes a low groan escaped him, which he sought to suppress, as unworthy his fortitude. His bonds had fretted him, and now he could gain no relief from their pressure. To him, of all the band, that brought no relief. He longed for the dawning of day, though with it his sufferings would recommence; the rest and silence of night he found more intolerable than the toils and action of the day.

In his village home some scattered light of Christian truth had reached him. He had gathered that one God reigned in Heaven, and that love and justice were his attributes. Often were his fettered hands raised to the sky. Was his muttered prayer for deliverance or for vengeance? He must have thought the answer long delayed. Yet it did not seem that hope deserted him. His fellow-captives sometimes saw him on his knees, and they attributed his surprising resolution and untiring strength to the supernatural aid he received in those moments from the Deity he worshipped.

Twelve days more of privation and of fatigue to fainting, brought that band in diminished numbers to the shore. The discipline that tames the lion and the tiger—hunger and weariness—had made them obedient to the slightest gesture of their drivers. They were weaker in body, but yet weaker in spirit. They humbly entered the boats, though the raging surf threatened their destruction, and were conveyed on board the vessel anchored in the distance. The Nubian went with the rest, for he was now incapable of resistance. If these poor creatures had any thought, they must have wondered for what end irons were rivetted to their limbs, when they of themselves were almost incapable of moving them. They were stowed thickly in the hold, without light and without air. The slave-decks were ready, the schooner sank deep in the water with her cargo of flesh and blood, and the anchor was raised.

Fair but roughly blew the breeze. The vessel rose to the swell, and gallantly flew over the waters to the west. Night and day the ship rolled onwards, no pause in her motion for an instant, no abatement of the heaving of the waters. Frightful were the groans and shrieks of the captives. "Tis no matter," said the captain; "they are safe. No escape here." He was wrong. The escapes were numerous. Each morning the dead were separated from the living—not before. Those who were not on the watch, yet heard in their berths below the sullen splash in the waters which sounded the funeral knell of the victims.

It was horrible to see the shoal of sharks which followed that ship. They seemed, like the rolling waters, to know no rest. They knew their prey was in that vessel, and they never forsook it. Often, in the day, they were not seen. They knew their time, and they observed it regularly. Long before the sun rose, these monsters, in the earliest dawn of light, were observed moving on the surface of the water, opening their huge jaws, springing over each other, touching the sides of the ship, as if they smelt their prey, through the planks, and manifesting the most furious eagerness to obtain it.

The captain was naturally more careless than cruel. When matters went well, he was good-humoured enough; but when crossed, he lost all control over himself, and his bad passions blazed forth with irrestrainable fury. In his wrath he was a perfect fiend. The slave-trade brought him wealth, and he was indifferent about the rest. There are many characters like his in the world, though not all are exposed to the same temptation, who suffer themselves to be guided by events, without a thought for the consequences. He had no interest in his cargo, but he felt a pride, as he expressed it, in landing it in good order. He had amassed wealth, for his schooner was a smart thing, and had distanced many an English cruiser. She had so good a look about her, too, that she was not often suspected; and besides the traffic in slaves, the captain did something in ivory and other commodities. He was British born, and had been bred to the sea, but had lived a free life in the West Indies. For the last ten years he had said, "A few more trips, and I will give over this trade: 'but

the temptation was too strong for him. The profits of a run from Africa to the Brazils or Cuba were enormous, and he was so well known, and had so great a reputation for dexterity and success, that he had abundance of commissions offered him. No one, it was found, made the passage so quick, or brought home so full a cargo. As for the guilt of his occupation, that troubled not him. When his wife remonstrated, he shook a bag of gold in her ear. "Negroes, hey," said he, after a successful voyage, "pooh, pooh! My trade is in gold dust, nothing else." This man was as fond of his family as one of his rugged nature could be, and for his sole child, a girl, he hoarded the wealth made by his perilous and criminal voyages.

His present cargo had been reduced in strength beyond safe limit. Their wretched confinement, coming immediately after their dreadful journey, had produced a malignant fever among them, and the mortality was so great that it seemed likely the captain would have but a scanty complement to land. This soured his temper; and when some of the crew fell sick, and he had scarcely hands enough to work the vessel, he fretted like an enraged brute. He had but one consolation. The voyage promised to be unusually rapid. He was bound for the Havannah; and though he had lost a third of the slaves on board, he congratulated himself on being within three or four days' sail of port. A new mortification awaited him.

The wind changed, and with the change his glass fell. He saw certain indications of stormy weather, and prepared to meet it, cursing the mischance which deprived him of half-a-dozen stout hands. Thick clouds gathered, but at night the wind went down with the sun. In the morning it increased to a gale, and, as if to complete his ill-luck, a fine brig was seen in the distance with the union-jack flying at her mast-head. She was an English cruiser, that was quite clear; and it was soon evident that she had suspicions of the schooner, and was crowding all sail the gale would allow her to carry in pursuit. The captain's mind was made up to run for it. He hoisted canvass till the schooner's masts groaned with the press, and adopted every resource of experienced seamanship to baffle his pursuer. He resolutely disregarded all signals. He believed that he could hold his distance till night, and in the darkness he did not doubt he could escape. But it soon appeared that the cruiser was the better sailer, and that her commander, heavy as the gale was, did not fear to put her sailing qualities to the proof. By noon, the distance was greatly lessened, and the captain saw that the guns of the enemy would be brought to bear upon him long before night.

His position was desperate, and he determined to try an expedient which he had more than once before found successful. A raft was rudely constructed of some spare spars; to this were lashed half a dozen of the captives. Their entreaties were no more regarded than the whistling of the wind. As a wave advanced, the raft was lowered to its surface. The result was watched by the crew of the slaver with breathless suspense. The captain calculated rightly on the humanity of the English commander. The height of the sea was disregarded—a boat was lowered from the brig; the chase was for the moment slighted, in anxiety to save the wretched beings whom the waves threatened each instant to engulf. They were safely got on board, but not until the distance between the two vessels was perceptibly increased. Three several times was the same plan tried with the like success. At evening the schooner was still beyond range of her pursuer's guns.

Still the gale increased; the sky was obscured by pitchy clouds, and the schooner plunged madly through the darkness. Tremendous squalls of wind and hail swept the decks; one fearful sea, breaking over the bows, carried away part of her bulwarks. Every inch of canvass was taken in, but not before two seamen had been carried from the yards with the sail they were reefing. The long swollen waves strained the vessel fearfully, as she scudded under bare poles. At one moment she rose on the crest of a mountain of water, and at the next plunged down into the black gulph which seemed yawning to swallow her up.

Suddenly a wild uproar rose from below, a clanking of chains, and a rush against the slave-decks and bulk-headings, which made the stout timbers of the schooner quiver. The captives, feeble as they were, had become possessed with the strength of madness, as they felt the waters rising round them. The ship had sprung a leak, and the sea rushed in through the gaping seam. The desperate slaves, banded together, rushed against the partitions which confined them, or trampling down the weakest, made a platform of their bodies, and beat their fetters against the decks above them.

The seamen, worn out at the pumps, left them. The ship, they said, wanted lightening.

The captain laughed fiendishly as he caught their words. "Ha, ha!" he raved, "we'll lighten the ship and quiet those noisy fellows down here together. Now run out a plank there; so, so. There shall be a clean ship, if we're caught at last."

The slaves were ordered up on deck by half-dozens. They complied with alacrity, believing they should be saved from the waters that rose around them, reaching now almost to the necks of those who were stowed lowest. They came, to meet a more certain and speedy death. The captain's hoarse voice was heard above the howling of the storm. "If they resist, kill them, and throw their bodies overboard." All shared the same fate; there was no distinction of sex or age. Most fled from the gleaming steel to the raging waters. That wild scene of massacre is too horrid for mortal view.

* * * * *

With the last batch came the Nubian, worn almost to a skeleton, yet with some portion of his vigour remaining. He obeyed the order, and came on deck. He had heard the screams of those who ascended before him, and at a glance saw his intended fate. A plank stretched to the sea; he must tread it, or be cut down by the cutlasses of the merciless men around him. He advanced firmly and unresistingly to the plank. As his foot touched it, and the armed men were off their guard, he turned, and his eyes met those of the captain, glaring with the fury of a tiger about to spring upon his prey. The glance exchanged was momentary, but of terrible import. It spoke the mortal hatred and defiance of deadly foes. The captain raised his arm to strike. The Nubian sprang aside, struck with his fettered arm a sailor who opposed him into the sea, and leaping forward, agilely ascended the foremast, clinging to portions of the rigging. With a fierce oath, the captain called for a musket; he raised it to fire. At that instant the clouds opened, and his aim was dazzled by a stream of lightning, which, illuminating for an instant all the scene, showed the Nubian clinging to the mast, yet shaking his chains in defiance at his enemy—the blood-stained deck, the dimmed cutlasses, the black waves, and here and there a human form, tossing up its hands in wild despair above its head, ere it sank for ever in the depths of ocean. The rage of the element was hushed for a moment, as in awe, but as the thunder rolled away, a terrific storm-gust made the ship groan fearfully; another, and the foremast, snapping near the waist, fell with a tremendous crash into the boiling sea.

In the morning, the schooner lay like a log upon the water. But her pursuer was nowhere to be seen, and she reached port in safety. Of her captives, not one remained. When the blood-stains were scraped from the deck, all trace of the massacre was lost.

Through the night the Nubian clung to the mast. Despite of his chained hands, he lashed part of the rigging around him, and kept himself above the sea. When day broke, he raised his head, but he could see only the mountainous waters rising on every side. As the long waves swept by, he could discern the heads of the sunken rocks above the trough in which he rolled. A few sea-birds flew above him, as if awaiting the moment when life should be extinct, to dart upon his body. These signs assured him that land was near, though he despaired of reaching it. He was saved beyond hope.

A maiden, in the first blush of youth, and bright and beautiful as morning, looked from the topmost window of her dwelling on the northern shore of Jamaica. She was watchful, for her

father was at sea, and she had been taught to dread the fatal fury of the tempest, as she dreaded the hurricane which sometimes swept the shore of produce and of life. She perceived a speck on the distant waters, though hardly could she discern a living form. Issuing from her dwelling, she hastened to the beach, and offered a reward to the fishers who would venture forth and make for that fragment of a wreck—"a father," she said, "might be clinging to it in agony." A stout boat was manned; it returned with the senseless Nubian. He had fainted when taken from the mast. The young girl had him conveyed to her house; there he was tended during a delirious fever. His language was not understood; but the visions that distracted his mind could be gathered from his gestures. He shrank appalled from the frightful images terror had stamped upon his brain, or with raised hands seemed to call down maledictions from Heaven upon the authors of the guilty scenes that were ever present to his fancy.

His treatment was kind and merciful. A great reproach had just been removed from the English name. The truth, long since recognised, that all men were brothers of one great family, was now practically acted on. Property in man was abolished in all our possessions; a coloured skin was no longer thought unfit for freedom, or deemed a bar to the immortality of Heaven.

In the gentle breast of this young maiden a peculiar interest had been awakened for the African race. She had been taught that a long arrears of justice and benevolence was due to them for the wrongs they had suffered, and her heart, filled with pure and kindly feeling, gladly received lessons which made the exercise of its gracious tendencies a duty. A minister of the English church had settled in the neighbourhood of her dwelling. He had left home, ambitious hopes, the pleasures of society, the chance of distinction and wealth, to take up his abode in this retired district, that he might gather the despised negroes into a church, and prepare them for freedom. In the long intervals of her father's absence, the sweet girl found in this good man a friend and instructor. Delighted with the child-like and artless simplicity of her nature, he watched over her education, and taught her the graces of polished life. He was glad that she had rescued the shipwrecked Nubian, and now attended to him; for he believed that all the virtues required exercise, and that they flourish best when their blossom is left to ripen into fruit.

The name of this young girl was Mary Langley. She was a child when her mother died, and as she saw her father so seldom, her disposition had been much left to the guidance of nature. She grew up with the untrained beauty of the plants that made her home a garden. In her heart, the love and charities of her faith had flourished in the wilder luxuriance for being untrained. When her father saw her, he was satisfied with her lovely and blooming appearance. Though now rising into womanhood, he would still treat her as a child, would take her up in his rough arms as he did in her infancy, and let her silky brown tresses flow on his breast, while her graceful arms embraced his neck, and he decked her out with trinkets. He could not understand all the tenderness of her character, nor make out why she was sometimes sad when he was boisterous in mirth. He saw in her only the innocence and endearments of childhood. Sometimes she would laughingly try to make him share her feelings. He listened as men do who hear mysteries of which they can make nothing, so he interrupted her by telling her what a fortune she would have when she was a woman. Yet these two beings, so opposite in sentiment and disposition, loved each other fondly. Nature had linked them together with those mysterious bonds of affection which triumph over time, separation, and death. If her father did not soon return, the maiden was to join him at a port in South America.

The Nubian recovered, but it was evident that he had suffered much; his manner was dejected and reserved, and sometimes it seemed that the visions of his delirium returned, for a convulsive movement, momentary but frightful, passed over his usually rigid features. He appeared not wholly ignorant of Christianity, for he recognised a gold cross which Mary wore about her neck, and devoutly kissed it as the emblem of salvation. On the past he was silent; a nurse, who had recog-

nised some words he had spoken in his fever, addressed him in the same tongue, but he remained mute. He made rapid progress, however, in acquiring some knowledge of English. When he spoke in that language, he said he had been dragged from his home, and wrecked on his passage. He would say no more.

His gratitude to the girl who had saved him seemed boundless; he recognised her as the preserver of his life, and was willing to devote himself to her service. Her care in his recovery, her kind tones, her beaming smile when she met him, penetrated his heart with a sense of her goodness. His large frame remained motionless while she addressed him, his full and expressive eyes alone spoke his emotion, and betrayed the eagerness with which he sought to comprehend her meaning, when he only partially understood her words. He seemed to know her wishes by intuition, and to take delight in studying and gratifying her tastes. Her garden, under his care, was beautifully kept. The spot was richly favoured by nature, it was open to the cool winds, and shaded from the fierce heats by hills and plantations of cocoas and tamarinds. All the choice and varied vegetation of the fertile soil assumed under his hands, the most luxuriant growth and beautiful arrangement. There was no toil to which he seemed unequal. Once Mary expressed a wish for a shaded walk, the Nubian knew no rest until the appointed space was planted with young trees of the choicest kinds.

When abroad, an antelope and an elephant could scarcely have presented a greater contrast than these two beings. Mary was only just rising into womanhood, though in that ardent climate nature brings the human form, as she does all other things, to maturity earlier than in colder regions. For her height, her shape was exquisitely delicate—only beginning to acquire that smooth roundness which indicates the ripening of the child into the maiden. All her motions were full of airy joyousness; she had been subjected to none of the discipline of schools, and loved to let the evening air sweep her tresses from her face, and to play amid the wild luxuriance and beautiful solitudes of her home, with the delights that nature presented to her. The Nubian's massive frame was firmly knit; he had just entered into the period of vigorous manhood; his motions were grave, slow, and measured. When the young girl was revelling in the soft cool air, that blew from the ocean at evening, he remained standing motionless, like a colossal statue, with his hands crossed upon his breast, and his eyes to the earth. They seemed personifications of grace and power met in amity. Hers was the will to devise, his the strength to execute.

The Nubian was attentive to the offices of the church, and had been formally baptised by the name of Christian. The good minister, regretting to see his time passed in a way that could be little useful to him, mentioned in his hearing that labour was greatly wanted at a neighbouring plantation, and that, in the present scarcity of hands, strength and industry were equal to a fortune. He had not calculated wrongly on the Nubian's quickness—the next morning he was gone. The young girl pouted a little for his loss, but the minister showed her how much better a life of toil would be for Christian, by which he might realise an independence, than a life of profitless servitude. She was convinced and yielded.

The Nubian's proffered service was readily accepted. He toiled with unremitting energy, and was speedily noticed as a prosperous man. His savings were large, and were prudently invested. He soon saw that in this country wealth was power, and power he coveted, to realize the projects which now began to shape themselves in his soul.

He saw the gentle Mary but once in the week—he knelt with her in the house of prayer. When the service was ended, he stood beyond the church porch, tranquil and motionless, to wait her words. His answers to her questions were brief, yet, it seemed, nothing of what she said was lost to him. He appeared impassible and motionless, but each accent of her tongue was treasured up in his heart. For her he often obtained the choicest fruit, the finest mangoes, the largest cocoas; sometimes, too, rare shells and beautiful plants. These offerings were delivered to her attendants without a word. He departed as swiftly and as silently as he came.

A sorrow, which no care could remove, clouded the brow of the sweet girl. Her father wrote to her of crosses and misfortunes, which rendered it impossible for him to come to the island. Months after those notices of disaster came word that she should quit her home in a vessel which would call for her, and join him at Rio Janeiro. He intended, he said, finally to settle at Jamaica, but he had arrangements to make first, and he could not bear longer to be deprived of the delight of seeing his dear daughter. She who had been born on this spot was loth to leave the flowers she had tended with so much care—the domestics who had grown so fond of her—the dear minister who had been her friend from childhood; she loved them all, yet her heart told her the faithful Christian would suffer from her absence the most. When she took leave of him, he remained mute and still, as though he had no power of motion; but he lost not a word of her parting instructions. She would write often, she said, to the good minister. His eye glistened with delight as she added, "And sometimes to you too, Christian, for I shall never cease to take an interest in your welfare." He made no answer, but kneeling, raised her hand to his lips. His gesture was full of devotion and love; he seemed to be performing an act of adoration; when he rose, he bent his head upon his breast and left her.

Four years passed by, and then a letter was received from Mary, announcing her speedy arrival. Her father would follow; she came first to prepare his reception.

In this interval the Nubian prospered beyond all expectation. By his unceasing labour he had amassed wealth, which the diminished value of land enabled him to lay out to excellent advantage. When the foundation of his fortune was thus laid, his progress was rapid, for on himself he spent nothing. A fortunate speculation proved his shrewdness. He foresaw the failure of the next year's sugar-crop, and bought extensively at a low price; the result justified his expectations. He cleared an enormous profit by the transaction, and at once established himself both as a merchant and a planter. His estates were thenceforth prudently managed. He was a kind but vigilant master, and soon acquired all the details of commerce. He still maintained his reserve of manner, but with that few persons troubled themselves; they were content to know that he was prosperous and wealthy.

When Miss Langley arrived, he was the first to welcome her. To her his fortunes had made no change in his manner; he was still humble and submissive in her presence as when he first devoted himself to her service. She found her home more beautiful than she left it, for the Nubian had been unceasing in his care to heighten the charms of the spot; nothing had been omitted that could gratify her taste, or minister to her convenience. He had made that sheltered dell a paradise of nature, having collected in it whatever was most rare and beautiful in that beautiful clime. When, after her first burst of pleasure at the improvement she saw around, she remonstrated at the expense that must have been incurred, the Nubian intimated, in a quiet, though sufficiently expressive manner, that he regarded her as his mistress still, and held himself indebted to her for all that he possessed. Mary was touched by gratitude so fervent and unusual; she allowed the Nubian to pursue that course from which he seemed to derive most pleasure, and he was thankful to her for this compliance with his wishes. Each morning he sent to her some token of his remembrance, trifling, but sufficient as a tribute of homage. To him this seemed an acknowledgment that his life was due to her, as a single prayer in the morning consecrates us to the service of Heaven through the day. He saw her but once a week, on the Sabbath, as before; and he still waited, with crossed arms, beyond the porch, for her to address him. Sometimes he escorted her home, and walked with her through the beautifully shaded paths he had helped to form. Custom easily reconciles us to outward appearance. Mary no longer thought of the colour of his skin; she conversed with him as she did with the minister, and regarded him as almost a dear friend. She was pleased with his penetrating remarks; and on his side he was never wearied of hearing Mary's descriptions of the various lands she had visited. Her voice was, in

his ear, sweeter harmony than music could ever form. He never ventured to speak of her personal appearance, yet he thought, and with truth, that she had become more lovely during her absence.

Mary was at this time one-and-twenty. Born of English parents, her skin had been purely fair, but it had been tinged by the sun, so that it had now always that shade of beautiful and healthy red which we observe with admiration colours the face and bust of a blonde when exertion or excitement makes the blood dance with quicker motion through the veins. From contrast with this hue of her complexion, her eye appeared of a deeper and purer blue, and to float in more brilliant lustre. Her bright hair hung in curling masses down her face, framing the sweet profile, which looked forth in gay playfulness. She had become more thoughtful but not less innocent. Her travel had taught her more of the world's crimes, but had not fixed one stain upon her heart.

The morning was bright, when a ship was perceived in the distance. Langley had at length arrived to commence his life of calm tranquillity. The news ran over the neighbourhood, and the surrounding residents came down to the beach to welcome the voyager—the Nubian with the rest. Mary was caught in her father's embrace as he stepped on to the beach. Her companionship had smoothed the natural roughness of his disposition. He returned kind greetings to all who met him, clapping the good minister warmly by the hand. Mary turned to introduce the Nubian, but he was nowhere to be seen. She was vexed at this, for she wished to present him to her father at a favourable moment, when he would perceive the estimation in which the fortunate Christian was held. She knew his general dislike and contempt of coloured people, and for that reason had not said a word to him of Christian's rescue from the sea by her means. She preferred that her father should first view him prosperous, before he was told of his destitution some years previously.

From that day the Nubian was absent for weeks. At his dwelling it was told that he had been called by urgent business to Kingston, the capital of the island.

In his calmer and secluded hours, with Mary as his guardian angel always near him, the conversion of Langley went on. He experienced a felicity he never knew before. He had been used to consider the clergyman a fanatic; he now regarded him as a sober and a sensible man. People having only a partial acquaintance with the world are apt to mistake sentiment for character. The two are wholly apart from each other. Langley was as bold, as adventurous, as active, as ever he was, but his energies were now turned into a new channel. He became an ardent experimentalist on the qualities of soils; he invented improvements in crushing-mills; and, in short, brought into the life and occupations of a planter all the industry and resources which had distinguished him in another career. He learned to take an interest in Mary's flowers and her schools for poor children, and talked of building a church after his own design. But in the midst of this new and happy life he never looked back.

He sat one evening, in company with the good minister, engaged in cheerful chat. Mary had just finished an exquisite little air. The wax-lights brightly illuminated the large and lofty apartment, rendered cool by the evening air stealing in through the closed jalousies. The minister was not one of those austere spirits who dislike whatever savours of gaiety and enjoyment. The soul, he held, resembled wax in this—that an impression, was often most surely and lastingly stamped on it when it was relaxed. He sometimes quietly told that he had done more with the planters in a few words over a game of chess, or a hand at picquet, than he could effect by his best sermons. He sat now keeping Langley company with an excellent Havannah.

The turn of conversation is often singular. A moment before, they were discussing the flavour of cigars; now they spoke of the consequences of sin. The captain was curious to know if, with a new course of life, all past crimes and errors were truly forgiven. Mary listened with more anxiety than marked the tone in which the question was put; for the past

had so little the captain liked to look back on, that he contrived to banish it from his remembrance altogether. The minister replied, undoubtedly; that to the repentant, sin was forgiven; but he remarked that, in some way or other, a punishment was attached to the original crime, from which it could not escape. "Sin is pardoned, without doubt," he said; "but believe this, that not one guilty action can be committed which will not meet with a strict reckoning, and for which a full and severe penalty will not be exacted in this world or the next; sometimes by mental, sometimes by bodily agony. To no man is it permitted to greatly offend with impunity."

The captain thought this doctrine carried a great deal too far. He was for a scheme of general amnesty, such as is granted by tottering states, which confound weakness with mercy, giving out that it fails to punish, not from impotence, but from an excess of charity and good nature.

The scene and conversation had hitherto been common place enough, though the changes which passed over Mary's face as she listened to the argument, threw in that touch of poetic feeling which is often found in the most ordinary occurrences. She knew herself deeply interested in the topic; for there were passages in her father's life, darkly hinted at sometimes by him, which chilled her blood when she thought of them.

The captain grew warm, and applied the argument, as heated persons will do, to himself. "Look here, now," said he; "suppose that I, when I wasn't so wise as I am at present, had a cargo of slaves on board? Well, we'll say the ship leaked, that she wanted lightening, that, no matter how, it was necessary to turn them out; do you mean to say now, that I should be punished for that when I took up with better notions?"

"I should say," replied the minister, regarding the case quite hypothetically, "that in this world or the next would a fearful punishment be awarded you."

The captain grew a little paler. As for Mary, she gave a faint scream; it was not without great difficulty that she could further suppress her feelings.

"Tush, man!" said Langley, roughly, "I have done such things in my time, yet what am I the worse for it now; where's my accuser?"

A voice that filled the room with terror, said, distinctly, "Here!"

All eyes were instantly turned to the spot whence that voice issued.

The Nubian stood in the door-way, his figure dilated beyond the grand proportions of nature. For the second time the glance of these two men met, and the captain, though his accuser was unarmed, felt that he was a lost man.

His courage did not desert him, though horror almost froze his blood and deprived him of sense. He rose to meet the Nubian's gaze. "With what," he said, "do you charge me?"

The black said, simply, "With murder!"

Langley advanced to grapple with his accuser; but Mary, quick as light, threw herself on the Nubian, beseeching him to withdraw at once, telling him that he had accused her father—that he was in error—that he knew not what he was about.

Never had the Nubian seemed more calm as he said—"Almost I would to God I did not. Gentle girl, you speak to me in vain, I am but an agent of Heaven. The cry of the blood that wretched man has wantonly spilt has risen to the Almighty throne. The hour of retribution has come!"

Four men entered the room at these words. The Nubian said to them, "Behold your prisoner!"

His terrible calmness carried conviction to Mary's heart. She tried to struggle with her dread—to address the Nubian. In vain, her faculties were paralyzed; she sank senseless at his feet.

Langley fiercely grappled with the men who held him. "Villains!" he shouted, "let me go; that fiend would kill father and daughter at one blow!"

The Nubian had laid the fainting form on a couch, and knelt beside it. He raised his eyes, and said, in tones of deep pathos, "Thou hearest, gracious God—thou hearest! still am I doomed to suffer!"

"Detested monster!" exclaimed Langley, "why didst thou come here to destroy our peace?"

The Nubian answered him not. He saw in the brightening colour of Mary's lips signs of returning life. "Guard well your prisoner," he said to the men. Then grasping the hand of the minister, who, during the few minutes of this dreadful scene, had been motionless with astonishment, he bade him watch over her. "I will not shock her by my presence. It may be, I shall never see her more." He bent down to imprint one kiss on her yet cold hand, and left the room, answering not one word to the fierce reproaches of his enemy.

The Nubian had recognised the captain of the slaver the instant Langley set his foot upon the shore. His mind was torn by the storm of contending passions. The horrors of that night of massacre, setting the seal of blood to the long career of desperate cruelty and wickedness he had witnessed, was never absent from his mind. He made no vow of vengeance, but he prayed Heaven to make him the human instrument of its justice. For this end he conceived that in his labour he was gifted with supernatural strength. Accident, or, as it seemed to him, Providence, had thrown in his way two of the seamen of the slave-ship. These men, as less guilty than their principal, he had constantly kept in the island, in the full belief that at no distant time would the captain be delivered into his hands, that their testimony might be joined to his own against him. If he came not to that island within five years, the Nubian resolved to wander over the earth in search of him. That time was within three days of its accomplishment when he saw Langley land.

The struggle of his soul ended in the conquest of the sterner passion. A voice within him cried out for ever—"Justice—justice!" With all haste he departed for Kingston. For the event that had arrived he had long been prepared. His own testimony, express and clear, was supported by that, equally decided, of his witnesses. When the depositions were taken, he felt secure that no mortal power could deprive justice of its victim. "This day," he exclaimed, as he left the court, "have I built up the scaffold on which that man shall die!"

As the intelligence of Langley's crime became known, it excited the greatest horror and detestation. He was examined and committed for murder. By the advice of his counsel he reserved his defence; his advisers frankly told him they saw no chance of his escape, if the Nubian pressed the prosecution against him with the same vigilance, and the witnesses all appeared on the trial. Mary had never left her father since his capture. Those words filled her with hope. She believed she had the power to save him, and that belief filled her with courage.

Christian now resided in the capital. He still persevered in his business with all his former regularity, though he felt the time was at hand when he should no longer continue it. Mary proceeded to his dwelling, and was directed to his private room. She entered it unannounced. He was standing at a desk, apparently wrapped in profound thought, with his face shaded by his hand. Before him was a small miniature, which Mary instantly recognised as one of herself, that, at the earnest request of the minister, she had sent Christian in return for his continued course of kindness and benevolence during her absence. From beneath his hand large scalding tears fell on the glass of the miniature. He presented no other trace of emotion. His large form was as rigid as if it had been carved of stone.

Mary seized the moment as most favourable to her wishes. The life of her father was at stake; with that thought what had she to do with scruples? She laid her hand softly on the Nubian's shoulder. He started back for an instant, then gazed upon her with a look of indescribable love, admiration, and reverence. Mary, who knew the usual reserve of his manner, and had prepared herself for opening the interview, was surprised and affected when he threw himself at her feet, and raised his hands to her in an attitude of supplication.

"Pure and beautiful being!" he said, in tones of the deepest feeling, "how can I ever hope for thy forgiveness? yet how can I live, how can I die, without it?"

Mary felt that the barrier of reserve she dreaded to encounter was broken down by the Nubian's action in an instant. She addressed him with the simplicity of times past.

"My forgiveness, Christian! Oh, you may obtain more than that! Save my father, as you yet may easily, and you shall have my regard and gratitude for ever."

Anguish was written in every line of his face, as he replied—"This is not my act, but God's. I am but the instrument he wields in his hand."

"Christian, Christian! beware how you mistake the impulse of revenge for the dictate of Heaven! Vengeance is not yours. Come, you have been deceived by bad spirits. Hear what it is I ask of you—only this, that you take no part against my father. Fly! leave this island at once. I—I, who saved your life—Christian, I speak not this boastfully, but as a claim to your gratitude—I beseech, I implore this of you, as the greatest boon that one creature can ask of another!"

He groaned as if his spirit were racked by mortal agony. "This is torture!" he said; "but it cannot conquer me. Lady, if you had seen what I have seen, the long train of fainting captives, the horrors of that hold, dark, suffocating, filthy, in which fever raged, and the dead and living lay together, the massacre of that night, which even now turns my brain as I speak of it, you could no longer doubt that the justice of Heaven cries aloud for atonement." He sprang to his feet, having his mind filled only at that instant with all the crimes he had witnessed, and the sense that he was the chosen agent to avenge them. "He must die!" he said, firmly—"die, that the awful warning may be carried through all lands—die, that human justice may be vindicated—die, that the cry of innocent blood may be silenced—die, that the oppressor over all the earth may know God reigneth in Heaven!"

The hope of Mary fainted in her breast as those awful words, delivered with the vehemence and fire of inspiration, fell upon her ear. Yet she made one effort more to turn the Nubian from his purpose. She raised her eyes to his, and waited till she saw them melting with tenderness and affection.

"Christian," she said, "though I have never breathed my thought into mortal ear, nor hardly looked on it myself, yet I now know well with what feeling you have regarded me. I have your love, such love as men feel for a chosen bride." She saw him start, and fix on her a gaze of passionate love. "My hand, my faith pledged on the altar, shall be yours, if you consent that we fly together. Think! will not a life of wedded love, my father's years of penitence, be more dear to you than a moment of vengeance?"

The Nubian turned from her for the space of an instant. When he looked on her again his face was more tranquil. "Angelical creature!" he exclaimed, "worthy, not of love, but of worship, thou art more beautiful than my dreams ever painted thee. Never did I adore thee as in this hour. No mortal heart can ever conceive the temptation thou hast offered to my soul. To save thee from an uneasy thought I would have died—I would have deemed all the torture to which man could put me, repaid by one kind word from thy lips. Yet we part now, and for ever. Wretched that I am, I dare not ask thy pardon!"

He led her out unresistingly, but his keen sense saw that she shrank from the pressure of his hand. This alone was wanting to complete his agony. As she passed from his dwelling, his strong frame fell heavily to the ground.

A gibbet stood long on a promontory of the Jamaica coast. The chains clanked dismally as the sea-breeze caught them. In that case of iron swung the bones of the murderer Langley.

The Nubian, true to his purpose, stayed to see his victim die. He had previously settled his affairs as one who was about to quit the world, giving his last instructions to a trusty agent. A ship waited for him till the execution was over. His parting words were only that, "His mission earth was accomplished." No one knew whither he went.

The pure and gentle Mary parted from her father only at

the foot of the scaffold, when his spirit seemed wholly Heaven's. With the good minister she quitted that island, which now presented to her only images of terror. Her heart was too confiding to live long without an object. When time had softened her grief, a lieutenant, poor, but high minded, gained her affections. He had previously been unfortunate, but now all things prospered with him. He rose rapidly in rank; his promotion was secured by purchase; he could never learn whose was the wealth that advanced him, that cleared off his incumbrances, and that made him a happy and a prosperous man. His sweet wife, though ignorant of the agent, suspected the source; but the thought was too full of painful recollections to be willingly indulged in.

A few years since, there came reports of a deadly conflict between a party of Africans in a province of Nubia, and a band of savage slave-dealers. The Nubians were victorious, but their leader received his death-wound in the struggle. One of those who survived him, and who, it seems, had his confidence, took from his breast a miniature, and transmitted it by a safe hand to England. It reached Mary, then a fond wife and mother, with a few words from the seaman, to whose care it was consigned, telling how he who wore it fell. It was the miniature she had given to the unfortunate Nubian, and was now stained with his heart's blood.

If in spirit he ever hovered over earth, he must have rejoiced as he saw that that picture, so dearly prized in life, was sometimes dimmed by Mary's tears.

THE MIDSHIPMAN'S STEP-MOTHER.

THE Hornet had dropped down to Hampton Roads, and awaited orders for sea. In the same watch with me was a young midshipman of delicate figure, and interesting features, who had just entered the service. In making some report to me, I noticed that his cap was drawn so much over his face, as nearly to conceal it. Suspecting that something was the matter, for he was anything but disrespectful, I watched him closely. He retired to the taffrail, and leaning his head upon his hand, remained for a long time immovable. I approached and inquired if he were ill. As he raised his head to reply, I perceived that his eyes were filled with tears.

After a short time, I learned the cause of his distress. His home was but one day's journey, where his father lay dangerously ill, and the captain had refused him permission to visit him. Confiding in the sympathy I evinced, he further told me, that he had engaged a shore boat, in which, at a late hour of the night, he was determined to make his escape, and abandon the service rather than not see his father. Persuaded that the captain could not have understood the circumstances, I entreated him to abandon his purpose, and offered my services to procure the leave he desired. He promised to wait until three in the morning.

As it was yet early, I followed the example of my superior; and, leaving the deck in the charge of the next senior midshipman of the watch, I proceeded to the room of one of the lieutenants, in whose good nature and good sense I had equal and perfect reliance. I related the circumstance to him—and as I expected, he became interested, and repaired without delay to the cabin. He returned successful; and young Nelson took his leave of me that night, with a grateful pressure of the hand, and fervent "God bless you."

Can it be believed that the affection of this youth, like the camomile plant, more fragrant from being trampled on, was repulsed by his estranged and tyrannical father? A second marriage—that bane of domestic peace—and its fruit, a second family of children—and its usual consequences, partiality on the one side, and injustice on the other—had driven Nelson from the shelter of his father's roof; and at his early age, with a feeble constitution, and education incomplete, had thrown him into the navy for a livelihood. All this I learned after Nelson's return, when, with a downcast and moistened eye, he gave me an account of his journey.

A little before sunset the next day, Nelson was put ashore by the steamboat about three miles from his father's residence. With a heavy heart the poor boy trudged slowly along, in order to reach the plantation before nightfall. Concealing himself behind the corner of the fence, he waited until he saw the ploughman retire from the field, and heard the last tinkle of the bell, as the kine gathered to the nightly fold. Skirting the edge of the field, he then made for the negro quarter, and unobserved entered the hut of old Charlotte, the nurse, and the favourite servant of his mother.

"O, Master Harry!" she exclaimed, "thank gracious for the sight of you!" but added, in a sadder tone, as she proceeded to close the door, "Your poor father is mighty bad, but he don't know it—and he's so cross!"

"I must see him to-night, Goody, for to-morrow morning I am obliged to return."

"It can't be, Master Harry!" and she proceeded to tell him how fretted his father had become by a long and wasting sickness. She told him, too, that his step-mother possessed unlimited control, and debarred from the presence of her husband all but her immediate dependents and herself.

Although with all the old domestics the nurse was excluded from the great house, (as the family residence was termed), at the earnest solicitation of Nelson, she promised to contrive an interview between his sister and himself. Tearing a slip containing the words "My only brother" from his sister's last letter, Nelson sent it to her, inserted in a time-worn pocket-comb, which he knew she would immediately recognize, should the nurse not have an opportunity of speaking to her. He then concealed himself in the loft, while the old woman hobbled forth on her errand.

In a short time he heard the pattering of footsteps along the path, and immediately after, the door was pushed open, and himself anxiously called. The next moment, he clasped his panting sister to his breast; and, locked in each other's arms, those forlorn children wept, as each clung to the other with frantic joy.

Seated side by side on a low bench, Nelson listened with suppressed emotion, while his sister told of the petty vexations and the ignominious trials to which she was subjected. Sometimes, as she related some over-bearing act of her step-mother's unfeeling son, forgetful of the delicate hand which he held within his own, he grasped it until she nearly screamed, while he vowed vengeance on her persecutor.

His sister told him too, how much their father was neglected in his illness; how he was left entirely to the care of servants who were the creatures of their step-mother; and how she nightly stole to his chamber, and watched him while he slept, or tended him in his delirium, when the fever was at its height, until frightened away by approaching footsteps. She promised to admit her brother into the house when all was still, and if possible admit him to the sick chamber. After a short interview they parted, the girl sadly apprehensive that her absence had been noticed.

A little after midnight, Nelson approached the rear of the house, under cover of the outbuildings; and gaining the back porch, stood before the door, beside which his mother during life was wont to sit, while his sister and himself gambolled before her. While he stood here, anxious for the present, and not unmindful of the past, he was alarmed by the deep bay of the old house-dog. The house was built on piles, and beneath it the dog had been sleeping. As he came forth, his first loud bark exchanged for a fierce growl, Nelson's heart sunk within him, for detection seemed inevitable. But one hope remained. He turned to the dog, and in a low tone called him by name. Hector was no ingrate; at the sound of the once familiar voice, he leaped upon his young master, and nearly overwhelmed him with caresses. Here was another cause for apprehension. The dog, in his joy, whined so loudly, and floundered about so heavily, that there was great danger of the family being aroused. The apprehension was realized; and through the sash over the door, Nelson saw that a light was approaching. He had barely time to spring over the rail, and conceal himself under a corner of the porch, when the door was unbarred, and the step-brother of whose persecution his sister had complained, came

forth with a heavy stick in his hand. He gave the dog a blow, and bade him begone. Hector ran down and laid beside his master. The young man followed, and reaching under, beat him severely—the dog snarling, while he crouched more closely, refused to stir. Nelson, concealed by the shadow in which he lay, could have placed his hand upon the arm of the assailant. At last the dog, provoked beyond endurance, sprang out to seize his tormentor; but a heavy blow, which seemed to crush his skull, felled him to the earth. Spurning him with his foot, with a bitter curse, the young man re-entered the house. Nelson, who had with the greatest difficulty restrained himself, now approached the dog. The poor animal was in its last agony—but yet

"He knew his lord; he knew and strove to meet:
In vain he strove to crawl and kiss his feet.
Yet (all he could), his ears, his eyes,
Salute his master.—He quivers and he dies."

Nelson waited a long time, and began to be seriously apprehensive that his sister was prevented keeping her appointment. At last, she gently unbarred the door, and reaching her hand, drew him in, and as softly closed it after him.

Hand-in-hand, the rightful heirs of that house, trembling with the fear of detection, groped their way through the dark hall, and up the creaking staircase. Whispering him to wait at the head of the stairs, the girl left her brother for a few minutes. Taking him again by the hand on her return, she led him towards a door on the left, beneath which could be seen the faint glimmer of a light. With the cautious dexterity of an expert burglar, she then opened the door of the sick chamber.

The light on the table, rising and sinking in fitful flashes, was nearly extinguished. The unattended brands had fallen upon the hearth, and their father breathed short and inaudibly; while, seated on an arm-chair, with his head leaning against one of the foot-posts of the bedstead, a negro boy snored loud and sonorously.

After some time gazing in sorrow upon the wan and wasted features before him, Nelson placed his hand upon his father's brow. The gentle touch, more effectual than the loud noise made by the negro, roused the sick man from his feverish slumber. At first, he gazed wildly upon them; but, to their astonishment and delight, as he recovered his consciousness, there was more of sadness than indignation visible in his countenance.

"Harry! Ellen! how is this? Why have you not come to see me before?"

"Indeed, dear father, Harry never heard that you were sick until yesterday, and I was told that you were so angry with me, that I dared not come, except when you were asleep."

"Is it so, Harry! And did you not receive my letter, and send it back unopened?"

"I never did, father! God knows I never did."

"And you, Ellen! have you not been living with your aunt?"

"No, indeed, father! Before to-night I have not left the house for months."

"It is strange! and yet I cannot but believe you, for your tears are natural. There has been dreadful foul play."

As he spoke he fell back exhausted, but continued to gaze earnestly upon them. Presently a lethargy seemed to creep over him; and his eyes were fast closing when a noise at the other end of the passage aroused him. Again starting up, he pointed to a portfolio, which lay upon the bureau, and said, "Hand it to me, quick, quick! Open it," he said, as it was brought to him. Nelson tried, but it proved to be locked. The sick man's countenance fell, assuming a ghastly hue, as he perceived it. Too agitated to speak, he still made signs to open it. Nelson took up the snuffers, which lay upon the table, and with some difficulty prized it open. His father then eagerly looked over the papers; and selecting one, was motioning Nelson to throw it into the fire, when the door burst open, and a woman in dishabille, followed by a young

man, rushed into the apartment. It was the step-mother and her son.

Ellen, when she saw her, ran round to the inside of the bed, and her brother followed to protect her. "It is the will, Cornelius, it is the will!" exclaimed the woman, as soon as she saw the paper in the hands of her husband. "Take it from him! Take it quick, or we are beggars!" The young man sprang forward, but was arrested by the voice of Nelson, who, drawing a pistol from his breast, said, "Advance one step nearer, and I fire."

The young man stood aghast. There was consternation in the apartment, and the girl sobbed heavily as she clung to her brother. But when Nelson looked to his father, and saw the dreadful change that had taken place in his features, he was struck with remorse, and throwing the pistol down sank on his knees beside the bed. The young man now eagerly approached, and began drawing the paper from the hand of his step-father. At this instant the thought of the destitute condition of his sister changed the purpose of Nelson, and he sprang up to prevent him.

It was unnecessary. The fingers of the dying man clutched the papers so closely, that the neglected nails cut through it—and it was torn, leaving a part of the signature in his grasp. While the young men struggled, one to reach the bed, the other to protect his father from molestation; the latter, with his last act of consciousness, gathered the fragment into his mouth, and strove to chew it. In the act, his eye glazed, his jaw dropped, and his spirit took its departure.

Placing his sister in the family of a friend, and employing a lawyer to look out for his interest, Nelson, true to his promise, returned to the ship at the appointed time. But our commander, than whom one more truly humane never trimmed his canvass to the gale, permitted him to wait on shore, by the acceptance of the resignation he had tendered.

MY BARK'S MY HOME!

By T. H. BAKER.

My bark's my home, my bark's my bride,
She bravely cuts the ebbing tide;
Her gallant sails that swell on high,
But mock yon angry low'ring sky.

My bark's, &c.

My bark's my home, she's light and free,
And bravely tempts the ebbing sea,
With Tars as brave, as free and gay,
We pace the howling ocean's way.

My bark's, &c.

While freely at her dauntless head,
The flag of Britons' proudly spread;
The world defies with courage brave,
A Queen upon the boundless wave.

My bark's, &c.

JONATHAN'S REVENGE.

"It being customary for the male inhabitants of the States to assemble occasionally for the purpose of 'training,' or being taught the military exercise, my new acquaintance was called upon to join the militia of the county or district in which he resided. Although 'training' might be naturally considered quite the thing for a hunter, so much accustomed to fire-arms, yet, for some reason or other, my acquaintance but seldom saw fit to attend. In consequence of this non-attendance a fine was levied upon him, and not being provided with the means of paying it, some of his goods were seized and sold by the proper authorities. This he was determined to revenge. The commandant of the district was the person who had caused the penalty of the law to be inflicted on him, and this individual

he was determined to punish. Another year brought with the day set apart for the militia to meet and 'train.' Acres then made his appearance amongst the men of his section, and had to encounter sundry gibes and jeers among his acquaintances, for having been 'scared into attendance,' as they asserted. These were gall and wormwood to him, and he only waited an opportunity of proving to them that he set all law at defiance. When the militiamen of the backwoods assemble on those occasions, they are not provided with muskets by the government, but each person that possesses anything in the shape of a rifle, a fowling-piece or a rusty carbine, brings it with him.

"Such being the case, on the day appointed, Acres proceeded to the ground with his rifle, the companion of his laborious and frequent hunting excursions; and when the men fell in with their respective companies, he took his proper and appointed place. On those occasions the firearms are seldom examined as to their being loaded or unloaded; for amongst a parcel of old and rusty firelocks, it would be a work of some difficulty. The men, before they fall into their respective places, are generally desired to fire such of their pieces as are loaded, and no further notice is taken of the matter. Acres, whose rifle had been loaded with more than ordinary care, paid no regard to this injunction, but took his station in the ranks, resolved on his purpose if an opportunity should offer. As they were performing their evolutions, marching and counter-marching, &c., it was remarked that he appeared far more than usually awkward and obstinate; and when the whole regiment formed into a line, he took care by his apparent stupidity to break it, by thrusting himself some feet in advance of the rest, which so provoked his superior officer, that without calculating on the consequences, he came up to where Acres was, and applied some severe epithet to him, at the same time striking him with the flat of his sabre. As soon as he turned from him, Acres stepped boldly forward in front of the line, levelled his murderous rifle, and shot the officer dead on the spot. In spite of this cold-blooded murder he was suffered to escape, although from his own confession he found it convenient to leave his native Virginia."

THE POETICAL SAILOR.

THE captain of a certain British frigate, a man of undaunted bravery, had a natural antipathy to a cat. A sailor, who for some misconduct had been ordered a flogging, saved his back by presenting to his captain the following petition—

"By your honour's command
A culprit I stand—
An example to all the ship's crew;
I am pinion'd and stript,
And condemned to be whipt;
And if I am flogg'd—'tis my due!

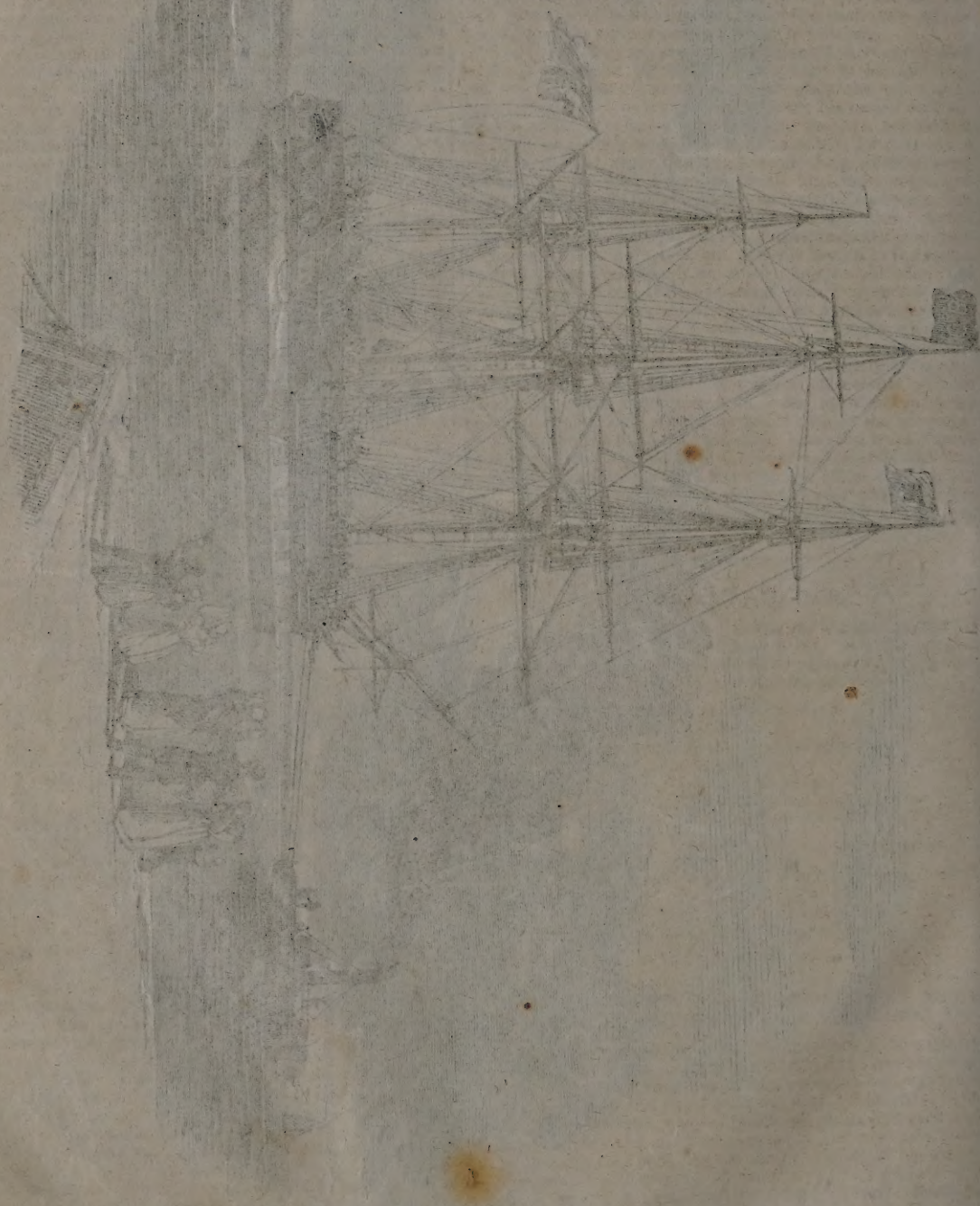
"A cat, I am told,
In abhorrence you hold;
Your honour's aversion is mine,
If a cat with one tail
Makes your stout heart to fail,
Oh, save me from one that has nine."

THE FIFTY-SECOND AND SEVENTY-FIRST REGIMENTS AT THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

It fell to the fifty-second and seventy-first light infantry regiments to meet the young guard of the French, when numbers were more than ever out of the question; but, weakened as they were, they rushed forward and routed that guard in an instant, with the spirit and equipment of which Napoleon had so lately before made all Europe resound. A most admirable manoeuvre was here performed by the two victorious regiments: they separated, and running on two sides of an oval for a considerable way, met again, and thus cut off several thousand prisoners.



THE EMIGRANT SHIP TOWING OUT.



THE FRIGATE "SARATOGA" OFF

THE EMIGRANT SHIP.

[BY THE EDITOR.]

'Twas a majestic vessel, in good truth, was that self-same Emigrant Ship, and yet within its timbers so tight and strong, beat many a heavy heart.

A few of the relatives of the emigrants were gathered in a little knot on the quay, taking a last look at those they loved, and whom they felt they had parted from for ever.

The uplifted arm—the waving kerchief, were answered from the ship; it was the last signal; the last mark of recognition that passed between mother and child, brother and sister. The signal given—the paddles of the steamer were soon in motion; the rope that bound them together tightened, and the ship moved on. There were some stout hearts aboard, that tried to raise a cheer (such a cheer it was!) to testify that they left their Fatherland without regret; that they had hopes of finding in the distant strange land that prosperity which had been promised them, and which they had never tasted in their own.

But many, and by far the greater number, as they gazed upon the fast receding land, felt they were leaving their home, their friends and all, and they knew not for what! watching the land of their fathers they were, as it fast disappeared to the gaze, with feelings akin to the sensation of bending over the couch of a dying friend, and seeing the life's breath each moment growing weaker, expire. At last all sight of land was lost, and the knowledge of it, was like death to their hearts—so wretched, so deserted, so solitary they felt on that waste of water.

There was here and there a happy face, though—one fine handsome young woman, whose rich cashmere shawl gathered tightly around, showed to advantage her graceful form, was administering all the comfort her kind generous soul could suggest to a man and his wife, who had three or four children clustering about them, and whose faces bore marks of the strong veneration they had for the land that gave them birth—cheering words they must have been, of hope and happiness yet in store, to have chased away the heavy marks of care, and called forth in their stead the smile of true light-heartedness. It took but very few hours to alter the aspect of things: they felt they had embarked in a speculation whose proof would award them either good or ill. All their faith had been exhausted on the old land, and so they laid in a new stock for the one to which they were bound,—well foreseeing that if hope and contentment would not avail them, despair and apathy would act worse still.

'Tis the place of all others for a thoroughly selfish man, is an Emigrant Ship. If the failing was not cured before the journey was completed, he must be incorrigible indeed. It is astonishing how ready all become to assist the other. There was one poor woman, who had set out to join her husband abroad, suffered so excessively from sea-sickness, as to be utterly incapable of taking care of herself; and what made the matter far worse, was, that she had two children, so young, that the only evidence of life they gave, was the opening of the mouth to admit the pap-spoon, or to give vent to their pent up injured feelings, in one ear-splitting scream. A great, sturdy Irishman, had sympathisingly caught one of the little urchins in his arms, and set to work with right good will, to calm the little fellow's agitation. A very awkward nurse he was in truth, but a very kind one nevertheless. All seemed inclined, heart and hand, to assist and afford all the comfort they could to each other; and that this exertion served to render pleasant many an hour, that would otherwise have been found tedious and cheerless, we think our readers will readily grant.

The greater part of their journey had been accomplished triumphantly, and whilst many a smiling eye told how joyously they would greet the coming land, others were busy at work, getting their goods together, that no delay might be occasioned when they reached it. But though all bore so prosperous a look, there was lurking in the fair sky, the black cloud of dismay and death.

The breeze rose to a hurricane. Dark clouds that lay curled round the extremest edge of the horizon, now met and formed one dark mass over head. The rain fell in heavy drops—the thunder echoed through the dark vault of Heaven, lit up occa-

sionally with the lightning's fearful electric fire. And yet the gallant bark rode bravely on through the hissing, roaring sea; her bare poles pointing towards, and seemingly bidding defiance, to the elements over head. Toiling, struggling, on she went, as furious and as mad as the wind that drove her. "Land a-head!" shouted the man on the look out, and the purport of his words had scarcely been heard and understood, when the vessel struck with terrific force upon the rocks. The loud cry of agonised despair burst from many a lip, and many rushed frantically on deck to meet their death. The vessel was now struggling hard to get clear, like a whale that has received its death wound, and makes one last futile struggle for life. Futile indeed it was, as the parting timbers soon gave evidence.

The few poor wretches that yet remained clinging to the bark, could discern lights moving on the land, as though persons were running to and fro—gazing on the sad catastrophe, though none seemed inclined to put forth a hand to save the poor drowning creatures. They thought, that if one half the tales were true of the inhuman, worse than brutal, conduct of many that live around the coast of England, and call a wreck "a godsend," if such actions could be committed by a civilized country, that bore a high fame for Christianity, what could be expected of those, Nature's rough children, without guidance or tutelage, that followed the course of their own inclinations? They judged wrong. A boat, manned by a noble crew, whose only stimulant was humanity (though common sense would fancy the word inherent, yet too few human beings inherit it), came out to the rescue. They had black faces, but noble hearts: and one by one, the remnant of the tenants of that once beautiful ship, were handed into the boat, and soon all were safely conveyed ashore.

The kindness of the natives did not rest here. Those that survived were furnished with food and raiment, and those that were washed ashore were borne to a cave, to give their relatives (if any survived) the opportunity of taking one last look of them.

The bodies were ranged along in ghastly row, and the survivors walked in to gaze upon the rigid features of those they had known and loved in life. The cloth that was spread over the face was withdrawn: it was the corpse of a boy. There was a universal shudder through the assembly, though none showed that they had any remembrance of him, until one little fellow stepped forward, and wringing his hands with agony, cried, "Poor Tom!" and he fell back insensible.

They passed on to the second corpse, a woman having an infant firmly clasped to her breast. It was evident, from no strong emotion of sorrow being made, that all that belonged to her had perished; though their bodies had not as yet come ashore. The next exhibited the form and features of their captain. So they passed on. Mother weeping over child. The husband over his wife. The brother over his sister.

This is but a slight sketch of the miseries caused by the glaring name of emigration—a name that has seduced thousands from their (can we say happy!) home, to meet with, perhaps, a worse fate still. That there is real suffering in England none can doubt, and yet we fancy a better remedy could be found for it than emigration. Though many, we grant, have succeeded and gained a competence, yet place in the scale the number of lives that have been lost—the privations and wretchedness undergone; and, we fancy, however so homely—home is the best after all.

"Thou semblance of the Angel Death,
With thy dark dismal shrouding wings,
Whose fluttering seems to catch the breath,
The very latest breath that wrings
The soul from body, thou art there
Like Hope half-soothing wild Despair!

In thee is promise that thou'lt bring
A change of season to the mind
Of those who chance a distant spring
For the dull wintry waste behind!
Yet—what's the wintry waste they leave?
Alas! all hearts with theirs must grieve!

They quit their Native Land for life;
A land they'll weep for when away,
Sister and Brother—Husband—Wife
May never meet another day!
The living Death of absence, quite
Obscures the gloom of endless night!

Perchance to some hope will be true
And lead them on to riches—fame—
But all they lov'd, and all they knew
In early days, just like a name
Upon a tombstone will appear,
And mem'ry vainly wish them near.

Some may return with pow'r to bless
The weeping wretches left behind—
And see that home all loneliness
Where they expected them to find;
The son for mother look in vain,
Then seek the wide—wide world again.

The signal's given—away to shore—
Break ties of every dearest kind!—
One parting kiss—one look—one more
Farewell to those now left behind!
Divorcer Ocean! thou dost make
Many a gentle heart to ache.

Oh! Emigration! thou'rt the curse
Of our once happy nation's race!
Cannot our Fatherland still nurse
Its offspring without taking place
Of dislocated men to make
More cause for thy disturbing sake?

Thou art an enemy to peace,
Thy restless hope but ends in grief—
When comforts in the mother cease
How can we hope step-dame's relief?—
Better to bear the ills we have
Than seek in foreign climes a grave!"

VOYAGE &c., OF WILLIAM BELSHAW.

(Concluded.)

CHAPTER II.

BEING left alone in a strange country, and having but the small pittance which the boatmen gave me, be assured, kind friends, I was truly miserable, and well might I ponder on those I had left in happy England and sigh for the comfort of my parents' fireside; but Providence orders all for the best, and is ever ready to make the best of the burden. After rambling about the city, I sold part of my clothes for a small sum, and strolled into a street infested with women of bad character; here I was beset with them, knowing that I was a stranger, but I took no notice of them, till one more impudent than the rest, actually pushed me into a house, thrust me into a chair, and was going to pick my pocket, though she very generously offered me some wine. It happened, however, as she was in the act of completing her roguery, a loud rap was heard at the door, and watching the opportunity to see it opened, I immediately rushed out, followed by a herd of as debauched looking beings as are to be met with in Dawson-street, in Liverpool. Some of my readers in Liverpool may say—why this was naught but a spree!—I wish every man may enjoy his spree, when locked up in one of those filthy hells, with as many myrmidons at his back, with their stiletos, as would send half a dozen fellows to answer for themselves in another world.

"Misfortunes never come alone," so says the adage. I had

* "Dulcor mater quam noverea!" is a maxim which it ought to be our native land's endeavour to instil into the minds of those discontented with home.

scarcely time to congratulate myself on my escape from the bad women, when I found myself in another scrape; for on going to a cook-shop to get some meat, I was accosted by a bad character, who begged of me in broken English. Being glad to meet with one who could speak my own language, I asked him to eat, as well as to direct me to some English house. He soon devoured what was brought him, and I accompanied him to look for my countrymen, but the ungrateful rascal, while we were walking, arm in arm, contrived to put his hand in my pocket, and was in the act of rifling me of my money, when I struggled hard with him, but being the strongest, he threw me down and ran off; I immediately got up and ran after him, crying, "stop thief! stop thief!" but no one understanding me they did not attempt to stop him. On his turning sharp up a passage, I lost him, and to my surprise found myself in the same street where I was attacked by the bad women.

I quickly left this part of the city, and rambled about until it was dark, without any money in my pockets, not knowing where I should lodge. Considering what I should do, I perceived a man coming towards me, whom I recognised to be one of the men who was helping to discharge our cargo. Speaking in good English, he inquired what brought me there. I told him my misfortune; he had compassion on me, took me to his lodgings, and gave me a good supper and a bed. The next morning he asked me to go to work with him, and I consented; but my troubles were never to end; going with him to his work I unluckily missed him, and was not able to find his house again. Not knowing where to go, I strolled about until night, and at last went up a passage and rested myself on the top of some stairs. I was disturbed about three o'clock in the morning, by a man who came out of the apartments adjoining, with a savage looking dog, which no sooner saw me than he seized me by the shoulder; I shouted out, and the dog loosed from me at his master's call, yet the man caught me by the collar, gave me a violent kick, and muttering to himself some foreign words, left me.

Left again a stranger without money or friends, I roved about until I came to a large square, where I saw great numbers of people (among whom were four priests) going to mass. I joined the number, followed them into the chapel, kneeled down, and both cried and prayed at the thought of my desolate condition. I stopped here about three hours; then I rambled towards the shipping, where as luck would have it, I met with a man whom I knew; he asked me to go home with him—I did so, where I got plenty to eat and drink. He and his wife agreed that I should stop with them till I got another ship, and then pay them for my board, to which I consented.

A few days after, as I was walking about my lodgings I saw one of the English merchants who was an owner of our vessel. I attempted to run away from him, but he quickly caught me. I soon found him a very kind-hearted man. On his asking me the reason of my running away from the vessel, I began to cry, and told him it was on account of the cruelty of the captain, and showed him where I was lodging. He gave me a dollar, and asked me to come to his lodgings, giving me directions where to find him, and said what time he should be in, having other business to do. I went and acquainted my landlady, and at the appointed time attended the merchant's lodgings, where I got a very good dinner; after which he gave me a shirt, waistcoat, handkerchief, and a pair of boots, and shoes, which made me very comfortable. He also agreed to pay for my board until the vessel returned from Genoa. I promised him that I would do all in my power to please the captain if he would speak to him in my behalf, as I wished to get to my mother's fireside once more.

After I had been three weeks and five days on shore, our vessel returned from Genoa. As soon as I heard of it my spirits sunk, and I was full of trouble at the thought of the captain and first mate's cruelty. The day that I should have gone on board, I ran into the city, and it being a day of merriment, went along the streets watching the masqueraders, when I perceived the captain looking out of a window, and when I saw him looking at me, I was so terrified that I had not the power to run away. He quickly came into the street and collared me, cursed and swore, but to my surprise, did not kick nor strike me. He

then took me to a boatman that he knew, and strictly charged him not to let me run away, but to take me on board of his vessel. There I received a very unkind reception from the mate; I told him I would do all in my power to please him if he would forgive me; but he seemed to have no feeling. We discharged our bales. A few days after, our captain was invited to sup with another captain on board an English schooner that was laying alongside of us. After supper the steward of the schooner came on board our vessel, called me on deck, and said that the captain was swearing vengeance against me to their captain, telling him that he would tie me down to the ring-bolts of the deck, and there let the sea wash over me, with other threats of his intended cruelty. Upon hearing this I burst into tears, and thanked him for coming to tell me; he had not time to say any more, as his cabin bell rang, and he had to answer it.

The next morning I got up early, took my big jacket, with flint and steel, and a little tobacco; I then got into a boat, and reached the shore once more, giving the boatman my flint, steel, and tinder-box, for payment. I now went to a French town, part of the suburbs of the city, where I thought I should not be discovered, sold my jacket, and after spending the day there, ventured into the city.

Just as I was going through the gates, I caught sight of the captain, who no sooner saw me than he gave chase, and in running from him I fell down; he coming up gave me a violent kick, got hold of me, and dragged me to the boat he had just left. I was taken on board. When the first mate saw me he began to laugh, and asked me the reason of my running away again! Upon my not answering, he struck me several times with a rope's-end. I then told him I was afraid of the captain punishing me when he got out to sea. He gave me a scornful look and said, "Ah, my lad, you think the captain has forgiven you, but he will let you know whether he has or not." I began to cry. He went into a passion, got the chains that are used to fasten the coppers down to the deck, and wrapped them round my neck, body, and legs, which almost doubled me in two; he then forced me to creep along the deck, backwards and forwards, flogging me at the same time with a small piece of ratline. When he was tired of this cruelty, he asked me if I should like to go home with those chains round me. I spoke boldly to him, and said, "Yes sir, I wish I was going into my father and mother's presence now, they would make you pay dearly for this." I was stopped from saying more by a blow on the mouth, which caused it to bleed dreadfully, at the same time he cursed me for my impertinence, and ordered me to sweep the deck. I strove to obey him, but the weight of the chains and the cruel treatment I had received, made it difficult to stand, he laughing and cursing as he went below. After I had been two hours in punishment he came and took the chains off me, saying, "Now, my lad, you must not expect the least chance of running away again, for I will keep a sharp look out while we remain here; you think that the captain has forgiven you, but you will find it out when you get to sea."

The next morning I went upon deck to see if there was a chance of running away, when I perceived the first mate watching me. I pretended not to see him, and went to my hammock again, thinking to make my escape in the day time, as there was so much suspicion of my running away in the morning. I had not been long in my hammock before the first mate came and called, ordering me to rise and come upon deck. I obeyed him. He told me, he thought I was for running away: I told him I did not intend running away any more, as I had made up my mind to bear with my suffering as well as I could, until I got once more to England.

After giving me a blow with his fist, he ordered me to make a fire, and told me, I must serve in the place of a cook. I managed to get breakfast over without much fault being found; after which, he told me to broil some beef, and make some broth for the men's dinner, and to bake a piece of beef in the oven. While I was busy with my cooking, I kept a sharp look out after him, in order to make my escape the first opportunity. At last I thought there was a good chance, as I heard the first mate telling the men in the hold to make haste and get the

empty casks stowed before dinner; and the second mate answered him, saying, "Yes, if you will come and help us we will do so;" he said he would, and gave strict orders to have dinner ready by the time they had done. Pretending to be cheerful, I made a bow, and went bustling about the deck "like Satan in a gale of wind." But no sooner had the mate gone below, than I thought, "sink or swim," I will try again to make my escape, and was thinking of jumping overboard, and swimming by a hawser that we had made fast on the Mole, when I saw a man in a boat astern of the next vessel. I hailed him, shaking my fist, signifying to make as little noise as possible. He was soon alongside, and having no money, I ran to the cabin, took out the beef that was for the mate's dinner, gave it to the man in the boat, who gladly received it. I now jumped in, made my escape, and went to the English boarding house, where I was welcomed, as I promised to pay them when I got another ship. I left the house to stroll out for a short time, and on returning, found that the captain, accompanied by some gentlemen, had been there, and offered ten dollars to the man if he would take me on board. He informed me he could keep me no longer, as the captain would inquire for me again, I told him I knew not where to go, dreading the result of being taken. I sought for shelter in the French town, but was speedily stopped by an Italian, who collared me, saying, the captain had been hunting for me, and that I must go on board with him. I said I would go with him willingly, if he would ask the captain to pardon me. The deceitful fellow tried to flatter me, by saying that the captain would not abuse me, but be glad to see me. Pretending to believe him, I calmly asked him to loose me, and he did so. I pretended to go willingly till we got opposite the provision shop; I then stopped, saying, that I was hungry; and no doubt thinking of the ten dollars he should get, he let me go in, when watching an opportunity, I darted out of the shop, and never looked behind me until I was convinced I was out of the reach of my pursuer.

I then went through the city many miles into the country, without being interrupted by any person. At night I slept by the road, and early in the morning I was disturbed by a quantity of lizards, which frightened me very much, as at that time I did not know what they were, but I have learned since. I revenged myself by killing some of them, and looking round which way to steer, and seeing a road across some grounds, I wandered about until night, when I came in sight of the city again. I then laid down until morning; and for four days continued wandering, and slept five nights by the road-side, having no other refreshment than water. On the fifth morning I felt very weak, with violent pains in my stomach, and went to a brook to get some water and wash myself. Going along the road, I met a man driving a flock of sheep, and he spoke to me, but I pretended not to hear him, and kept going on. He then came up to me, and spoke in a very loud voice. I pointed to my ear, signifying that I was deaf, but he seemed not satisfied. I then pointed to my mouth and ears, signifying that I was both deaf and dumb, and then kept walking on. He then went after his sheep, and was soon out of sight. I got to the brook, washed my face, and drank a little water, which made me sick, followed by a sharp pain at my stomach. When the pain abated, a deep thought struck me about my poor mother. I imagined that if she knew what I was suffering, how she would grieve; but, no, thought I, perhaps she may never see me again. I burst into a loud fit of crying, when I was suddenly startled by a young woman standing on the bridge, who shouted to me, I was ashamed; and wiping my tears, I looked round, but not understanding her I made no reply. She rose her hand and beckoned me to go to her; I did so, when, with motions and signs, and a little broken Italian which I had learned, gave her to understand that I had been four days and five nights without food, and likewise, that I was an English boy.

She was a kind soul, and gave me all the money (about the value of three-pence in English money) she had in her pocket. I made her understand I could not eat that, and mentioned that I did not dare go to Leghorn, as my vessel was lying there, and if the captain caught me, he would use me unmercifully.

She understood my meaning, shed tears, and taking me by

the hand, pointed to a farm-house that was close by, showing me by signs, if I went there I should get plenty to eat and drink. I have reason to believe she was a servant belonging to a large house or castle which I saw at a distance, as she had three elegantly dressed children with her.

I went to the house in question, knocked at the door, but was answered only by a dog barking inside. Thinking the house was unoccupied, I was going off, when I heard a woman's voice, and on looking to find from whence the sound proceeded, I saw a small hut, and three women standing at the door; one of them asked me in Italian what I wanted; I motioned that I wanted something to eat; whereupon she brought me a piece of bread, which I had no sooner got into my hand than a dog, stole it from me. The dog went into the hut with it, and I followed him. The woman saved me from the dog who was going to fly at me; and she gave me a large piece, which I put in my breast, and bent my way towards Leghorn.

After eating my bread, which I found rather increased than abated my hunger, I walked several miles, and then I thought I would venture towards the city; but being a great number of miles from it, I began to walk very fast, and in three or four hours got into the city again, where I once more sought the English boarding house.

Here I was glad to learn from the landlord, who received me very kindly, that our vessel had just sailed; and that he should be able to find me another ship.

I am now, kind reader, about to enter on chapter third, and doubt not you will agree with me in the prospects of my new undertaking, and serving another master.

CHAPTER III.

"For dear happy England I sigh'd,

For my parents, my home, and each friend,

But 'twas long ere my troubles were o'er,

Or my sorrows were brought to an end."

I ENGAGED and entered on board an English ship that was lying in quarantine, imagining that I should see England and my dear parents once more; but to my disappointment, when I went on board, I was informed she was bound for Alexandria, in Egypt, which made me very low spirited; but finding the captain a kind master, I was proud to serve him. We put to sea, about nine or ten days after I went on board, and I did not perceive anything particular until one day land was discovered on our larboard bow; on inquiry I was informed it was the great burning mountain Stromboli; we bore down towards it, and to my great astonishment, perceived at night tremendous eruptions from the top of the mountain; next morning we ran our ship much nearer, and sailed past some adjoining rocks, leaving the mountain astern. We had a very favourable passage, till we came to Alexandria, when we took a pilot on board, and entered the harbour.

The appearance of the natives attracted my attention, they being of a copper colour, and all Mahometans. On Sunday I went on shore to look at the city, as they called it, where every thing appeared strange to me. We discharged our cargo, and took in another, put to sea, and returned to Leghorn, trading from one port to another, and again to Alexandria, where we lay three or four months. During this time, our captain thought proper to go out on pleasure: accordingly, he, with the captain and an agent of a transport ship that was lying there, agreed to take their long-boat and a supply of provisions, and go up the Nile, that they might view Grand Cairo, and shoot wild fowl, which is very abundant in those parts. After staying away a fortnight they returned, having had a very pleasant excursion.

I remember one time in particular, the captain took a trip into the country on a shooting excursion. He took a guide and me with him, and on beating a bush, something started up, which I at first thought was a snake, but it had four legs. I called to the guide to know what it was, and he could not say what they called it in England, but telling the captain it was quite harmless, he caught it in his hands, and it proved to be a chameleon.

"A lizard's body lean and long,
A fish's head, a serpent's tongue;
It's foot with triple claw disjoined,
And what a length of tail behind."

Having seen this singular creature for the first time, I took it on board and claimed it as my own, but the captain wished it himself. I readily gave it him, as he had made me several presents, and gave me some clothes which I stood in need of.

The animal was about twenty inches from the nose to the end of his tail; but what was most surprising, we never saw it eat, although we observed it lie down, with its mouth open, as if imbibing the dew. There are many wiseacres who profess that the chameleon changes colour when it likes, but I think I can explain their mistake. The coat of this animal is tinged with various colours, and when the light is shining on it, it then reflects to the beholder different hues. Hence arose the dispute in the "Speaker"; one said it was blue, the other green, and the umpire declared it was black, until the animal was produced, and at candle light it was found to be perfectly white.

Finding that we wanted fresh water, the first mate and part of the crew, taking me with them, took the long-boat and some empty casks, and went in search of water. We went out many miles along the coast, before we found any; at last we found plenty, but rather brackish. The mate having a good fowling piece, and plenty of powder and shot, took me with him, and went in search of game, whilst the others got the water. He killed several very fine birds. Just after he had shot a very large one, which fell upon the beach, and I was running to pick it up, I was suddenly surprised by a large wolf making its appearance from a small point of land; on seeing me it made a full stop, pricked up its ears, and began to walk very fast towards me. I ran back to the mate, shouting, that there was some kind of savage beast coming near us; when he saw it he immediately loaded his gun, and prepared to receive it, as it was running with open mouth towards him; when it came within six or seven yards of him, he fired right into its breast; it still ran towards him, when he gave it a severe blow on the head with the butt end of his gun, which laid it groaning on the ground. I was ordered to drag it to the boat, which was two or three miles off. We put it into the boat, and took it on board. The next day the captain invited several of the natives to come and see it, who declared they never saw one so large before. For curiosity the captain had it weighed, (but I forget the weight,) after which he ordered me to throw it overboard. I took the skin off first, which made several caps for the ship's company.

Before we left Alexandria, our captain, with several other English captains, got leave of the Bashaw of Alexandria, to visit Pompey's Pillar, which is one of the greatest wonders of the world. We erected a tent at its base, and managed to get to the top of it by flying a kite over it and dropping the string we managed to get two ropes over it, so as to form a kind of rigging, when with little difficulty, we all got to the top. After we had drank a glass of grog each, we all came down except the captains, who stopped some time amusing themselves with shooting pigeons. After spending most of two nights and a day, we all returned to the vessel, when the carpenter and I got quarrelling, concerning the carrying of a load on board. I must acknowledge I began the quarrel, by telling him that he was as able to carry as heavy a load as I, and he ought to do so, having men's wages, and myself little more than boy's. He then called me an impertinent puppy, and gave me a slap in the face; I returned it by giving him a severe blow in the throat, which felled him to the ground. When he got up, the first mate asked him if he would stand that; upon which I said, "If he does not like to stand to it he may lie down to it; and, sir, if you will allow me, I will beat him." We then stripped and set-to, when I gave him a severe beating. He was ashamed of himself, as he had always been bragging that he was a don fighter. The men laughed to see him turn out so great a coward. When the captain heard of it, he inquired of the carpenter the reason of our fighting, who told him many false tales, which I thought a very poor way of revenge, and it caused great uneasiness in my mind.

As there was a ship bound for England wanting five hands, I took the opportunity (when our captain was on shore) of going to ask the captain if he would ship me. He asked me the reason of my wanting to leave the vessel I belonged to. I told him that I wished to return to England, and how many years I had been from home. He said he would ship me, but not without a regular discharge from my captain. I returned to the vessel, and in the evening I told the captain of my wish. He at first refused and ordered me on deck, but soon rang the bell, and said he did not wish to part with me, and said he did not wish to part with me, and told me he would increase my wages if I would stop with him. I still pressed him to give me my discharge, saying, that I wanted to see my father and mother again, if they were alive, as I was sure they would be uneasy about my being so long absent from them. His heart relented, and he gave me my discharge and an excellent character; he then paid me my wages, and gave me a dollar extra, telling me to take care and put it into my other captain's hands till I got to England. The next day I took leave of the ship's company, and went on board the other vessel, which was called the "Avon," of Bristol.

I agreed for able seaman's wages with my new captain, who I found to be a good man, and kind to the ship's company, and they were a very agreeable set of men. The Sunday following, I asked the captain for leave to go on shore, for a little pleasure, which was granted; but finding that none of the crew were going on shore until the next Sunday, (it being the last we expected to lie there,) I felt rather disappointed, but having prepared myself, I was determined to go, and procuring one of the native's boats, I went on shore, and rambled up and down the city, and bought a bottle of Madeira wine and drank it. I then hired an ass to ride, which is a common thing for sailors to do in that country. I ventured a little way out of the city, but I soon returned for fear of the treachery of the natives. After giving up the ass, I went intending to have more wine, but just on entering the house I was met by a man who spoke to me in French. I told him I was no Frenchman, and went on; he followed me, saying, "You are an Englishman—me like Englishman." "Do you?" "says I"; "Yes, John, me like Englishman better than my own country," and many other words passed between us as we walked side by side.

He asked me if I wanted to buy some good blue linen shirts, or any other wearing apparel: I said I would buy some shirts if we could agree about the price. He asked me if I had a knife, which I thought rather a droll question. I said yes, but why ask such a question? Oh! nothing, only I sell them—do you want to buy one? showing me a common pocket knife. I said I had one, and that was plenty for me. He asked me to let him see it; I told him it was on board, as I never carried it with me. I did not know what to make of him, as he inquired so particularly about my knife. Little did he know that I had a famous stab knife in the sheath under my waistcoat. He took me to his house to show me what sort of shirts he had to sell, and as soon as we got in, he locked the door, showed me two wet shirts which he took out of some water and offered me one for nothing, as he pretended, but I soon found out that he was after no good, and intended some ill towards me. I put myself on my guard, and seemed ignorant of anything that I suspected. He showed me a large stab knife; I asked him to let me have it in my own hand, but he refused, and said, "No, no, I never let another man take my stab knife in his hand." He then asked me a very indecent question, which I think proper not to mention. I was obliged to draw my knife, and in a moment, pierced him in the side, and tried to make my escape, but finding the door locked, my heart trembled within me. On seeing the key in the door, I unlocked it, and in my hurry to get out, I fell down about thirty steps into the street, and cut my eyebrow very bad, so as to leave a mark for life. It was a great mercy that I did not kill myself, as I had my stab knife in my hand when I fell. I got up immediately, hid my knife, and made the best of my way to get a boat to take me on board.

On my way to the vessel I met with our captain, who asked me what was amiss. He said, "Say no more, but follow me down to the boat;" I did so, and we soon got on board our

ship. I then told the captain all the particulars what the man attempted to do to me. He said I had done right by so doing, at the same time cautioned me not to go on shore, any more while we remained there. The next Sunday all the ship's company went on shore, except the captain, the mate and myself. They were met by the man that I thought must have been dead, from the stab that I gave him; he inquired for me, and said he wished to see me. They told him I was on board, and that if he wanted me, he knew where to find me. He said, "Oh! he only owes me a trifle of money." So they parted from him.

At night when they came on board, they were all very tipsy, which vexed the captain very much. The fire in the caboose had gone out, and the cook could neither find his tinder-box or matches; and when he saw that the captain was angry, he pulled off his jacket and stamped two or three times upon the deck with his feet, then looking steadfastly at the captain, began to swear, and said, "Never mind, sir, I will have some fire from some place, if it comes from h—l." He then jumped overboard and swam to a Greek ship that was lying by us and ascended upon deck by a rope ladder, that hung by the gangway. The men all gathered round him, saying something that he did not understand, and all in a bustle pointed to the fire; cried "fire! fire! fire!" till he got close to it, then snatching a lighted piece of wood, jumped overboard, and swam back to our ship with one hand, and the fire he held out of water with the other. He got the kettle boiled for the captain, who could not help smiling when he told how he got the light.

I dare say the men belonging to the other vessel were much surprised to see the cook act in such a manner. He was a powerful man, with surprising courage, and stood about six feet high. He was one of the best swimmers that I ever saw or heard of. A few days after this, it came on very rough and squally weather. In one of the squalls it capsized a new English vessel, that had just prepared to take in her cargo; having nothing in her hold to balance her, and the main hatch being off, she filled with water and sunk. Some of the English vessels came to her assistance, to try to raise her, but all their labour was in vain. The captain of her sold her to the Great Bashaw, with the privilege of allowing him to take anything out of her without injury to the vessel.

Our captain asked the black cook what he thought of her, as there was a great deal of money in a desk in the cabin. The cook said, "I'll work this way; if I have no success, I shall expect no pay; if I succeed, I shall expect to be well paid for my trouble." "Very good," said the captain belonging to her. We all went (except two) to assist the cook, who drank about half a pint of rum, then stripped himself naked, and dived under the water, came up, bringing with him the sky-light of the cabin. "Now," said he, "what is the next thing for me to do, and what do you mean to give me if I succeed, as I understand there is something of great value in the cabin?" "Yes, there is," said the captain, "and if you bring up the desk I will give you twenty dollars." "Very good," said the cook, and down he went into the cabin, where he remained so long, that we never expected to see him come up again; at last he came up, bringing with him the desk on his head, which was taken of him, and got into the boat. He said "It was tight work with him, as it had shifted from where the captain had told him it was; but never mind if it is safe, and give me another glass of grog." He asked the captain to pay him the twenty dollars; he replied, "I will pay you ten, and the remainder when you have done all your work."

The black cook, not liking this, told the captain he might go and fetch the rest himself, and said, "You made your own bargain; twenty dollars for the first load, ten for the second; and if you had said only five, I am sure I should have been satisfied; but if you are as honourable as your word, pay me before I do any more."

The captain finding the cook inflexible, paid down the money, and asked him to go on with his work; but he refused, unless he put it into his own captain's hands; whereupon he did so; and the cook dived five times more, requesting a quart of grog for each of the sailors. No sooner had they each got

a glass filled, than they drank the cook's health, "wishing him long wind, and that he might never sink while there is grog afloat."

This remarkable swimmer dived eight times, bringing up at each time valuable articles; and as he went off in our boat, many of the inhabitants joined us in horrid yells and shouts, cheering the black man. Soon after this we put to sea, bound for London, and in about four or five days one of the men was taken ill with that afflicting disorder, the plague (the poor fellow was a foreigner), and after struggling for four or five hours he expired; we soon threw him overboard, fearing to catch the infection. In about an hour after another man fell sick, who got better; the next day I fell sick, and was compelled to lie in the long boat for three days, when I got better and regained my strength.

When about two days' sail from Gibraltar, our ship was struck by lightning, which shivered the main-top in a dreadful manner; the carpenter and some of the men repaired it, and we ran into Gibraltar, where we remained only a few hours, when we hove anchor again and put to sea. After a very rough passage we reached Stangate Creek, above Sheerness, where we lay in quarantine for fifty days, yet all of us in good health. I then wrote to my poor father and mother, for the first time in six years, which much surprised them, having heard by a gentleman from Leghorn, who said he had been told by the English consul there, that I was dead. My letter was answered by the return of post; and when I read my mother's letter, and found they were in comfortable circumstances, I went immediately to the captain and showed it to him. When he had read it, he called me to him, and said, "Bill, my lad, I perceive by this letter, that you have good and kind parents, and if it is agreeable to you, I will answer this letter myself, and promise to see you safe on the coach, as your mother wishes you to leave London as soon as possible." I consented; and as early as it could be made convenient, the captain and the owner of the ship went with me to the Saracen's Head coach office; and I was soon at my parent's residence, where no one was more welcome.

As I promised to inform my readers what become of the black cook that I left at Milford Haven, I will do so.—One night as I was relating to my parents and a few friends the dreadful dangers I had met with, and the cruelty of the captain during the time at sea, my poor mother, with tears in her eyes, told me that she had heard that the cook was dead.

I have now, kind readers, come to the end of my tale, and I hope you will forgive any illiterate remarks therein, being but an indifferent scholar.

TOTAL LOSS OF THE BARQUE, FRANCIS SPAIGHT, OF LIVERPOOL, AND TWENTY-ONE PERSONS.

The ship *England's Queen* arrived in the Mersey on Wednesday afternoon, from Bombay and the Cape of Good Hope, which latter port she left on the 19th January, 1846. During the night, between Tuesday and Wednesday, January 6th & 7th, it blew a violent gale from the northward, and at six a.m. on Wednesday the squalls were very severe. At 8.30, the wind came more to the westward in a hard squall, accompanied with torrents of rain, when the barque *Francis Spaight*, of 336 tons, from Manilla to London, was observed driving towards the strand, and an attempt was unfortunately made to set the mainsail, which brought the vessel broadside to the shore; and in this position, with the mainsail aback, she continued to drive until she struck the ground near the Slave Lodge, about a mile from the village of Papendorp, when, in consequence of being broadside to the beach, she rolled heavily, the sea occasionally breaking over her decks. A whale-boat and a surf-boat were sent from Cape Town; the whale-boat succeeded in getting alongside the barque, and a line was thrown over the vessel by the rocket apparatus. The moment the boat touched the side, the crew of the barque, who appeared to have lost all presence

of mind, rushed into her, when she was filled and capsized, and, sad to relate, the captain and fourteen men of the crew were drowned, together with four men of the boat's crew. A surf-boat and another boat were also sent from the North-wharf, but both capsized, and two men were drowned. The following are the names of the crew saved, viz. James Robertson, carpenter, and John McLeod, seamen. Captain Patterson and the following men were drowned:—viz. Thomas Haydn, mate; Magnus Smith, second-mate; Henry Hiatt, steward; David Evans, Edward McDonald, George Hutchings, John Smith (of Leith), John Smith (of Edinburgh), and William Widder, seamen; William Rymes, cook; John Mittin, Thomas Beddoe, William Hall, and Richard Parker, apprentices. The vessel is broken in midships, and is a total wreck, and very little of the cargo will be saved uninjured. The manifest and mail have not yet been found, but so far as it has been ascertained, the cargo consisted of sugar, hemp, tobacco, cigars, rattans, and sundry other articles.

THE FEVER-STRICKEN SHIP.

BY HAWKINS A. D'ALTON.

—"She has lost sixty-eight hands. At the last report from her, yesterday, only eighteen white men were well on board. Twenty-three were lying sick of the deadly malady. The *Eclair* should be destroyed by being either scuttled or blown to pieces."—*Morning Paper*, October 6th, 1845.

'Tis the hour of ev'n, the sunbeams declining,
In dalliance are kissing the crest of each wave;
Like little mounds rising, their white froth entwining,
To mark as mementos the mariner's grave.

From yonder dark hull sweep the tones of emotion,
A splash—a gurgle—all is hush'd in a breath;
She lies like the phantom-ship, scourge of the ocean,
That warneth the sailor of tempest and death.

How free, like the sea-bird, its joyous flight winging,
How swift, like the stag, springing over the lea,
With buoyant hearts rife, and with gay voices ringing,
She walked like a being of life o'er the sea.

How noiseless,—how calm,—for the pest-wing is spreading
Its loom o'er that once busy life-teeming deck,
And health her last ray on the living is shedding,
For contagion has marked them its victims and wreck.

The once hardy seaman the ocean careering,
Unflinching in battle,—defying the storm,
As an infant is bow'd 'neath the hot fever's searing,
With cheek hollow, sunken, and grim wasted form.

The thought of his far distant home, which so often
Could buoy up his spirit in peril's dark hour,—
The tones of his lov'd-ones by memory wafted,
Like a summer-night's dew to the lone drooping flow'r.

All, all, that the heart in its fervour hath cherish'd,
Their fancied endearments bring anguish and pain;
His joys 'neath the simoom of fever have perish'd,
He feels that he never shall see them again.

To the captive who pines in donjon-keep prison,
How dear is the sunbeam that peeps through its grate;
To his heart 'tis the star of sweet hope that has risen,
Heav'n's mercy that gleams 'mid the gloom of his fate.

But the hearts in that fever-struck ship that are yearning
For life's brightest blessings must linger in vain;
Like the dove to the ark from her mission returning,
No resting place, Hope, in its flight can obtain.

SIEGE OF GIBRALTAR.

The most glorious event connected with our naval history during the year 1782, is the siege of Gibraltar. As soon as Spain united with France, in the war against Great Britain, she seemed most particularly anxious to regain possession of Gibraltar. Minorca, also, as being an island so close to the coast of Spain, and having always, till its capture by Great Britain, formed part of that monarchy, was another though an inferior object of her plans and attack. The siege of Fort St. Philip in this island was carried on with great vigour, and a force of 16,000 regular troops, with 109 pieces of heavy battering cannon, and 36 large mortars, under the command of the Duke De Crillon, was employed for that purpose. To oppose this immense force, General Murray, who commanded the fort, had a very feeble and inadequate garrison. He made a determined and long resistance, and did not surrender till the number of his men was reduced by a dreadful and inveterate scurvy to not more than 660 (out of 2692) fit for duty, and even of these 560 were actually tainted with the disorder. The joy of the king of Spain at the conquest of Minorca was excessive; he determined now to direct his whole efforts to the reduction of Gibraltar, before which he had long kept a numerous army; all the attempts of which, however, had been completely baffled by the intrepidity of General Elliot, who had the command of that fortress. The Duke De Crillon was appointed captain-general of the Spanish armies; and the conqueror of Minorca was looked forward to and depended upon for the recovery of Gibraltar. Forty thousand land forces, including twelve thousand French troops, forty-seven sail of the line, besides floating batteries, frigates, and other vessels of war, formed the force employed for this great enterprise.

Many plans were proposed for bringing this immense force to act with the greatest effect against the fortress. One of these was, that the whole fleet should be brought to the direct attack of the place, on all sides, by sea, while the land forces carried on a furious assault: and it was reckoned that by this plan, the fortress might be captured with the loss perhaps of ten or twenty ships of war, and a proportional number of troops.

There can be little doubt that the Spanish monarch, in his extreme eagerness to obtain possession of Gibraltar, would not have hesitated to have made this enormous sacrifice, provided there was a reasonable chance of success; but to all who knew the strength of the fortress, both naturally and by art, and the skill and bravery of its defenders, the scheme was regarded as wild and impracticable. Another, therefore, was proposed, which, though it was avowedly and openly the plan of the Chevalier D'Arcon, a French engineer of great and deserved reputation, is said to have been, in reality, modified and arranged, if not formed, by the Spanish monarch himself. Accord-

ing to this plan, floating batteries were to be constructed on such a principle, that it should be impossible for any effort or means of the besieged either to sink or set fire to them. In order to render it impossible to sink them, their keels and bottoms were to be fortified with an extraordinary thickness of timber: to secure them against fire, the sides of the floating batteries were to be lined with timber and cork, a long time soaked in water, with a large quantity of wet sand between: it was supposed that by this means no cannon-shot would penetrate; or if it did, that the wet sand would not only impede its progress, but prevent it from setting fire to the vessels.

But the most extraordinary part of their construction remains to be noticed. "In imitation of the circulation of the blood in the living body, a great variety of pipes and canals perforated all the solid workmanship, in such a manner, that a continual succession of water was to be conveyed to every part of the vessel: a number of pumps being adapted to the purpose of an unlimited supply. By this means it was expected that the red-hot shot would operate to the remedy of its own mischief, as the very action of cutting through those pipes would procure its immediate extinction. So that these terrible machines, teeming with every source of outward destruction,

seemed to be themselves invulnerable and entirely secure from all danger."

In order to construct these singular and terrible machines, ten great ships, from six hundred to fourteen hundred tons burthen, were cut down to the state required by the plan of the engineer; and two hundred thousand cubic feet of timber were employed in their construction. There was still, however, some things to be guarded against: they were not yet bomb-proof; in order to render them so, and at the same time to protect the men at the batteries from grape-shot, a hanging-roof was erected, and contrived in



DESTRUCTION OF THE SPANISH BATTERING SHIPS.]

such a manner, that it could be raised or let down with the greatest facility, at the pleasure of those on board the vessels: this roof was formed of a strong netting, covered and protected by wet hides of great strength and thickness; such a slope was given it, as it was supposed would effectually serve to throw off the shells that might fall on it, before they could burst or do any mischief. On board these batteries were placed brass cannon of a large calibre, and in each ship a supply was kept in case of accident. The ingenuity and skill of the Chevalier D'Arcon was not yet exhausted: as the effect of these batteries must depend, in a great measure, on the rapidity and constancy with which they fired off the cannon that were placed on them, he had contrived a kind of match, "to be placed on the lights of the guns, of such a nature, as to emulate lightning in the quickness of its consumption, and the rapidity of its action; and by which all the guns of the battery were to go off together, as it had been by a single shot."

The Spanish commander, however, did not trust entirely to these means, formidable as they were; no less than twelve hundred pieces of heavy ordnance were collected for the siege, and the quantity of gunpowder only, was said to exceed eighty-

three thousand barrels. As not the smallest doubt was entertained that the fate of Gibraltar was sealed, two princes of the royal blood of France, the Count D'Artois, the French king's brother, and the Duke De Bourbon, his cousin, arrived at the camp about the middle of August, in order to witness the triumph of the united arms of France and Spain. Scarcely a single person, except the Duke De Crillon himself, thought it possible that the fortress could hold out twenty-four hours after the attack began; and he was thought extremely and unnecessarily cautious and distrustful, when he gave it as his opinion, that it might require fourteen days.

General Elliot, in the meantime, was not idle, or unprepared; he knew very well the measures that were about to be employed against him, and the force that was to support and carry into execution those measures. So far from appearing daunted, he determined to provoke his opponents to the attack; this he resolved upon, in consequence of observing that their works on the land side were nearly completed, and of the hope he entertained that he should be able to interrupt, if not to destroy them. About seven o'clock in the morning of the 8th of September, therefore, he commenced a powerful and well-directed fire, by which, about ten o'clock, the Mahon battery and another adjoining it were set in flames, and by fire in the evening they were entirely consumed. By this measure of General Elliot's, the enemy were exceedingly mortified and provoked; and resolving, if possible, to wipe off the stain, they hastened their preparations for the grand, and as they hoped the final and decisive attack. On the morning of the 9th, by break of day, a new battery of sixty-four heavy cannon was opened, which poured its shot into the garrison without intermission. The enemy, during this and several succeeding days, fired at the rate of six thousand five hundred cannon-shot, and one thousand and eighty shells in every twenty-four hours; while their ships made continual attacks on Europa Point, the defence of which was solely entrusted to Captain Curtis and the marine brigade under his command. In order that the attention of the garrison might be completely distracted, by the various and multitudinous forms of attack going on at the same time, the gun and mortar-boats were added to the other instruments of war, and continued their assaults, both by day and night, without the smallest intermission, on the works of the fortress.

At this time the combined fleets of France and Spain, amounting to forty-eight sail of the line, arrived at Algeiras from Cadiz; and everything was also complete in the battering ships. These were covered with one hundred and fifty-four pieces of heavy cannon; and to the service of each gun, thirty-six artillery-men were appointed; besides these, there were a sufficient number of officers to direct the operations, and of seamen to work and manage the vessels, so that the whole number on board of these battering ships could not be less than six or seven thousand men. The plan was, that the fire of these vessels should be steadily directed to one object, while the gun and mortar-boats, with the floating-battery and the bomb-ketches, should carry on their attack in every possible direction. It was calculated that every part of the fortress would at one and the same time be exposed to a most dreadful and destructive fire; and as it would be impossible for the garrison to be every where present and upon the alert, it was hoped that some point would be so far injured as to present a favourable place for assault, if the governor still determined to hold out.

About eight o'clock in the morning, on the 13th of September, the ten battering ships of the enemy weighed anchor and stood over towards Gibraltar, where they occupied the stations allotted for them, about nine hundred yards from the works. The ship on board of which the Spanish admiral was, was stationed near the King's Bastion, while the other vessels extended, three to the southward of the flag, as far as the Church Battery; five to the northward, near the Old Mole; and one a little to the westward of the admiral. As soon as they had reached their stations, they began a heavy cannonade, in which they were seconded and supported by the cannon and mortars in the lines, while the batteries from the garrison opened with hot and cold shot from the guns, and with shells from the howitzers and mortars.

It is absolutely impossible to conceive, much less to describe,

the horrid grandeur of this scene; the imagination, even though it were of the most fertile and vigorous kind, could not form a picture, in any respect, equal to what this day witnessed. Although General Elliot made no pompous display of the measures he had adopted to defend himself, yet on trial they were found to be completely adequate, not only for the purposes of defence, but of destruction; and even his enemies admitted that skill and bravery such as his, they had never before encountered or witnessed. "The prodigious showers of red-hot balls, of bombs, and of carcasses, which filled the air, and were without intermission thrown to every point of the various attacks, both by sea and by land, from the garrison, astonished the commanders of the allied forces, who could not conceive the possibility that General Elliot, straitened, as he was, within the narrow limits of a garrison, should have been, by any means, able to construct or to manage such a multitude of furnaces as they deemed necessary to the heating of the infinite quantity of shot then thrown. The number of red-hot balls which the battering ships only received in the course of the day, was estimated, in their own accounts, at not less than four thousand. Nor were the mortar-batteries in the fortress worse supported; and while the battering ships appeared to be the principal objects of vengeance, as they were of apprehension to the garrison, the whole extent of the Peninsula seemed at the same time to be overwhelmed in the torrents of fire which were incessantly poured upon it."

For a long time it seemed as if the battering ships were completely invulnerable to all the attempts made by the garrison to destroy them; while they continued through the greatest part of the day to maintain a heavy and destructive cannonade, they resisted the combined powers of fire and artillery to such a degree, that the incessant showers of shells, and the red-hot shot, with which they were assailed, made no visible impression upon them. About two o'clock, however, there were evident symptoms of their approaching destruction: smoke was seen to rise from the upper part of the admiral's deck; and that this proceeded from some serious and alarming cause was evident from the men being observed using fire-engines, and pouring water into the holes that were made by the red-hot shot. This circumstance served to stimulate the efforts of the garrison; it was now beyond a doubt, that though these battering ships were constructed with so much art and ingenuity, and though they were capable, at the same time, of inflicting and of suffering so much, yet there were in the garrison means amply sufficient to silence and destroy them. In the course of the night it could not be accurately ascertained whether the fire on board of them increased; that it was not got under, was evident from the continued efforts of the men to work the fire-engines, and to pour water down the shot-holes; the fire from the garrison was therefore continued without intermission throughout the whole of the night; and by one o'clock in the morning the admiral's ship and another were more visibly on fire. Every thing on board them indicated the utmost confusion and alarm; rockets were thrown up, to announce their distress and danger to the other ships, and the fleet immediately sent out all the assistance in their power; but to afford assistance, under the circumstances in which the battering ships were placed, was neither very safe nor very easy. It was impossible to remove the battering ships, or to save them where they were: the grand, and indeed the only object, therefore, was to take out the men; but the very means which had been employed to render these ships formidable to the garrison, made it extremely dangerous to approach them; they were filled, and made up as it were, with combustible matter, which, now that they were on fire, was continually exploding; while the fire from the garrison, directed with more vigour against these ships, as they were seen to be on flames, added greatly to the risk of those who attempted to save their unfortunate comrades.

While these operations were going on, Brigadier Curtis, with his squadron of gun-boats, lay under the New Mole, ready to take advantage of any favourable opportunity which might present itself: this opportunity was now at hand; accordingly, about three o'clock, when the enemy had suffered most dreadfully, and were thrown into the utmost confusion by their battering ships having taken fire, he began his attack upon their

flank, in a most masterly style and with great effect. His gun-boats were drawn up in such a manner as to rake the entire line of the battering ships, and thus to repel all attempts which the Spaniards were making to relieve and succour those who were in them: no hope or chance of safety now remained for these unfortunate men, unless in the humanity of their conquerors; and this humanity was in a great measure successfully exercised, notwithstanding to save them was still attended with great and imminent danger. It was not, however, till the morning of the 14th that the whole compass and extent of the defeat of the Spaniards was discovered, or that the efforts of Brigadier Curtis in the cause of humanity could be successfully exerted: when daylight appeared, the scene was most dreadful. In the midst of the flames great numbers of the enemy were discovered crying out for assistance; while others were seen floating on pieces of timber, liable every moment either to be washed off, or to be destroyed by the shot from the garrison. As soon as the effects of the fire from Gibraltar were clearly seen, and it was put beyond a doubt that the enemy were completely conquered, the firing ceased entirely: every thought, which but a few minutes before had been directed to the destruction of the Spaniards was now turned to their relief and succour. In a moment it was forgotten that they were enemies, and only remembered by the British that they were suffering fellow-creatures. In a moment, those vessels which had been employed to deal destruction among them, were used for the purpose of saving them; and it would be impossible to determine, whether the British displayed more intrepidity in their endeavours to save, or to destroy. In this sacred and honourable employment, Brigadier Curtis and his marine brigade were almost exclusively engaged. It is impossible to describe the exertions they made, the dangers to which they exposed themselves, or the skill which they displayed on this occasion. One instance may, however, be given: they succeeded in dragging out from the holds of the burning ships, an officer and seventy-nine men, most dreadfully scorched. It may indeed be said that none but Britons could have defended Gibraltar, as it was defended; and none but Britons could have saved their enemies in such a dreadful situation.

At one time, the most dreadful apprehension was entertained that Brigadier Curtis had fallen a sacrifice to his noble and generous humanity: the boat in which he was employed in saving the unfortunate Spaniards, lay close to one of the largest of the battering ships, at the very moment that she exploded; for a short period, every thing was involved in the utmost darkness: this was a time of dreadful suspense. General Elliot and all the garrison kept their eyes fixed on the spot, and soon had the happiness to perceive the commodore's pinnace safe, when the smoke was dispelled; the escape, however, was most miraculous; a large piece of timber struck the boat and made a hole in her bottom, and she was only preserved from instantly sinking, by the seamen stuffing their jackets into the hole. Nearly four hundred of the enemy were saved from instant and inevitable destruction by means of Commodore Curtis and his brigade of marines; while their loss in the battering vessels alone was estimated at one thousand five hundred.

It is impossible to ascertain the whole loss of the Spaniards on this memorable day: that it was very enormous is certain, both from the nature and effect of the fire from the garrison, and from the very circumstances, that they published only a vague and contradictory account respecting it. How the whole scene impressed one, probably not very callous, as having been accustomed to the carnage of war, may be inferred from the following passage in a letter from a French officer, dated the evening of the 8th, which was published in the foreign gazettes: if the occurrences and disasters of that day called forth such feelings and such language, certainly those of the 13th must have produced a similar effect: "The eye is fatigued, and the heart rent with the sight and the groans of the dying and wounded, whom the soldiers are this moment carrying away; the number makes one shudder; and I am told, that in other parts of the lines, which are not within view of my post, the numbers are still greater." Fortunately for my feelings, I have not, at this instant, leisure to reflect much on the state and condition of mankind."

Such admirable measures had been taken by the governor for the protection and security of the garrison, while they were employed in defending the fortress and in annoying the enemy, that their loss was comparatively light, and it was chiefly confined to the artillery corps; the marine brigade, of course, being much more exposed, suffered more severely; yet not nearly to such a degree as might have been anticipated. In the course of about nine weeks, the whole number slain amounted only to sixty-five; and the wounded to three hundred and eighty-eight. How little chance the Spaniards had of succeeding in their attack, even if their battering ships had not taken fire, may be judged from this circumstance, that the works of the fortress were scarcely damaged, and afforded indubitable proofs of the skill and ingenuity with which they had been constructed.

As the enemy now had most melancholy proof that Gibraltar could not be taken by any means that human power could bring against it, the only chance that remained to them of reducing it was by famine: for this purpose, it was necessary to prevent supplies being brought to it, as they knew it was nearly destitute. Lord Howe, however, was approaching with a powerful fleet, and a numerous convoy laden with every kind of stores and provisions: to oppose him, the enemy trusted to their combined fleet. It seems at first to have been the plan and intention of the enemy to cruise off Cape St. Mary, in order to meet the British fleet; but this measure was abandoned, and they took their station in the Bay of Gibraltar. On the 10th of October, while lying in the bay, a dreadful gale of wind came on, which threw them into great disorder, exposed them all to imminent danger, and actually caused the loss of the St. Michael, of seventy-four guns, which being driven under the works of Gibraltar, was taken possession of, and her crew, consisting of six hundred and fifty men, made prisoners. On the 11th, signals were made on board the enemy's fleet, which proved to the garrison that the British fleet were in sight; in the afternoon of that day, the Latona frigate arrived in the bay; and in the evening she was followed by the whole fleet. It was easy to conceive what must have been the anxiety of the garrison, till the convoy, which was to bring them succours so greatly needed, should get beyond the reach of the enemy; and this anxiety was greatly increased, when they discovered, that though the wind and weather were by no means unfavourable, yet by the carelessness and inattention of the masters of the transports, only four out of thirty-one reached their destined anchorage, the rest being driven past the bay into the Mediterranean. This provoking and unfortunate accident obliged Lord Howe to enter the Mediterranean also, for the purpose of collecting and bringing back the convoy. The enemy took advantage of this to attempt to recover two of their line of battle ships, which in the storm of the 10th had been driven from Algeiras out of the Straits: they also entertained hopes, that while employed in bringing back these vessels, they might either capture some of the store-ships, or at least prevent them from entering the bay. The force, however, was considerably lessened; they were obliged to leave behind three of their ships, which were disabled; the St. Michael had been taken, and two others were absent.

Lord Howe was soon apprized of the movements and the apparent intention of the combined fleet, by the Latona frigate, and he immediately made the signal for his ships to collect around him. At sunset on the 13th, forty-two ships of the line, and other vessels, amounting in the whole to sixty-four sail, were seen six leagues to the windward of him, on the larboard tack. At first they seemed disposed to bear down on the British, but afterwards they hauled their wind and stood off. Lord Howe, in the meantime, had formed his plan of action; he arranged his fleet in three lines, sending off his convoy where they might safely wait the issue of the battle, on the coast of Barbary, under the protection and guidance of the Buffalo man-of-war. His fleet consisted only of thirty-two sail of the line, whereas that of the enemy had been strengthened by the junction of the two ships that had been driven from Algeiras.

As the enemy did not seem disposed to fight, the Buffalo, with the transports, rejoined Lord Howe, and was despatched

towards the bay; on the 18th he succeeded in landing two regiments, and in sending in a supply of fifteen hundred barrels of gunpowder from the fleet. While performing these operations, the combined fleet not only offered no impediment, but they did not even come in sight. On the 19th, however, while the British fleet were in the mouth of the Straits, between Europa Point and Ceuta, they were seen in the north-east quarter. As a battle in the Gut appeared in every point of view by no means prudent, Lord Howe repassed the Straits into the Atlantic, the enemy following him at a few leagues distance. As soon as the British admiral got clear of the Straits, he formed in order of battle to the leeward, but the combined fleet, though the time of action, as well as the distance, lay entirely in their power, contented themselves, towards the evening, with a cannonade on the van and rear of the British, which produced little or no effect. Lord Howe's own ship, the *Victory*, not returning a single shot, and the others only firing occasionally.

During the manoeuvres on this occasion, three ships of the rear of the British fleet, the *Union*, *Buffalo*, and *Vengeance*, being considerably astern of the rest, *Don Louis de Cordova*, in the *Santissima Trinidad* of one hundred and twenty guns, and a French admiral, supported by three large ships, and seven ships of two decks, bore down upon them, with the intention and expectation of cutting them off. These vessels, not daunted by the approach of such a superior force, reserved their fire till the enemy came within musket shot, when they commenced it in such a masterly and efficient manner, that their opponents were quickly thrown into great disorder and confusion. The ship of the Spanish admiral, unwieldy and unmanageable from her great size, was thrown completely aback, and obliged to haul her wind, and withdraw from the action. As night came on, they seemed disposed to renew the attack, but were again so well received, that after a distant cannonade, which lasted about an hour, they sheered off.

Different opinions were formed respecting the conduct of Lord Howe on this occasion: all parties gave him credit for having accomplished the great and paramount object of his voyage—the relief of Gibraltar, with great skill and seamanship; but many contended, that when he had done this service, he ought to have shown more earnestness, and used more strenuous and zealous endeavours to come up and engage the combined fleets; while others maintained, that no good object could have been accomplished by an engagement with them, while in case of a disastrous issue, much evil might have resulted. The following observations on this disputed point seem deserving of attention and respect.

"The distant fire of the enemy's fleet on the 20th, as usual; and, as all that was intended by it, excepting merely to save appearances, did a good deal of damage to the yards and rigging of several of the English shipping, so that if Lord Howe had even been disposed to pursue the enemy on the following morning, he could not have so done; but that undoubtedly neither was, nor ought to have been, any part of his object. The measure of mere fighting, without any adequate object in view, can never be adopted by any wise commander, either by sea or by land. The great service of relieving Gibraltar, was, in the face of all Europe, most happily and gloriously performed, under such circumstances, of inferiority of force, as not only fully to support, but highly to exalt our naval renown, and the honour of the British flag. It was evident through the whole course of the proceedings, that the combined enemy, with so great a superiority as they possessed, had not at any time the smallest intention of hazarding a general action, however willing they might be to risk some loss in order to maintain that appearance, and however watchful they were to prove of any advantage that might be afforded. The British commander, besides, had other important services still to provide for; he detached eight ships of the line to the West Indies, and six to the coasts of Ireland, on his way home; neither of which or at least the former, could probably have been done, if a forced action had taken place."

AN ATTACK BY SAVAGES.

As soon as certain that their prisoners were safe, the savages came and loosened the ropes of my arms sufficiently to put me more at my ease. They removed those which bound my feet entirely, and, at the same instant, the gag was taken from my mouth. I was then led to the companion-way and by a sign, given to understand I might communicate with my friends below. In the management of all this, I found that Smudge, the semi-human, dull, animal-seeming Smudge, was at the head. I also came to the conclusion my life was to be spared, for a time at least, and for some purpose that, as yet, baffled my conjectures. I did not call out immediately, but waited until I heard a movement on the ladder, when I complied with the orders of my captors and masters.

"Mr. Marble," I cried, loud enough to be heard below; "is that you?"

"Ay, ay—and is that you, Master Miles?"

"This is I. Be cautious how you act, Mr. Marble. The savages are in possession of the upper deck, and I am their prisoner. The people are all below, with a strong watch at the fore-scuttle."

I heard a long, low whistle within the companion-way doors, which it was easy enough to interpret into an expression of the chief-mate's concern and wonder. For myself, I saw no use in attempting concealment, but was resolved to speak out fully, even though it might be at the risk of betraying some of my feelings to my captors, among whom I thought it probable there might be more than one who understood something of English.

"We miss Captain Williams below here," Marble resumed after a short delay. "Do you know anything of his movements?"

"Alas! Mr. Marble, poor Captain Williams can be of no service to any of us now."

"What of him?" was demanded in a clear, full voice, and as quick as lightning. "Let me know, at once."

"He has been killed by a blow from a club, and is thrown overboard."

A dead silence followed, and it lasted near a minute.

"Then it has fallen to my duty to decide what is to be done!" Marble at length exclaimed. "Miles, are you at liberty:—dare you say what you think?"

"I am held here by two of the savages, whose prisoner I certainly am. Still, Mr. Marble, they encourage me to speak; but I fear some among them understand what we say."

There was another pause, during which the mate was doubtless reflecting on the best course to pursue.

"Harkee, Miles," Marble continued, "we know each other, and can tell what is meant without blabbing. How old are you, out there, on deck?"

"Quite thirty years, Mr. Marble, and good stout years they are too."

"Well provided for, with sulphur and the pills, or only with Indian tools, such as our boys sometimes play with?"

"A little of the first—half a dozen, perhaps; with some of the last, and a plenty of carvers."

An impatient push from the Dipper warned me to speak plainer, and satisfied me that the fellow could comprehend what passed, so long as we confined ourselves to a straightforward discourse. This discovery had the effect to put me still more on my guard.

"I understand you, Miles," Marble answered in a thoughtful manner; "we must be on our guard. Do you think they mean to come below?"

"I see no signs at present—but *understanding*," emphasising the word, "is more general than you imagine, and no secrets must be told. My advice is, 'millions for defence and not a cent for tribute.'"

As this last expression was common in the mouths of the Americans of the day, having been used on the occasion of the existing war with France, I felt confident it would be understood. Marble made no answer, and I was permitted to move from the companion-way, and to take a seat on the hencoops. My situation was sufficiently remarkable. It was still dark;

but enough light fell from the stars to permit me to see all the swartly and savage forms that were gliding about the decks, and even to observe something of the expression of the countenances of those who, from time to time, came near to stare me in the face. The last seemed ferociously disposed; but it was evident that a master-spirit held all these wild beings in strict subjection, quelling the turbulence of their humours, restraining their fierce disposition to violence, and giving concert and design to all their proceedings. This master-spirit was Smudge! Of the fact I could not doubt; his gestures, his voice, his commands, giving movement and method to everything that was done. I observed that he spoke with authority and confidence, though he spoke calmly. He was obeyed, without any particular marks of deference, but he was obeyed implicitly. I could also see that the savages considered themselves as conquerors, caring very little for the men under hatches. Nothing material occurred until day dawned. Smudge—for so I must continue to call this revolting-looking chief for want of his true name—would permit nothing to be attempted until the light became sufficiently strong to enable him to note the proceedings of his followers. I subsequently ascertained, too, that he waited for reinforcements; a yell being raised in the ship just as the sun appeared, which was answered from the forest. The last seemed fairly alive with savages; nor was it long before canoes issued from the creek, and I counted one hundred and seven of these wretches on board the ship: this was their whole force, however, no more ever appearing. All this time, or for three hours, I had no more communication with our own people. I was certain, however, that they were all together, a junction being easy enough by means of the middle-deck, which had no other cargo than the light articles intended for the north-west trade, by knocking down the forecable bulk-head. There was a sliding board in the last, indeed, that would admit of one man's passing at a time without having recourse to this last expedient. I entertained no doubt Marble had collected all hands below; and being in possession of plenty of arms, the men having carried their muskets and pistols below with them, with all the ammunition, he was still extremely formidable. What course he would pursue I was obliged to conjecture. A sortie would have been very hazardous, if practicable at all; and it was scarcely practicable, after the means taken by Smudge and the Dipper to secure the passages. Everything, so far as I was concerned, was left to conjecture. The manner in which my captors treated me excited my surprise. As soon as it was light, my limbs were released, and I was permitted to walk up and down the quarter-deck to restore the circulation of the blood. A clot of blood, with some fragments of hair, marked the spot where poor Captain Williams had fallen; and I was allowed to dash a bucket of water over the place, in order to wash away the revolting signs of the murder. For myself, a strange recklessness had taken the place of concern, and I became momentarily indifferent to my fate. I expected to die, and I am now ashamed to confess that my feelings took a direction towards revenge, rather than towards penitence for my past sins. At times I even envied Marble, and those below, who might destroy their enemies at a swoop by throwing a match into the magazine. I felt persuaded, indeed, it would come to that before the mate and men would submit to be the captives of such wretches as were then in possession of the deck. Smudge and his associates, however, appeared to be perfectly indifferent to this danger, of the character of which they were probably ignorant. Their scheme had been very cunningly laid; and, thus far, it was perfectly successful. The sun was fairly up, and the savages began to think seriously of securing their prize, when the two leaders, Smudge and the Dipper, approached me in a manner to show they were on the point of commencing operations. The last of these men, I now discovered, had a trifling knowledge of English, which he had obtained from different ships. Still he was a savage, to all intents and purposes; the little information thus gleaned serving to render his worst propensities more dangerous, rather than in any manner tempering them. He now took the lead, parading all his men in two lines on the deck, making a significant gesture towards his fingers, and uttering with emphasis the word "count." I did count the

wretches, making this time one hundred and six, exclusive of the two leaders.

"Tell him, down there," growled the Dipper, pointing below.

I called for Mr. Marble, and when he had reached the companion-way, the following conversation took place between us:—

"What is it now, Miles, my hearty?" demanded the chief-mate.

"I am ordered to tell you, sir, that the Indians number one hundred and eight, having just counted them, for this purpose."

"I wish there were a thousand, as we are about to lift the deck from the ship, and send them all into the air. Do you think they can understand what I say, Miles?"

"The Dipper does, sir, when you speak slow and plain. He has only half a notion of what you now mean, as I can see by his countenance."

"Does the rascal hear me now?—is he anywhere near the companion-way?"

"He does, and is—he is standing, at this moment, on the larboard side of the companion-way, kneeling one knee on the forward end of the hencoop."

"Miles"—said Marble, in a doubting sort of a voice.

"Mr. Marble—I hear what you say."

"Suppose—eh—lead through the companion-way—eh—what would happen to you?"

"I should care little for that, sir, as I've made up my mind to be murdered. But it would do no good, just now, and might do harm. I will tell them, however, of your intention to blow them up, if you please; perhaps that may make them a little shy."

Marble assented, and I set about the office as well as I could. Most of my communications had to be made by means of signs; but, in the end, I succeeded in making the Dipper understand my meaning. By this man the purport was told to Smudge in terms. The old man listened with grave attention, but the idea of being blown up produced no more effect on him, than would have been produced by a message from home to tell him that his chimney was on fire, supposing him to have possessed such a civilised instrument of comfort. That he fully comprehended his friend, I could see by the expression of his orang-outang-looking countenance. But fear was a passion that troubled him very little; and, sooth to say, a man whose time was passed in a condition as miserable as that in which he habitually dwelt, had no great reason to set a very high value on his life. Yet these miserable wretches never commit suicide! That is a relief reserved rather for those who have become satiated with human enjoyments, nine pampered sensualists dying in this mode for one poor wretch whose miseries have driven him to despair. I was astonished at seeing the intelligence that gleamed in the baboon-like face of Smudge, as he listened to his friend's words. Incredulity was the intellectual meaning in his eyes, while indifference seemed seated in his whole visage. It was evident the threat had made no impression, and I managed to let Marble understand as much, and that in terms which the Dipper could not very well comprehend. I got no answer, a death-like stillness reigning below decks, in lieu of the bustle that had so lately been heard there. Smudge seemed struck with the change, and I observed he was giving orders to two or three of the elder savages, apparently to direct a greater degree of watchfulness. I confess to some uneasiness myself, for expectation is an unpleasant guest in a scene like that, and more especially when accompanied by uncertainty. Smudge now seemed to think it time to commence his operations in earnest. Under the direction of the Dipper a quantity of line was thrown into the yawl, studding-halyards, and such other rope of convenient size as could be found in the launch, and the boat was towed by two or three canoes to the island. Here the fellows made what seamen call a "guess-warp" of their rope; fastening one end to a tree, and paying out line, as the yawl was towed back again to the ship. The Dipper's calculation proved to be sufficiently accurate, the rope reaching from the vessel to the tree. As soon as this feat was accomplished, and it was done with sufficient readiness, though somewhat lubberly,

twenty or thirty of the savages clapped on the warp, until they had tautened it to as great a strain as it would bear. After this they ceased pulling, and I observed a search around the galley in quest of the cook's axe, evidently with a design to cut the cables. I thought this a fact worth communicating to Marble, and I resolved to do so at the risk of my life.

"The Indians have run a line to the island, and are about to cut the cables, no doubt intending to warp the ship ashore; and that, too, at the very spot where they once had the Sea-Otter."

"Ay, ay—let them go on; we'll be ready for them in time," was the only answer I received.

I never knew whether to ascribe the apathy the savages manifested to this communication, to a wish that the fact might be known to the people below, or to indifference. They certainly proceeded in their movements with just as much coolness as if they had the ship all to themselves. They had six or eight canoes, and parties of them began to move round the vessel, with precisely the same confidence as men would do it in a friendly port. What most surprised me were the quiet and submission to orders they observed. At length the axe was found secreted in the bows of the launch, and Marble was apprised of the use to which it was immediately applied, by the heavy blows that fell upon the cables.

"Miles," said the chief-mate, "these blows go to my heart. Are the blackguards really in earnest?"

"The larboard bower is gone, sir, and the blows you now hear are on the starboard, which is already half in two—that finishes it; the ship now hangs only by the warp."

"Is there any wind, boy?"

"Not a breath of it in the bay, though I can see a little ripple on the water outside."

"Is it rising or falling water, Miles?"

"The ebb is nearly done—they'll never be able to get the ship up on the shelving rock where they had the Sea-Otter, until the water rises ten or twelve feet."

"Thank God for that! I was afraid they might get her on that accursed bed, and break her back at once."

"Is it of any importance to us, Mr. Marble? What hope can we have of doing anything against such odds, and in our circumstances?"

"The odds I care nothing for, boy. My lads are screwed up so tight, they'd lick the whole north-west coast, if they could only get on deck without having their fashion-pieces stove in. The circumstances, I allow, must count for a great deal."

"The ship is moving fast towards the island—I see no hope for us, Mr. Marble."

"I say, Miles, it is worth some risk to try and save the craft—were it not for fear of you, I would have played the rascals a trick half an hour since."

"Never mind me, sir; it was my fault it has happened, and I ought to suffer for it; do what duty and discretion tell you is best."

I waited a minute after this in intense expectation, not knowing what was to follow, when a report made me fancy for an instant some attempt was making to blow up the deck. The wails and cries that succeeded, however, soon let me into the real state of the case. A volley of muskets had been fired from the cabin-windows, and every individual in two canoes that were passing at the time, to the number of eleven, were shot down like bullocks. Three were killed dead, and the remainder received wounds that promised to be mortal. My life would have been the instant sacrifice of this act, had it not been for the stern authority of Smudge, who ordered my assailants off, with a manner and tone that produced immediate compliance. It was clear I was reserved for some peculiar fate. Every man who could, rushed into the remaining canoes and the ship's yawl, in order to pick up the killed and wounded, as soon as the nature of the calamity was known. I watched them from the taffrail, and soon ascertained that Marble was doing the same from the windows below me. But the savages did not dare to venture in a line with a fire that had proved so fatal, and were compelled to wait until the ship had moved sufficiently a head to enable

them to succour their friends, without exposing their own lives. As this required some distance, as well as time, the ship was not only left without a canoe, or boat of any sort, in the water, but with only half her assailants on board of her. Those who did remain, for want of means to attack any other enemy, vented their spite on the ship, expending all their strength in frantic efforts on the warp. The result was, that while they gave great way to the vessel, they finally broke the line. I was leaning on the wheel, with Smudge near me, when this accident occurred. The tide was still running ebb, and with some strength; and the ship was just entering the narrow passage between the island and the point that formed one termination of the bay, heading, of course, towards the tree to which the warp had been secured. It was an impulsive feeling, rather than any reason, that made me give the vessel a sheer with the helm, so as to send her directly through the passage, instead of letting her strike the rocks. I had no eventual hope in so doing, nor any other motive than the strong reluctance I felt to have the good craft hit the bottom. Luckily, the Dipper was in the canoes, and it was not an easy matter to follow the ship, under the fire from her cabin-windows, had he understood the case, and been disposed to do so. But, like all the rest in the canoes, he was busy with his wounded friends, who were all carried off towards the creek. This left me master of the ship's movements for five minutes, and by that time she had drawn through the passage, and was actually shooting out into the open ocean. This was a novel, and in some respects an embarrassing situation. It left a gleam of hope, but it was a hope without a direction, and almost without an object. I could perceive that none of the savages on board had any knowledge of the cause of our movement, unless they might understand the action of the tide. They had expected the ship to be run ashore at the tree; and here she was gliding into the ocean, and was already clear of the passage. The effect was to produce a panic, and fully one-half of those who had remained in the ship jumped overboard and began to swim for the island. I was momentarily in hope all would take this course; but quite five-and-twenty remained, more from necessity than choice, as I afterwards discovered, for they did not know how to swim. Of this number was Smudge, who probably still remained to secure his conquest. It struck me the moment was favourable, and I went to the companion-way, and was about to remove its fastenings, thinking the ship might be recovered during the prevalence of the panic. But a severe blow, and a knife gleaming in the hands of Smudge, admonished me of the necessity of greater caution. The affair was not yet ended, nor was my captor a man as easily disconcerted as I had incautiously supposed. Unpromising as he seemed, this fellow had a spirit that fitted him for great achievements, and which, under other circumstances, might have made him a hero. He taught me the useful lesson of not judging of men merely by their exteriors.

The ship did not lose her steerage-way. As soon as past the point of the island, a gentle southerly breeze was felt; and, acting on the spars and hull, it enabled me, by putting the helm a little up, to keep her head off shore, and thus increase her distance from the bay. The set of the tide did more for her than the wind, it is true; but the two, acting in unison, carried her away from the coast at a rate that nearly equalled two knots in the hour. This was slow moving certainly, for a vessel in such a strait; but it would require fifteen or twenty minutes for the canoes to return from the creek, and make the circuit of the island by the other channel. By that time we should be near half a mile at sea. Smudge, beyond a question, understood that he was in a dilemma, though totally ignorant of some of the leading difficulties of his case. It was plain to me he could not comprehend why the ship took the direction of the offing, for he had no conception of the power of the rudder. Our tiller worked below, and it is possible this circumstance mystified him, more small vessels in that day manuvring their helms without the aid of the wheel than with it. At length the movement of the vessel became too palpable to admit of further delay; and this savage approached me with a drawn knife, and a manner that proved natural affection had not been the motive of his

previous moderation. After flourishing his weapon fiercely before my eyes, and pressing it most significantly, once or twice, against my breast, he made signs for me to cause the ship to turn round, and re-enter the port. I thought my last moment had come, but naturally enough pointed to the spars, giving my master to understand that the vessel was not in her usual trim. I believe I was understood as to this part of my excuses, it being too apparent that our masts and yards were not in their usual places, for the fact to be overlooked even by a savage. Smudge, however, saw that several of the sails were bent, and he pointed to those, growling out his threats, should I refuse to set them. The spanker, in particular, being near him, he took hold of it, shook it, and ordered me to loosen it forthwith. It is scarcely necessary to say, I obeyed this order with secret joy. Casting loose the brails, I put the out-hauler in the hands of a dozen of the savages, and set the example of pulling. In a minute we had this sail spread, with the sheet a little eased off. I then led a party forward, and got the fore and main stay-sails on the ship. To these were added the mizen stay-sail, the only other pieces of canvass we could show, until the top-masts were fiddled. The effect of these four sails, however, was to add at least another knot to the way of the ship, and to carry her out sooner to a point where she felt the full force of the light breeze that was blowing from the south-east. By the time the four sails were set, we were fully a quarter of a mile from the island, every instant getting more fairly into the true currents of the air. Smudge watched me with the eyes of a hawk. As I had obeyed his own orders in making sail, he could not complain of that; but the result evidently disappointed him. He saw we were still moving in the wrong direction, and, as yet, not a canoe was visible. As for these last, now the vessel had way on her, I was not without hopes of being able to keep them exposed to the fire from the cabin windows, and finally, of getting rid of them by drawing off the land, to a distance they would not be likely to follow. The Dipper, however, I was aware, was a bold fellow—knew something of vessels—and I was determined to give a hint to Marble to pick him off should he come within range of his muskets; in the meantime the alarm and impatience of Smudge and his companions very sensibly increased. Five minutes were an age, in the circumstances in which they were placed, and I saw that it would soon be necessary to adopt some new expedient, or I might expect to be sacrificed to the resentment of these savages. Necessity sharpens the wits, and I hit upon a scheme which was not entirely without the merit of ingenuity. As it was, I suppose I owed my life to the consciousness of the savages, that they could do nothing without me. Smudge, with three or four of the fiercest of his companions, had begun again to menace me with a knife, making signs at the same time, for me to turn the ship's head towards the land. I asked for a little room, and then describing a long circle on the deck, pointing to the four sails we had set, and this in a way to tell them that under the canvass we carried, it would be necessary to go a great distance in order to turn round. When I had succeeded in communicating this idea, I forthwith set about giving them to understand that by getting up the top-masts, and making more sail, we might return immediately. The savages understood me, and the explanation appearing reasonable to them, they went aside and consulted together. As time pressed, it was not long before Smudge came to me with signs to show him and his party how to get the remainder of the sails set. Of course, I was not backward in giving the desired information. In a few minutes, I had a string of the savages hold of the mast rope forward, a luff-tackle being applied. As everything was ready aloft, all we had to do was to pull, until, judging by the eye, I thought the spar was high enough, when I ran up the rigging, and clapped in the fid. Having the top-mast out of the way, without touching any of its rigging, I went down on the fore-yard, and loosened the sail. This appeared so much like business, that the savages gave sundry exclamations of delight; and, by the time I got on deck, they were all ready to applaud me as a good fellow. Even Smudge was completely mystified; and when I set the others at work at the jeer-fall to sway up the

fore-yard, he was as active as any of them. We soon had the yard in its place, and I went aloft to secure it, touching the braces first so as to fill the sail. The reader may rest assured I did not hurry myself, now I had things in so fair a way. I could perceive that my power and importance increased with every foot we went from the land; and the ship steering herself under such canvass, the wheel being a trifle up, there was no occasion for extraordinary exertion on my part. I determined now to stay aloft as long as possible. The yard was soon secured, and then I went up into the top, where I began to set up the weather rigging. Of course, nothing was very thoroughly done, though sufficiently so for the weather we had. From the top I had a good view of the offing, and of the coast for leagues. We were now quite a mile at sea, and though the tide was no longer of any use to us, we were drawing through the water quite at the rate of two knots. I thought that the flood had made, and that it took us a little on our lee-bow, hawsing us up to windward. Just as I had got the last lanyard fastened, the canoes began to appear, coming round the island by the farther passage, and promising to overtake us in the course of the next twenty minutes. The crisis demanded decision, and I determined to get the jib on the ship. Accordingly, I was soon on deck. Having so much the confidence of the savages, who now fancied their return depended on me, I soon had them at work, and we had the stay set up in two or three minutes. I then ran out and cast off the gaskets, when my boys began to hoist at a signal from me. I have seldom been so happy as when I saw that large sheet of canvass open to the air. The sheet was hauled in and belayed as fast as possible, and then it struck me I should not have time to do any more before the canoes would overtake us. It was my wish to communicate with Marble.

While passing aft, to effect this object, I paused a moment to examine the movement of the canoes; old Smudge, the whole time, expressing his impatience that the ship did not turn round. I make no doubt I should have been murdered a dozen times, had I lives enough, were it not that the savages felt how dependent they were on me for the government of the vessel. I began to see my importance, and grew bold in proportion. As for the canoes, I took a look at them through a glass. They were about half-a-mile distant, had ceased paddling, and were lying close together, seemingly in consultation. I fancied the appearance of the ship, under canvass, had alarmed them, and that they began to think we had regained the vessel, and were getting her in sailing condition again, and that it might not be prudent to come too near. Could I confirm this impression, a great point would be gained. Under the pretence of making more sail, in order to get the ship's head round, a difficulty I had to explain to Smudge by means of signs some six or eight times, I placed the savages at the main-topmast mast-rope, and told them to drag. This was a task likely to keep them occupied, and what was more, it kept them all looking forward, leaving me affecting to be busied aft. I had given Smudge a cigar too, to put him in good humour, and I had also taken the liberty to light one for myself. Our guns had all been primed, levelled, and had their tompons taken out the night before, in readiness to repel any assault that might be made. I had only to remove the apron from the after-gun, and it was ready to be discharged. Going to the wheel, I put the helm hard up, until our broadside bore on the canoes. Then glancing along my gun, until I saw it had a tolerable range, I clapped the cigar to the priming, springing back to the wheel, and putting the helm down. The explosion produced a general yell among the savages, several of whom actually leaped into the chains ready to go overboard, while Smudge rushed towards me, fiercely brandishing his knife. I thought my time had come; but perceiving that the ship was luffing fast, I motioned eagerly forward, to draw the attention of my assailant in that quarter. The vessel was coming-to, and Smudge was easily induced to believe it was the commencement of turning round. The breathing time allowed me to mystify him with a few more signs; after which, he rejoined his people, showed them exultingly the ship still luffing, and I make no doubt he thought himself, and induced the rest to think, that the gun had a material agency in producing all these apparent changes. As

for the canoes, the grape had whistled so near them, that they began to paddle back, doubtless under the impression, that we were again masters of the ship, and had sent them this hint to keep aloof. Thus far I had succeeded beyond my most sanguine expectations! and I began to entertain lively hopes of not only saving my life, but of recovering the command of the vessel. Could I manage to get her out of sight of land, my services would be so indispensable, as almost to insure success. The coast was very low, and a run of six or eight hours would do this, provided the vessel's head could be kept in the right direction. The wind, moreover, was freshening, and I judged that the Crisis had already four knots' way on her. Less than twenty miles would put all the visible coast under water. But it was time to say something to Marble. With a view to lull distrust, I called Smudge to the companion-way, in order that he might hear what passed, though I felt satisfied, now that the Dipper was out of the ship, not a soul remained among the savages who could understand a syllable of English, or knew anything of vessels. The first call brought the mate to the door. "Well, Miles, what is it?" he asked; "what meant the gun, and who fired it?"

"All right, Mr. Marble. I fired the gun to keep off the canoes, and it has had the effect I wished."

"Yes; my head was out of the cabin-window at the time, for I believed the ship was waring, and thought you had given up, and were going back into port. I saw the round shot strike within twenty fathoms of the canoes, and as for the grape, some of it flew beyond them. Why, we are more than half a league from the land, boy!—Will Smudge stand that much longer?"

I then told Marble precisely how we were situated on deck, the sail we were under, the number of savages we had on board, and the notion the savages entertained on the subject of turning the ship round. It is not easy to say which listened with the most attention, Marble or Smudge. The latter made frequent gestures for me to turn the ship towards the coast, for by this time she had the wind abeam again, and was once more running in a straight line. It was necessary, on more accounts than one, to adopt some immediate remedy for the danger that began to press on me anew. Not only must Smudge and his associates be pacified, but, as the ship got into the offing, she began to feel the ground-swell, and her spars, aloft, were anything but secure. The main-top-mast was about half up, and it was beginning to surge and move in the cap, in a way I did not like. It is true, there was not much danger yet; but the wind was rising, and what was to be done, ought to be done at once. I was not sorry, however, to perceive that five or six of the savages, Smudge among the number, began to betray signs of sea-sickness. I would have given Clawbonny, at the moment, to have had all the rascals in rough water! I now endeavoured to make Smudge understand the necessity of my having assistance from below, both to assist in turning the vessel, and in getting the yards and masts into their places. The old fellow shook his head, and looked grave at this. I saw he was not sick enough yet, to be indifferent about his life. After a time, however, he pronounced the name of Neb and Yo, the blacks having attracted the attentions of the savages, the last being the cook. I understood him; he would suffer these two to come to my assistance, provided it could be done without endangering his own ascendancy. Three unarmed men could hardly be dangerous to twenty-five who were armed; and then I suspected that he fancied the negroes would prove allies to himself, in the event of a struggle, rather than foes. As for Neb, he made a fatal mistake; nor was he much nearer the truth with regard to Joe—or Yo, as he called him—the cook feeling quite as much for the honour of the American flag, as the fairest-skinned seaman in the country. It is generally found, that the loyalty of the negroes is of proof. I found means to make Smudge understand the manner in which these two blacks could be got on deck, without letting up the rest. As soon as he fairly comprehended the means to be used, he cheerfully acquiesced, and I made the necessary communication to Marble. A rope was sent down, over the stern-boat, to the cabin windows, and Neb took a turn round

his body; when he was hauled up to the gunwale of the boat, into which he was dragged by the assistance of the savages. The same process was used with Joe. Before the negroes were permitted to go aloft, however, Smudge made them a brief oration, in which oracular sentences were blended with significant gestures, and indications of what they were to expect in the event of bad behaviour. After this, I sent the blacks into the main-top, and glad enough I thought they were both to get there. Thus reinforced, we had the main-top-mast fiddled in a very few minutes. Neb was then directed to set up the rigging, and to clear away the yard, so it might be got into its place. In a word, an hour passed in active exertions, at the end of which we had everything rove, bent, and in its place, on the main-mast, from the top-mast-head to the deck. The top-gallant-mast was lying fore and aft in the waist, and could not be touched; nor was it necessary. I ordered the men to loosen both sails, and to overhaul down their rigging. In the eyes of Smudge, this looked highly promising; and the savages gave a yell of delight when they saw the top-sail fairly filled and drawing. I added the main-sail to the pressure, and then the ship began to walk off the coast, at a rate that promised all I hoped for. It was now necessary for me to stick by the wheel, of the uses of which Smudge began to obtain some notions. At this time, the vessel was more than two leagues from the island, and objects began to look dim along the coast. As for the canoes, they could no longer be seen, and chasing us any farther was quite out of the question. I felt that the crisis was approaching. Smudge and his companions now became more and more earnest on the subject of turning the ship round. The indistinctness of the land began seriously to alarm them, and sea-sickness had actually placed four of their number flat on the deck. I could see that the old fellow himself was a good deal affected, though his spirit, and the risks he ran, kept him in motion, and vigilantly on the watch. It was necessary to seem to do something; and I sent the negroes up into the fore-top, to get the top-sail-yard in its place, and the sail set. This occupied another hour, before we were entirely through, when the land was getting nearly *awash*. As soon as the mizen-top-sail was set, I braced sharp up, and brought the ship close upon the wind. This caused the Indians to wilt down like flowers under a burning sun, just as I expected: there being, by this time, a seven-knot breeze, and a smart head sea on. Old Smudge felt that his forces were fast deserting him, and he now came to me, in a manner that would not be denied, and I felt the necessity of doing something to appease him. I got the savages stationed as well as I could, hauled up the main-sail, and put the ship in stays. We tacked better than I could have believed possible, and when my wild captors saw that we were actually moving in the direction of the land again, their delight was infinite. Their leader was ready to hug me; but I avoided this pleasure in the best manner I could. As for the consequences, I had no apprehensions, knowing we were too far off to have any reason to dread the canoes, and being certain it was easy enough to avoid them in such a breeze. Smudge and his companions were less on the alert, as soon as they perceived the ship was going in the proper direction. They probably believed the danger in a measure over, and they began to yield a little to their physical sufferings. I called Neb to the wheel, and leaning over the taffrail, I succeeded in getting Marble to a cabin window, without alarming Smudge. I then told the mate to get all his forces in the fore-castle, having observed that the Indians avoided that part of the vessel, on account of the heavy plunges she occasionally made, and possibly because they fancied our people were all aft. As soon as the plan was understood, I strolled forward, looking up at the sails, and touching a rope, here and there, like one bent on his ordinary duty. The savage stationed at the fore-scuttle was as sick as a dog, and with streaming eyes he was paying the landsmen's tribute to the sea. The hatch was very strong, and it was secured simply by its hasp and a bit of iron thrust through it. I had only to slip my hand down, remove the iron, throw open the hatch, when the ship's company streamed up on deck, Marble leading.

[To be continued.]

SEIZURE OF A BRITISH VESSEL, AND SUFFERINGS OF THOMAS LINDLEY AND OTHERS, AFTER A VOYAGE TO BRAZIL IN 1802.

On the peace of 1802, Mr. Lindley embarked, among other adventurers, on a trading voyage. He left the Cape of Good Hope on the 25th of February, and arrived at St. Helena, the beginning of March. On leaving that place his vessel encountered a severe squall of wind, which obliged them to bear away for the nearest port in Brazil, and they arrived at Bahia, or St. Salvadore, towards the middle of April. In that city no foreign vessels are allowed to trade under any pretence whatever, or even to enter the port, unless in distress for repairs, or provi-

sions. Notwithstanding this apparent rigour, a considerable contraband trade used to be carried on, frequently by the very officers appointed to prevent it.

After a month's stay, however, Mr. Lindley obviated every difficulty, repaired his vessel, and sailed from the bay of All Saints about the middle of May, intending to steer his course for Rio Janerio, and thence to return to the Cape: but meeting with blowing weather and a dangerous coast, he was obliged to seek shelter in Porto Seguro. The day after his arrival, the governor's son, Senior Gaspar, offered to barter Brazil wood for goods, which was accepted, and a certain quantity was selected by him. In about a week Gaspar, however, came with the intelligence that the barter must be given up, from its being too generally known that they, the guardians of the trade, were going to engage in an illicit commerce.



INTERIOR OF THE DUNGEON.

Both the father and son seemed hurt at this disappointment, and after some equivocation, Mr. Lindley declined the business altogether, and determined to continue his voyage. Finding his vessel, however, not so sound as he had hoped, and that she made much water, he came to an anchor, June 26th, in the river of Carevellos, where, on the 2nd of July, when the repairs were nearly finished, Mr. Lindley was surrounded by an officer and soldiers, who came on board with orders to take possession of the brig, and conduct her to Porto Seguro, and send the crew by land to the same place. This arrest was owing to an information given by an inhabitant of Porto Seguro, who went to Bahia for the purpose, in revenge for the non-payment of a debt by the civil governor, whom he accused of trading with our author for Brazil wood, and he declared that the brig was laden with that article. On his arrival into Porto Seguro, Mr.

Lindley, his wife, and crew, were made prisoners, and the two sons of the governor, the captain mor, or military captain, and a number of inferior agents, were also arrested.

They ordered Mr. Lindley his keys, and any private or other papers he might have, informing him, an attempt to conceal them would be punished with the utmost severity: at the same time a bed and a small trunk of clothes, which they permitted him to take, were searched with the most scrupulous exactness; their persons examined, and a pocket-book taken from Mr. Lindley. In consequence, he was obliged to give up several valuable papers which it was his wish to retain. This occupied till near evening, when they were ordered into the boat, and conducted along the beach and up the hill to the common prison. They showed them to an upper room, in the floor of which a small trap-door was

opened, a ladder put down, and they were ordered to descend. This they did to some depth (about 40 feet), and entered a dungeon below the ground, from which arose a miserable stench. It was totally dark; but the prison-keeper indulging him with a light, they saw at last their dreadful situation. In three corners were accumulated heaps of dirt, rubbish, orange-peel, vegetables, &c., the whole in a state of putrid decay. The other corner was rendered horribly loathsome by the different miserable inhabitants whom this dungeon had enclosed, and the whole apparently never cleaned since its erection. Four of Mr. Lindley's sailors had been confined here for the preceding eight days, and were just removed to the next dungeon for their admittance. A solitary bench of two planks formed the bed, and was the only furniture

The next morning opened very melancholy. Sleep had been a stranger to their eyes. The dungeon was miserably hot; and inhaling the unwholesome putrid air in so close a situation, made them quite ill. Mr. Lindley was particularly so, having just recovered from a severe malignant fever, and in an extremely weak state. Their mental accorded with their bodily feelings. The massy barred window, the immensity of cobwebs and large spiders on the roof and around the dismal black walls, the damp earth—all conspired to fill them with the most gloomy apprehensions.

A large jar of water was placed outside the window through a vacancy of which they took it for use. Their food was conveyed through the same hole; but the providing it was left to their own care and cost, having no allowance whatever.



As a particular favour, they granted a fire on the ground to fumigate the dungeon, which they kept constantly during the day (notwithstanding the heat), as the only means of amending the bad air, and enduring it at any rate.

A positive order had been given that Mr. Lindley should not be allowed a pen and ink; but he managed to elude this by secreting a pencil, and part of a quire of paper he contrived to purchase. The first use he put it to was, petitioning for a small medicine chest he had on board, which they had humanity sufficient to grant; but even with its assistance, Mr. Lindley found himself extremely ill, his weakness daily increasing.—Mrs. Lindley was differently affected, her complaint consisting of violent pains and swellings in every part of her body.

Finding themselves apparently forgotten, and the suspense continuing miserable, Mr. Lindley wrote to the minister Claudio,

on the 19th of July, for a hearing, to which he had an insulting answer returned, that when wanted he should send for him. On the three following days he saw his crew pass the window for examination, which led him to hope that his was near. At length, on the 24th, he had the satisfaction to see the ladder once again lowered, having been summoned to the regions above; and conducted under a guard, to the house of commission. They interrogated him from three to eight o'clock, merely respecting the Brazil wood transaction, when they informed him he should soon be called again; and he was then taken to his prison, where he found his wife very much alarmed by his long absence.

After his examination, which concluded on the 27th, Mr. Lindley strongly represented their horrid situation, and was promised a removal from the dungeon. At four in the after-

noon they were accordingly conducted above to a small deal-partitioned apartment, with liberty of walking in a larger one adjoining; each had a window without bars, and a free circulation of that invaluable blessing—fresh air. An armed sentinel was stationed over them; and as the door was kept all night partly open, in order that the soldier might have an eye on their window (which was accommodated with a shutter to keep out the night air, but had no other fastening than a button to it), the prisoners slept very ill. They found the air as superfluous here as it was deficient below, their apartment having been simply a square plank work, about eleven feet high, open to the roof, which was supported with massy beams: many of the tiles were wanting, and the chill wind, penetrating through, whistled over them very disagreeably. A number of bats, who found refuge in the building, also darted along, and added to the disagreeableness of their new abode. Strict orders had been given that Mr. Lindley should converse with no one, send no letter or receive any. They were also much disturbed at nights with officers at play, change of sentinels &c. In short, the constant noise and confusion were intolerable. At the time of seizure, the commission found in Mr. Lindley's writing-desk, a paper, containing a small quantity of grain-gold, intermixed with gold-coloured sand, which had been brought to him by an inhabitant of Porto Seguro, as a sample. This strangely attracted their curiosity, and Mr. Lindley was very closely questioned respecting it. He made no secret of whence he had obtained the article, but declared he was ignorant of the name or residence of the individual from whom he had it, although he believed that he belonged to a distant settlement. The commissioners declared they were resolved to discover the man, and insisted on Mr. Lindley taking a journey with them for that purpose. He made no objections (knowing these to be useless), but predetermined it should avail them nothing, had they met the poor fellow, which fortunately was not the case.

On the evening, therefore, of August 1, the linguist came to inform Mr. Lindley he must accompany the minister, &c. in the morning, and be ready at five o'clock. On the 3rd, late in the evening, he arrived at Porto Seguro, and was remanded to prison, completely exhausted. The treatment which he and his crew had received, was not ameliorated by the change. The commissioners exerted their authority to the utmost to distress them and augment their sufferings. Mr. Lindley repeatedly petitioned, but in vain, for the restoration of his and his wife's trunks, containing only their linen and clothes.

On the 7th, Mr. Lindley was called out to visit a sick person, and on his return he passed the dungeon where his unfortunate sailors were confined. He went to speak and console with them, when the soldier who stood on guard over the gate, rudely denied him, and declared he had an express order for that purpose. At a distance he saw the linguist, to whom he went to make his complaint on the subject, but the sentinel who attended him said, that all farther intercourse with him was also prohibited, except in presence of the commissioners.

The lot of the sailors was equally severe. Their allowance was exceedingly scanty; and had not Mr. Lindley secretly contrived (at some risk) to convey them a little assistance in provisions and liquor, they never could have endured their horrid situation. One of them was cruelly beaten for remonstrating on his being half-starved; and through some trifling dispute, their knives and razors were taken from them; a poor fellow was put into the stocks belonging to the dungeon, and a musket pointed down the trap-door while this was transacting.

The weather having been remarkably tempestuous, a vessel entered in consequence for shelter, the owner of which passed Mr. Lindley's window, and he recognised him for a Portuguese, whom he had known before on the coast. He instantly resolved on writing a packet for Europe, and sending it by this stranger, in preference to those around him, which design he with some difficulty completed.

The morning of departure at length arrived, when a soldier brought them a bundle containing some of Mrs. Lindley's linen, which had been taken out of her trunk (which

was petitioned for by her husband), and was sent her for the voyage without apology or explanation.

About ten o'clock on the 23rd of September, Senr. Germane, a clerk of the commission, assembled the chief prisoners in the council-hall, twenty-five in number; the lieutenant and troops were formed in front of the prison, where our captives joined them, and were escorted to the house of the minister, Claudio, who, with the officers of the country militia and principal inhabitants, waited to form a procession, and embark them. The minister and militia officers took the lead, in the midst of whom the state prisoners indiscriminately marched, followed by the clerks and other officers of justice, and after these followed Mr. Lindley's crew, loaded with baggage, under the eyes of a file of soldiers; other prisoners, then came, guarded by another file, while the rear was brought up by inferior prisoners, other troops, and an immense rabble.

On the 26th, after a fine run, they anchored in the bay of All Saints; and about four o'clock, on the 28th, a serjeant with a covered barge came to conduct them to another imprisonment in the Fort de Mar, situated in the middle of the bay. His order was so precipitate, that he hardly gave them time to get their few trifles into the barge. During their passage, he told them that their situation would now be far more tolerable, not only as they should enjoy the fine air of such an open situation, but as Mrs. Lindley, being no longer a prisoner, could have opportunities of going into the city whenever she chose. This pleasing representation raised their drooping spirits. They passed the sea-port with alacrity, and walked to the captain's house. They were, however, a little struck with the coldness with which he received them; but inconceivably more so, when he showed them the dungeon of the fort, and ordered their baggage to be brought there. Having seen the small rooms adjoining his house occupied by officers and others confined here, Mr. Lindley thought it was perhaps a momentary arrangement, and he suffered the serjeant to depart under that idea; but their baggage was no sooner deposited, than the captain ordered them in, and a soldier awaited at the door with an immense key to lock it. Mr. Lindley, surprised at these appearances, requested that his wife might pass to the main, and remonstrate as early as possible respecting such usage; but the captain replied that she was likewise included in his orders for strict confinement. Hereupon his courage forsook him, and Mrs. Lindley felt the most agonizing distress. They stood at the entrance of a dark vault, to which they could see no end; but the idea that the doors were to be closed on them in such a place, drowned Mrs. Lindley in tears. She supplicated a better fate, but to no avail. She begged the trivial favour of the door remaining open only for the evening, and condescended to follow the captain with this entreaty, but all was in vain.

Gloomy images filled Mr. Lindley's mind. During this scene he remained silent, in a state of stupefaction, and thought they were now doomed to a miserable, if not a worse confinement. From this stupor he was aroused by the captain's return, who, having produced the governor's peremptory order, began harshly to insist on their entrance. Mr. Lindley now entreated his wife to exert some fortitude, and calm her agitation, which by this time was so violent, that it was with difficulty he supported her trembling frame down the steps, which they had no sooner descended than the door was closed upon them, and the massy bolt turned.

Mr. Lindley's first endeavours were to console his wife, and reconcile her as much as possible to their present afflictions.

Having in some degree tranquillized her mind by soothing arguments, he left her to explore their new prison.—Through some apertures in the door a glimmering light was admitted, by which this prison appeared to consist of a long arched vault, with a plank work on one side for the repose of its inhabitants, on which their baggage was loosely thrown. As he passed to the farther end, so damp were the walls, the atmosphere there being exceedingly dense and humid, he could scarcely breathe, and he hastened to regain the better air near the door.

Notwithstanding the apparent harshness of the captain of the fort (Senior Joaquin Jose Villoze), Mr. Lindley thought that he seemed concerned even at the moment that he turned

a deaf ear to his wife's supplications, and this was confirmed by his returning immediately, and advising Mr. Lindley to write a remonstrating letter to the governor, offering him materials for doing it, and promising that it should be forwarded in the morning. Mr. Lindley took his advice, and, expatiating on the miserable condition of himself, and particularly his wife, to whom, as a female, it was doubly severe, requested a decent apartment, liberty of air and exercise, and the attendance of his own servant. This was accompanied by another letter, on the same subject, to the commandant, Bras Cardozo, appealing to his feelings as a man and a husband!

Having finished these letters, as night was now approaching, they prepared to make their bed, and arrange their few movable in the best manner possible. While thus employed, they had the satisfaction of seeing a servant approach with a lamp, oil, and a large jar of water; and the door was scarcely closed, before Mr. Lindley was again summoned to the grated hole, by an officer from the governor, with money for his weekly allowance, at the rate of a crusado each, per day, and another entire new lamp, with cotton for supplying it. Such proceeding served only to increase their despondency, and banish all the hopes they had indulged from their written petitions.

While preparing to take their rest, they discovered, by the light of their lamp, a new source of annoyance, which chilled them to the very heart. Several centipedes were crawling on the walls, and a number of spiders came out of their holes, which were apparently venomous, while an immense quantity of brown locusts, similar to the common ones in India, but of a larger size, swarmed over the vault, flying against the wretched prisoners in every direction, and dropping from the roof on their bodies. The plank work and bedding were covered; but having no remedy, they were obliged to lie down in the midst of them. Numerous rats also, that chased each other, and were exceedingly noisy, rendered it almost impossible for these sufferers to sleep. The cares and troubles of the day, however, bore Mr. Lindley down, and towards midnight, he closed his weary eyelids. His wife, having passed the night in half slumbers and frightful dreams, arose in a slight fever.

Notwithstanding, Mr. Lindley found his spirits better, yet he felt a headache and dizziness, and his breast was severely oppressed by breathing the foul air. After a slight refreshment, the rays of the light becoming now more strong, he was tempted to a more accurate survey of the dungeon. It was far below the level of the fort. The door was composed of heavy timber, plated inside and outside with iron bars strongly bolted through the whole; and adjoining the door, the wall, in front of the arch, was six feet in thickness. Entering the door, three steps led to the vault, which was about fifty feet long, nine broad, and the same in height. The plank work extended thirty feet, a narrow passage running along one side to the end of this work, where the vault was left to its full space for some yards, terminating apparently in the centre of the tower. Beyond its termination was a dark arched recess, in which a large hole led to the sea beneath; a door closed the entrance to this recess, on opening of which such a variety of vermin appeared, that Mr. Lindley soon closed it again with fear. So damp was the dungeon in every part, that they felt it already on their clothes and bedding.

About eleven o'clock this day, the serjeant who had carried Mr. Lindley's petitions, returned with information that the governor had sent his letter for translation, but that the commandant, Bras Cardozo, was not at home. Scarcely had he finished this report, when our captives were most agreeably surprised by seeing the commandant himself enter, with two orderly serjeants, and pass to Captain Velozo's house. He almost instantly returned, when the door flew open, and he led them out of the horrid vault.

Mr. Lindley, after going through a farce of justice, and a mock valuation of a cargo of his brig, still continued a prisoner, with a partial liberty, until the 3rd of December, though his crew were released and turned adrift, November 15. His papers, however, were detained long afterwards.—Wearied out and alarmed by the news that war had recommenced

between England and France, he was at length induced to make his escape, which he effected at considerable risk and difficulty on the 5th of August, 1803.

AN ATTACK BY SAVAGES.

(Concluded.)

It was not a moment for explanations. I saw, at a glance, that the mate and his followers regarded the situation of the ship very differently from what I did myself. I had now been hours with the savages, had attained a little of their confidence, and knew how dependent they were on myself for their final safety; all of which, in a small degree, disposed me to treat them with some of the lenity I fancied I had received from them, in my own person. But Marble and the crew had been chafing below, like caged lions the whole time, and, as I afterwards learned, had actually taken an unanimous vote to blow themselves up before they would permit the Indians to retain the control of the vessel. Then poor Captain Williams was much beloved forward, and his death remained to be avenged. I would have said a word in favour of my captors, but the first glance I got at the flushed face of the mate, told me it would be useless. I turned, therefore, to the sick savage who had been left as a sentinel over the fore-scuttle, to prevent his interference. This man was armed with the pistols that had been taken from me, and he showed a disposition to use them. I was too quick in my motions however, falling upon him so soon as to prevent one who was not expert with the weapons from using them. We clenched, and fell on the deck together, the Indian letting the pistols fall to meet my grasp. As this occurred, I heard the cheers of the seamen; and Marble, shouting out to "revenge Captain Williams," gave the orders to charge. I soon had my own fellow perfectly at my mercy, and got him so near the end of the jib down-haul, as to secure him with a turn or two of that rope. The man made little resistance after the first onset; and, catching up the pistols, I left him, to join in what was doing aft. As I lay on the deck, I heard several plunges into the water, and then half-a-dozen of most cruelly crushing blows succeeded. Not a shot was fired by either party, though some of our people, who had carried all their arms below the night the ship was seized, used their pikes with savage freedom. By the time I got as far aft as the main-mast, the vessel was our own. Nearly half the Indians had thrown themselves into the sea; the remaining dozen had either been knocked on the head like bees, or were stuck like so many porkers. The dead bodies followed the living into the sea. Old Smudge alone remained, at the moment of which I have spoken. The leader of the savages was examining the movements of Neb at the moment the shout was raised; and the black, abandoning the wheel, threw his arms round those of the old man, holding him like a vice. In this situation he was found by Marble and myself, who approached at the same instant, one on each side of the quarter-deck.

"Overboard with the blackguard!" called out the excited mate; "overboard with him, Neb, like a trooper's horse!"

"Hold!" I interrupted; "spare the old wretch, Mr. Marble; he spared me."

A request from me would, at any moment, outweigh an order from the captain himself, so far as the black was concerned, else Smudge would certainly have gone into the ocean like a bundle of straw. Marble had in him a good deal of the indifference to bodily suffering that is generated by habit, and, aroused, he was a dangerous and sometimes a hard man; but, in the main, he was not cruel; and then he was always manly. In the short struggle which he had passed, he had actually dropped his pike to knock an Indian down with his fist, bundling the fellow through a port without ceremony, ere he had time to help himself. But he disdained striking Smudge, with such odds against him; and he went to the helm himself, bidding Neb secure the prisoner. Glad of this little relief to a scene so horrible, I ran forward, intending to bring my own prisoner aft,

and to have the two confined together below. But I was too late. One of the Philadelphians had just got the poor wretch's head and shoulders through the bow-port, and I was barely in time to see his feet disappear. Not a cheer was given for our success. When all was over, the men stood gazing at each other, stern, frowning, and yet with the aspects of those who felt they had been, in a manner, disgraced by the circumstances which led them to the necessity of thus regaining the command of their own vessel. As for myself, I ran and sprang upon the taffrail, to look into the ship's wake. A painful sight met me there! During the minute or two passed in the brief struggle, the Crisis had gone steadily ahead, like the earth moving in its orbit, indifferent to the struggles of the nations that are contending on its bosom. I could see heads and arms tossing in our track for a hundred fathoms, those who could not swim struggling to the last to preserve their existence. Marble, Smudge, and Neb, were all looking in the same direction at that instant. Under an impulse I could not control, I ventured to suggest that we might, yet tack and save several of the wretches.

"Let them drown, and be d—d!" was the chief-mate's sententious answer.

"No—no—Masser Mile," Neb ventured to add, with a remonstrating shake of the head—"dat will nebbber do—no good ebbber come of Injin. If you don't drown him, he sartain drown you."

I saw it was idle to remonstrate; and by this time one dark spot, after another, began to disappear, as the victims sank in the ocean. As for Smudge, his eye was rivetted on the struggling forms of his followers, in a manner to show that traces of human feeling are to be found, in some aspect or other, in every condition of life. I thought I could detect workings of the countenance of this being, indurated as his heart had become by a long life of savage ferocity, which denoted how keenly he felt the sudden destruction that had alighted on his tribe. He might have had sons and grandsons among those struggling wretches, on whom he was now gazing for the last time. If so, his self-command was almost miraculous; for, while I could see that he felt, and felt intensely, not a sign of weakness escaped him. As the last head sunk from view, I could see him shudder; a suppressed groan escaped him; then he turned his face towards the bulwarks, and stood immovable as one of the pines of his own forests, for a long time. I asked Marble's permission to release the old man's arms, and the mate granted it, though not without growling a few curses on him, and on all who had been concerned in the late occurrences on board the ship. There was too much duty to be done, to render all secure, to suffer us to waste much time in mere sympathy. All the top-mast rigging, backstays, &c., had to be set up afresh, and gangs were sent about this duty, forward and aft. The blood was washed from the decks, and a portion of the crew got along the top-gallant-masts, and pointed them. The top-sails were all close-reefed, the courses hauled up, the spanker and jib taken in, and the ship hove-to. It wanted but two hours of sunset when Mr. Marble had got things to his mind. We had crossed royal-yards, and had everything set that would draw, from the trucks down. The launch was in the water towing astern; the ship was then about a mile from the southern passage into the bay, towards which she was steering with the wind very much as it had been since an hour after sunrise, though slightly falling. Our guns were loose, and the crew were at quarters. Even I did not know what the new captain intended to do, for he had given his orders in the manner of one whose mind was too immovably made up to admit of consultation. The larboard battery was manned, and orders had been given to see the guns on that side levelled and ready for firing. As the ship brushed past the island, on entering the bay, the whole of this broadside was delivered in among its bushes and trees. We heard a few yells in reply, that satisfied us the grape had told, and that Marble had not miscalculated the position of some of his enemies at least. When the ship entered the little bay, it was with a moderate and steady movement, the breeze being greatly broken by the forests. The main-yard was thrown aback, and I was ordered into the launch with its crew armed. A swivel was in the bows of the boat, and I pulled into the creek, in order to ascertain if there were any signs of the savages. On

entering the creek, the swivel was discharged, according to orders, and we soon detected proofs that we disturbed a bivouac. I now kept loading and firing this little piece into the bushes, supporting it with occasional volleys of musketry, until pretty well satisfied that we had swept the shore effectually. At the bivouac I found the canoes and our own yawl, and what was some little revenge for what had happened, I also found a pile of no less than six hundred skins, which had doubtless been brought to trade with us, if necessary, in order to blind our eyes until the favourable moment for the execution of the conspiracy should offer. I made no scruple about confiscating these skins, which were taken on board the ship. I next went to the island, on which I found one man dying with a grape-shot wound, and evidence that a considerable party had left it, as soon as they felt our fire. This party had probably gone outside the island, but it was getting too late to follow. On my return, I met the ship coming out, Captain Marble being determined not to trust her inside another night. The wind was getting light, and the tides running fiercely in that high latitude, we were glad to make an offing again while there was still day. The success with the skins greatly mollified the new captain, who declared to me that, after he had hanged Smudge in sight of his own shores, he should "feel something like himself again." We passed the night under our top-sails, standing off and on, with the wind steady but light, at the southward. Next morning, the duty of the ship went on as usual, until the men had breakfasted, when we stood again into the bay. This time we hove-to so as to get one of the buoys, when we dropped the stream, leaving the topsails set. We then hove up the anchor, securing the range of cable that was bent to it. Both of the anchors, and their ranges of cable, were thus recovered; the ends of the last being entered at the hawse-holes, and the pieces spliced. This work may have occupied us four hours; after which, the stream-anchor was hove up, catted, and fished. Marble then ordered a whip rove at the fore-yard-arm. I was on the quarter-deck when this command was suddenly given. I wished to remonstrate, for I had some tolerably accurate notions of legality, and the rights of persons. Still I did not like to say anything, for Captain Marble's eye and manner were not the least in the trifling mood at that instant. The whip was soon rove, and the men stood looking aft in silent expectation.

"Take that murdering blackguard forward, fasten his arms behind his back, place him on the third gun, and wait for orders," added our new captain, sternly.

No one dared hesitate about obeying these orders, though I could see that one or two of the lads disliked the business.

"Surely," I ventured to say, in a low voice, "you are not in earnest, Mr. Marble!"

"Captain Marble, if you please, Mr. Wallingford. I am now master of this vessel, and you are her chief-mate. I intend to hang your friend Smudge, as an example to the rest of the coast. These woods are full of eyes at this moment; and the sight they'll presently see will do more good than forty missionaries and threescore and ten years of preaching. Set the fellow up on the gun, men, as I ordered. This is the way to generalise with an Indian."

In a moment there stood the hapless wretch, looking about him with an expression that denoted the consciousness of danger, though it was not possible he could comprehend the precise mode of his execution. I went to him, and pressed his hand, pointing upward, as much as to say his whole trust was now in the Great Spirit. The Indian understood me, for from that instant he assumed an air of dignified composure, like one every way prepared to meet his fate. It is not probable, with his habits, that he saw any peculiar hardship in his own case; for he had, doubtless, sacrificed many a prisoner under circumstances of less exasperation than that which his own conduct had provoked.

"Let two of the 'niggers' take a turn with the end of the whip round the chap's neck," said Marble, too dignified to turn Jack Ketch in person, and unwilling to set any of the white seamen at so ungracious an office. The cook, Joe, and another black, soon performed this revolting duty, from the odium of which a sailor seldom altogether escapes. I now perceived

Smudge looking upward, seeming to comprehend the nature of the fate that awaited him. The deeply-seated principle within him caused a dark shadow to pass over a countenance already so gloomy and wrinkled by suffering and exposure; and he turned his look wistfully towards Marble, at whose command each order in succession had been obeyed. Our new captain caught that gaze, and I was, for a single moment, in hope he would relent, and let the wretch go. But Marble had persuaded himself he was performing a great act of nautical justice; nor was he aware, himself, how much he was influenced by a feeling allied to vengeance.

"Sway away!" he called out, and Smudge was dangling at the yard-arm in a few seconds. A block of wood could not have been more motionless than the body of this savage, after one quivering shudder of suffering had escaped it. There it hung, like a jewel-block, and every sign of life was soon taken away. In a quarter of an hour a man was sent up, and cutting the rope, the body fell with a sharp plunge into the water, and disappeared. At a later day, the account of this affair found its way into the newspapers at home. A few moralists endeavoured to throw some doubts over the legality and necessity of the proceedings, pretending that more evil than good was done to the cause of sacred justice by such disregard of law and principles; but the feeling of trade, and the security of ships when far from home, were motives too powerful to be put down by the still, quiet remonstrances of reason and right. The abuses to which such practices would be likely to lead, in cases in which one of the parties constituted himself the law, the judge, and the executioner, were urged in vain against the active and ever-stimulating incentive of a love of gold. Still, I knew that Marble wished the thing undone when it was too late, it being idle to think of quieting the suggestions of that monitor God has implanted within us, by the meretricious and selfish approbation of those who judge of right and wrong by their own narrow standard of interest.—*From "Afloat and Ashore."*

LOSS OF HIS MAJESTY'S SHIP PEMBROKE,

Near Fort St. David, in the East Indies, April 13th, 1749.

THE melancholy fate of the Pembroke, of sixty guns; in which, out of her whole crew, only twelve were saved, and 330 drowned, including her commander, Captain Fincher, and all the officers, excepting a captain of marines, is truly deplorable. The following particulars are given by an eyewitness, Mr. Cambridge, the master.

About ten o'clock in the morning of the 13th of April, it blew fresh, the wind at N.E. by E., and a great sea began to come in; we having then a cable out, the captain ordered half a cable more to be veered away. At one in the afternoon it blew very hard, the wind at N.E.

At three o'clock I went to the captain, who was sick in his cabin, and asked him to go to sea. He seemed angry, and said he could not, nor would he suffer any more cable to be veered away. At the same time the ship rode hard, strained much, and made water.

At five, the sea increasing, our cable parted, and we cast her head off to sea. We immediately set the fore and mizen sails, got on board the main-tack, and set our main-sail, fore and mizen stay-sails; at the same time some of our people were heaving in the cable, for the captain would not have it cut. This took up some time. It blew so hard that the ship could not bear any more sail.

At six, there being a great head sea, we made very little way, the ship labouring and straining so much that we were obliged to set both pumps to work. At half-past six our main-sail split in pieces: we got down the yard, in order to bend a new sail; but it blowing hard, the ship lay down so much that we could not get the sail to the yard. At eight, the carpenter sent word to the captain, that the ship gained upon them much, and had four feet of water in the hold.

At half-past eight our tiller broke short off at the rudder-head, and we likewise found one of the rudder chains broken; the sails we had now set were our fore-sail, mizen, and fore stay-sails. The sea made a free passage over us, and the

ship being water-logged, we hauled up her fore-sail to ease her, but expected to go down every minute. In hauling down our fore stay-sail, it split; and as I looked aft from the fore-castle, I saw the main and mizen masts gone, though I never heard them go. By this time the ship righted much, and, in about seven minutes the foremast went by the board, but the bowsprit held fast. Our pumps were kept continually working. The third lieutenant being on the quarter-deck, sent forward to me to clear and let go the small bower anchor, which was immediately done. We found the ship drove towards the shore very fast.

At half-past ten, we had eight feet water in the hold, and kept all the pumps working. About eleven we found the ship settle; the depth of water twelve or fourteen fathoms. The anchor then brought the ship up, but the cable parted in a few minutes; then we let go the sheet-anchor, which was all we had. The sea now making a free passage over us again, broke and tore away our boats and booms. The sheet cable tore out with such violence, that no person could venture near it till the clench brought up the ship; but the sea came with such force, and was so very high, that in the hollow of the sea the ship struck, and the cable immediately parted.

It was now near twelve o'clock; the ship struck fore and aft, but abaft very hard. The third lieutenant was near me when the ship first struck, but I saw him no more afterwards. I kept the fore-castle, accompanied by the boatswain, cook, and about eight men more. I got myself lashed to the bitts before the ship took heel, but shifted myself over to windward when she began to heel, and lashed myself as before; the sea continually beating over us. About two I saw the captain's cabin washed away, and the ship almost on her broadside.

When day-light came, we were sixteen men on the fore-castle, and four hanging abaft to the timber heads; but three of the latter got on a piece of the wreck which was loose, and drove away; the other was drowned. All this time the sea came over us in a dreadful manner, so that we could scarcely take breath.

About eight o'clock, nine men were washed off the fore-castle. We could now see the trees on shore between the seas. At nine the boatswain and cook were washed away from each side of me, on which I removed to the cat-head, as did likewise another man. About ten all our men were washed away, excepting those who were lashed to the cat-head. We judged that we were about two miles off the shore; we continued there all the day, the sea beating over us incessantly, so that we had little time to fetch breath, or to speak to one another. At noon we found the sea come every way upon us, and could perceive that the wind having shifted was the cause of it. This part of the wreck kept together, but night coming on, we had a dismal prospect before us, without any hopes of relief. About midnight, the sea abated, so that we could speak to one another, for the space of two or three minutes together.

At day-light next morning I found myself much weaker and very thirsty. The sea at this time came over us once in a quarter of an hour. We found the wreck much nearer the shore than yesterday. About two or three o'clock we saw two paddy-boats coming along shore, about a mile without us. We spread out a handkerchief, which I had about my neck, that the boats might see us. One of them seemed to edge towards us for some minutes, and hauled off again. We then saw several catamarans near the shore, which we judged to be fishing. We spread abroad the handkerchief again, but none of them approached us. Soon afterwards we saw several persons gather together on the shore; the sun began to grow low, so that we judged it to be about 5 o'clock. At last, we saw two of the catamarans above mentioned coming towards us, with three black men on each, who took us off the wreck, and carried us on shore.

As soon as we were landed, we found ourselves surrounded by about three hundred armed men. My companion told me we had fallen into the hands of the Mahrattas, who were at this time at war with the English. They ordered us to come off the catamarans. I strove to rise, but I found myself so

weak; and my legs so terribly bruised, that I could not get up, on which some of them came and lifted me off, and laid me upon the sand, for I was unable to stand. I made a signal to them that I wanted some water to drink, but they gave me none, and only laughed at our condition. Their commander ordered them to strip us, which they did quite naked.

As I was not able to walk, they led us part of the way to Davecotta, a fort belonging to them, and there put us into a canoe, and carried us up a river to the walls of the fort. About ten that night they put us within the walls, and laid us on the ground, where we had nothing to cover us but the heavens; and, about eleven, brought us a little rice, with some water. Great numbers of people gathered round us, laughed at us, and expressed great contempt and derision.

The country people flocked daily to the fort to see us, but none of them showed us the least pity; on the contrary, they laughed, and threatened us with death. We slept very little the first night on account of the cold, and the risk we ran of our lives, these barbarians having signified that they would cut us in pieces with their sabres. When day-light appeared, and the gates were opened, I was very ill. I had a dysentery, and my legs swelled so much, that I concluded I had not long to live, at least if I did not receive some relief. I acquainted my comrade with my situation: and begged him, if he should ever be so fortunate as to return to England, to inform my friends in what manner I had terminated my career. Some days we received rice, and others we had none. On the seventh day they gave me some lamp-oil, with which I fomented my legs, and this simple application afforded me considerable relief.

About four o'clock on the fifteenth day, they carried us about twelve miles to their king, who was encamped against our company's troops. That prince examined us a long time, and inquired whether we were officers; I replied in the negative, conceiving that acknowledgement of that kind would render our escape much more difficult. He was desirous that we should enter into his service, but we told him, by means of the interpreters, who were three Dutchmen, that we could not consent to it. He promised we should want for nothing if we would accept his offers, but we persisted in replying that we were too ill to be capable of serving. He ordered refreshment to be given us, of which we stood in great need, having scarcely taken any nourishment since the day we fell into the hands of his subjects. The interpreters asked us whether we chose to enter into the king's service, or to go to prison; to which we answered, that we could not resolve to fight against our countrymen.

At sun-set we departed. Our conductors having halted till three o'clock in the morning, we again set out, and continued our march till noon, when they again stopped two hours to take some refreshment, and afterwards directed their course to the south-west. We arrived that night at a fort, and were immediately put into a dungeon. There we found two other prisoners, one of them our shipmate, and the other a deserter from the company's troops.

The next morning they opened the gates, and made signs to us to come out. My companions complied, but I chose rather to stay where I was, as I found myself extremely weak, and my legs were covered with ulcers. I begged them to give me a little lamp oil to foment them, which they did. Our only nourishment was water and a quart of rice a day, though there were four of us, and a small pot of grease instead of butter. I rubbed my legs with the oil and grease, and on the fourth day found myself much better, which gave me fresh spirits. We were permitted to walk morning and evening before the dungeon.

In about three weeks my legs were almost well, so that I was able to walk. We now began to entertain some hopes of making our escape, and taking an opportunity, I, with some difficulty, got high enough upon the wall to look over it, and found it was very lofty, and surrounded with a wide moat or ditch; but there was a path between the wall and the ditch, so that we might choose our place to swim over, if it proved deep. We got, at several times, some strands of rope, off the dooleys which they had carried us in, as they happened to be

left within the bounds of our liberty; and in a few days, collected so many pieces, that when knotted together made seven fathoms and a half.

After some consultation, we resolved to undermine the foundation of the dungeon, at the farthest part from the guards; and on the 27th of May began to work. On the 1st of June, we came to the foundation, being six feet deep, and the wall thirty inches through. In two days' time, we had worked upwards on the other side so far, that the light began to appear through the surface, so that we let everything remain till night. At seven, it beginning to grow dark, they put us into the dungeon as usual, and soon afterwards we worked ourselves quite out. Without being discovered, we got over the wall by the help of our rope, and, in less than half an hour, had crossed the moat, though very wide and deep. We travelled all night, we judged about sixteen miles, and in the day hid ourselves among the bushes. The second night we travelled as before, to the S. E., and day coming on, we concealed ourselves among the bushes. About three in the afternoon, we were discovered, which obliged us to go on, but we were not molested. We proceeded till about midnight, and then lay down till day-break. I had a fever, and was extremely weak for want of food. This day, which was the third, we resolved to travel till noon, and to plunder the first house we might chance to meet with. But Providence was more favourable to us than we could have expected; for about ten o'clock, we met a cooley, who told us he would show us the way to Caracal. About noon, we arrived there, and were received with the greatest humanity: but my fever was not at all abated. The next morning, the governor sent Mr. Boscawen, to let him know we were there, and by the return of the messenger, the admiral desired we might be furnished with what money we wanted. In twelve days we found ourselves well recovered, went to Tranquebar, a place belonging to the Danes, where we stayed three days, and got a passage for Fort St. David, where we arrived on the 23rd of June.

DEATH OF VILLENEUVE.

This French admiral, when taken prisoner and brought to England, was so much grieved at his defeat, that he studied anatomy on purpose to destroy himself. For this purpose, he bought some anatomical plates of the heart, and compared them with his own body, in order to ascertain the exact situation of that organ. On his arrival in France, he was ordered to remain at Rennes, and not proceed to Paris. Villeneuve, afraid of being tried by a court-martial for disobedience of orders, and consequently losing the command of the fleet, determined to destroy himself; and, accordingly, took his plates of the heart, and compared them with his breast. Exactly in the centre of the plate, he made a mark with a large pin, then fixed the pin as near as he could judge in the same spot in his own breast, shoved it in to the head, penetrated his heart, and expired. When the room was opened he was found dead; the pin in his breast, and a mark in the plate corresponding with the wound in his breast.

ANIMATED DESCRIPTION OF HOISTING THE SAILS.

LAY her before the wind, up with your canvass,
And let her work; the wind begins to whistle;
Clap all her streamers on, and let her dance,
As if she were the minion of the ocean.
Let her bstride the billows, till they roar,
And curl their wanton heads.
The day grows fair and clear, and the wind courts us.
Oh! for a lusty sail now, to give chase to;
A stubborn bark, that would but bear up to us,
And change a broadside bravely!

THE BATTLE OF MALAGA

SCARCELY had the loud thunderings of destructive bombs, united with incessant volleys poured from guns of the heaviest metal and mortars of the largest size, ceased—whose terrible and combined explosion sounded like the dreadful bel- lowing of departing nature, by which means, possession was obtained of that important key to the whole of the Mediter- ranean—Gibraltar, as well as the undisputed sovereignty of the seas in that quarter of the world, was ceded to the Eng- lish, during the reign of the great and mighty princess ANNE, as she is called—when fresh scenes of conflict, called the heroes of our country forth, and supplied fresh opportu- nities to display the prowess of the British forces, as well as gave occasion for the entwining of new laurels about the brows of our naval champions, while increasing honour re- dounded to the nation at large.

On the 9th of August, 1704, early in the morning, the English fleet, under the command of the intrepid Admiral Sir George Rooke, was returning under easy sail, from the coast of Barbary—where the ships had been taking in fresh water—to the Gut of Gibraltar. A soft and favourable breeze, filled the big-bel- lied sails, and waft- ed the noble ar- mament in stately and majestic bear- ing, over the rip- pling waters to- wards the haven at which the steers- men aimed; when many large vessels which had been cruising to the windward, for the purpose of recon- noitring the coast, threw out the joy- ously-beheld signal which conveyed the information through the fleet, that an enemy's force was disco- vered.

Such intelligence spread a great bustle through every ship, and sent a thrill of pleasure through every Brit- ish sailor's breast. The account fur- nished, so far as

the cruising ves- sels ascertained, was, that the numbers of the foe amounted to not less than sixty-six sail, of various sized ships, and that their present position was to the windward of the British fleet, and at about from eight to ten leagues distance.

Orders were instantly issued by the admiral that a council of flag-officers should at once be held, to consult upon the occasion, which order was promptly attended to. The result of their deliberations was, that the English force should lay- to a few points to the eastward of Gibraltar, and then receive the approaching foe with due naval honours in the shape of a warm and sincere salute.

Daylight waned, and the gloom of midnight approached, still no hostile force made its appearance, and fears were en- tertained that they had received information of their being nearer the neighbourhood of the English fleet than they thought desirable, and that, therefore, they had changed their course in order to avoid it.

After being held in suspense some time, their growing re- grets were suddenly terminated by the sound of their signal

guns, which they heard, and by which they ascertained that, although their suspicions in reference to the foe having changed their course were correct, and were fleeing away with all possible speed, they nevertheless were not beyond the probability of being overtaken.

To allow such a force to pass from the ground, without mak- ing an attempt, at least, to reward them as their temerity de- served, accorded neither with the valour of the admirals in the fleet, nor with the heroic spirit of the men they commanded. From the gallant commander-in-chief, to the urchin whose duty it was to serve out the powder from the magazine, all felt in- fluenced by one spirit, and that was to follow the foe.

The hours of the night appeared to the fevered minds of the anxious sailors, to have been multiplied in number or increased in length, as they watched the return of day. As soon, there- fore, as the daylight of the following morning permitted, they crowded all possible sail upon every ship, and followed the French and Spanish fleet.

During the whole of the 10th, the chase was kept up with unslackened spirit; but as the wind continued light, they made but slow advance, compared with the ardent desires of the sea- men to come up with the enemy.

Just at the break of day on the 11th, the object of strong solicitude was per- ceived: the com- bined fleets of France and Spain, having foolishly supposed that they had completely es- caped those from whom they ran, had cast anchor be- fore Velez Malaga, and within three leagues to the east of Malaga, for the purpose of taking in water.

It was soon per- ceived that their scouts had con- veyed the informa- tion, that the Eng- lish fleet was ap- proaching them. Busy preparations, it could be seen, were making on board of the French and Spanish ships. The whole fleet speedily got under weigh, while a light breeze which blew from the land, toge- ther with the cur-



[DESTRUCTION OF THE MARQUIS VILLETTE'S SHIP.]

rents which the irregularity of the coast had occasioned, enabled them to stand out with the apparent purpose of meeting the heroes of England.

In a short time, however, the illusion died away, and abundant evidence was furnished that they experienced no disposition for a nearer acquaintance than uncontrollable necessity put upon them; for as a freshening breeze filled the sails, they made the best possible use of it, by striving to run from such unpleasant connexion. The chase was renewed with fresh vigour, and became interesting in a peculiar degree.

One important object had been kept in view by Sir George Rooke from the first moment that he discovered them, and that was, to scatter and disunite the fleet of the enemy; and in this, in a small degree, he succeeded. One of their large ships was driven on shore near Fuengorolo, in sight of the French admiral; all attempts to get her off were found to be useless, and hence the crew resorted to the only alternative they possessed, which was to set her on fire and leave her, which they accordingly did; and in a short time after they had

quitted her in their boats, she blew up with a tremendous explosion.

Still the pursuit was continued, and still the foe continued to flee during the whole of the night of the 11th; and when the broad daylight of the 12th came, no traces of them could be discovered. No signal-guns had been fired by them during the night, in order that their course might not be ascertained, while their lighter vessels, which had been employed by them as spies, had been artfully recalled, so that neither the fleet or any of their scouts appeared as the light of day advanced.

It at once occurred to the English admiral, that as the sea was calm as a fish-pond, and the wind had nearly died away, the enemy might, by the assistance of their galleys, contrive to evade his vigilance, by getting between him and the shore to the westward, and so escape. Influenced by such suspicion, he summoned another council of war, to deliberate with his officers upon the most prudent course of procedure to be adopted. After a variety of suggestions had been mooted, and different opinions gravely argued, the final and unanimous opinion of the court was, that if, before night closed in, the enemy's fleet was not discovered, they should make all the sail they were able, and steer direct for Gibraltar.

Having thus determined, a sharp look out was maintained on board each ship; every individual appeared as much interested in the affair as if he alone were to be advantaged or injured by the result. About noon, as the British force stood towards the shore, the combined fleet, with their attendant galleys, were discovered to the westward, near Malaga, sneaking away with as much speed as light winds and a strong current enabled them, evidently anxious to avoid a rencontre with English valour.

The sight was as exhilarating as the most vivid imagination can well conceive. Every eye turned, as it were, instinctively and with pleasure to the animating object, and every heart beat with fresh pulsations of strong delight.

The alertness of our brave tars, which on ordinary occasions is frequently astonishing, now seemed to have assumed a miraculous character as they climbed the ratlines, covered the yards, and set fresh sail, in order to recommence the pursuit of the fugitive in good earnest. The chase was continued, with a small portion of success, during the whole of the night.

On Sunday, the 14th, at day-break, it was ascertained, beyond a doubt, that the English ships were the fleetest sailers; for before four bells had sounded, they were within three leagues of the enemy, and still continued to near them.

It now became pretty certain that something decisive would soon take place. Signals were thrown out by the French admiral, the Count de Thoulouse, which were answered by the various ships of the fleet under his command; and after shortening sail one after another, the whole brought to, with their heads to the southward, while the wind, which had freshened, blew from the eastward. In this position they hastily formed into line of battle, and lay to to receive the still approaching British force.

The sight which was now presented was as magnificent as the eye of man ever beheld. Two of the finest fleets which then existed in the world, composed of the ships of four different powers, and each managed by skilful commanders, were manœuvred on an extensive expanse, in the highest style of nautical skill.

The sky above was lighted up with glowing splendour, athwart which not a cloud so big as a man's hand floated to darken its glory. One wide, wide canopy of soft ethereal blue above met the eye, excepting only, as the sight approached the glorious sun, which gave the scene its richness; and then fantastic combinations of various beautiful lines, or brilliant streaks like pencillings of burnished gold, met the delighted vision, which, softening down as they diverged to a greater distance from the orb which occasioned them, seemed to melt imperceptibly away, until they were entirely absorbed in other and different shades, or were launched into the ocean of living blue.

The breeze which, although variable, had somewhat increased, so as to fill the white sails which continued set, and stretched to their utmost extent, the various colours and pennons of each ship, as if to display the different nations to which they belonged, or to exhibit the rank of the persons by whom they were commanded.

The sea, the boundless sea, was an imposing feature in this grand picture of nature. Its gentle undulations caught the sun's beams as they fell upon them, and threw back the most brilliant, coruscations, as if they had been the natural reflections of a thousand mirrors. All nature appeared attired in a garb of richest loveliness, and seemed to sport in the dignity and sublimity of its own unbounded vastness.

The sight, as we have observed, was a magnificent one. The enemy's fleet consisted of fifty-two ships of the line, and twenty-four galleys, while that of the English amounted to fifty-three ships of war, with a few small vessels and fire-ships. The centre of the combined fleet of France and Spain was formed of considerable strength, while its van and rear were defective and weak. To make up the deficiency in these quarters, their numerous galleys were equally divided to render them assistance.

As consequences of the most important nature were expected to result from the engagement, which was on the eve of commencing, the honour of bearing distinguished posts in the affray, was felt by each of the commanders, and the disposition of official arrangements were made accordingly.

In the enemy's fleet, the Marquis de Villette, Lieutenant-General, commanded the van with the white squadron, having on his second line the Duke of Tursis, with the seven galleys of his squadron, and five Spanish. The Count de Thoulouse, commanded the centre, having behind him the Marquis of Roze with four galleys. The Marquis of Langeron, led the rear with the blue squadron, to whom was attached eight French galleys, under the command of the Marquis de Ferville.

To meet this distinguished armament in a manner suited to the high dignity and naval ability of those who led it, in its several sections, the fleet under the English Admiral was divided as follows:—The famous Sir Cloudesley Shovel with Sir John Leake had charge of the van; Admiral Sir George Rooke, supported by the Rear-Admirals Byng and Dilke, commanded the centre; while the Dutch ships brought up the rear, directed by Vice-Admiral Calembergh.

The two lines having thus formed, Admiral Rooke directed that the Swallow and Panther, in company with the Lark and Newport and two fire ships, should be to the windward of the fleet, in order, that should the enemy's van make a successful attempt to push through the English line, they might be prepared to meet, and supply them with some little diversion.

Sir Cloudesley Shovel, whose ship was still under full sail, bore down with eagerness towards the opponents in his division of the line, and, by so doing, separated himself from the rest of the fleet. The French Admiral, Villette, perceived his approach, and prepared to receive him, but in such a way as would have placed Sir Cloudesley Shovel in an extremely awkward dilemma. His purpose was to surround him by his force, and then complete his plan, by doing with him as he pleased. The English admiral, however, was too well acquainted with the foe with whom he had to engage, to allow the manœuvre to take effect. He had attentively watched the movements of Villette, and having succeeded in keeping to windward of him, sheered off before they had taken him in the toils; while Sir George Rooke, who had noticed the danger in which his ally in the fight and bosom friend had incautiously placed himself, in order to divert the attention of the foe, and so prevent the consequences which he feared might ensue, if Sir Cloudesley had been secured, bore down in gallant style, with the ships under his command, upon the French fleet.

At ten, a.m., the battle commenced with terrible fury, the fleets being at the time at about half-a-gun shot distant from each other, and lying eight or ten leagues north and south of of Malaga.

At this moment, the centre of the foe set all their sails suddenly, apparently with the intention of shooting a-head,

and gaining the weather of the English. The admiral, Sir George Rooke, perceived the crafty design of de Thoulouse, and fired a chase gun after the French admiral, as if to request him to display the usual politeness of his nation by staying a short time for him; but now, everything like etiquette appeared forgotten; no further compliments were passed; nothing preliminary after this took place, but with a fatal destruction, such as the state of the weather and the approximation of the fleets gave favour to, the fight proceeded.

One favourable and important circumstance on the side of the English existed, in their having obtained and kept possession of the windward-side of the enemy, which, while it cleared away the smoke from their ships, completely enveloped their opponents. The Count de Thoulouse appeared deeply sensible of the advantage, and made repeated attempts to change positions, but in vain; balls, bombs and smoke, were still poured thick and fast upon him.

With unmitigated fury the fight continued until two in the afternoon, without any considerable advantage having been gained on either side, although the slaughter on both was terrible and immense, when a bomb fell on the fore-castle of the Marquis Vilette's ship, and set it on fire. Disorder and wild confusion instantly ensued; destruction threatened not only the vessel, but the lives of all who manned her. Their companions looked on as the flames became stronger, and ascended like a pillar of fire towards Heaven, without possessing the power to render them assistance, and fearing, too, that if she should blow up, they should themselves share in the ruinous consequences. Unable any longer to continue the contest, Vilette quitted the line, and the entire attention of his men was turned to the best means of quenching or stopping the progress of the flames.

While the scene was witnessed with feelings of high excitement by the French commander-in-chief, another of the same destructive missiles fell on board the ship of the *Sieur de Belle Isle*, who also left the line to refit. This was followed by a similar course of conduct by those of the *Sieurs de Grancey*, *Osmont*, *Reeroy*, *Pontac*, and *la Rochet Allard*; the latter of whom had, since the commencement of the engagement, fought with the ship commanded by Sir Cloudesley Shovel.

With determined bravery the enemy continued to contend for victory, and as if maddened by the untoward circumstances which had already befallen them, the *Sieur Chammeslin*, ran alongside the *Royal Catherine*, and thrice attempted to board her, but each time met with not only a severe repulse, but considerable loss.

The whole day had nearly passed, during the hours of which the conflict had not merely been maintained, but seemed at each passing period to have gained fresh strength. The destruction which was dealt on board the enemy's ships was incalculable. Famous as they ever have been for overstocking their ships with men, the slaughter was terrible, the loss of life immense.

The *Baillie of Lorrain* was killed with a cannon-shot while cheering his men in an attempt to board; while the *Sieur de Relingue* had one of his legs shot off, and in that state was carried below, to the no small loss of the Count de Thoulouse, to whom, with Lorrain, he was considered a valuable second.

The shades of night continued to fall upon our world, and gradually it enveloped the hostile fleets; slowly and by degrees the different parts of the French line discontinued to fire, excepting as occasionally a solitary booming gun was heard from first one and then another ship.

The enemy's van at length gave way, so that by five, p.m., the fight in that quarter had ceased. The centre continued until about seven, and then it closed the struggle, while the rear maintained, with inflexible stubbornness, the contest, until all remains of light had departed from the horizon: at which time, and aided by the galleys, such of the ships as had been greatly damaged sheered off to the leeward, while those that had the ability in themselves, from the comparative soundness of their hulls, sails, and rigging, made the best of their power by following their more disabled companions.

During the night, the wind chopped round to the northward, and afterwards, as morning approached, it again veered to the west, by which circumstance, the enemy obtained without their own efforts, that which they had made several fruitless attempts to obtain, the windward of the English force.

One simple circumstance proves as fully, as volumes of mere speculative theory could do, the amazing destruction and terrible havoc which must have taken place on both sides of these rival fleets, in the fact, that during the whole of the fourteenth instant, that is the day immediately following that on which the action had been fought, the fleets lay within three leagues of each other, repairing their damages, and gazing upon each other without either being disposed to renew the conflict. As, however, night came on, the French and Spanish admirals, availing themselves of the wind which then blew briskly, filled, and stood away to the northward.

On the 15th, at early dawn, it was discovered that the enemy had succeeded in getting between four and five leagues to the windward of the English fleet, by which means the advantage was evidently turned to their side, and nothing could possibly be expected but an almost immediate, and severe set-to, on the part of the French.

"Look to your guns again, my brave boys," said Sir George Rooke, while addressing his crew, "what we have so well begun, I hope this day to finish. There are the ships we have to meet," he continued, "and there," he added, pointing to the English force, "there are your companions in arms; they are your countrymen and friends: remember you are English sailors, and must never cry, 'enough,' so long as a shot remains in the lockers, or a cartridge in the magazine. The eyes of the world are fixed upon you; your deeds to-day will live in your country's history for ever; the British flag must be nailed to the mast, and none but a coward will allow it to be torn down."

"It shall not be, it shall not be," rose from a host of voices; "we'll spend the last drop of our blood in defending the Union Jack."

"I am satisfied, my brave fellows," rejoined the admiral, while strong feelings almost choked utterance. "I am satisfied you will never desert the cause of old England. Those of your shipmates who fell yesterday, nobly defending their country's rights, died the death of heroes; but their fall must be avenged. Be steady, cool, and collected in the fight: be merciful and kind after victory."

A loud and hearty huzza, repeated again and again, on board the admiral's ship, was heard and responded to by those that were near, while others more distant, catching the echo, joined in the inspiring shout, until the whole fleet, influenced by one enthusiastic emotion, seemed to a man to emulate the spirit of the heroes of the ancient world, of whom it said they were

"Contemners both of indolence and gain,
But still for love of country, and of arms,
Prone to encounter peril, and to lift
Against each strong antagonist the spear."

The winds of Heaven appeared propitious, as if to further their designs and wishes; for short period before noon, the wind chopped round to the east, and blew briskly. Aided by so favourable an event, they bore down upon the foe, and continued to approach them, until past four in the afternoon, while they, in the meantime, continued to retreat. As however, it was considered too late to commence an engagement at that hour, the English Admiral gave orders to lay-to, which was accordingly attended to, with their heads lying northward all night, expecting, and determining on the morrow to renew the conflict.

That night was a night of peculiar anxiety, thought turned in upon itself and friends and home, which might never again be seen, pressed upon the heart of many a brave man, and throbblings of strong affection towards wives and children, parents and relatives, gave birth to deep and involuntary sighs. Messmates called upon messmates, then, to fulfil certain commissions in case either should fall—while the distribution of certain little properties, such as sailor's posse, was, by such wills as sailor's make, distributed before they turned in, for what, as many supposed the last time. These were

not the feelings of cowards, but of brave men—for cowards love to put thought away from them by every and any means, while the truly brave, ponder on probable future consequences, and make such arrangements as circumstances may call for, or as their means may enable them.

As soon as daylight broke forth on the 16th, evidence was supplied, past all doubt, that the confederate force of France and Spain had been amply satisfied with the warm reception they had already received from the English men-of-war, and determining, as it would seem, not to venture another engagement, although with a force so nearly equal as regards numbers, they had availed themselves of a thick haze which came on, and shaking out their sails, which a stiff breeze filled, had run!

After cruising about for some time, in hopes of meeting with part of the fleet, or with some of their small vessels without being successful in either case, Sir George Rooke issued orders that the fleet should wear away to the westward, which was accordingly done. The admiral's design in so acting, was to intercept the enemy, whom he supposed had borne away for Cadiz: as, however, information was shortly afterwards received by him from Gibraltar and the coast of Barbary, that they had not passed the Straits, it was finally ascertained that they had been so far disabled in the recent contest, as to have been obliged to return to Toulon.

It is a fact which need not be disguised, that the English fleet was not in a proper condition to have recommenced the action, from the circumstance of their having expended nearly all their ammunition at Gibraltar, and in the action of the 13th. If however, they had fallen in with them, it is certain that they would have attempted, sword, or pike or boarding-axe in hand, to have accomplished that, which, from want of powder, they might not have been able to have achieved any other way.

Sir George Rooke made directly for Gibraltar with his fleet, where he remained eight days, repairing and refitting; and then, having furnished the fort with men and provisions, he set sail for England with the largest of the men-of-war, leaving Sir John Leake with eighteen ships, to cruise about and protect the coast of Portugal.

THE LOST ONE RESTORED.

[BY W. ANDERSON, ESQ.]

'After the storms and perils of the main,
How sweet to reach our native land again.'

I WAS taking a leisurely walk one fine forenoon, along the sands at F——, enjoying the freshness of the sea air, and listening to the low melody of the gentle billows, as they came slowly beachward; when suddenly, a loud shout of surprise and joyfulness sounded in mine ears, and presently crowds of people were seen running in all directions towards the quay, which projects its crescent form, like a small black snail into the sea. All were on the alert—the aged man who had come out, like myself, to enjoy a quiet forenoon stroll upon the beach—the old woman, and the young and timid girl, who had brought their work with them to the sea-side, and were knitting in the sun—the merry urchins wading in the sea, and the elder boys idling indolently in the old weather-beaten boat, half gone to wreck, and half sunken in the sand—every one was up and away towards the pier. At first I was inclined to think that some accident had occurred; but the shouts could not be mistaken—they were manifestations of joy, rather than of grief. My curiosity was powerfully excited. I hastened to the spot with the others; and when I reached the pier, I became witness to a scene which might have afforded a fine subject for a painter or a poet. For the former, from the striking and even picturesque spectacle that was presented to the view; and for the latter, from the deep under-current of feeling, of joy, and of hope, with which the subject was, as it were, invested; but which conceived perhaps by both, the poet only could express with appropriate impression and effect.

About half a mile from the shore, a boat was observed coming towards the pier with all speed. It was crowded with sailors, neatly attired in their white trousers and blue jackets, their little round hats gaily decorated with ribbons; and ever and anon, as they waved their handkerchiefs in the air, a shout arose from the multitude on the pier, which was responded to by those merry ones on the waters, as if the sea and shore were saluting in reciprocal affection. As they came nearer, there was an eager pressing forward—a stretching forth of necks, and an anxious looking towards the boat, which was wafted swiftly and proudly towards them, as if each person were longing to descry and to embrace some valued and long-lost friend among those joyous mariners, who on approaching the landing place, were heard chaunting that wild and pleasant melody which is peculiar to seamen, when they

“————— in chorus gather

All their deep voices, as they pull their oars.”

At length the boat touched the pier—it reached the stepping stones—there was a rush towards it by those on the quay—a leap and a cry of gladness by those in the boat—and each had singled out his own. Then were there lockings in each other's arms, and many graspings by the hand; and tears were shed not of sorrow, but of joy; and kisses given and received, not quietly and stolenly, like the salute of lovers beneath the silent moon; but loudly and gladly, like the embrace of friends long parted!

And wives had met kind husbands, sisters with brothers, sons with fathers, and, dearest of all, sweethearts with their lovers. All had met again their kindred and their kind. No! not all. There was one, who stood alone amid the happy, like a lightning-scathed pine in a forest of blossom. He looked around; but alas! for him there was no “old familiar face,” no kind recognition, no warm embrace or friendly greeting. With a sorrowful eye and bursting heart, he leapt clean upon the shore, and quietly but quickly making his way through the happy crowd, he hastened on towards the village.

Perhaps, because I could obtain no information from any of the parties on the pier, who were too busy with themselves to attend to me; perhaps, because I took compassion on the apparently desolate situation of the lonely mariner, I felt myself impelled to follow his footsteps, and hold some communion with him, regarding the extraordinary scene I had just beheld. As soon, therefore, as I had overtaken him, I inquired the cause of all the bustle on the quay.

“Why, master,” said the poor fellow, slightly touching his hat, and half wiping away a tear, “it's nothin', but the return of a whaler, which was supposed to have been lost; and as nearly all our hands were obtained from this village, a whole boat's crew of us have come here to see our friends, that's all!”

“And the meeting, I observe, has been very affectionate.”

“Why, as to that, sir,” he replied, assuming a cheerful look and tone. “I believe they are all glad to see each other again, especially after so long an absence: and sailors always bear a kindly heart to their relations.”

“Have you been long absent then?”

“Ay, sir, many months after other ships had come home; and it was reported, and believed, that the Royal Bounty—that's the name of our ship, sir, and a tight vessel she is—was lost among the ice. Locked up indeed, we were, sir, between two icebergs, with little chance of ever again getting into the open sea; but Providence is kind, sir, especially to sailors—and even in our uttermost need, our deliverance was nigh; and so, after great hardships and fatigues, we have been enabled to revisit our native home at last.”

“Poor fellows, what dangers you must have encountered!”

“None knows what we oftentimes suffer but ourselves; but our perils are all forgotten when we see our old mother and sisters, and get a smack from our own sweethearts again. Them chaps at the pier have been luckier than I, for their friends and lasses came down to meet them, and to bid them welcome, and that's what comforts the heart of the poor sailor after a long voyage; but mine, I suppose, have not heard the

news, or mayhap my good old mother is ill, and not able to walk down to the pier to welcome home again her sailor-boy, whom, perhaps, she supposes buried deep beneath the ice."

A tear, which he could not repress, started into his eye, and I turned away my head to enable him to give it vent. We had reached the irregular row of houses which forms the main street of the little fishing village of F—, and were proceeding along the causeway together, when an old woman, her shawl thrown hastily and carelessly across her shoulders, and an expression of surprise, incredulity, and joy, on her careworn countenance, followed by a good-looking girl, who appeared to be her daughter, suddenly and hurriedly appeared on one of the turnpike wooden staircases, which are peculiar to all similar old-fashioned towns. The effect was instantaneous, and affecting in the extreme. She beheld her long-lost boy,—the great deep had given up its dead,—and she fainted in her daughter's arms. The sailor's tears could no longer be controlled, and he blubbered like a child. I felt my own eyes, on a sudden, become watery. If the truth must be told, I fairly wept. Who is there, with a heart, that could have done otherwise?

Oh! then I felt and acknowledged the truth and mastery of nature. Could all the power and perfection of all the stimulated pathos of the stage equal this little scene—this unexpected meeting? Never was I more convinced of the littleness of art, the less than nothingness of stage representation and effect.

When I looked again, the old woman was in the arms of her son, while the young one, bending forward, welcomed her brother with a kiss. Primitive race! Happy people! How I then envied your feelings, and longed to share the full fruition of your joy!

A few years afterwards I was very much affected on reading in the public papers—those officious records of all that is good and all that is bad—that the *Royal Bounty*, as if a doom hung over her from which she could not escape, was lost, while on a whaling expedition, and that all her crew had perished. I trust that my feeling-hearted friend, the sailor-boy of F—, was not among the number.

SHIPWRECK OF THE SPARROW-HAWK.

A Dutch East Indiaman, on the coast of the Island of Quelpaert, in the Sea of Corea, the 15th of September, 1653.

The following interesting details of the loss of the Sparrow-hawk, and the extraordinary captivity of the crew, are given by the purser, Henry Hamel, in an account which he published immediately after his return to Holland. The authenticity of the facts related by him cannot reasonably be doubted, because they correspond with the declarations of the seven Dutchmen, who returned with him, and likewise agree with what we find in Palafox, and other historians, relative to the invasion of China by the Tartars.

On the 10th of January, 1653, the ship Sparrow-hawk, with a crew of sixty-four men, laden on account of the Dutch East-India Company, sailed from the Texel under the command of Captain Eybertz, of Amsterdam. After encountering several storms and other accidents on the voyage, she arrived on the 1st of June, in the road of Batavia.

On the 14th of the same month having taken in provisions, they, by order of the governor-general, set sail for Tay-wan, in the island of Formosa, where they came to an anchor on the 16th of July. The ship had on board Cornelius Lessen, who was going to assume the government of that place and island instead of Nicholas Verbuge. On the 30th, an order of council obliged them to depart for Japan. In the evening of the ensuing day, as they left the Channel of Formosa, they were overtaken by a storm, which continued with increased violence all night.

In the morning of the 1st of August they were very near a small island, where they cast anchor with great difficulty, because in almost every part of the sea no bottom can be found. When the fog dispersed, they were surprised to find them-

selves so near the coast of China, that they could easily distinguish on the shore armed men, who appeared to be waiting in order to make prize of the wreck of the ship; but though the storm continued to increase, they passed all that night and the next day in the same place within sight of the people who were watching them. On the third, they found that the tempest had driven them twenty leagues out of their course, and they were still in sight of Formosa. They passed between that island and the continent. The weather was very cold. They had the mortification of being detained in that channel till the 11th of the same month, by a succession of contrary winds and calms. At length, a south-east wind, which blew a fresh tempest with violent rain, obliged them to stand to N.E. $\frac{1}{4}$ N. The weather became still more tempestuous during the three following days, and the wind shifted so often, that they were continually employed in setting and taking in the sails.

In this situation, the continual rolling of the sea had greatly injured the ship, and the rain, which had never ceased, preventing them from making observations; they were obliged to strike all their sails, and resign themselves to the impulse of the winds and waves. On the 15th, the ship made so much water that she became unmanageable. The following night, the shallow, and the greatest part of the gallery, were carried away by the fury of the waves, which shattered her bowsprit, and damaged the head of the ship. The squalls were so violent, and followed so close upon each other, that it was impossible to repair these injuries. At length, a sea which broke on board had well nigh swept away all the seamen that were upon deck, and filled the vessel in such a manner that the captain ordered the mast to be cut away, telling the men, at the same time, to implore the assistance of Heaven, as one or two more such seas would infallibly overwhelm the ship into destruction.

They were reduced to this extremity, when, in the second watch, the man looking out at the head of the ship, cried "Land! land!" declaring that they were within musket-shot of the shore. The rain and excessive darkness had prevented him from seeing it sooner. It was impossible to come to an anchor, because they could find no bottom, and while they were in vain endeavouring to effect this, such a prodigious sea broke over the ship, that all those who were in the hold were drowned before they could make their escape. Some of those who were on deck, leaped overboard, and others were carried away by the waves; fifteen reached the shore together, most of them naked and dreadfully bruised. They at first supposed that all the rest had perished; but, having climbed the rocks, they heard the voices of several who were uttering doleful cries. The next morning, by shouting and seeking along the shore, they picked up several who were dispersed on the sands. Out of sixty-four, they found that thirty-six had escaped, most of whom were dangerously wounded.

On surveying the fragments of the wreck, they discovered one of their companions caught between two planks, which had jammed him in such a manner, that he lived only three hours after he was disengaged. Of all those who had the misfortune to perish, they found only Captain Eybertz, extended on the sand, ten or twelve fathoms from the water, with his head resting on his arm. They interred him. Out of all their provisions, the sea had cast on shore only a sack of flour, a cask of salt meat, a small quantity of bacon, and a barrel of red wine. They had no small embarrassment how to make a fire; for supposing themselves in a desert island, they had no other resource than their own industry. The wind and rain having abated towards evening, they collected sufficient wood to form a covering with the sails which they had been able to save from the wreck.

On the 17th, they were deploring their situation, sometimes lamenting that not a single human creature made his appearance, and sometimes flattered themselves that they were not far from Japan, when they discovered, within cannon shot, a man, whom they called by making different signs, but who betook himself to flight as soon as he perceived them. In the afternoon they saw three others, one of whom was armed with a musket, and the two others with arrows. These strangers ap-

proached within gun-shot; but observing that the Dutch advanced towards them, they turned back, notwithstanding the unfortunate seamen endeavoured, by signs, to make them understand that they wanted nothing but fire.

Some of the Dutch having, at length, found means to come up to them, had no difficulty to persuade him, who had the musket, to give it them; and, with its assistance, they soon kindled a fire. These three men, were dressed in the Chinese fashion, excepting their caps, which were made of horse-hair, and the Dutch were apprehensive, lest they might be savage Chinese, or pirates of that nation. Towards evening about one hundred armed men, dressed like the others, made their appearance; and, after counting the unfortunate seamen, they kept them in close confinement during the whole night.

At noon, the next day, about two thousand men, both horse and foot, drew up before their tent or hut, in order of battle. The purser, the two pilots, and a cabin-boy, without hesitation went out to them. They were conducted to the commandant, who ordered a thick iron chain with a small bell to be put round their necks; and then obliged them to prostrate themselves before him. Those who had remained in the hut were treated in the same manner, while the islanders testified their applause by loud shouts. After making them remain for some time prostrate on their faces, they were commanded, by signs, to kneel. Several questions were asked which they could not understand, nor were they more successful in explaining to the islanders that they were bound to Japan. The commandant, at length, despairing of understanding them, ordered a cup of arrack to be brought, which was presented to them in turn, and sent them back to their tent. He inquired what provisions they had left, and soon after a quantity of rice boiled in water was brought them. But as it was supposed that they were perishing of hunger, the strangers, at first, gave them a small portion, fearing lest eating to excess might prove pernicious to them.

In the afternoon the Dutch were surprised to see several of these barbarians coming with cords in their hands, which they concluded were for the purpose of strangling them. But their fears were soon dispelled, when they observed them run towards the wreck of the ship, to draw to shore whatever might be of use to them. The pilot having taken an observation, judged that they were in the island of Quelpaert, situated in the sea of Corea, in latitude 33 deg. 32 min.

The islanders employed themselves on the 19th in hauling on shore all the fragments of the wreck, drying the linen and woollen cloth, and burning the wood, to get at the iron, which is in great request among them. As a familiarity began to take place, the Dutch went out to the commandant of the forces, and to the admiral of the islanders, who had approached the tent, and presented to each of them a telescope and a bottle of red wine. The captain's silver cup having been found among the rocks, they likewise offered that to the two officers. The telescopes and wine were accepted, they even seemed to relish the latter: for they drank so much, that they could by no means conceal its effects; but the cup they returned with many testimonies of friendship.

On the 20th, they finished burning the timber of the ship, and extracting the iron-work. During this operation, the fire having approached two guns loaded with ball, they went off with such a report, that all the islanders betook themselves to flight, and durst not venture to return till the Dutch encouraged them by signs. The same day, the latter received two supplies of rice. The following morning the commandant desired them, by signs, to bring all they had saved from the wreck into their tent, for the purpose of putting a seal upon it, and this formality was performed in their presence. At the same moment, several of the islanders were brought, who had converted to their own use iron, leather, and other things belonging to the vessel. He ordered them to be punished on the spot, to show the strangers that the natives had no design either upon their persons or their property. Each of the culprits received thirty or forty strokes on the soles of the feet, with a stick six feet long, and as thick as a man's arm. This punishment was so severe, that some of the poor wretches lost their toes in consequence of it.

About noon the Dutch were given to understand that they must prepare to depart. Horses were provided for those who were in health, and the sick were carried in hammocks. They set off, attended by a numerous escort of horse and foot. Having proceeded four leagues, they stopped for the night at a small town, called Tadiane, where they made a light supper, and were lodged in a building which had the appearance of a stable. The 22nd, at day break, having set off in the same order as on the preceding day, they reached a small fort, near which they observed two galliots. They dined there, and in the evening arrived at Maggan or Mokso, the town in which the governor of the island resides. Here they were conducted to a square, opposite the town-house, in which they found about three thousand men under arms. Some of the natives came and offered them water; but seeing them armed in a terrible manner, the Dutch imagined that they had a design to murder them. The clothing of these barbarian soldiers was calculated to aggravate their apprehensions, having in it something terrific, which is not seen either in China or Japan.

The purser was conducted to the governor, together with some of his companions. They prostrated themselves for some time near a kind of balcony, where he was greeted like a sovereign prince. The others were then directed, by signs, to pay him the same honours. He then asked, by different signs, whence they came, and what was the object of their voyage. They replied that they were Dutchmen, and were bound to Nangazaki, in Japan. The governor, by a sign with his head, testified that he understood something of their answer, after which he passed them in review, four at a time, and having put the same question to them successively, he ordered them to be carried to a building in which the king's uncle, accused of a design to deprive his nephew of the crown, had been confined till his death.

As soon as they had all entered this prison, it was surrounded by armed men. They each received, daily, twelve ounces of rice, and the same quantity of wheat flour, but scarcely anything more; and whatever was offered them was so badly prepared, that they could scarcely touch it. They were thus reduced to live on rice, flour, and salt, and had nothing but water to drink. The governor, who appeared to be about seventy years old, was a very sensible man, and highly esteemed at court. On dismissing them he signified that he would write to the king, to know his intentions respecting them, but that it would, probably, be some time before the answer arrived, because the court was eighty leagues distant. They requested him to allow them, sometimes, a little meat, and other kinds of food, and to permit them to go out daily, six at a time, to take the air and wash their linen. He not only granted this favour, but even did them the honour to send frequently for some of them whom he desired to write before him, either in Dutch or in his own language; so that they began to understand some of the expressions of the country. The satisfaction which the worthy governor appeared to take in conversing with them, and even in procuring them little amusements, produced a hope that they might sooner or later get to Japan. He bestowed so much attention on the sick, that, as Hamel declares, they were better treated by these idolaters than they would have been by Christians.

The 29th of October, the purser, pilot, and surgeon's boy, were conducted to the governor. They found a man seated with him, who had a thick red beard. "What do you take that man to be?" asked the governor. They replied that they thought he was a Dutchman. "You are mistaken," replied he, laughing, "he is a Corean." After some farther conversation, this man, who, till then had been silent, asked, in Dutch, "who, and of what country they were?" They satisfied his curiosity; at the same time giving a brief account of their misfortune. They, in their turn, asked him the same questions, upon which he informed them "That his name was John Wettevri; that he was a native of Zyp, in Holland, which he left in 1626, in quality of a volunteer; that the year following, in a voyage he was making to Japan, in the frigate *Ouverkerk*, he had been driven on the coast of Corea; that the ship being in want of water, he and some others had been

sent on shore to procure a supply, when he was taken prisoner by the natives, together with two of his companions, Theodore Gerard and John Pieters, who had been killed in battle in an invasion of Corea, by the Tartars, seventeen or eighteen years before; that he was fifty-eight years old, and residing in the capital of the kingdom, the king had commissioned him to go and inquire who they were, and what had brought them into his dominions." He added "That he had frequently requested permission of the king to go to Japan;" but all the answer he could get from that prince, was an assurance "That he never should go excepting he had wings to fly thither; that it was the custom of the country to detain all strangers, but not to suffer them to want anything: and that they would be supplied with clothing and food during their lives."

This intelligence could not be very agreeable to the Dutch; but their joy at meeting with such a good interpreter dispelled their melancholy. Wettevri had, however, so far forgotten his native language, that they had at first considerable difficulty to understand him; and it took him a whole month to collect his ideas. The governor directed all their depositions to be formally taken down, and sent them to the king; desiring the Dutch not to be discouraged, as a speedy answer would be returned. Besides this, he granted them every day new favours; Wettevri, and the officers who accompanied him, had liberty, at all times to see him, and to inform him of their wants.

In the beginning of December the three years of their benefactor's administration being expired, a new governor arrived. Here the author is at a loss for expressions to convey his sentiments. It can scarcely be imagined, he says, what testimonies of kindness the Dutch received from their generous protector previous to his departure. Seeing them but ill provided for the winter, he made for each of them two pairs of shoes, a suit of clothes, well lined, and a pair of stockings of skin. These favours he accompanied with the most affectionate caresses, declaring he was extremely sorry he could not send them to Japan, or take them with him to the continent. He told them not to be alarmed at his departure; for, on his arrival at court, he would employ all his influence to obtain their liberty, or at least permission for them to follow him. He restored to them the books which they had saved from the wreck, and many of their things, to which he added a bottle of very valuable oil. He likewise prevailed on the new governor, who had already reduced them to rice, salt, and water, to allow them rather better food.

After his departure, which happened in the month of January, 1654, they were treated with greater severity than ever. Barley was given them instead of rice, and barley meal instead of wheat flour. They were obliged to sell their barley in order to purchase other food. This rigour, and their mortification at seeing that no order arrived from the king for their removal to the capital, caused them to form a plan for their escape the ensuing spring. After having long deliberated on the means of seizing a bark under the cover of night, six of them formed the resolution of executing this design about the end of the month of April. But the boldness of them having ascended a wall, to ascertain the place where the vessel lay, was perceived by some dogs, which, by their barking, gave the alarm to the guard.

At the beginning of May, the pilot having been permitted to go abroad with six of his companions, discovered, as they were passing through a little village near the town, a bark tolerably well equipped, without any person to take care of her. He immediately despatched one of the number to take a small boat and a few short planks which he saw on the shore. Then, having each taken a glass of water they went on board the bark, without any further precaution. While they were endeavouring to get the vessel over a small sand bank, which lay across the passage, some of the natives perceived their design, and one of them ran into the water, with a musket, to oblige them to return. They were little terrified by his menaces, excepting one, who, being unable to get on board as soon as the rest, was obliged to go back

to the shore. The five others endeavoured to set the sail, when both the masts and sail fell into the water. They recovered them with considerable difficulty; but when they again attempted to set the sail the mast broke off short at the bottom. These delays gave the natives time to put off in another bark; they soon overtook the fugitives, who, undaunted either by their numbers or their arms, boldly leaped into the enemy's vessel, which they flattered themselves they should be able to seize; but finding it full of water, and in an unserviceable state, they at length submitted.

They were taken before the governor, who ordered them first to be laid flat on the ground, and their hands tied to a thick log of wood. He then directed the others, likewise bound and ironed, to be brought before him, and inquired of the six fugitives if their companions had any knowledge of their flight, to which they replied in a firm tone in the negative. Wettevri was ordered to find out what was their design. They protested they had no other intention than to go to Japan. "What," said the governor, "durst you have ventured upon such a voyage without bread or water?" They naturally told him "That they would rather run the risk of dying once for all, than die every moment." Upon this, each of the unfortunate men received twenty-five strokes on the bare posteriors with a stick six feet long, four inches broad, and one thick, flat on the side with which the stroke is applied, and round on the other. The blows were given with such violence that they kept their beds above a month afterwards. The governor ordered the others to be unbound; but they were more closely confined, and guarded night and day.

The island of Quelpaert, called by the natives Chesure, is situated twelve or thirteen leagues south of Corea, and is twelve or thirteen leagues in circumference. On the north side there is a bay, where several barks are always to be met with, and from this place they sailed for the continent. The coast of Corea is dangerous of access to those who are not acquainted with it, because it has only one harbour where ships lie in security. In all the others they frequently run the risk of being driven on the coast of Japan. Quelpaert is surrounded by rocks. It produces horses and other cattle in abundance; but as it pays the king considerable imposts, which keep it very poor, it is despised by the Coreans of the continent. It contains one very lofty mountain, covered with wood, and numerous hills, quite naked, and interspersed with valleys abounding in rice.

At the end of May, the governor received an order to send the Dutch to the royal residence. Six or seven days afterwards they were put on board four barks, with their legs in irons, and their right hands fastened to blocks of wood. It was apprehended they would throw themselves overboard, as they might easily have done, all the soldiers who guarded them being so ill from sea sickness.

After struggling two days with contrary winds, they were driven back to the island of Quelpaert, where the governor took off their irons, and remanded them to prison. Four or five days afterwards, having re-embarked very early, they reached the continent towards evening, and were obliged to pass the night in the road. They landed the next day, and their chains were taken off though not without the precaution of jangling their guard. They were provided with horses, on which they were conducted to the town of Haynam. There they had all the pleasure of meeting together; for, having been separated by the wind, they had landed in different places.

On the morning of the following day, they arrived at the town of Seham, where the gunner, who had not been in good health since the shipwreck, expired, and was interred by the order of the governor. After travelling several days, and passing through a great number of towns, they crossed a river which appeared to be as broad as the Meuse at Dort; and a league beyond it they arrived at Sior, the capital of the kingdom. From their landing till they reached that place they reckoned 74 leagues, their route being always northward, but inclining a little to the west. During the first two or three days, they were lodged in the same house. They were afterwards separated, and placed three or four together in small

huts, in that quarter of Sior inhabited by the Chinese. They were conducted in a body to the king, who having interrogated them through the medium of Wettrevi, they humbly implored him to transport them to Japan; whence, with the assistance of the Dutch, settled there for the purposes of commerce, they hoped one day to be able to return to their native land. The king replied, that the laws of Corea prohibited him to permit strangers to depart; but that care would be taken to supply all their wants. He then ordered them to perform in his presence those exercises at which they were most expert, such as dancing, leaping, and singing; after which he directed some refreshment to be brought, and presented each with two pieces of cloth, that they might dress themselves in the manner of the Coreans.

The next day they were conducted to the general of the forces, who informed them, through Wettrevi, that the king had admitted them into the number of his body guard, and in that quality they would be furnished monthly with 70 measures of rice. Each received a paper containing his name, his age, his country, the profession he had till then exercised, and that which he had adopted in the service of the king of Corea. This patent was in Corean characters, and was sealed with the king's seal, and likewise that of the general, which were nothing more than the impression of a hot iron. With their commission, they each received a musket, powder, and ball. They were ordered to fire a discharge with their arms, the first and fourth day of every month, in the presence of the general, and hold themselves in constant readiness to march with him, both to accompany the king, and on other occasions. The general has three reviews a month, and the soldiers are exercised by themselves. The Dutch were still thirty-five in number. A Chinese and Wettrevi were appointed to command them the first in quality of serjeant, and the other to keep an eye upon their conduct, and to teach them the customs of the Coreans.

Curiosity induced most of the great men belonging to the court to invite them to dinner, that they might enjoy the satisfaction of seeing them perform the military exercise, and dance in the Dutch manner. The women and children were still more impatient to see them: a report having been propagated that they were monsters of deformity, and that, in order to drink, they were obliged to fasten their noses behind their ears. Their astonishment, however, was so much the greater when they saw they were handsomer than the natives of the country. The whiteness of their complexion was particularly admired. The crowd that flocked about them was so great, that during the first days they could scarcely pass through the streets, or enjoy a moment's rest, in their huts. At length, the general was obliged to check this curiosity by forbidding any one to approach their lodging without his permission. This regulation was the more necessary, as even the slaves of the nobility had the audacity to make them leave their huts for their amusement.

In the month of August a Tartar ambassador came to demand the tribute. The author, without explaining the motives of the king, says, that he was obliged to send the Dutch to a large fortress, six or seven leagues from Sior, and to keep them till the departure of the minister which took place the following month.

Towards the conclusion of November, the cold became so intense that the river was frozen, and three hundred loaded horses passed over on the ice at one time. The general being alarmed for the Dutch, mentioned his fears to the king. Some half-rotten leather which they had saved from their shipwreck was distributed among them that they might sell it and buy clothes with its produce. Two or three laid out the money they obtained in this manner in the purchase of a small hut, which cost them nine or ten crowns. They chose rather to endure cold than to be continually tormented by their hosts, who sent them to collect wood in the mountains, three or four leagues distant from the town. The others having procured the best clothes they were able, passed the rest of the winter as they had done many others.

The Tartarian envoy having returned to Sior in March, 1665, they were forbidden, under pain of very severe punishment, to set foot out of their habitations. Nevertheless on the

day of his departure, Henry Jans and Henry John Bos resolved to present themselves before him on the way, under the pretext of going out for wood. As soon as they saw him appear at the head of his retinue, they approached his horse, and taking the reins in one hand they drew aside their Corean habits, showing him their European dress underneath them. This incident at first caused great confusion in the troop. The ambassador was very inquisitive to know who they were: but being unable to understand them, he ordered them by signs to follow him. At night, having inquired for an interpreter, Wettrevi was mentioned, and he immediately sent for him. Wettrevi did not fail to apprise the king of the circumstance. A council was held, in which it was resolved to make a present to the envoy to prevent the affair from reaching the ears of the Khan. The two Dutchmen were brought to Sior, and confined in a close prison where they did not live long. Their companions, who never saw them again, were ignorant whether they died a natural or a violent death. After the return of these two poor wretches, all the others were carried before the council of war to be examined. They were asked whether they had any knowledge of the flight of their companions, their disavowal of which did not prevent their being condemned each to receive fifty strokes on the soles of the feet. The king, however, pardoned them, declaring, at the same time, that they ought rather to be considered as vagabonds, ill-disposed towards the country, than as unfortunate strangers whom tempests had cast on the shore of his kingdom. They were sent back to their huts, with the prohibition not to leave them without the king's permission.

In the month of June, the general informed them, by their interpreter, that a vessel having been wrecked on the island of Quelpaert, and Wettrevi being too old to undertake a voyage thither, three of them who best understood the Corean language must prepare to set off for Quelpaert, where they were to observe the circumstances of the shipwreck, and give an account of it to the court. On receiving this order, the mate, the second pilot, and a gunner, set off two days afterwards. The Tartar ambassador returned in the month of August, and the Dutch were again ordered not to leave their quarters till three days after his departure, on pain of the severest punishment. The day before his arrival they received a letter from their companions, who informed them that instead of being conducted to the island of Quelpaert, they were closely confined on the southern frontier of the kingdom, that if the Khan should hear of the death of the two others, and demand the remainder to be delivered up to him, the Coreans might be able to reply, that three had perished in the voyage to Quelpaert.

The same ambassador returned towards the conclusion of the year. Though he had come twice on the part of the great Khan, since the unfortunate adventure of the two Dutchmen, without having mentioned that circumstance, yet most of the Corean lords endeavoured to persuade the king to make away with the others. On this subject a council was held which lasted three days. But the king, the prince his brother, the general, and some others, opposed such an atrocious design, which sooner or later might come to the knowledge of the great Khan. The general proposed to make them fight each with two Coreans, with the same arms. By that method, he said the king might get rid of them, without being liable to the accusation of having murdered these poor strangers. They were secretly informed by some charitable persons, what was in agitation. The king's brother passing by their quarter, on his way to the council, at which he presided, they threw themselves at his knees, imploring his favour, and inspired him with such compassion that he became their protector. Thus they owed their lives only to his solicitations and the humanity of the king. Many, however, seeming offended at their indulgence; it was resolved, in order to protect them from the malice of their enemies, and to conceal them from the Tartars, to banish them to the province of Thillado, with a monthly allowance of fifty pounds of rice.

In consequence of this resolution they left Sior on horseback, in the month of March, 1667, under the conduct of a serjeant. Wettrevi accompanied them about a league, as far

as the river which they had crossed in coming from Quelapaert. They re-visited most of the towns through which they had passed in the same journey. They at length arrived at a considerable town called Dia-siong or Thillapening, which is commanded by a large citadel, the residence of an officer who possesses the supreme authority in the governor's absence, and is styled the colonel of the province. The serjeant who accompanied them, delivered them up to this officer, together with the king's letters. He was then ordered to go and fetch their three companions who had left Sior the preceding year, and who were not above twelve leagues from Dia-siong, in a town where the admiral had the command. They were lodged together to the number of thirty-three, in a public edifice.

(To be continued.)

ANECDOTES OF NELSON.

On the morning of the 3rd of April, (the day after the battle of Copenhagen,) when it was scarcely light, Nelson repaired in his gig, his usual conveyance, on board the Elephant, which he supposed to be still aground. The cold and fatigue of a long row at that early hour, in a northern sea, had not the effect of either causing this extraordinary man to indulge in rest, or to forget those for whose fate he was concerned. His delight and praises on finding the ship afloat were unbounded. He took a hasty breakfast, and then rowed to such prizes as were not yet removed from the shore. Here he gave another proof of the eccentricity as well as boldness of his character. Learning that one of the Danish line-of-battle ships, the Seeland, the last that struck, and which was under the immediate protection of the Three Crowns' Battery, had refused to acknowledge herself to be captured, and made some quibble about the colours, and the pennant not having been hauled down, he ordered one of our brigs to approach her, and proceeded in his gig to one of the enemy's ships which were within that battery, in order to communicate with Commodore Fisker, whose flag was flying on board the Elephant. He went on board, and claimed the Seeland. The Danish officers denied that she had struck.

Nelson declared upon his honour that she had, adding that, unless she were immediately given up, he would haul down the flag of truce.

The Danes said that they wished to treat with Lord Nelson in person.

"I am Lord Nelson," he cried; "see, here's my fin." at the same time throwing aside his green dreadnought, showing the stump of his right arm, and exposing his three stars. The ship was given up without further altercation.

That Nelson should have been beloved, nay, almost adored by all under his command, is not surprising, when his attention to their comforts, and his treatment of them are considered. On these points some interesting details are supplied by an eye-witness during his service in the Baltic.

"The keeping his fleet continually on the alert, and thus amply furnishing it with provisions, were the objects of his lordship's unremitting care; and to this may, in a great measure, be ascribed the uniform good health and discipline which prevailed. Another point to which he gave nearly equal attention was his economy of the resources of his fleet in regard to stores; their consumption was as remarkable for its smallness as it was in the fleet that was afterwards under his command in the Mediterranean. His hour for rising was four or five o'clock, and of going to rest about ten. Breakfast was never later than six, and generally nearer to five o'clock. A midshipman or two were always of the party; and I have known him send during the middle watch to invite the little fellows to breakfast with him, when relieved. At table with them, he would enter into their boyish jokes and be the most youthful of the party. At dinner, he invariably had every officer of his ship in their turn, and was both a polite and hospitable host. The whole ordinary business of the fleet was invariably despatched, as it had been by Earl St. Vincent, before eight o'clock. The great command of time which Lord Nelson thus gave himself, and the alertness which this ex-

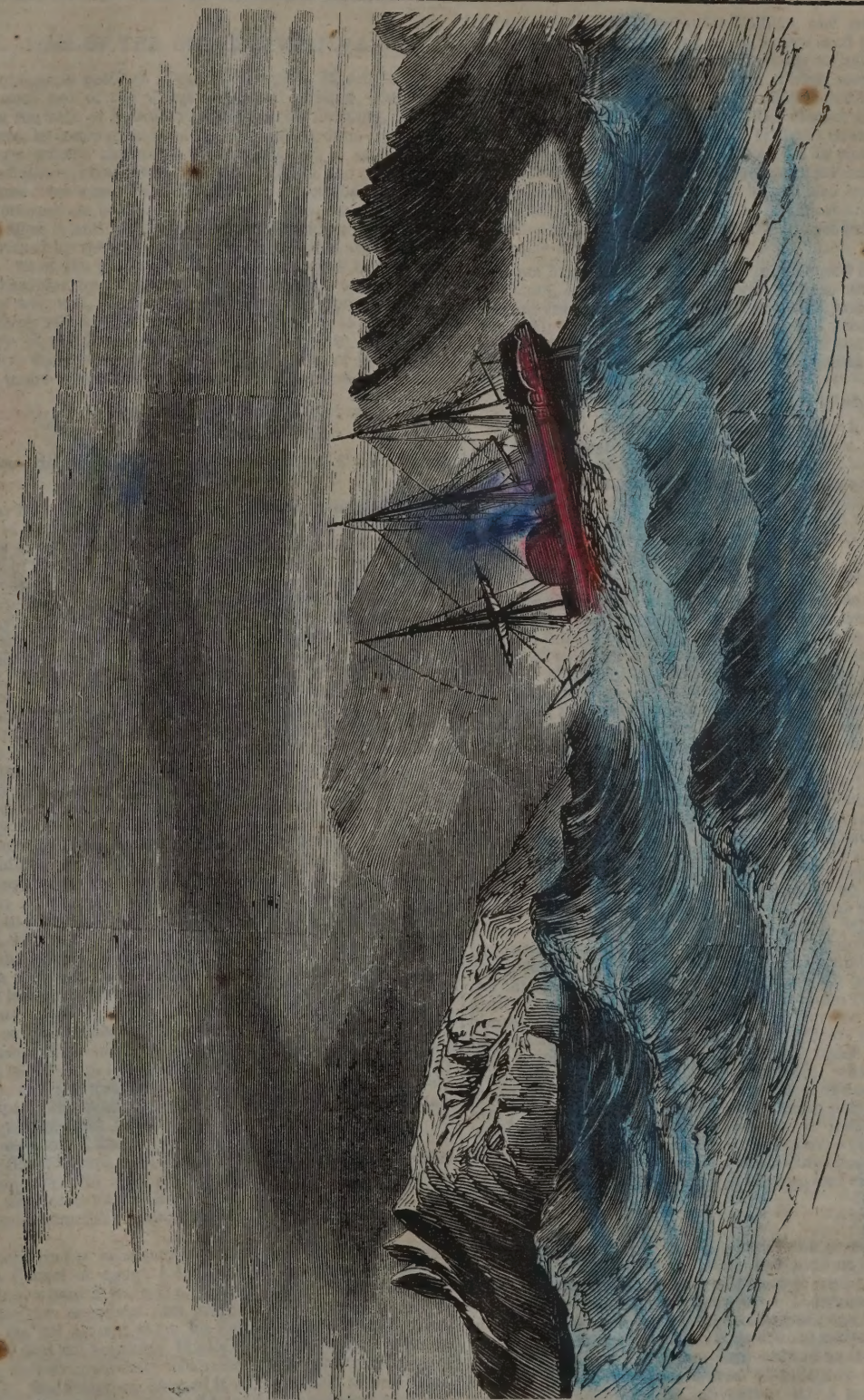
ample imparted throughout the fleet, could only be understood by those who witnessed it, or who knew the value of early hours."

"He was a decided enemy to any severe system of discipline, and never would inflict any corporal punishment on a man if it were possible to avoid it; when he was actually driven to it, he was more miserable during the execution of the sentence than the culprit himself. He understood mankind, and could lead them as he pleased. No man was ever more faithfully obeyed, yet he knew not the use of terror. His hold was on the affection and reason of man, aided by example: and such a hold that he could by it inspire cowardice itself with courage and enthusiasm. He never was known to do an unfriendly act to any officer about him; if they behaved ill, and he was asked to prosecute them, he used to answer, 'There was no occasion for him to ruin a poor devil, who was sufficiently his own enemy to ruin himself.' Expulsion from the ship was the severest punishment he inflicted. He was literally what I have heard his sailors, in their plain expressive language, say of him, 'Our Nel is as brave as a lion, and as gentle as a lamb.'"

Nelson had not passed many months at Merton before his mind received a grievous shock, by the decease of his excellent father at Bath, on the 26th of April, 1802, in the seventy-ninth year of his age. In order to recruit his health and spirits, he accepted, in the month of July, the pressing invitation of Sir William Hamilton, to accompany him to Wales, for the purpose of viewing Milford Haven, and the improvements made on Sir William's estate at Milford, where, in compliment to his heroic friend, he had determined to establish a fair, or annual festival, on the 1st of August. Lady Hamilton, and his lordship's brother, the Rev. Dr. Nelson, with his wife and son, were of the party. The enthusiasm with which they were everywhere greeted, excepting in one single instance, rendered this tour a continued triumphal procession.

At Oxford his lordship was presented with the freedom of the city, and the university complimented him and Sir William Hamilton with the degree of L.L.D. The party then proceeded to Woodstock, for the purpose of inspecting Blenheim, the magnificent palace raised by the nation for the great Duke of Marlborough. It might have been expected that the descendant of that military commander would have felt proud to entertain one who had rivalled his deeds, if not surpassed them, upon the ocean. The duke, though at home, never made his appearance, but a servant was ordered to offer refreshments, which Nelson proudly refused. Sir William Hamilton indignantly observed, that if the great Marlborough could have risen from the tomb, he would have been eager to do the honours of his house to the victor of Aboukir, a greater victor than himself. Lady Hamilton, with a spirit, energy, and shrewdness of observation characteristic of her superior mind, remarked, that if Marlborough's services obtained so splendid a reward, it was because a woman reigned and women have great souls. "And I," she continued—for these are her words—"told Nelson, that if I had been a queen, after the battle of Aboukir he should have had such a principality, that Blenheim Park should have been only as a kitchen-garden to it." The tears came into his eyes; and he shook Sir William and me by the hand, saying "that he was content to have done his duty by the country and the people that he loved; but that he had not yet half done, for there were two or three beds of laurels in the Mediterranean to be gathered."

Contrast this reception at the ducal Blenheim, with the homely, but affecting tribute paid to the hero by a deputation of the farmers of Brecon. "My Lord," said they, "you have saved us. While you were losing your limbs, and shedding your blood for us, we slept soundly with our wives; and our lands, and our children, were protected by your brave vigilance. Accept our thanks—these tears will tell you what we feel!" And the men wept like children. One of them exclaimed:—"Now I could die in peace; I have seen our saviour and brave defender."



LOSS OF THE GREAT LIVERPOOL STEAMER, OFF CAPE FINISTERRE, FEBRUARY 24TH, 1846.

THE SHIP WAS SEEN BY THE CAPTAIN OF THE BRIG "ALBATROSS" ON THE 10TH OF MARCH 1854



LOSS OF THE GREAT LIVERPOOL.

INTELLIGENCE reached town on Saturday, March 7th, 1846, of the total loss of the Great Liverpool steamer, which took place on the 24th of February, at four in the morning, off Cape Finisterre, by getting on shoals. The catastrophe appears to have been wholly the result of accident. It is said that no blame whatever attaches to Captain M'Leod, the commander. Only three lives were lost, although it is stated that there were about 150 souls on board. Mrs. Archer, from Bombay, a Miss Morris, aged 7, and an Indian female servant, were the three that perished by the swamping of the boat, while attempting to escape. 79 of the passengers and 21 of the crew have arrived at Southampton by the Pacha, which also had a narrow escape of being wrecked, having run on shore off Oporto. In the letter which follows, addressed by the Captain to Mr. Allan, secretary of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company, there will be found a full account of the circumstances under which the catastrophe took place:—

"Vice Consulat-office, District of Corcubion,

"Feb. 28, 1846.

"To James Allan, Esq., Secretary, Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company.

"Dear Sir,—It is with feelings of the most painful grief that I have to acquaint you, for the information of the managing directors and all whom it may concern, that at 4 o'clock on the morning of the 24th inst., whilst steering N.N.E., with a strong wind from the S.S.W., and a heavy sea running, and about seven to ten miles from Cape Finisterre, the weather thick, dark, and hazy, the ship going about ten knots an hour, we struck upon a shoal or rock, and made so much water in the engine-room that she soon became unmanageable from the fires being put out, and consequently drifting towards the land, and grounded in a small sandy shoal, called 'Guros,' about one league and a half to the southward of Corcubion, where she lay with her head to the southward broadside on the beach, at the distance of 300 yards, on which a heavy surf was breaking. The boats were all got ready for lowering, to land the passengers and crew, and the larboard life-boat was sent with a party of seamen and a line to haul a rope on shore, which they with difficulty reached in safety, and we soon after got a hawser on shore, and the end of it made fast and hove taut from the ship. Mr. Hamilton, chief officer, was sent in the launch with a party of passengers and crew, amongst whom were several ladies and children; all were safely landed except Mrs. Archer, a child belonging to Mrs. Morris, 7 years old, and a native female Indian servant, who were lost in the surf on the beach by the swamping of the launch, though every exertion was made, both by those on the beach, and in the launch, to save them. After this the launch, which was with great difficulty hauled alongside by us on board, and baled out, made several successful trips, and all on board were safely landed. By 11 a.m., going myself in the last trip, having previously ascertained that every person was out of the ship, the sea at that period was breaking heavily over her, and she was fast breaking up on the starboard side, amidships. The pinnace was stove in lowering, and the starboard quarter boat by the sea striking her violently. On getting on shore I found several articles of different kinds had already floated there, and a number of the people of the coast had come down and were plundering all they could get away, though all means were taken to prevent it. In fact we have been most shamefully plundered and robbed in every possible way.

"Considering it necessary to communicate with the nearest English Consul or agent, I despatched Mr. Lane (purser) to Corcubion, where I learned a consular agent resided, to claim protection for ourselves and property that might come on shore. On his arrival there he found the consular agent (a Spaniard and not speaking English) to be a person of no influence; indeed apparently incapable of rendering assistance of any sort. He, therefore, deemed it indispensable to proceed at once to Corunna, distance 45 miles, and communicate with Mr.

Santos, the Consul-General for Galicia, and was promised by the consular agent that passports, horses, and guides for himself and three passengers, should be ready at half-past 5 o'clock on the following morning. Instead of this, neither horses nor passports were ready, but finally, a refusal to allow him to proceed. He afterwards found that the Consul had sent a messenger to Corunna that morning, without even allowing Mr. Lane to know he was going to do so. The passengers, I fear, have suffered much from the Vice-Consul not having sought or selected any place for them to go to, and also from the scarcity and difficulty of getting provisions of almost any sort, and the accommodation they have been enabled to get being of the most miserable description.

"I am happy to say that every officer and man under my command, behaved themselves under these most trying circumstances to my most entire satisfaction, and I cannot omit mentioning to you the great assistance I received, and the praiseworthy exertions that were made in our critical situation by Captain Bowen, of the ship Hindostan, passenger on board, from Ceylon.

"Wednesday, 25th.

"The weather having moderated for a few hours, I went on board at low water with the officers and crew, and succeeded in getting up and landing a great portion of the mails, a few packages of cargo, and some passengers' baggage, all in a most damaged state. On the afternoon of this day, I came up to this place to note a protest, being the earliest time I could get away from the beach, but did not succeed in doing so, until the following morning.

"Thursday, 26th.

"Being unable to make the protest in Spanish, I wrote it in English, and presented it to the Vice-Consul, a copy of which I inclose herewith. After this, I made an application to him as to whether we could not get up from the beach (a distance of five miles, and over high hills) the mails and such articles as had already been saved. He applied to the alcalde, or mayor, for twelve bullock carts, which were granted, and proceeded at noon to the beach; but on arrival there, the officer in charge from the customs, or Guardia Costa, would not permit a single thing to be removed, although he acknowledged his inability to protect all the property from the ladrones or thieves, saying no order for their removal had been received. The carts, therefore, returned empty, and immediately came back to the Vice-Consul's to know how it was that he had not procured an order, if it were necessary. He said it must come from the Minister of Customs, who just then came up, and on applying to him for an order to bring the mails, &c., to the Vice-Consul's house, he said they must all go to the Custom-house at Corcubion, which is on the opposite side of the bay, to be under his custody. However, on reasoning with him, I believe he determined on allowing the things to be put in the Vice-Consul's house—at least until the arrival of Mr. Santos from Corunna, and was to leave himself at seven o'clock next morning, for the purpose of removing them. During this time, the officers and crew have been living under temporary tents on the beach, subsisting on such food as could be got from the ship, with a supply of bread from this village (Cee). They are, of course, affording every protection in their power to their property, but the barefaced plundering that goes on is incredible. The soldiery, or caraboneros, having even gone so far as to present the bayonet at the officers and men while saving property, which they (the soldiers) took in charge, and sold afterwards themselves.

"Friday, 27th.

"During last night, blowing hard, the ship went entirely to pieces. The carts went to the beach; but from the state of the weather, did not arrive in time to load; they were in charge of the Minister of Customs. I deemed it proper to remain all night on the beach, to facilitate the loading in the morning. During the night a great concourse of people assembled, and lighted thirteen fires around us from the wreck and the most determined system of pillaging was carried on without the possibility of preventing it. I sent Mr. Lane

back to the village to push things forward for the morning, and on his arrival at 5 o'clock, Mr. Santos, Vice-Consul from Corunna, just then came in. The whole circumstances were laid before him, and he was fully convinced of the badness of the Vice-Consul or agent here: in fact, when he called him before Mr. Lane, he seemed quite incapable of giving any explanation of his conduct. Mr. Santos considered it best not to dismiss him from his office at once, thinking it better to avail himself of his services until the settlement of the affair.

"Saturday, 28th.

"Mr. Santos arrived at the beach at 7 o'clock this morning, and through the authority with which he came prepared, and his own unremitting exertions, sufficient carts and oxen were engaged to remove the whole of the mails and property saved to the Vice-Consul's house by 3 p.m., accompanied by the whole of the officers and crew, who for the present occupy a large store-room of the Vice-Consul's.

"Arrangements have been made for starting the first batch of passengers to-morrow morning, and on the following morning another party will start for Corunna. The ladies and children cannot possibly proceed until side-saddles arrive from Corunna, which will be on Tuesday next.

"The Admiralty agent and myself conjointly have written by express to the Admiralty Agent and Commander of the Pacha, requesting them to detain her at Corunna 24 hours, in case the mails, &c., which proceed hence by a felucca to-morrow, do not arrive in the ordinary time, to embark by her. I have deemed it prudent, after consulting with Mr. Santos, to remain here until I see everybody on their way to England, and I have therefore sent Mr. Lane with the first batch of passengers, and instructions to proceed with the despatches by the speediest opportunity to St. Mary-axe.

"The passengers have all been more comfortably housed lately, and both them and the ship's company are all well, with the exception of Lieutenant Williamson, Admiralty agent, who has been very poorly since he left Malta.

"I am, dear sir, your very obedient servant,

"A. McLEOD."

Of the Great Liverpool's passengers, the following have arrived at Southampton by the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company's steamer Pacha:—

Mr. Storm, Mrs. Dicey, Mr. Dicey, Mr. McDougal, Miss Row, Mr. Grace, two Masters Turton, Mr. Lushington, Mr. Prinsep, Mrs. Goad, Mrs. Morris, two children, and a servant; Mr. MacKenzie, Mr. Campbell, 84th Regiment; Mr. Gibson, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Panting, child and servant; Dr. Boyrenson, Sir G. Ballingall, Master Sinclair, Dr. Hinton, Mr. Tuve, Mr. Fitzpatrick, and Dr. Duncan. In all, 29.

The remainder arrived per Peninsular and Oriental steamer Queen, from Corunna:—Mrs. Hampton, Mrs. Dunbar, Mrs. Dick, child and servant, two Misses Bell and servant, Mrs. Bradford, Mr. Pugh, Master Morrison, Master Doyle, Mr. and Mrs. Laforgue and child, Mr. Arrow, Captain Wright, Captain Bowen, Mr. Ganston, Captain and Mrs. Fearon, child and servant, Mrs. Edmond, three children and servant, Mrs. Prole, two children and servant.

Captain McLeod is a lieutenant in the Royal Navy, and has been ten years in the Peninsular and Oriental Company's service, and was considered one of its most able commanders.

(FROM A PASSENGER.)

"The Great Liverpool, after her passage from Alexandria to Southampton, became a total wreck on the coast of Spain, a few miles to the southward of Cape Finisterre. All lives were saved, but three—viz., Mrs. Archer, Miss Morris, and an Indian female servant. Our property is totally lost, save what we came on shore in.

"We were steaming before a strong breeze, but fair, running at the rate of nearly 11 knots an hour, on the night of the 23d of February; a little before 4 a.m. on the following morning the vessel struck on a rock. She hung a little while on the reef, and getting clear drifted towards other rocks,

where we lost our rudder, and then eventually struck the shore. The engines soon ceased to act, for the water poured in and rapidly extinguished the fires. It was very dark, and oh! how long the period seemed ere day dawned; minutes appeared as hours, and an hour an age, as we stood helplessly awaiting for the light of day; and, when at length it came, it showed us rocks and breakers all around, where no boat could live; and no soul could land, save on one little spot of sandy beach, from 200 to 300 yards in extent, and on which the ship had settled, little more than a sling's throw from the shore; but, between us and that shore, the surge was strong and the breakers terrific. A boat was at length lowered, and chiefly laden with ladies and children; long did they sit in it by the vessel's side, waiting the chance that the surge might abate, even but a little: at last it set out—every heart beat high, and every eye was strained to see it as it slowly advanced on its perilous way. It reached the beach—the breakers dashed full on it—it was swamped—we saw the ladies and children struggling and dragged through the foaming waters by the sailors. One lady, however, was carried out by the retiring wave and disappeared; another, a child, was carried away, and a female Indian servant swam long, but she, too, sank at last. One woman and a child were recovered and carried back to the ship by another ship's boat nearly lifeless. The boat floated out and turned keel up, and as there was no other that could live in such a sea, we had no hope but the feeble one that the wind might lull, and the sea become a little calmer, before the ship broke up. For a while, however, the gale increased, and the sea too, and we were drenched with rain and spray, the ship's timbers ever and anon yielding with a crashing sound, whilst the water kept rising higher and higher within her, and our eyes kept continually straining towards the shore. Thus were we in awful uncertainty for hours, yet, hope still lived on feebly. At length the voice of Captain Bowen, of the merchant service, a passenger, was heard. The boat was righted, baled out, and another cargo of living beings was seated in it. Bowen accompanied them; and we cheered loudly as we saw her return to the beach. She was hauled back by the hands on board the ship; and three times did Bowen safely, by his able directions and exertions, take a boat-load of his fellow-creatures to land. He slackened not until exhausted, and the last boat brought off the few remaining, including the captain. All now were safe, save the unfortunate three lost from the first boat.

"I have not sat down to write panegyrics on any one; but it would be unjust to omit the name of Dr. Boyrenson, of the Bombay army, who was most conspicuous and active in giving every aid. To him the ladies, children, and female attendants in particular are greatly indebted. Standing on a frail footing on the outer side of the ship, from which he was twice precipitated into the water, he on each occasion unflinchingly resumed his laborious and perilous position, handing woman after woman and child after child, in their descent. He behaved right well and may every good attend him. Others exerted themselves as best they could. Thanks to a merciful God, we were all landed by about noon. Order and tranquillity reigned throughout during the whole of their anxious and appalling time. We proceeded to a small village of poor huts, and got a little warmed by their furze fire, and then set out for the village of Cee, about five or six miles distant, where we arrived, but wet, wearied and hungry. All our property is gone; few have but what they had on landing.

"On the 1st of March a party of our passengers, consisting of gentlemen, set out for Corunna, for the purpose of meeting with a steamer to carry us on to England. Our first day's journey (accompanied by Mr. Lane, purser of the Great Liverpool, to whom we owe our best thanks) was upwards of 36 miles, over mountains, through swamps, and excessively rugged roads. Our horses were bad, with wretched saddles.

"Next day we arrived at Corunna. Boyrenson started two days later, and brought on some of the ladies and children with him. How the latter were able to ride such a distance on such horrid roads I know not, but manage it they did, within the two days.

"I cannot conclude this hastily written sketch without noticing

the extreme kindness and hospitality of the Spaniards towards us; they did all in their power to relieve our wants even supplying us with clothes gratis.

"To the Consul and Vice-Consul at Corunna we are much and deeply indebted. Everything which could be done for us in our forlorn situation was cheerfully attended to.

"Twenty-four of our number of passengers have arrived by the Pacha from Corunna, little more than half our number remain behind, who will, please God, reach England in safety, as it has pleased the Almighty to enable us to do.

"Southampton, March 7, 1846."

The following additional particulars have been furnished in a letter written by Mr. Lane (the purser) to Mr. Allan:—

"March 7, 1846.

"Dear Sir,—It may be satisfactory to the relatives and friends of those passengers from the Great Liverpool who did not arrive by the Pacha, to know that when I left, they were all tolerably well; and, I have no doubt, on Friday evening, or by the latest, Saturday morning (this day), they will all have arrived in Corunna, under the escort of Captain M'Leod, Mr. Santos (her Majesty's Vice-Consul), and the remaining officers of the ship; for, as we came into Corunna, on Monday the 2nd, we met 18 donkeys, with side-saddles, going out to the village of Cee, for them. We also met a squadron of Lancers, whom the Captain-General of the province, on the application of Mr. Baker, her Majesty's Consul for Galicia, had sent to patrol the road, in order to protect those who were coming, from insult or injury; and I think it only right to inform you, that when the authorities at Corunna were made acquainted with the circumstances, and the robberies that were being committed, they immediately offered to place at the disposal of her Majesty's Consul some troops and officers, who, with one of the Captain-General's aids-de-camp, were to proceed with the Consul to scour the country, and search every house, with the understanding that if they proved a theft against any carabiniere or soldier in arms, he was to be shot on the beach. I fear, however, that from the wildness of the country, and the immense concourse of people who were down, the recovery of much of the property is a matter of great uncertainty. There is no doubt but that all the remaining passengers of the Great Liverpool will arrive at Southampton in the company's steamer Queen, about the 17th inst., arrangements having been made at Corunna, on her outward passage, that accommodation sufficient should be kept vacant on her return from Gibraltar.

"I am, dear Sir, your obedient servant,

"EDWARD LANE,

"Purser, late Great Liverpool."

Some time after the passengers of the unfortunate steamer, the Great Liverpool, had been safely landed, it occurred to Captain M'Leod that it was possible to save from the wreck a box which had been specially consigned to his care, containing a present to her Majesty from a wealthy native merchant of Bombay. Captain M'Leod, accompanied by the chief officer, Mr. Hamilton, and two of the crew, got on board the steamer, and cut through the deck to the place where the box was deposited, and with great danger and difficulty got it on shore, and from thence it was conveyed with the mail boxes to Corunna, and consigned to the care of the consul, who, fearing it might have been damaged by being so long under water, unpacked the box in the presence of the captain and officers. Although it was inclosed in many cases, the water had penetrated through them to the morocco case, which was richly ornamented with the royal arms of England. The present consisted of a large sized and richly wrought gold box, an exquisite specimen of Eastern workmanship, worthy of Benvenuto Cellini; the box was supported by four stands in the form of snakes, and it contained several dresses of the most elegant and costly fabric, worked by the needle, and of cobweb texture; but the salt water had penetrated, and the consul's wife had them carefully washed and repacked, and they were transmitted with the mails to Southampton by the

steam ship Queen, which also brought the crew and passengers of the Great Liverpool, in a distressed condition for want of clothing and other necessities.

Immediately after the last of the passengers departed for Corunna, Captain M'Leod committed suicide by cutting his throat with a razor. He had been in a most desponding state of mind ever since the loss of the vessel, and it is supposed could not bear up against the misfortune. He was a man universally beloved and respected. He has left a large young family, with prospects of an early increase. There is nothing further saved from the wreck of the Great Liverpool. The ship is entirely gone to pieces, and what valuables floated ashore were principally purloined by the rascally natives. It was fortunate that the box escaped the clutches of the Spanish brigands.

Just before Captain M'Leod committed suicide, he gave into the charge of the consul a handkerchief containing gold, with which he had been entrusted, to deliver to a merchant in London, with a special recommendation that it should be forwarded to its destination.

The escape of one child was miraculous. The first boat was upset in the raging surf, when three persons lost their lives, and a second child was supposed to have been drowned, but when the boat righted, the infant was found floating at the bottom, and was taken on board the vessel as it was going to pieces; restoratives were applied, and the child was saved.

EVERY INCH A SAILOR.

THE wind blew hard, the sea ran high,
The dinky scud drove 'cross the sky;
All was safe lash'd the bowl was slung,
When, careless, thus Ned Haulyard sung:—

A sailor's life's the life for me,
He takes his duty merrily:
If wind can whistle he can sing,
Still faithful to his friend and king,
He gets beloved by all the ship,
And toasts his girl and drinks his flip.

"Down top-sails! boys, the gale comes on,"
To strike top-gallant yards they run;
And now to hand the sail prepared,
Ned cheerful sings upon the yard,—
A sailor's life, &c.

"A leak! a leak! come, lads, be bold,
There's five feet water in the hold."
Eager on deck see Haulyard jump!
And hark! while working at the pump,—
A sailor's life, &c.

And see! the vessel nought can save!
She strikes and finds a wat'ry grave:
Yet Ned, preserved, with a few more,
Sings as he treads a foreign shore,—
A sailor's life, &c.

And now—unnumber'd perils past,
On land as well as sea—at last,
In tatters, to his Poll and home,
See honest Haulyard singing come,—
A sailor's life, &c.

Yet, for poor Haulyard what disgrace,
Poll swears she never saw his face;
He d—s her for a faithless she,
And, singing, goes again to sea!
A sailor's life, &c.

SHIPWRECK OF THE SPARROW-HAWK.

(Concluded.)

In the month of April some leather was brought them, which had till then remained at Quelpaert, from which they were only eighteen leagues distant. The only labour required of them was twice a month to pull up the grass that grew in the square of the castle. The governor, who treated them with great kindness, as did all the inhabitants of the town, was sent for to court to reply to some accusations which endangered his life. But being beloved by the people and supported by most of the great men, he was sent back with honour. His successor treated the Dutch with less humanity. He obliged them to go and fetch wood from a mountain three leagues from the town, after being accustomed to have it brought for them. An apoplexy delivered them from this odious master in the month of September following.

They were, however, not much better off under his successor. When they asked him for cloth, at the same time showing him their clothes worn out with their laborious occupations, he informed them that he had received no orders from the king on that head; that he was not obliged to furnish them with anything but rice, and that all their other wants they themselves must supply. They then requested permission to go out alternately to ask charity, representing to him that naked as they were, and their labour producing only a little salt and rice, it was impossible for them to procure a subsistence. This favour was granted, and they soon had sufficient to protect themselves from the cold.

At the beginning of the year 1658, they experienced fresh mortifications on the arrival of a new governor. They were deprived of the liberty of going out of the town. The governor told them that if they would work for him he would give each of them three pieces of cotton; but this proposal they humbly rejected, knowing that his work would wear out more clothes than the stuff he offered them would make. In this situation some of them being attacked with a fever, the terror of the inhabitants at the name of that disorder procured them permission to beg, on condition that they should never be absent from the town above a fortnight or three weeks, and that they should neither go towards the capital nor towards Japan. As only half their number were allowed this indulgence, those who remained in the town were ordered to take care of the sick, and to pull up the grass in the public square.

The king dying in the month of April, his son, with the consent of the great Khan, ascended the throne. The Dutch continued to beg, especially among the priests and monks of the country, who were extremely charitable, and were never weary of hearing them relate their adventures, and describe the customs of their native land. The governor, who arrived in 1660, showed them great kindness, frequently regretting that he could not send them to Holland, or at least to some place frequented by the Dutch. The drought was so great this year, that provisions became extremely scarce. This calamity increasing in the following year, great numbers of robbers infested all the high roads, notwithstanding the vigour with which they were pursued by the king's command, and hundreds of the people perished of hunger. The famine became so pressing that several villages were plundered, and even the royal stores were not spared. These disorders, however, remained unpunished, because the offenders were slaves of the court. This scarcity continued till 1662: and it was even felt in the following year. The town of Dia-siong, where the Dutch still resided, was no longer capable of furnishing provisions for them; upon which an order arrived from the king to distribute part of them between two other towns. Twelve were therefore sent to Saysiane, five to Siunchien, and five to Nam-man, sixteen leagues farther off. This separation was at first very afflicting, but it afforded them an opportunity for their escape, as we shall find in the sequel.

They set off on foot, the sick only and their baggage being carried by horses, with which they were gratuitously furnished. The first and second night they lodged together in the same

town. The third day they arrived at Siunchien, where the five, who were destined to remain there, were left. The fifth day at noon the others arrived at Saysiane. Their guides delivered them to the governor or admiral of the province of Thilado, who resided in that town. This officer appeared to possess distinguished merit; but he was soon succeeded by another, who treated them with great harshness. The highest favour he granted them was, the permission to cut wood, with which they made arrows for his people. The servants of the Corean lords have no other occupation than shooting with bows and arrows, because their masters are proud of having in their service excellent archers.

At the beginning of winter, the Dutch requested of the new governor, permission to beg, in order to procure clothes; and he allowed half their number to be absent three days at a time. This permission was of the greater advantage to them as the principal inhabitants of the town, through motives of compassion, were favourable to their rambles, which were prolonged sometimes to a whole month. All that they collected was divided in common. This kind of life they continued to lead, till the recall of the governor, who was appointed general of the royal troops, which is the second dignity in the kingdom. His successor greatly alleviated the situation of the Dutch at Saysiane, giving orders that they should be treated in the same manner as their countrymen at the other towns. They were relieved from all laborious occupation, and were obliged only to appear in review twice a month, to stay at home alternately, or at least to acquaint the secretary whither they were going, when they had permission to go abroad.

Among many other favours, this governor sometimes sent them victuals from his table; and, touched by their misfortunes, he asked them why, being so near the sea, they did not attempt to get to Japan. They replied, that they durst not run the risk of incurring the king's displeasure: adding, they were unacquainted with the way, and had not any vessel.—"What," replied he, "are there not barks enough on the coast?" The Dutch answered, with affected honesty, "that they did not belong to them, and that if they failed in the enterprise, they would be treated as robbers and deserters." The governor laughed at their scruples, little imagining that they held this language only to silence his suspicions, and that they were day and night contriving the means of procuring a bark. The author here observes "that the Dutch were revenged of the preceding governor. He held his dignity only four months, and being accused of having condemned to death several persons of different rank on insufficient grounds, he was sentenced by the king to receive ninety strokes on the shin bones, and to be banished for life."

Towards the end of this year a comet appeared; it was followed by two others which were both seen at once for the space of two months; one in the south-east and the other in the south-west, but with their tails opposite to each other. The court was so alarmed by this phenomenon, that the king ordered the guard at all the ports and over all the ships to be doubled. He likewise directed that all his fortresses should be well supplied with warlike stores and provisions, and that his troops should be exercised every day. Such were his apprehensions of being attacked by some neighbour, that he prohibited a fire to be made during the night in any house that could be perceived from the sea. The same phenomena had been seen when the Tartars ravaged the country; and it was recollected that similar signs had been observed previous to the war carried on by the Japanese against Corea. The inhabitants never met the Dutch without asking them what people thought of comets in their country. Conformably to the idea prevalent in Europe about that time, they replied, "that comets prognosticated some terrible disaster, as pestilence, war, or famine."

As they lived in tranquillity during the years 1664 and 1665, they turned all their attention towards making themselves masters of a bark; but, to their mortification, without success. They sometimes rowed along the shore in a boat which assisted them in procuring a subsistence. Sometimes they took a turn round some small islands to make such observations as might be of service to their escape. Their companions in the

two other towns came at times to see them, and they returned their visits when they could obtain the governor's permission. They preserved their patience amidst the greatest difficulties, being satisfied with the enjoyment of good health, and not wanting necessaries in the course of such a protracted slavery.

In 1666 they lost their worthy governor, who, as a recompence for his virtues, was elevated to the highest dignities of the state. During two years of a fortunate administration he had bestowed favours indiscriminately on all ranks, by which he acquired universal affection, the esteem of his master, and the respect of the nobles. He had repaired the public edifices, improved the ports, augmented the maritime forces, and performed other services tending to the general welfare of the kingdom.

After his departure, the town was three days without a governor, because custom allows that interval to the successor, to choose, with the assistance of a priest, a favourable moment for his inauguration. The Dutch were soon sensible of the change. Among other harsh treatment, their new master wanted to keep them constantly employed in throwing up earth. This they refused to comply with, asserting, that when they had finished the work which had hitherto been required of them, they were obliged to employ the rest of their time in procuring clothes and supplying their other necessities, that the king had not sent them to be engaged in such laborious occupations, and that if they were to be treated with such rigour, it would be much better to renounce the subsistence which was allowed them, and demand to be sent to Japan, or some other place frequented by their countrymen.

The governor replied with a threat, that he would force them to obey; but he had not time to execute his intentions, for a few days afterwards, being on board a very fine vessel, the powder-room accidentally took fire, and blew up the fore-part of the ship, by which accident five men lost their lives. He neglected to give information of this circumstance to the king, hoping the disaster would remain a secret. Unfortunately for him, the fire had been perceived by one of the spies, kept by the court, on the coast, as well as in the interior of the kingdom. The sovereign soon received the intelligence, the governor was immediately recalled, and, after receiving ninety strokes on his shin-bones, was condemned to perpetual banishment.

A new governor arrived in the month of July, but the Dutch did not experience that change in their situation which they had hoped. He required of them one hundred fathoms of matting a day. When they represented the impossibility of obeying this order, he threatened to find them some more suitable occupation. A disorder with which he was attacked prevented him from putting his design into execution; but, in addition to their ordinary occupations, they were obliged to keep the public square clear of grass, and to fetch wood fit for making arrows. Their wretched situation caused them to resolve to take advantage of their tyrant's illness, and at all hazards to procure a bark. They employed a Corean, who was under considerable obligations to them, to execute this commission. They desired him to buy them a bark, pretending they wanted it to beg cotton in the adjacent islands, promising him a large share of the alms which they hoped to collect. The bark was purchased, but the fisherman who had sold it, being informed that it was for the use of the Dutch, wished to annul the bargain, fearing lest he should be punished with death, if they made use of it to effect their escape. His apprehensions were, however, silenced by offering to double the price, and the bargain was concluded, to the great satisfaction of the Dutch.

As soon as they were at liberty, they provided the vessel with a sail, an anchor, cordage, oars, and many other necessary articles, resolving to set off in the first quarter of the moon, which was the favourable time. Meanwhile two of their countrymen, who had come to visit them, were detained, and they likewise sent to Nam-man, for John Peters, a skilful seaman, to serve as their pilot. Though the natives were not wholly without mistrust, yet the Dutch set off on the night of the 4th of September, as soon as the moon had set, and creeping along by the side of the city wall with their provisions,

which consisted of rice, a few jars of water, and an iron pot; they all, eight in number, reached the shore without being discovered. Out of the thirty-six Dutchmen who had escaped from the wreck of the ship, only sixteen remained alive; the eight who were left behind in Corea probably died there; at least, they were never afterwards heard of.

The first step taken by the fugitives was to fill a cask with fresh water, in a small island which lay within cannon shot. They then had the boldness to pass the ships of the town, and even the royal frigates, standing out into the channel as much as possible. On the morning of the 5th, when they had almost got out into the open sea, they were hailed by a fisherman, but returned no answer, fearful lest it might be the advanced guard of the ships of war, which lay at anchor at no great distance. At sun-rise, the wind dying away, they made use of their oars, but about noon a breeze springing up, they steered to the south-east, guided only by their conjectures. Having doubled the point of Corea in the course of the following night, they were relieved from all apprehensions of being pursued.

On the morning of the 6th, they were very near the first of the Japanese islands; and the wind continuing favourable, they arrived off that of Firando, where they durst not come to an anchor, being unacquainted with the road; and they had likewise heard the Coreans say that there was no island on the way to Nangazaki. Continuing their course with a brisk gale, they on the 7th coasted along a cluster of small islands, which appeared innumerable. At night they intended to cast anchor near a small island, but perceiving indications of an approaching storm, they determined to continue their course.

On the morning of the 8th, they found themselves at the place they had left the preceding evening, which they attributed to the violence of some current. This observation induced them to stand out to sea, but a strong contrary wind soon obliged them to return towards the land. After crossing a bay they came to an anchor, about noon, without knowing what country it was. While they were preparing their repast, some of the natives passed to and fro near them, but without speaking to them. Towards evening, the wind having lulled, they saw a bark with six men, each of whom had two knives suspended from his girdle rowing towards them. Upon this they weighed anchor with all possible expedition, and employed both their sails and oars in order to get out of the bay; but they were pursued, and soon overtaken by the bark. With their long bamboo canes they might have prevented the strangers from coming on board them, but perceiving several other vessels filled with Japanese, leaving the shore, they resolved to wait quietly for them.

The people in the first bark inquired, by signs, whither they were bound? in reply to which they showed a yellow flag, with the arms of Orange, crying "Holland! Nangazaki!" The Japanese directed them, by signs, to take in their sails, which they did. Two men then went on board, and asked several questions, which they could not understand. Their arrival had occasioned such an alarm on the coast that no person appeared without being armed with two daggers. At night a bark brought on board an officer who held the third rank in the island. When he had ascertained that they were Dutch, he informed them by signs, that there were six ships of their nation at Nangazaki, and that the island they saw was Goto, and belonged to the emperor. In this place they stayed three days, during which they were guarded with great care. They were supplied with wood and meat, and likewise a mat to shelter themselves from the rain, which fell in great abundance.

On the 12th, being furnished with plenty of provisions, they set sail for Nangazaki, under the conduct of the same officer who had come on board them, and who was charged with letters for the emperor. He was attended by two large and two small vessels. In the evening of the next day, they discovered the bay in which that town is situated, and at midnight came to an anchor there. Five Dutch ships were then lying in the bay. Many of the inhabitants of Goto, and other persons of distinction had shown them much kindness, and had refused to accept of any return. On the 14th they went on shore, and were received by the company's Japanese interpreters, who asked them

several questions, and took down their answers in writing. They were then conducted to the governor's palace, where they arrived about noon. When they had gratified his curiosity by a recital of their adventures, he greatly commended the courage which had induced them to brave so many dangers in order to obtain their liberty, after upwards of twelve years' slavery. He then ordered the interpreters to take them to the Dutch commandant, by whom, as well as by all the rest of their countrymen, they were very kindly received.

About the end of October, they left Nangazaki, and on the 30th of the following month arrived at Batavia. They presented their journal to the governor-general, who treated them with great kindness, and promised them a passage in some vessels which were then returning to Europe. They embarked on the 28th of December; and on the 20th of July, 1688, arrived at Amsterdam.

MELANCHOLY SHIPWRECKS OF THE IDA, AND THE JOHN MINTURN — EIGHTY LIVES LOST.

THE following are the particulars of the loss of two vessels, the *Ida* 550 tons (British barque), and the *John Minturn* (American vessel), the wrecks of which were reported at Lloyd's on Monday, March 16, 1846.

The *Ida* was commissioned by Government for the conveyance of stores to Canada, and left the river on the 15th of last December, for Portsmouth, where she took in the stores, and finally sailed for St. John's, New Brunswick, on the 4th of January. There were on board, besides the crew, (eighteen in number, including the master, Captain William Chamber), thirty eight passengers, male and female. After her departure nothing was heard of her until Monday last, when the intelligence of her fate was received. A letter stated to be written by Mr. Sherwood, the British Consul at Portland, thus describes her loss:—

"On the 26th of January, being in lat. 44 N., long. 52 30 W., the barque broached to, while scudding before a severe gale from S.S.E., and was thrown on her beam-ends. Orders were given to cut away the foremast, but before they had time to do so, the barque righted, full of water. The captain then ordered the long-boat to be got under the lee, the other boat having been lost. The passengers immediately rushed into her promiscuously, followed by the captain and crew; to the number of forty-five. The painter parted and the boat dropped astern. The land bore N.N.E., distant about thirty leagues by observation. The boat got about two cables length from the vessel, when she shipped a sea, filled, and all in her perished. The mate, nine men, and one young woman remained on the wreck, in the tops, from Monday morning until Friday morning, when they were taken off by the schooner *Three Sisters*, of Eden, when they were landed much frozen and in destitute circumstances, the mate being the only one able to travel."

The *Ida* was not registered at Lloyd's, and the inquiries made to ascertain who were her owners, and to know the names of the passengers, have not been successful.

The fate of the *John Minturn* and her crew and passengers, amounting to fifty in number, was of a most deplorable character. The ill-fated ship, a newly-built vessel, more than 500 tons burden, was bound to New York, having, besides a number of cabin and steerage passengers several shipwrecked seamen, who had been picked up on the voyage. Up to Saturday, the 14th ult., the weather was most favourable for the voyage, and they were within three days' sail of her destination. Soon after sun-set on that day, however, there came on a stiff breeze from the eastward, which, as the evening advanced, greatly increased. The ship stood N.N.E. till 12 o'clock, by which period the wind had increased to a gale. Her course was then altered to the south, and was kept till daybreak. When the shore was discovered, it appeared to the leeward, about two miles distant. The

tempestuous weather in the meantime had increased considerably. Every sail was torn almost to ribands by the violence of the wind, and the ship rendered unmanageable.—On the land being perceived, every nerve was exerted to keep her off, but unfortunately it was impracticable, as the gale blew direct on the coast, and gradually drifted her inwards, and at half-past nine o'clock she struck with tremendous force. The succeeding wave raised her, and dashed her with violence on the rocks, when she broke, but did not separate. The horror and confusion at the moment of her striking were terrific, and when the worst was known every effort (says one of the survivors, a seaman named King) was made to preserve the lives of those on board, numbering fifty-one, including passengers. The masts were cut away to ease her, but with little effect, as she continued to strike fearfully. The yawl was then cut loose from the stern davits, but the surf ran so high that before she could be got round she unfortunately swamped, and became useless. The captain, with his wife, son, daughter, servant, and cabin passengers, took refuge in the poop cabin, the only place where they could be sheltered from the violence of the sea, which was pouring over them in all directions. By great exertion the long-boat was cast adrift, and launched over the bows. Five of the crew and a steerage passenger, a Portuguese, jumped into her, and a long coil of line was stowed in her stern-sheets, by which it was intended to carry a hawser ashore, and she was then shoved off. On approaching the land, the men found that it was impossible to tow the line through the breakers, in consequence of the great pressure on the boat. They resolved on cutting it away, that being the only chance of reaching the shore. All hope was now lost of saving those on the wreck. Their sufferings are described as being truly frightful. Being exposed to the full violence of the sea, and a piercing cold wind, ice soon formed over the surface of their drenched clothing. In this state they remained until noon, when those who were alive—for some had already sunk from their awful suffering—went forward to the fore-castle, when they lashed themselves to prevent the sea washing them from the wreck. It is supposed that the captain, his mate, and the pilot, remained in the poop, for they were not seen afterwards; and in the course of an hour the ship parted amidships, and the afterpart drifted away into the sea. The remaining portion of the wreck then floated considerably in shore. In the latter part of the day another portion of the wreck separated, which carried away the half of those who were lashed to the fore-castle, all of whom instantly perished. The rest lived a few hours afterwards, till by the combined effects of the intense frost, and the surf beating over them, they gradually sunk and expired. Between eleven and twelve o'clock at night a boat was put off to rescue those who were clinging to the other pieces of the wreck, consisting of two mates, two of the crew, and four of the steerage passengers; and, after almost insurmountable difficulties, they were preserved, although, as may be readily conceived, reduced to the last stage of exhaustion. In the wreck of the fore-castle sixteen bodies were found lying in a cluster round the stump of the foremast, and it seemed as if the unfortunate creatures had huddled themselves together for warmth. Among them could be recognized the captain's wife, his children, and a female steerage passenger, with an infant at her breast, and so firmly grasped that they could not be separated. Owing to the quantity of ice that covered the wreck, the task of removing the bodies that night was given up, in consequence of the extreme danger attending it. On the following morning at daybreak they were brought ashore, when the beach was lined by the inhabitants of the neighbouring villages. Amongst them were a desperate gang of wreckers, who plundered every body that was washed up from the other pieces of the wreck. Several of the passengers were known to have had a large amount of money about them. Up to the last accounts, thirty-two bodies were found. The ship had entirely gone to pieces, a portion of her bottom only remaining, which was embedded in the sand by the weight of the pig-iron which formed part of her cargo. She was only partially insured.

THE BATTLE OFF LA HOGUE.

THE year 1692 was signalised by some very important events, both by land and sea. The reduction of Ireland made the French sensible, though too late, of their impolitic parsimony in losing a kingdom which had long kept alive their favourite schemes of anarchy and contention. During the last summer, instead of annoying others, as they were accustomed to do, they had been obliged to act merely upon the defensive, both by sea and land. The French saw William relieved from the impediments which the civil war of Ireland had thrown on his continental engagements, and the parliament had voted him large supplies, to enable him to prosecute the war with vigour, and particularly to make France and Europe sensible that the maritime powers of England were still lords of the sea, by fitting out early such a fleet as should keep the enemy in awe, while a descent was made on the coast of Normandy, which invasion the king in his speech to parliament glanced at. The consideration of the intrinsic weight of England in the scale of Europe, and of the dignity which the rank of king bestowed on the Prince of Orange, all concurred to convince Louis XIV. that he could not venture too much upon the chance of dethroning King William, and led him to resolve to make one great effort for an invasion of England, in favour of James. Nor were there wanting favourable circumstances to encourage such an attempt. Dissatisfactions were visible in all parts of the three kingdoms; and to such as live under governments where freedom of speech is prohibited, the clamours of a few factious spirits are considered as expressive of the sentiments of the people at large. Many officers in the army were disgusted, because they thought their services overlooked and unrewarded: in the fleet many of the officers and seamen indulged a partial fondness for their former superintendent, and who, whilst in that situation, had affected to be called "the seaman's friend." Those among the Irish that had supported the principles of the revolution, had taken great offence at the concessions which had been made in favour of the vanquished rebels, who had exercised such acts of cruelty and rapine, by the treaty of Limerick. They complained that they themselves, who had suffered for their loyalty to King William, were neglected, and obliged to sit down with their losses, while their enemies, who had shed so much blood in opposing his government, were indemnified by the articles of capitulation, and even favoured with particular indulgences. The Scotch were not in a better humour, on account of an act of great severity which had been exercised upon a disaffected clan at Glenco. In England the people grew weary of a continental war, which had been carried on at a vast expense; to provide money for which, heavy taxes had been imposed; and these new imposts were rendered perpetual, by large sums having been borrowed on the security of the yearly

produce of these taxes. Although the liberty of England depended eventually on the reduction of the power of the French monarch, yet as the English saw not his dragoons at their doors, they believed themselves exempted from the effects of his power. Such were the discontents which had seized the three kingdoms; nor was there more unanimity and cordiality among those who composed the administration. Halifax, Godolphin, and Marlborough, from different causes, had become disgusted with the king. The latter of these had been deprived of his employments soon after he had done the kingdom such signal service in the reduction of Cork and Kinsale. This displeasure of his prince he was supposed to have incurred from the intrigues and cabals which his wife carried on, who being the favourite and confidant of the princess Anne, had fomented a bitter enmity between that lady and the queen her sister. Admiral Russel was, about the same time, drawn into the cabal, though he seems at no time cordially to have adopted the scheme; the princess Anne, at length, joined herself to the disaffected party. A large fleet, which was to consist of seventy-five ships of the line, was to sail from France, to countenance and support the malcontents in England, and bring over the excluded monarch.



[BOAT ENGAGEMENT.]

When the preparations in France were in great forwardness, James published a declaration, which he found means to have very generally dispersed over the three kingdoms, in which he promised that he would, in case he was restored to his throne, confer all ecclesiastical preferments on members of the Church of England solely; but with respect to the assurances he gave for securing the liberties of the nation, his expressions, though plausible, were vague and indefinite.

With a view to entice all men by hopes of impunity, the declaration contained a general pardon, with a very few ex-

ceptions. Lord Marlborough was, at his own desire, together with the Duke of Ormond, excepted from the pardon, the more effectually to conceal their secret connexions. But the Lords Godolphin, Halifax, Shrewsbury, and Admiral Russel, took not the same precautions, because they had not the same depth of dissimulation.

These designs were not long unknown to King William, and immediately every step was taken to oppose and counteract them. The naval force of England and of Holland was collected in their respective ports, and cruizers sent out to observe every motion made in those of France. All the ships at home were equipped or repaired. Five new ones, of the largest size, were built, and with so much despatch, that one of them, of one hundred and six guns, went to sea the tenth day after she was launched. The command of both navies was committed to Admiral Russel.

Thus, during the spring, the three greatest maritime powers of the world exerted every nerve of naval strength, and the rest of Europe stood amazed, and anxiously expected the event of an expedition, which probably would determine, in

whose hands the dominion of the sea should be afterwards lodged.

Several English regiments were recalled from Flanders, whilst others, that had been ordered there were stopped on their march. The militia was raised all over the kingdom; many suspected persons were secured, proclamations issued against others, and all papists removed ten miles from London: a camp was marked out between Petersfield and Portsmouth: orders were given to drive the cattle fifteen miles up the country, upon the sight of a French fleet: Scotland was put into the best state of defence. Ireland alone was left to its fate, because it was not thought advisable to take any steps for disarming the natives, or give any other signs of doubt about their loyalty.

The conduct of Russel in this season of intrigue, was full of duplicity; nor can it be settled, even at this distance of time, whether he really entered into the views of James, or, by pretending an attachment to him, meant the more effectually to serve the reigning prince, by disclosing the designs that were forming against him; or that, by keeping fair with both parties, he meant to serve himself, whichever should be successful. In the correspondence which he held with James, he entreated him to prevent the two fleets of England and France from meeting, and frankly declared, that as an officer and an Englishman, it behoved him to fire upon the first French ship that came in his way, even though he should see that prince himself upon the quarter-deck.

One circumstance is extremely remarkable in the transactions which we are now relating, which is, that whilst James distrusted the sincerity of the men on whose assurances he proceeded, William employed some, whose insincerity he knew. That the king had intelligence of his father-in-law's affairs is plain, from his behaviour to Lord Godolphin, after the designs of France had been frustrated. He upbraided that nobleman with corresponding with the late king, who peremptorily denied it: the king thereupon put a letter into his hand, which Godolphin had written to James, and which had been stolen from that prince's cabinet; desiring him, at the same time, to reflect upon the treachery of those in whom he confided, and the moderation of him he meant to betray. This generous conduct ought to have attached the minister ever after to his master. Although Marlborough, who had been before dismissed from his employments, was, about this time, sent to the tower, yet, not long after, he was restored to his posts, and entrusted with very important services. There is great reason to believe, that Rear-Admiral Carter received private orders from the queen, to cultivate his connexions with James, in order to discover the designs of that prince, and by betraying, to disconcert them.

Louis, elated with the dissensions which prevailed in England, and which were represented to him as far more favourable to his designs than they really were, sent orders to Count Tourville, who had the command of the grand fleet at Brest, to sail immediately, before he was joined by the Toulon squadron under Count d'Estree, and fight the English fleet, in order to clear the way for the transports which were to follow him. There were then two considerable English squadrons at sea; one under the command of Sir Ralph Delaval, who was employed to escort a fleet of merchantmen home from the Mediterranean; the other, under Rear-Admiral Carter, which lay between the Isle of Jersey and the French coast. The Dutch fleet was still in harbour, and Russel, with the great body of the English fleet, still lay in the river. Tourville made repeated efforts to sail out of Brest, but was as often driven back. Russel was indefatigable in forming a junction of the whole strength of both States. He therefore plied it down through the sands with a very scanty wind, contrary to the opinion of many of his officers, and all the pilots, who were against hazarding so great a fleet in so dangerous an attempt; and yet, to this bold stroke of the admiral, was owing all his following success. On the 8th of May, the fleet anchored safe off Rye; proceeding from thence to St. Helens, he was there joined, on the 13th, by Sir Ralph Delaval and Rear-Admiral Carter, with their squadrons. The Dutch fleet coming up soon after, the important junction was happily effected,

whereupon James's agents in England sent notice of this event to the French court, and orders were despatched from Paris to countermand Tourville's sailing. But these orders came too late, the fleet had already quitted the harbour, and were stretched out to sea.

The combined fleets of England and Holland, formed a naval force greater than had ever covered the ocean; but it was much suspected in England, that several of the officers were disaffected, and meant to betray the cause which they professed to defend. The queen, who was then regent, directed Lord Nottingham to write to the admiral, to assure him that the queen would change none of her officers, and that she imputed the reports that had been raised against them, to the contrivance of her and their enemies. Upon this, the flag-officers and captains signed a very dutiful and loyal address, dated from on board the Britannia, at St. Helens, May 15th, which was presented by the lords of the admiralty to the queen, and inserted in the Gazette, with this judicious and gracious answer: "I always had such an opinion of the commanders, but I am glad this is come to satisfy others." The queen took another prudent step: instead of prohibiting James's declaration being read, she ordered it to be published, with an answer to it, which was drawn up by Lloyd, one of the seven bishops that had been sent to the tower: thereby submitting her title to the reason of her subjects, instead of appearing averse to having the point canvassed.

On the 18th of May, 1692, the combined fleets sailed. The French fleet, of about fifty ships of the line, was at that time at sea in quest of the English, and was descried next day, at three o'clock in the morning, about seven leagues from Barfleur. As the French were many leagues to the windward, they might easily have avoided an engagement; and all the flag-officers advised Tourville to retire, but he rushed on. Russel's motions filled him for some time with hopes, for Russel's fleet was not in order until eight o'clock; he lay by, with his fore-topsail to the mast, until twelve o'clock, and allowed the enemy to come within half a musket-shot of him, before he flung out the bloody flag. During this interval, the bold advance of Tourville, with so unequal a force, together with the tardiness of Russel, raised doubts and anxieties in many of the English captains; they looked around to see when their own officers were to rise up against them, or when the ships next to theirs were to quit the line, and sail over to their enemies.

Tourville, who was in the Royal Sun, carrying one hundred and four guns, the finest ship in Europe, passing all the Dutch and English ships which he found in his way, singled out Russel, and bore down upon him. But, by the reception which he got, he was soon convinced of his mistake, in thinking that an English admiral could, in consideration of any interest upon earth, strike to a French one. Yet, though conscious of the inferiority of his fleet, he was ashamed to abandon a situation which his officers had in vain advised him to avoid. And the rest of the admirals, and the captains, disdaining to abandon their commander, joined in the action as fast as they came up, and maintained it, not so much hoping to gain honour, as striving to lose as little as they could. The engagement between the two admirals ships lasted an hour and a half, and then Tourville was towed off, being obliged to retire, from the damage which he had sustained in his rigging; but five French ships instantly closed in, and saved him. The battle, in the meantime, went on, in different parts, with uncertain success, from the vast number of the ships engaged, which sometimes gave aid to the distressed, and, at other times, snatched victory from those who thought they were sure of it. Alemond, the Dutch admiral, who was in the van, and had received orders to get round the French fleet, in order that no part of it might escape, attempted in vain to obey; and a thick fog, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, separated the combatants from the view of each other. In about two hours, the fog cleared up. It was then observed, that Tourville, instead of repairing his rigging, had withdrawn to the rear, and that the French line was broken in many other places. Russel, certain that Tourville would not have retired unless it had been resolved that his fleet was to fly, made a signal to chase from all quarters without any regard to order. In one of the engagements during this chase, Rear-

Admiral Carter was killed, giving orders, with his last breath, to the officer next in command, to fight the ship as long as she could swim: a proof either that his correspondence with James had been maintained with a view to deceive him, or that the last passion in an Englishman's breast is the love of his country. The running engagement of the afternoon was, like the regular one of the forenoon, interrupted by a fog, and afterwards by a calm, and in the end it was closed by darkness.

During the night, the two fleets off the shallow coast of France anchored close to each other; yet the impetuosity of some English officers carried their ships through the French fleet, and Sir Cloudesley Shovel, with his division, had got between Tourville's squadron and the rest of the French fleet: so that the ships of the three nations lay intermingled with each other during the night, waiting for the morning with impatience, uncertain whether they were amongst friends or foes, and judging of their distances from other ships, only by the signals of distress which they heard, or the flames of the ships which were on fire.

The arrival of the morning brought a renewal of the chase. But the French fleet was now reduced to thirty four ships; four having taken fire in the engagement, some being blown up during the night, and the rest having escaped. This day was signalled by no engagement, but by a spectacle far more important, that of the English fleet driving the French one along their own coasts, and in the sight of innumerable crowds of their countrymen upon the shores. The French, in their flight, were met by a fresh squadron of sixteen ships, which were coming to join them: but these ships perceiving the fate of their friends, turned to flight, and shared in that disgrace which they could not avert. Fogs, calms, tides, and the veering of winds, saved France from the vengeance of England and Holland for one day.

Upon the third day, Tourville's ship, the *Royal Sun*, with his two seconds, one of ninety, and the other of eighty-four guns, together with some frigates, took refuge upon the coast, near Cherbourg, and eighteen more of the largest ships followed their example, near La Hogue; the rest being more fortunate, drove through the race of Alderney. Russel ordered the main body of the fleet, under Sir John Ashby, to pursue that of the enemy; he left Sir Ralph Delaval, with one squadron, to destroy the ships at Cherbourg; and stationed himself, with another, to confine those which were at La Hogue. As the art of sailing was not so much improved then, as it has been since, Ashby durst not pursue enemies who pointed him the way through a passage, which another admiral, with a squadron, and a great fleet of transports, went through, in our time, with ease, and without the flying sails of an enemy to direct him. But Delaval, next day, burnt the three ships, together with the frigates, at Cherbourg.

And now, upon the fifth day, some of Delaval's ships having advanced, and some of Ashby's having returned to join Russel's squadron, Russel made preparations to destroy the enemy's ships at La Hogue, which were now reduced to thirteen, five of them having, the day before, in the hurry and confusion, made their escape eastward. The French had employed all the interval of time which Russel had left them since their ships had taken refuge, in making provision to defend them. The ships themselves were drawn up as far upon the shallows, as tides and cables could bring them; they were covered with the forts De Lissett and De La Hogue; platforms were raised on shore, and planted with all the artillery of the army: numbers of chaloups, filled with officers and men, lined the shoals; behind stood all the French army ready drawn up; and upon a height between the ships and the army, King James, the Duke of Berwick, Marischal Bellefonde, Tourville, and other great land and sea-officers, placed themselves to behold the action, and to give their orders. All precautions were taken, except one which James had suggested, and which was the best; for when he saw the French seamen disheartened by defeat, flight, pursuit, and the necessity of taking refuge, he foretold that no good could be expected from them; and advised, but in vain, that a number of the regiments, and of artillery-

men, should be put on board the ships, where they could fight with the same steadiness as if they had been in land-castles, because the ships were aground.

Russel gave the charge of the attack to Vice-admiral Rook, who advanced with several men of war, frigates, and fire-ships, together with all the boats of the fleet. But he soon found, that the men of war could not get within reach; that the frigates could only advance so far as to cover the attack; and that the whole service depended upon the boats. In this situation he gave only a general order for the boats to advance, surround the enemy's ships, and board or burn where they best could; leaving all the rest to the spirit of the seamen. The seamen strove with each other, whose barge should be foremost, and singled out the particular ships they were to attack, according to their fancy, and sometimes as a merry mood directed them. They made use of their oars alone as they advanced, without firing upon the platforms, the chaloups, or the vessels aground: so soon as they got to the sides of the ships, throwing away their muskets, they gave three huzzas, and scrambled up the heights above them, with their cutlasses in their hands, and many without any arms at all. Some cut the rigging; others set fire to the vessels; others pointed the guns of the ships against their own chaloups, platforms, and forts. Few assaulted the mariners within, because they accounted the ships to be their only foes. From this circumstance, the French mariners often went off undisturbed in their boats, from one side of a French ship, while the English had entered, and were destroying it, upon the other. But, at last, tired with doing mischief in detail, the assailants all joined together to burn the enemies ships; and having set fire to them, descended, with the same huzzas with which they had boarded. In this way they burnt six the first day. The rest, together with a great number of transports, and ammunition ships, shared the same fate the next morning; the enemy making little resistance, because they saw it was fruitless. Few prisoners were taken; for the officers were possessed with the idea of the seamen, that the destruction of the ships was their only object; and some of them even made apologies to government for having incumbered themselves with prisoners.

Russel ordered solemn prayers and a thanksgiving through all his fleet, for the victory. In England a present of thirty thousand pounds was given by the queen to the seamen, and public funerals were bestowed on those officers whose bodies were brought on shore, particularly Rear-Admiral Carter, and Captain Hastings, of the *Sandwich*. In France, James slowly and sadly returned to bury the remembrance of his greatness in the convent of La Trappe. All his attempts, and those of his family afterwards, to recover the throne of their ancestors, were either disappointed by the insincerity of French friendship, or were the mere efforts of despair.

After a particular account of the first day's engagement, the Marquis de Quincy proceeds thus: "As to the advantage gained in this fight, it must be allowed us, that Count Tourville did not lose so much as a ship, nor had he any that were disabled; while, on the other hand, the enemy lost two, one sunk, and the other disabled. The rest of their ships were as ill-treated as his, besides their spending abundance of fire-ships without any effect. Thus, in spite of the prodigious inequality of the fleets, the success was at least equal in the first day's engagement: it is true, it happened otherwise in the succeeding days, in which, however, there fell out nothing that ought to tarnish the reputation of France at sea, since, while there remained any room for courage to exert itself, they not only acted gallantly in their own defence, but made themselves respected by their enemies. What afterwards followed was the effect of unforeseen accidents and inevitable misfortunes."

Yet, after this fine flourish, the marquis fairly confesses the French flags ran for it, and that their other ships did the best they could to follow them; but partly through the want of safe ports on their own coasts, and partly through the vigorous pursuit of the English, they were burnt and destroyed in the manner before related. Neither doth this writer, or any other of the French historians, pretend to diminish their own loss, or to

say that our admirals did not do their duty. On the contrary, they ascribe the safe retreat of part of their ships into the road of St. Maloe's, to their lucky passage through that dangerous strait.

THE COAST GUARD.

[BY THE EDITOR.]

AT D—, on the coast of Kent, there was, some years since a commodious cave, which that phenomenon nature, had hollowed out and placed in the centre of a rock, which reared its tall, majestic head, on that coast. A company of smugglers were depositing some of their unlawful goods in a hole, which they with much labour and difficulty had been enabled to cut in the self-same rock, when from a peculiar hollow echo, which followed a blow given against the massive wall, the practised ear of one, discovered that they had a cavity, similar to the one they had been so many years at work upon, adjacent to them. His announcement was greeted with a loud roar of laughter; and more than one made assertion, that if there was any want of proper substance near them, it was most certainly and assuredly his head that was deficient.

It needed something stronger and more pungent than either sarcasm or jest, to persuade the old Scotchman, (who had been for many years a mason before he became a free-trader,) that his ear was at fault—so firmly did he persist in the assertion he had made, that the scoffers who had relied on his judgment in the hour of danger, yet refused to listen to him, when he so resolutely expressed his conviction that he was right; at length were induced, though, we must confess, more with the idea of proving the old man wrong, than of making any discovery, to cut still deeper in—to their great astonishment, and somewhat to the chagrin of some who had been unmercifully sarcastic on "Auld Reekie," which was the name he bore among them, they found that both his judgment and words were correct. They had too little spleen—were too free hearted, not to express a joy at a discovery, which removed them from the fear of all, or any, government spies, or preventive officers in the world.

Many a keg of brandy, and many a bale of silk, had found hostel there, and with all the acuteness of the revenue officers, not a single gleam of intelligence had they ever gained, though they had their suspicions that they were lurking about that spot. Their security only served to render them more bold and audacious than ever, and one trespassing too far on the government property, was captured by the coast guard, tried, sentenced, hanged, and gibbeted, as a warning to all evil-disposed persons.

His comrades, as stern as true of heart, assembled at the gibbet's-foot, and after releasing the corpse from its ignominious confinement, swore to have fearful revenge.

One night there stood in the Smuggler's Cave, a man wearing the government dress.

"Answer, I say!" shouted the stern old Scotchman, "if you give death to a man for getting his bread by fair and honest means?"

"Fair and honest means!" sneered the captive.

"You speak truly, man," retorted the other; "by fair and honest means, in good truth; for, if a blasphemous government levy taxes on God's creation, why should they, who, rejecting what's foul, unfair, and unreasonable, and give an honest pennyworth for an honest penny, suffer death for what's only true and just—answer that?"

The man made no reply.

"You cannot!" cried the old man, in stern triumph; "you cannot! For a little filthy lucre, which at the best is poor payment for hard labour; you will play the spy,—the assassin."

The man, who seemed unmoved by the glaring eyes that everywhere met his own, and the fearful fate which the revengeful un pitying faces of his captors told him awaited him, repeated the words "spy, and assassin," in a tone of bitter scorn.

Auld Reekie noted the emphasis, "Did the man whom you

betrayed and murdered, ever do harm to you or yours? Had he washed his hands in the heart's blood of your nearest and dearest loved relatives, could you have treated him worse? Did you not follow him like a blood-hound, as though he was a murderer, and have you not given him a murderer's death? What do you call this?"

"Duty," answered the man, firmly.

"Duty!" repeated the smuggler. "Aye duty—true, that's the word. 'Twas duty was it, that prompted you to take his life? then we'll wash out the register of his death, which has been written on our brain in letters as imperishable as eternity, in your blood; and call it by the self-same fine sounding name, too—what think you of that? what say you to that? my dutiful man?" and as the bitter sneer crossed the old man's lips, it mingled with a no less bitter laugh.

"That I am ready to die."

"Ready to die, are you?" cried one, as he turned his eye, glaring like a wild beast's, towards their chief, and inquired "shall I dash his brains out with my hatchet?"

"No," shouted the old man imperatively, as several advanced, brandishing their weapons towards the coast guard, "back, I say, one and all! he shall die as his victim died—by the cord."

"A handy fellow can turn his hand to anything," cried another, gleefully, jumping upon the rude oaken bench, which served the purpose of table by day, and bed by night; "and if I can't give this dog his quietus, may the devil give me mine!"

A spasm contracted for an instant, the rough face of the prisoner, as the image of his wife and child, flitted before his imagination, 'Twas but an instant, though, ere his eyes met again those of his enemies, and the duty of which he had spoken, and which nerved him in this trying hour, predominated, and the love of a husband and of a father, was cast aside for that.

"I am ready to die," he repeated with more firmness than he had before evinced, "any death you like. If there was a fault in punishing your companion so severely, I am here to atone for it: and on that government, whose servant I am, and whose injunctions I have sworn to obey, the fault must rest. If it be a sin, I cannot charge my soul with it. But take the warning of a man on whom the shadow of death has fallen; and whom it will not benefit to lie now, that your retreat is known; you have been tracked."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Auld Reekie, "let them come—let them come: the more the merrier: we'd have such a funeral pile! Do you see yon barrels that are stacked there—? their contents are gunpowder. A shot from this pistol would—"

Before he could finish his sentence, the weapon was wrenched from his grasp, by the coast-guard, and in a moment the shot had struck the gunpowder, and all perished together.

THE SAILOR.

BY J. BRADSHAW WALKER, AUTHOR OF "SPRING LEAVES OF PROSE AND POETRY," &c.

Ever away on the stormy sea,
And free as the wild winds let me be,
With a flowing sail in every clime,
Thus, thus, let me pass life's glowing prime:
Above or below, like a tar to roam,
For the ocean's a gallant sailor's home!

Where the brave can only find delight,
Gliding away through the starry night;
When dolphins play in the moonbeams clear,
Or morning wakes from an eastern tear;
Still lightly we sweep o'er the snow-white foam,
For the ocean's a gallant sailor's home.

Where the loud winds solemn concert hold,
O'er waves that are dyed in liquid gold,
I love to sail with a dauntless crew,
Come war or peace, to my country true.
Above or below, like a tar to roam,
For the ocean's a gallant sailor's home.

THE LISBONESE.

It is many years ago, yet the recollection is in my mind as fresh as the occurrences of yesterday. I was standing on the terrace in front of Greenwich Hospital, looking at the wrecks of the gallant fellows who had, for so many years, borne their country's flag through "the battle and the breeze," now hobbling about with such limbs as fate had left, or the doctor supplied them; and exercising all my ingenuity to trace, through their quaint sober uniforms and venerable grey hairs, the fiery heroes of a thousand combats. The struggle in the Peninsula was then at its height, and a vessel with the Portuguese colours was passing up the river. I made some remark on the subject to an old pensioner who was standing by me. He was a very old man, with a quiet expression of benevolence in his face, and something in his manner that seemed to stamp him a shade above the common sailor. "Ah, sir!" said he, "I have seen strange things in the country she came from! I was at Lisbon in the great earthquake in fifty-five." "Indeed!" said I. "That was an event not to be forgotten." "It was, sir; but from more causes than the earthquake—to me, that is—" "How so?" I inquired. "Why, you see, sir, it's quite a story; but, poor thing, I like to talk about her; so, if you'll sit down on this bench, you shall have it from first to last."

"As I told you, I was in the city when the earthquake began, and a terrible thing it was to be sure. The houses swayed up and down, just for all the world like a ship at anchor in a heavy swell; and then it got worse and worse till down they came, first one, then another, then a whole street; and the poor creatures ran out by thousands, and the walls fell and buried them, and the earth opened and swallowed them;—and the noise was like that of the last day—crashes of ruin and destruction—shrieks, groans, and prayers, all mixed up in one horrible din, till you could not tell which was the loudest. Many a voice was then lifted to Heaven that never prayed before—and the unfinished prayer was buried with them in the openings of the earth or the ruins of the houses. Some went mad, and stood and laughed, as the roofs nodded about them—and the laugh was stopped as the prayers had been. Some stood still with children in their arms, hugging them to their bosoms with their heads bent over them, till they found a common grave. And then the fire began; for the tapers at the altars, and the lights in the houses, set fire to whatever fell on them, till a thousand flames completed the horrors of that dreadful day. For my own part, staggering along the heavy streets, and at every other step, thrown on the ground, with bricks and stones rattling round me on all sides, I scrambled, I did not know where. It was not exactly fear, for a British sailor, you know, sir, is not used to lose his bearings from such a cause; but the darkness, and the dust, and the smoke made such a confusion, one born in the place, could not have found his way, to say nothing of a stranger. However, as I was saying, scrambling to make my way somewhere—anywhere, indeed, where there was fresh air, and no houses; I ran against a lady with a child in her arms. She was young, and as beautiful a creature as ever I set my eyes on. She hurried past me, and, the next moment, the earth gave a shudder, and I heard a scream louder than all the uproar. I thought it must be she, and turned round; when I found the earth had split in a great chasm between us, even on the very spot where, a moment before, we had both been standing; and there she was, balancing upon the brink of it, with the child held up above her head. The ground was crumbling under her, but where I stood it was still firm. I held out my arms—she said something to me in Portuguese which I did not understand, but I knew she was asking me to take care of the child; and I told her I would—I swore it! Nature, you know, sir, is alike in all languages—so she understood me, and giving one wild kiss to the little one's lips, with desperate strength she threw it across the chasm. She saw the child was caught in my arms, and she clasped her hands, and threw up her beautiful eyes to Heaven, when a fresh shake of the earth tumbled down a large building behind her, and she rolled with it into the

yawning gulf, never to rise again in this world. Perhaps you may imagine what I felt—what I did, I do not know; but, after an hour of wandering and escapes, more than I could count, I found myself in the open country, and, for the present, at least, safe. I went on my knees to thank God, and bade the little creature do the same; but she did not stir, and, as I laid her on the grass. I found a deep wound on her head, and the blood clotting her long beautiful black hair; but still she breathed. To make short of a long story, we got at last on board the ship again, and the doctor, after examining the wound, said there was no harm done, and that she would soon be as well as ever. She was a lovely little girl, of about six years old, and as we were to sail directly, they wanted to send her ashore again, to try if any of her family could be found; but I thought of the vow I had made to her poor mother, which I am sure she understood; and I determined not to part with the sick wounded little thing, that I loved now as if she had been my sister; so I spoke to the captain, who was a very good man, and, moreover, had children of his own, and he agreed to let me take her to England with us. Well, sir, home we got, and it was astonishing how soon the little darling began to speak English. You could see she liked it, bless her! And now, as she was a young lady—for she said her father, who had died about a year before, was Don somebody or other—it was such a long name, we never any of us could speak it, so we told her to call herself Jackson, which is my name; but, somehow, she always liked her long Portuguese name best, so you see, sir, how early prejudices grow—in foreigners, that is to say. Well, as I said, seeing she was a young lady, and we had undertaken her education, I thought we ought to do it as genteelly as we could; so I took her to a cousin of mine, who kept a public-house in Wapping, a very nice motherly woman—poor Sally!—she's dead and gone too, long ago! Well, sir, she treated her as if she had been her own child; and because she thought the company of the house was too rough and rude for her, she sent her to a very genteel boarding-school in Mile-end, and it was wonderful how the little thing took to her learning; so that when I came back from my next voyage, she could not only speak English quite well, but read any book she saw. And there I found that with her little pocket money she had bought Portuguese books, and, at all her spare time, used to be poring over them instead of playing like other children. Poor thing! it was the only tie that was left between her and her native land; for it is a strange thing, sir, but I've often found foreigners, even Frenchmen, love their own country just as well as if it had been old England! Well, sir, years passed on, and she was sixteen, and a sweeter or more beautiful creature you never set eyes on. She was as kind and gentle as an angel, and so fond of me! and I am sure I loved her better than my whole life—not in the way of sweetheating, for though I was a pretty looking fellow enough then, nobody could for a moment forget that she was a young lady. But then I had saved her life, you know, sir—and we used to talk about her poor mother that was gone; and then she made me learn a little Portuguese, that she might speak in her own tongue to me; for her father's land seemed always uppermost in her thoughts. At last I joined a merchant ship that was to sail for Lisbon, and then the long nursed wish of her heart came out, and she begged so hard to go with me, that I could not find courage to refuse her, but got her a passage in the vessel. And oh, sir! the grief that there was among the women, when she went! You know, sir, they are kind, soft-hearted creatures, and I thought they never would have done crying. However, go we did, and a pretty voyage we had. When we came within sight of Lisbon, I shall never forget how the poor dear looked. She was as pale as a ghost, and trembled all over; and while her eyes seemed to devour the shore, her lips were white and quivering, murmuring Portuguese words that I could not catch the meaning of, except now and then her mother's name. Well, sir, to make short of it, we landed, and I got leave to go with her over the town, to see if we could find any body we knew. Poor dear, I thought she would have fainted when she set her foot on the land, she trembled so; for she was a weak delicate little creature. But

oh—what a change we found since we left there! Where the earthquake had been, there was the grand Black Horse-square, and all the straight regular streets that the Marquis of Pomal had built, and we did not know where we were. However, she soon began to ask, and found that her uncle, Don —, confound his long name, I never could think of it, and I am sure it is not worth remembering—but he was living in a grand house they pointed out to us—so there we went. Well, sir, we found him with a parcel of fine servants round him, but we did not care for that, and we told him who we were: and would you think it, sir—he would not believe us! The fact was, it did not suit him to believe us; for, supposing her dead, he had seized on all her property, and was enjoying it. So the old scoundrel called us impostors—called me and his own brother's beautiful child impostors, and threatened to send for a constable! You may guess my blood began to rise, and as for her, poor thing! she stood speechless and trembling; for, in her innocence, she had never dreamt of this, nor, to tell the truth, had I either. Well, just at this moment a great old mastiff dog came into the room. 'Oh! Basto!' cried she, bursting for the first time into a flood of tears, 'I am sure you don't forget me!' Would you believe it, sir?—the old brute looked at her and growled—did not know his old master's child! No English dog would have done that, sir! However, she was so overcome at the sight of her father's old dog, that she threw her beautiful body on the ground, and clasping her white arms round the beast, hugged him to her heart. He bit her, sir! I can hardly speak it—but he bit her! I saw his teeth enter her soft flesh—I saw the blood trickle down! I can't tell you, sir, what I felt at the moment. Even after all these years my blood is in a boil talking about it. I flew at the beast, and before you could count two, dashed his brains out. The old Don swore in Portuguese—I stormed in English. It was well some of the servants got between me and him. I believe I knocked down two or three of them, but I don't know. I caught the darling up in my arms, for she had fainted, and I carried her to the ship. We put her to bed, but nothing would recover her from the shock. There was all her little dream of ten years, gone in a moment—and so cruelly gone to! She was struck to the heart. She lay quite still and noticed nothing. She never cried nor spoke, nor ate, nor slept. I watched her by day and night, and every day she got weaker and weaker—hang it, sir, I can't talk about it—she died! At first I said that the earth of that rascally country never should hold her. But then I thought how she had loved it, and that, perhaps, she would not be happy anywhere else:—as the priests would not let her be buried in consecrated ground, because we had made a regular built Christian of her, I, and some of my shipmates (for they all loved her) clubbed together and bought leave of a farmer to bury her on the side of a hill by his garden. So we laid her in the ground with her face towards England: for I thought she would like, poor thing; to be turned to that land that had been a home to her, and would have been again when her own refused her: and we said a prayer over her—a parson might have said a better, perhaps, but not an honest, I am certain; and we planted the sweetest flowers we could find round her grave; and giving the farmer money, made him swear a solemn oath never to neglect it, or let it go to ruin, and I believe he kept his promise. Talk of consecrated ground, sir!—that girl's body would have consecrated Constantinople!"

JACK IN A LAND STORM.

A PARTY of sailors having landed at Portsmouth, were on a cruise of observation in the town, when they were overtaken by a severe storm; the wind blew a hurricane, and tiles, slates, and chimney pots came rattling down. One of the latter fell down among them, but did no injury. Eyeing the shattered fragments which had threatened them with danger, one of them exclaimed,—"My eyes, brother shipmates, here's a pretty rig; shiver my timbers if ever you catch me ashore again in a gale of wind."

LOSS OF THE CATARAQUI EMIGRANT SHIP.

FOUR HUNDRED AND FOURTEEN LIVES LOST.

THE following particulars are from Mr. Guthrie, the chief-mate, who, with his eight fellow survivors, reached the shore almost in a state of nudity, having, of course, lost everything they possessed.

The Cataraqui, Captain C. W. Finlay, sailed from Liverpool on the 20th of April, 1845, with three hundred and sixty-nine emigrants, and a crew (including two doctors, M. C. Carpenter and Edward Carpenter, brothers) of forty souls. The emigrants were principally from Bedfordshire, Staffordshire, Yorkshire, and Nottinghamshire. About one hundred and twenty of the passengers were married with families, and in all seventy-three children. On the 3rd of August, at seven in the evening, the ship was hoisted to, and continued lying to until three a.m., of the 4th. At half-past four, it being quite dark, and raining hard, blowing a fearful gale, and the sea running mountains high, the ship struck on a reef, situate on the West coast of King's Island, entrance of Bass's Straits. No opportunity had offered for taking an observation to enable the captain to ascertain the ship's course, for four days prior to the ship's striking, and from the dead reckoning kept, it was presumed that the vessel was in 141. 22 E. long., and 39. 17 S. lat., which would make her between sixty and 70 miles from King's Island. Immediately the ship struck she was sounded, and four feet water was in the hold. The scene of confusion and misery that ensued at this awful period, it is impossible to describe. All the passengers attempted to rush on deck, and many succeeded in doing so, until the ladders were knocked down by the working of the vessel, when the shrieks of men, women, and children from below were terrific, calling on the watch on deck to assist them. The crew to a man were on deck the moment the ship struck, and were instantly employed in handing up the passengers. Up to the time the vessel began breaking up it is supposed that between three and four hundred men were got on deck by the extraordinary exertions of the crew. At this time the sea was breaking over the ship on the larboard side, sweeping the decks, every sea taking away more or less of the passengers. About five a.m., the ship careened right over on her larboard side, washing away boats, bulwarks, &c., a part of the cuddy, and literally swept the deck. At this critical period, the captain gave orders to cut away the masts, hoping the vessel would right, to enable the crew to get on deck the passengers left below. Every thing was done that could, under the circumstances, be done to get the vessel upright, but all to no purpose. The passengers below were now all drowned, the ship being full of water, and the captain gave those on deck directions to cling to that part of the wreck above water, until daylight, hoping that the spars would be of some service in making a breakwater under her, and thus enable the survivors to get on shore in the morning. When day broke, we found the stern of the vessel washed in, and numerous dead bodies floating around the ship, some hanging upon the rocks. Several of the passengers and crew, (about two hundred altogether), were still holding on to the vessel, the sea breaking over, and every wave washing somebody away. About four p.m. she parted amidships, at the fore part of the main-rigging, when immediately some seventy or a hundred were launched into the tumultuous and remorseless waves. The survivors ran ridge-lines along the side of the wreck, to enable them to hold on. The remains of the upper deck now began to break up and wash away. A buoy was now made and floated towards the shore, but it could not be got nearer than twenty yards from the shore, owing to its getting entangled in the seaweed on the rocks, and there was no one on shore to catch it and secure it on the sand. The fury of the waves continued unabated, and about five o'clock the wreck parted by the fore-rigging, and so many souls were submerged in the water, that only seventy survivors were left crowded on the fore-castle, who were then lashed to the wreck. The sea continued breaking over them, the winds raging and the rain heavy all night, and thus the poor creatures continued. Numbers died and fell overboard or sank and were drowned.

at the places where they were lashed; when day broke the following morning, it was discovered that only about thirty were left alive. The sea now making a clean breach into the fore-castle, the deck of which was rapidly breaking up. About this time, while numbers were helplessly clinging to the bows, and continued dropping off without the possibility of succour, the captain attempted to reach the shore, but was unable, and with some assistance regained the wreck. The lashings of the survivors were now undone, in order to give them the last chance of life. Mr. Thomas Guthrie, the chief mate, now on the sheetsail-yard, was washed out to the bowsprit; he saw the captain and second mate, and steward, clinging at the bows, with about eighteen or twenty dead bodies on the fragment of the wreck. Mr. Guthrie was now driven to a detached part of the wreck, but soon found it impossible to live with such a sea breaking over, and seizing a piece of plank under his arm, leaped into the water, and was carried over the reef, and got on shore. He found a passenger who had got ashore during the night; and one of the crew, John Robinson, plunged into the water when he saw the mate ashore, and partly swimming, and partly driven, reached the land. Five other seamen followed, and landed, dreadfully exhausted. Almost immediately after, the vessel totally disappeared. Thus, out of 223 souls on board, only nine were saved.

The names of those saved were, Mr. Thomas Guthrie, chief mate; Solomon Brown, emigrant; John Roberts, William Jones, Francis Millar, John Simpson, John Robertson, and Peter Johnson, able seamen; and William Blackstock, apprentice. They had neither food nor drink from the time the vessel struck (Sunday), to Tuesday afternoon, when they found one small tin of preserved fowl, after eating which, they went and laid down in the bush, having got a wet blanket out of the water for their only covering, being almost destitute of clothes. The beach was strewn with pieces of the wreck, and portions of dead bodies in horrible profusion. After a vain search for water, and without finding any other survivor, they slept that night on the beach. The following morning they found a cask of water on shore, but were unable to make a fire. However, about nine or ten o'clock in the forenoon they observed a smoke, which, presuming they were on the mainland, they imagined was a fire of the natives. Shortly after they saw a white man approaching, who turned out to be Mr. David Howie, residing upon the island. It seems Mr. Howie, observing a portion of the wreck, arranged to reconnoitre the whole island. As Mr. Howie's boat was wrecked, there was no possibility of leaving the island. The party therefore constructed a hut, and remained five weeks, during which time they were most hospitably provided for by Mr. Howie and his party, according to their means, the supplies having to be carried forty miles over a most difficult road. On the 7th of September, they saw the Midge beating for the island, which took them off with much difficulty, and by the aid of Mr. Howie, on Tuesday, September 9th, they landed at Hobson Bay, at half-past ten this day (September 13)."

Throughout the whole of these trying events, the survivors gave all praise to the captain and crew for their exertions, and it was not until all hope was utterly extinguished that they left the vessel. Mr. Guthrie, the mate was also warmly commended. They employed themselves in burying the dead bodies they picked up—the mangled condition of many of which it is too painfully horrible to describe; and they spoke in the most gratified manner of the exertions and aid of Mr. Howie and his party of sealers, who reside upon King's Island.

The following is a list of the passengers furnished by Dr. Patterson, the emigration agent, with the exception of eight or nine, whose names it was impossible to make out correctly, the paper from which they were taken being in a mutilated state:—Thomas and Ann Allen, and four children; William and Ann Allen, and two children: R. Appleby, single woman; Ann and Harriet Arnold, single women; James Burke, W. and Mary Bennett, and four children; James Baxter, S. Baxter, Samuel and Eliza Bennett; Page and Charlotte Bennett; Wil-

liam and Hannah Bishop, and two children; Joshua Black single; Patrick and Catherine Black, and five children; Mary Ann Booth, single; John and Mary Brady, Solomon and Hannah Brown, and four children; Patrick Brothers, single; Edward and Elizabeth Burke, and three children; Beecher and Elizabeth Bushby, and six children; Samuel Bushby, single; Margaret Campbell, single; Benjamin and Sarah Couter, and four children; Robert and Mary Chuck, and one child; Susan Chuck, single; Jonathan and Anne Julia Clarke, and one child; Thomas Collins, single; William Condell, single; James Cook and Anne Cook, and three children; William and Anne Cook and six children; Joseph and Martha Cotterell, and two children; John and Rebecca Copeland, and five children; John Cremford, single; George and Ruth Daisely; Gilbert and Ann Daisely, and two children; Thomas and James Dawson; Mary Duffey, single; Bridget Duffy, single; Mary Fitzpatrick, single; George and Ann Findling, and one child; Stephen and Hannah Floyd, and two children; George and Mary Folis, and six children; Emanuel and Mary Anne Franklin, and two children; Edward and Anne Gardener, and seven children; John Gilmore, single man; Elizabeth Gilmore, single woman; Thomas Gray, single; William Green, single; Isabella Anne Houghton, single; Ellen Houghton; William and Ann Hay; Joseph and Ann Herbert, and three children; Robert and Emma Howe, and two children; Joseph and Mary Hodgkins, and five children; Jane Hopkins, single, and Thomas Hopkins, single; George and Elizabeth Watts; Margaret Williams, single; Thomas Whelan, single; Thomas and Ann White and child; John and Eliza J. White; John and Jane Woods, and seven children; Mary Woods, single; W. Woods, single; W. and M. A. Woods; J. and Elizabeth Hignell, and two children; R. and Agnes Woods, and seven children; Elizabeth Woods, single; Ann Irwin, single; William and Sarah Izard, and four children; Patrick Jones, single; Mary King, single; M. A. Loveridge, single; John Loveridge, single; Patrick and C. Maginn, and seven children; Bridget and Michael Maginn, both single; Anthony and Edith Mery, and nine children; John Miller, single; Benjamin and Mary McCaffry, and seven children; Mary and Susan Caffry, both single; Mary and John McQuillen, both single; William, Ann, and Bernard Macdonald, all single; Jacob and Eliza Newell, and one child; James Oliver, single; John and Ann Paterson, and five children; Amos and Fanny Pearce, and seven children; Thomas and Elizabeth Pettigall, and one child; Miles Quin, single; Patrick Reilly, single; William and Mary Rowbottom, and two children; William and Fanny Rutter, and two children; John and Hannah Ryman, and three children; James and Hannah Rollins, and six children; Ephraim and Sarah Stafford, and four children; John and Sarah Savings, and three children; Charles and Rebecca Knott, and seven children; James and Martha Sharby, and two children; Elizabeth Sheridan, single; W. and Deborah Simmons, and seven children; Catherine, Mary, and Rose Smith, all single; Thomas and Susan Smith, and one child; Catherine and Dennis Sullivan, both single; Josiah Smith, single; H. and Mary Tegart, and seven children; Margaret Tegart, single; William and Sarah Toddhill, and four children; William and Mary Walcock, and four children; Emily Watson, single; Charles and Mary Ward.

Most of the ship's papers, and the mail (except thirty-five letters) were lost.

AN ENGAGEMENT WITH PIRATES.

From "Keppel's Expedition to Borneo."

"WHILE at Singapore, Mr. Whitehead had kindly offered to allow his yacht, the Emily, a schooner of about fifty tons, with a native crew, to bring our letters to Borneo, on the arrival at Singapore of the mail from England. About the time she was expected, I thought it advisable to send a boat to cruise in the vicinity of Cape Datu, in case of her falling in with any of these piratical gentry. The Dido's largest boat, the pinnace, being under repair, Mr. Brooke lent a large boat which he had had built by the natives at Sarawak, and called the Jolly Bachelor

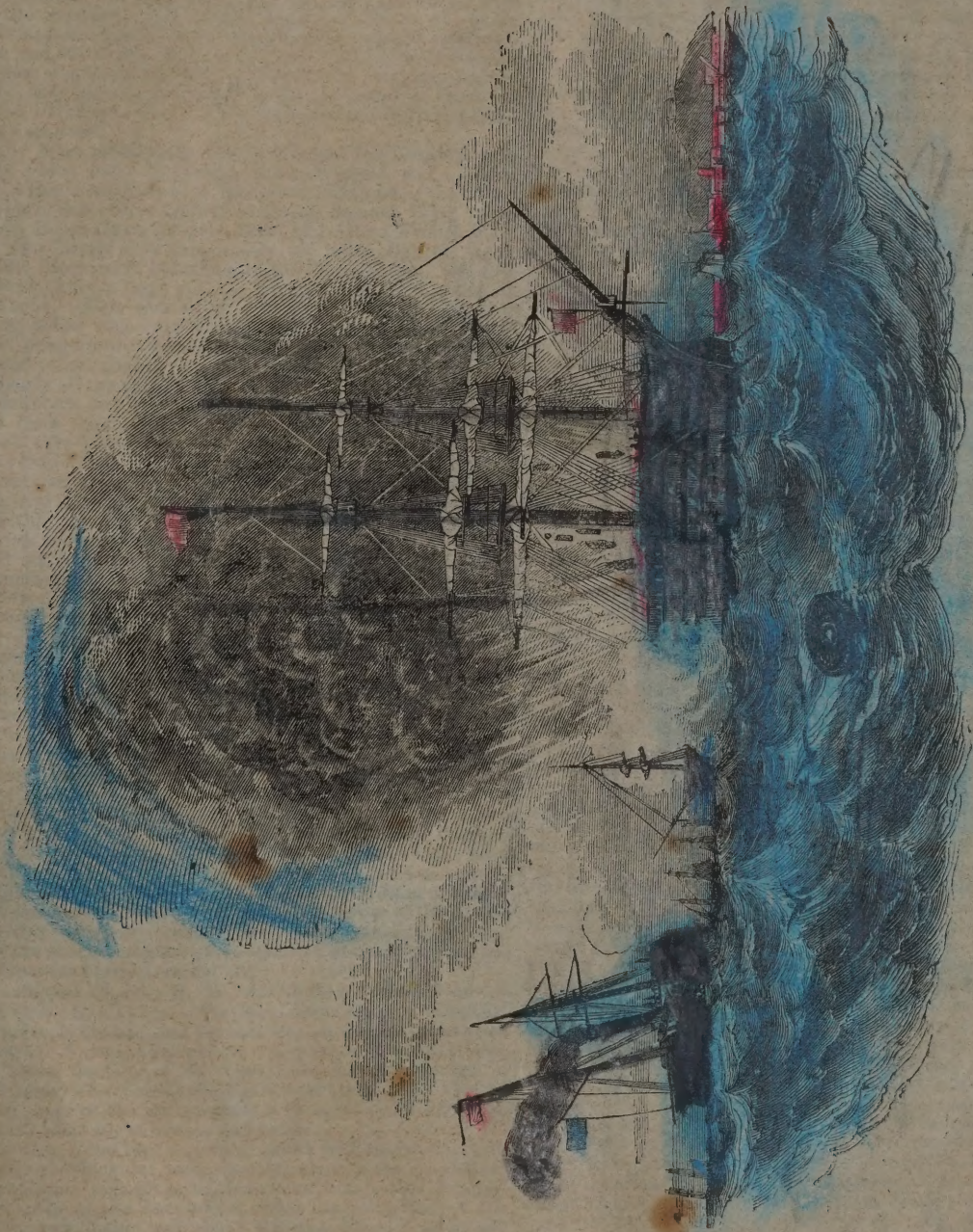
Having fitted her with a six-pounder long gun, with a volunteer crew, of a mate, two midshipmen, six marines, and twelve seamen, and a fortnight's provisions, I despatched her under the command of the second lieutenant, Mr. Hunt; Mr. Douglas, speaking the Malayan language, likewise volunteered his services. One evening, after they had been about six days absent, while we were at dinner, young Douglas made his appearance, bearing in his arms the captured colours of an Illanun pirate. It appears that the day after they had got outside, they observed three boats a long way in the offing, to which they gave chase; but soon lost sight of them, owing to their superior sailing. They, however, appeared a second and a third time, after dark, without the Jolly Bachelor being able to get near them; and it now being late, and the crew both fatigued and hungry, they pulled in shore, lighted a fire, cooked their provisions, and then hauled the boat out to her grapple near some rocks for the night; lying down to rest with their arms by their sides, and muskets round the mast ready loaded. Having also placed sentries and look-out men, and appointed an officer of the watch, they one and all (sentries included, I suppose), owing to the fatigues of the day, fell asleep! At about three o'clock the following morning, the moon being just about to rise, Lieut. Hunt happening to awake, observed a savage brandishing a kris, and performing his war-dance on the bit of deck, in an ecstasy of delight, thinking in all probability of the ease with which he had got possession of a fine trading boat, and calculating the cargo of slaves he had to sell, but little dreaming of the hornets' nest into which he had fallen. Lieut. Hunt's round face meeting the light of the rising moon, without a turban surmounting it, was the first notice the pirate had of his mistake. He immediately plunged overboard; and before Lieut. Hunt had sufficiently recovered his astonishment, to know whether he was dreaming or not, or to rouse his crew up, a discharge from three or four cannon within a few yards, and the cutting through the rigging by the various missiles with which the guns were loaded, soon convinced him there was no mistake. It was as well the men were still lying, when this discharge took place, as not one of them was hurt; but on jumping to their legs, they found themselves closely pressed by two large war-prahus, one on each bow. To return the fire, cut the cable, man the oars, and back astern to gain room, was the work of a minute, but now came the tug of war, it was a case of life or death. Our men fought as British sailors ought to do; quarter was not expected on either side, and the quick and deadly aim of the marines, prevented the pirates from reloading their guns. The Illanun prahu are built with strong bulwarks or barricades, grape-shot proof, across the fore part of the boat, through which ports are formed for working the guns; these bulwarks had to be cut away by round shot, from the Jolly Bachelor, before the musketry could bear effectually. This done, their grape and canister told with fearful execution. In the meantime, the prahu had been pressing forward to board, while the Jolly Bachelor backed astern; but as soon as this service was achieved, our men dropped their oars, and seizing their muskets, dashed on: the work was sharp, but short, and the slaughter great. While one pirate boat was sinking, and an effort made to secure her, the other effected her escape by rounding the point of rocks, where a third and larger prahu, hitherto unseen, came to her assistance, and putting fresh hands on board, and taking her in tow, succeeded in getting off, although chased by the Jolly Bachelor, after setting fire to the crippled prize, which blew up, and sunk before the conquerors got back to the scene of action. While there, a man swam off to them from the shore, who proved to be one of the captured slaves, and had made his escape by leaping overboard, during the fight. The three prahus were the same Illanun pirates we had so suddenly came upon off Cape Datu in the Dido; and they belonged to the same fleet that Lieutenant Horton had chased off the island of Murrundum. The slave prisoner had been seized with a companion in a small fishing canoe, off Borneo Proper; his companion suffered in the general slaughter. The sight that presented itself, on our people boarding the captured boat, must indeed have been a frightful one; none of the pirates waited on board for even the chance of receiving either quarter or mercy, but all those capable of

moving had thrown themselves into the water. In addition to the killed, some lying across the thwart with their oars in their hands, at the bottom of the prahu, in which there was about three feet of blood and water, were seen protruding the mangled remains of eighteen or twenty bodies.

"During my last expedition I fell in with a slave belonging to a Malay chief, one of our allies, who informed us that he likewise had been a prisoner, and pulled an oar in one of the two prahus that attacked the Jolly Bachelor; that none of the crew of the captured prahu reached the shore alive; with the exception of the lad that swam off to our people; and that there were so few who survived in the second prahu, that having separated from their consort during the night, the slaves, fifteen in number, rose and put to death the remaining pirates, and then ran the vessel into the first river they reached, which proved to be the Kaleka, where they were seized, and became the property of the governing Datu; and my informant was again sold to my companion, while on a visit to his friend the Datu. Each of the attacking prahus had between fifty and sixty men, including slaves, and the larger one between ninety and a hundred. The result might have been very different to our gallant but dozy Jolly Bachelors. I have already mentioned the slaughter committed by the fire of the pinnace, under Lieutenant Horton, into the largest Malay prahu; and the account given of the scene which presented itself on the deck of the defeated pirate, when taken possession of, affords a striking proof of the character of these fierce rovers; resembling greatly what we read of in the Norsemen and Scandinavians of early ages. Among the mortally wounded, lay the young commander of the prahu—one of the most noble forms of the human race; his countenance handsome as the hero of oriental romance, and his whole bearing wonderfully impressive and touching. He was shot in front and through the lungs, and his last moments were rapidly approaching. He endeavoured to speak, but the blood gushed from his mouth with the voice he vainly essayed to speak in words. Again and again he tried, but, again and again the vital fluid drowned the dying effort. He looked as if he had something of importance which he desired to communicate, and a shade of disappointment and regret passed over his brow, when he felt that every essay was unavailing, and that his manly strength, and daring spirit, were dissolving into the dark night of annihilation. The pitying conquerors raised him gently up, for the welling-out of the blood was less distressing; but the end speedily came: he folded his arms heroically across his wounded breast, fixed his eyes upon the British seamen around, and casting one last glance at the ocean—the theatre of his daring exploits, on which he had so often fought and triumphed—expired without a sigh. The spectators, though not unused to tragical and sanguinary sights, were unanimous in speaking of the death of the pirate chief as the most affecting spectacle they had ever witnessed. A sculptor might have carved him as an Antinous in the mortal agonies of a dying gladiator. The leaders of the piratical prahu, are sometimes poetically addressed by their followers as *Matari*, i. e. the sun, or *Bulan*, the moon, and from his superiority in every respect, physical and intellectual, the chief, whose course was here so fatally closed, seemed to be worthy of either celestial name."

POST-OFFICE PERSEVERANCE.—ADVENTURES OF A NEWSPAPER.

AN apprentice lad, on board an English vessel in Calcutta, had lately a packet presented to him through the Post-office, the postage of which amounted to 20 rupees (or about 2l. sterling). It merely contained a newspaper, which some friend of his in London had inclosed in half a sheet of paper, and addressed to him when his vessel was in London, expecting that it would find him in St. Katherine's Dock. His vessel, however, sailed before the letter could be delivered, and it followed him—first to Hobart Town, next to Sydney; thence to Bombay, Madras, and Calcutta; thence to the Mauritius, and, finally, back again to Calcutta, where it caught him, after having travelled 30,000 miles, and occupied on its tour one year and eight months.



EXPLOSION ON BOARD THE CAMPERDOWN, OFF SHEERNESS, JULY 12TH, 1843.

AND THE CITY OF NEW YORK

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EXPLOSION ON BOARD THE CAMPERDOWN.

This explosion took place between the hours of two and three o'clock in the afternoon of Wednesday, the 12th of July, 1843, whilst a salute was being fired in honour of the king of the Belgians passing down Sea-reach, when one of the portable magazines blew up, forcing up the upper deck on the starboard side, from the mizenmast as far as the mainmast, and knocking down nearly all the cabinet bulkheads, fore and aft on the upper gun-deck. Scarcely a whole pane of glass was left in the ports on that deck. So great was the force, that the iron horn-knee on the beam-end, at the break of the bulkhead, where the magazine exploded was broken quite asunder.

The most melancholy part is to relate the dreadful calamity which befel the visitors then on board, and a portion of the ship's company who were about that part of the ship.

There were three seamen—namely, Samuel West (since dead), James Duke, gunner's mate, and Alfred Fennel, hurt; the two former very dangerously, the latter slightly. Lieutenant Blackmore, belonging to the Camperdown, was dangerously hurt, a large splinter having fixed itself under his jaw-bone, which cannot be extracted. There were two young ladies who were visiting the ship with their friends, most dangerously wounded and burnt; there were also several others slightly wounded and burnt.

Nearly all the officers present have received slight injuries by splinters, and were more or less burnt by rescuing the ladies from their burning clothes, and the bulkhead boards which were blown upon them.

As soon as the alarm had subsided, a signal was made for the fire-engines, and all boats from the different ships and the dockyard; and in a very short time, the new floating engine from the dockyard, was alongside the Camperdown, and the fire was soon extinguished.

At an early hour on Thursday morning, her majesty's steam vessel African, went alongside her Majesty's ship Camperdown, with her Majesty's tender Ceres, to convey the wounded persons who were in a fit state to be removed to Melville Hospital. At about ten, a.m., Lieutenant John Blackmore, R. N., and James Duke, gunner's mate, were put on board the Ceres, and towed away to Melville Hospital, accompanied by Dr. Bruce, the surgeon of her Majesty's ship Camperdown.

The sufferers left on board were—a Miss Barton, aged about 20, a Miss Yerker, aged about 45, both dangerously hurt by the splints, and severely burnt; and a Mrs. Greenhill, slightly burnt, and struck by some small splints.

Augustus Bullock, son of Captain F. Bullock, of her Majesty's steam vessel Tartarus, who was on board the Camperdown as a first-class volunteer, escaped with a slight scar, upon his head, in a very miraculous way. He was close to the gun on the aft side of the bulkhead, and when the bulkhead was blown down, he was buried under one of the panels, by which the whole force of the explosion passed over him; after the shock had gone off, he crawled out, and escaped the fire that was blazing around him.

Lieutenant Clavell, R. M., was slightly wounded on his right cheek by a splint. The Rev. John Cooper, Chaplain, was severely bruised, and his coat was blown and burnt from his back. Amongst the visitors who were slightly hurt, were Mrs. Gaze, the lady of Mr. John Gaze, master-attendant of her Majesty's dockyard here, and Master Gaze; Miss Yerker, a twin sister of the unfortunate lady so seriously hurt, also received some slight bruises and burns.

The Rev. John Barton, of the parish of Eastchurch, with his lady and daughter, were standing close to the spot where the explosion took place, and so violent was it, that the starboard ends of the deckbeams, from the orlop-deck to the quarter-deck, below and above the spot where the portable magazine, or what is commonly called the "salt-box," was affixed, were broken and badly sprung. The rev. gentleman and his family stood amidst this scene of destruction, and, strange to say, escaped unhurt in person, although some of their clothes were on fire, but soon extinguished by the officers and others who ran to their rescue.

On Saturday, July 15, a coroner's inquest was held on board the Camperdown, on the body of the seaman, Samuel West, who died from the effects of a severe injury through the blowing up of the portable magazine. George Griffiths, the gunner's mate, was examined, and stated that the salt-box was used in all ships for saluting cartridges, to prevent the frequent opening of the powder magazine. It was generally placed, as in this case, three feet from the after gun on the main-deck, near the bulkhead. The box, when it exploded, had in it ten cartridges, of four pounds each. There were also two one-pound rockets, and two of half-a-pound, hanging to the beam right over the salt-box. The case of one of the rockets was forced about midships after the explosion had taken place. The guns were fired with tubes for priming. It has happened, though rarely, that the quill of the tube is thrown from the gun whilst lighted. Some of the tubes are composed of worsted. Several gunners of the navy were examined, who proved that the salt-box was the usual place for keeping a small supply of cartridges, and that no safer place could be found for the box than where this was placed. Mr. William Bruce, surgeon on board the Camperdown, said "that the deceased was much burnt about the face and head. His hands were scorched, and he had a large cut on his left temple. He was perfectly insensible, and remained in that state till he died. The cause of death, was concussion of the brain." The jury returned a verdict of "Accidental Death;" at the same time expressing their opinion "that all proper care and diligence had been taken by the commanding officer of the ship."

On Monday a second inquest was held before Mr. J. Hinde, in the dockyard, Sheerness, on the body of Miss Sarah Yerker, the lady who lost her life in consequence of the explosion on board the Camperdown. Several of the gunners and others belonging to the ship were examined, whose evidence was to the same effect as in the former case. Verdict "Accidental Death."

MELANCHOLY FATE OF MACHIN,

Discoverer of Madeira.

It was in the glorious reign of Edward the Third, of England (says Mr. Clark, in his *Progress of Maritime Discovery*), that Robert Machin, a gentleman of the second degree of nobility, whose genius was only equalled by his gallantry and courage, beheld and loved the beautiful Anna d'Arfet. Their attachment was mutual! but the pleasing indulgence of ardent hope, gratified and betrayed their passion. The pride of the illustrious family of d'Arfet rendered them insensible to the happiness of their daughter; they preferred the indulgence of ambition to the voice of duty and love. The feudal tyranny of the age, was friendly to their cruel design; and a warrant from the king seemed to justify the sanity of a parent. The consolation of an ingenuous mind, supported Machin in confinement; its energy thus compressed, sought only for redress; nor did it yield to despondency, when, on being delivered from prison, he found that the innocent cause of his persecution had been forced to marry a nobleman, who had carried her to his castle near Bristol. The friends of Machin made his misfortune their own; and one of them had the address to be introduced, under the character of a groom, to the service of the afflicted Anna. The prospect of the ocean, which during their rides, extended before them, suggested or matured the plan of escape; and the probability of a secure asylum was opposed to the dangers of a passage to the coast of France. Under pretence of receiving benefit from the sea air, the victim of parental ambition was enabled, without delay, to elude suspicion, whilst Machin, in the successful completion of his anxious design, was equally insensible to the particular season of the year, or the portentous appearance of the weather, which in calmer moments, he would have duly observed.

The gradual rising of a gale of wind rendered the astonished fugitives sensible of their rashness: as the tempest approached the thick darkness of night completed the horror of the scene. In their confusion, the intended port was missed, or could not

be reached: their vessel drove at the mercy of the winds, and in the morning, they found themselves in the midst of an unknown ocean without the skill that could determine their situation, or the experience that could direct their course. The dawn of twelve mornings returned without the sight of land: when, at length, after a night of increased anxiety, as they eagerly watched the earliest streaks of day, an object beamed in the horizon; continual disappointment produced a querulous despondency, whilst they alternately believed and doubted, the thick grey haze was dispersed by the rising sun, and a general burst of joy welcomed the certainty of land. A luxuriance of trees was soon visible, to whose appearance they were utter strangers; and the beautiful plumage of unknown birds, who came in flocks from the island, gave at first the semblance of a dream to their astonished deliverance.

The boat being hoisted out to examine the coast, returned with a favourable account. Machin and his friends accompanied their trembling charge, leaving the rest to secure the vessel. The wildness of the adjacent country possessed additional charms to men escaped from destruction; and the rich scenery of Madeira was again beheld, after a lapse of many centuries, by the eyes of Europeans. An opening in the extensive woods, that was encircled with laurels and flowering shrubs, presented a delightful retreat; a venerable tree, the growth of ages, offered an adjoining eminence by its welcome shade; and the first moments of liberty were employed in forming a romantic residence with the abundant materials supplied by Nature.

Curiosity to explore their new discovery was increased by the novelty of every object that they beheld: this varied occupation continued for three days, until the survey was interrupted by an alarming hurricane, that came on during the night, and rendered them extremely anxious for their companions who were on board. The ensuing morning destroyed every prospect of happiness: they in vain sought for the vessel, which had drove from her mooring, and was wrecked on the coast of Morocco; where, as it afterwards appeared, all on board were immediately seized as slaves, and sent to prison.

The afflicted Machin found this last trial too severe for his disconsolate companion: her tender mind, overcome by the scenes she had endured, needed the conscious sense of a strict discharge of duty to renew its strength. From the moment it was reported that the vessel could not be found, she became dumb with grief, expired after a few days of silent despair, and was soon followed by her inconsolable lover. The companions of Machin, forgetting their own situation, were entirely occupied in watching over their emaciated friend; but all attempts to administer consolation were fruitless: on the fifth day they received his parting breath, with an earnest injunction, "that they would place his body in the same grave, under the same tree, which, amidst an agony of tears, they had so lately made for the unfortunate victim of his temerity; where the altar had been raised to celebrate their deliverance, would now mark their untimely tomb." This painful duty being performed, they fixed a large wooden cross over the grave, with the inscription which Machin had composed to record their melancholy adventures; and to request, that if any Christians should hereafter visit the spot, they would, in the same, place build a church, and dedicate it to Christ.

Having thus obeyed the dictates of friendship, they fitted out the boat, which, from their first landing had been kept ashore. Their intention was to return, if possible to England; but either owing to want of skill, or to the currents, or unfavourable weather, they were driven on the same coast with their shipmates, and joined them in their Moorish prison.

THE ENGAGEMENT.

"POOR TOM! He is gone, and the tongue that could once set the cockpit in a roar is silent now for ever! He died bravely in the service of his country, and has left a memorial in the hearts of all who knew him which time can never efface. The wailings of distress had only to reach his ear, when his hand, his purse, were at the disposal of the suppli-

cant. Poor Tom! I have shed many a tear to thy memory; nor do I consider it a weakness that my eyes are at this moment moistened by the overflowings of affectionate remembrance. We had embarked in the navy on the same day, and in the same ship,—had endured together the many tricks to which all greenhorns are exposed at their first introduction to the midshipmen's berth. We were watch-mates, and shared the secrets of each other's heart. Oh, how often, at the midnight hour, have we gazed at the full round moon pictured on the bosom of the azure wave, and whiled the midwatch in painting scenes of future glory; or looking towards our own home-shore, thinking on those we'd left behind!—Fancy, delusive most where warmest are, would lead us on in a romantic dream of sweet delight, known only to the young mariner. There are some feelings of the human mind so exquisitely delicate in their nature and yet so powerful in their operations, that as soon would the pulse of existence cease to beat, as those feelings cease to actuate the heart of man. The cherished remembrance of 'Auld lang syne' dwells in the breast, and is as dear when only illuminated by the last rays of a declining sun, as when it basked in its meridian beam, and exulted in the glorious splendour. 'Hallo!' you will say, 'where is our Old Sailor bound to now? surely he is getting out of his latitude.' Mayhap I may be. May be? no—I'm a child to this hour; but one word's as good as twenty, let me go on and spin my yarn upon my own winch.

"Our ship was paid off, and all hands were drafted into other men-of-war; consequently a separation took place, and we lost sight of each other for some years. One day I was walking the deck, when the quarter-master of the watch informed me there was a boat coming alongside with a lieutenant in her; and, as our third had applied to be superseded, I made no doubt that this was the new luff-tackle coming to join us. But what was my pleasure on beholding between the white lapelles the smiling face of my old friend. A glow of inexpressible animation warmed my heart; but perhaps, thought I, promotion has altered him. I drew back,—however, he had caught sight of me, and the pressure of friendship told me in an instant Tom was the same honest, generous, open-hearted being I had ever found him. In a few days we sailed with the fleet for the Mediterranean, and were present at the glorious battle of the Nile. Poor Tom and I were stationed on the same deck, and never did mortal display more heroic bravery, more cool intrepidity; yet there was an indefinite expression at times in his look, as if some thought lay struggling in his breast, and could not gain an utterance. Oh, what a day was that for England! The name of Nelson now has lost its charm; yet are there some who can remember its magic influence on the seaman's mind—'twas emblazoned on the standard of Fame, which waved the bright banner of Victory. I look sometimes at his funeral car, and call to remembrance the time when a grateful country paid a just tribute to his memory. Well do I recollect the countenances of the honest tars who passed in succession his last remains when lying in state,—part of the crew of the Victory: they had fought—they had conquered together,—and what can bind the tie of kindred stronger? All around us now was blood and flame,—the shrieks of the wounded, and the groans of the dying came mingled with the deafening roar of guns and hissing balls that struck us through and through. 'This is glorious,' said a little youngster, who had joined us for his first trip, previous to sailing,—'This will be glorious news for home.' He had got a twenty-four pound shot in his left arm, and was chalking on it. 'What are you about?' said I. 'I'm only writing a moving *billet-doux* to one of the enemy's midshipmen, sir. There 'tis done, and now let's put it in the post.' And so he claps it into the muzzle of the gun. 'By my faith,' said a Paddy, bowing at the tackle, 'but that's a lawyer's letter, with a double charge; shoot aisey, and don't be after doing mischief.' 'Hoot, hoot,' replied an old Scotchman, 'it's cannonical law, then, and whoever stops its execution will have death without benefit of clairgy; but I rather dement 'tis an epistol dedicatory to some body. Weel, weel, these French are a ceevil sort o' bodies, and nae doubt you will have une repartie by prime-ier op-port-unity.' Just at this moment a fresh ship of the enemy's

laid us athwart the bows, and opened a most tremendous fire that raked us fore and aft, and made our groaning timbers shiver—the midship guns came in heavily—most of their hands lay stretched upon the deck. Poor Will Ransom fell close to my feet; he had raised himself up by one arm, and with the other supported the little midshipman, who had been struck by a grape-shot. ‘Oh, my mother—my poor mother!’ said the lad; struggled for a moment, and expired. Will gazed upon the youth: ‘He’s gone,’ said he, ‘his cable’s parted, and my anchor’s a-trip;’ laid himself down, and instantly died.

‘I don’t know how it was, but I felt as if something was choking me; my heart was almost bursting; but ’twas momentary—the angel Pity shuns the horrid scene of carnage—and revenge, revenge steels the heart against every feeling of humanity. The dead bodies were launched out at the port to clear the decks; and many a burst of unrestrained grief attended their departure. The blue wave closed over them, and they were seen no more. Another heavy broadside shook us, and poor Tom fell into my arms—a musket ball had pierced his breast. I ordered some men to convey him to the cockpit, for I dared not quit my station, and from that moment I lost every softer sensation of the mind.

‘We were victorious; and as soon as duty would permit, I hastened to my friend. The surgeon’s assistant was just quitting his cabin: ‘Another hour,’ said he in a whisper, ‘and all will be over; or it may be earlier.’ He was sitting up in his cot, with his desk before him, attempting to write. A languid smile beamed on his death-stricken countenance as I entered. ‘See,’ said he, ‘I am performing the last duty to my parents, and to one,—here a convulsive spasm made him pause—to one whom I had fondly hoped to call my own; ’tis past, ’tis over, and this heart will soon cease to beat; even with that feeling it will close the latest.’ I grasped his hand, but could not speak. He continued writing, finished his letters, and directed them, with the calmness and resignation of a Christian. ‘And now,’ said he, ‘my friend, to your charge I commit these papers and my little property; soften the anguish of a parent’s heart, and soothe the sorrows of the tender female. Tell them I have done my duty; and though I die in the hour of victory, yet, ’tis in the service of my country, and I die with resignation. This miniature was designed for—Oh! Father of mercies! spare, spare—’ The surgeon entered. I supported his head upon my arm, while a cordial was administered; he revived for a moment, placed the locket in my hand, uttered the name ‘Matilda,’ breathed short, and in broken whispers, ‘Father, into—into thy hands I—I commit my spirit!’ bowed his head upon my breast, and—he was no more.

‘The tide was setting very strong out of Portsmouth harbour, and, having received urgent orders to use expedition, I directed the coxswain to land me on South Sea beach. The day was unusually fine, the garrison troops were manœuvring on the common, and large parties of ladies and gentlemen, attracted by the beautiful scene which ever presents itself to the view, were strolling on the shore. The boat grounded, and instantly, with my despatches under my arm, my feet pressed the dear land of my nativity. Only those who have been long absent from their native country, can tell the thousand delightful sensations, mingled with anxiety, which pervade the mind at once again treading on British soil. Joy swelled my heart, while tears started from my eyes.

‘There is a degree of selfishness in our richest pleasures—an epicurean delight, which seldom admits of participation; but when this feeling has in some degree subsided, we share our gratification with our friends. At this moment I thought only of myself—the next, parents, brothers, sisters, all rushed upon my memory. I should see them, hear their voices, grasp their hands; oh, there was rapture in the ideal! Pride, too, whispered, the despatches you carry contain certain recommendations to the higher powers for conduct in battle. ‘I have forgot it,’ said I, feeling my pockets; ‘what shall I do!’ for by this time I had walked some distance from the boat. ‘Twas his last dying request, poor fellow, and to neglect it is neither kind

nor honourable: I’ll run back.’ Accordingly I hastened my return, and was much surprised to find a crowd of people assembled near the spot. The coxswain ran to me: ‘Oh, sir, she’s dead, she’s dead! I would willingly have given all my prize-money to have saved her.’ ‘Who’s dead?’ said I, ‘what do you mean? Jump into the boat, and bring the parcels and letters I have left there.’ ‘That’s it, sir,’ replied the poor fellow; ‘she took it up, and, before I could prevent it, burst it open.’ A gentleman now approached. ‘I believe, sir, I am speaking to the officer of the—?’ ‘You are, sir; I hope no accident has happened; but I really cannot wait. Coxswain, fetch the parcels, and follow me to the admiral’s office directly.’ Then turning to the stranger: ‘Will you do me the favour to walk up with me, and explain?’ ‘Most willingly.’ We proceeded onwards, and he began.

‘Previous to your landing, a party of ladies and gentlemen were strolling on the beach, and admiring the many beauties of the surrounding prospect. When you quitted the boat, curiosity drew us towards it. ‘Tis the—’s,’ exclaimed Miss—, springing forward; ‘My brother, my brother!’ Another young lady rushed towards the boat at the moment the coxswain was jumping ashore with several small packages under his arm, and dropped a letter close to her feet. ‘What is the lady’s name!’ said I. ‘E—,’ he replied. Had a thunderbolt struck me at that moment I could not have been more paralyzed. The truth rushed upon my mind with tenfold horror, and from the unknown extent of mischief my negligence had occasioned; and I should have fallen to the ground but for the timely support of my companion. I looked in his face with agony and shame. ‘Do not tell me,’ said I, ‘do not tell me, but run back, if you have pity, gain what information you can, and bring me intelligence at the admiral’s office.’ He shook me by the hand, and instantly returned to the beach. With a spirit almost wrung to madness, I rushed forward, but was spared the agony of a formal introduction, as fortunately the commander-in-chief was absent. I delivered my despatches, and was ordered to wait. Oh what torture, what anguish did I undergo for upwards of an hour! and when released flew to the spot; but all were gone, and solemn stillness reigned around. I now remembered the orders given to the boat’s crew to come for me at Sally-port. Thither I hastened, and, grasping the coxswain’s arms, ‘Where, where are they?’ said I; ‘how came this accident to happen? be quick, and do not trifle with me.’ ‘Oh, sir!’ replied the man, ‘she snatched up the letter, and was going to hand it over, when her eyes caught the direction: ‘It is for me (said she), it is for me!’ ‘Avast, there, young woman,’ says I; but before I could get it away, she made sail, and then broke open the hatches. I gave chase directly; but before I could come alongside, she uttered a piercing shriek, and dropped down dead.’ ‘Dead!’ exclaimed I, my blood curdling with horror. ‘Dead!’ repeated the man, with an involuntary shudder.

‘At that moment I felt some one touch my arm: ’twas the person who had promised to bring me intelligence at the office. He drew me with him, and I followed, almost unconscious of what I did. ‘Does she yet live?’ said I. A convulsive sob was the only answer. We entered a neat but elegant house in—street. Anguish was pictured on every countenance. An elderly gentleman approached, with his hand extended, but speech was denied him: ’twas my poor messmate’s father. My companion motioned me to be seated, but I continued standing; when an opposite door was thrown open—a female rushed in, and threw her arms around my neck. ‘She lives! she lives!’ said I; and pulling Tom’s picture instinctively from my pocket, held it to her view. She raised her head; I saw her features—’twas his sister. ‘Yes (replied she), Matilda still lives; come, come, you shall see her,’ taking me by the arm; and before my companion could prevent it we were in the adjoining room. Oh, what a scene was here! Upon a couch lay the beautiful, the accomplished, the amiable Matilda, a living corpse! There is a certain stupefaction of the intellect, occasioned by a sudden depression from the height of joy to the abyss of sorrow, which can only be compared to death; and such was her case now.

"My conductress, whose senses were much disordered, pushed me towards the couch. I stood—I gazed—alive to feeling, but as it were alive in marble, so fettered was every faculty of the body. She had shown no signs of returning animation, except her breath; her eyes were opened, glazed, and fixed. They were towards me, and unconsciously I raised my hand which held the portrait to my face. A momentary flash of recollection seemed to return; she suddenly sprung up, grasped my arm, snatched the fatal picture, gazed wistfully upon it—"Hark!" said she; then, reclining her head upon her bosom, murmured her lover's name, and breathed her last!"—*Greenwich Hospital.*

STRIKING INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF A MIDSHIPMAN.

ABOUT the middle of the last war, the Polly, tender, commanded by Lieutenant Watts, came swooping up one evening to the small town of Auchinbreck, in Scotland, and, resolving to pounce, without warning, upon her prey, as soon as she had anchored in the roads, sent on shore the press-gang to pick up as many of the stout boat-builder lads as they could catch. The towns-people, however, were not so unprepared as the captain of the tender imagined; some of those, indeed, who were fit for sea, ran up into the hills, but by far the greater number collected about the corner of a building-shed as you go on to the main street, and, when the signal of hostility was given, by the capture of a man by the press-gang, they rushed down upon them in a body, every one with his axe on his shoulder, like a troop of Indians with their tomahawks. It had now become so dark that the sailors had much to do to keep their footing upon the loose stones of the beach, which was just at this time rendered a still more troublesome passage by the scattered materials of a pier, then beginning to be built; and, besides, their number was so small compared to the towns-people, that, after a few strokes of the cutlass, and as many oaths as would have got a line-of-battle-ship into action and out again, they were fain to retreat to their boat, pursued by the boat-builders, young and old, like furies. A midshipman, sitting in the stern, whose name was William Morrison, a fine lad of fifteen, observed the fate of the action with feelings in which local and professional spirit struggled for the mastery. One moment he would rub his hands with glee, and the next unsheath his dagger in anger, as he saw the axe of a fellow-townsmen descend on the half-guarded head of a brother sailor; but, when the combatants came within ear's length of the boat, and the retreat began to resemble a flight, the *esprit de corps* got the upper hand in the Auchinbrecken midshipman's feelings, and, unsheathing his dagger, he jumped nimbly ashore and joined in the fray. At last the sailors got fairly into their boat without a single man being either missing or killed, although the list of the wounded included the whole party; and the landsmen, apparently pretty much in the same circumstances, although unable, from their number and the darkness, to reckon as instantaneously the amount of the loss or damage; after giving three cheers of triumph, they retired in good order.

William Morrison, after discharging his duty so manfully, was permitted to go on shore the same evening, to visit his friends; and, indeed, the captain could not have known before that he belonged to the place, as he surely would not have confided to the lad so unpopular a task as that of kidnapping his own relations and acquaintances. He was landed at the Point of Scarrough, to prevent the necessity of going through the streets, which might have been dangerous in the excited state of the people's minds; and, stretching across the fields, and along the side of the hill, he steered steadily on in the direction of his paternal home, which was about a mile and a half from the Point, but only one mile from the town. The moon had now risen, but was only visible in short glimpses through the clouds that were hurrying across the sky; and the tall, strange shadows of the willows and yews that skirted the churchyard, appearing and disappearing as he passed, probably by recal-

ling the associations of his earlier years, made William shrink, and almost tremble. His own shadow, however, was a more pleasing thing to look at. The dress, which, grown familiar by usage, he would not have noticed elsewhere, was here brilliantly contrasted in his recollection with the more clownish and common garb of his boyhood—for he already reckoned himself a man; and the dagger, projecting smartly from his belted side, gave, in his opinion a finish, quite melo-dramatic, to his air. He drew out the tiny blade from its sheath, and its sparkle in the moonlight seemed to be reflected in his eyes as he gazed on it from hilt to point; but the expression of those eyes was changed as they discovered that its polish in one place was dimmed by blood. This could easily be accounted for by the affray on the beach—and at any other time and place it would have been thought nothing of;—but at this moment, and on this spot, he was as much startled by the sight, as if his conscience had accused him of a deliberate murder. The impressions his mind had received while passing the churchyard, now returned upon him with added gloom; a kind of misgiving came over him; and a thousand boding thoughts haunted him like spirits, and hanging, as it were, on his heart, dragged it down farther and farther at every step. He bitterly regretted that he had not remained in the boat, as he had at first resolved, a neutral spectator of the strife. How did he know that his hand had not been raised against the life of his own brother? As far as he could see or learn, indeed, no fatal accident had occurred; but there have been instances of people walking cheerily off the field of battle, and dying of their wounds after all. And yet it was not likely—it was hardly possible—that John could have been in the affray, his indentures protecting him from the impress. These cogitations were speedily followed by others of as gloomy a character: for the thoughts breed faster than we can perceive them, and each multiplies after its kind. It was a year since he had heard from his friends, and five years since he had seen them. Who could tell what changes had taken place in that time? Who could tell whether poor John had even lived to be killed by the press-gang? His father, his mother, and his sisters—were they dead, were they living, were they sick, or in health? His sister had been always a delicate girl, one of those gentle and fragile flowers of mortality that are sure not to live till the summer; perhaps consumption, with the deceitful beauty of his smile, had already led his fair partner down the short dance of life.

Tormenting himself with such speculations, he arrived at his father's house. Here he was surprised, bewildered, almost shocked, to observe a new and handsome farm-house in place of the old one. On looking farther on, however, he did detect the ancient habitation of his family, in its original site; but it seemed, from the distance where he stood, to be falling into ruins. His whole race must either be dead or banished, and a new tribe of successors settled in their place; or else uncle William must be deceased, and have left his father money enough to build a new house. He walked up to the door, where he stood trembling for some minutes, without courage to put his hand to the latch, and at last went round to the window, and, with a desperate effort, looked in. How his heart bounded! His father was there, still a stout healthy man of middle life, his hair hardly beginning to be grizzled, by the meddling fingers of the old painter, Time; and his mother, as handsome as ever, and her face relieved by the smile either of habitual happiness, or of some momentary cause of joyful excitation, from the Madonna cast which had distinguished it in less prosperous days; and his sister, with only enough left of her former delicacy of complexion to chasten the luxuriant freshness of health on the ripe cheeks of nineteen. John, indeed, was not there; but a vacant chair stood by the table ready to receive him, and another—a second chair, beside it, only nearer the fire—for whom?—for himself. His heart told him that it was. Some one must have brought the tidings of his arrival; the family circle were at that moment waiting to receive him; he could see his old letters lying on the table before them, and recognised the identical red splash he had dropped, as if accidentally, on the corner of one of the despatches he had written after his first action—although

he had taken the trouble to go to the cock-pit to procure, for the occasion, this valorous token of danger and glory. But John—it was so late for him to be from home!—and, as a new idea passed across his mind, he turned his eyes upon the old house, which was distant about a hundred yards. It was probable, he thought, nay, more than probable, that his father, when circumstances enabled him to build a new house for himself, had given the old one to his eldest son; and John, doubtless, was established there as the master of the family, and perhaps at this moment was waiting anxiously for a message to require his presence on the joyful occasion of his brother's arrival. He did not calculate very curiously time or ages, for his brother was only his senior by two years; he felt that he was himself a man long ago, and thought that John by this time must be almost an old man.

While these reflections were passing through his mind, he observed a light in the window of the old house; but he could not well tell whether it was merely the reflection of a moon-beam on the glass, or a candle in the interior. He walked forward out of curiosity; but the scene, as he approached the building, was so gloomy, and the air so chill, that he wished to turn back; however, he walked on till he reached the door, and there, sure enough, his brother was waiting on the threshold to receive him. They shook hands in silence, for William's heart was too full to speak, and he followed John into the house; and an ill-cared-for house it was. He stumbled among heaps of rubbish in the dark passage; and, as he groped along the wall, his hand brought down patches of old lime, and was caught in spiders' webs almost as strong as if the spinner had meant to go a-fowling. When they had got into the parlour, he saw that the building was indeed a ruin; there was not a whole pane of glass in the window, nor a plank of wood in the damp floor; and the fire-place, without fire, or a grate to hold it, looked like the entrance to a burying-vault. John, however, walked quietly in, and sat down on a heap of rubbish by the ingleside; and William, following his example, sat down over against him. His heart now began to quake, and he was afraid, without knowing what he had to fear. He ran over in his mind the transactions of the evening—his walk, his reflections, his anxieties—embracing the whole, as if in one rapid and yet detailed glance of the soul, and then turned his eyes upon his brother both in fear and curiosity. What fearful secret could John have to communicate in a place like this? Could he not have spoken as well in the open air, where it was so much warmer, and in the blessed light of the moon? No one was dead, or likely to die, that he cared for; his dearest and almost only friends were at this moment talking and laughing round their social table, and near a bright fire, expecting his arrival, and John and he were—here! At length, repressing by a strong effort the undefined and undefinable feelings that were crowding upon him, he broke the silence, which was now beginning to seem strange and embarrassing.

"And how have you been, John?" said he, in the usual form of friendly inquiries; "and how have you got on in the world since we parted?"

"I have been well," replied John; "and I have got on as well as mortal man could desire."

"Yet you cannot be happy; you must have something to say—something I am almost afraid to hear. Out with it, in God's name! and let us go home."

"Yes," said John, "I have something to say; but it will not take long to hear, and then we shall both go home. I was apprenticed to the boat-building four years ago."

"I know it," replied William; "you wrote to me about it yourself, John."

"I was made foreman before my time was out."

"I know that, too," said William; "Fanny gave me the whole particulars in a letter I received at Smyrna;—surely that cannot be all."

"I have more to tell," said John, solemnly; "my apprenticeship is out."

"What in four years!—you are mad, John! What do you mean?"

"The indenture was cancelled this evening."

"How?" cried William, with a gasp, and beginning to tremble all over, without knowing why.

"I was wounded on the beach," said John, rising up and walking backwards towards the window; while the moon, entering into a dense cloud, had scarcely sufficient power to exhibit the outlines of his figure. "It was by the point of a dagger," continued he, his voice sounding distant and indistinct, "and I died of the wound!"

William was alone in the apartment, and he felt the hair rising upon his head, and cold drops of sweat trickling down his brow. His ghastly and bewildered look was hardly noticed by his parents and sister during the first moments of salutation; and, when it was, the excuse was illness and fatigue. He could neither eat nor drink (it seemed as if he had lost altogether the faculty of swallowing), but sat silent and stupefied, turning his head over and anon to the door, till it struck one o'clock. About this time a knocking was heard, and the sister, jumping up, cried it was John come home, and ran to open the door. But it was not John; it was the minister of the parish; and he had scarcely time to break the blow to the parents with the shield of religion, when the dead body of their eldest son was brought into the house.

LORD RODNEY'S HUMANITY.

On the 23rd of November, 1765, Sir George Rodney was appointed Governor of the Royal Hospital at Greenwich, in the room of Admiral Townshend, and took his seat as Director, on the 28th of December following.

During the four years that he presided over that noble establishment, he had no opportunities of displaying that active and enterprising spirit which had hitherto marked his character, but occasions were not wanting to prove that he was still, as he had ever been, the seaman's friend. The anecdote which follows, of the authenticity of which there can be no question, bears more honourable and ample testimony to the goodness of the Admiral's heart than would volumes of laboured panegyric.

At that period few, if any, of the pensioners were allowed great coats, and then only in consequence of a petition approved by the weekly board, or an order from the Governor, who had authority to grant that indulgence. Sir George, the first winter of his government there, had applications made as usual, but required no better pretensions, or greater eloquence, than an old sailor and a cold day, to grant an order. The consequence of this was, that great coats became so general, and the demand increased so much, that the Lieutenant-Governor, Mr. Boys, at the next board, took upon him to represent the Governor's conduct as extremely reprehensible. Sir George, who was present, got up; and after expressing his surprise at the Lieutenant-Governor's conduct, very calmly said to him, "I have the greatest respect for you as a man, who, by the greatest merit, has raised himself from the station of a foremast man to the rank of an Admiral,—a circumstance which not only does you the highest honour, but would have led me to have expected you as an advocate instead of an opposer to such a necessary indulgence. Many of the poor men at the door have been your shipmates, and once your companions. Never hurt a brother sailor; and let me warn you against two things more. The first is, in future not to interfere between me and my duty as Governor; and the second is, not to object to these brave men having great coats, whilst you are so fond of one as to wear it by the side of as good a fire as you are sitting by at present. There are very few young sailors that come to London without paying Greenwich Hospital a visit, and it shall be the rule of my conduct, as far as my authority extends, to render the old men's lives so comfortable, that the younger shall say, when he goes away, 'Who would not be a sailor, to live as happy as a prince in his old days?'" and Sir George kept his word, for from that very time every man was allowed a great coat.

SPIRITED ACTIONS BETWEEN BRITISH AND FRENCH FRIGATES.

AMONGST the naval actions of the memorable year 1780, are to be found some of the most splendid specimens of our superiority at sea. Considering the enormous disparity of force between our old two-and-thirties and the large French frigates of eighteen and twenty-four pounders, it is wonderful that in no instance were the former ever captured by the latter when opposed ship to ship. We shall now proceed to notice two of the most spirited and daring sea fights on record.

On the 29th of June, the Jason, Captain Sterling, the Pique, Captain Milne, and the Mermaid, Captain Newman, were cruising off the Saintes, when a large French frigate was discovered. She was immediately chased by all the frigates; but so well did she sail, that though the chase began at seven in the morning, she was not overtaken and brought to action till eleven o'clock at night; and then only by the Pique: a running fight continued between them till two o'clock in the morning when the Jason came up, and the Pique having lost her main top-mast, fell astern. The Jason had scarcely com-

Although the Mermaid had not an opportunity of joining in the action with La Seine, yet a short time afterwards, she was engaged in a battle still more desperate, and in which Captain Newman, though not victorious to the degree that his courage and skill deserved, had a favourable opportunity of displaying his seamanship and bravery. The Mermaid, on the occasion alluded to, was in company with La Revolutionnaire, and the Kangaroo brig. They were proceeding to Black Cod Bay, when they discovered and chased two large frigates. In order to divide the attention and the force of the British, the enemy's ships steered different courses; and, consequently, the Mermaid and La Revolutionnaire also separated. The Kangaroo brig, for some time accompanied the former; but having come up with the enemy, before she could be seconded by the Mermaid, her fore top-mast was carried away by a ball from one of his stern chasers, and she was obliged to give up the chase. For two nights and one day, the Mermaid continued the pursuit; at last the French frigate hauled her wind, and evidently appeared preparing for action. As her deck was crowded with troops, Captain Newman, concluded from this circumstance, and from her man-

œuvres, that she intended to board the Mermaid; this however, he prevented; and the action commenced at a quarter before seven in the morning, both ships going before the wind. At half-past nine, the Mermaid, having received several shot between wind and water, and several of her guns rendered useless by the falling of the rigging, was obliged to relinquish the contest. The French frigate was by no means disposed to renew, or continue the combat, as she appeared to have suffered even more than the Mermaid in her hull and rigging and to have lost a considerable number of men. The Kangaroo, in



[RUNNING FIGHT BETWEEN THE ANSON AND LA LOIRE.]

men she also ran aground, and was so much damaged, that it was found necessary to destroy her. The enemy's ship, with great labour, and difficulty, was got off; she was La Seine, of forty-two guns, having on board, six hundred and ten seamen and soldiers, one hundred and seventy of whom were killed, and one hundred wounded. The Jason lost seven killed, and had twelve wounded; the Pique one killed, and six wounded. The Mermaid did not come up till the enemy had surrendered. About four months after this action, the Jason was not so fortunate—for being in pursuit of a French convoy, near Brest, she struck so fast upon a rock, that every exertion to get her off proving ineffectual, the crew were glad to escape on shore, and to surrender themselves prisoners of war: six alone excepted, who, having been permitted to take the cutter, arrived safe in her at Plymouth.

the meantime, had fallen in with the Anson, Captain Durham; and shortly after their junction, the same frigate was seen, without her fore and main top-masts. The Anson was also greatly disabled, so that they were nearly on an equality. Captain Durham lost no time in bringing her to action; and after a resistance of an hour and a quarter, she surrendered. She proved to be La Loire, of forty-six guns, though pierced for fifty; having on board six hundred and sixty-four seamen and soldiers; forty-eight of whom were killed, and seventy-five wounded. She proved a valuable and important capture, as she contained complete clothing for three thousand men, besides a great quantity of ammunition and stores. The Anson had two killed and fourteen wounded; the loss of the Mermaid was three killed, and thirteen wounded.

MELANCHOLY SHIPWRECK, AND LOSS OF FIVE LIVES.

THE daily papers of Monday March 23rd, 1846, contained some particulars relative to the loss of a vessel off Brighton,

but they were unable to give particulars, or to say how many lives had been lost. It was expected that the General Steam Navigation Company's packet, the Menai, was instrumental in saving some of the crew, and we find by the return of the packet on Wednesday morning, that they succeeded in res-

cuing one of the crew from a watery grave, but that the remainder, consisting of the captain, an apprentice, and a seaman, together with the captain's wife and child, had perished. The name of the survivor, who was taken to France, by Captain Goodburn, of the Menai, and brought back yesterday morning, is W. Attwood, and he has furnished our correspondent with the particulars attending the loss of the vessel. It appears that the vessel was the Bee, of Goole, bound from Portland to London, with stone for the British Museum; that she left Portland with about ninety-five tons of stone on Wednesday night, and reached Littlehampton, about two o'clock on Saturday last, when a breeze sprang up, which continued to increase in violence till about ten o'clock that night, when the weather was tremendously squally, and the vessel was for a long time in great danger. They continued to shift the stone from one side to the other, and they expected the vessel every moment would be capsized by the sudden gusts. About ten o'clock, when the gale was at its height, they found themselves nearly opposite Newhaven. On again shifting the stone, the vessel stood out to the westward, the captain being fearful of running under Beachy Head. They continued to proceed to the westward till they arrived nearly opposite Shoreham harbour, for which place they made, but, being so long in making the distance, they found that it would be impossible to enter the harbour, for want of sufficient water. It was then about half-past one o'clock on Sunday morning, the wind blowing tremendously, and the sea running very high, in a night almost pitch dark. The captain hereupon resolved to let go the anchor; and, if possible, ride out the gale till morning; but he had scarcely done so, when he discovered, the water, about eight-inches over the keelson, and he had then no other course but to slip the chain, or get the boat out. Before they had time to do either, the vessel began to fill, and, in a very short time, there was every appearance of her sinking. The mate was at the bowsprit clearing the jib; and, hearing the captain's wife scream, and finding the vessel going down, he let go his hold, and, in another moment, a huge wave, lifted him up towards the mast, to which he clung till the vessel touched the bottom, in five fathoms water: The mate got upon the crosstrees, but no other soul on board could find any resting-place. They were either washed off the deck or sunk with the vessel. The mate listened, but could hear nothing save the roaring of the wind and the splashing of waves against the ill-fated vessel. For two hours did he remain upon the crosstrees. This place at last became insecure, by the sea breaking over it, and he got up to the topsail-yard, where he had to remain for another half hour before he was rescued. Capt. Goodburn lowered a boat, took the poor fellow on board in a state of great exhaustion, and treated him with every care. He says the captain's name was Johnson, and the owner of the vessel was the captain's mother, with whom he has left a little girl, four years of age, now an orphan.

LOSS OF THE COMET STEAM-BOAT,

Which was ran down off Kempock Point, October 21, 1825.

It being our aim, to present our readers with as full and accurate an account of all shipwrecks and disasters, as can be obtained, we have, to further this object, extracted the following report, from the various provincial newspapers, whose reporters were upon the spot where this lamentable accident occurred. An authority, we think, that will induce the reader to place every reliance on this statement.

We copy the following from the *Glasgow Courier*, of October 22, 1825.

It is with feelings of deep regret and sorrow, that we have to communicate to our readers the account of an accident of the most melancholy kind. The details are as yet few—the result most fatal! The consternation was greatly heightened by the knowledge of the fact, that another steam-boat was to leave the

same quarter about the same time, and many individuals remained ignorant in which of the boats the friends whom they expected might have taken their passage.

Yesterday morning, the steam-boat, Comet, with passengers from Inverness and Fort William, was run down off Kempock Point, between Gourrock and the Clough Light-house, by the steam boat Ayr, outward bound. In rounding the point, the vessels came in contact with such force and violence, that the Comet went down almost instantaneously, when above seventy persons were, in a moment, precipitated into the deep—into eternity! Ten only are saved, out of above eighty, which were believed to be on board. Amongst those escaped is the master, who was got on shore, but in such an exhausted state, that, at the date of our latest accounts, he was unable to give any account of what had taken place, or of the passengers on board. There is too much reason to dread, that the greater number of those who have perished are persons in the superior ranks of life.

The Ayr, we learn, had a light out upon her bow, but the Comet had none. As the night however was clear, it is obvious that a bad look-out had been kept up, and most reprehensible neglect shown on both sides. The Ayr received such a shock, and was so much damaged, that she reached Greenock with much difficulty and in a sinking state. It was blowing fresh, with a heavy sea. It was also exceedingly cold; and at the moment the accident took place, those on the deck of the Comet were, it is said, engaged in dancing, to which amusement they were probably induced to resort in order to keep themselves warm, there not being sufficient accommodation below for the number of passengers on board.

Much valuable property had floated ashore yesterday morning. Every exertion was making to save and to lodge it in a place of security. Our respectable townsman, Mr. Andrew Rankin, was particularly active on the occasion; and at an early hour in the morning, Mr. Marshall, sheriff, for Greenock, had reached the spot, to give his advice and assistance on this distressing occasion. Twelve dead bodies had been washed ashore by an early hour yesterday morning; amongst these were two genteelly dressed females, two black servants, and Mrs. Wright, the widow of the late Archibald Wright, druggist of this city. In the pockets of the body of a gentleman washed ashore, £70 was found. Amongst those who perished, and whose names we can state from good authority, is Mr. Graham, of Corpach, Mr. M'Allister, W. S. Edinburgh, and Captain Sutherland, of the 33rd regiment and his lady, who were only five weeks married. The bodies of Captain Sutherland and another passenger, were found in the yawl this morning. It is supposed she upset after they got into her. Mrs. Sutherland caught hold of Mr. Colin Alexander Anderson, from Appin (the only cabin passenger who is saved) and for some time clung round him, but in the struggle with the waves, she lost her hold and perished. While swimming, much exhausted, and not knowing well in which direction the shore lay, Mr. Anderson was seized closely by the engine-man, from whom he found it impossible to disengage himself, and just as they were upon the point of sinking, they came in contact with the boat's yawl, which they immediately caught hold of, and in doing so she fortunately righted, when they both clung to her, and reached the shore in safety, but much exhausted. It is reported that amongst the sufferers is the lady of a colonel of the army, with a family of seven children, from Inverness; a Mr. Campbell, of this city; with a young gentleman, the only son of Mr. M'Braine, also of this city. We forbear to state further the reports which we have heard of the names of the sufferers, lest we make mistakes, and wound, without reason, the feelings of friends at a distance.

Besides Mr. Anderson and the engine-man, already mentioned, there were saved, Captain M'Innes, the pilot, the carpenter, a man, a steerage passenger from Fort George, a young girl, and a woman who was floated ashore safely betwixt two tables, but who unfortunately lost her child by the way. The poor man from Fort George, and who has arrived in Glasgow, is in a state bordering on delirium. To him, Mr. Campbell, of Corpach, clung for a considerable time, when a wave threw the great coat of the latter over the head

of the former, which compelled him to throw Mr. Campbell off, just as both were upon the point of sinking.

At the moment the fatal accident took place, we are informed, upon the authority of Mr. Anderson, just arrived in Glasgow, that the passengers, who were below, were in high spirits, amusing themselves, telling, and listening to, diverting tales. The first stroke hit about the paddle of the Comet. The captain and passengers immediately ran upon deck to see what was wrong, when the next fatal stroke took place with such force, that the Comet filled, and in two minutes went down head foremost. Mr. Anderson, we regret to add, states, that at the moment this took place, the Ayr, instead of lending them any assistance, gave her paddles a back-stroke, turned round, and went off to Greenock, leaving them to their fate. If assistance had been rendered, he thinks many of the sufferers might have been saved; but in the state of alarm in which he was, he may have been mistaken.

(From the *Glasgow Chronicle*.)

It gives us great pain to record one of the most melancholy accidents that ever occurred in this part of the country. The Comet steam-boat, was on her way from Inverness to Glasgow, with between sixty and seventy passengers; of these it was stated that thirty-six passengers were in the cabin, and yesterday morning, about one o'clock, while passing the point of Kempeck, she was struck in the side, by the Ayr steam luggage boat. The hands on board the different vessels were prevented from seeing each other by the headland, till it was too late to prevent the shock; and as both were going at full speed, the crash was tremendous. The starboard bow of the Comet being stove in, she filled with water, and almost instantly sunk; and with the exception of the following persons, the whole of the passengers were lost:—

Saved.—Captain M'Innes, the pilot, an engine-man, a woman who lost her child, a young girl, the carpenter, Mr. Colin Alexander Anderson, Mr. Cameron, jun., Fort William, and three others.

Names of five of the persons lost.—Captain Sutherland and his wife, only five weeks married, Mr. Graham, of Corpach, Mr. M'Allister, W. S. Edinburgh, and Mrs. Wright.

We have seen a young gentleman who escaped, and have learned from him the following particulars. The vessel was about a quarter of a mile distant from the shore when the accident happened. About half an hour before, several of the passengers were engaged in dancing upon the deck, but they had almost all gone below. The first alarm was heard from a person hailing, but from which boat was uncertain. Almost immediately the shock was felt, every body ran on deck. The water rushed in so rapidly that the engine-man was up to his knees before he could reach the deck. They tried to keep the engine going, thinking she might drive them ashore; but the influx of water was so strong that the engine was almost immediately stopped; and in three minutes after the vessel was struck she went to the bottom.

During the short period which elapsed between the stroke and the sinking of the vessel, about thirty people crowded into the yawl before it was cut loose, and so hastily was this done, that the one end of the boat was some time under the water before the other end could be lowered, by which means the boat was upset and threw them all into the water. The steam-boat went down bow foremost. The screams of the drowning people were most appalling, and cannot be described. They shouted to them on board the other boat to return to their assistance, but without effect. Our informer remained in the vessel till she sank from beneath his feet, and then swam as he best could. An engineer held him by the neck, and nearly drowned him. Fortunately he reached the overturned boat, which lay keel uppermost, to which the pilot and another were holding on either side. He seized hold of one side of the boat, the engine-man still clinging to him, and by this additional weight the boat was righted. The whole four then got in. She was nearly filled with water, and being without oars, they were unable to make any exer-

tions to gain the shore. They remained in this situation for about twenty-five minutes, when a pilot-boat, whom the screams of the sufferers had alarmed, reached them; but in the struggle to get in they nearly upset the pilot-boat, and were brought ashore clinging to the outside, or held by the hands of the crew of the Gourcock pilot-boat. One old Highlander swam ashore; and a woman, whose child was drowned, came safe on shore on some articles of furniture; she had kept hold of her child till she perceived it was dead, and then reluctantly resigned it to the deep. Our informant considers, there were about seventy people on board; of these eleven were saved. When he left by the Greenock mail this afternoon, eleven bodies had been drifted ashore.

Besides many respectable people, on their way to Edinburgh and Glasgow, there were, we are led to believe, several traders proceeding to Fort William fair, and who may naturally be supposed to have had considerable property on their persons.

A passenger on board the Ayr relates, that he was one of four cabin passengers who were all below when the accident happened. He had lain down on a sofa undressed, heard a noise forward which alarmed him, and before he had time to disentangle himself from the clothes he had thrown over him, the vessels struck with a tremendous crash. On reaching the deck, he saw the Comet drifting from them, and wheeling round: there was light enough from the moon to enable him to distinguish the hills on either side, and the various objects around. On board the Ayr, the utmost confusion prevailed. The Comet was in sight for about three minutes, when a most appalling shriek arose from the passengers on board of her, evidently crowding to the side nearest the Ayr, and with outstretched arms imploring help; not a cry reached his ears after the vessel went down, and in a few moments the river was as unruffled as ever! All on board the Ayr were in the utmost consternation, and it is much to be feared, in downright stupefaction, with the exception of two seamen belonging to the Harmony, who, after endeavouring in vain to rally the men belonging to the vessel, lowered the boat at the stern, for the purpose of rendering whatever assistance was in their power; but at the moment when she reached the water with one of the men in her, and before the tackles were yet unloosed, the steam was unfortunately on, and boat and man dragged under the water; he saved himself by clinging to the ropes, and providentially for all on board, reached the deck, when he and his companions had enough to do to keep the vessel from going down. She was evidently in a sinking state. At the time of the accident, the Ayr had a light at the bow, as well as a man on the look-out.

(From the *Greenock Advertiser*.)

The Comet steam-boat, on her passage from Inverness to this port, had reached the point of Kempeck at nearly two o'clock, when she was met by the steam-boat Ayr, M'Clelland, of Ayr, which was on her way to that port from Greenock. The two boats going with considerable velocity, were very near each other before mutually observed. As soon as perceived, the person on the look-out on board the Comet, cried to the pilot to put the helm a-starboard, which order the pilot of the Ayr, understood to be instructions to him: both vessels were in consequence directed towards each other, and before the unfortunate mistake could be remedied, they came in contact with such violence, as to stove in the starboard bow of the Comet, which vessel in a few minutes went down, and, melancholy to relate, the whole of the passengers, with the exception of nine, and the master and pilot of the vessel, were drowned. Two of the latter, a lady and child, have since died. The total number of passengers on board are estimated to have been between sixty and seventy, but we are unable to obtain any certain account. The prompt and humane assistance was afforded to the few survivors, by Mr. Andrew Rankin, Mr. Glen, of Gourcock, and Mr. Robert Maitland, of this town, who are still actively engaged in securing the property, which, together with the bodies of the sufferers, is hourly coming ashore.

A gold watch with "Archibald Grahame," engraved on it, and several bills drawn in favour of Archibald Grahame, Corpach, being found on the person of a young gentleman washed

ashore, we have little doubt of his being the person of that name: also Mrs. Wright, of Glasgow, whose body has likewise been got. A Captain Sutherland and his lady, from Inverness, were on board, whose bodies are not yet found. There have also been washed ashore, besides the two above named, the bodies of four men, four women, and two children, whose names we have not hitherto been able to learn. Too much praise cannot be bestowed on the people of Gourock, generally, for the readiness with which they gave their assistance, and the honesty which has been shown in delivering up the property picked up along the beach, one instance of which deserves to be mentioned:—A young girl, daughter of James Mains, of Gourock, found a fifty pound Bank of England note, which was instantly, in the most praiseworthy manner, delivered to Mr. Rankin. Great blame is attached to the captain of the *Ayr*, for not attempting to afford assistance; he almost instantly, on the catastrophe occurring, put about and made for Greenock: had he, on the contrary, stopped to pick up those who were able to struggle for a short time on the surface of the water, the chance is, that many might have been saved who have now met a watery grave, and his vessel might have been run ashore at Gourock, had he found her so leaky as to be unfit to proceed back to our port. Those saved were chiefly rescued by wherries belonging to Gourock; which instantly put off when the alarm was given.

We could have wished that no cause had existed to suspect depredation of the property cast ashore, but from the circumstance of a trunk being carried up to an adjoining field by two men who have since absconded, leaving the trunk open, which was found by a person who brought it to Mr. Rankin, containing some wearing apparel, it is strongly suspected that money had been abstracted.

The information of the accident was speedily made known here by the arrival of the *Ayr*, and, both before and since morning dawned, the most active assistance has been supplied from hence, for the purpose of recovering the bodies, collecting the property cast ashore, &c. Of the latter a great quantity has been safely stored in the cellars of Mr. Rankin's house. The money found is likewise in safe custody. C. Marshall, Esq., sheriff-substitute of the Lower Ward, went down early this morning, as likewise several gentlemen in the commission of the peace, to render every assistance. Shells have been ordered to be prepared for the bodies, as also the customary appareling of the dead, and the hapless victims have been conveyed to Gourock church, to await being claimed by their relatives. In short, whatever sympathy, humanity, and the most honourable and judicious feelings could devise, has been resorted to, on all hands, to pay respect to the remains of those who have so suddenly been called from this scene of transitory existence.

This melancholy event will revive the recollection of the loss of the *Catherine*, of Iona, from being run down by the *Hercules* steam boat, on Saturday the 10th of August, 1822. A strong coincidence prevails in the two cases. In both the calamity was occasioned by steam vessels, in the very outset of their career; the time was nearly the same: the accidents occurred almost at the same place, and had similar causes assigned them. In the case of the *Catherine*, forty-two persons perished out of forty-six; in the present instance, it is to be feared, however, a much larger number has been lost.

On reaching Gourock yesterday forenoon, we however, found numerous boats engaged in dragging for the bodies around the place where the steam-boat had sunk, which was, as near as we can guess, about three hundred yards from the shore, in sixteen fathoms water. The sheriff-substitute, of Renfrewshire, Claude Marshall, Esq., assisted by Mr. Rankin, of Gourock, and Mr. Leitch, one of the magistrates of Greenock, had been employed without intermission since Friday morning, in the painful duty of examining the dead bodies as they were brought ashore, taking exact descriptions of their dresses and appearance, and inventories of the property found on their persons. On our arrival we found these gentlemen superintending the inspection and removal of the bodies of five persons which had just been dragged up, to the church of

Gourock, where the other corpses that had been found on Friday and Saturday were laid. The Lord Advocate, accompanied by Mr. Dunlop, principal sheriff of Renfrewshire, arrived about mid-day, and immediately proceeded to Mr. Rankin's, for the purpose of assisting in the investigation.

Nearly nine cart loads of luggage had been thrown ashore, and the duty also of examining it devolved on the sheriff-substitute. The greater part of it, however, seems to have belonged to Sir Joseph Radcliffe, the bodies of six of whose servants have been found. The whole has been lodged in a place of security in Greenock.

The following is a correct and authentic list of the bodies that have been found, with the names, so far as known, and the best description of those unknown, we could procure, up to yesterday at mid-day:—

Found on Friday:—Two women, servants of Sir Joseph Radcliffe, one named Hannah Mitchell, the other having the initials S. R., on her shift; Mrs. Wright, of Glasgow; two women, unknown, one with a blue, and the other with a brown stuff gown; two children, one of them belonging to the female passenger saved; the other a female child, unknown, well-dressed, with laced cap; Mr. John Bell, flesher, Dumbarton; Angus Cameron, of or near Fort William; Mr. Archibald Graham, of Corpach, near Fort William; James Grierson, steward of the *Comet*;—in all eleven bodies found on Friday.

Found on Saturday:—William Allan, servant to Mr. Denistoun, claimed and taken to Cambuskin; James Miller, of Edinburgh; John Reid, of Edinburgh; a girl, about seventeen, unknown, poorly dressed; Duncan Mackenzie, a Highland trader; an old man from Crinan, name unknown; a woman unknown, supposed the mother of four children who were on board; James Dingwall, his left hand injured by a mill; George Murray, a Highland trader; James Manderson, engineer of the *Comet*, taken away by his widow; a young woman named Rose, claimed by her brother and carried to Greenock; a sailor belonging to Limekilns or Kincardine, name unknown; Ronald Mackenzie, piper to Sir Joseph Radcliffe; a young gentleman, name unknown, green coat, silver watch, linen marked C. B. S.—surgical instruments found on him; Angus A. Kennedy, a young gentleman about fourteen or fifteen; a young man about fifteen, name unknown; an Irish pedler, name unknown; Euphan Niven, servant to Mrs. Wright;—in all eighteen bodies found on Saturday.

Found on Sunday:—A seaman, name unknown; John McLachlan, one of the *Comet's* crew; Mrs. Wincliffe, supposed to be the housekeeper of Sir Joseph Radcliffe; a young man, linen marked J. M. P.; the body of a woman, name unknown. Initials on linen I. M., red Morocco baby shoes found in her pocket, supposed to be the nursery-maid who had the charge of one of the children found on Friday;—in all five bodies found on Sunday.

From the foregoing melancholy list, it will be seen that thirty-four bodies have already been found, which, with the eleven persons saved, makes the number accounted for amount to forty-five. No traces had been found of the bodies of Captain Sutherland or his lady, or of Mr. M'Allister or his nephew. We lament to say, that there is too much reason to fear that Mr. Hugh Rollo, writer to the Signet, has also perished, though there are some circumstances that afford a feeble ray of hope, which a day or two, at the farthest, must confirm or destroy. It is certain that a part of his luggage (a portmanteau) has been found: but the under-steward of the vessel reports, as far as we can understand, that a boy brought to the boat at Lochgilphead. Mr. Rollo's luggage, consisting of a portmanteau and a travelling bag, for the latter of which he soon after returned and carried away. A gentleman, however, came on board at that place, though the man can give no description of his appearance.

Such of the bodies as have not been claimed and carried away by their relatives, have been laid out in the church of Gourock, and decent coffins provided. There were yesterday about thirty corpses in that sanctuary, and a most heart-rending and agonizing scene was there exhibited. Every hour, arrivals were taking place—the parent looking for his

child—the friend for his friend—the wife for her husband. The uncertainty as to who were passengers, rendered only the suspense of those who expected friends or relatives by the vessel more dreadful.

The picture given by the survivors of the scene it is impossible for us to describe. It appears, that up to the time of the accident the voyage had been most prosperous, and now within so short a distance from their destination, every heart was full of happiness—dancing, pleasant stories, and conversation, were wearing away the night, when the awful mandate went forth, and fifty human beings, in the very midst of innocence, gaiety, and fond anticipation, were in an instant hurried, unwarned and unprepared, into the presence of the Almighty.

We have said that a description of this scene, by us, was impossible; but our immortal bard has furnished us with one, which we hope our readers will not consider improperly introduced or misapplied:—

“Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell,
Then shriek’d the timid, and stood still the brave,
Then some leap’d overboard with dreadful yell,
As eager to anticipate their grave:
And the sea yawn’d around her like a hell,
And down she suck’d with her the whirling wave,
Like one who grapples with his enemy,
And strives to strangle him before he die.”

With regard to the cause of this dreadful affair, though beyond all doubt the principal blame lies with the master of the Comet, he not only having no light out, but his jib-sail set—still the feeling is universal in Greenock, that the master of the Ayr is in the highest degree culpable in deserting as he did the scene where he had made such havoc. It is not true, as asserted in the authorised statement, published in a Glasgow paper of Saturday, that the Ayr did not leave the spot till all traces of the Comet and her ill-fated company were lost. The Ayr fled from the spot, while yet the shrieks of the drowning beings were thrilling in the ears of her crew. She fled—and all but lost the only brave and humane individuals she had on board, the sailors of the Harmony, who made an attempt to get out the Ayr’s boat, to the rescue, but which was pulled under water by her precipitate flight, and these generous seamen were only able to save themselves with difficulty. She fled, while one of the crew of the Comet was swimming to her, and whose cries for succour did reach her in her flight but in vain. The futile pretence that she was in a sinking state, is fully disproved by her having sailed in safety to Greenock, a distance of about three miles—while the master must have known that, had she been in that state, his greater chance of safety was, after rendering the assistance he was bound to render to the sufferers perishing under his eye, to run the vessel ashore, from which he was not three hundred yards distant, and which he could have done in comparative safety, and almost without damage. We can make allowances for the agitation and confusion such a scene would occasion; but we can find not a shadow of excuse for the selfish and dastardly conduct of the master of the Ayr.

(From the *Glasgow Free Press*.)

Saturday night, seven o’clock.

Since the first edition of our paper went to press, we have ascertained that the English gentlemen referred to in the express from our reporter of last night, are safe. They were landed at Rothesay. We have seen three of them—Messrs. A. Morrison and George Martineau, of London, and Mr. Henry Martineau, of Norwich. The other gentleman who went on shore at Rothesay, was Mr. Glover, the celebrated landscape painter. They mentioned that Mr. McAllister, W. S., had intended to land at Rothesay, but having met with some obstacles in getting on shore his luggage, he was unfortunately detained. They think there were about twenty cabin passengers, and they were mostly young men. There were only two ladies in the cabin—Mrs. Captain Sutherland, and Mrs. Wright, of this city. The gentlemen estimate the number

of people on board from fifty to sixty, exclusive of the crew. They think there were not more than seven female passengers in the steerage. Four of them were servants of Sir Joseph Radcliffe, of Milnsbridge-house, near Doncaster. Sir Joseph’s Highland piper was also on board, and we are afraid is one of the sufferers. The gentlemen speak highly of the conduct of Captain McInnes and his crew, while they were on board the Comet.

We have also seen one of the passengers who were saved, Mr. Ewen McDonald, of Fort Augustus, who gives the following account of what fell under his own observation:—He thinks there might be about sixty passengers in all. He was a steerage passenger, and shortly before the catastrophe, was upon deck. He saw a light a-head, and a fellow-passenger observed, that it was a light-house, but one of the crew, who was on the look-out forward, remarked, “It is a steam-boat,” and instantly called aft, “A steam-boat—helm a-starboard.” He supposes the helm was ported, as the vessels almost immediately struck. Captain Innes was on the cabin deck, and called on the passengers to come aft, thinking the packet might right. Great confusion ensued, the passengers forcing their way into the Comet’s yawl, which was hung astern. In the hurry, the tackling could not be unloosed; one of the ropes was cut shortly before the other. There were from twenty to thirty people in the small boat at the time, Mr. McDonald was one of them, and nearly the whole were precipitated into the water. The other rope was cut almost at the moment the Comet sunk. Mr. McDonald was thrown into the water, and upon getting to the surface, he found no trace of the Comet. He observed the small boat floating bottom upwards, and he and some others caught by it, and in consequence of their struggling it righted, but was full of water. He and two others got into the yawl, and in about fifteen minutes they were hailed, and towed to land by a boat which had pushed off from the shore. Mr. Graham was found in the Comet’s boat. McDonald, and the two who were saved with him, were so weak at the time they were taken in tow, that they could not move into the other boat.

The following statement has been handed to us in vindication of the captain and crew of the Ayr:—

“The Ayr left Greenock about one in the morning, carrying a light a head, which the regulations of the river demanded. All hands were on deck, two or three of whom were looking out at the bow. The master had been on the paddle-box, frequently calling to the men to look well out, until they concluded themselves abreast of Gourrock (for it was now dark,) when he went aft to adjust the binnacle light.

“On returning to resume his station on the paddle-box, and before he had reached the rail on the quarter-deck, a cry of ‘Boat a-head,’ and ‘Starboard your helm,’ was heard from the men stationed at the bow. The vessel immediately answered the helm (now starboard), but the Comet’s helm appeared to lie to port, and the two in consequence came in contact. When the Ayr got away from the Comet, the master of the former ordered the small boat to be lowered down, in order to render the Comet assistance. In the hurry, however, the boat filled with water, and about this time the Comet disappeared. Every exertion was made by the master to bring the Ayr round to the place where he presumed the Comet was, but it was some time before the vessel answered the helm, and when at length she did so, no trace could be found of the Comet.

“At this time, the passengers of the Ayr (who before the crash had been below), apprehensive of their own danger, for the vessel was then leaking much, grew clamorous that the master should run the vessel ashore, and implored him, to do so, and to save their lives. He, therefore, seeing all attempts to rescue any of the Comet’s people ineffectual, put about and returned to Greenock.

“The Comet had no light, nor did Captain McClelland hear any voice from her till the vessels met.”

(From the *Glasgow Chronicle*.)

Amongst those saved on board the Comet, there was a young lady, a Miss Jane Munro, about sixteen, from Tain, on a visit to her aunt in Glasgow. As her relation had never seen

her, it was judged needless to go down to claim her body, and all hope was given up, when on Saturday a letter was received from Gourrock with the gratifying and unexpected intelligence of her preservation. So far as she can recollect, it happened as follows:—the first shock struck the Comet upon the bow, and turned the vessel nearly round. The second struck upon the stern, when she immediately went down. It is believed that had she not been struck the second time, she would have been able to reach the shore. Our informant at the time this happened was standing on the deck, and when the vessel went down, was precipitated into the water. She sunk twice, but on coming up the second time caught hold of two spars, to which she clung for about twenty minutes to half an hour. During the whole of this dreadful period, she still had hope of being saved, nor lost her presence of mind during the whole time, as an instance of which, feeling the shawl she wore getting heavy with the water, she threw it off to lighten her. She saw several around her struggling in the water, particularly one gentleman near her, who from the gurgling noise he made, was evidently choking, and making his last struggle, and then going down by her side. A dog belonging to it is believed, to Mr. McAllister, swam alongside of her, and she thinks materially assisted her; the dog followed her to the house where she was taken, and after she was put in bed, the faithful animal leapt on and lay at her feet. When the young lady felt his weight, she not knowing what it was, cried out, when the mistress of the house, not knowing its history, unfortunately turned the dog out.

She felt very unwell after being brought ashore, but after being twice bled and getting a night's rest, she perfectly recovered. She was two or three times very near the shore, but was carried back by the reflux of the waves. A small trunk belonging to her was washed ashore, and given up to her. The pilot-boat, on going out a second time, picked her up, and the pilot (Mr. Martin), carried her up to his house, and left her in the care of his wife, who paid her every attention.

The body of Mr. Charles McAllister, W. S., has not yet been found; but there is no doubt of his fate, as we have seen in a letter from him to a friend in Glasgow, stating he was to leave Inverness by the Comet, and meant to spend a day with him before going to Edinburgh. One of his dogs with a collar, on which Mr. McAllister's name was engraven, swam on shore.

The engine-man of the Comet, who was saved, reports that the last time he saw Captain Sutherland and his wife, was at the moment of the vessel going down, when they were standing fast clasped in each other's arms, on the quarter-deck. He farther reports, that Mr. Graham of Corpach, sunk within little more than six yards of the shore. The engine-man's face is much lacerated by the death-grasp with which he was held by that unfortunate young gentleman. He is perfectly convinced that had the Ayr stopped to render them assistance, many lives would have been saved.

(From the *Glasgow Courier*.)

The bodies of Captain Sutherland and his young, amiable, but unfortunate wife, had not been found yesterday forenoon. In all, forty-one have been brought ashore, and every attention is paid to their lifeless remains. It will be seen from our list of names, that besides Mr. McAllister, there is another respectable gentleman belonging to Edinburgh, Mr. Rollo, W. S., found amongst the dead. He has, we regret to learn, left a widow, and a young and numerous family to deplore his untimely fate, and the greatest misfortune which can befall them.

Mrs. Grant, of Laggan, had a narrow escape. She was at Ballahulish, waiting for the boat to come round to Glasgow. She stood on the shore, having taken farewell of her friends; but as the Comet approached she hesitated, the weather appearing gloomy, and reflecting that the Stirling was to pass the next day, she resolved to proceed in her, and accordingly the Comet was allowed to pass, and the Stirling passing during the night, she missed her intended conveyance.

A buoy has been fixed over the wreck of the Comet. It is intended to raise her, if possible. Till this is done, the extent of the calamity and loss will not be ascertained, as it is probable a great number of persons were drowned in the cabin and

steerage, and who, in the confusion to get on deck, could not effect their purpose. No time ought to be lost in going about this business.

The following particulars we insert in the words of a gentleman, who was at the place on Saturday, and who has been kind enough to lay them before us. "We left the Broomislaw," says he, "at ten a.m. and reached Gourrock at one o'clock. During the passage one young man informed me of his errand being to ascertain the fate of a brother and sister, the former on his way to complete his studies at College. On arriving at Kempoch Point, the first object this person recognized was his sister's body. She had just been landed by one of the boats, and looked a fine young woman. I observed a Bible and some money, &c. taken from her pockets. By the time I reached the scene of misfortune, four bodies had been previously found, by as many boats. One or two other boats were preparing their tackle, and a steam-boat, called the Sovereign, commenced trawling with a net. During my stay, which did not exceed an hour, the several boats had been successful. I saw nearly a dozen bodies brought on shore, pairs of which had been fished up together. At one haul of the net, three bodies were raised. One was the body of a man who had seemingly stripped for the purpose of swimming. He hung conspicuous (at the distance of five hundred or six hundred yards) on the side of the vessel, sustained by the bottom of the net. He appeared from the shore to be naked, but I think some part of his dress was on. On being landed, the bodies were exposed for recognition. I saw the features of several. They in general appeared not much distorted. One young boy, about twelve or thirteen, looked as if he slept, so placid was his countenance. Some instances were, however, truly terrific. A young woman had been grappled by the throat or face, and when borne from the water's edge, her face downwards, with her long loose hair dripping with blood and trailing on the stones; the heart sickened at the spectacle. The pockets of the sufferers were examined, if possible, to ascertain names. No legal or responsible persons seemed, however, to conduct the duty, nor could I discover by what means the several articles turned out were preserved from spoliation. In some pockets were found trinkets of no mean value, and money to a considerable amount. The unfortunate cause of the catastrophe, the pilot of the Ayr, was in attendance. He appeared to take some interest in the search, but expressed much displeasure at the interference of the trawling boat, which he insisted would only hurry the bodies out to deeper water. This man also bitterly complained of the public judgment in attributing blame to his boat. He declared that the Comet had no light, and was not perceived till in actual contact with the Ayr. By Mr. R.'s watch, the hour of the morning was a few minutes from two. At that period the moon was set. It would be difficult to describe the feelings excited by the vicinity to the scene, and the recentness of the calamity. To know that the eye rested on a given spot of not many yards circumference, within the boundaries of which were extended the pale and shrivelled corpses of so many persons, unscathed by disease and unpolled by corruption, and farther to think of the uncalmed distraction of perhaps a thousand relatives, over whose threshold the rumour had passed, but who as yet remained unconformed in their uncertainty, was to experience a state of mind at once harrowing and deeply sympathetic. I left the scene with much unwillingness, as I have no doubt many interesting occurrences were afterwards witnessed by the spectators."

The master and those connected with the Ayr, have published an explanation or defence of their conduct on this melancholy occasion. We consider it a very lame one. With regard to the cause of the accident, it appears that both parties were greatly to blame; the Comet we must acknowledge the most. It is the subsequent proceedings of the Ayr, to which blame seems to attach. We are far from wishing to judge of any one in such a moment with harshness or severity; but the most ordinary presence of mind would have suggested to any one in the situation of the master of the Ayr, that if the Ayr was in a sinking state, the proper course to take, was to have got out her boats to save her own crew and passengers, and also all he could of those to whom he had left no succour, but

such as he could afford; and, moreover, to have run his vessel into Gourcock, or ashore at that place, instead of running off to Greenock, near three miles distant, without once endeavouring to raise the alarm, or let the inhabitants of Gourcock know what had taken place. This certainly was the proper course to pursue, and this certainly was the course one seaman would have adopted, and which, in fact, two seamen belonging to the Harmony, passengers on board the Ayr, attempted to do, by getting out the boat to relieve the crew and passengers of the Comet; and who, in doing this sensible and judicious act, had nearly lost their own lives, by the master of the Ayr putting the steam upon the vessel, and dragging the boat under water!

THE OLD COMMODORE.

OBSERVE attentively that stout, broad built old gentleman, with his back to the light; mark his high and bald forehead; the structure is ample and noble; but its pure and marble brightness is disfigured by a deep red seam, which, if you will trace it from the apex of his head to his left temple, you will find to terminate in a closely adhering black patch, that covers the socket where once had been the eye. But though the forehead, up to the crown, is bald, there is a profusion of wiry and iron grey curling hair about the temples and the back of the head, which terminates in an immensely thick but not long queue, rather clumsily tied together with black ribbon. The features had once undoubtedly been particularly handsome; but they are now a good deal wrinkled, and discoloured with many tints, some of which, I confess with shame and sorrow, are the signs of, at least, occasional intemperance. His remaining eye is clear, black, large, and fierce, and the dark and S like eyebrow, which has been crooked out of its natural curve by many years of habitual frowning, and constantly peeping through an eye-glass, gives that region of his face a look that we might almost call terrible. The mouth is large, with fine teeth; but the lower part of the face is decidedly sensual. At this moment the expression of his countenance is not dignified, it is peevish, almost old womanly, and shows indubitable signs of ill-health.

But to continue with our description of this, to us, all important personage. You perceive, now that he has moved rather restlessly on his chair, that he has lost his left hand, but that he has ingeniously supplied the deficiency by terminating his arm with a short and strong iron spike, which spike is furnished on one of its sides by a hook, also of iron, and on the other by a tobacco stopper, made either of bone or ivory, but it so much used, and so dirty, it is impossible to say which. You also find when this gentleman stands up, that he is rather short for his breadth, yet is still a tall man. In his dress, excepting that it is rather carelessly put on, and seems totally unacquainted with the brush, he has nothing remarkable, unless a very thin and small stock of black silk round his neck might be thought so, at a time when gentlemen usually wore abundant cravats of well starched white muslin.

He is an invalid; for see, notwithstanding the heat of the day, it being but a little past noon, he has one of his feet cushioned, and swaddled with flannel, whilst a padded crutch reclines against the table, within his reach. He is evidently in an ill-humour, though there is an untouched decanter of Madeira wine before him, and a nearly emptied tumbler of cold strong rum and water, under his very nose. He is smoking a common clay pipe furiously, and every now and then ramming home the tobacco ashes with the stopper on his spiked arm. This person is the Commodore; and, being nearly sixty, people are generally beginning to call him "The Old Commodore." He is also the eldest male branch and the representative of his family, and one of the richest men in the county, and had he chosen to have exerted those energies that he always displayed when afloat, he might have been the most influential.—*Capt. Marryatt.*

MAN OVERBOARD!

SOME years ago, when swimming exploits were much talked of, a correspondent of the *Montreal Herald*, related the story which here ensues:—

"During the time of my servitude on board the Dolphin man-of-war, which was bound for the West Indies, we were going one day at the rate of about three knots and a half, when Tom Starboard, belonging to the foretop (who, by-the-bye, was a bit of a wag), sleeping in the lee fore-chains, by a sudden lurch of the ship was thrown overboard. 'A man overboard!' was the general cry fore and aft—and every one ran to offer or give assistance to the drowning man. Tom, who was a tolerable good swimmer, as everybody thought, but nothing extraordinary, woke, on finding himself in deep water, and began to use his paddles, the ship passing a-head, as I was saying before, at the rate of three knots and a half. Tom was soon lost sight of under the counter (for although our ship was not on Sir Robert Seppings's plan, yet she was pretty full abaft), when he was lucky enough to catch hold of the rudder chains. The hands all ran off expecting to see Tom astern, and to lower the jolly boat down to pick him up; but no Tom was to be seen. 'He is gone,' said they, 'to Davy's locker,' and efforts ceased. Our ship was very deep, bound out to the West Indies, consequently our gun-room ports were low in the water. This Tom saw; and as it was getting dark, he thought he would wait till they had beat to quarters, and piped the hammocks down, before he got on board, which he did, and then popped down into the lady's hold where the gunner keeps his wads and spare monkeys' tails, and there remained till the middle of the first watch, when he sallied forth and made free with our bread bags, taking enough to serve him for three days. At the end of this time we were jogging along at an easy rate with scarcely any wind, about a knot an hour, when Master Tom unobserved slips out of the port he came in at, and, dropping astern, began to hail the ship—'The Dolphin a-hoy!' 'Halloo,' says the quarter-master, who was about getting a pull on the main brace. Says Tom, 'If you don't back the main top-sail and heave to, I shall sink, for no man can swim to the West Indies without provisions!' Every body ran aft in amazement, for it had been blowing fresh during the time we supposed he had been overboard; but there was no time to be lost, so the boat was lowered, and poor Tom picked up, to the great gratification and astonishment of every body on board.

On our arrival, as the captain was on shore dining with the governor, the talk turned upon swimming. The governor was extolling the powers of a black man he had, and our captain swore no man could swim with Tom Starboard, of the Dolphin's fore-top; however, to make a long story short, the captain and the governor made a heavy bet—the time was appointed—Tom asked one week to get ready. The carpenters were ordered to make what chests and conveniences Tom required. The purser was instructed, at his request, to supply a fortnight's provisions. The day came, and Tom went on shore at the wharf appointed, when he began to stow his grub. The black fellow looked at him with astonishment. 'What you do dere, massa?' says he. 'What am I doing here?' says Tom; 'why, I am taking in my provisions to be sure, and I advise you to do the same for not a bit of this do you get on the road.' 'Why, massa, says the negro, 'me no swim more nine or ten miles.' 'Nine or ten miles!' says Tom, as if in amazement at the short distance; 'why man, I'm going to Tobago, which I believe is over two hundred miles, and shan't be back for a fortnight.' The spectators were astounded. The black refused to swim. The governor lost his wager, and it was not until we were homeward bound that Tom told the secret."

DANGER MAKES FRIENDS.

"WHEN I was captain of the main-top in the *La Minerve*, forty-four gun frigate, we were the smartest ship up the Mediterranean; and many's the exercise we were the means of giving to other ship's companies, because they could not beat us—no,

not even hold a candle to us—in both fore and main-top we had eight-and-twenty as smart chaps as ever put their foot to a rattling, or slid down by an after backstay. Now the two captains of the fore-top were both prime young men, active as monkeys, and bold as lions. One was named Tom Herbert, from North Shields, a dark, good-looking chap, with teeth as white as a nigger's; and a merry chap he was, always a showing them. The other was a Cockney chap. Your Lunnuners ar'n't often good seamen; but when they are seamen there's no better; they never allows any one to show them the way, that's for sartain, being naturally spunky sort of chaps, and full of tricks and fun. This fellow's name was Bill Wiggins, and between him and Herbert there was always a jealousy who should be the smartest man. I've seen both of them run out on the yard, in fine weather, without holding on nothing, seize the lift and down to their station, haul up the earing, in no time; up by the lift again, and down on deck, by the backstay, before half the men had time to get clear of the top. In fact, they often risked their lives in bad weather, when there was no occasion for it, that one might outdo the other. Now this was all very well, and a good example to the other men; the captain and officers appeared to like these contests for superiority; but it ended in their hating each other, and not being even on speaking terms, which, as the two captains of the top, was bad. They quarrelled often, and fought five times, neither proving the better man; either both done up, or parted by the master-at-arms, and reported to the first lieutenant, so that at last they were not so much countenanced by the officers, and were out of favour with the captain, who threatened to disrate them both if ever they fought again.

"We were cruising off the Gulf of Lyons, where sometimes it blows hard enough to blow the devil's horns off, though the gales never last very long. We were under close reefed fore and maintop sail, storm staysail and trysail, when there was a fresh hand at the bellows, and the captain desired the officer of the watch, just before dinner, to take in the fore-top sail. Not to disturb the watch below, the main-top men were ordered up forward, to help the fore-top men of the watch; and I was of course aloft, ready to lie out on the lee yard-arm—when Wiggins, who had the watch below, came up in the top, not liking that Herbert should be at work in such weather, without he being there too.

"Tom," says Wiggins to me, "I'll take the yard-arm."

"Very well," says I, "with all my heart, then I'll look to the bunt."

"Just at that time there came on a squall with rain, which almost blinded us; the sail was taken in very neatly, clew-lines chock-a-block, bunt-lines and leech-lines well up, reef-tackles overhauled, rolling-tackles taut, and all as it should be. The men lied out on the yard, the squall wore worse and worse, but they were handing in the leech of the sail, when snap went one bunt-line, then the other, the sail flapped and flagged, till away went the leech-lines, and the men clung to the yards for their lives; for the sail mastered them, and they could do nothing. At last it split like thunder, buffetting the men on the yard-arms, till they were almost senseless, until to windward it wore away into long coach-whips, and the whole of the canvass left was at the lee yard-arm. The men laid in at last with great difficulty, quite worn out by fatigue, and clinging for their existence; all but Wiggins, who was barred by the sail to leeward from making his footing good on the horse; and there he was, poor fellow, completely in irons, and so beaten by the canvass that he could hardly be said to be sensible. It takes a long while to tell all this, but it wasn't the work of a minute. At last he made an attempt to get up by the rift, but was struck down, and would have been hurled overboard, if it hadn't been that his leg fell over the horse, and there he was, head downwards, hanging over a raging sea, ready to swallow him up as soon as he dropped into it. As every one expected he would be beaten off before any assistance could be given, you may guess that it was an awful moment to those below, who were looking up at him, watching for his fall and the roll of the ship, to see if he fell clear into the sea, or was dashed to pieces in the fore-chains.

"I couldn't bear to see a fellow-creature, and good seaman in

the bargain, in that state, and although the captain dared not order any one to help him, yet there were one or two midshipmen hastening up the fore-rigging, with the intent, I have no doubt, of trying to save him, (for midshipmen don't value their lives at a quid of tobacco,) so I seize the studding-sail halyards, and runs up the topmost rigging, intending to go down by the lift, and pass a bowling knot round him before he fell, when who should I meet at the cross-trees but Tom Herbert, who snatched the rope out of my hand, bawling to me through the gale, 'This is my business, Tom.'

"Down he goes by the lift, the remainder of the canvass flapped over him, and I seed no more until I heard a cry from all below, and away went Herbert and Wiggins, both together, flying to leeward just as the ship was taking her recovery to windward. Fortunately they both fell clear of the ship about two feet, not more, and as their fall was expected, they had prepared below. A master's mate, of the name of Simmonds, and the captain of the forecastle, both went overboard in bowling knots, with another in their hands, and in a minute or two they were all four on board again; but Herbert and Wiggins were both senseless, and a long while coming to again. Well, now, what do you think was the upshot of it?—Why, they were the best friends in the world ever afterwards, and would have died for one another; and if one had a glass of grog from the officers for any little job, instead of touching his fore-lock, and drinking it off to the officer's health, he always took it out of the gun-room, that he might give half of it to the other. So, d'y'e see, danger makes friends."

A SAILOR'S WEDDING.

A FEW years ago a ship came into harbour, at Chatham, to be paid off. One of the sailor's being ashore, soon prevailed on a young woman of Rochester to accept of him as a husband, and previous to returning to his ship, left money with a friend to pay for publishing the banns, and all other incidental matrimonial expenses. It was proposed that the marriage should take place on the fourth Sunday following; and on the preceding Saturday the honest tar asked leave of his captain to go on shore, which was peremptorily refused. Jack remonstrated—"Captain," exclaimed he, "I am going to be married to-morrow." The captain told Jack that the business of the ship in his department was most urgent, and positively forbade him going on shore. Unwilling to disappoint the girl, and lose his money, Jack wisely determined to marry her by proxy, and proposed to Will Treadaway, his messmate, to undertake that kind office: "And you, Will," said he, "stay with her on shore, and when the gang-way is cleared from stem to stern, I will come to you." Will goes on shore, and informing the girl of his friend's situation and proposal, she instantly consented, and was actually married to Will, as the proxy of Jack; nor did the minister discover the mistake, till Will wrote his name in the book, Treadaway, instead of Salmon. The clerk cried out, "why you are not the man asked in church with this woman?" To which the honest tar replied, first devoting his eyes and limbs to confirm the fact, "I came here to prevent my messmate being cheated, and I only marry the girl for Jack Salmon, my messmate, till he comes on shore."—Three days afterwards Jack came on shore, when he received his spouse from the hands of his proxy: and lived as much in peace and tranquillity as if he had originally tied the matrimonial knot in *propria persona*.

SHIP MISERIES.

GIVING a dandy a tarry rope to pull by, by which means he has the delectable pleasure of walking off with a good half-pound of tar, which takes him the rest of the passage to get off.

Soaping the cuddy-ladder about half-way up, by which some

annoying puppy has an opportunity of showing his skill in gymnastics, at the expense of his back and sides.

Taking the head of the table as the least crowded place, by a sudden roll of the vessel, find the whole of the dinner lodged in your lap, and the rear-guard brought up by a score of fat passengers, who are all driven towards the scene of distress. When the ship rolls on the contrary side, you have the pleasure of being uppermost in your turn, and riding some of them back again, disencumbering your clothing and person of your hot and greasy cargo, to the great advantage of those beneath you.

Finding from the stupidity of the servant, who has forgotten to lash your chair, that the first roll of the ship gives you an opportunity of cutting a somerset backwards. Endeavouring to save yourself, unfortunately seize the sea-pie, and get the contents in your palpitating bosom.

Being rather scanty of clean linen, resolve to have a general wash, for which purpose you tow over your little kit, when, from the injudicious manner in which you have tied the knot, you have the mortification of seeing the whole riding on the hoary billows—one satisfaction only remaining to you, that you know where they are.

Going up the rigging to look out for land, find yourself tied hands and feet by the sailors, and kept there till your liberality in the article called grog, is duly exhibited by an order on the steward for a gallon.

Sleeping to leeward late in the morning, find yourself swimming, the morning watch having commenced washing decks. Symptoms of anger would only increase the laugh at your expense.

In the ship in which I sailed to India, a young midshipman was sleeping on his morning watch, on the leeward side. The officer on watch ordered the sailors to bring half-a-dozen buckets of water, and at a preconcerted signal the poor snoring middy was to get the contents. The signal was given, and souse went a couple of buckets; then two more. The officer cried out, "Tom, you are overboard; strike away." The little frightened fellow's hands and legs went the same as if he had been actually swimming, and it was some time before he could make up his mind that he was safe on board; more especially when some of them cried out, "Throw him a rope—throw him a rope."

Showing your agility in ascending the ship's side, miss your footing, by which you have a most favourable opportunity of showing your swimming powers also.

Being monstrously beloved by the passengers from your urbanity and complacency of manners, find that, as a token of their unalterable affection, they bribe the sailors to play you all manner of tricks; such as tripping you up by a rope; tying your legs when asleep; dragging you from one side of the deck to the other; sousing you from the main top, whenever you venture in its vicinity; putting grease in your chair, when you are about to seat yourself; filling your tea with salt; your cigar with gun-powder; your grog with jalap; your boots with water; your bed with tar; and five hundred other tricks. Therefore, as the society of a vessel is necessarily small, make yourself agreeable; if not, the above will be your fate.

Under the raging sun, inhaling from your port-hole the little breeze that sometimes condescends to visit you, and in those pensive moments committing to paper the occurrences of the voyage, when, all of a sudden, a squall comes on, and your effusions, desk and all, find their way into the briny deep, and you have the mortification of seeing them descending rapidly to Neptune's treasury.

Sitting between two foreigners, of whose language you do not understand a syllable; but who, from their violent gestures, appear to be laying deep plans, for cutting your throat.

Considering yourself a connoisseur in the manufacture of spruce beer, make twelve dozen, and invite your friends on board the ship to pay you a visit, to regale themselves on this cooling beverage the following day. In the middle of the night, however, you find yourself awoken by a file-firing which alarm the whole ship, and which, on examination, you find to proceed from the bursting of your delicious spruce, occasioned by the rolling of the vessel, and the heat of the lockers in which it had been deposited.

Sitting opposite, or next to, a prodigious fat gentleman, or dame, who has a wheezing asthma

During a storm, find your cot loose, which rolls from side to side to the great terror of all the passengers, and to the great risk of your life: cannot—dare not, move; and, from the noise and bustle on deck, your shrill notes of fear pass unheeded, save by the frightened inmates below, who hug their beds in alarm. Thus you are doomed, at the mercy of the billows, to roll from side to side, and from head to stern, at the expense of your ribs and head.

Quarrelling with the officers of the ship; in consequence of which, wherever you show your nose, you are sure of being soused and played all manner of tricks with by the crew, to the great amusement of the other passengers.

Being obliged to sit next to a gentleman who is an intolerable taker of snuff, which is continually blowing into your eyes. To mend this annoyance your snuff-loving neighbour gets drunk before the cloth is removed from the table, and then becomes so importunate for conversation, that he thrusts his snuffy proboscis into your face; or, in his vehemence, upsets his snuff-box into your lap.

LOSS OF HIS MAJESTY'S SHIP, FLORA.

Upon the Schelling Reef, Monday, January 18th, 1808.

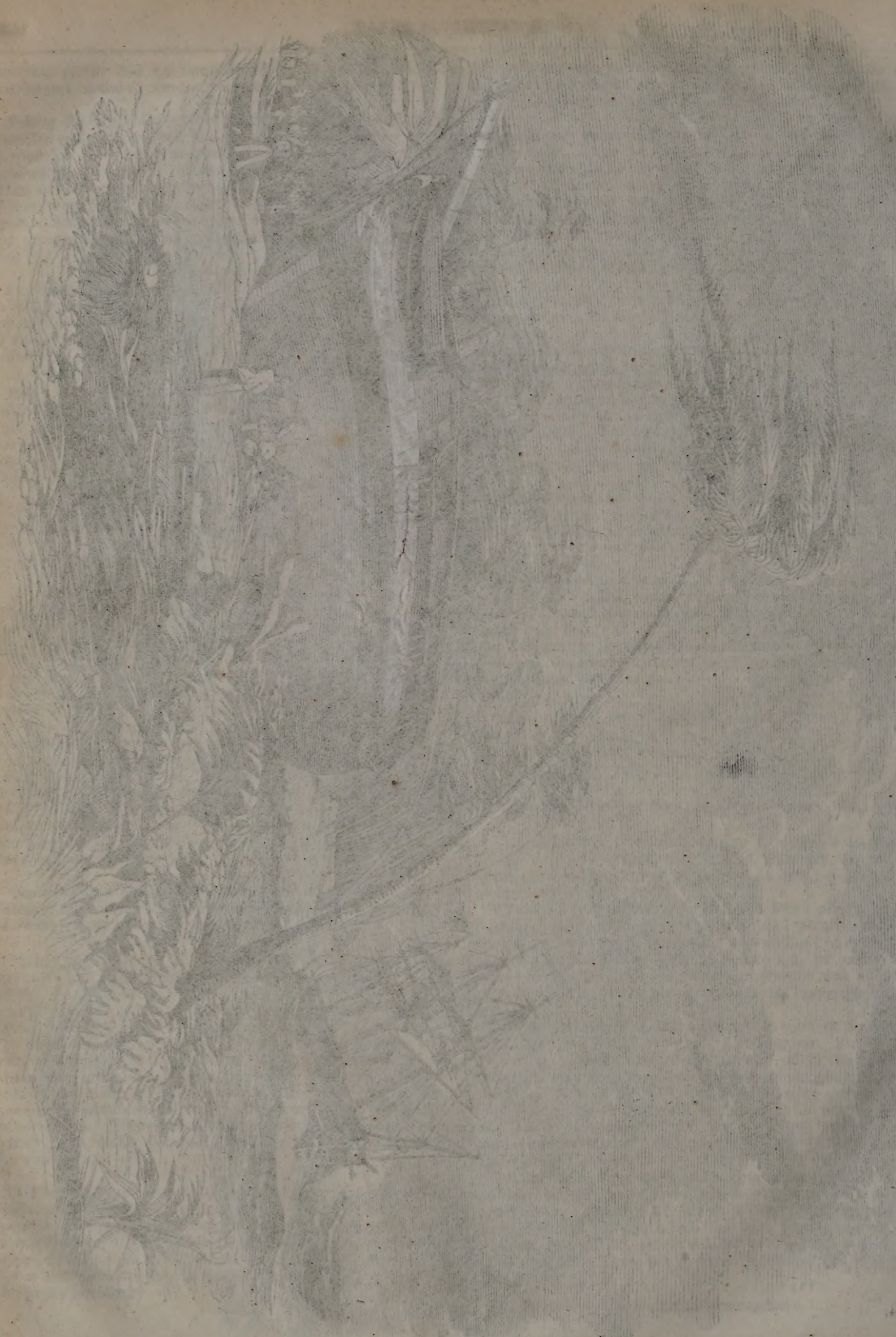
THE following, is extracted from a letter, written by an officer, dated Lewarden, in Friesland, January, 26, 1808, and is the only authenticated account that can be given, of this melancholy affair.

"I am sorry to inform you that the *Flora* struck upon the Schelling Reef, on Monday the 18th, and about nine o'clock that night we succeeded in getting her off, but lost our rudder in the attempt; and after getting her to sea, we could hardly keep her free with all the pumps, therefore was obliged the next day, to run her on shore again, about four o'clock that afternoon.

"After making rafts, fearing that if it came on to blow hard that night, she would go to pieces, the captain, Furber, Keith, Doneville, Watson, and myself, pushed off in the barge, that being the only boat we then had, with about one hundred and thirty of the crew on rafts, the rest choosing to stay by the ship; when after rowing eighteen hours, we did not know where, not being able to see land, and without sustenance, we landed on the island of Amoland, where they made us prisoners, and marched us here.

"After being four days and nights on board, the rest came on shore on some rafts, and I believe, all are saved. I have lost everything; as when I left the ship, though my bag was in my hand, I would not put it into the boat, as the captain would not his, nor indeed, was it a time to think of anything but one's own life. Those whom we left at the wreck, are at Harlingen."

TOPE OF THE HILL ON THE MOUNTAIN SIDE THE TOWN OF BOSTON TO THE RIGHT



LOSS OF THE BRITON AND RUNNYMEDE OFF THE ANDAMAN ISLANDS, NOVEMBER 11th, 1844.

THE Briton, of 600 tons, built in Australia in 1830, sailed from that place some time in October, 1844, for Calcutta, with about 400 strong of the 80th regiment on board, having also their wives and children. On the morning of the 7th November, a heavy gale came on, which continued with but little intermission till the 10th, when it raged with greater fury, so that human efforts, though energetically employed, were unable to control its power. Driven by the furious elements, with the hatches battened down over the troops, the sea sweeping every thing from the decks, and compelling the seamen to hold on, that they might not be washed away, the unfortunate ship was frequently nearly buried beneath the waves, and the sufferings of all on board were excessive; the soldiers, women, and children being almost suffocated by being deprived of ventilation besides the almost impracticability of obtaining food. In the early part of the day the foremast went by the board, and subsequently the main and mizen masts followed, and they were left, without the power of resistance, to the rage of the merciless ocean. Throughout the dreary and tempestuous night of the 10th, they continued to drive, every one unconscious of the situation of the ship, momentarily expecting that she would go down, and all hands perish. About two o'clock on the morning of the 11th, a heavy sea threw the Briton on shore, but whether it was on the land or on a sandbank, no one could tell, nor were they certain as to their position. The shock was heavy, and several succeeded, till she laid, comparatively speaking, tolerably quiet; and though despair at first took possession of their minds and the shrieks were dreadful, yet, when more tranquil, the alarm gradually subsided. The morning was pitchy dark, but during the short period of the vivid flashes of lightning, they could discern that the white foam of the breakers were rolling round the ship for the circumference of half a mile, and to their utter astonishment they perceived that she was surrounded by trees—in fact, that they had been carried over the beach, and right up into a thick jungle. Daylight revealed their situation more distinctly, as their dismasted vessel lay in the middle of a forest, and within 300 yards of them, on a reef of rocks, was another large ship, full of men, the sea beating violently over her. This they ascertained to be the Runnymede, a transport of 500 tons, the property of Messrs. Hall and Co., of London, that left the Downs in August for Calcutta, having shipped a great number of newly-raised recruits from Chatham, for the 50th regiment.

This singular occurrence of their thus meeting in distress and misery, caused universal sympathy. Neither ship had seen the other previous to daylight of the 11th, and now they found they were wrecked amidst a population of savages, who were rightly supposed to feast on human flesh. It continued to blow hard for several days, but the fierceness of the gale had abated, and the waters fell so as to leave the Briton on nearly dry ground. The troops were landed, and the jungle for some distance round wholly burned down; an encampment was formed, the huts being built of the materials got out of the ships. Finding that the only hope of escape would be by communicating with some friendly port, the boats were examined, but only one was in any way serviceable, and this required considerable repair, which was partially accomplished, and the parting was most affecting. The rest remained upwards of two months before they received any assistance, suffering the greatest privations from want of provisions, and the attack made on them by the natives of the islands, who frequently surrounded them, and but for the resolute defence of our men, who were set on watch, there is little doubt but every one of them would have been massacred. Several of the natives are reported to have been mortally wounded. Three of the 80th were shot while searching for shells on the beach. About a week after the wrecks a party, consisting of the master of the Briton, mate of the Runnymede, and several seamen, started in the boat that was repaired to obtain assistance, and they succeeded in reaching Mergni in about a month. Immediately on the authorities of Mergni being apprised of the sad

disasters, the Company's schooner George Swinton was despatched with provisions to the islands; and in the course of the week five other vessels were sent to the aid of the shipwrecked troops and seamen, two of them belonging to the royal navy, the steamer Ganges and Pilot war brig. The other vessels were the Ayrshire, Agnes Lee, and the Elizabeth Amelia. The instructions were, that upon their arrival they were to take the troops of both ships on board, and to proceed with them direct to Calcutta, and for the remainder to take the crew, and to save as much of the vessels as they possibly could. The spot where they lay is the Andaman Archipelago, lat. 12 deg. N., long. 93 deg. 13 min. E. There are several islands near it; the largest is called the Great Andaman, 140 miles long and 20 miles broad, indented by deep bays, and intersected by vast creeks, two of which pass through the island, and at high water are navigable for small vessels. The inhabitants are, as before mentioned, in a state of barbarism, and live chiefly on fish, fruit, and herbs. They perfectly resemble negroes, and their canoes are of the rudest description. Had those on board the Briton and Runnymede been defenceless emigrants, instead of troops, they would have been speedily butchered. The Runnymede is a total loss, but the Briton is very little damaged; but it will be impossible to get her off, consequently she must be either broken up or set fire to, in order to prevent the natives obtaining possession of her hull. Neither of the ships are said to be insured. The troops have arrived since at Calcutta.

THE TWO FISHERMEN.

"I WAS strolling on the beach one fine spring evening, amusing myself with picking up pebbles and casting them into the sea, while memory was busily employed in retracing past scenes and events, when my reveries were broken in upon by a slight tap on the shoulder. I turned round, and beheld a venerable old seaman, whom I often visited during the summer months, at his pretty cottage at C—.

"What, all, alone?" he said, with his usual benevolent smile. "Can you find no better employment, my pretty maiden than that of throwing stones into the water?"

"I attempted to make some excuse for the foolish manner in which I was wasting my time.

"Nay, make no apology, Jane, I know you of old; you will contrive to draw some grave reflection from your childish amusement—and tell me that the ocean reminds you of time, and that the pebbles you cast into it, resemble the fate of man, making a stir for a moment, agitating the bosom of the waters, then sinking for ever, and leaving no trace on the surface."

"It is even so," said I, unconsciously dropping the stones I had in my hand, one by one upon the beach. "Yet I, a weak girl, have the vanity to think I can leave a slight memorial of my existence on the surface, when so many gallant men sleep forgotten beneath, and are silently mouldering with the things that were."

"The old man sighed deeply, and an expression of sorrow, almost amounting to anguish, convulsed his features. It was but a passing cloud—his fine countenance was again illuminated by his usual placid smile, as seating himself on a piece of broken cliff, he motioned me to follow his example.

"Come, Jane," he said, "sing me that song I dearly love, and I in return will tell you a long story, which you may turn to what account you please, so that you conceal the names of the parties concerned."

"I loved his stories: they were always told with such simplicity, and warmth of feeling, that he ceased to be the mere narrator, and the hearer might fancy him one of the principal actors in the drama. The song he wished me to sing, and which he always called his favourite, was a sad ditty: "It was penned by an uncle of mine, after returning from a long voyage; and finding the lady he was engaged to, had died during his absence. My father being musical, set it to the flute, and it was known in the family by the name of 'The Mariner's Farewell.'"

"I will not sing you that," I said, "it is so very sad."
 "The better suited to my present feeling," returned the old man.

"Now, I wished to hear this tale—curiosity conquered my scruples and I did my best:

"The sails were set, the dashing oar,
 Already broke the foaming tide;
 But still I lingered on the shore,
 The bitterness of grief to hide.

The wind swept o'er my burning brow,
 The surge in hollow murmurs rung;
 I only felt the ardent vow,
 That trembled on my faltering tongue.

I only heard the heavy sighs;
 That burst from one fond woman's heart;
 I only saw the streaming eyes,
 That mutely said—'We part, we part!'

How oft the pressure of that hand,
 I've dreamt I felt at midnight's gloom:—
 Again I sought my native land,
 But she I loved was in the tomb!

"A long pause succeeded. At length the old man, passing his shaking hand over his eyes, pointing to a small white cottage that stood on the brow of the cliff. "Do you see that dwelling, with the roses over the porch?"

"'Tis an old-fashioned looking place," said I, "and would make a pretty picture."

"Forty years ago," he continued, "that house was built by two brothers, who gained a comfortable living by engaging in the fisheries, which were then carried on to a great extent in this village and the adjacent seaport town.—Robert and William Sowerby, were early left to struggle with the world. Their father died at sea, and their mother did not long survive her loss. The boys were brought up in the house of an uncle, who was the father of two sweet little girls. The children tenderly loved each other; time strengthened their mutual attachment; the uncle, before his death, consented to their union, and the brothers jointly erected that dwelling, to receive their promised brides."

"The rising sun smiled upon their labour of love, and the shades of evening could scarcely while them from their pleasing employment. Robert was grave and steady in his deportment and plain in his person. William was handsome, gay, passionate, and thoughtless. The difference in their dispositions and pursuits, often produced hot words between them, yet the brothers were fondly attached to each other.

"The marriage was a matter of rejoicing to the whole village; the bells rang forth a merry peal, and old and young came out to meet the bridal party, and welcome them to their new abode. The children strewed flowers in their path, and matron and maid wished that long years of happiness might attend their wedded life.

"For a while the youthful parties bade fair to realise the fond hopes of their friends. Cemented alike by brotherly love, and conjugal affection, the harmony that reigned in that little dwelling, became the topic of conversation to the inhabitants of the village.—Fanny, the wife of Robert Sowerby, possessed a heart too gay and joyous, to contend with the ills and sorrows of life. I see her now, the feelings of her innocent and guileless breast, lighting up the sunny expression of her smiling face, round which her dark curls wanted like the tendrils of the vine. How often have I paused beside yon rose-bound porch of a summer evening, to hear her gay laugh, ring in the clear air, while she tied up the flowers, or playfully wove them into wreaths for her flowing tresses. Dear girl! There was music in her step, gladness in her eye, and both combined in the witching tones of her voice. I have heard it exerted to its utmost pitch to meet the ear of her husband, as she stood upon the cliff, watching the return of his boat, by the clear beams of the moon. That voice has been mute many a long day, and the grass grown old upon her grave; but I shall never forget

its tones, and can repeat to you every word of that well known ditty:—

"Welcome! welcome! thou little bark!

Love greets thee from the shore!
 Through whitening foam, thy sails I mark,
 I hear thy dashing oar;
 Quickly glide over the pathless sea,
 For dear is thy freight to love and me!

She comes! she comes, through the dashing tide,
 And her keel grates on the strand,
 As the waves before her course divide,
 And her bold crew spring to land!
 Safe from the storm, and the howling main,
 I hold thee once more to my heart again!

Thy locks are wet with the ocean's foam,
 But our hearth burns bright and clear;
 The loved and the loving shall welcome thee home,
 And prepare thy rustic cheer.
 Yes! thou art safe, and I heed no more,
 The rising wind, and the tempests roar!

"Thus sang poor Fanny in days gone by; and, as her delighted husband caught her in his arms, he envied not the luxuries of the great, contented with the undivided, unbought love of his beautiful young wife.

"William and Lucy, after the first months of their marriage were over, did not possess that happiness and unity of mind, that were so conspicuously displayed in the domestic felicity enjoyed by their next-door neighbours. William was rash and obstinate, and often found fault with every scheme that his mild partner devised in the vain hope of pleasing him. All her endeavours to fulfil his wishes were frustrated by his unfortunate temper. He loved her, it is true; but he loved himself better, and viewed the happiness of Robert and Fanny with a jealous and discontented eye; not considering that it was his own fault that he did not enjoy the same.

"You never seem glad to see, me, Lucy," he would exclaim, as he hung down the nets he had been fishing with, in a corner of the cabin,—or sing such sweet songs to welcome my approach as Fanny does."

"I have no voice—I cannot sing," was the meek reply of poor Lucy, "but indeed, William, I am always happy to see you."

"Ay, that's the old phrase; but deeds show. Fanny is always gay and cheerful, that renders Robert so, and makes his home happy; while you greet my return with upbraidings, which drives me from mine."

"It's your own fault, William," said Lucy, bursting into tears, and leaving the room; "could you curb your temper, we too might be happy."

"Seldom a day passed without some dispute of this nature; and the kind-hearted Fanny, saw with grief, that the fend discord had thrown her apple into their once happy circle.

"One evening they had met at Robert's house to while away a few hours by his cheerful fireside. It was a rude wintry night, the rain fell in torrents—and the wind roared without, and shook the cottage to its foundation. William had been on the sea with the boat, which was their mutual property, in the earlier part of the day; and Robert, hearing the tempest rising to a pitch of fury, asked his brother if he had taken the precaution to draw her upon the beach, and secure her against the violence of the waters, which burst in tremendous shocks against the cliffs. William answered harshly in the negative. "Then, I must go and do it myself," returned Robert, the colour mounting to his cheek; "If you are careless with regard to your own property, you should have some respect for mine."

"Let me perish, if you leave the house such a night as this on any fool's errand," said William, rising, and placing his back against the door. She will take no harm, man! and is as much my property as yours."

"Stand back from the door!" returned Robert, giving way to sudden passion, "if I choose to go, no one shall dare to bar my passage in my own house."

"I tell you that you shall not go," said William, "and I will make good my words."

"You must do it in another place, then," returned Robert, with a threatening air.

"With all my heart," was the reply.

"The women now interposed; and, on each side, with tears and entreaties, endeavoured to win the brothers into a reconciliation. Fanny at length succeeded, for when did she ever plead to her husband's heart in vain? Kissing her pale cheek, and quieting her fears, he turned to his brother, and holding out his hand in token of amity, said—'William, we have both acted foolishly; I forgive you for your late intemperate speeches, and I expect you will extend to me the same favour. There is my hand upon it; and now let us mutually assist each other in securing the boat.'

"William, whose passion had not so soon subsided, consented with a sullen air, and they left the house together.

"During their absence, Fanny continued to pace the cottage with rapid steps, and often hurried to the door, and listened to the howling of the tempest with an expression of alarm and inward anxiety. 'The night is dark and stormy,' she said; 'the billows roll mountains high—oh, how I wish my husband would return.'

"Do not alarm yourself, my dear sister," returned Lucy rising, and approaching the open door: 'They will doubtless return in a few minutes. But see,' she continued, 'your clothes are wet through with the rain: consider your situation, and be more careful for your husband's sake.'

"I can see a dark figure advancing along the brow of the cliff," replied Fanny, disregarding her sister's caution. 'Tis he—it is my husband!' In despite of Lucy's efforts to detain her, she sprang from the cottage, and sank almost fainting into the arms of William Sowerby, who, without deceiving her, carried her gently back into the cottage. When Fanny perceived her mistake, her fears reached a climax of agony.

"Turning with a degree of fierceness quite foreign to her nature towards William, she demanded of him 'what he had done with her husband?'

"Is the woman mad?" he exclaimed in an angry tone. 'Am I accountable for her husband's actions?'

"You are! you are!" shrieked Fanny. 'He left the house with you, and should have returned with you. There's blood upon your hand—your garments are dyed with it—Almighty God, you have murdered him!'

"She sank senseless at his feet; and Lucy turning towards him with a face pale as death, said—'Speak, William! Tell me what is this that you have done. Whence are these fatal stains? Where! where, is your brother?'

"Let me be cursed to all eternity, if I know," said the fisherman, stamping furiously on the ground. 'These women, with their suspicions, are enough to drive a man out of his senses!' Seeing his wife trembling from head to foot, he added, in a calmer tone—'I left him with the boat; he will be here in a few minutes, to laugh with me at your ridiculous folly.'

"During this speech, Fanny had half risen from the floor, and she caught his arm wildly. 'It may be true. Forgive, William, a wife's agony! Come, and help me to look for him.'

"This idea appeared to inspire her with fresh hope; and, springing to her feet, she darted through the doorway, and fled with the rapidity of thought towards the cliff. The wind in vain impeded her course, or the drenching torrents that beat on her uncovered head: one dreadful supposition alone possessed her mind; the uproar of the warring elements was congenial with the feelings it produced in her distracted breast; and she never paused till she reached the spot where the boat was generally moored. The moon that had been obscured, now struggled through the haze, and cast a wan, uncertain light, on the surrounding objects. She stood alone on the sands; no sound of human voice met her ear, no living creature her eye. She called in frantic tones on the name of her husband—'Robert! Robert! where are you?' The hollow cliffs returned her voice, and the winds and waves alone answered her.

"William now arrived on the spot with a lantern, accompanied by several fishermen from the neighbouring houses.

They found the unhappy wife of Robert Sowerby in a state of almost unconsciousness: two of the men carried her back to the cottage, while the rest proceeded to search for her husband.

"On examining the boat, they discovered the pebbles all round it stained with blood, and the sand deeply indented by the pressure of contending feet. The men looked one upon another, and then at William.

"Whence are those stains on your face and garments, messmate?" said an old man, eyeing the young fisherman with a glance of peculiar meaning.

"It is blood," he returned, in a sullen voice; 'but it is my own. In drawing the boat up higher on the beach, I had the ill-luck to cut my hand with a sharp flint, and the blood is still oozing.'

"You will have to give a more satisfactory account of the accident, if your brother is not forthcoming," replied the old man; 'in the meantime I shall consider it my duty to retain you in custody until he is found, or you confess what has become of him.'

"Of what do you accuse me?" exclaimed the agitated young man.

"Of murder!"

"He uttered a scream of agony, and raising his hand towards Heaven, made the most solemn asseverations of his innocence, and called on God to attest their truth.

"The men pitied him, but no one in his sober reason could acquit him of the deed. He then implored them to let him take a last farewell of his wife before they hurried him off to prison; and this mercy was not denied to him.

"Unconscious of the horrors of her situation, or the trials that awaited her, Lucy was standing by Fanny's bed, watching in unspeakable anguish, the last flutterings of expiring life. Sorrow had pressed but once on that young gay heart, and the cord of life was severed in the contest. Her anxiety of mind, hurried the pains of a mother, and she died in giving birth to a male infant, who survived the loss of its unhappy parents.

"She had just performed the last melancholy task, and closed the fair lids that shrouded for ever the once joyous glance of her sister's radiant dark eyes, when her husband sprang into the room, and catching her arm, exclaimed in a wild and hurried tone—

"Look on me, Lucy! Tell me that you believe me innocent of the horrible crime they have laid to my charge?"

"The low wailing of an infant met his ear, and his blood-shot eye fell on the pale inanimate form of the once beautiful Fanny.

"Oh! she is dead, then—and they will say I have murdered her, too," he cried, as he dashed himself on the floor, and wept aloud in the paroxysm of his despair.

"Lucy knelt beside him, and raised his head on her knees. Her's was a misery too deep for tears; she kissed, with trembling lips, the swollen brow in which the veins seemed bursting, and said in a faltering voice—'Oh, my husband, I know not what to think—but I will not believe you guilty.'

"God bless you for the words, my poor girl; Heaven will prove my innocence; for I swear to you, Lucy, by Him who made me, I am as ignorant of my brother's destiny as you are. We parted friends—and never, in my wildest fits of passion, could I have raised my hand against his life.'

"I believe you!" exclaimed Lucy, flinging herself into his arms. The officers of justice entered, and tore them apart. 'We shall meet again, William,' she cried, as they bore him from the apartment, 'both here, and in another world.'

"As the village bell smote on her ear, she turned towards the pale crushed flower, over whom her tears flowed unceasingly.

"Poor Fanny," she said, stooping down and kissing the cold brow of her sister—'Thy sorrows are over; thy heart is at rest—that gay, glad voice is hushed for ever. I shall never again envy its tones of melody, or hear thy bounding step spring forth to meet him who has vanished from among us like a dream, and no one knoweth the cause of his departure. Oh, that I could lie down and sleep like thee, and bury in the dust the anguish of a broken heart.'

"Days, weeks, months rolled away; but Robert never returned. William was tried for the murder; the presumptive evidence was too strong to admit a doubt as to the perpetration of the crime; and he suffered, at the age of three-and-twenty, by the laws of his country.

"Lucy remained a lonely inhabitant of the cottage, pitied and respected by all her neighbours. She found a melancholy pleasure in bringing up the orphan her unfortunate sister had, dying, bequeathed to her care.

"She bore her dreary lot with a meek and lowly spirit, patiently submitting herself to the will of Heaven. The cottage, however, wore a different aspect. The roses that had been trained up by the hand of love were unbound, and floated on every breeze; the pretty garden, once the scene of Fanny's rural labours, was overgrown with weeds, here and there a solitary lily rearing its snowy crest to bring back to the mind of Lucy, the memory of departed hours. When the moon shone down in beauty on the spot, she would lean her head pensively on her hand, and fancy she heard the sweet voice of Fanny singing in the porch, as she playfully shook the dew out of the roses on to the dark locks and over the sun-burnt cheek of her husband. 'Ah, they were happy days'—would the solitary mourner say—'but they are gone for ever.'

"Six years had rolled on, and the little orphan had grown into a fine ruddy boy, with all his mother's lovely smiles and sparkling beauty. Lucy marked his growth with melancholy pleasure, and he became more dear to her from the resemblance he bore to her sister.

"One bright summer evening, as the rosy child was swinging on the garden gate, and watching the restless billows as they slowly broke against the cliff, a woe-worn and weather-beaten man approached the gate. The child, frightened at his haggard looks, would have fled, but the stranger caught him in his arms. 'Tell me,' he cried, in a hurried voice, "whose little boy are you?"

"Mother Lucy's," said the child, struggling in his grasp. 'I don't know you; pray let me go!'

"Do your father and mother live here?"

"My mother does; but I have no father," said the boy; 'he died before I was born.'

"Poor William! he is gone, then?" said the stranger, greatly agitated. 'Tell me, dear child, if your aunt, Fanny Sowerby is living?'

"Aunt!" said the child, looking earnestly in his face; 'I had once, they tell me, another mother, but she lies in the churchyard. I never saw her, but mother Lucy always makes me pray for her, and my father too.'

"Oh, my child! my child!" exclaimed the stranger, pressing the infant wildly to his heart, while his tears fell fast on the glittering ringlets of the cherub boy.

"At this moment, Lucy advanced from the cottage. At the sight of the stranger she uttered a terrific scream, and, catching his arm, cried out in a trembling voice, 'Speak to me, in God's name, Robert, tell me you are of this world?'

"Alas! to my own misery," groaned forth the unfortunate man.

"Lucy clasped her hands mournfully, and raised her streaming eyes towards Heaven.

"My wife! my brother!" he exclaimed, dashing his hand against his head. 'This is a horrible dream; it cannot be true that you both died for me!'

After the first burst of feeling had subsided, Lucy entreated him to reveal the cause of his long absence.

"William's tale was true," he said; 'we dragged the boat, which was nearly afloat in the surf, high up on the beach, in doing which he cut his hand severely with a large flint, and I begged him to leave me to fasten the boat, whilst he ran home and got the wound, which I considered dangerous, bound up. Thank God, Lucy, we parted friends! He had not left me many minutes, before, a band of smugglers emerged from a cave in the cliff, and observing me imprudently turn my head, and look earnestly at the place of their retreat, they surrounded and threatened me with instant death if I dared to reveal their hiding-place. I promised—nay, even bound myself to secrecy, by the most powerful oaths that language could suggest.

"Do not trust him," said one of the crew. 'Despatch him, and throw his body into the sea: we shall then ensure his silence.'

"My wife rushed across my mind—I implored their mercy—'If any of you are husbands and fathers,' I said, 'have compassion on me; I have left, in that cottage, a wife on the eve of her confinement with her first child—a wife whom I adore—do not commit a double crime by destroying both?'

"The leader of the band relented; 'I have thought of a better scheme,' he said, nodding to his companions; 'we will not take his life.'

"Just at this critical moment I heard approaching footsteps. I struggled desperately to gain my liberty, and was thrown with such violence to the ground, that the blood gushed copiously from my nostrils; a handkerchief was tied over my mouth, and I was forcibly dragged into the cavern. O, Lucy! imagine my feelings, when I heard in that dismal place the voice of Fanny calling on me in the tones of despair, while I, bound hand and foot, was denied even the powers of utterance. Were I to live for eternity, I should never forget the horrible presentiments of approaching ill which crowded on my mind during that dreadful night.

"Towards morning the smugglers got their vessel under weigh, and they put me on board, and in the course of twenty-four hours we were landed in Holland. Without a halfpenny in my pocket, or the least knowledge of the language. I was reduced to the necessity of soliciting the charity of the passers-by. But the anxiety of my mind brought on a violent fever. I was picked up in the streets, and conveyed to the hospital, where I languished for upwards of a twelvemonth under the inflictions of Heaven, and when restored at length to health and liberty, new miseries awaited me. Luckily I fell in with the master of a trading vessel, who, pitying my forlorn situation, agreed to take me with him to England. Just as my hopes were nearly realized, I was again plunged into despair; our vessel became the prize of a privateer, and I was carried a prisoner to France, where I remained until the exchange which took place a few weeks ago.

"We had a quick passage, and arrived safe in dear Old England. My transports were so great, on once more beholding my native land, that it was some time before I could moderate my feelings. I begged my way hither, anticipating the kind welcome I should receive from my wife and family after so long and painful an absence. And what have I found? My wife in her grave, and my brother executed as a felon for my supposed murder.

"Here the old seaman paused, and seemed so deeply affected, that it was some minutes before I could sum up resolution again to address him.

"And what became of poor Lucy?"

"As though she had lived only to deliver up that lovely boy into his father's care, she soon after sickened and died; and we buried these two sisters of misfortune in the same grave. The boy, Jane, you have often seen; he is the gay, high-spirited young officer who is frequently the companion of your evening rambles."

"How!" cried I, starting from my seat, 'Robert Brandon! He is then your son?'

"Yes, Jane, I was the once happy husband of the beautiful Fanny Sowerby.' He pressed my hand to his lips, and walked slowly towards the deserted cottage. I looked after him—my heart was full—tears blinded my eyes—I could not follow him."

AN EXAMPLE OF BRITISH SEAMANSHIP.

ON the 10th of January, 1800, a singular instance of seamanship, valour, and dexterity, occurred in the escape of a pilot-boat from a French privateer. The vessel was the *Amity*, belonging to Bembridge, on the look out for ships. About ten, in the morning, they discovered a lugger privateer, about two miles distance, which they could not perceive before, in consequence of the morning being hazy. There being little wind, the enemy was rowing with thirteen

oars on each side, and fast approaching: the master of the pilot boat thought it best to leave the vessel immediately, there being no other means of escape. He and another man, got into their small boat, and desired James Wallis, the boy, to come also; but he bravely answered, "he would remain by the vessel, whatever might be the consequence." Thus resolved, he gave them his watch, and all the money he had, which he requested, they would give to his father; they promised to perform his request, and immediately left him to his fate, and the privateer was only a quarter of a mile distant. In a few minutes she shot up under his lee quarter, with an intention to grapple the pilot boat; and having fresh way, lowered her main-top sails, and lug sail; the lad observing their design, just as they were in the act of heaving their grappling irons, put his helm down and went about, whilst the privateer fired small arms and swivels into her. This manoeuvre obliged them to make sail and tack; when they had made all the sail they could, the young man with great judgment tacked, and weathered them about the length of the lugger: the privateer having gained his wake, tacked also, The youth continued to tack, every time the privateer set her sails, which was repeated sixteen or seventeen times; they likewise constantly fired when near, and particularly when crossing at a distance, never more than thirty yards. After manoeuvring in this dexterous manner for above two hours, a fresh breeze happily sprung up, the pilot boat was then on the last tack, and had gained about a cable's length to windward, when she crossed the privateer, which after firing all their swivels and small arms, bore up and left him.

WHITFIELD'S ORATORY.

As an instance of Whitfield's pulpit thunder, give me leave to squeeze in here a bellowing exclamation of his, and a sailor's laconic reply, the authenticity of which may be relied on.

This wonderful doctor of souls, was preaching to a numerous congregation in his conventicle in Tottenham-Court Road, with his usual vehemence, with his eyes flaming in their sockets, and an expansion in his arms as though he were buffeting the billows.

"We will suppose this temple of worthies," says he, "my dear brethren, a ship in a dreadful tempest! your spiritual pilot not on board to guide you to the beacon in safety! he that has conducted you through the many storms of this perilous life, with celestial comfort! I need not tell you how watchful I have been for the comfort of your dear souls! in such a situation, 'when the winds howl o'er the darkly rolling sea,' as that profane writer Ossian expresses it! in such a situation what would you do to be saved?—I ask you, what would you do to be saved?—" "Why, d—n me (replied the tar) take to the long-boat to be sure? what would you have us do?"

THE CONVICT SHIP.

MORN on the waters—and purple and bright,
Bursts on the billows the flushings of light;
O'er the glad waves, like a child of the sun,
See the tall vessel goes gallantly on;
Full to the breeze she unbosoms her sail,
And her pennons stream onward, like hope in the gale;
The winds come around her in murmur and song,
And the surges rejoice as they bear her along,
See! she looks up to the golden-edged clouds,
And the sailor sings gaily aloft in the shrouds:
Onward she glides amid ripple and spray,
Over the waters—away and away!
Bright as the visions of youth, ere they part,
Passing away like a dream of the heart.
Who, as the beautiful pageant sweeps by—

Music around her, and sunshine on high—
Pauses to think, amid glitter and show,
Oh, there be hearts that are breaking below!

Night on the waves!—and the moon is on high,
Hung like a gem on the brow of the sky,
Treading in depths, in the power of her might,
And turning the clouds as they pass her to light.
Look to the waters! asleep on their breast—
Seems not the ship like an island of rest?
Bright and alone on the shadowy main,
Like a heart-cherish'd home on some desolate plain.
Who—as she smiles in the silvery light,
Spreading her wings on the "bosom" of night,
Alone on the deep, as the moon in the sky,
A phantom of beauty—could deem, with a sigh,
That so lovely a thing is the mansion of sin,
And souls that are smitten lie bursting within?
Who, as he watches her silently gliding,
Remembers that wave after wave is dividing,
Bosoms that sorrow and guilt could not sever—
Hearts which are parted and broken for ever!
Or deems that he watches, alone on the wave,
The death-bed of hope, or the young spirit's grave?

'Tis thus with our life—while it passes along,
Like a vessel at sea, amid sunshine and song,
Gaily we glide in the gaze of the world,
With streamers aloft, and with canvass unfur'd;
All gladness and glory to wandering eyes,
Yet charter'd by sorrow, and freighted with sighs:
Fading and false is the aspect it wears,
As the smiles we put on just to cover our tears;
And the withering thoughts which the world cannot know,
Like heart-broken exiles lie burning below;
While the vessel drives on to that desolate shore
Where the dreams of our childhood are vanish'd and o'er.

HERVEY.

NAVAL PATRONAGE.

A MIDSHIPMAN of my acquaintance, and who subsequently attained the rank of captain, had nearly completed his six years, and joined a ship in the Mediterranean, taking with him letters of introduction and recommendation to Lord Collingwood, then commander-in-chief. With these he waited on his lordship; who found, upon perusing them, that one was from Lord B——, lately first lord of the admiralty, containing the simple and very modest request, that the young gentleman, the bearer of the note, might be appointed as acting lieutenant, until his time should be completed. Lord Collingwood, who was much teased with similar applications, and was, besides, no bad judge of the cut and fashion of a sailor, generally addressed a few questions to such aspirants for lieutenantcies as the one who now stood before him: and according to their answers, he either took them at once into his own ship, that he might be a closer observer of their qualifications, and deserts, or left them, for an indefinite time, in the one, to to which they belonged. After the usual common places of "How long he had served?" "and with whom, and upon what station?"—in pursuance of this wholesome plan, he proceeded to put Mr.——'s nautical knowledge to the proof: upon which he was soon abundantly satisfied. His very first question was a puzzler—this candidate for untimely promotion, being unable to tell how or where the "bitter (better) ends of the bower cables are clenched." He was, therefore sent back to his ship, with an admonition "to make himself better acquainted with his profession, which," his lordship added, "he should be glad to hear was the case from the captain, whose duty it would be to examine him, when his six years' service as a midshipman would be completed."

DEFEAT OF THE SPANISH ARMADA.

IN the year 1588, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Philip the Second, King of Spain, formed a grand design of invading England, and made vast preparations for the entire conquest of the kingdom. Under the sway of this monarch, and that of his father, the Emperor Charles the Fifth, Spain had reached to the highest point of its prosperity, being, at that period, rich and populous: and the late conquest of Portugal, besides securing internal tranquillity, had annexed an opulent kingdom to Philip's dominions—had made him master of many settlements in the East Indies, and of the whole commerce of those regions; and had much increased his naval power, in which he was before chiefly deficient. Besides this, all the treasures of the West Indies were in his possession.

Philip's ambition was as great as his resentment was lasting. On the death of Queen Mary, of persecuting memory, whose husband he was, he made proposals of marriage to his sister-in-law, Queen Elizabeth, hoping still to obtain that dominion over England which he had failed to secure in espousing her sister, and he offered to procure from the Pope a dispensation for the purpose. But Elizabeth knew well the aversion borne by the nation to a Spanish alliance, and at once rejected the proposal. This refusal rankled in his heart, and the interference of Elizabeth in the affairs of the Netherlands, when the Dutch provinces revolted from him; the sending out of an armament against the Spanish settlements in the West Indies, and the destruction of the Spanish fleet, at Cadiz, in 1587, with other insults and injuries which the Spaniards were continually receiving from the English, all tended to encourage and inflame that desire for revenge, which Philip had long harboured against the Queen.

Added to all these causes of offence, Philip's bigotry led him to place himself at the head of the Catholic party on the Continent, and to devote all his energies to the extirpation of heresy both at home and abroad. Elizabeth, on the other hand, was recognised throughout Europe as the bulwark and support of Protestantism; and Philip hoped, if he could subdue that princess, to acquire the eternal renown of re-uniting the whole Christian world in the Catholic communion. Above all, his indignation against his revolted subjects in the Netherlands, instigated him to attack the English, who had encouraged that insurrection; and to subdue England seemed a necessary step towards the re-establishment of his authority in that portion of his extensive dominions.

The preparations for the Armada—by which Philip hoped to conquer the English both on sea and land—were for some time secretly carried on, with great celerity. As soon as the project was fully determined upon, every part of his vast empire resounded with "the busy note of preparation, and clank of hammers closing rivets up." All his ministers, generals,

and admirals, were employed in forwarding the design. In all the ports of Sicily, Naples, Spain, and Portugal, artisans were employed in building vessels of uncommon size and force; naval stores were collected at a great expense; provisions amassed; armies levied and quartered in the maritime towns of Spain; and such a fleet was fitted out as had never before seen its equal in Europe. The military preparations in Flanders were no less formidable. Troops from all quarters were every moment assembling, to reinforce the Duke of Parma, to whom had been committed the command of the army. In Italy, and Germany also, soldiers were enlisted; and an army of 34,000 men was assembled in the neighbourhood of Dunkirk, and kept in readiness to be transported into England. The Duke of Parma employed all the carpenters whom he could procure, either in Flanders or in Lower Germany, and the coasts of the Baltic; and he built at Dunkirk, and Newport, and at Antwerp, a great number of boats and flat-bottomed vessels, for the transporting of his forces. This great naval armament, when completed, consisted of 150 ships, most of which were of an unusual size, carrying 2,650 guns, and having on board 20,000 soldiers, and 8,000 seamen, besides 2,000 volunteers of the most distinguished families. This force was to be joined

by the 34,000 men before referred to, assembled in the Netherlands. This vast navy was vainly gloriously denominated by the Spaniards, even before leaving port, the "Invincible Armada!"

These extraordinary preparations could not long be concealed from the English government; but Philip was a consummate hypocrite, and he gave out that the armament, on which he had spent such enormous sums, and called into requisition all the resources of his kingdom to complete, was fitted out for the purpose of being employed in the Indies. This shallow pretext, however,



[THE ARMADA ATTACKED BY THE ENGLISH.]

did not avail him. Elizabeth had foreseen that an attempt would be made at invasion, and she made preparations for resistance. The English navy, at that period, was in a very inefficient state. It consisted only of twenty-eight sail, many of which were of small size. The Queen, in these circumstances, appealed to her people, and they nobly responded to the call of their sovereign. All the commercial towns of England were required to furnish ships for reinforcing the navy. The citizens of London, in order to show their zeal in the common cause, instead of fifteen vessels which they were commanded to equip, voluntarily fitted out double the number. The nobility and gentry hired, and armed, and manned, forty-three ships at their own charge. Lord Howard of Effingham, was appointed admiral of the English fleet. Drake, Hawkins, and Frobisher, the most renowned seamen in Europe, served under him. The principal fleet was stationed at Plymouth; while a smaller squadron, consisting of forty vessels, English and Flemish, commanded by Lord Seymour, lay off Dunkirk, ready to intercept the Duke of Parma.

The people of England felt that not only their liberties, but their religion was at stake. A blow was menaced to be struck

at the sovereignty of Elizabeth, not only as a Queen, but as the head and protectress of the Protestant interest in Europe; and they, therefore, came forward with alacrity, and prepared for the defence of their natural rights and independence.

The land forces of England were, according to Hume, more numerous than the enemy; but they were inferior in discipline, reputation, and experience. An army of 20,000 men was disposed, in different bodies, along the south coast; and orders were given them, if they could not prevent the landing of the Spaniards, to retire backwards; to waste the country around; and to wait for reinforcements from the neighbouring counties before they encountered the enemy. A body of 22,000 foot, and 1,000 horse, under the command of the Earl of Leicester, was stationed at Tilbury Fort, for the defence of the capital. The principal force, consisting of 34,000 foot and 2,000 horse, was commanded by Lord Hunsdon. These forces were reserved for guarding the Queen's person, and were appointed to march whithersoever the enemy should appear. The panic was almost general throughout the kingdom; the most dismal apprehensions being entertained by many, even among the Queen's counsellors, that the small and inexperienced military force which England could bring into the field, would not, for a moment, be able to cope with the formidable army of 50,000 veteran Spaniards, commanded by experienced officers, under the Duke of Parma, the most consummate general of the age.

The Queen, however, undismayed by the danger which threatened her crown and people, issued all her orders with tranquillity, animated her subjects to a steady resistance, and employed every resource which either her domestic situation, or her foreign alliances could afford her. She sent Sir Robert Sidney into Scotland, to exhort King James to remain in amity with her, and to consider the danger which at present menaced his sovereignty no less than her own, from the ambition of the tyrant of Spain. With her usual artfulness she made him some promises which, with her usual dissimulation, she never fulfilled. Such as, to give him a dukedom in England, with suitable lands and revenue; to settle 5,000*l*. a-year on him; and to pay him a guard, for the safety of his person.

The King of Scotland declared himself perfectly willing to remain in relationship with England, and he even kept himself in readiness to march with the whole force of his kingdom to the assistance of the English Queen. The King of Denmark was induced, on her application, to seize all the ships belonging to the Spanish monarch in the Danish harbours. The Hanse Towns too, though not at that time on good terms with the English Queen, were so far prevailed upon by the same motives which had weighed with his Danish majesty, namely, the interests of the Protestant religion, and the strong remonstrances of Elizabeth, as to retard so long the equipment of some vessels in their ports, that they became useless to the purpose of invading England.

The Queen's conduct at this perilous conjuncture of affairs, was such as to command even the admiration of her enemies. Her prudence, circumspection, and vigour, made up for all deficiencies in the land or sea forces. She animated the Protestant part of her subjects by an appeal to their loyalty, and attachment to their religion. She reminded them of their former danger from the wiles and the tyranny of the King of Spain. All the barbarities exercised by Mary against the Protestants—the burnings—the imprisonments—the proscriptions of the adherents of the reformed faith, were ascribed to the counsels of that bigotted and imperious monarch. Nay, we are told that the representation of the persecuting nature of Popery was even carried so far, that the bloody massacres in the Indies—the unrelenting executions in the low countries—the horrid cruelties and iniquities of the inquisition, were set before men's eyes; a list and description were published, and pictures dispersed, of the several instruments of torture with which, it is pretended, the Spanish Armada was loaded; and every artifice was employed to rouse the people to a vigorous defence of their religion, their laws, and their liberties.

The English Roman Catholics generally were not led away

from their allegiance, by the hope of seeing their religion re-established in England; although the pope had absolved them from their fealty. The liberty and independence of their native country were stronger motives to their fidelity, than any which Philip could offer; and as Elizabeth, on this occasion, wisely pursued moderate measures towards them, fair scope was given for their patriotism and right feeling. Several Roman Catholic gentlemen entered as volunteers in the fleet and army. Some equipped ships at their own charge, and gave the command of them to Protestants. Others were active in animating their tenants, and vassals, and neighbours, to the defence of their country; and every rank of them, burying, for the present, all party animosities, seemed to prepare themselves with order, as well as vigour, to resist the daring attempt of the invaders.

The queen, surrounded by her principal men, appeared on horseback in the camp at Tilbury; with a cheerful and animated countenance she rode through the lines; and exhorted the soldiers in the following stirring address:—

"My loving people, we have been persuaded by some that are careful of our safety, to take heed how we commit ourselves to armed multitudes, for fear of treachery; but, assure you, I do not desire to live to distrust my faithful and loving people. Let tyrants fear: I have always so behaved myself that, under God, I have placed my chiefest strength and safeguard in the loyal hearts and good will of my subjects; and therefore I am come amongst you at this time, not as for my recreation or sport, but being resolved, in the midst and heat of the battle, to live or die among you all; to lay down, for my God, and for my kingdom, and for my people, my honour and my blood even in the dust. I know I have but the body of a weak and feeble woman; but I have the heart of a king, and a king of England, too; and think foul scorn that Parma, or Spain, or any prince of Europe, should dare to invade the borders of my realms; to which, rather than any dishonour should grow by me, I myself will take up arms: I myself will be your general, judge and rewarder of every one of your virtues in the field. I know already, by your forwardness, that you have deserved rewards and crowns; and we do assure you, on the word of a prince, they shall be duly paid you. In the meantime, my lieutenant-general shall be in my stead, than whom never prince commanded a more noble or worthy subject; not doubting, by your obedience to my general, by your concord in the camp, and your valour in the field, we shall shortly have a famous victory over those enemies of my God, of my kingdom, and of my people."

By this spirited behaviour Elizabeth revived the attachment and increased the enthusiasm of the soldiery.

In the beginning of May, 1588, the Spanish Armada was ready for sea; but its sailing was retarded for some time by the deaths, successively, of the Admiral, the Marquis of Santa Croce, and the Vice-Admiral, the Duke of Paliano. The Duke of Medina Sidonia, a nobleman of great family, but inexperienced in action, and entirely ignorant of sea affairs, was appointed Admiral, and Alcaerde, Vice-Admiral.

At length, on the 29th of May, every preparation being complete, the Spanish fleet set sail from Lisbon. Forth went that mighty armament, charged with a nation's ruin, and a religion's overthrow. Consecrated by the Pope himself, and wafted by the blessings and the hopes of every adherent of popery throughout Europe, its course promised fair, and its result successful. Already, the most fearful denunciations hovered over England—the thunders of the vatican had been hurled against that doomed land—the anathema had been launched against it and its sovereign, and the awful curse pronounced which was to hurry them both into immediate and irremediable destruction. Elizabeth had been formally excommunicated and deposed by the Roman pontiff, who had published a crusade against England, and granted plenary indulgences to every one engaged in the invasion.

But the ways of Providence are inscrutable. On the very day after the Armada had sailed, it was overtaken by a tremendous storm, which dispersed the ships, sunk some of the smallest, and forced the rest to take shelter in the Groine, where they were refitted.

The intelligence of the disaster which had happened to the Spanish fleet created, as was natural, great joy in England; and the Queen concluded that the Spaniards would not this year attempt an invasion. In this belief, she caused orders to be sent to the admiral, directing him to lay up some of the larger ships and to discharge the seamen. Lord Effingham, however, who judged otherwise, and was convinced that the Spanish navy would again put to sea, had the courage to disobey these orders, and solicited permission to retain all the ships in service, though it should be at his own expense. Taking advantage of a north wind, he sailed towards the coast of Spain, with the intention of attacking the enemy in harbour; but the wind changing to the south, he became apprehensive lest they might have set sail, and passing him at sea, been able to reach England, now undefended by the fleet, in his absence. These considerations induced him to return with the utmost expedition to Plymouth, where he anchored.

The damage done to the vessels of the Armada by the storm, were soon repaired; and the Spaniards, determined on the invasion of England, and nothing daunted by the ominous commencement of their voyage, once more put to sea. Their fleet consisted, now, of 130 vessels, of which nearly 100 were galleons, and were much larger than any that had yet been used in Europe. It carried on board 19,295 soldiers, 8456 mariners, 2088 galley-slaves, and 2630 great pieces of brass ordnance. It was victualled for six months; and was attended by twenty smaller ships, called caravals, and ten salves with six oars each.

The Duke of Medina had received orders from Philip, to avoid, if possible, coming into contact with the English fleet; and for this purpose, in passing along the Channel, he was to sail as near the coast of France, as he could with safety, until being joined by the Duke of Parma, he should be able to make sail to the Thames; and, having landed the whole Spanish army, complete, at one blow, the entire conquest of England. The Duke ventured to disobey these orders. A fisherman, whom his vessels met on their passage to the English coast, gave him information of a nature which induced him to alter his plans, and instead of keeping out of the reach of the ships of his opponents, to proceed at once to attack them in their harbours. This man told them that the English admiral, hearing of the tempest which had scattered the Armada, had gone to sea in search of them; but that he had since returned back into Plymouth, where, no longer expecting an invasion this season, he had laid up his ships, and discharged most of his seamen. This intelligence, false as the latter (the most important part of it) was, had the effect of making him believe that he had nothing more to do than sail for Plymouth, destroy at once the English fleet, and secure immediate possession of the kingdom. This resolution of the Spanish admiral proved the salvation of England.

On the evening of the 19th July, the Armada arrived off the Lizard Point, in Cornwall; this, the most southern promontory of England, being the first land made by it. The Spaniards mistook it for the Ramhead, near Plymouth; they, therefore, stood out to sea with the design of returning next day, and attacking the English navy. One Fleming, a Scottish pirate, who was roving in those seas, desecrated them, and he immediately set sail to inform the English admiral of their approach. Effingham being thus apprised, issued instant orders to prepare for action. He had just time to get out of port, when he desecrated the Spanish Armada bearing down upon him.

It was a most imposing spectacle, and such as the sea, which has presented many beautiful sights, never before upheld on its treacherous bosom. The mighty armament of Spain was disposed in the form of a crescent, and stretched to the distance of seven miles from the extremity of one division to that of the other. Although, however, the ships were in full sail, yet, from their weight and unwieldy construction, they proceeded very slowly, and thus gave the English, who beheld, without dismay, this formidable force arrayed against them, full time to prepare for receiving him.

Orders were issued by the English admiral to avoid close

action with the Spanish ships, but to cannonade them at a distance, and to wait the opportunity which winds, currents, or various accidents must afford him of intercepting some of their scattered vessels. Two events occurred which at the beginning spread confusion through the enemy's fleet. A large ship of Biscay, on board of which was a considerable part of the Spanish money, accidentally took fire; and while all hands were employed in extinguishing the flames, she fell astern of the rest of the Armada. The great galleon of Andalusia was detained by the springing of her mast, and both these vessels were taken, after some resistance, by Sir Francis Drake.

As the Armada advanced up the Channel, the English hung upon its rear, and continued to attack it, gradually advancing nearer; found that, even in close action, the size of the Spanish ships was rather a disadvantage to them than otherwise. Their bulk exposed them the more to the fire of the enemy, while their cannon being placed too high, the shot passed over the heads of the English, and fell harmless in the water.

No sooner had the news of the appearance of the Armada reached land, than the nobility and gentry hastened out, with their vessels, to reinforce the admiral. The Earls of Oxford, Northumberland, and Cumberland, Sir Thomas Cecil, Sir Robert Cecil, Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Thomas Vavasor, Sir Thomas Gerrard, Sir Charles Blount, and many other eminent men, distinguished themselves by this generous and disinterested proceeding. The English fleet, with this reinforcement, amounted to 140 sail.

The Armada proceeded to Calais, and cast anchor before that place, that the Duke of Parma might put to sea and join his forces to them, as was originally intended. Here the English admiral had recourse to stratagem, in order to scatter the Spanish vessels. He filled eight of his smaller ships with combustible materials, and sent them one after the other, into the midst of the enemy. The Spaniards took the alarm, cut their cables, and hastened to sea with the greatest disorder and precipitation. In this state, the English attacked them, and captured or destroyed about twelve of their best ships, besides doing great damage to many of the rest.

The Armada being thus, in a manner, disabled from proceeding any further in the enterprise, the Duke of Parma felt unwilling to expose his soldiers singly to the attacks of the English fleet, convinced as he was that the vessels provided by him were formed for transporting an army, not for fighting. When urged to leave the harbour, he positively refused, and thus ended all hopes on the part of the Spaniards, of the success of an expedition, for which so many and so extensive preparations had been made.

Several encounters took place between the Spanish and English fleets; but while the former lost many of their vessels, only one small ship of the latter had been destroyed. Perceiving that it was the intention of the English admiral to effect the complete destruction of the Armada, the Duke of Medina formed the resolution to return to Spain with the remainder of his fleet. But he found it impossible, from the prevalence of a contrary wind, to pass through the channel, and he determined to sail northwards, and, making the tour of the island of Great Britain, reach Spain by the ocean. Harassed, however, by the incessant attacks of the English fleet, which continued for some time to follow him, he would inevitably have been obliged to surrender at discretion, had not the ammunition of his opponents fallen short, from the negligence of the officer in supplying them; and the latter were compelled to bear away from their enemy, when almost within their power.

The Armada, however, was doomed to destruction. Soon after it had passed the Orkneys, it encountered a tremendous hurricane, which drove some of the ships on the western isles of Scotland, and others on the coast of Ireland, where they were miserably wrecked; and not a half of the proud navy which had left Spain with such magnificent expectations returned to tell the tale of their discomfiture and dishonour. Thus perished the hopes of the Pope and the Spaniard to

throw the fetters of superstition and tyranny over free and happy England.

Since that eventful period, this country has remained indisputable mistress of the sea, and the strongest bulwark of the Protestant faith; and the combined efforts of all the powers of Europe would now be ineffectual in depriving her of her supremacy in either.

THE MAIN-TRUCK; OR, A LEAP FOR LIFE.

THE last cruise I made in the Mediterranean was in the old Ironsides, as we used to call our gallant frigate. We had been backing and filling for several months on the western coast of Africa, from the Canaries down to Messurado, in search of slave traders; and during that time we had some pretty heavy weather. When we reached the Straits, there was a spanking wind blowing from about west south-west; so we squared away, and without coming-to at the Rock, made a straight wake for old Mahon, the general rendezvous and place of refitting for our squadrons, in the Mediterranean. Immediately on arriving there, we warped in alongside the Arsenal Quay, where we stripped ship to girtline, broke out the holds, tiers, and store-rooms, and gave her a regular-built overhauling from stem to stern. For a while everybody was busy, and all seemed bustle and confusion. Orders and replies, in loud and dissimilar voices—the shrill pipings of the different boatswains' mates, each attending to separate duties—and the mingled clatter and noise of various kinds of work, all going on at the same time, gave something of the stir and animation of a dock-yard to the usually quiet arsenal of Mahon. The boatswain and his crew were engaged in fitting a new gang of rigging; the gunner in repairing his breaching and gun-tackles; the forecattle men in caulking; the top-men in sending down the yards and upper spars; the holders and waiters in white-washing and holy-stoning; and even the poor marines were kept busy, like beasts of burden, in carrying buckets of water on their backs. On the quay, near the ship, the smoke of the armourer's forge, which had been hoisted out and sent on shore, ascended in a thin black column through the clear blue sky; from one of the neighbouring whistone warehouses, the sound of saw and hammer told that the carpenters were at work; near by, a lively rattling drew attention to the cooper, who in the open air was tightening the water-casks; and not far removed, under a temporary shed, formed of spare studding-sails and tarpaulins, sat the sailmaker and his assistants, repairing the sails which had been rent or injured by the many storms we had encountered.

Many hands, however, made light work, and in a very few days all was accomplished; the stays and shrouds were set up and new rattled down; the yards crossed, the running rigging rove, and sails bent; and the old craft, fresh painted and all a-taunt-o, looked as fine as a midshipman on liberty. In place of the storm stumps, which had been stowed away among the booms and other spare spars, amidships, we had sent up cap to gallant-masts and royal-poles, with a sheave for skysails, and hoist enough for skyscrapers above them: so you may judge the old frigate looked pretty taunt. There was a Dutch line-ship in the harbour; but, though we only carried forty-four to her eighty, her main-truck could hardly have reached to our royal-mast head. The side-boys, whose duty it was to lay aloft and furl the sky-sails, looked no bigger on the yard than a good-sized duff for a midshipman's mess; and the main-truck seemed not half as large as the Turk's-head knot on the main-ropes of the accommodation-ladder.

When we had got everything ship-shape and man-of-war fashion, we hauled out again, and took our berth about half-way between the Arsenal and Hospital Island; and a pleasant view it gave us of the town and harbour of old Mahon, one of the safest and most tranquil places of anchorage in the world.

Even on board our vessel, a degree of stillness unusual for a man-of-war prevailed among the crew. It was the hour of their evening meal, and the low hum that came from the gun-deck had an indistinct and buzzing sound, which, like the tiny

song of bees of a warm summer-noon, rather heightened than diminished the charm of the surrounding quiet. The spar-deck was almost deserted. The quarter-master of the watch, with his spyglass in his hand, and dressed in a frock and trousers of snowy whiteness, stood aft upon the taffrail, erect and motionless as a statue, keeping the usual look-out. A group of some half-dozen sailors had gathered together on the fo'castle, where they were supinely lying under the shade of the bulwarks; and here and there, upon the gun-slides along the gangway, sat three or four others—one, with his clothes-bag beside him, overhauling his simple wardrobe; another working a set of clues for some favourite officer's hammock; and a third engaged, perhaps, in carving his name in rude letters upon the handle of a jack-knife, or in knotting a laniard with which to suspend it round his neck.

On the top of the boom-cover, and in the full glare of the level sun, lay black Jake, the gigmaker of the ship, and a striking specimen of African peculiarities, in whose single person they were all strongly developed. His flat nose was dilated to unusual width, and his ebony cheeks fairly glistened with delight, as he looked up at the gambols of a large monkey, which, clinging to the mainstay, just above Jake's woolly head, was chattering and grinning back at the negro, as if there existed some means of mutual intelligence between them. It was my watch on deck, and I had been standing several minutes leaning on the main fire-rail, amusing myself by observing the antics of the black and his congenial playmate; but at length, tiring of the rude mirth, had turned towards the taffrail, to gaze on the more agreeable features of that scene which I have feebly attempted to describe. Just at that moment a shout and a merry laugh burst upon my ear, and looking quickly round, to ascertain the cause of the unusual sound on a frigate's deck, I saw little Bob Stay (as we called our commodore's son) standing halfway up the main-hatch ladder, clapping his hands, and looking aloft at some object that seemed to inspire him with a deal of glee. A single glance to the main-yard explained the occasion of his merriment. He had been coming up from the gun-deck, when Jacko, perceiving him on the ladder, dropped suddenly down from the main-stay, and running along the boom-cover, leaped upon Bob's shoulder, seized his cap from his head, and immediately darted up the main-top-sail-sheet, and thence to the bunt of the main-yard, where he now sat, picking threads from the tassels of his prize, and occasionally scratching his side, and chattering, as if with exultation at the success of his mischief. But Bob was a sprightly, active little fellow, and though he could not climb quite as nimbly as the monkey, yet he had no mind to lose his cap without an effort to regain it. Perhaps he was the more strongly incited to make chase after Jacko, from noticing me to smile at his plight, or by the loud laugh of Jake, who seemed inexpressibly delighted at the occurrence, and endeavoured to evince, by tumbling about the boom-cloth, shaking his huge, mishapen head, and sundry other grotesque actions, the pleasure for which he had no words.

"Ha, you black rascal, Jacko, hab you no more respec' for de young officer than to steal his cab? We bring you to de gangway, you black nigger, and gib you a dozen on de bare back for a tief."

The monkey looked down from his perch, as if he understood the threat of the negro, and chattered a sort of defiance in answer.

"Ha, ha, Massa Stay! he say mus' ketch him 'fore you flog him; and it's no so easy for a midshipman in boots to catch a monkey barefoot."

A red spot mounted to the cheek of little Bob, as he cast one glance of offended pride at Jake, and then sprang across the deck to the Jacob's ladder. In an instant he was half-way up the rigging, running over the ratlines as lightly as if they were an easy flight of stairs, while the shrouds scarcely quivered beneath his elastic motion. In a second more his hand was on the futtocks.

"Massa Stay!" cried Jake, who sometimes, from being a favourite, ventured to take liberties with the younger officers, "Massa Stay, you best crawl through de lubber's hole—it take a sailor to climb the futtock shroud."

But he had scarcely time to utter his pretended caution before Bob was in the top. The monkey in the meanwhile had awaited his approach, until he had got nearly up the rigging, when it suddenly put the cap on its own head, and running along the yard to the opposite side of the top, sprang up a rope, and thence to the topmast backstay, up which it ran to the topmast crossrees, where it again quietly seated itself and resumed its work of picking the tassel to pieces. For several minutes I stood watching my little messmate follow Jacko from one piece of rigging to another, the monkey, all the while, seeming to exert only so much agility as was necessary to elude the pursuer, and pausing whenever the latter appeared to be grown weary of the chase. At last by this kind of manœuvring, the mischievous animal succeeded in enticing Bob as high as the royal mast-head, when springing suddenly on the royal-stay, it ran nimbly down the fore-to gallant-mast head, thence down the rigging to the fore-top, when leaping on the fore-yard, it ran out to the yard-arm, and hung the cap on the end of the studding-sail boom, where taking its seat, it raised a loud and exulting chattering. Bob by this time was completely tired out, and perhaps unwilling to return to the deck to be laughed at for his fruitless chase, he sat down in the royal crossrees; while those who had been attracted by the sport returned to their usual avocations or amusements. The monkey no longer the object of pursuit or attention, remained but a little while on the yard-arm; but soon taking up the cap, returned towards the slings, and dropped it down upon the deck.

Some little piece of duty occurred at this moment to engage me, as soon as which was performed I walked aft, and leaning my elbow on the taffrail, was quickly lost in the recollection of scenes very different from the small pantomime I had just been witnessing. Soothed by the low hum of the crew, and by the quiet loveliness of everything around, my thoughts had travelled far away from the realities of my situation, when I was suddenly startled by a cry from black Jake, which brought me on the instant back to consciousness.

"My God! Massa Scrapper," cried he, "Massa Stay is on de main truck!"

A cold shudder ran through my veins as the word reached my ear. I cast my eyes up—it was too true. The adventurous boy, after resting on the royal crossrees, had been seized with a wish to go still higher; and impelled by one of those impulses by which men are sometimes instigated to place themselves in situations of imminent peril, without a possibility of good resulting from the exposure, he had climbed the skysail-pole, and, at the moment of my looking up, was actually standing on the main truck!—a small circular piece of wood on the very summit of the loftiest mast, and a height so great from the deck that my brain turned dizzy as I looked up at him. The reverse of Virgil's line was true in this instance. It was comparatively easy to ascend—but to descend—my head swam round, and my stomach felt sick, at the thought of the perils comprised in that one word. There was nothing above him or around him but the empty air; and beneath him nothing but a point, a mere point—a small, unstable wheel, that seemed no bigger from the deck than a button on the end of a foil, and the taper skysail-pole itself scarcely larger than the blade. Dreadful temerity! If he should attempt to stoop, what could he take hold of to steady his descent! His feet quite covered up the small and fearful platform that he stood upon; and beneath that, a long, smooth, naked spar, which seemed to bend with his weight, was all that upheld him from destruction. An attempt to get down from "that bad eminence" would be almost certain death; he would inevitably lose his equilibrium, and be precipitated to the deck a crushed and shapeless mass. Such was the nature of the thoughts that crowded through my mind as I first raised my eye, and saw the terrible truth of Jake's exclamation. What was to be done in the pressing and horrible exigency? To hail him, and inform him of his danger, would be but to insure his ruin. Indeed, I fancied that the rash boy already perceived the imminence of his peril; and I half thought that I could see his limbs begin to quiver, and his cheek turn deadly pale. Every moment I expected to see the dreadful catastrophe. I could not bear to look at him,

and yet could not withdraw my gaze. A film came over my eyes, and a faintness over my heart. The atmosphere seemed to grow thick, and to tremble and waver like the heated air around a furnace; the mast appeared to totter, and the ship to pass from under my feet. I myself had the sensation of one about to fall from a great height; and making a strong effort to recover myself, like that of a dreamer who fancies he is shoved from a precipice, I staggered up against the bulwarks.

When my eyes were once turned from the dreadful object to which they had been riveted, my sense and consciousness came back. I looked around me—the deck was already crowded with people. The intelligence of poor Bob's temerity had spread through the ship like wildfire—as such news always will—and the officers and crew were all crowding to the deck, to behold the appalling, the heart-rending spectacle. Every one, as he looked up, turned pale, and his eye became fastened in silence on the truck—like that of a spectator of an execution on the gallows—with a steadfast, unblinking, and intense, yet abhorrent gaze, as if momentarily expecting a fatal termination to the awful suspense. No one made a suggestion—no one spoke. Every feeling, every faculty, seemed to be absorbed and swallowed up in one deep, intense emotion of agony. Once the first lieutenant seized the trumpet, as if to hail poor Bob; but he had scarce raised it to his lips when his arm dropped again, and sunk listlessly down beside him, as if from a sad consciousness of the utter inutilty of what he had been going to say. Every soul in the ship was now on the spar-deck, and every eye was turned to the main-truck.

At this moment there was a stir among the crew about the gang-way, and directly after another face was added to those on the quarter-deck—it was that of the commodore, Bob's father. He had come alongside in a shore-boat, without having been noticed by a single eye, so intense and universal was the interest that had fastened every gaze upon the spot where poor Bob stood trembling on the awful verge of fate. The commodore asked not a question—uttered not a syllable. He was a dark-faced austere man, and it was thought by some of the midshipmen that he entertained but little affection for his son. However, that might have been, it was certain that he treated him with precisely the same strict discipline that he did the other young officers—or if there was any difference at all, it was not in favour of Bob. Some, who pretended to have studied his character closely, affirmed that he loved his boy too well to spoil him, and that, intending him for the arduous profession in which he had himself risen to fame and eminence, he thought it would be of service to him to experience some of its privations and hardships at the outset.

The arrival of the commodore changed the direction of several eyes, which now turned on him to trace what emotions the danger of his son would occasion. But their scrutiny was foiled; by no outward sign did he show what was passing within. His eye still retained its severe expression, his brow the slight frown which it usually wore, and his lip its haughty curl. Immediately on reaching the deck, he had ordered a marine to hand him a musket, and with this stepping aft, and getting on the look-out block, he raised it to his shoulder, and took a deliberate aim at his son, at the same time hailing him, without a trumpet, in his voice of thunder.

"Robert!" cried he, "jump, jump overboard, or I'll fire at you!" The boy seemed to hesitate, and it was plain that he was tottering, for his arms were thrown out, like those of one scarcely able to retain his balance. The commodore raised his voice again, and in a quicker and more energetic tone, cried, "Jump!—tis your only chance for life!"

The words were scarcely out of his mouth before the boy was seen to leave the truck, and spring out into the air. A sound between a shriek and a groan burst from many lips. The father spoke not—sighed not—indeed, he did not seem to breathe. For a moment of intense agony, a pin might have been heard to drop on deck. With a rush like that of a cannon-ball, the body descended to the water, and before the waves closed over it, twenty stout fellows, among them several officers, had dived from the bulwarks. Another short period of bitter suspense ensued. It rose—he was alive!—his arms were seen to move!—he struck out towards the ship!—and

despite the discipline of a man-of-war, three loud huzzas, an outburst of unfeigned and unrestrained joy from the hearts of our crew of five hundred men, pealed through the air, and made the welkin ring. Till this moment the old commodore had stood unmoved. The eyes that, glistening with pleasure, now sought his face, saw that it was ashy pale. He attempted to descend the horse-block, but his knees bent under him; he seemed to gasp for breath, and put up his hand, as if to tear open his vest; but before he accomplished his object, he staggered forward, and would have fallen on the deck, had he not been caught by old black Jake. He was borne into his cabin, where the surgeon attended him, whose utmost skill was required to restore his mind to its usual equability and self-command, in which he at last happily succeeded. As soon as he recovered from the dreadful shock, he sent for Bob, and had a long and confidential conference with him; and it was noticed, when the little fellow left the cabin, that he was in tears.

The next day we sent down our taunt and dashy poles, and replaced them with the stump to gallant-masts; and on the third we weighed anchor, and made sail for Gibraltar."

THE ATLANTIC GALES, 1846.

(From the *New York Tribune*.)

ABOUT the middle of January, 1846, commenced one of the most terrific and protracted tempests that ever swept the Atlantic—continuing with very little, or rather no intermission, for 45 days. Our fleet of over-due packets, which have been for a month beyond their usual time, beating and staggering about the ocean, now enveloped with ice, are looking like huge gems in progress of crystallisation, and anon reeling off through 10 or 20 degrees of latitude to the south, for the purpose of getting thawed out. Icebergs, snow storms, and fierce hurricanes have beset these vessels on every side, and the sea every now and then swept over their decks—dashed in their bulwarks—carried away their boats, and left the crew helpless and freezing. Masts, rigging, and sails were carried away daily and nightly, and the sailors, officers, and passengers have been exposed to indescribable hardships for a dreary period, which cannot be contemplated without shrinking. But these excellent vessels, with their gallant captains and crews, have, so far as they have yet been heard from, fully maintained the reputation which their successful contests with winds and waves have heretofore won for them.

Four of these admirable vessels, which have been long expected—the *Roscius*, *Sea*, *Europe*, and *Hendrik Hudson*, arrived in port, gladdening many an anxious heart, and brightening many an eye dim with watching. Below we publish the accounts of the passages of these four vessels, which will be perused with great interest. Such descriptions are like deep-sea lines, which reach the bottom of human sympathy.

THE PACKET SHIP ROSCIUS.

The ship *Roscius*, Capt. A. Eldridge, sailed from Liverpool on the 13th of January, 1846, experiencing continued gales from N.W. and W.S.W., with rain, snow, and hail, interspersed with thunder and lightning. January 26th and 27th, experienced a heavy gale from the N.W. and W.N.W., during which we shipped a heavy sea, stove bulwarks in the waist, and filled the decks with water. February 11th, in lat. 43 deg. 22 min., long. 49 deg. 20 min., was running in a gale from S.E., wind hauled suddenly to N.W., and blew a hurricane with great violence, accompanied with sleet and snow; stove in the cabin windows, filling the cabin floor with water; hauled up foresail and foretop-sail, and made every exertion to furl them but could not, owing to the excessive cold weather, and the sails and rigging being full of ice, and many of the crew having their hands frozen. February 12, experienced another violent gale blowing most furiously; weather extremely cold, and the sea running very high, during which we carried away all three topgallant-masts, stove in the starboard bulwarks in the gangway, letting in the sea constantly on deck. Everything below and aloft

being encumbered with ice, rendered it impossible for the men to work the ship. The three topgallant-masts thumping to and fro, cutting and chafing the spars and rigging, and all the sails blowing from the gaskets to atoms, making, upon the whole, a dismal scene. February 13th, shipped a heavy sea, stove bow-house, tore tarpaulins, and worked off main hatches, letting in large quantities of water. From January 20th to the 1st of March, we did not make one point of easting, and had to go south to thaw the ice on the rigging and sails. Saw some ice to the east of the banks.

THE SHIP SEA.

Have had heavy gales from W.N.W. to W.S.W. from the 26th of January to the 10th of February, when we were on the banks; fresh breezes from W.N.W. and cold weather; much ice about the ship forward. Towards noon the wind hauled S.W., and in the afternoon went round by N.W. to N.N.E., moderate breeze, and light showers of snow. In the evening the wind freshened, and at nine o'clock it came on a very severe snow storm, and blew hard from the north: ten of the crew laid up from the effects of the cold, one man suffering very severely; lost foreyard; split the foresail and maintop-sail; lost the mainsail and foretop-sail; the ship so much iced, and so many hands laid up, could not do anything with the sails, everything being in such a state with the ice; had to bear away on the morning of the 11th, and run to the southward to thaw off. During the whole of the day and night of the 11th it blew a violent gale from the north, snowing hard all the time. On the morning of the 12th we hove to, in lat. 41 deg. 20 min. N., long. 50 deg. 35 min. W.; when I bore away I was in lat. 45 deg. 30 min., long. 52 deg. 45 min. W. After repairing damages stood up to northward again, having drifted back to long. 49 deg. 25 min. W., in lat. 41 deg. 20 min. N. February 16th and 17th—Lat. of 42 N., long. 51 deg. 40 min., experienced a heavy gale from N. by W. and N.N.W. with a heavy sea running, which caused the ship to labour exceedingly heavy, and make a great deal of water. On the 18th strong head wind from N.W.; latitude at noon 40 deg. 55 min. N., long. 53 deg. 45 min. W.; in company with the *Roscius* all that day. Bore down to her, and showed signals. She had lost all her topgallant-masts. On the 19th it blew a heavy gale from N.W. to N.N.W., with violent squalls and a very high sea running. Finding the crew were getting pretty well fagged out, and having four hands still laid up, stood across the Gulf. Split the foretop-sail and mizen-top-sail. February 27th, off Bermuda, had strong gales from N.W. with a heavy long sea running from the N.N.W. Ship labouring heavy, and making so much as kept both pumps going, making nearly 3,000 strokes per hour. March 2nd, heavy gales from S.E. to S.W., with a tremendous heavy sea from N.E. In lat. 35 deg. 10 min. N., long. 71 deg. 30 min. W., passed close to a vessel in the morning, waterlogged and abandoned; the foremast, foretop-mast, and bowsprit were still standing; the main and mizen-mast were gone about six feet above the deck, the jibboom broke short off by the cap, some part off the foretop-sail had been put round outside the foretop-mast rigging, as if the crew had been living in the foretop, but there was no person there when I passed her; the anchors were on the fore-castle, the bowsprit and lower masts were bright varnished, yards black; she had painted ports, a full woman figure-head with a green dress; she appeared to be a vessel of about 500 tons, and I have no doubt of her being a British vessel; but whether a barque or a ship, I cannot say. During the afternoon and all the night of the 2nd, until half-past three o'clock, a.m. of the 3d, we lay becalmed, with a tremendous sea running from N.E., breaking at times the same as on a reef. I expected to have lost all our masts at one time, the ship laboured so very hard. When the wind came out, it came all of a sudden like the report of a cannon, and blew hard from N.N.E. Barometer stood at 29 deg. 10 min., until the gale reached the ship, when it immediately began to rise. It blew hard N.N.E. all day on the 3d, with a heavy sea, breaking a great deal. At nine o'clock, a.m., passed close to the barque *Cantero* of Portland, lying to, under bare poles. At this time we had nearly three feet of water in the hold;

but finding that we had gained on her since 6 deg. 30 min., kept on our course. After an hour and a half, got the pumps to suck, having been now several hours without being able to get the pumps to work. On the evening of the 4th, off Currituck, spoke a Baltimore pilot-boat. We were then making 3,840 strokes per hour, both pumps constantly going. On the 6th, at daylight, took a pilot off Egg Harbour.

The packet-ship *Europe* experienced, during the whole passage, constant gales and heavy seas—lost sails and spars. Was off Barnegat on Sunday last, and was compelled to stand off on account of the north-east gale. March 4th, lat. 37, long 72 deg. 46 min., fell in with the wreck of the schooner *Pembroke*, of Castine. She appeared to have been dismantled but a few hours previous, as the spars were still attached to her, and a large part of the deck floating within 100 yards of the hull, which appeared to have been ripped up by the falling of the masts. There was nothing above water but the bowsprit, and a little of the larboard side of the stern. Shortly after fell in with the wreck of the brig *Orione*, Captain Brown, laden with molasses, of and for Philadelphia, from Cardenas, which place she left on the 24th ult., and took from her the captain, mate, and six men. During the north-east gale, on the night of the 2nd instant, she lost both masts, and the deck was swept clean of everything thereon. Captain Brown, the mate, and one of the men, were much bruised and completely exhausted when taken on board of the *Europe*.

THE PARISIAN AT SEA.

[This story, from the French of Eugène Sue, is given as an illustration of French sea-life, as described by an author who may be termed the Smollett of France. The lower classes of Parisians, are considered to be as awkward at sea as a cockney of the olden time, to whom a voyage to Gravesend was a great undertaking, and one to Margate very perilous: the English reader, will therefore see the drift of the "Parisian at Sea."]]

MATHIEU GUICHARD was the son of Jean Guichard, locksmith, in the Rue Saint Benoît. Mathieu Guichard was about seventeen years of age; he was of middling stature, thin, nervous, and pale; his eyes were grey, his hair brown, bright, and silky; his countenance announced a singular combination of cunning and simplicity, of insolence and liveliness; his pale, livid complexion wore that dull, sickly, faded hue, peculiar to the children of the poor and working class in Paris. Such was the physical formation of Mathieu Guichard.

In his moral character—if Mathieu ever had a moral principle—Mathieu was insolent, jeering, covetous, lascivious, lazy, and gluttonous; sullen and spiteful, because deficient in physical strength; neither an unbeliever, nor a believer, nor a sceptic, but as indifferent as a fallen angel in matters of religion, and never invoking the name of God except in so detestable a manner, that it would have been better not to invoke it at all. But, in truth, this must not be laid to the charge of the poor child; the first words which his father, Jean Guichard, an old artilleryman, taught him to lisp, were oaths the most frightful that can be imagined. This was the relaxation, the delight of the veteran; in the evening, after his fatiguing day's work, he found a supreme pleasure in seating himself near his fireless forge, and there placing Mathieu in his rough leathern apron, he amused himself like a happy fellow, in listening to the blasphemies which came from that childish mouth; and to his wife, who sometimes ventured to speak of prayers, the blessed Virgin, and the infant Jesus, he replied—"I have neither been baptised, nor gone to confession, nor done anything of that sort; I only married you before the civic authorities; and I do not wish my son to be a calottin* or a jesuit."

Now, Mathieu did not deceive the wishes of his excellent father—he was not a jesuit, the worthy child! At ten years of age, he kicked his mother, insulted old men, stole nails in

order to go and sell them, did nothing in the shop, received famous threshings from his father, and passed his days abroad. At twelve, Mathieu had, as the saying is, "felt the tender passion," broken windows, fought with the guard, and became a supernumerary at some of the lower theatres. The course of these enormities only continued to increase, and the torrent of his excesses became such that it threatened to engulf the reputation, honour, and domestic arrangements of Jean Guichard, who, by way of a dike, had in vain opposed to the said torrent, a multitude of elm and ash sticks, which had been broken with a crash upon Mathieu's back, without changing in any way his scapegrace habits. But fortunately Jean Guichard recollected a silly popular tradition, common enough in France, but especially at Paris, which consists in considering the naval and merchant services as kinds of hulks, or sinks, into which all the dregs of society may be thrown.

Thus, let a boy of a family commit any of those charming pieces of folly which unfortunately are only committed in the dawn of life, the chief relations assemble, and gravely pronounce that the Don Juan must be shipped, and sent to sea to bite the bridle. If a young gentleman, fond of playing about the streets, becomes the terror of the neighbourhood, no longer places any limit to his profligacy, after having threatened him with the magistrate, prison, and the galleys, this dreadful *crescendo* is finished by saying—"The only thing is to make him a powder-monkey!" which is proof enough that he was, in general, master of that profession.

One morning, Guichard, senior, entered his son's garret, who, by I know not what chance or irregularity of conduct, happened to have slept under the paternal roof. On opening his eyes, Mathieu shuddered, for he saw that his father had not a stick.

"He is going to strangle me!" thought the wretched boy.

"Listen, Mathieu," said his father, coolly; "you are fifteen—you are the worst fellow that I know—blows are of no avail—you will finish by the guillotine. I have been a soldier—I am an honest man—so that things cannot go on in this way. You will just come along with me to Havre."

"When?"

"Immediately: dress yourself."

Mathieu said not a word; dressed himself, threw a glance towards the door, took two steps, and at one leap was on the first step of the staircase; but the author of his days had followed his movements, and Mathieu felt himself grasped by the large hands of the locksmith.

"Not so fast, my boy," said the latter: and he preceded his son into the shop—sent his wife, who was sobbing, to fetch a cabriolet—jumped into it with his son Mathieu, who felt a tear start in his eyes when he saw his mother on her knees near the forge, and weeping—but weeping fit to break her heart.

"Coachman, to the diligence," said Jean Guichard.

From the cabriolet Mathieu stepped into the diligence, accompanied by his father, who did not leave him for a second. The next day they were at Havre.

In all mercantile sea-ports, there are some publicans who board and lodge seamen out of employ. When they are shipped, they pay what they owe their landlord; and if they land again, they return to eat at his house what they have laid up during the cruise; then credit again succeeds ready money, and there is no end to this until a wave off Cape Horn, or a white squall between the tropics, puts an end to this alternation of good and bad luck. To this description of tavern it is, then, that officers of the merchant service resort to recruit their crews.

The conductor of the diligence, to whom Jean Guichard imparted his plan, recommended him, in consequence, to the landlord of the "Endless Cable," giving him also some information. In the first place, Mathieu was locked up in a little room, duly bolted, which was only opened the following morning, about nine o'clock.

"There is the fine fellow," said Jean Guichard, on entering; to a rather fat man, thickset, of dark and ruddy complexion, showing him his son.

"Is that all?" said the fat man. "Why, that chap would not be fit to light my cabin-boy's pipe, if he did smoke."

* The nickname for a priest; who is so called from the calotte or leather cap which he wears.

"You promised me, captain."

"I have promised, and will abide by it. The breeze is favourable; I sail at eleven—it is now nine. Come, march. Parisian! you are well named; but I shall rebaptise you, and in two days you will be called 'Broken-backed.'"

Mathieu Guichard clearly perceived what lay in store for him; he glanced with wonderful rapidity at the chances he had of escaping or opposing his father's wishes; but finding none, he resigned himself to his fate.

Jean Guichard said to him, "Come, Mathieu, amend—shake hands—become a good lad, and you will see us again."

"Never!" replied Mathieu, escaping from his father's last embrace; and walking at the heels of the captain, he began to hum, "Oh! no, no, I shall never see thee more!"

"But suppose he does not return?" thought the locksmith. "Bah!" he rejoined, "the stray pigeon always returns to its house." Nevertheless, Jean Guichard for a long time was very melancholy.

La Charmante Louise, a brig of 180 tons burden, bound for Pernambuco, had sailed from Havre five days, carrying the sole heir of the Guichard family; for Mathieu had been duly shipped as cabin-boy. This being the type and prototype of the population of Paris, which is said to be (I know not why) so silly and surprised at everything—was not astonished at anything, because he found analogies for everything. When a sailor showed him the mainmast of the brig, saying, "Parisian, you are not the one to climb up there," Mathieu replied scornfully.

"Wide awake! why, I have scores of times climbed up a greasy pole; and that is somewhat different from ascending those ropes."

As his agility seemed to be questioned, the Parisian ascended with the activity of a squirrel to the top of the mainmast, without passing through lubber's hole, and descended by the mainstay, as proud as a rope-dancer.

"What has his fool of a father been telling me?" asked the captain of himself, on seeing Mathieu's dexterity; "for, after all, his son is not so bad."

The breeze was fresh, and the waves were rolling tolerably high; the sailors expected to see the Parisian cast up his accounts. Not at all; the Parisian had not the slightest symptom of sea-sickness; he nibbled his bûche, tore his beef apart with his teeth of steel, drank two portions of wine, because he had stolen one from a sailor's mess, and was in the fore part of the vessel smoking his pipe.

"But does not the rolling of the vessel affect you, you savage?" said a sailor to him, considerably disappointed—for he reckoned not only on enjoying the sight of the Parisian's contortions, but, moreover, on drinking his wine whilst he was afflicted with sea-sickness.

"Wide awake!" coolly replied Mathieu, between two puffs of smoke; "I have played at see-saw and rode on a round-about too often in the Champs Elysees, for this to annoy me." And this answer was accompanied by enormous whirlwinds of smoke, which for an instant concealed the Parisian from all eyes.

When the smoke cleared off, the captain's face appeared smiling; he had heard all, and said to himself, "His father decidedly is an old fool, and his son is far better than he is." So addressing Mathieu, "From to-day, my boy, you are no longer cabin-boy, but novice."

"Just as you like," said Mathieu, with indifference.

The next day, the captain, who saw everything, perceiving only the five sailors on watch upon deck, descended to the orlop-deck, stopped his step on approaching the fore part, for he heard a great noise of voices—it was the Parisian again.

"The scoundrel has passed directly—it is unfair; he shall be keel-hauled—keel-haul him."

"I will, if you wish it," said the Parisian with frightful oaths; "but I will revenge myself. I am single-handed, but that is no matter. Stand off!"

"But, you beggar," said an orator, "what do you mean by not being sea-sick, and by climbing to the top of the mast as quick as we can—eh? It is a trick to curry favour with the officers."

"Yes," said the others in chorus; "he does it on purpose."

"Listen," said the Parisian; "if one of you, singly, wishes to have a set-to with me, let us take one of these iron-pointed things apiece," (he pointed to some marline-spikes;) "and settle it like good fellows."

"Done," said the spokesman.

"Decidedly, it is the father who deserves to be keel-hauled," thought the captain; "and the son is an excellent fellow."

And the captain interposing his authority, the discussion ceased; but that evening the combat did take place, and was in favour of the Parisian.

Having thus ably acquitted himself in his repeated trials, the Parisian was no longer teased on board, but enjoyed the esteem of his officers, and the friendship of his messmates.

If Mathieu Guichard's captain had been gifted with the faculty of analysis, he would certainly have found means of exercising it in studying the character of his sailor; but the excellent captain scarcely analysed—did not even analyse at all; he contented himself with degrading Mathieu, or loading him with favours, according as Mathieu deserved good or ill from him. Without amusing himself with mounting from the effects to the causes, after having valued the result, he made the reckoning, as he said, and found for total, a blow or a glass of grog. Now, since Mathieu had been on board La Charmante Louise, it would have been difficult to ascertain correctly whether the balance were in favour of the blows or the glasses of grog; and, in fact, this imp of a fellow had neither gained nor lost; for a soul plunged young into the withering atmosphere of Paris, is brazed therein, and retains for ever its stamp.

Thus Mathieu had brought and preserved that listless indolence, and that nervous transient activity, which characterise his race—that feverish excitement which would enable one to leap over an enormous ditch, but not that enduring, continued strength which would enable one to ascend a mountain. If, in fine weather, a laborious duty were to be performed, oh, the Parisian was lazy, sluggish, sulky; but if the wind whistled in the sails, if the thunder roared, one would have said that the storm, reacting on his irritable frame, had increased its strength and energies a hundred-fold;—then the Parisian was was at the yard-arm, at the futtocks; for there was neither a weight to lift, nor an oar laboriously to ply—there was merely a rope to be cut. It is true that he risked his life, but it was not fatiguing, and the Parisian was there as quiet and calm as an old sailor. The fine weather returned, the Parisian became what he was, what he is, what he ever will be—idle, insolent, jeering; for he had the picturesque and ready wit of the streets of Paris. Sly because he was weak, however, he had gained a strange ascendancy over the crew, and tickled the captain on his weak point.

The confounded Parisian had been put in irons, sent to the mainmast-head, flogged; but he never lost his joke, nor a mouthful, nor one hour's sleep. The scoundrel imitated every one. Do you wish to see the captain? There is the captain, with his hoarse voice, his eye half-shut, his favourite oath; lend the Parisian the captain's grey jacket and glazed hat, and you will have a striking likeness. Do you wish to see the cook? There is the cook—it is he; there is his crooked leg, his absurd stammering! And drinking-songs and ballads, and scraps of scenes from comedies, from melo-dramas, from comic operas, which the Parisian recited admirably, imitating the tone, the gestures, the voice of the actors. The sailors and the captain laughed until they cried, and had only power to say, "Parisian, you are well named!"

It was intolerable; the work was forgotten, the helmsman steered wrong; no one slept on board when the Parisian spun a yarn; the hammocks were deserted, and you should have seen the simple, dark countenances of the sailors, squatted in a circle, listening attentively, with imperturbable gravity, to the tales and falsehoods of the Parisian.

And then the Parisian continued not to be astonished at anything. The sailors had expected it at the colonies; they reckoned on the effect of the negroes, the palm-trees, the cocoa-trees, the sugar-cane, and I know not what besides. Not at all; his everlasting "Wide awake!" came, and overthrew such sage

foresight. The Parisian had seen negroes at Robinson's, palm-trees at the Jardin des Plantes, bought a pennyworth of sugarcane on the Pont Neuf, and scooped out a cocoa-nut, to make a cup for his sweetheart. How to act with a being so encyclopaedic? Be silent and admire—was what the crew did.

It was Sunday; La Charmante Louise, which in general was confined to the voyage to the Antilles, after a tolerable cruise had been freighted for Cadiz; she brought some Bordeaux wines, and was to carry back some sherry, or Xérès wines. The Parisian, tired in the colonies with negro and mulatto women, was not sorry "to change a little," as he himself said; and scarcely had the brig been moored alongside the wharf, near the Puer ta del Mare, than my confounded Mathieu, with thirty francs in his pocket, was ashore at a single leap; a little straw hat, with a very low crown and wide brim, on his head; and dressed in white trousers and blue jacket with anchor-buttons; his shirt-collar supported by a huge American cravat, the love-token of one of the ladies of Port Royal, Martinique.

It is impossible not to acknowledge that the Parisian was gifted with a prodigious philological faculty. His process was simple, and he used it in solving all difficulties, without exception, of language, or of idiom. This was his method; had he to inquire his way of an Englishman, the Parisian, imitating the ridiculous *patois* which is attributed to the islanders in all our farces, said boldly, "Jé voudrais savoir le chemin à moi." If he addressed himself to a German, the accent followed a slight modification; to an Italian, to an American, the same thing. It is true that this method was sometimes incomplete—that often even foreigners, who would perhaps have understood him had he spoken plain French, became deaf to this unintelligible jargon. Then the Parisian asserted that obstinacy, a bad education, or national rivalry, existed. It is certain that Mathieu had never experienced that embarrassment, that timidity, which a foreigner always feels when he finds himself in a country, the language of which he does not know. So the Parisian walked as firm, as erect, on passing under the Puerta del Mare at Cadiz, as if he had grown pale over the grammar of Rodriguez y Bernal during seven years at Badajoz or Toledo.

Mathieu found himself in the fish-market. The sight pleased him: the animated crowd—the picturesque costumes—the men with small hats and long brown cloaks—the women of the lower orders with shoes of satin or silk, their little feet, their short petticoats, their skirts fitting tight at the hips, the natural flowers thrown tastefully in their thick black tresses; in fact—what shall I say?—their gait, their walk, the *solero*, all this strongly attracted the attention of the Parisian, who was mentally comparing these Andalusian beauties with the young girls of colour of the Antilles, and did not hasten to conclude his parallels—proofs were wanting.

As he passed the bottom of a flight of steps leading to the ramparts, he raised his eyes, and saw, at the middle of this *escala*, a woman who was ascending very quickly the last steps. This rapid ascent allowed the Parisian to have a glimpse of a well-turned leg and Andalusian foot; he ascended the steps with equal rapidity, and as he possessed more assurance than timidity, he approached familiarly, and gazed at the young girl—for it was a young girl—stared in the pretty girl's face, and not knowing how to pervert his language to make it a Spanish *patois*, he satisfied himself with an infinitive, and said to her, "Espagnole, être belle femme." The girl blushed, began to smile, and redoubled her pace, at the same time lowering her veil. "Where the deuce did I learn Spanish?" inquired the Parisian of himself, certain of having been understood, and following with long strides his new conquest. Almost opposite the custom-house, his conquest descended, turned her head, looked at the Parisian, and crossed the small Plaza de la Torre, to enter the Calle de Tideo.

The Parisian, animated, excited, charmed, enraptured, followed. He was about crossing the street, when sacred music was heard, and a long file of white penitents issued from a neighbouring street. At the head of the procession were long lanterns, then banners, then relics, then shrines, then flowers, then the host then the governor. It was indeed a solemn procession, in order to beg of Heaven some little water; for the drought was frightful in the year of our Lord 1829. The

Parisian instead of joining the crowd, uttered a dreadful oath; for the procession barred his passage; and he trembled lest he should lose sight of his dark-eyed Andalusian.

The populace bared their heads at the first sound of the rattle of a white monk, who opened the procession. The Parisian kept his hat on, raised himself on the tips of his toes, stretched his neck forwards, shaded his eyes with his hand, and saw nothing—neither black veil, nor the blue-and-white flower placed at the side of a large tuft of ebony hair. Another monk came, but grey, carrying a lantern, on the glass of which were painted figures of men in the midst of flames. He showed it with one hand, and with the other he shook a money-box for the souls in purgatory. The assistants knelt; some gave, but many whispered, pointing towards the Parisian, who was leaning on the back of the man with the lantern, to endeavour to raise himself, and see if he could not perceive his Andalusian.

At this moment a magnificent shrine of gold, glittering with precious stones, and containing the arm of St. Serono, attracted the general attention and recollection. There was only the Parisian who remained standing; he interrupted the devout silence of this crowd; by one of those cries peculiar to the Parisian populace, and which one hears sometimes squeaked at the theatres on the Boulevards. It was because the Parisian had fancied he saw the veil and blue-and-white flower, and he called in his way. This savage, guttural, unusual, sacrilegious cry caused all heads to be raised simultaneously; then it was observed that the Parisian had remained standing, covered, before the arm of St. Serono, and there was an uproar of indignation—a buzz, at first dull, but which soon became terrific, when the people saw the Parisian assume an air of impudence and audacity.

The host was advancing; and the gold fringe was seen glittering in the sun, the plume of feathers waved, the incense perfumed the air, the music resounded in the distance, and the sonorous voices of the monks of La Merced chanted vigorously the beautiful poetry of the Bible. The time was pressing; the excited Parisian was resolute, slouched his hat on his head, placed his hands upon it, and swore, with the most dreadful oaths, that they had no right to make him kneel. The host was very near, when a struggle took place between the Parisian and an Andalusian of enormous stature; the Parisian makes a leap, backwards, falls at the feet of the archbishop, and strikes him violently. Then the people cry, "Sacrilege! Profaneness! Down with the Frenchman!" The tumult becomes fearful, and in spite of the interference of the priest, the scuffle assumes a degree of fury; knives glitter, and—it is all over with the Parisian.

THE GREAT CONDÉ.

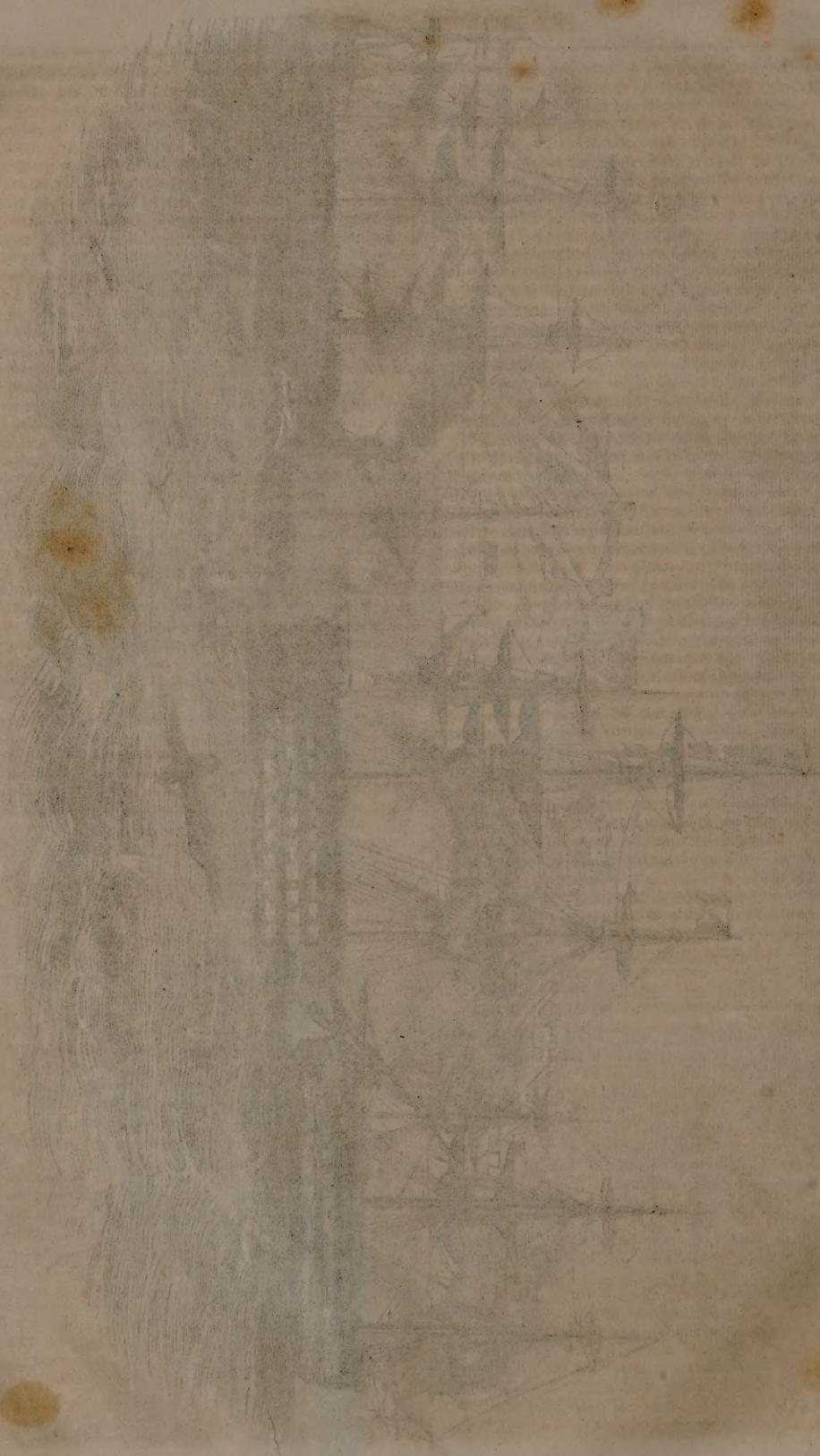
The military life of this great commander was a succession of enterprise. He was always on the offensive, braving every danger, and yet always successful. He commanded at the battle of Rocroi, when he was not more than twenty-one years of age; and by his quickness in perceiving at once both the danger and the remedy, and by an activity which carried him to all places at the very instant when his presence was wanted, he in a manner gained the battle himself. It was Condé who, with the cavalry, attacked and broke the Spanish infantry, till then invincible. As strong and as closely united as the celebrated ancient phalanx, it opened itself with an agility which the phalanx had not, and thus suddenly made way for the discharge of eighteen pieces of cannon that were placed in the midst of it. The prince of Condé surrounded and attacked it three times; and at length victory decided in his favour.

In the attack on the camp of Merci, at Fribourg, the following year, which was renewed three successive days, the prince threw his staff of command into the enemy's trenches, and marched, sword in hand, to regain it, at the head of the regiment of Conti. This bold action inspired the troops with redoubled ardour, and the battle of Fribourg was gained.



THE ATTACK ON TANGIER.

THE VESSEL OF LONDON



THE ATTACK ON TANGIER.

GI BRALTAR, AUG. 11, 1844.—By the last communication you would have received the unexpected account of the attack on Tangier on Tuesday, the 6th; the "solution" of which step, as declared on the following day, by the prince to the French consul here in a letter, a copy of which was forwarded to admiral Owen, (who is still here with the Formidable and Caledonia), was, that the accounts from Marshal Bugeaud, received a day or two before, showed further aggressions on the part of Abd-el-Kader, who was acting on the Moorish territory in close combination with one of the emperor's sons (Mulai Mamou), or rather his cousin, as he is stated in these parts to be; while at the same time, notwithstanding all we had been given to understand as to matters having terminated according to the wishes of the French government, the last communication from the emperor, who is at Rabat, to the prince, was of a nature to preclude further hopes, as they went to requiring the dismissal of General Bugeaud. The prince will, no doubt, have ere this, given an official and satisfactory account of a step, which at first seemed so strange to all in these parts. He stated that he was very desirous of avoiding injury to the town, for which humane consideration, history will no doubt give him credit. All the consular houses, with the exception of the two (American and Sardinian) suffered damage, but not to any serious extent. The consular houses, being the only large buildings in the place, were naturally the most exposed to injury from casual shots. The house of our consul, being the very nearest, received five shots, two only of which, did damage of importance. The French consulate did not escape.

Some shells and rockets were in the first instance discharged from the steamers; but being found to fall short, or from some other cause, the attack was afterwards by cannonade from the large ships and the Belle Poule, and directed towards the batteries only, which were stated to have been quite destroyed. The Vesuvius, however, which has made two trips to Tangier since the day of attack, and had officers on shore on the last visit, brings more certain information, by which it appears that the damage is not so very great as had been supposed, and that but one gun in the main battery had been dismounted. The Suffren, on board of which the prince was, having been the closest in, received the most damage. A gentleman who had been at Cadiz, with the French squadron lately, has written to say that that vessel received twenty-one shot; forty had been previously stated. The Belle Poule was said to have been greatly injured, but the mischief to her has been but trifling as far as can be ascertained. From the distance at which the squadron was obliged by circumstances to take up their anchorage, or from some other cause, the six hours' firing was certainly followed by results very different from what might have been expected. The loss of lives on shore, including wretched Jews, has not exceeded seven or eight. We do not know with any certainty how far the French may have lost men or officers, these matters being always so vaguely stated. The prince has admitted that the Moorish garrison behaved very well. Honour be to the gallant general (Ben-Abou-Abd-el-Melach), who behaved so well, as formerly mentioned, in preventing the Kabyles from entering the town and causing total destruction. The Moors stood to their guns to the last moment. It does not seem to have been a question of making a breach, for the parapets are not seriously damaged at any point in particular, and the landing of the 2000 men "*de débarquement*," stated by the "*Debats*," as being on board, could naturally not have been ventured upon, in the face of the many thousand Kabyles close at hand.

The whole squadron left Tangier on Thursday, having remained quiet on Wednesday, and steered west. The Suffren, with the prince on board, not being able to weather Cape Spartel, returned in the evening to Tangier, and the Moors were about firing at her, but submitted to recommendations they received, and things remained quiet until she was towed out, and all were out of sight on Friday. According to accounts received at Tangier, they did some mischief at the small town of Arzill, some nine miles down the coast on the Atlan-

tic side. It is said that signal vengeance will be inflicted on the coast, but especially at Mogador; but from what has passed in our neighbourhood, humanity may hope that crippling forts will be considered enough. At Larache and Rabat, as well as at Mogador, everything is unfavourable to operations by large vessels; and the swells are so very great near Mogador, that even at this season, it is not considered safe to lie off the coast. A gentleman who has been lately at Mogador, says, that the fortifications are not so contemptible as imagined. They have some good brass guns, a present from Holland, some years ago.

The authorities at Tangier notified to the neutral consuls two days ago that they might land, as there was no longer any danger. The town was quite tranquil yesterday morning; the only excess committed was the pillaging of the Portuguese consul's house, the persons left in charge having abandoned it. The good Mrs. Hay, our consul's lady at Tangier, who, by her kindness towards the poor of that town for many years, has gained the affection of the population, returned to her house two days ago, though Mr. Hay was absent here on urgent business, so great was her confidence in the people.

The following particulars relative to Tangier will be read with very great interest at the present moment:—"The city of Tangier is very strong by its position and the number of its batteries, which are well armed. Its old wall crenellated, and flanked with round and square towers, are perhaps capable of a greater resistance than their appearance indicates. Several bastioned towers have been repaired, and put into a state of defence within the last few years. The city itself is of little importance; it is poor, and has little trade. Tangier has no interest but from its being the residence of the European consuls, for its population only amounts to from 8,000 to 9,000, and its commerce is inferior to that of some other ports, notwithstanding its proximity to the European coast. The houses of the consuls form the only ornament of the town. It is situated on the declivity of a calcareous mountain, part of which is not built upon, and presents a naked and unpleasant *coup d'œil*. The town, like all other places in Morocco, is surrounded by a wall flanked by round and square towers; this wall is enclosed by a ditch, 2,200 metres in extent, but which has no counter-scarp; it is protected by a Moorish kasbah (fortress) of imposing appearance, and by a fort of Portuguese construction, bastioned in the modern style, but half in ruins. The kasbah is surmounted by twelve pieces of cannon, which command the Straits of Gibraltar. The ditches round the city are filled with trees, and cultivated as kitchen gardens, the letting of which belongs to the governor, and who would take good care not to sacrifice the revenue he enjoys from them by putting the ditch in a proper state of defence. The rampart opposite the sea is remarkable for having two tiers of embankments with embrasures, mounted by guns. On the north side the city is defended by steep rocks which prevent the approach of a besieging force. The principal defences have been raised in front of the landing-place near the marine gate. They consist of two batteries, mounting sixty pieces of heavy calibre, and eight mortars, all bearing on the port. The platforms of the batteries are very narrow, the parapets are of masonry, but only three feet in thickness, and the embrasures are not far enough apart, which tends to diminish the strength of the battery. The landing-place is flanked on either side by two batteries. Besides these defences of the port, the bay of Tangier is defended by six batteries in masonry, one built on Cape Malabata, and the others on the ruins of Old Tangier (the Tingis of the Romans). They mount together forty guns. The two batteries which flank the roadstead at its two extremities are raised on small hills, about 150 feet above the level of the sea; the others are at the water's edge. To attack the place by sea, it would be necessary first to destroy those batteries, as well as those in front of the port; but in order to get into the town three enclosures must be forced, each having a very strong gate lined with iron. To do this, cannon must be landed, or else a mine or the petard be had recourse to; but during this operation the assailants would be exposed to a murderous fire of the garrison, if the inhabitants should be resolved to defend their city. By land the point of attack

would be on the sands, and the low hills to the south, between the Fez road and the sea, after effecting a landing on the beach of Old Tangier, out of the reach of the sea batteries. Once established on these points, the plateau on which the market is situate would be gained. On this plateau there is space enough to form an entrenched camp, to serve as a *point d'appui* for the troops acting against the town. The western rampart, being only of earth, might be readily demolished. The last attack against Tangier was in 1790, when it was bombarded by the Spaniards. The inhabitants abandoned the place with all their effects, and peace was soon after concluded. The English draw their supply of beef, mutton, fruit, and vegetables from Tangier and Tetuan. Tangier is distant 70 leagues from Fez and Mequinez, and 150 from Morocco, these being the three imperial cities at which the Sultan alternately resides. From eighteen to twenty days is required to send a despatch, and get an answer, from Tangier to Fez, and from Morocco requires from forty-five to fifty days."

Tangier has been bombarded, and his Highness of Joinville has established, conclusively enough, that French sailors, though they are well able able to write silly pamphlets, or—witness Tahiti—terrify sick women, and bully missionaries and consuls, are, at all events, not quite so capable in the discharge of duties more immediately pertinent to their calling. Tangier has been bombarded, the Mediterranean has again heard the booming of French cannon, and the tri-colour has once more been planted, in its insolence, on her southern shore. British sailors looked on, and with mingled feelings of contempt and indignation. They saw clearly enough that, despite all the boasting of the French journals, the French sailor was not quite the formidable person he pretends to be, and that, if it be our fate to meet him, as we have often met him, the meeting will end in the style such meetings have ended heretofore. Amidst the wreck of Tangier—that historical city—the Moors yet breathe vengeance against the French; and when the smoke floated away from the battered walls, still could be seen flying the Moorish flag. Such a race as this can hardly be conquered, and if the Prince de Joinville had essayed to crown his triumph by landing his men, the affair would have ended in a fashion that would scarcely have suited the tender susceptibilities of French journalists.

WRECK OF THE CLARENDON, WEST INDIAMAN.

At Black-Gang Chine, Isle of Wight, on Tuesday Morning, Oct. 16th, 1836, with the loss of twenty-five of her passengers and crew

THE details of this melancholy loss of human life and valuable property were obtained from three of the crew, the only beings who were saved from the wreck, with some additional particulars by individuals who witnessed it from the shore.

The good ship Clarendon, 345 tons, was built in the year 1824, and belonged to the West Indian portion of our great commercial navy. Her owners were Messrs. Tayler, Fry, and Channel; her consignees for the voyage, Messrs. Manning and Henderson, of Lothbury, London. We are not aware whether the vessel or cargo was insured, but her loss is most satisfactorily accounted for. Her captain, Thomas Whitron, an old and experienced navigator in the West India trade, died at Nevis on the 21st of June. The vessel, under the command of Samuel Walker, formerly chief mate, sailed from Basseterre Roads, St. Kitts, on Saturday, the 27th of August, laden with molasses, sugar, rum, and turtles, and had on board the following passengers:—Lieut. Thomas Shore, of the 14th regiment of foot, aged 42; Louisa Shore, his wife, 43; with their children, Caroline, Mary Anne, Constance, and Jesse, aged respectively 18, 14, 3 years, and nine months; the body of the babe was never found. George Higginbotham, corporal, servant to Lieut. Shore; Walter Pemberton, Esq., planter, St. Kitts; and Ann, his daughter, 11 years old, coming to England to be educated; Miss Jane Gourlay, 40, a daughter of Captain Gourlay, R.N., late of Southsea, Portsmouth, whose body was

never found; and — Shepherd, Esq., planter, whose relatives reside in or about Exeter, also not found.

The crew consisted of the following:—Samuel Walker, acting master; William Stuart, chief mate; James Harris second mate (saved); J. Paris, steward; W. Sherlock, E. Cousins, J. Penny, R. Smith, Edward Rush, — Hyde, Thomas Stratton (not found), Joseph Hall (not found), John Thomson (saved), and William Byrne (saved), seamen; Thomas Johnstone, Charles Stephenson, and John Graham boys.

The Clarendon made a fair passage, and everything went on comparatively well. The passengers were fond of each other's society, and the master had full control of the vessel; but it was insinuated that at the time of the disaster there was a mutiny on board. The survivors, however, deny that such an event took place during the voyage; although they admit that some of the crew got intoxicated, and there was a slight disturbance, but that the master did his duty, asserted his authority, and punished the guilty by putting two of the more riotous in irons for some hours, one of whom still lives to vouch for its accuracy. He and his surviving shipmates declare that the circumstance created no ill-will towards the captain; and that this was the only unpleasant event that occurred during the homeward passage of six weeks. The weather had been squally during the last two or three weeks, but not so as to give uneasiness to any one on board. On Sunday morning they first descried land, Scilly then being distinctly visible. The vessel kept her onward course, her object in getting to port being to sail round the Isle of Wight to the southward. To effect this they had to weather Rockenend Point, and it was while endeavouring to do this that the dreadful catastrophe occurred.

The weather had for some days been very rough and unsettled. On the night of Monday, October 10, it began to blow a dreadful gale, which increased in violence during that awful night and the following morning. On those parts of the coast of the island where danger is most to be expected, there are persons stationed on the look-out, night and day, for vessels in distress. Two or three individuals, who are termed shore-walkers, were on the beach at Black-gang Chine during this stormy night. A coast-guard sentinel was also on the watch; and he was the first who, through the dim light of the breaking morning, descried the ill-fated Clarendon. From the first moment of seeing her he knew she was doomed—that nothing could save her from the giant surge that was madly dashing against that rocky shore; but he thought that perhaps human efforts might be enabled to mitigate the bitterness of human suffering in the coming hour of perilous trial. His comrades, few in number, were soon summoned, and they were joined by some of those hardy natives whose dwellings are on the cliff, the shore, and by the sea. The vessel came rapidly on, the wind blowing with dreadful violence dead in shore. As she drew near, the sight was enough to rend the hardest heart. Wreckers, down whose iron cheeks the tears of human pity never stole before, stood there in horror, the big drops coursing after each other at the scene before them.

Half an hour before the disaster the passengers did not even dream of danger; and now they were to be seen clinging to anything on the vessel, their only covering being their night clothes, or any chance thing they could lay their hands on in rushing from their cabins. Some stood in speechless horror, while others uttered the most dreadful cries—for death, in his most terrific form, stared them in the face. The vessel was not twice her length from that shore on which they beheld people walking in safety, and to which their hopes and affections had for weeks been turned. Twice she touched the shingle, but not heavily; each time, however, above the loud howling of the pitiless storm, were heard the maddening shrieks of the miserable passengers and crew. Her time was now come; for in two or three minutes, borne inwards by a mountain wave, she was dashed midships on the shore, and, swinging round upon her broadside, heeled over. The upper tier of goods (hogsheads of sugar) rolled to the sunken side, which was instantly beat out, and the vessel went to pieces, the tremendous surf snapping her masts and timbers as if they had been reeds.

In the course of six or seven minutes from her first touching the shore, there were not two planks of the ill-fated Clarendon to be seen together—so sudden, so awful was the catastrophe.

—“A wreck complete, she roll’d

At the mercy of the waves, whose mercies are
Like human beings during civil war!”

To afford assistance from the shore was, as we have before stated, utterly impossible. The only hope indulged in by the spectators was that of saving some of the hapless beings that the foaming wave might throw upon the rocks. To attempt even this was to peril their own lives, so sudden and so tremendous was the reflux of the merciless billow. Death, too, had held his carnival the moment the ship struck midships on the shore; for then, the billows beating in, dashed the crew against the severed timbers, and soon ended their misery. It is a singular fact, that of the three persons who were saved, they either jumped overboard of their own accord to try for land—and that land, too, within a stone’s throw!—or were hurled from the vessel by the furious mountain waves. The second mate, Harris, was swept right off the deck, and the long-boat followed, at first covering him. He clung to it as long as he could, and was dashed on the shingle, which he clutched with that desperation which is only known to those who have felt the gripe of a drowning man. His state is so truly described by Lord Byron, in *Don Juan*, that we need no apology for quoting the lines. It is a vivid and faithful picture of his situation, as described by one of the spectators:—

“There, breathless, with his digging nails, he clung
Fast to the land, lest the returning wave,
From whose reluctant roar his life he wrung,
Should suck him back to her insatiate grave:
And there he lay, full length, where he was flung,
Before the entrance of a cliff-worn cave,
With just enough of life to feel its pain,
And deem’d that it was saved, perhaps, in vain.”

But it was not in vain! A noble, gallant fellow, named Wheeler, a resident on the coast, rushed in as the wave receded, and before another came roaring in, dragged him high enough upon the beach to rescue him from danger. How inscrutable are the ways of Providence! In the features of the reviving mariner his deliverer recognised an old shipmate, whose life he had saved four years before, when they both belonged to Lord Yarborough’s yacht, the *Falcon*. Thus has Wheeler twice saved from a watery and untimely grave the same individual. The two others, Thomson and Byrne, leapt overboard to swim for shore. They also were dashed on the shingle and saved, like their comrade, by the daring intrepidity of the bystanders; but they were all sorely bruised. These are the only survivors to tell by “winter’s fire” the horrors of that morning.

In the course of two or three hours after the wreck, numbers of people were seen descending the Chine to gaze on the scene of devastation, or to render assistance. Mr. Jacobs, of Chale Abbey Farm, arrived a few moments after the Clarendon struck. He had been sent for by one of the coast guard as soon as the danger of the vessel was perceived; and, as is this truly good man’s custom, he rose from his bed the moment he was called, and hurried down the cliffs as quickly as he could. Not more than half an hour had elapsed, and yet all was over! We have much pleasure in stating that Mr Jacobs received a letter of thanks from Lloyd’s for his kind exertions, besides several others from private gentlemen.

Lord Yarborough and his son, the Hon. Dudley Pelham, also quickly arrived on the spot, and assisted throughout the day in making arrangements for the safe custody of the trunks and other things which were then beginning to be washed ashore. Almost every one lent a hand to some good purpose. The old “wrecking” feeling was awed, and, we hope, banished for ever. It is said that not a crown’s worth of property was stolen that day. Relics undoubtedly were taken, but they were valuable merely as memorials of the wreck, or considered by the ignorant as emblems of superstition.

The appearance of the shore was of the most desolate character. Even at the best of times, and during the most favourable weather, with the gentlest winds and sunniest hours, it is a wild place—one that you would not prefer to tarry in alone—one that awakens a sickening sense of helplessness and terror; but now the native horrors of Black-gang Chine were doubly appalling. No language can describe the terrific grandeur of that scene. Standing on the shore, and looking on the wilderness of water, boiling, roaring, and breaking in furious anger on the rock-bound shore, with not a sail in sight, your mind suspiciously asked itself whether other gallant barks had not likewise been engulfed during that dreadful gale? To the right, in the distance, were the Needles, in whose hollow caves many a hapless sailor lies fathoms deep; to the left, the broken crags of Rockenend, rising to the height of some hundred feet, while at their base, you could, ever and anon, through the now subdued foam, perceive hidden rocks that “murder while they smile.” Behind was the Black-gang Chine, darkly vindicating its unenvied pre-eminence; and as the storm abated, the naked bodies of human beings, the hapless victims of the wreck, were now washed ashore almost at your feet; but as you rushed to save them from further violence,—for all that were picked up bore ample proof of violent death—the angry wave again returned with redoubled force, threatening to engulf the living with the dead. Oh! it was a sickening and humiliating sight to look for hours on those floating bodies. One by one the ocean gave them up, but so tardily and reluctantly, that she seemed as though she still wished to gorge herself upon the victims she had made. And then they were so bruised, so beaten, so disfigured, that “the mother had not known her child!” As the bodies were rescued, they were taken to the different boat-houses that here and there stud the cliffs, and covered with sails. To see the survivors after they had recovered (and in this office Mr. Jacobs was humanely attentive) going through these boat-houses, and lifting the canvass from the faces of the dead to identify them, was indeed a mournful scene.

One of them had recognized several of his shipmates, after some difficulty; and, on lifting the canvass from the next he said, hesitatingly, as if for the moment in doubt, “Yes,—that’s one of the girls—she was singing away so last night—that’s Mr. Shore’s daughter. I don’t know which though—I don’t know her name—I was near the cabin, and heard them as glad as they could be, they were so near home. Oh, dear sir, this time yesterday none of us thought of this. That’s one of Mr. Shore’s; I’m sure it’s not Miss Pemberton.” In this manner were the bodies identified. We shall spare our readers the pain of carrying this part of the scene any further.

By noon vast quantities of the wreck and some luggage had been recovered; and each succeeding hour increased the number of visitors, all of whom, to the credit of the island, did something towards the conservation of what the waves yielded up. The timber washed ashore was dashed into a thousand pieces. For miles it strewed the coast; and yet so extreme, and at the same time so minute had been the devastation, that while you could pick up screws and nails, you could not, along the whole coast, where for miles you walked past heaps of the wreck, find any continuous portions of the vessel. In the very centre of the bay you could see the mainmast, sails, cordage, &c., driven, as by one bound, deep into the sand—that sturdy mast, once doubtless some forest’s pride, shivered in twain like an infant’s toy. Turtles were lying about; and puncheons, boxes, masts, shrouds, sails, cocoa-nuts, wearing apparel, aye, even a night-cap in which one of these hapless girls had gone to rest the evening before, was picked up with part of its frilling torn off—so minutely precise in its destruction seemed the devastating deep!

Among many who live to mourn for years this dreadful catastrophe—for some of the unhappy crew have left widows and children—all, we believe, father, mother, sister, or friend—there is none to whom sympathy is more universally or warmly extended than to Captain Smith, an army officer who had lately taken up his residence at Newport. The ill-fated Mrs. Shore was his sister. From her he had recently heard of their speedy arrival, and in consequence had arranged for their domestic comfort. To her return he looked with more than common

anxiety. It had been his misfortune just previously to lose his wife; and he very naturally, in his hour of bereavement, looked to the return of his sister and her children as an epoch when, from their solicitude and attention, something like happiness might again smile upon him. The household memories of the past shadowed forth a placid if not a pleasurable future; but the cup was dashed from his lips before it touched them. While walking in the streets of Newport early on Tuesday morning, he met an acquaintance who, in the course of conversation, asked if he had heard the dreadful news from the back of the island? "No," said he. "What is it?" "An Indianman stranded." "An Indianman!" "Where from?—what name?" "I do not know her name; she is from the East Indies, with four or five hundred persons on board, most of them troops, it is said."

This was the first report. Captain Smith uttered some expressions of regret, and hastily left his friend, who, however, instantly perceived a fearful alteration in his countenance. The prophetic knell of death had already tolled in his ear. His fears hinted that it was a West and not an East Indianman, and he hurried to the spot. We were not far from him on his arrival at the Ching. His hasty inquiries were soon answered, and, alas! were too confirmatory of his own forebodings. In a short time his sister's body was washed ashore half a mile from where he stood, and his nieces soon followed. Poor fellow! his is a broken spirit that will require many years of long kindness to bind up and heal!

THE INQUEST.

An inquest on the bodies which were recovered (twenty in number) was held on the following Wednesday, at Chale Church, before William Hearn, Esq., coroner, and a most respectable jury. The bodies were placed side by side on the greensward, and cold indeed must have been that heart that could witness, unmoved, the afflicting spectacle.

Through the kindness of the coroner, we are enabled to give the chief points of the evidence adduced.

James Harris being sworn, said: "I was second mate of the Clarendon. There were some disturbances during the voyage; some of the crew were in irons for getting drunk, but harmony generally prevailed, and the ship was always under the command of the officers. We made Scilly on Sunday at noon; I was then ill below. It was very squally on Monday night. When I came on deck, about five in the morning, I saw land on the bow, about a mile and a half distant; I did not know the land, but I saw breakers ashore. The captain and all the crew were then on deck. The ship was under double main-top-sail, everything clewed. We set the fore-top-sail, fore-sail, and main-top-sail, trysail, and spanker, and stood on, dragging our bulwarks under water, but could not get her to weather the point. She struck forward twice lightly; in four minutes after she struck amidships: everything was washed away, and in six minutes nothing of her was left. I jumped overboard, was washed ashore, and J. Wheeler saved my life. I saw no living person on board when I left. I had about one minute before been knocked down, when all the passengers and crew were on deck; on getting up they were all gone. Mr. Pemberton and Mr. Shepherd were dressed."

"The captain had before asked us if we could set the main-sail; I told him it was all over."

This evidence was mainly corroborated by John Thomson, who added, "On Monday night we saw a light about twelve. I guessed it about ten leagues to leeward, wind W.S.W.; we were steering E.S.E. Sherlock said it was the Portland lights; I was steering; we kept it in sight till about five. I then saw land to leeward; the captain was on deck; we saw the breakers, and apprehended danger. I did not know the land; we struck shortly after."

Byrne examined.—"The captain was obeyed till the last moment: he told the men to save themselves. I have no reason to believe that it was through any neglect the ship was lost: if we had had an opportunity of taking a pilot we should have done so; but if we had had our decks full of men, we could not have saved the ship. She was consigned to Messrs. Manning and Henderton, 3, Lothbury, and the owners were

Messrs. Tayler, Fry, and Channel. The previous captain died at Nevis, on the 21st of June. I am well acquainted with the channel, and I am certain it was the Scilly we made on Sunday at noon. I know it by the St. Agnes lighthouse. We continued in sight of land all night. I saw the Lizard light; we had first two lights in one; I lost sight of them about 10 p.m.; saw no land to be certain after. About midnight I saw a light, which appeared to be a revolving one, but it might possibly have been the motion of the ship. I did not know whether it was the Portland or the Needles light; I kept it in sight two or three hours; it was near a-beam twenty miles, and very thick and squally. At two, I saw land, and knew it to be the South of the Isle of Wight. I saw the danger at four, and set all sail to weather the point (St. Catherine's Ledge), but could not, and was confident we should not. The master said the vessel would hold together, and each man was to save a woman; she struck heavily on her broadside and the sea swept her clean fore and aft: I jumped on the taffrail, and the mizen went over with me. I was saved by the people on shore. The Clarendon was not two lengths from the shore when she struck; we were most kindly treated by the people on shore, who clothed and fed us; Mr. Jacobs, of Chale, was most conspicuous in his attentions towards us; only three of us were saved out of seventeen of the crew and eleven passengers."

One of the last witnesses admitted that he had been in confinement for disobedience of orders some few days previous, but retained not the least feeling of animosity against the captain in consequence.

The jury returned a verdict of "Accidentally drowned." The greater part of the timber was sold by auction on the Thursday following, and the mortal remains of the crew were deposited in one grave in Chale churchyard the same day. A large vault, opened in the south-east corner of the churchyard attached to the parish of Newport, contains the remains of the unfortunate passengers, a brick wall only parting it from the then residence of the nearly heart-broken Captain Smith, the only brother of Mrs. Shore. The funeral took place on the succeeding Friday, and the silent tomb closed the voyage of the unfortunate passengers of the ship Clarendon.

Tombs were raised, and inscribed, on which were the following epitaphs, calculated to arrest the attention of the visitors, and instil into their minds, salutary thoughts of death, whose coming was so sudden and so terrible:—

Sacred
to the Memory of
Captain SAMUEL WALKER,
of the Ship
CLARENDON,
Youngest Son of Mr. John Walker, late of
Oxford-street, London;
Who, on his homeward voyage from the West
Indies, was wrecked in Chale Bay, during a
violent storm, on the morning of the
11th October, 1836,
in the 34th year of his Age;
When Twelve of the Crew, and all the Passen-
gers, 11 in number, unfortunately perished
together with him.

In recording the awful event, his afflicted Rela-
tives desire to bow, with humble submission, to
that Almighty Power, who hath dominion from
sea to sea, and from the rivers unto the ends of
the earth.

Sacred to the Memory of
Lieutenant and Adjutant THOMAS SHORE,
Of the 14th Regiment of Foot,
His Wife, and four Daughters, who, on their return
to England from the West Indies,
were wrecked in Chale Bay,
On board the Ship CLARENDON,
On the morning of the 11th of October, 1836;
when twelve of the crew, and all the pas-
sengers, (eleven in number,) unfortunately perished.

Lieut. SHORE,
joined the 74th Regiment, as an Ensign, in 1805,
and bore a part in the Peninsular war,
being present at the Battles of
Fuentes D'onore, Badajos, Salamanca,
Vittoria, and Orthes,
at the last of which he was severely wounded.

Under this Stone
Lie the Mortal Remains of
WALTER MAYNARD PEMBERTON, Esq.,
Of the Island of Nevis,
Aged 48 years,
Member of His Majesty's Council, in that Island.
And of his amiable Daughter ANNE,
Aged 11 years;

Who perished together in the wreck of the Ship

CLARENDON, in Chale Bay,

On the 11th of October, 1836.

He has left an afflicted Widow and numerous Family,
to deplore the irreparable loss of an affectionate Hus-
band, kind Parent, dutiful Son, attached Brother, and
Sincere Friend and Christian.

THE BEWITCHED TREASURE.

IN the time of the Thirty Years War, there was to be seen standing not far from the town of Soest in Westphalia, an old ruin, of which the tradition ran that there was an iron trunk there, full of money, kept by a black dog and a bewitched maiden. The grandfathers and grandmothers who are gone, used to tell that a strange nobleman shall one day arrive in the country, deliver the maiden, and open the chest with a fiery key. They said that divers itinerant scholars and exorcists had, within the memory of man, betaken themselves thither to dig, but been in so strange sort received and dismissed, that no one had since further listened to the adventure, especially after their publishing that the treasure might be lifted of none who had once taken woman's milk. It was not long since a little girl from their village had led her few goats to feed about the very spot; one of which straying amongst the ruins, she had followed it. Within, in the castle court, was a damsel, who questioned her what she did there: and when she was informed, pointing to a little basket of cherries, further said, "It is good; therefore take of that thou seest before thee, with thy goat, and all, and go, and come not again, neither look behind, that a harm befall thee not." Upon this the frightened child caught up seven cherries, and made her way out of the ruins. The cherries turned, in her hand, to money.—*Blackwood.*

AMERICAN HOSPITALITY.

It was some time in the autumn of that year in which the great Napoleon, bade a final adieu to the theatre of his glory, and of those extraordinary vicissitudes which attended his public career, that we arrived at Norfolk, in Virginia, in the ship *Ajax*, Captain Tyler; whither we went to procure a cargo of lumber for the estates of our owners, situated in the island of Jamaica. And it was while we remained at Norfolk, that we experienced the peculiar instance of American Hospitality of which we are about to speak. Having been repeatedly invited to spend an evening on shore, we availed ourselves of a little leisure that occurred, and accompanied by a young Scotchman, a resident of Norfolk, we went on shore, to spend an evening at one of the taverns—I think it was the Navy Tavern; be that as it may, the room was full of American naval officers, who appeared to vie with each other in speaking disrespectfully of the British, as they called us, but more especially of the British navy and its officers. Now, there was one of these *soi-disant* Yankees, who seemed determined to quarrel with us, if possible; he came in front of the table at which we were sitting, and flourishing his glass of grog in our faces, began to sing a song in commemoration of the capture of the *Guerrier* by the *Constitution*; however, he was soon called to order by some of his companions, who

said, that as America was the land of liberty, strangers should not be molested in their presence, and that every man had a right to enjoy his own opinion. But notwithstanding, that order was in some measure restored, they still influenced to undervalue the courage and capacity of our naval officers; and one of them went so far as to say, that of all the British naval officers who had served on the American station, Captain Broke, of the *Shannon*, was the only man who ought to be considered as a truly honourable man. "Then you do consider Captain Broke to be a truly honourable man?" said I. "Oh, yes!" was the unanimous reply. "Then," said I, "do you think a truly honourable man would be guilty of uttering a falsehood?" "Impossible!" exclaimed one and all. "Then," said I, "have the goodness to attend to an extract from Captain Broke's letter, which announced the capture of the *Chesapeake*;" and immediately taking an old newspaper from my pocket, I read as follows:—"I went forward to ascertain the position of the enemy, and I found they were *flinching* from their guns." This was quite enough for Jonathan, with whom it instantly settled the question as to Captain Broke's honour; and removed every doubt as to the sort of liberty of speech which prevails in America. For I had no sooner finished the lacerating sentence, than my head was assailed by a rummer of brandy-and-water, thrown at us by the hospitable Virginian, who was before inclined to amuse us with a song; but who now vociferated, "I guess you are like all the *old serpents*, a *varnation liar*!" And had it not been for the timely arrival of a couple of friends, Hibernian Yankees, we doubt whether we should have escaped alive to tell the tale.

THE FISHERMAN'S TALE.

THERE is a village in Scotland called Gourloch, situated on the shore of a fine bay, about three or four miles from the town of Delingburn, and inhabited mostly by fishermen, who let part of their houses in summer months, to people who resort thither for the purpose of bathing.

Perhaps no other part of Scotland, or of the British Islands, presents so much richness and variety of scenery. From the summit of a hill of very precipitous ascent, a little way to the east of the village, the view is particularly fine, embracing an extent of country unusual in such situations, where the intervention of mountains commonly shuts in the landscape too abruptly.

When descending one day, during my visit to the west country, from this commanding spot, I sat down, wearied with the exertion, on a huge isolated rock, near the narrow path, by which alone the hill is accessible. Presently, an elderly man, of grave aspect, and maritime appearance, winding slowly up the hill, came and sat down near me on the rock. I guessed him to be one of the better class of fishermen from the village, who had purchased with the toil of his youth and his manhood, a little breathing-time to look about him in the evening of his days, ere the coming of the night. After the usual salutations we fell into discourse together, and after a pause in the conversation, he remarked, as I thought, in somewhat a disjointed manner, "Is it not strange, sir, the thoughts that sometimes come into the brain of man, sleeping or waking,—like a breath of wind that blows across his bosom, coming he knows not whence, and going he knows not whither,—and yet, unlike the wind, that ruffles not the skin nor touches, they leave behind them an impression and a feeling; are as things real and authentic; and may become the springs of human action, and mingle in the thread of human destiny?—I was thinking at this moment of something which has sat, for many days past, like a millstone on my mind; and I will tell it to you with pleasure."

So I edged myself closer to him on the stone, that I might hear the better; and without more preamble the Scottish fisherman began his story, as nearly as I remember, in the following words:—

"About six months ago, a wedding took place in our village; and a more comely and better looked-on couple never came together. Mr. Douglas, though the son of a poor man, had been an officer in the army, an ensign I'm thinking; and when his regiment was disbanded, he came to live here on

his half-pay, and whatever little else he might have. Jeanie Stuart at the time was staying with an uncle, one of our folk, her parents having been taken away from her; and made up for her board as far as she could, by going in the summer season to sew in the families that came out then, like clocks, from the holes and corners of the great towns, to wash themselves in the caller sea. So gentle she was, and so calm in her deportment, and so fair to look on withal, that even these nobility of the loom and sugar-hogshead thought it no dishonour to have her among them; and unknowingly as it were, they treated her just as if she had been of the same human mould with themselves.

"Well, they soon got acquainted, our Jeanie, and Mr. Douglas, and the end of it was, they were married. They lived in a house there, just beyond the point that you may see forms the opposite angle of the bay, not far from a place called Kempuck-stane, and Mr Douglas just employed himself like any of the rest of us—in fishing, and daundering about, and mending his nets, and such like. Jeanie was now a happy woman, for she had aye a mind above the commonalty; and I am bold to say, thought her stay long enough among those would-be gentry, where she sat many a wearisome day, and would fain have retired from their foolishness into the strength and greenness of her own soul.

"But now she had a companion and an equal, and indeed a superior; for Mr. Douglas had seen the world, and could while away the time in discoursing of the ferlies he had seen and heard tell of in foreign lands, among strange people and unknown tongues. And Jeanie listened and listened, and thought her husband the first of mankind. She clung to him as the honey-suckle clings to the tree; his pleasure was her pleasure—his sorrow was her sorrow—and his bare word was her law. One day, about two weeks ago, she appeared dull and dispirited, and complained of the headache; on which Mr. Douglas advised her to go to bed, and rest herself awhile, which she said she would do; and having some business in the village, he went out. On coming back, however, in the forenoon, he found her just in the same spot, leaning her head on her hand, but she told him she was better, and that it was nothing at all. He then began to get his nets ready, saying he was going out with some lads of the village to the deep-sea fishing, and would be back the next day.

"She looked at him long and strangely, as if wondering at what he was doing, and understanding not anything that was going on. But finally, when he came to kiss her, and bid her good bye, she threw her arms round him, and when he would have gone, she held him fast, and her bosom heaved as if her heart would break—but still she said nothing.

"*"Stay with me to-day!"* she said at last, *"depart not this night—just this one night—it is not much to ask—and to-morrow I will not be your hinderance a moment."*

"But Mr. Douglas was vexed at such folly, and she could answer nothing better to his questions, than that a thought had come into her head, and she could not help it. So he was resolved to go, and he kissed her, and threw his nets on his shoulder and went away. For some minutes after, Jeanie stood just on the spot, looking at the door where he had gone out, and then began to tremble all over like the leaf of a tree; at length, coming to herself with a start, she knelt down on both knees, and throwing back her hair from over her forehead, turned her face up towards Heaven, and prayed with a loud voice to the Almighty, *"that she might still have her husband in her arms that night."* For some moments she remained motionless and silent, in the same attitude, till at length a sort of brightness, resembling a calm smile, passed over her countenance, like a gleam of sunshine on the smooth sea, and bending her head low and reverently, she rose up. She then went as usual about her household affairs, and appeared not anything discomposed, but as tranquil and happy as if nothing had happened.

"Now the weather was fine and calm in the morning, but towards the afternoon, it came on to blow—and indeed, the air had been so sultry all day, that the old sea-farers might easily tell there would be a racket of the elements before long. As the wind, however, had been rather contrary, it was supposed the boats could not have got far enough out, to be in the mis-

chief, but would put back when they saw the signs in the sky. But in the meantime the wind increased, till towards night it blew as hard a gale as we have seen in these parts for a long time; the ships out there at the tail of the bank, were driven from their moorings, and two of them stranded on their beam-ends, on the other side; every stick and stitch on the sea, made for any port they could find; and as the night came on, in darkness and thunder, it was a scene that might cow even the hearts that had been brought up on the water, as if it was their proper element, and been familiar with the voice of the tempest from their young days. There was a sad lamenting and murmuring then among the women folk—especially them that were kith or kin to the lads on the sea; and they went to one another's houses in the midst of the storm and rain, and put in their pale faces through the darkness, as if searching for hope and comfort, and drawing near to one another, like a flock of frightened sheep, in their fellowship of grief and fear. But there was one who stirred not from her home, and who felt no terror at the shrieking of the night-storm, and sought for no comfort in the countenance of man—and that was the wife of Mr. Douglas. She sometimes, indeed listened to the howling of the sea, that came by fits on her ear like the voice of the water-kelpie, and starting, would lay down her work for a moment; but then, she remembered the prayer she had prayed to Him, who holds the reins of the tempest in his hands, and who says to the roaring waters, *"Be still,"* and they are still—and of the glorious balm she had felt to sink into her heart, at that moment of high and holy communion, even like the dew of Heaven on a parched land. So her soul was comforted, and she said to herself, *"God is not a man that he can lie,"* and she rested on this assurance as on a rock, and laughed to scorn the trembling of her woman's bosom—for why—the anchor of her hope was in Heaven, and what earthly storm was so mighty as to remove it? Then she got up and put the room in order, and placed her husband's shoes to air at the fire-side; and stirred up the fuel, and drew in the arm-chair for her weary and storm-beaten mariner. Then would she listen at the door, and look out into the night for his coming, but could hear no sound, save the voice of the waters, and the foot-step of the tempest as he rushed along the deep. She then went in again, and walked to and fro in the room with a restless step, but an unblanched cheek. At last, the neighbours came to her house, knowing that her husband was one of them that had gone out that day, and told her they were going to walk down to the Clough, even in the mirk hour, to try if they could not hear some news of the boats. So she went with them, and we walked altogether along the road, it might be some twenty or thirty of us; but it was remarked that though she came not hurriedly, nor in fear, yet she had not even thrown her cloak on her shoulders to defend her from the night air, but came forth with her head uncovered, and in her usual raiment of white, like a bride to the altar. And as we passed along, it must have been a strange sight to see so many pale faces, by the red glare of the torches they carried, and to hear so many human wailings, filling up the pauses of the storm; but at the head of our melancholy procession, there was a calm heart and a firm step, and they were Jeanie's. Sometimes, indeed, she would look back, as some cry of womanish foreboding from behind, would smite on her ear, and strange thoughts would crowd into her mind; and once she was heard to mutter—if her prayer had but saved her husband, to bind some other innocent victim on the mysterious altar of wrath! and she stopped for a moment, as if in anguish at the wild imagination. But now as we drew nearer the rocks where the lighthouse is built, sounds were heard distinctly on the shore, and we waved the torches in the air, and gave a great shout, which was answered by known voices—for they were some of our own people, and our journey was at an end. A number of us then went on before, and groped our way among the rocks, as well as we could for the darkness; but a woeful tale met our ears; for one of the boats had been shattered to pieces, while endeavouring to land there,—and when we went down, they were just dragging the body of a comrade, stiff and stark, from the sea. When the women behind heard it, there was a terrible cry of dismay, for no one knew but it might have been her own

brother or son: and some who held torches dropped them for fear, trembling to have the terrors of their heart confirmed. There, was one, however, who stood calm, and unmoved by the side of the dead body. She spoke some words of holy comfort to the women, and they were silent at her voice. She then stepped lightly forward, and took a torch from the trembling hand that held it, and bent down with it beside the corpse. As the light fell one moment on her own fair face, it showed no signs of womanish feeling at the sight and touch of mortality; a bright and lovely bloom glowed on her cheek,

and a Heavenly lustre burned in her eye; and as she knelt there, her long dark hair floating far on the storm, there was that in her look which drew the gaze even of that terrified group from the object of their doubt and dread. The next moment, the light streamed on the face of the dead—the torch dropped from her hand—and she fell on the dead body of her husband.

"Her prayer was granted. She held her husband in her arms that night, and although no struggles of parting life were heard or seen, she died on his breast."

DUCKWORTH'S VICTORY OFF ST. DOMINGO.

NORWITHSTANDING the loss which Napoleon Buonaparte had sustained by the battle of Trafalgar, and the great probability that whenever his remaining ships ventured to sea, they would meet with a similar fate, yet the critical situation of his remaining West India colonies determined him to run all hazards for their support and relief; accordingly, on the 4th of December, 1805, notwithstanding the vigilance of our cruisers, a French fleet, consisting of eleven sail of the line and a number of frigates, made its escape from Brest. This fleet afterwards divided into two squadrons, and proceeded by different routes towards the West Indies.

One of these squadrons, consisting of six sail of the line and two frigates, soon afterwards fell in with two British transports, with troops, from Gibraltar, and took them. Having put the soldiers on board the *Volontaire* frigate of forty-six guns and 360 men, the French admiral sent her forward to the Cape of Good Hope, not being aware that that settlement had been captured by the British. On the 4th of March the *Volontaire* arrived off the Cape, and the *Diadem* of 64 guns, then lying in Table Bay, having observed her at a distance, and supposing her an enemy, immediately hoisted Dutch colours. The French frigate not suspecting the stratagem, went in and anchored alongside the *Diadem*; on which the latter hauled down the Dutch and hoisted English colours in their place. The frigate perceived her mistake too late to attempt to escape, and being unable to contend with such a superior force, surrendered without firing a gun. Sir Home Popham, on receiving intelligence that a French squadron was in those seas, immediately made every preparation to give the enemy a warm reception, in case they should think proper to attack the Cape. The English troops, to the number of 217, retaken in the *Volontaire*, were immediately landed, and sent to reinforce the garrison. The squadron at the Cape consisted of the *Diomedé*, of 50 guns, and two frigates, besides the *Volontaire*. The latter was manned from the other ships, and the whole were moored with springs on their cables, under a battery of 32 guns, from which it was intended to fire red-hot shot, if the French squadron should approach to attempt hostilities. This, it

afterwards appeared, was part of the fleet which got out of Brest, on the above-mentioned day, and separated into two squadrons. One of these, as we have seen, took a southern course, while the other proceeded to the West Indies, to which quarter we shall now follow them.

Accounts having been received that the Rochefort squadron, by which the Calcutta was taken, had, on their return from Teneriffe, in November, fallen in with and dispersed the convoy bound to the coast of Africa, Vice-Admiral Sir J. T. Duckworth, then off Cadiz, immediately proceeded in quest of them,

with his Majesty's ships of the line, *Superb*, *Spencer*, *Donegal*, *Canopus*, *Powerful*, and *Ajax*.

He continued to cruise off the Canaries for a given time; on his return to Cadiz, he fell in, on Christmas-day, with a French squadron of six sail of the line.

This was the squadron to which the *Volontaire* belonged, and one of the ships of which was commanded by Jerome Buonaparte, the brother of Napoleon. "It is impossible," says an officer of the *Superb*, "to describe the joy expressed by every one on board the British ships on this occasion; every individual thought himself a king, and

expected that day to be one of the happiest Christmases he had ever spent." But from the very bad sailing of several ships of the fleet, the enemy had the good fortune to escape after a chase of two days. Uncertain of their destination, Admiral Duckworth took the most effectual means to defeat their views, by immediately detaching the *Powerful*, of 74 guns, to the East Indies, with an account of the number and strength of the enemy's squadron, and proceeded himself direct to Barbadoes, following the example of the great and gallant Nelson, when in a similar dilemma. On his arrival in the West Indies, he took Admiral Cochrane, with the *Northumberland* and *Atlas*, under his command, and proceeded off Martinique, in hopes of intercepting them. But the enemy had pursued a wiser policy. They had kept well to the northward, and instead of spreading an alarm through the islands, had proceeded by the nearer passage to the Bay of St. Domingo, on the south side of the island of that name, and where the first Rochefort squadron had, the preceding year, succeeded in throwing in reinforcements, to the city of St. Domingo, then besieged by Dessalines. Accounts of their probable destination



[DECK OF THE SUPERB DURING THE ACTION.]

having been received by a neutral, Sir J. Duckworth, with great promptitude, proceeded to that quarter, and, in the afternoon of the 5th of February, was joined by the *Magicienne* frigate, with a farther corroboration from various vessels spoken, of an enemy's force being in those seas. Admiral Duckworth continued under easy sail all night, in his approach to the town of St. Domingo, having given orders to Captain Dunn of the *Acasta*, and Captain M'Kenzie of the *Magicienne*, to make sail two hours before daylight to reconnoitre. At six in the morning of the 6th, the *Acasta* made the signal for two of the enemy's frigates, and, before seven, for nine sail at anchor. Half an hour afterwards, they were getting under weigh. The British squadron approached them fast, in close order, and before eight o'clock, discovered that the enemy were in a compact line, under all sail, going before the wind for Cape Nissas, to windward of Ocoa Bay, and that they consisted of five sail of the line, two frigates, and a corvette. The English force consisted of seven sail of the line and four frigates.

Had the enemy remained at anchor, the British fleet would have found it difficult to get at them; but as they bore away, Admiral Duckworth concluded, from the information he had received, that they were endeavouring to form a junction with their remaining force. He therefore shaped his course in the *Superb*, which led the squadron, so as to frustrate any such intention, which was completely effected by a little after nine, and an action became inevitable. He now made a telegraphic signal to his fleet—*This is glorious*—alluding to the enemy's squadron in a situation to be engaged, which was equivalent to victory. The signal of their gallant leader was hailed with transport by all the British ships, to which he communicated by telegraph, that the principal object of attack would be the French admiral and his seconds. At three-quarters past nine, he directed the ships to take stations for their mutual support, and engage the enemy as they got up; and a few minutes afterwards, he made the signal for them to engage as closely as possible.

"Just before the action began," says an officer of the *Superb*, "Captain Keates suspended to the mizen-stay a portrait of our beloved hero, Nelson. There it remained unhurt, but was completely covered, as was Captain Keates himself, with the blood and brains of poor Brookbank, one of our boatswain's mates. Two or three minutes before the work of death began, officers hats off on the quarter-deck, our band played '*God save the King*,' then came, '*Off she goes*,' and next '*Nelson of the Nile*.' Never was enthusiasm greater than ours, and to it we went with heart and hand."

Soon after ten o'clock, the *Superb*, of 74 guns, closed on the bow of the leading ship *l'Alexandre*, of 84 guns, and commenced the action. The enemy had brought that ship and *l'Imperiale*, of 120 guns, together, seemingly with a view to quiet the fire of the English admiral, in the *Superb*, before any of the other ships could come up; but in this they were disappointed, for the second broadside from the *Superb* did such execution on board *l'Alexandre*, that she became quite unmanageable, and lost her station. *l'Imperiale* was by this time within pistol-shot of the *Superb*, and apparently reserving her fire for the latter; but, in this critical moment, Admiral Cochrane, in the *Northumberland*, came up, and notwithstanding the small distance between the *Superb* and *l'Imperiale*, he gallantly placed her between them, and received the whole broadside of the largest, and what was esteemed the finest ship in the French navy. Several of the shot passed quite through the *Northumberland* into the *Superb*. In the meantime, the *Superb*, having given a very severe dressing to *l'Alexandre*, compelled her to sheer off, and went to the assistance of the *Northumberland*, which had at one time the fire of three French ships upon her for nearly forty minutes. The movements of *l'Alexandre* having thrown her among the lee division, Rear-Admiral Louis, in the *Canopus*, of 84 guns, availed himself of that circumstance, and the rest of the British ships coming up, the action became general. Nothing could exceed the coolness and high state of discipline of our brave seamen and marines; for though the enemy kept up an incessant fire upon them, while coming into action, yet not a gun was returned till close aboard, when they opened in a style truly grand and terrific. The enemy fought with great obstinacy for an

hour and a half, when the French admiral, much shattered, and completely beaten, hauled direct for the land, and not being a mile off, at twenty minutes before noon, ran on shore, having nothing but the foremast standing, and that too fell immediately she struck the ground. The *Superb*, being only in seventeen fathoms water, was obliged to haul off to avoid the same misfortune; but not long afterwards, the *Diomedé* pushed on shore, near the admiral, and all her masts went by the board. About noon, the firing ceased, and when the smoke cleared away, *Le Brave*, bearing a commodore's pendant, *l'Alexandre*, and *Le Jupiter*, were in the possession of the English. The *Atlas* now approached *l'Imperiale*, tried to anchor, but the water was too deep, and she was preparing to give the enemy a double-shotted broadside, when the colours were lowered in token of submission. As that ship and the *Diomedé* could not be got off, they were burned two days after the action, by the command of Admiral Duckworth.

The loss of the conquerors amounted to 74 killed, and 254 wounded; and among the former there was not a single officer. The three French ships which fell into the hands of the English, had 760 killed and wounded. The loss of the other two could not be correctly ascertained, but certainly was not less than as many more.

"When I contemplate," says the brave Duckworth, in his official account of this victory, "on the result of this action, when five sail of the line had surrendered, or were apparently destroyed, in less than two hours, I cannot, though bound to pay every tribute to the noble and gallant efforts of the Hon. Rear-Admiral Cochrane, Rear-Admiral Louis, the captains, officers, seamen, and royal marines, under my command, be vain enough to suppose, that without the aiding hand of Providence, such result could have been effected, and with a loss so comparatively small; and though I shall ever sympathise with the connexions of those that fell, the reflection on the cause will, I hope, afford much consolation. To speak individually on the conduct of any one, would be injurious to all for all were equally animated with the same zealous ardour in support of their king and country. Yet, possessed of these feelings, I cannot be silent without injustice to the firm and manly support for which I was indebted to Captain Keates, and the effect that the system of discipline and good order in which I found the *Superb* must ever produce; and the pre-eminence of British seamen could never be more conspicuous than in this contest."

The subjoined curious anecdote of the behaviour of a true English game-cock, during this engagement, is related on the authority of an officer, who belonged to the *Superb*. "On the poop-deck of that ship was a large wooden fabric, forming an oblong hollow square, and so constructed, that the upper apartments served for marine arms, and the lower for poultry; now it happened, in the very hottest of the action, whilst we were closely engaged with the three-decker (*l'Imperiale*), that a 42-pounder double-headed shot broke through this useful compound structure, destroying no less than 27 stand of arms, as it afterwards appeared, and making terrible havoc among the feathered race; splinters, bayonets, broken muskets, &c. prevailed in all directions. When, lo! from the midst of this confusion worse confounded, up sprang this gallant cock, till then 'unknown to Fame,' and perched on the spanker-boom, crowing exultingly. Another shot cutting the boom in two, close at his feet, now drove him from his post. Indignantly retreating a few paces aft on the broken poop, again he fixed his stand; and thence, ever and anon was heard his clarion voice to sound amid the 'din of war.' This appears strange, you will say, and yet it is not altogether singular—a circumstance, nearly similar, I have heard, took place in the *Marlborough*, on the memorable first of June, 1794: I say nearly similar, because in that instance the bold bird was *sounded* though not *safe*; whereas our little hero was found, on examination, to have received many severe contusions, and to have lost an eye, ere he extricated himself from the melancholy ruins of his house, and the sad wreck of his mangled messmates. Hardly had the battle ceased, when some of the brave men whose dangers he had thus shared, introduced him to our notice, with an earnest request to save him from the dire hand of our poulterer. Soon

we saw him caressed by all, and decorated with rings and ribbons. Never is he to die the death so common to his kind—and this he seems to know; for so perfectly tame is he become, that he will perch and crow on one's arm, feed from the hand, and even admit, without fear, of being fondled like the gentlest lap-dog."

After the action, the water being too deep to anchor in the bay of St. Domingo, it was requisite to bring to, with the prizes, to repair damages, put the ships in a manageable state, and shift the prisoners, which took till the afternoon of the 7th; when the admiral detached the Hon. Captain Stopford, in the Spencer, with the Donagel and Atlas, which latter had lost her bowsprit, with the prizes, to Jamaica.

The Northumberland, having been fitted with a jury mainmast, Admiral Cochrane returned to his command on the windward Island station, accompanied by the Agamemnon; and Admiral Duckworth himself proceeded to Jamaica, with the Canopus, Acosta, and Magicienne. The prizes, after being repaired, were sent to England, but *Le Brave* had suffered so severely in the engagement, that she foundered on her passage. The crew, who had been three days and three nights at the pumps, were all saved except three. In commemoration of this ship, however, her name was given to the *Formidable*, captured in November, 1805, by Sir Richard John Strachan.

The thanks of both houses of parliament were voted to the officers and men engaged in this glorious scene. A pension of £2000 per annum was voted to Vice-Admiral Sir J. T. Duckworth, and the order of the Bath was conferred on Rear-Admirals Louis and Cochrane. The committee of the Patriotic Fund resolved to present a vase of the value of four hundred pounds, ornamented with emblematical devices and an appropriate inscription, to the former; vases of the value of three hundred pounds each, with appropriate inscriptions, to the two latter. A sword of the value of one hundred pounds, or a vase of the same value, to each of the captains and commanders; the sum of one hundred pounds to each of the lieutenants of his Majesty's navy, captains of Royal Marines, and other officers, in the second class of his Majesty's proclamation for the distribution of prize-money, who were severely wounded; and the sum of fifty pounds to each officer of the same rank slightly wounded; the sum of fifty pounds to each of the officers in the third class, severely wounded; and the sum of forty pounds to each of the officers in the fourth class, severely wounded; and the sum of twenty-five pounds to each officer of the same rank, slightly wounded; the sum of forty pounds to every seaman or marine, whose wounds may be attended with disability or loss of a limb; the sum of twenty pounds to each seaman or marine severely wounded; and the sum of ten pounds to each seaman or marine slightly wounded; and that relief should be afforded to the widows, orphans, parents, and relatives depending for support on the officers, petty-officers, seamen, and marines, who fell in the engagement, as soon as their respective situations should be made known to the committee.

RESCUE OF THE GALLEY SLAVES.

ONCE more the *Aurora* sailed away from the high-crowned rocks of Vallette, and with a fine breeze dashed through the deep blue waves.

But towards the evening the breeze increased, and they were under double reefed top-sails. On the second day they made the coast of Sicily, not far from where Easy and Gascoigne had been driven on shore; the weather was then more moderate, and the sea had, to a great degree, subsided. They therefore stood in close to the coast, as they had not a leading wind to Palermo. As they stood in, the glasses, as usual, were directed to the land; observing the villas with which the hills and valleys were studded, with their white fronts embowered in orange groves.

"What is that, Gascoigne," said Easy, "under that precipice?—it looks like a vessel."

Gascoigne turned his glass in the direction—"Yes, it is a vessel on the rocks: by her prow she looks like a galley."

"It is a galley, sir—one of the row galleys—I can make out her bank of oars," observed the signal man.

This was reported to Captain Wilson, who also examined her.

"She is on the rocks, certainly," observed he; "and I think I see people on board. Keep her away a point, quarter-master."

The *Aurora* was now steered right for the vessel, and in the course of an hour was not more than a mile from her. Their suppositions were correct; it was one of the Sicilian government galleys bilged on the rocks, and they now perceived that there were people on board of her, making signals with their shirts and pieces of linen.

"They must be the galley-slaves; for I perceive that they do not one of them change their positions; the galley must have been abandoned by the officers and seamen, and the slaves left to perish."

"That's very hard," observed Jack to Gascoigne; "they were condemned to the galleys, but not to death."

"They will not have much mercy from the waves," replied Gascoigne; "they will all be in kingdom come to-morrow morning, if the breeze comes more on the land. We have already come up two points this afternoon."

Although Captain Wilson did not join in this conversation, which he overheard as he stood on the forecaste gun, with his glass over the hammocks, it appears he was of the same opinion; but he demurred: he had to choose between allowing so many of his fellow-creatures to perish miserably, or to let loose upon society a set of miscreants who would again enter a course of crime until they were re-captured. The *Aurora* was hove-to in stays, and the two cutters ordered to be lowered down, and the boat's crew to be well armed.

"Mr. Easy, do you take one cutter, and the armourers; pull on board of the galley, release those people, and land them in small divisions. Mr. Gascoigne, you will take the other to assist Mr. Easy, and when he lands them in his boat, you will pull by his side ready to act, in case of any hostile attempt on the part of the scoundrels; for we must not expect gratitude: of course, land them at the nearest safe spot for debarkation."

In pursuance of these orders, our two midshipmen pulled away to the vessel. They found her fixed hard upon the rocks, which had pierced her slight timbers, and, as they had supposed, the respectable part of the crew, with the commander, had taken to the boats, leaving the galley-slaves to their fate. She pulled fifty oars, but had only thirty-six manned. These oars were forty feet long, and ran in from the thole-pin with a loom six feet long, each manned by four slaves, who were chained to their seat before it by a running chain made fast by a padlock in amidships. A plank, of two feet wide, ran fore and aft the vessel between the two banks of oars, for the boatswain to apply the lash to those who did not sufficiently exert themselves.

"Viva los Inglesos," cried the galley-slaves, as Easy climbed up over the quarter of the vessel.

"I say, Ned, did you ever see such a precious set of villains?" observed Easy, as he surveyed the faces of the men who were chained.

"Well, I suppose we must obey orders; but it goes against my conscience to save such villainous looking rascals. Armourer, hammer away."

The armourer, who, with the seamen, appeared very much of Jack's opinion, and had not commenced his work, now struck off the padlocks, one by one, with his sledge-hammer. As soon as they were released the slaves were ordered into the cutter, and when it was sufficiently loaded Jack shoved off, followed by Gascoigne as guard, and landed them at the point about a cable's length distant. It required six trips before they were all landed: the last cargo were on shore, and Easy was desiring the men to shove off, when one of the galleriens turned round, and cried out to Jack in a mocking tone, "Adio, signor, a reverer la." Jack started, stared, and, in the squallid, naked wretch who addressed him, he recognised Don Silvio, who had been sentenced to the galleys for attacking Jack's friend Don Rebiera.

"I will acquaint Don Rebiera of your arrival, signor," said the miscreant, at the same time springing up the rocks and mix-

ing with the rest, who now commenced hooting and laughing at their preservers.

"Ned," observed Easy to Gascoigne, "we have let that rascal loose."

"More's the pity," replied Gascoigne; "but we have only obeyed orders."

Jack returned on board, and reported what he had done; also that Don Silvio was among those liberated; and he ventured to mention his fears of what might take place from their contiguity to the house of Don Reberia. Captain Wilson bit his lips; he felt that his philanthropy had induced him to act without his usual prudence.

The wind had veered round, and the Aurora was now able to lay up clear of the island of Maritimo. The next morning she anchored in Palermo Roads—gave immediate notice to the authorities, who, wishing Captain Wilson's philanthropy at the devil, immediately despatched a large body of troops in quest of the liberated malefactors. Captain Wilson, feeling for Jack's anxiety about his friends, gave him and Gascoigne permission to go on shore.

"Will you allow me to take Mesty with me, sir, if you please?" said Jack.

"Yes, Mr. Easy, but recollect that even with your favourite, Mesty, you are no match for one hundred and fifty men, so be prudent. I send you to relieve your anxiety, not to run into danger."

In half-an-hour our two midshipmen, with Mesty, had landed and proceeded to the inn where they had put up before: they were armed up to the teeth. Their first inquiries were for Don Philip and his brother.

"Both on leave of absence," replied the landlord, "and staying with Don Reberia."

"That's some comfort," thought Jack. "Now we must get horses as fast as we can. Mesty, can you ride?"

"By all de power, can I ride, Massa Easy: suppose you ride Kentucky horse, you ride any ting."

In half-an-hour four horses and a guide were procured, and at eight o'clock in the morning, the party set off in the direction of Don Reberia's country seat.

They had not ridden more than six miles when they came up with one of the detachments sent out in pursuit of the liberated criminals. Our hero recognised the commanding officer as an old acquaintance, and imparting to him the release of Don Silvio, and his fears upon Don Reberia's account begged him to direct his attention that way.

"Corpo de Bacco—you are right, Signor Mid," replied the officer. "But Don Philip is there, and his brother too, I believe. I will be there by ten o'clock to-morrow morning; we will march almost the whole night."

"They have no arms," observed Easy.

"No, but they will soon get them: they will go to some small town in a body, plunder it, and then seek the protection of the mountains. Your captain has given us a pretty job."

Jack exchanged a few more words, and then excusing himself on account of his haste, put the spurs to his horse and regained his own party, who now proceeded at a rapid pace.

"O Signor!" said the guide, "we shall kill the horses."

"I'll pay for them," said Jack.

"Yes, but we shall kill them before we get there, Jack," replied Gascoigne, "and have to walk the rest of the way."

"Very true, Ned; let's pull up and give them their wind."

"By de holy poker, Massa Easy, but my shirt stick to my ribs," cried Mesty, whose black face was hung with dew-drops from their rapid course.

"Never mind, Mesty."

It was about five o'clock in the afternoon when they arrived at the seat of Don Reberia. Jack threw himself off his jaded steed and hastened into the house, followed by Gascoigne. They found the whole family collected in the large sitting-room, quite ignorant of any danger threatening them, and equally astonished and pleased at the arrival of their old friends. After a few minutes dedicated to mutual inquiries, our hero stated the cause of their expeditious arrival.

"Don Silvio with one hundred and fifty Gallereans, let loose on the coast yesterday afternoon!" exclaimed Don Reberia;

"you are right, I only wonder that they were not here last night. But I expect Pedro from the town; he has gone down with a load of wine: he will bring us intelligence."

"At all events, we must be prepared," said Don Philip, "the troops, you say, will be here to-morrow morning."

"Holy Virgin!" exclaimed the ladies in a breath.

"How many can we muster?" said Gascoigne.

"We have five men here, or we shall have by the evening," replied Don Philip; "all, I think, good men, my father, my brother, and myself." "We are three, four with the guide, whom I know nothing about."

"Twelve in all, not one too many; but I think now we are prepared, if they attack, we can hold out till the morning."

"Had we not better send the ladies away?" said Jack.

"Who is to escort them?" replied Don Philip; "we shall only weaken our force: besides, they may fall into the miscreants' hands."

"Shall we all leave the house together? they can but plunder it," observed Don Reberia.

"Still we may be intercepted by them, and our whole force will be nothing against so many," observed Don Philip, "if we are without defence: whereas in the house we shall have an advantage."

"E' vero," replied Don Reberia thoughtfully; "then let us prepare; for depend upon it Don Silvio will not lose such an opportunity to wreak his vengeance. He will be here to-night: I only wonder he has not been here with his companions before. However, Pedro will arrive in two hours."

At this moment the conversation was interrupted by the sudden entrance of Pedro, who had been despatched to the town with the load of wine. He rushed in flurried and heated, with his red cap in his hand.

"How now, Pedro, back so early?"

"O signor!" exclaimed the man—"they have taken the cart and the wine, and have drawn it away up to the mountains."

"Who?" inquired Don Reberia.

"The galley-slaves who have been let loose; and by the body of our blessed saint, they have done pretty mischief—they have broken into the houses, robbed everything—murdered many—clothed themselves with the best—collected all the arms, provisions, and wine they could lay their hands on, and have marched away into the mountains. This took place last night. As I was coming down within a mile of the town, they met me with my loaded cart, and they turned the bullocks round, and drove them away along with the rest. By the blessed Virgin! but they are stained with blood, but not altogether of men, for they have cut up some of the oxen. I heard this from one of the herdsmen, but he too fled, and could not tell me more. But, signor, I heard them mention your name."

"I have no doubt of it," replied Don Reberia. "As for the wine, I only hope they will drink too much of it to-night. But, Pedro, they will be here, and we must defend ourselves—so call the men together, I must speak to them."

"We shall never see the bullocks again," observed Pedro, mournfully.

"No: but we shall never see one another again, if we do not take care. I have information they come here to-night."

"Holy Saint Francis! and they say there are a thousand of them."

"Not quite so many, to my knowledge," observed Jack.

"They told me, that a great many were killed in their attack upon the town, before they mastered it."

"So much the better. Go now, Pedro, drink a cup of wine, and then call the other men."

The house was barricaded as well as circumstances would permit; the first story was also made a fortress by loading the landing-place with armoires and chests of drawers. The upper story, or attic, if it might be so called, was defended in the same way, that they might retreat from one to the other, if the doors were forced.

It was eight o'clock in the evening before all was ready, and they were still occupied with the last defence, under the superintendence of Mesty, who showed himself an able engineer, when they heard the sound of an approaching multitude. They

looked out of one of the windows, and perceived the house surrounded by the galley-slaves, in number, apparently about a hundred. They were all dressed in a most fantastic manner, with whatever they could pick up: some had fire-arms, but the most of them were supplied only with swords or knives. With them came also their cortège of plunder: carts of various descriptions, loaded with provisions of all sorts, and wine; women lashed down with ropes, sails from the vessels and boats to supply them with covering in the mountains, hay, and straw, and mattresses. Their plunder appeared to be well chosen for their exigencies. To the carts were tied a variety of cattle, intended to accompany them to their retreat. They all appeared to be under a leader who was issuing directions—that leader was soon recognised by those in the house to be Don Silvio.

"Massa Easy, you show me dat man?" said Mesty, when he heard the conversation between Easy and Rebiera; "only let me know him."

"Do you see him there, Mesty, walking down in front of those men; he has a musket in his hand, a jacket with silver buttons, and white trousers."

"Yes, Massa Easy, me see him well—let me look little more—dat enough."

The galley-slaves appeared to be very anxious to surround the house, that no one should escape, and Don Silvio was arranging the men.

"Ned," said Jack, "Let us show him that we are here. He said that he would acquaint Don Rebiera with our arrival; let us prove to him that he is too late."

"It would not be a bad plan," replied Gascoigne; "if it were possible that these fellows had any gratitude among them, some of them might relent at the idea of attacking those who saved them."

"Not a bit; but it prove to them, that there are more in the house than they think for, and we can frighten some of them by telling them that the soldiers are near at hand."

Jack immediately threw up the casement, and called out in a loud voice, "Don Silvio! Galley-slave! Don Silvio!"

The party hailed, turned round, and beheld Jack, Gascoigne, and Mesty, standing at the window, of the upper floor.

"We have saved you the trouble of announcing us; we are here to receive you," called out Gascoigne.

"And in three hours, the troops will be here, so you must be quick, Don Silvio," continued Jack.

The window was then immediately closed. The appearance of our heroes, and the communication of a speedy arrival of the troops, was not without its effect. The criminals trembled at the idea; Don Silvio was mad with rage—he pointed out to the men the necessity of immediate attack, the improbability of the troops arriving so soon, and the wealth which he expected was locked up by Don Rebiera in his mansion. This rallied them, and they advanced to the doors, which they attempted to force without success, losing several men by the fire from those within the house. Finding their efforts, after repeated attempts, to be useless, they retreated, and then bringing up a long piece of timber, which required sixty men to carry it, they ran with it against the door, when the weight of the timber drove it off its hinges, and an entrance was obtained; by this time it was dark, the lower story had been abandoned, but the barricade at the head of the stairs opposed their progress. Convenient loop-holes had been prepared by the defendants, who now opened a smart fire upon the assailants, the latter having no means of returning it effectually had they had ammunition for their muskets, which fortunately they had not been able to procure. The combat now became fierce, and the galley-slaves were several times repulsed with great loss during a contest of two hours; but encouraged by Don Silvio, and refreshed by repeated draughts of wine, they continued by degrees removing the barriers opposed to them.

"We shall have to retreat!" exclaimed Don Ribiera; "very soon they will have torn down all. What do you think, Signor Easy?"

"Hold this as long as we can. How are we off for ammunition?"

"Plenty as yet; plenty to last for six hours, I think."

"What do you say, Mesty?"

"By holy St. Patrig, I say hold out here; they got no fire-arms and we ab um at arm-length."

This decision was the occasion of the first defence being held for two hours more. At last, it was evident that the barricade was no longer tenable, for the heavy pieces of furniture they had heaped up to oppose entrance were completely hammered to fragments. The retreat was sounded; they all hastened to the other story where the ladies were already placed, and the galley-slaves were soon in possession of the first-floor; exasperated by the defence, mad with wine and victory, but finding nothing.

Again was the attack made upon the second landing, but, as the stairs were now narrower, and their defences stronger in proportion, they for a long while, gained no advantage. On the contrary, many of their men were wounded and taken down below.

The darkness of the night prevented both parties from seeing distinctly, which was rather in favour of the assailants. Many climbed over the fortress of piled-up furniture, and were killed as soon as they appeared on the other side, and at last, the only ammunition used was against those who made this rash attempt. For four long hours did this assault continue, until daylight came, and then the plan of assault was altered: they again brought up the poles, hammered the pieces of furniture into fragments, and gained ground. The defendants were worn out with fatigue, but flinched not; they knew that their lives, and the lives of those dearest to them, were at stake, and they never relaxed their exertions; still the criminals, with Silvio at their head, progressed; the distance between the parties gradually decreased, and there was but one massive chest of drawers now defending the landing-place, and over which there was a constant succession of blows from long poles and cutlasses, returned with bullets from their pistols.

"We must now fight for our lives," exclaimed Gascoigne to Easy, "for what else can we do?"

"Do—get on the roof and fight there," replied Jack.

"By-the-bye that's well thought of, Jack. Mesty, up and see if there is any place we can retreat to in case of need," said Gascoigne.

Mesty hastened to obey, and soon returned with a report that there was a trap-door leading into the loft under the roof, and that they could draw the ladder up after them.

"Then we may laugh at them," cried Jack. "Mesty, stay here, while I and Gascoigne assist the ladies up," explaining to the Rebieras and to their domestics why they went.

"We must retreat, Jack," said Gascoigne, "the stones can do no harm, where we are going to. What think you, Don Philip?"

"I agree with you; let those who are wounded be first carried up, and then we will follow."

This was effected, and as soon as the wounded men were carried up the ladder, and the arms taken up to prevent their falling into the hands of the assailants, for they were now of little use to them, the ammunition being exhausted, the whole body went into the large room which contained the trap-door of the loft, and, as soon as they were up, they drew the ladder after them. They had hardly effected this, when they were followed with the yells and shouting of the galley-slaves who had passed the last barriers, and thought themselves sure of their prey: but they were disappointed, they found them more secure than ever.

Nothing could exceed the rage of Don Silvio at the protracted resistance of the party, and the security of their retreat. To get at them was impossible, so he determined to set fire to the room, and suffocate them, if he could do no otherwise. He gave his directions to his men, who rushed down for straw, but in so doing, he carelessly passed under the trap-door, and Mesty, who had carried up with him two or three of the stones, dashed one down on the head of Don Silvio, who fell immediately: He was carried away, but his orders were put in execution; the room was filled with straw and fodder, and lighted. The effects were soon felt; the trap-door had been shut, but the heat and smoke burst through; after a time, the planks and

rafters took fire, and their situation was terrible. A small trap-window in the roof, on the side of the house was knocked open, and gave them a temporary relief; but now the rafters burned and cracked, and the smoke burst on them in thick columns. They could not see, and with difficulty could breathe. Fortunately the room below that which had been fired was but one out of four on the attics, and, as the loft they were in spread over the whole of the roof, they were able to remove far from it.

Summoned by Mesty, Jack and Gascoigne put their shoulders to one of the lower slates; it yielded, was disengaged, and slid down with a loud rattling below. In a few minutes they were all with their head in the open air, but still the house was on fire below, and they had no chance of escape. They now beheld the detachment of troops making up; a loud cheer was given, and attracted the notice of the soldiers, and in five minutes the troops had possession of the house.

"You quite sure, Massa Easy, that all galley-rascals below gone?" asked Mesty.

"Yes," replied Easy, "you may see that; look at them bound there."

"Den, sar, I tink it high time we go too," said an old sailor.

"So do I, Mesty; but how?"

"Come help me, Massa Easy; dis board is loose, come help all of you."

They all went and pulled up the board. In a few minutes they had beaten an opening into one of the rooms below not on fire, and Mesty having fetched the ladder, they all descended in safety, and to the astonishment of the commander of the troops, walked out at the door of the house.—*Midshipman Easy.*

FIRE AND WATER.

"Come, spin us a good yarn, fathery; we've nothing to do, and Jacob will like to hear you."

"Well, then, so I will," answered he; "what shall it be about?"

"Fire and water, of course," replied Tom.

"Well, then, I'll tell you something about both, since you wish it; how I came into his majesty's service through fire, and how the officer who pressed me went out of it through water. I was still 'prentice, and wanted about three months to serve my time, when, of course, I should no longer be protected from serving the king, when the ship I was in sailed up the Baltic with a cargo of bullocks. We had at least two hundred on board, tied up on platforms on every deck, with their heads close to the sides, and all their sterns looking in board. They were fat enough when they were shipped, but soon dwindled away; the weather was very bad, and the poor creatures rolled against each other and slipped about in a way that it pited you to see them. However, they were stowed so thick, that they held one another up, which proved of service to them in the heavy gales which tossed the ship about like a pea in a rattle. We had joined a large convoy, and were entering the Sound, when, as usual, it fell calm, and out came the Danish gun-boats to attack us. The men-of-war who had the charge of the convoy behaved nobly; but still they were becalmed, and many of us were a long way astern. Our ship was pretty well up, but she was too far in shore; and the Danes made a dash at us with the hope of making a capture. The men-of-war seeing what the enemy were about, sent boats to beat them off; but it was too late to prevent them boarding, which they did. Not wishing to peep through the bars of the gaol at Copenhagen, we left the ship in our boats on one side, just as the Danes boarded on the other, and pulled towards the men-of-war's armed boats coming to our assistance. The men-of-war's boats pulled right for the ship to retake her, which they did certainly, but not before the enemy had set fire to the vessel, and had then pulled off towards another. Seeing this, the men-of-war's boats again gave chase to the Danes, leaving us to extinguish the flames, which were now bursting out fore and aft, and climbing like fiery serpents up to the main catheads. We soon found that

it was impossible: we remained as long as the heat and smoke would permit us, and then we were obliged to be off; but I shall never forget the roaring and moaning of the poor animals who were then roasting alive. It was a cruel thing of the Danes to fire a vessel full of these poor creatures. Some had broken loose, and were darting up and down the decks goring others, and tumbling down the hatchways: others remained trembling, or trying to snuff up a mouthful of fresh air amongst the smoke; but the struggling and bellowing, as the fire caught the vessel fore and aft, and was grilling two hundred poor creatures at once, was at last shocking, and might have been heard for a mile. We did all we could. I cut the throats of a dozen, but they kicked and struggled so much, falling down upon, and treading you under their feet; and once one laid upon me, and I expected to be burnt with them, for it was not until I was helped that I got clear of the poor animal. So we stayed as long as we could, and then left them to their fate; and the smell of burnt meat, as we shoved off, was as horrible as the cries and wailings of the poor beasts themselves. The men-of-war's boats returned, having chased away the Danes, and very kindly offered us all a ship, as we had lost our own, so that you see that by fire I was forced into his Majesty's service.

"Now, the boat which took us, belonged to one of the frigates who had charge of the convoy, and the lieutenant who commanded the boat was a swearing, tearing sort of a chap, who lived as if his life was to last for ever. After I was taken on board, the captain asked me if I would enter, and I thought that I might as well serve the king handsomely, so I volunteered. It's always the best thing to do, when you're taken, and can't help yourself, for you are more trusted than a pressed man, who is obstinate. I liked the service from the first—the captain was not a particular man; according to some people's idea of the service, she wasn't quite in man-of-war fashion; but she was a happy ship, and the men would have followed and fought for the captain to the last drop of their blood. That's the sort of ship for me. I've seen cleaner decks, but I never saw merrier hearts. The only one of the officers disliked by the men was the lieutenant who pressed me: he had a foul mouth, and no discretion; and as for swearing, it was really terrible to hear the words which came out of his mouth. I don't mind an oath rapped out in the heat of the moment, but he invented his oaths when he was cool, and let them out in his rage. We were returning home, after having seen the convoy safe, when we met with a gale of wind in our teeth, one of the very worst I ever fell in with. It had been blowing hard from the S.W., and then shifted to the N.W., and made a cross sea, which was tremendous. Now, the frigate was a very old vessel; and although they had her into dock and repaired her below, they had taken no notice of her upper works, which were as rotten as a medlar. I think it was about three bells in the middle watch, when the wind was howling through the rigging, for we had no canvass on her except a staysail and trysail, when the staysail-sheet went, and she broached-to afore they could prevent her. The lieutenant I spoke of had the watch, and his voice was heard through the roaring of the wind, swearing at the men to haul down the staysail, that we might bend on the sheet, and set it right again; when, she having, as I said, broached-to, a wave, ay, a wave as high as the maintop almost; took the frigate right on her broadside, and the bulwarks of the quarter-deck being, as I said, quite rotten, cut them off clean level with the main-chains, sweeping them, and guns, and men, all overboard together. The mizen-mast went, but the main-mast held on, and I was under its lee at the time, and was saved by clinging on like a nigger, while for minute I was under the water, which carried almost all away with it to leeward. As soon as the water passed over me, I looked up and around me—it was quite awful; the quarter-deck was cut off as with a knife, not a soul left there, that I could see; no man at the wheel—mizenmasts gone—skylights washed away—waves making a clear breach, and no defence; boats washed away from the quarters—all silent on deck, but plenty of noise below and on the main-deck, for the ship was nearly full of water, and all below were hurrying up in their shirts, thinking that we were going down. At last the captain crawled up, and clung by the stanchions, followed by the first lieutenant and the

officers, and by degrees all was quiet, the ship was cleared, and the hands were turned up to muster, under the half-deck. There were forty-seven men who did not answer to their names—they had been summoned to answer for their lives, poor fellows! and there was also the swearing lieutenant not to be found. Well, at last we got the hands on deck, and put her before the wind, scudding under bare poles. As we went aft to the taffrail, the bulwark of which still remained, with about six feet of the quarter-deck bulwark on each side, we observed something clinging to the stern ladder, dipping every now and then into the sea, as it rose under her counter, and assisted the wind in driving her before the gale. We soon made it out to be a man, and I went down, slipped a bowline knot over the poor fellow, and with some difficulty we were both hauled up again. It proved to be the lieutenant, who had been washed under the counter, and clung to the stern ladder, and had thus miraculously been preserved. It was a long while before he came to, and he never did any duty the whole week we were out, till we got into Yarmouth Roads; indeed, he hardly ever spoke a word to any one, but seemed to be always in serious thought. When we arrived, he gave his commission to the captain, and went on shore; went to school again, they say, and bore up for a parson, and for all I know, he'll preach somewhere next Sunday. So you see, water drove him out of the service, and fire forced me in. There's a yarn for you, Jacob."

"I like it very much," replied I.

JACOB FAITHFUL.

CONGREVE ROCKETS.

ONE of the most formidable engines of destruction which any vessel, particularly a steamer, can make use of, is the congreve rocket, a most terrible weapon when judiciously applied, especially, where there are combustible materials to act upon. The very first rocket fired from the *Nemesis* was seen to enter the large junk against which it was directed, near that of the admiral, and almost the instant afterwards it blew up with a terrific explosion, launching into eternity every soul on board, and pouring forth its blaze like the mighty rush of fire from a volcano. The instantaneous destruction of the huge body seemed appalling to both sides engaged. The smoke, and flame, and thunder of the explosion, with the broken fragments falling round, and even portions of dismembered bodies scattered as they fell, were enough to strike with awe, if not with fear, the stoutest heart that looked upon it.

AN ADVENTURE AT SEA.

A FRAGMENT.

THE mate had been looking out with a spyglass, and observed a sail to windward.

"Jump aloft, one of you who has good eyes, and tell me what you make out of that craft with the suspicious rake in her masts, on our weather bow!"

"Ay, ay, sir!" they again sung out, in full chorus; and away several scampered up the shrouds, pell-mell. Among the rest, was perceived the slight figure of the lad, who ascended with remarkable agility, and left the others far behind. The mate could scarcely credit what he saw, and gazed aloft in amazement.

"Maintop-gallant, there!" hailed the mate.

"Ay, ay, sir!" replied Isaac, in as gruff a voice as he could muster for the occasion.

"What sort of craft is that to windward,—and how is she standing?"

"It is a small black schooner, all legs and arms," replied Mr. Maintopgallant! "and she is bearing down for us under a press of sail! Now she runs up a flag, which you can make out from the deck with the glass; and by the flash and the smoke she makes, she has just fired a gun!"

Presently, a dull, heavy report came booming on the breeze, and a thundering sound echoed against the side of the ship. The glass was bent upon the approaching schooner, whose hull had not yet entirely risen out of the water. Her flag was found to be French.

"Steward—call the captain!" cried the mate, in alarm: "forward, there;—call all hands on deck—stand by to put the ship about."

"Ay, ay, sir," echoed along the deck, and every sailor stood ready at his post for prompt action.

Seth and Jethro, now appeared on deck, wondering not a little at the uncommon stir on board, and surprised to find every man ready, whenever the word should be given to put the ship on a new direction.

"What does all this mean, mate?" demanded the captain; "why wouldst thou change the course of the ship?"

"I did not intend to do so without your concurrence," replied the mate; "but I thought it best to have everything ready for prompt manœuvring. We have a suspicious looking sail on our weather bow, and she shows French colours. By the rake of her masts, I should not be surprised to find her a clipper, with a long-tom amidships; for she has given us a gun already."

"Rather a dangerous neighbour, for us, surely," said the captain, "especially if she should prove one of those piratical rascals that sometimes cut up our commerce. Keep her away, and see if she follows us," continued he, lowering the point of his glass.

Away went the *Grampus* with a free wind, snorting, as it were like a race horse, and ploughing handsomely through the seas on her altered way.

The Frenchman steered for, and gained gradually and steadily upon the *Grampus*; and the event was most anxiously looked for by all on board. The ship, deeply laden as she was with oil, was of great value, and, as Seth thought, eminently worth preserving. But the Frenchmen were determined she should change owners,—for they managed their little craft with great skill, and altered their course in chase, whenever Macy changed his. The breeze was brisk, and suited the schooner to a crack; while the laden ship, though the fleetest of her class could not show her heels to advantage, without a stronger wind. Macy tried his vessel upon every tack—but escape was impossible—the wedge-like schooner gained upon him at every turn.

"Now would I give the half of our cargo," said Macy "for a few guns to speak to that saucy little scamp in his own language!" And then turning to Jethro, he said, rather bitterly, "dost thou remember, friend Coffin, what I told thee about the six-pounders, before we left port? I fear thou wilt pay dearly enough for not taking my advice. There comes salute number two!"

A gun at that moment was fired from the Frenchman, across the bow of the *Grampus*; but the shot went wide, and was most probably intended merely as a warning to heave to. Seth paced the deck in great agony of spirit, muttering, as he went, words that sounded very much like "*damnation*," and the like. The sound may have been equivocal to the ear of Jethro, for he forbore to put in his usual caution of "*Swear not at all*," as he was wont to do, whenever Captain Seth used obnoxious words.

The *Grampus* was now kept off two or three points, and a foretopmast-studdingsail was about being set; but, in the hurry of the moment, by some mishap, the tack got unrove. A couple of hands were ordered aloft to rig in the boom, and reeve the tack anew. In an instant, little Isaac, who had heard the order, put the end of the rope between his teeth, ran up the fore-shrouds, crept out on the top of the fore-yard like a monkey, and then out upon the bare boom. But, before he had accomplished his task, the Frenchmen brought their long-tom, charged with small shot, to bear upon the yard, and let drive at Isaac; thinking, probably that his labour might be the means of enabling the *Grampus* to escape. The little fellow was not disconcerted by this terrible salute, although the balls whistled like hail around him. He fearlessly and deliberately went on with his work.

"They are again charging the gun!" shouted English Bill.

"Come down, my boy!—Creep in! Creep in! Seize one of the halliards, and let yourself down with a run!"

"Ay, ay," cried Isaac, as he finished reeving the tack. He then quickly gathered a few fathoms in his hand, threw the coil down upon the forecabin, and the sail was immediately hoisted. The long-tom was again elevated, and the gunner was in the act of applying the match; but Isaac stopped not for the additional peppering:—

"The cords ran swiftly through his glowing hands,
And quick as lightning on the deck he stands!"

"Ha!—my little younker!—my eyes, but you are a brave 'un—You'll be an admiral yet—d'ye see!" exclaimed English Bill, as he joyfully hugged the stripling in his brawny arms.

The prediction of Bill rang in the ears of Isaac for many a year afterwards. It was like the prophetic sound of the bells to the hearing of Whittington:—

"Turn again, Whittington—
Lord Mayor of great London."

The hasty strides of Seth were again arrested by another shot which passed through the sail over his head. He folded his arms—looked up at the rent sail—and drew up his form, as if some new purpose had taken possession of his despairing mind.

"By Heaven!" said he, "I will not part with so fine a ship and cargo, without a deadly struggle!"

"Swear not!" said Jethro; "it will not help us in our strait. We had better yield quietly to the necessity. Put down thy helm, Seth, and bring the ship to."

"Yield quietly!—didst thou say?—and did I understand thee aright, when thou bid me to bring the ship to?" The eyes of Seth glared wildly upon Jethro, and his nostrils distended like those of an infuriated wild bull at bay. "Put down the helm, indeed! Pray, neighbour Jethro, who is the commander of the Grampus—thou or I?" demanded Seth, in high dudgeon. But he evidently availed himself of the first pretext to let off his anger, for he was waxing exceedingly wroth.

Jethro answered calmly,—"Thou, surely, art her captain—and I yield all to thy discretion. Save the ship, if thou canst; but *thou canst not*. We have no means of defence, and, if we had, it would not be justifiable to oppose with arms."

"Jethro! My resolution is taken:—I will save this ship, or sink in her. What! yield to that little gadfly—that gallinipper—that is scarcely larger than our long-boat!"

Another shot, better directed than the other, splintered a piece from the mainmast, and wounded one of the crew.

"There, Jethro! there are some of the tender mercies of the French pirate, and an earnest of what we may all expect, if taken!"

"Yield thee, Seth, yield thee! The longer thou dost delay, so much the more hazard to the lives of the people."

"Thou hadst better go below, Jethro—I must command here. Yield, indeed! the ship shall sink first!" muttered Seth, as Jethro began to descend.

"Stand by there, men!" shouted the captain, in a voice that made every sailor start. It was evident to all that Seth had put off the Quaker, and that prompt obedience was necessary.

"Get the longboat ready to be launched at a moment's warning—clear away the quarter boats—and see all clear to lower them in an instant. Mate, take in all the small sails quickly!"

The manner of Seth was somewhat wild, but resolute and determined; and the men and officers having done his behest, stood wondering what command would next be issued, and whereunto those would tend that had already been executed. The Frenchman was also at fault; for mistaking the manœuvring of Seth for an intention to give up his ship, the schooner was hove to, and seemed to await the lowering of the boat from the quarter of the Grampus—even as the conqueror awaits the approach of an enemy subdued, who comes to yield up his sword. In rounding to, the schooner had given the advantage of the wind to the ship; and while the French crew stood

agape at the management of the larger vessel, which they already looked upon as a prize, Seth seized upon the helm with his brawny hand. The men, scarcely needing the cautioning word, anticipated his intention as he put the helm hard up, and gave his impressive shout in a suppressed and peculiar tone, which was heard distinctly from stem to stern:—

"Let go all the braces and bowlines, slack off sheets and tacks, and square the yards quickly!" This was all done in the twinkling of an eye, and Seth shaped his course as though he would bring his ship under the lee-quarter of the privateer.

After making this demonstration, which was intended to deceive the enemy, her direction was suddenly changed, and her head was brought to bear directly upon the hull of the Frenchman! The crew of the schooner now discovered, but too late, the design of the Grampus; and confusion and dire amazement agitated the people upon her crowded deck. In their haste to remedy their oversight, the Frenchmen failed altogether to avert the threatened disaster.

"If thou dost intend to run her down," said Jethro to Seth, hurriedly, projecting his head for a moment from the cabin gangway, "if—nay, hear me, Seth, for the sake of humanity—if thou art determined to run her down, ease thy helm a little, and give them a chance for their lives."

"Stand by to lower the boats," vociferated Seth, stamping furiously upon the deck. A suppressed groan of horror escaped the crew, as if they now more plainly conceived the design of their captain.

"The boldest held his breath for a time."

The little schooner still lay to, in a trough of a deep sea, her people running backwards and forwards in frightened confusion, while the huge bulk of the Grampus mounted the last high wave that separated the two vessels.

"*Misericorde!*" exclaimed a hundred voices.

A wild scream of despair—heard far above the noise of the element, and the dashing of the ship—burst from the poor doomed Frenchmen.

Down came the Grampus, thundering upon the privateer, and striking her with her plunging bow directly amidships. The frail schooner was cut directly in two by the shock; and her heavy armament, together with the irresistible force of the severing blow, bore both parts of her hull, with all her ill-fated crew of a hundred souls, beneath the wave.

"Down with the boats from the quarter—launch the long-boat," shouted Seth. But the command, though it could not have been uttered nor executed sooner with safety, came too late. The aim of Seth had been too fatally sure. The boats reached the spot, and narrowly escaped being sucked into the vortex where the schooner had gone down. The French crew were all sent to their long account; and the next wave left not a trace of the wreck, nor a solitary human being to be saved from a watery death.

Thy ship and cargo were dearly ransomed, Jethro Coffin: and, 'Seth, thou didst sacrifice a hecatomb of human beings for thy preservation.

EXPERT DIVERS.

MANY nations, and particularly the savages in the South Sea and other islands, are remarkable for the expertness they acquire by habit in diving and moving about in the water. Being accustomed to it from their infancy, the element becomes so natural to them that they seem to have the use of all their faculties in the water the same as on dry land. According to the accounts of voyagers, they are such expert divers, that when a nail or other piece of iron was thrown overboard, they would instantly jump into the sea after it, and never fail to recover it. On one occasion a smith's anvil is said to have fallen overboard: not being able to bring this up, the islanders, notwithstanding, contrived to bring it ashore, by descending, a great many times to the bottom, and rolling it over and over till it reached the land.

WRECK OF THE STIRLING CASTLE.

RESCUE OF MRS. FRAZER.

THE following account, by the family of Lieutenant Otter, officially employed at Moreton Bay, and transmitted by the Lieutenant's cousin to the Lord Mayor, will be read with much interest by all who have perused the extraordinary adventures of the crew of the Stirling Castle amongst the savages:—

“Moreton Bay, Sept. 1836.

“I got a week's leave of absence to go down to the bay for the purpose of amusing myself with catching turtle. The wind proved favourable for the sport when we had got to the pilot's station, and, after remaining a few days there, I

thought I would take a day's shooting at a place called Brisby's Island, which is situated on the north side of the bay. I accordingly proceeded to that place, and whilst out with my gun, fell in with two men, whom I took to be natives. When they came up, however, they addressed me, to my astonishment, in English, and told me that they were part of the crew of a vessel called the Stirling Castle, which had sailed from Sydney to Singapore, about three month's previously, and had been wrecked on one of the Bornean reefs, near the entrance of Torres Straits. The whole of the crew, with the captain (Frazer), his wife, and two mates, had got away from the wreck after a fortnight's dreadful suffering. One of the boats, in which were the above mentioned persons and some sailors, eleven in all, they had been forced to the beach a little below Sandy Cape, about 200 miles to the northward of this; the other boat had parted from them a



[WRECK OF THE STIRLING CASTLE.]

few days before, and they saw no more of it. They went on to say, that soon after their landing, the natives came down and took everything from them that they had saved, stripped them all perfectly naked, forced them to fetch wood and water, and treated them with the most savage cruelty. They themselves, with another, who had been obliged from weakness to stop about twenty-five miles behind, had managed to get across to the main land, for they had run the boat ashore on an island. After travelling for six weeks along the coast, in which journey they suffered uncommon hardships from the cruelty of the different tribes they fell in with, they most providentially had arrived at Brisby's Island just in time to meet with me. They had crossed the narrow chan-

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nel which separates this island from the main land, the day before I arrived, and as I was to leave the next morning, it would have been long before they would have been seen or heard of, as the island is hardly ever visited, and they did not know themselves where they were, or how far from the settlement.

“I immediately despatched two men after the unfortunate fellow who had been left behind, and he was brought to me naked, and black as the two others. After that I started for the settlement (Moreton Bay). On reporting to the commandant, Captain Fyars, two whale-boats were got ready, and being provisioned for three weeks, the command of the squadron was given to me for the purpose of endeavouring to

rescue the remainder of the crew, particularly the unfortunate lady, who was treated with as much cruelty as any of the rest, the savages having no regard for the fair sex. We now proceeded with soups, wines, clothes, &c., for the men, and I was furnished by two ladies of the settlement with female attire for Mrs. Frazer. A person accompanied me as interpreter, and proved of the greatest service, as he had formerly been a runaway, and had resided nearly six years among the natives, with whose language he was well acquainted.

"We lost no time in getting out to sea, and in two days after leaving the pilot station we put into a river about 70 miles to the northward, as we expected intelligence from some of the natives. After some trouble, Graham, our interpreter, heard of two white men being in the native camp, and, by promising hatchets to the savages he induced them

to bring the white men in. The poor fellows were wild with joy at seeing us, and could hardly believe their senses, as they never expected to be liberated. They told us that the captain and first mate had sunk under their sufferings; that Mrs. Frazer was alive when they last saw her, at a place about 40 miles off, but undergoing every hardship, and that two of the crew were drowned in endeavouring to swim the channel. I now sent one boat round the next point, about 40 or 50 miles distant, whilst I started off on foot with three others, armed only with pistols, for fear of alarming the blacks, who are much afraid of a gun. When we had proceeded about six miles, the treacherous wretches attacked us with clubs, and forced us back to the boats, as we were hardly able to keep them off with our pistols, which they had but little fear of. We were obliged to fire at them several times in our own defence, although much against my wish, as I

was afraid of their retaliating upon the unhappy people in their power. We now embarked, and followed the former boat round the aforesaid point into a wide bay, which we reached before night.

"About two days afterwards we got the second mate, and such a miserable skeleton I never beheld, quite black and naked. The account of his sufferings was horrible, as he had been tortured in a variety of ways, because he was too weak to drag the heavy logs of firewood in obedience to the wishes of the savages. We learned, to our mortification, that Mrs. Frazer, who had been some time alone among the savages, had only a few days before passed the very spot where we were, but that she had been carried off by a large party of blacks, who were going to

fight another tribe some 40 miles distant, and Graham told me he knew the very spot where she was. I sent him off directly to the place, he having previously stripped himself—the only way of escaping ill-usage from these brutes, and I followed the next morning along the beach, to support him, if it should be requisite, accompanied by three men, well armed with muskets this time.

"After we had gone about 30 miles we came to a mark in the sand—the signal agreed upon for us to stop and wait for him. We had not been here half an hour, when he appeared with four natives on the top of the cliff above us. When he came down the hill the blacks, on seeing us armed, attempted to move away, but he persuaded them, by promises of hatchets, to turn

back. I went up to meet him, and you may conceive my joy and satisfaction when he told me that Mrs. Frazer was waiting on the top of the hill until I sent her a cloak. I immediately gave him a cloak and petticoat, and shortly afterwards she appeared. You never saw such an object. Although only 38 years of age she looked like an old woman of 70; perfectly black, and dreadfully crippled from the sufferings she had undergone. I went to meet her, and she caught my hand, burst into tears, and sank down quite exhausted. She was a mere skeleton, the skin literally hanging upon her bones, whilst her legs were a mass of sores, where the savages had tortured her with firebrands.

"Notwithstanding her miserable plight, it was absolutely necessary for us to start homewards, though she had already come nine or ten miles, as there were about three hundred natives in the camp, who, Graham said, would most likely attack us in the night, for many of them had been unwilling to give her up. He had fortunately met with one of his former friends, a kind of chief, through whose influence he had succeeded. So treacherous are the natives that it is impossible to trust one of them for a moment.

"After having given the poor woman some port wine, which I had brought with me in a flask, and some tea which she thought was nectar from Heaven, she insisted upon immediately setting out, though we had nearly thirty miles to walk. On the road she gave me a dismal account of her hardships and privations, interrupting herself with bursts of gratitude which it was painful to listen to. Her husband had been speared before her face about a month back, and had gradually pined until his death, totally neglected. Any attempt of hers to approach him was followed by blows on the head. When he died, they dragged the body away by the heels and buried it in the sand. The unfortunate first mate suffered still more; they burnt his legs with firebrands to such a degree that on his crawling into the water the flesh all dropped from the bones, which were laid bare up to the knees, and in this state he lay helpless, and was starved to death.

"On one occasion, when she attempted to take him a few cockles, they knocked her down with a club, and dragged her through a pond by the arms and legs. When we met her she had been two days without food, and had subsisted the most part of the time on a fern-root which is found in the swamps. Now and then she would get the tail or fin of the fish, when the savages had a superabundance. This she was obliged to earn by dragging heavy logs of wood, and fetching water, and she was not allowed to enter their huts; but, destitute of all covering as she was, she was obliged to lie out the whole night, even in the heaviest rains. This is but a slight sketch of what she went through; a detailed account would fill a quire of paper.

"When we had got about half way to our boats, we were obliged to carry her in turns. We did not arrive until the next morning, when, after taking some rest, she begged I would send her some hot water to her tent, as she was anxious to restore her face and person to their natural colour. I suspect she found it no easy task, as, besides her exposure to the sun and wind, the natives, in order to bring her as near as possible to their own complexion, had rubbed her every day with charcoal and fat. Our only anxiety was now to get away, as we had accomplished our errand, and the blacks were keeping us constantly on the watch. We were detained by contrary winds for four days, during which one of our men got a spear sent through his thigh. At length we had a fair breeze, and reached the settlements in two days and a night.

MRS. FRAZER'S OWN ACCOUNT.

On Friday, August 18th, 1837, Mrs. Eliza Ann Frazer, the widow of Captain Frazer, of the ship *Stirling Castle*, which was wrecked on a coral reef on their passage from Sydney to Singapore, in May 1835, came to the Mansion-house, accompanied by the captain of the vessel in which she arrived in this country, and a female at whose house she was received upon coming to London, for the purpose of mentioning the particulars of her dreadful adventures among the inhabitants of the shores to which the crew resorted as a refuge from the

not more appalling dangers of the ocean. The following is her account which has been confirmed by the testimony of one of the chief officers.

On the 16th of May, 1835, the *Stirling Castle* left Sydney for the purpose of going to Singapore. On the 22nd, when they were approaching Torres Straits, it blew very fresh, and there being a current near the Eliza Coral Reefs, which the vessel was unable to resist, she struck on the reefs, at about nine o'clock at night, where the captain was incapable, on account of the hazy weather, of making observations.

There were about eighteen men on board, two boys, and Mrs. Frazer, the captain's wife, who was far advanced in pregnancy.

Two of the men who were at the wheel were killed when the ship struck, and the cabins were dashed into the hold, together with all the bread, beef, pork, and other provisions. The crew, when the tempest ceased, contrived to cut away the masts, in expectation that the ship would right herself, and she did, in some degree, change her position, but not to any serviceable extent; they therefore determined to get away as well as they could in the long-boat and the pinnace, which they had contrived to keep secure, the two other boats which were attached to the ship having been swept away by the fury of the elements. The ship's carpenter, the cook, the cook's mate, John Frazer, the captain's nephew, the boatswain, Edward Sone, and Bill Lorton, a seaman, took to the pinnace; while the captain, his wife, the chief mate, the second mate, and the two boys, and the rest of the crew, took to the long-boat.

Four days after they committed themselves to the care of Providence, Mrs. Frazer was delivered of a child, while up to her waist in water, in the long-boat. The infant was born alive, but after a few gasps was drowned, and the chief mate wrapped up the body in a part of his shirt, which he tore from his back for the purpose, and let it go along with the tide. The poor mother could not account for the extraordinary vigour with which she was able to bear up against this calamity, added to the other calamities to which she was doomed to be exposed. Fortunately she was for some time in a state of insensibility, and was not, until a considerable time after the child was consigned to the deep, aware that it was brought into a world from which it was so rapidly hurried away. For a great many days they endeavoured in vain to reach Moreton Bay, being all the time without any food except a small quantity of the lees of hops, which they had found in a cask. They suffered dreadfully from thirst as well as hunger while in this awful situation. At last they reached a large rock, to which they fastened their boats, and they went in quest of oysters and water; but their disappointments were multiplied upon them, and they stretched themselves along in expectation of a speedy release from their sufferings by the interposition of another tempest. In the morning those who belonged to the long-boat were astonished to find that the pinnace and the men who had occupied her had altogether disappeared. These unfortunate fellows who were never heard of more, and their comrades in calamity could not conjecture what their motive could be for making an experiment by themselves, without the aid of the experience of the captain and mates, whom they left behind.

The captain's aim was all along, after they had been obliged to quit the ship, to reach Moreton Bay, but finding that wind and current were dead against this object, and his companions being reduced to the extremity of lying on their backs in the boat with their tongues out to catch the damp of the dews that fell, he resolved to make for the nearest land. It was a choice of awful evils, for he knew that the shore, which it was probable they would reach was visited by tribes of savages. They bore away before the wind, prepared to meet death in whatever shape it might present itself, and so exhausted with suffering as to be careless whether they were to die by the hands of the natives, or to be overwhelmed in the waves. At last they came within sight of land, and soon afterwards their boat ran into, and landed, in a place called White Bay. They were now about 100 miles north of Moreton Bay, which is the principal of the penal settlements to which the incorrigible convicts are sent to pass the remainder

of their days in uninterrupted labour; and just as they touched the land they caught a sight of vast crowds of naked savages, who soon approached the beach, evidently delighted with the prize that presented itself.

The savages surrounded the boat, and raising it up, carried it from the beach, to the bush with its crew, just as they were. The moment they laid the boat on the ground, they began to strip the men of their clothes, commencing with the captain and chief officers. John Baxter, the second mate, endeavoured to hide a shirt ornament in which his aunt's hair was contained, having willingly yielded up everything else; but the savages became infuriated at the attempt at concealment, and beat him dreadfully. It is unnecessary to say that the trinket was torn from him. They broke in pieces the watches and chronometers, and each took a portion of the machinery to stick in their noses and ears, and after they had divided among themselves the various portions of apparel of which they had stripped their captives, they threw to them, to appease their hunger, the heads and entrails of the fish upon which they had been lately making their meal. The savages, after having detained them two days, took them farther up into the bush, and drove them onward, that they might, as they soon ascertained, fall into the hands of other tribes, by whom an ingenious variety was to be given to their sufferings.

The captain had endeavoured to prevail upon them to accept the services of the crew for a longer time, being apprehensive that any change amongst the natives would be for the worse; but they beat all the now naked whites on before them, until fresh tribes came up and took each of them a prisoner, and set him to work in carrying pieces of trees and toiling in other exhausting ways. Mrs. Frazer, being the only woman, was not selected by any of the tribes, but was left by herself, while they all went onward: but her husband got an opportunity to mention to her not to stir from the place in which she was at that moment, and that he would contrive to see her in a few hours. During that night, she lay in the clefts of a rock, and in the morning, after looking about without seeing a creature, she determined to follow some foot-marks, and, after having proceeded to some distance, she saw a crowd of black women approach. These, however, belonged to the tribe of savages by whom her husband had been taken up in the bush on the preceding day; and they set her to work in cutting wood and lighting fires. Being quite naked, and presenting a contrast in her skin which the women did not like, she was compelled by them to rub herself all over with gum and herbs, which had the effect of making her nearly as dark as themselves. They likewise tattooed her all over, and having pulled her hair out, covered her head with a sort of gum, and stuck the feathers of parrots and other birds all over it. One of the women having two children, obliged her to nurse one of them, notwithstanding the severe labour she had to perform, and, if the child was out of temper, the nurse was kicked, and scratched, and thumped for its peevishness.

At the expiration of four days, Mrs. Frazer saw her husband for the first time since their separation. He was dragging along a tree, and was greatly fatigued. She had just began to inquire how it happened that he did not manage to let her know where he was, to which he was replying that he dared not look for her, when his tribe suddenly appeared; one of them having seen them together, made a push at the captain with a spear, and pierced him right through the body, and he fell dead in an instant. Mrs. Frazer ran to her husband, and cried out—"Jesus of Nazareth, I can endure this no longer," and pulled the spear out of the body, but the breath was gone for ever. She then fell senseless, and remained so for a considerable time, and when she recovered her senses, she found herself along with the tribe which she was obliged to serve, but what became of the body of Captain Frazer, she never could learn, and of course, the barbarous region in which she was enslaved, was no place for sympathy. Shortly after this catastrophe, the first officer of the ship, having been informed the captain had been murdered by one of the tribes, formed, in a fit of desperation, a plan of revenge, fettered and exhausted with labour as he was. This intention was, however discovered,

and horrible was his punishment. Mrs. Frazer had just lighted a fire by order of her tribe, and the unfortunate man's legs were thrust into it and consumed, while he, by the violence of of his contortions, actually worked for the rest of his body a grave in the sand in which it was imbedded.

Two days after this horrible event, a fine looking young man, named James Major, was disposed of. Captain Frazer, who knew a good deal of the character and habits of the savages on this coast, had mentioned to Major that the savages would take off his head for a figure bust for one of their canoes. It seemed too, that it was usual for the savages who contemplated that sort of execution, to smile in the face of his victim immediately before he struck him to the earth. While Major was at work, the chief of his tribe approached him smiling, and tapped him on the shoulder. At that instant, the poor fellow received a blow on the back of the neck from a waddle, or crooked stick, which stunned him. He fell to the ground, and a couple of savages set to work, and by means of sharpened shells, severed the head from the body with frightful exclamations. They then ate parts of the body, and preserved the head with certain gums of extraordinary efficacy, and affixed it as a figure bust to one of the canoes. The rest of the crew, of course, expected nothing less than death. Their apprehension appeared to relate rather to the mode of inflicting the extreme penalty, than to the fact that they must prematurely die. Two of the seamen, named Doyle, and Big Ben contrived to steal a canoe, and endeavoured to cross an island, but were drowned in the attempt to escape from, perhaps, a more fearful death.

There was a black man, named Joseph, who had been steward on board the *Stirling Castle*. When the savages seized the long-boat in which the crew had entered White Bay, they stripped this Joseph as well as the rest, but as he was of their own colour they inflicted no punishment upon him, and he had the privilege of going about, which was denied to any others of the wretched strangers. This man, who was continually watching for an opportunity to escape had assured Mrs. Frazer that if he could get away, the first life he should think of saving would be that of his mistress. He succeeded in stealing a canoe, in which he rowed off, and in six weeks he reached Moreton Bay, where he informed the commandant of the penal settlement of the horrible circumstances which had taken place. All the survivors were, to the best of Mrs. Frazer's belief, rescued from the savages. At the camp the commandant and the commissary, and in fact all the individuals who were in the service of the Government, treated Mrs. Frazer and her companions in misfortune with a degree of kindness which it is evident the former has a very warm recollection of. She was placed under medical care immediately, and everything that was considered likely to abate the sense of what she had undergone in witnessing the murder of her husband and the other horrors with which she was surrounded, was done.

The Lord Mayor asked what were the circumstances of Mrs. Frazer? He was convinced that if she were in necessity, the ladies in London, who were constantly looking for such objects, would speedily relieve her. The captain said that the unfortunate lady was not mistress of a farthing; the clothes on her back had been given to her by the commandant's wife; and Captain Frazer had been the sole support of her and three children, who were in the Orkney Islands, to which she was anxious to go as soon as possible. She was lame, had almost lost the use of one arm and the sight of one eye, by the severity of the inflictions to which she had been subjected. The Lord Mayor—"I shall most willingly receive contributions for her benefit, and I am sure that the call will be soon answered. I never heard of anything so truly dreadful in all my experience."

DREADFUL MASSACRE OF CAPTAIN OLIVER PORTER,

And the crew of the Atahualpa, by the Indians, in the year 1805.

THE *Atahualpa*, of Boston, left that port in August, 1803, bound to the north-west coast of America, for the purpose of trading with the natives. She arrived safe on the coast in the

month of January, 1804; and, after visiting the several islands, and purchasing the skins, on the 5th June, 1805, weighed anchor from Chockcoe on the N.W. coast, and made sail. On the 8th, arrived at Millbank Sound, and came to an anchor within musket-shot of the village. Soon after her arrival, the chief of the Indians, by the name of Kiete, came off to the ship, with some more of his tribe, and informed the captain, that the Caroline, Captain Sturgess, had sailed from thence ten days before.

On the 11th, the chief came off again, with his tribe, and another tribe that was there, and traded very briskly till towards night, when, becoming very insolent, they were all turned out of the ship.

On the 13th, Kiete and his tribe came on board in the morning, and seemed much more desirous to trade than before, which Captain Porter was very glad to see. The chief mate, and two of the ship's company, were then engaged in ripping the main-sail in pieces, on the quarter-deck: the second mate, with two hands, repairing the main-top-sail; two on the starboard side of the main-deck, spinning spun yarn; two more on the fore-castle, making sinnet; two more on the larboard side of the main-deck, running shot in the armourer's forge; the cooper was making tubs; the cook, the captain's steward in the galley, at their duty; and all hands as usual employed in the ship's duty; the armourer was in the steerage, and the boat-swain in the cabin; Captain Porter, M. Ratstraw, his clerk, and Mr. Lyman Plummer (nephew of Theodore Lyman, Esq., of Boston, ship owner), were standing on the larboard side of the quarter-deck, abreast of the cabin hatchway. The chief Kiete, stood leaning on the rail, and called Captain Porter to look at the skins that were in a canoe, alongside the ship: the captain accordingly went to look over the side, when the chief, with some more Indians, laid hold of him, and gave a shout; immediately all the Indians alongside of the canoes and those on board, armed with daggers, pistols, pikes, and other weapons, seized every man on deck, who were totally unprepared for so sudden an attack. A most dreadful and sanguinary contest immediately took place; when, after a short but bloody engagement of about five minutes, the deck was completely cleared of them.

There were about two hundred Indians, it is supposed, on board at this time; the first daggered Captain Porter several times in the back, put him in a canoe, alongside, and carried him on shore; and, as we were afterwards informed by Captain Smith, of the ship *Mary*, of Boston, who was informed by the New Hecta tribe, was by them tied to a tree, in which unhappy and miserable situation he languished fifteen days, refusing every species of nourishment offered him by these savages, occasioned by his grief at this unhappy accident.

Previous to this fatal business, there were twenty-three hands on board; ten of whom were barbarously killed and wounded. Among the killed were Captain Oliver Porter; Mr. John Hill, chief mate; Daniel Gooding, second mate; John G. Ratstraw, captain's clerk; Mr. Lyman Plummer, Peter Shooner, Luther Lapham, Samuel Lapham, seamen; Isaac Lammes, cooper; and John Williams, cook. Mr. Lyman Plummer survived about two hours after he was wounded. The cook, who was most shockingly cut and mangled, languished till about six o'clock the next morning.

Among the wounded were, Ebenezer Baker, seaman, most dangerously, with daggers, he having two stabs in his left thigh, one in his privates, one in his back, one in his breast, and one in his neck; Henry Thompson, seaman, very dangerously with daggers, having one wound on his right side, one on the left shoulder, another on the left arm, and two or three smaller ones on the same arm, one on the right temple, and another on the left cheek; Ebenezer Williams, seaman, had three wounds in his thigh, with daggers,—two on his back, and one on the right shoulder with a boarding-pike; Luke Bates, seaman, wounded on his right shoulder with a boarding-pike; Joseph Robinson, carpenter, wounded on the left breast; Thomas Edwards, steward, stabbed on the left shoulder; W. Walker, had two stabs, with daggers, in his back.

After the deck was cleared of these sanguinary savages, several guns, were fired at the village, the sails were loosed,

stream-cable cut, and the ship put to sea. The same night they got under weigh, seven large war canoes hove in sight, with about thirty Indians in each. In this deplorable condition, with only four or five hands on board capable of duty, the Atahualpa shaped her course for New Heita; but the wind chopping round, put about, and stood to the westward.

On the 17th, it was thought time to bury the dead, when, after having sewed them up, and got them ready for interment, prayers were read. They were then buried in Queen Charlotte's Sound.

It cannot be ascertained, with any degree of accuracy, how many of the Indians were killed in this dreadful contest. It is supposed, however, that the number must have exceeded forty; for a large canoe being under the ship's bow, with about twenty Indians in her, who were cutting a cable, a swivel and several muskets were fired into her, and but one Indian reached the shore.

During the conflict with the savages, there were two barrels of powder unheeded, and a loaded pistol prepared and given to a person who stood ready, should they get into the cabin, and to secure to themselves the ship, to fire into it, and blow the whole up, preferring to die in that manner, rather than fall into the hands of such merciless wretches.

PETER AMONG THE LADIES.

I MUST now relate what occurred to me a few days before the ship sailed, which will prove that it is not necessary to encounter the winds and waves, or the cannon of the enemy, to be in danger, when you have entered his majesty's service: on the contrary, I have been in action since, and I declare without hesitation, that I did not feel so much alarm on that occasion, as I did on the one of which I am about to give the history.

We were reported ready for sea, and the Admiralty was anxious that we should proceed. The only obstacle to our sailing was, that we had not yet completed our complement of men. The captain applied to the port admiral, and obtained permission to send parties on shore to impress seamen. The second and third lieutenants, and the oldest midshipmen, were despatched on shore every night, with some of the most trustworthy men, and generally brought on board in the morning about half-a-dozen men, whom they had picked up in the different ale-houses or grog-shops, as the sailors call them.

Some of them were retained, but most of them sent on shore as unserviceable; for it is the custom, when a man either enters, or is impressed, to send him down to the surgeon in the cockpit, where he is stripped and examined all over, to see if he be sound and fit for his majesty's service; and if not, he is sent on shore again. Impressing appeared to be rather serious work, as far as I could judge from the accounts which I heard, and from the way in which our sailors, who were employed on the service, were occasionally beaten and wounded; the seamen who were impressed appearing to fight as hard not to be forced into the service, as they did for the honour of the country, after they were fairly embarked in it.

I had a great wish to be one of the party before the ship sailed, and asked O'Brien, who was very kind to me in general, and allowed nobody to thrash me but himself, if he would take me with him, which he did on the night after I had made the request. I put on my dirk, that they might know I was an officer, as well as for my protection. About dusk we rowed on shore, and landed on the Gosport side: the men were all armed with cutlasses, and wore pea-jackets, which are very short great coats made of what they call Flushing. We did not stop to look at any of the grog-shops in the town, as it was too early, but walked out about three miles in the suburbs, and went to a house, the door of which was locked; but we forced it open in a minute and hastened to enter the passage, where we found the landlady standing to defend the entrance. The passage was long and narrow, and she was a very tall corpulent woman, so that her body nearly filled it up, and in her hands she held a long spit pointed at us, with which she kept us as bay. The officers, who were the foremost, did not like to attack a woman, and she made such drives at them with her spit, that had they

not retreated, some of them would soon have been ready for roasting.

The sailors laughed and stood outside, leaving the officers to settle the business how they could.

At last, the landlady called out to her husband, "Be they all out, Jem?"

"Yes," replied the husband, "they be all safe gone."

"Well, then," replied she, "I'll soon have all these gone too;" and with these words she made such a rush forward upon us with her spit, that had we not fallen back and tumbled one over another, she certainly would have run it through the second lieutenant, who commanded the party. The passage was cleared in an instant, and as soon as we were all in the street she bolted us out; so there we were, three officers and fifteen armed men, fairly beat off by a fat old woman; the sailors who had been drinking in the house having made their escape to some other place. But I do not well see how it could be otherwise; either we must have killed or wounded the woman, or she would have run us through, she was so resolute. Had her husband been in the passage, he would have been settled in a very short time; but what can you do with a woman who fights like a devil, and yet claims all the rights and immunities of the softer sex!

We all walked away, looking very foolish, and O'Brien observed that the next time he called at that house he would weather the old cat, for he would take her ladyship in the rear.

We then called at other houses, where we picked up one or two men, but most of them escaped by cutting out at the windows or the back doors, as we entered the front. Now there was a grog-shop which was a very favourite rendezvous of the seamen belonging to the merchant vessels, and to which they were accustomed to retreat when they heard that the press-gangs were out.

Our officers were aware of this, and were therefore indifferent as to the escape of the men, as they knew that they would all go to that place, and confide in their numbers for beating us off. As it was then one o'clock, they thought it time to go there; we proceeded without any noise, but they had people on the look out, and as soon as we turned the corner of the lane the alarm was given. I was afraid that they would all run away, and we should lose them; but, on the contrary, they mustered very strong on that night, and had resolved to "give fight." The men remained in the house, but an advanced guard of about thirty of their wives saluted us with a shower of stones and mud. Some of our sailors were hurt, but they did not appear to mind what the women did. They rushed on, and then they were attacked by the women with their fists and nails.

Notwithstanding this, the sailors only laughed, pushing the women on one side, and saying, "Be quiet, Poll;"—"Don't be foolish, Molly;"—"Out of the way, Sukey: we ain't come to take away your fancy man;" with expressions of that sort, although the blood trickled down many of their faces, from the way in which they had been clawed. Thus we attempted to force our way through them, but I had a very narrow escape even in this instance.

A woman seized me by the arm, and pulled me towards her; had it not been for one of the quarter-masters I should have been separated from my party, but just as they dragged me away, he caught hold of me by the leg, and stopped them.

"Clap on here, Peg," cried the woman to another, "and let's have this little midshipmite; I wants a baby to dry nurse."

Two more women came to her assistance, catching hold of my other arm, and they would have dragged me out of the grasp of the quarter-master had he not called out for more help on his side, upon which two of the seamen laid hold of my other leg, and there was such a tussle, (all at my expense) such pulling and hauling; sometimes the women gained an inch or two of me, then the sailors got it back again. At one moment I thought it was all over with me, and in the next I was with my own men.

"Pull devil; pull baker!" cried the women, and then they laughed, although I did not, I can assure you, for I really think that I was pulled out an inch taller, and my knees and shoulders pained me very much indeed. At last the women laughed so much, that they could not hold on, and I was dragged into

the middle of our own sailors, where I took care to remain; and after a little more squeezing and fighting, was carried by the crowd into the house.

The seamen of the merchant ships had armed themselves with bludgeons and other weapons, and had taken a position on the tables. They were more than two to one against us, and there was a dreadful fight, as there resistance was very desperate. Our sailors were obliged to use their cutlasses, and for a few minutes I was quite bewildered with the shouting and swearing, pushing and scuffling, collaring and fighting, together with the dust raised up, which not only blinded, but nearly choked me. By the time that my breath was nearly squeezed out of my body, our sailors got the best of it, which the landlady and women in the house perceiving, they put out all the lights, so that I could not tell where I was: but our sailors had every one seized his man, and contrived to haul him out of the street door, where they were collected together and secured.

Now again I was in great difficulty; I had been knocked down and trod upon, and when I did contrive to get up again, I did not know the direction in which the door lay. I felt about by the wall, and at last came to a door, for the room was at that time nearly empty, the women having followed the men out of the house; I opened it, and found that it was not the right one, but led into a little parlour, where there was a fire, but no lights. I had just discovered my mistake, and was about to retreat, when I was shoved in from behind, and the key turned upon me; there I was all alone, and I must acknowledge, very much frightened, as I thought that the vengeance of the women would be wreaked upon me. I considered that my death was certain, and that, like the man Orpheus I had read of in my books, I should be torn to pieces by these Bacchanals. However, I reflected that I was an officer in his majesty's service, and that it was my duty, if necessary, to sacrifice my life for my king and country. I thought of my poor mother; but as it made me unhappy, I tried to forget her, and call to my memory all I had read of the fortitude and courage of various brave men, when death stared them in the face. I peeped through the key-hole, and perceived that the candles were relighted, and there were only women in the room, who were talking all at once, and not thinking about me. But in a minute or two, a woman came in from the street, with her long black hair hanging about her shoulders, and her cap in her hand.

"Well," cried she, "they've nabbed my husband; but I'll be dished if I haven't boxed up the midshipmite in that parlour, and he shall take his place."

I thought I should have died when I looked at the woman, and perceived her coming up to the door, followed by some others, to unlock it. As the door opened I drew my dirk, resolving to die like an officer, and as they advanced I retreated to a corner, brandishing my dirk, without saying a word.

"Vell," cried the woman who had made me a prisoner, "I do declare I likes to see a puddle in a storm—only look at the little biscuit nibbler showing fight. Come, my lovely, you belongs to me."

"Never!" exclaimed I, with indignation. "Keep off, or I shall do you some mischief;" and I raised my dirk in advance; "I am an officer and a gentleman."

"Sall" cried the odious woman, "fetch a mop and a pail of dirty water, and I'll trundle that dirk out of his fist."

"No, no," replied another rather good looking young woman, "leave him to me—don't hurt him—he really is a very nice little man. What's your name, my dear?"

"Peter Simple is my name," replied I, "and I am a king's officer: so be careful what you are about."

"Don't be afraid, Peter, nobody shall hurt you; but you must not draw your dirk before ladies, that's not like an officer and a gentleman—so put up your dirk, that's a good boy."

"I will not," replied I, "unless you promise me that I shall go away unmolested."

"I do promise you that you shall, upon my word, Peter—upon my honour—will that content you?"

"Yes," replied I, "if every one else will promise the same."

"Upon our honours," they all cried together; upon which I was satisfied, and putting my dirk into its sheath, was about to quit the room.

"Stop, Peter," said the young woman, who had taken my part; "I must have a kiss before you go." "And so must I; and so must we all," cried the other women.

"I was very much shocked, and attempted to draw my dirk again, but they had closed in with me, and prevented me. 'Recollect your honour,' cried I to the young woman, as I struggled.

"My honour!—Lord bless you, Peter, the less we say about that the better."

"But you promised that I should go away quietly," said I, appealing to them.

"Well, and so you shall; but, recollect, Peter, that you are an officer and a gentleman—you surely would not be so shabby as to go away without treating us. What money have you got in your pocket?" and, without giving me time to answer, she felt in my pocket, and pulled out my purse, which she opened. "Why, Peter, you are as rich as a Jew," said she, as they counted thirty shillings on the table. "Now, what shall we have?"

"Anything you please," said I, "provided that you will let me go."

"Well, then, it shall be a gallon of gin. Sall, call Mrs. Flanagan. Mrs. Flanagan, we want a gallon of gin, and clean glasses."

Mrs. Flanagan received the major part of my money, and in a minute returned with the gin and wine-glasses.

"Now, Peter, my cove, let's all draw round the table, and make ourselves cozy."

"Oh, no," replied I, "take my money, drink the gin, but pray let me go;" but they wouldn't listen to me. Then I was obliged to sit down with them, the gin was poured out, and they made me drink a glass, which nearly choked me. It had, however, one good effect; it gave me courage, and in a minute or two, I felt as if I could fight them all. The door of the room was on the same side as the fire-place, and I perceived that the poker was between the bars, and red-hot. I complained that I was cold, although I was in a burning fever; and they allowed me to get up to warm my hands. As soon as I reached the fire-place, I snatched out the red-hot poker, and brandishing it over my head, made for the door. They all jumped up to detain me, but I made a poke at the foremost, which made her run back with a shriek. (I do believe that I burnt my nose.) I seized my opportunity, and escaped into the street, whirling the poker round my head: while all the women followed, hooting and shouting after me. I never stopped running and whirling my poker until I was reeking with perspiration, and the poker was quite cold. Then I looked back, and found that I was alone. It was very dark; every house was shut up, and not a light to be seen anywhere. I stopped at a corner, not knowing where I was, or what I was to do.

I felt very miserable, indeed, and was reflecting on my wisest plan, when who should turn the corner, but one of the quarter-masters who had been left on shore by accident. I knew him by his pea jacket and straw hat to be one of our men, and I was delighted to see him. I told him what had happened, and he replied that he was going to a house where the people knew him, and would let him in. When we arrived there, the people of the house were very civil; the landlady made us some purl, which the quarter-master ordered, and which I thought very good indeed. After we had finished the jug, we both fell asleep in our chairs. I did not awake until I was roused by the quarter-master, at past seven o'clock, when we took a wherry, and went off to the ship.—*Peter Simple.*

MICHAEL MALONE,

"THERE WAS Mrs. R——, the captain's wife of the L—— frigate; though for the matter o' that she was captain, although only rated as mate. Ah, that was an Irish ship; captain Irish,—officers Irish—men Irish: the ship's name ought to have been Pat. She dearly loved her lads,—her boys, as she called them,—particularly Mr. O'Shaughnessy, the first-lieutenant, though the midshipmen knew pretty well how to get the weather-gage of her, especially when their case was in a pitiable condition,

'showing a beggarly account of empty bottles.' She was a lady, every inch of her, and used to come round the mess-deck morning, noon, and night, to see that all hands were comfortable and happy. If any body wanted liberty, it was only spinning a yarn to the petticoat captain, and they had it directly. Well, d'ye see, we had orders to sail; and so, to the great grief of all hands, Mrs. R——, was obliged to leave us, with a heavy heart and sorrowful countenance. 'But never mind, boys,' says she; 'may be you'll come back some day; and then, oh!—good-bye to you, my boys, and stand by your captain to the last, like Erin's own sons. Remember, Irishmen must never lose their laurel!' And so we gave her three cheers as she went over the side.

"Well, after several months' absence on a long cruise, we once more reached Spithead, and in a day or two a pretty little yacht came working in from St. Helen's to the anchorage. The officers got their glasses, and word was soon passed that our friend Mrs. R. was on board of her. All hands crowded on deck—not an officer or man remained below. The captain took his station on the quarter-deck abaft, the officers, especially the midshipmen, were more in advance, while at the gangway stood the old master-at-arms, Michael Malone.

Mich was a perfect original—neither sailor nor soldier—but a strict disciplinarian, as all the boys in the ship could testify. He was, in fact, the very quint-essence of an Irishman. On nine hairs of his head was stuck a little trencher-like hat with a roof not much bigger than half-a-crown. Behind projected a tail-piece that would have puzzled Hogarth. It was about nine inches long, and stretched out from the neck in an horizontal direction, like a tiller shipped the wrong way. His jacket was of a sandy-grey-russet, embellished with ornamental designs of all colours and shapes. Huge pockets, well filled with rolls of paper, were prominent features, his trousers (barring the breaches) were well patched with corderoy, and his legs were sometimes cased in leather, that had formerly been a pair of military boots; but now, by continual cobbling, had lost their primitive shape, and looked like a couple of fire buckets. His countenance was open; for he had a marvellous mouth, that stretched as wide as a turnpike-gate; and his nose hung dangling down, as if to see that nothing passed through without paying toll. But for his eyes, he had a pair of odd ones, that gave you the most agreeable squint in the world, and made him see two ways at once. Many a poor boy has got thrashed for quizzing him, thinking he was looking another way.

"Well, there old Mich stood, adjusting his cravat with the utmost gravity, when Mrs. R—— came over the side. Of course everybody expected she would have walked aft to the captain; but her delight was so great, that she no sooner got upon the deck, than she caught old Mich (being nearest) round the neck, and began kissing him like fury. Mich, equally pleased, returned her embrace with interest, to the great amusement of every soul, fore-and-aft. 'Oh, my boys—my boys,' says she, as soon as Mich let her get breath, 'joy to the hour that I see you again! Arrah! R—— dear, sure, and I'm so happy!' So catching the captain in her arms, she gave full evidence of the fact.

"The officers wiped their mouths and smacked their lips, expecting it would go round, and were anticipating the salute of her sweet kiss, for she was really a beautiful woman, but they were disappointed; for the first moment of exquisite feeling having subsided, she became sensible of what had passed. Howsoever, the captain laughed heartily, and old Mich looked as if he was ready for a second edition. Mrs. R—— called him, and apologised for her conduct, blushing all the time most glowingly. 'Och!' says she, 'my joy was so great that I couldn't help it!'

"Be aisey, my lady, be aisey," says Mich: 'I'd do the same for your ladyship any day, and every day. Sure, didn't I have the best of it, then? Faith, and I did, any how; for I gave you two for one. Oh, don't mention it, my lady.'

"Well, all hands had an extra allowance of grog, and Mich declared that 'twas the happiest day of his life; for her ladyship's two-tips were like full-blown roses, moistened with dew; and, but for his ugly nose, that came in the way, he would have had half-a-dozen more."

HAWKE'S ENGAGEMENT OFF CAPE FINISTERRE.

A NUMEROUS fleet of French merchant ships being ready at the Isle of Aix to sail under the convoy of a strong squadron to the West Indies, Admiral Hawke was despatched to cruise off Cape Finisterre, in the hope of intercepting them. He accordingly sailed from Plymouth on the 9th of August, 1747.

Admiral Hawke continued cruising according to his instructions, till, on the 14th of October, at seven in the morning, he discovered the French fleet. A general chase immediately commenced, and in an hour the English saw a great number of ships, but so crowded that they could not count them. At ten, Admiral Hawke made the signal for the line of battle a head, and soon afterwards the *Louisa*, being the headmost and weathermost ship, made a signal for discovering eleven sail of the enemy's line of battle ships. In half an hour he was hailed by Captain Fox of the *Kent*, who informed him that they counted twelve very large ships. The French commodore at first mistook the British fleet for part of his own convoy which had separated in the night, but discovering his error, on a nearer approach, he directed the *Content*, of 64 guns, and all the frigates, to make the best of their way with the merchantmen, and drew out the ships in order of battle.

Admiral Hawke observing that this manoeuvre was designed for the escape of the convoy, and finding that he himself lost time in forming his line, while the enemy was standing away from him, made the signal at eleven o'clock for a general chase. When his headmost ships were at a proper distance he made signal for engaging, which was immediately obeyed. About noon the *Lion* and the *Princess Louisa*, which were the headmost ships of the British squadron, came up with the enemy's rear, and began to engage very warmly, passing along their line of fire, to the van. The French squadron was inferior in point of force; but had the advantage of the weatherage. The English admiral, in the *Devonshire*, in passing on to the first ship he could get near, received the distant fire of several vessels, till he came close to the *Severn* of 50 guns, which being soon silenced, he left her to be taken by the frigates astern. He then hauled his wind, to assist the *Eagle* and *Edinburgh*, which were both closely engaged with the *Tonnant*, and the latter of which had lost her fore-top-mast. This attempt was, however, frustrated. The *Eagle* having had her wheel shot to pieces, all the men at it killed, and her braces and bowlines destroyed, fell twice on board the *Devonshire*, which drove that ship to leeward, and prevented her from attacking *Le Monarque* and *Le Tonnant* within such a distance as to do execution. The admiral at length succeeded in his endeavours to close with those two ships; but while engaged with the latter, the

breaching of all his lower deck guns broke, and the guns flew fore and aft, which obliged him to shoot a-head, as those on the upper and quarter-deck could not reach his antagonist. Captain Harland of the *Tilbury*, observing that the *Tonnant* fired single guns at the *Devonshire*, in order to dismast her, stood on the other tack, between that ship and the enemy, and gave her a very smart fire.

The new breechings of the *Devonshire* were speedily seized, so that she was again soon in a condition to renew the action, by which time the admiral had got almost alongside the *Trident*, of 64 guns, which ship he immediately began to engage. He kept up such a brisk fire upon her that she soon struck. The activity and intrepidity of Admiral Hawke were displayed in a most distinguished manner in this engagement. The *Devonshire* had now taken two of the enemy's ships, but not satisfied with the glory he had already acquired, the British commander bore down with musket-shot of the *Terrible* of 74 guns. Having got alongside of her, he attacked her with such fury, that about seven in the evening the enemy called for quarter.

While the gallant admiral was thus employed, Captain Saunders, of the *Yarmouth*, with unparalled bravery, engaged the *Neptune* of 70 guns; and though the *Monarch*, of the same

force, lay for some time on his bow, and another of the enemy's ships on his stern, he fought with such spirit, that after a close action of two hours and a half the two former struck. The *Neptune*, which had 100 killed and 140 wounded in this desperate encounter, was so near the *Yarmouth* when she surrendered, that the crew of the latter jumped on board to take possession of the prize.

It was now growing dark; six of the enemy's ships had struck, and the *Tonnant* and *Intrepide*, to escape the fate of their companions, crowded all the sail they could, and endeavoured to get away

under favour of the night. Notwithstanding the damage the *Yarmouth* had sustained in the obstinate conflict in which she had been engaged, Captain Saunders could not with patience observe the flight of the enemy, while none of the English ships were in pursuit of them. He therefore, proposed to Captain Saumarez, in the *Nottingham*, and Captain Rodney, in the *Eagle*, who were within hail, to stand after them. Those three ships accordingly gave chase; about eight they came up with the enemy and engaged them. Unfortunately Captain Saumarez was killed by the first fire from the *Tonnant*, which occasioned the *Nottingham* to haul her wind. The *Eagle* being unable to get near enough to come into action, the *Yarmouth* had to deal with both the enemy's ships for some time, till they, at length, got out of the reach of her guns, and escaped.

The French behaved in this engagement with uncommon spirit, and evinced great judgment in their manoeuvres. All the ships taken, excepting two, were dismasted; they had upwards of 800 men killed and wounded, and among the former the captain of the *Neptune*. The loss on the part of the English amounted to 154 killed, and 558 wounded. Among the



[CAPTAIN SAUMAREZ PURSUING THE ENEMY.]

former, as we have already mentioned, was Captain Saumarez. This brave and excellent officer was one of the lieutenants of the Centurion, in the celebrated expedition of Commodore Anson. At the time of his death he was only 37 years old. A plain monument is erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey. Sir James Saumarez, whose distinguished services, during the late war, have placed him in the first rank of our naval heroes, was, we believe, his grandson.

Admiral Hawke brought to for the night, in order to collect his ships, and the next morning called a council of war, in which it was decided, that it would be imprudent to pursue the enemy's convoy. He however, despatched the Weasel sloop to Commodore Legge at the Leeward islands, to apprise him of their approach, that he might take the necessary measures for intercepting them. In consequence of this precaution many of the ships were taken by the English cruisers on that station, the admiral then steered for England, and on the 31st of October arrived at Portsmouth with his prizes, all of which, excepting the Neptune, were purchased by government, and added to the navy. In the following month, his majesty, as a reward for his services, honoured him with the Order of the Bath.

RAPIN OF THE ROCK; OR, THE OUTLAW OF THE OHIO.

*A Tale of the "Cave-in-the-Rock."**

BY J. H. INGRAHAM.

ONE autumn night, early in the present century, there lay concealed in a dark inlet of the Ohio river, a low black barge filled with motionless and silent men. The moon had been up half an hour, and, overtopping the trees on the opposite bank, shone in a broad flood of light across the placid water; but the mouth of the inlet was so densely covered by overhanging and low-drooping branches of water-oaks and sycamores, and a network of tangled wild vines, that not one ray had yet penetrated the covert in which the barge was lying in wait. The inlet ran but a little way into the land, and from its glen-like depth, silence, and gloom, it seemed a fit lair for the prey to dart forth from upon his prey. The boat was broad and flat in the beam, of great length, and very sharp forward, with a square stern, on which was raised a sort of deck. She had no mast, and was manned by twenty oarsmen in loose blue shirts and deerskin caps and leggings, with broad belts garnished with pistols. In the stern sat a middle-aged man in a fox-skin cap, with the tail hanging down his back, and a leathern hunting-shirt, confined to his broad thick waist by a cord of deer's hide. He wore crimson leggings and moccasins, and in the hollow of his left arm carelessly rested a long, heavy rifle. He was a man of large stature, and vigorous form, with sinews inured to every hardship of the wilderness. His features were bold, and of an elevated character, and his skin was embrowned, by exposure, to the swarthy hue of the Indian. He was silent, and, like the rest in the boat, in the attitude of expectation. Beside him sat a resolute-looking youth, habited like the oarsmen, save that he wore in addition to their costume a crimson sash as a badge of superiority. His hand rested on the short helm, and he evidently was the steersman of the barge. There was no conversation, and scarcely was their breathing audible. Suddenly a low, prolonged whistle was heard from some point above the banks of the inlet, and the moment afterwards a tall young man in a rich hunting dress, and wearing a bonnet ornamented with the war-eagle's crest, descended the bank, and leaped on board.

"They come!" he said, in a low guarded tone. "Dip your oar-blades just beneath the surface, men, and be ready to send the barge into the deep stream at a single effort!"

* A romantic cave on the river's bank, twenty leagues above the mouth of the Ohio, famous as having been, in former years, the haunt of a band of river pirates, headed by a young man of a singularly bold and adventurous character.

Twenty oars fell lightly into the water: the men sat in the attitude to obey his order. In a few minutes afterwards, the silence that followed his words was broken by the distant fall of heavy sweeps from the river, as if a freighted barge was laboriously making its slow way up against the stream. Nearer and nearer the sounds came, and soon after there appeared in sight one of those keel-boats, that in that day navigated the western rivers. Slowly it ascended against the current, keeping far out in the middle of the stream, as if purposely avoiding the shore, along which, with a line passed from tree to tree, it was usually towed. It was deeply laden with merchandise from New Orleans, and seemed also to contain passengers, for occasional notes of a guitar, accompanied by a rich manly tone, with a sweet female voice intermingling, came pleasantly across the wave to the ears of those in the concealed barge. Slowly and heavily it ascended, until it had crossed the wake of the moon, and got some distance higher up the stream than the inlet, when the young man who had leaped into the barge, cried in a thrilling tone—

"Now! Let her slip!"

Like an arrow loosed from the bow-string, the barge shot out from the dark inlet into the bright river, and still impelled forward by a score of flashing oars, cast the spray high from her prow as she swiftly approached the ascending boat. In a few seconds she was under her stern, and the young captain sprang from the little deck upon which he had been standing on board of her.

"Make no resistance, and your lives are safe," he cried coolly.

So unexpected was the appearance of the barge, and so bold and daring the act, that the few men on board had neither time nor disposition for defending themselves. Without a word they submitted, and at the command of their captor began to pull in towards the inlet. On the bows of the captured barge was constructed a small cabin for such passengers as occasionally chose this mode of conveyance to reach the Canadas and Atlantic States from New Orleans. Towards this apartment the young man, who had suffered none to come on board save himself and the hunter, now made his way. Before its entrance was dropped a curtain, and he heard from within the low voices of prayer. He hesitated, for he was just about to enter, and paused to listen. He could not hear the words distinctly, but the sweet tone of voice in which they were uttered, and the fearful eloquence of the pleader, spoke to his heart. He gently put aside the curtain. With her back towards him, he beheld, kneeling before a crucifix, a graceful girl, with light flowing hair covering her shoulders, and half concealing a figure of exquisite symmetry. Beside her, with his left arm about her waist, knelt a youth scarce twenty years of age. In his right hand he grasped a richly chased pistol, with the muzzle directed to her heart, while his calm eye was set resolutely upon the entrance to the cabin, as if expecting momentarily to see it violently crossed. He was a strikingly handsome and manly youth, with hair like the plumage of the raven, a high, pale forehead, with a Grecian profile of the highest finish. His person was tall, and strikingly elegant, and grace rather than strength, had given the last touches in filling up the outline.

The young captain saw at a glance his sacrificial intention, and was for a moment uncertain what course to take to prevent it; for he felt convinced from his determined eye, as well as from the waiting submission of the maiden, that he would offer her up a victim to virgin purity if he should make the first step to advance. His bold spirit, however, soon came to a decision. At a single bound he was beside the youth, and in an instant he possessed himself of the weapon. In the struggle it went off, and the ball passing through the cabin door, slightly wounded one of the oarsmen in the barge. Instantly the deck of the captured boat was crowded with his companions, who rushed towards the cabin with cocked pistols, and cries of vengeance.

"Ho! what is this folly?" demanded the chief, confronting them. "Back to the barge, and he who dares leave it without orders, shall be shot in earnest! To your boat!"

"We thought violence had been done you, captain, and came to your assistance," said one of the men, apologetically.

"Not a word more—clear the deck, every man of you!" He

was obeyed with the readiness of men accustomed to obey without question; and then turning to the youth, he said in a courteous tone—"Pardon my wildness, sir, in wresting your pistol from you—but I divined your fatal purpose, and was desirous of averting it. Be under no apprehension, sir, on this maiden's account." As he spoke he looked towards the young girl, who still knelt as before—but now with her face laid upon her arms and buried in her cloud of hair. "She is doubtless your sister?"

The youth impatiently paced the little cabin several times without replying to this interrogatory, and then abruptly stopped and looked the young captain for a moment full in the face—"Yes, she is my sister!" he said, with peculiar emphasis upon the last word.

The other scrutinized in turn his features, as if doubting, and then said—"Be she thy sister, thy betrothed, or thy wedded bride, she is safe."

"I thank thee, Heaven! for his words sound like truth and sincerity," said the kneeling maiden, lifting her face from her hands and looking upward. Then rising, she turned for the first time towards him her face, and fixed upon him, with eloquent yet silent gratitude, a pair of lovely blue eyes in which tears were yet glittering. The young captain thought he had never beheld such celestial loveliness. She was scarcely seventeen, but every motion was grace, and every movement but a new-born charm. Her eyes were so serenely blue, one could not but think of summer skies in looking on them. Her features were beautiful, and her smile enchanted and bewildered. Her complexion was like alabaster, but with the glow of life warm beneath the surface, while her cheek was just tinted, as if light had passed through a moss rose leaf upon it.

"Well, sir captain," said a stern voice behind him.

He turned quickly from the contemplation of her beauty, and beheld the hunter leaning upon his rifle at the door of the cabin.

"Ah, my brave Boone! I had forgotten my courtesy to thee. The captured boat shall proceed, as I promised you, unmolested, when I have taken from it," he added smiling, "my customary river-tithe. These rogues may thank you that they get off so well. We are near the shore and I will soon send the craft on her way again. To lighten her a few tons will be a charity to the rowers."

"Come aside with me, fair sir," said the sturdy hunter, touching his arm.

The young man retired with him a little way from the cabin door, which they had no sooner left than, more like two lovers than brother and sister, the captives flew into each others embrace.

"My betrothed, my life, my dear Adèle!" "Henride, my beloved Henride!" were their mutual explanations as they remained folded in each other's arms. At this instant an inner door of the cabin opened, and a priest of venerable appearance entered the cabin, from a state-room within. They both fell at his feet and each clasped one of his hands.

"My children, Heaven will protect you in this hour of danger and trial."

"Father, unite us in marriage as we kneel before thee, that we may die together, if need be, that our souls may be united in one in the world of spirits," said the youth.

"Nay, Don Henride, it may not be. If your love be pure it will exist beyond the grave. My brother's child has been consigned to me as a sacred trust, and time must determine whether she shares a throne, or becomes the bride of the church. Nay, ask me not again! A few short days will bring us to the patriot chief's island-abode, and his word will decide your destinies. You have my blessings, my son. Henceforth let this subject rest until thy claim be decided."

"My brave young captain," said the hunter, on taking him aside, "you have done me a kindness I shall never forget. From the day you found me lying near your hold, wounded from the attack of two enraged panthers, and bore me to your rendezvous, and sheltered and tended me until I recovered up to this night, my regard for you has hourly grown upon me. I love you as a son. You have many good qualities and many very dangerous ones. Your spirit is quite too hasty, and you are apt to use your power a little too unfeelingly."

The young man evidently became impatient. The hunter observed it, and added,—"Let this drop—only be merciful where you can be. I wished to say to you, have nothing to do with this conspiracy that is on foot. You will ere long doubtless be sought out, and its arch intriguing leader will try to entice you into it. Mexico will have rulers enough without your aid. Now if you wish to be more active, and honest at the same time, disband your men, and with your rifle at your shoulder, unite your fortunes with mine in the wilderness. It is the only life for a man who loves to breathe God's fresh air! I like you for shunning towns and houses—they are fit only for women and children; but it's a pity you couldn't be satisfied with killing Indians, without way-laying, robbing, and murdering white men!"

"Have you done?" demanded the captain.

The hunter made no reply, but taking his hand and grasping it warmly, turned from him in silence, and walked to the stern of the boat.

The barges had now reached the shore, and were run into the inlet, which so effectually concealed their position from the river, that no passing boat could have suspected their neighbourhood. The captain was not a little surprised on re-entering the cabin, to find the priest added to the party he had left.

"A good night to thee, holy father," he said, with mingled respect and freedom of manner. "I regret I should have interrupted your voyage, but our stores here have got somewhat of the lowest just now, and hearing some hours since, from my men, of the approach of a boat, I prepared to levy my usual toll upon all passers-by."

"You are then the Chevalier Rapin Carra?" responded the priest.

"At your service, holy father."

"I know your character and will trust you."

"Your proffered confidence does me no more than justice, father. It will be some three hours yet before your boat will proceed, as she is freighted with weighty as well as costly merchandize. Your own private goods shall remain untouched. By the good mass! your presence is timely! One of my band is near his death and needeth ghostly comfort. I pray you follow me to my abode. It is a rude one, but none so rude that Death will not pay it a visit. Fair Sennora, and you, noble sir, will you accompany us?"

The priest did not hesitate to comply when a dying man needed the last offices of religion; and, accompanied by the lovers, stepped on shore, and by a rude path followed their conductor to the top of the glen and across a natural lawn, sloping to the river. Before them, through the trees, they saw a bright fire, towards which they directed their steps. As they approached, they discovered that it was blazing on the floor of a vast cavern which yawned in the base of a rocky cliff that towered amid the forest. Around the fire and dispersed through the cavern, were several groups of river freebooters, habited mostly like those in the barge. The steps of the maiden faltered here.

"It is terrific! I dare not go, Henride. Uncle stay! Go not forward among those savage men!" She shuddered as she spoke, and clung to the arm of Don Henride.

"Fear not, my child! Heaven watches over the innocent and pure. Let us go forward."

Reassured in some degree, the beautiful girl suffered herself to be led into the midst of the cavern. It was a vast arched vault in the rock, forty or fifty feet in depth, from the front to the rear, with a low entrance: when a few feet on the inside, it expanded till it spread into a rude dome. It looked upon the moonlit river, and boldly commanded its winding for many a mile. In the mouth of the cave was stationed a heavy iron gun, directed towards the river; and, arranged in various fanciful forms, like weapons in an armoury, around the walls of the cavern, were suspended guns, sabres, pistols, and pikes. Strewn upon the bottom of the cave, were skins of wild beasts, forming couches for at least sixty men, many of whom were sleeping or couching upon them. The group about the fire was engaged in the rude culinary pastime of roasting a deer in its hide. In the rear of the cavern the

visitors noticed boxes, casks, kegs, barrels and bales of merchandize, piled to the roof, the fruits of the piratical adventures of the river marauders. Many of the men in the cave were Spaniards, Portuguese, and Frenchmen, but the majority were young men from the Atlantic States, of desperate fortunes and character, whom the fame of the river-chevalier Rapin, had drawn to him. Hanging from the vaulted roof of the cavern, they discovered a rope-ladder, which, on closer scrutiny, assisted by the fitful glare of the fire, they beheld was attached to an opening twenty feet above them.

"That is my sleeping chamber and strong-hold," said the chevalier, with a smile, on observing the direction of their gaze. "Nature, in forming this cave, kindly constructed a second story to it, there being, as you see, a cavern above this, and only accessible from below by this rope-ladder. When I retire for sleep I ascend this ladder and draw it up after me; and I need no guards to protect me from the assassin's steel. But I have also here another apartment which I will show you."

As he spoke he led them to the rear of the cavern, and lifting a curtain, ushered them into an artificial apartment constructed within it. It was hung on every side with the richest tapestry, and furnished with ottomans and luxurious sofas. The floor was overlaid with soft panthers' skins, and highly finished weapons of war and of the chase were hung, as ornaments, about the entrance. From the centre was suspended by silver chains a lamp of the same material, which shed a clear and brilliant light throughout this gorgeous apartment. They looked about them with surprise. Ere they could realise what they saw, two slaves entered bearing costly wines and refreshments upon chased salvers, and with the hospitality of a princely host, yet not without characteristic irony, their entertainer desired them to partake of the wines and viands.

"This Sicilian is scarce inferior to nectar, holy father. It will suit your palate, being a favourite wine of the Church. But for the delicacy of my taste it would now have been in the vaults of the Monastery at Saint Louis, whither it was on its way when I intercepted it. You will like those figs. They were sent as a present from the Convent of St. Ursuline's at Orleans, to his Reverence of Montreal, but missed their way. The salvers, I see, attract your eye. They once did service in the Bishop's palace at Havanna—you perceive they still bear his armorial bearings."

"Young man, it ill becomes you to add mockery to sacrilege," said the venerable priest, sternly. "I can partake in no spoils from God's heritage. Lead me to the dying man. Thy guilt and levity have pained me."

"Pierre, how is Louis Erneste?" the captain demanded of his slave.

"He die jus' aft' sun down [mas' capt.," answered the African.

"Heaven then hath shrived him, holy father," said the chief, carelessly.

"Heaven have mercy on his soul," muttered the father, crossing himself devoutly.

"Amen!" responded Don Henride and Adèle.

The chevalier looked upon the devout expression of the lovely girl's face as she repeated the prayer, and some emotion seemed to possess him, evidently excited by her beauty. He glanced at her again, and a third time, under its impulse, until his manner attracted the lover's eye, when he turned carelessly on his heel, as if to leave the apartment. At this instant, a bugle was sounded sharply in the distance.

"Ha! what means this signal from that quarter?" he cried, starting with undisguised surprise. "L'Eveque," he said, turning to an inferior officer, who then entered hastily, as if to communicate some intelligence—"L'Eveque, I know it! My ears are as sharp as thine. On your life, answer for the safety of these prisoners on my return."

"Prisoners!" repeated Don Henride.

But the chevalier was gone. At the outer entrance of the cavern he met his lieutenant.

"What means this, Albert? Ha! there it sounds again."

"I have just descended from the look-out and from its

summit could discern a barge at anchor, a mile up the river, from which it came. As I came down, a small boat put off from it, and is now making towards our port." A third time the bugle was heard.

"That bugle rung with a military key. It may be a detachment of soldiers sent against us—yet they would hardly herald their approach. It seems a note of parley, too! Get the men under arms, and be ready to resist any hostile attack. I will go and see what visitors we are likely to expect."

With these words, Rapin hastily descended to the river, and sprang into a small boat which lay beneath the branches of an overhanging larch, and in which reclined four oarsmen. The voice of their chief roused them from their indolent repose, and in an instant the light boat was swiftly following the line of the shore, yet keeping so close in with the black shadows of the trees, as to be scarcely visible. The oars were muffled, and so lightly were they dipped in the water, that they glided along noiselessly. In a short time, the sound of oars was heard approaching from up the river. He then bade his men cease rowing, and keep still, by holding to the limb of a tree, beneath which they were passing. The strange boat soon appeared in sight, descending the current a few yards from the shore. It came opposite to them, and the chief saw that it was rowed by six men, and that two gentlemen, one wrapped in a military cloak, and the other in a citizen's dress, sat conversing in the stern. Above their heads a small white flag floated in the moonlight. The robber chief let them pass, saying to himself—

"This looks like the opening of the conspiracy worthy Boone warned me against. Let them go to the cavern. I will be with them as soon as I ascertain the complexion of the craft anchored above."

The boat of the strangers kept on its way without interruption, and the chevalier continued to pursue the winding shore of the river as before. Half a mile further above, he came in sight of a large river lugger, such as were, in that day, built to descend the rivers of the west. It had two short masts, and one half of its length was covered with a roof, on which a sentinel was pacing to and fro. On the forward part of her was plainly visible a couple of mounted carronades, and a large number of men were on board of her.

"I must guard against treachery, I see," said the young river-chief, after surveying the vessel for a few minutes. "Ha! what have we here?" he suddenly exclaimed, starting up. "By Heaven! another craft, the very fellow of this!"

The object that attracted his attention was a second barge, with sails hoisted, that slowly swept in sight around a point above, and came majestically down the stream. When within a short distance of the other, it lowered its sails, rounded to, and dropped anchor. Before he recovered from his surprise, a third vessel, of a smaller size, and different construction, made its appearance, and then directly after, came a fourth, and a fifth, till eleven barges, keel-boats, peroques, and luggers, with a vast square flotilla, burdened with camp equipage, had hove in sight round the point, floated down, and dropped anchor opposite to his position.

"This arrangement looks warlike, and were it not so imposing, I should fear it was an expedition against me," said the young captain, who had silently observed their movements. "It is the scheme against Mexico come to a head, and yonder boat I passed, doubtless bears some proposition for Rapin of the Rock to join it. I will return and give these gentlemen a hearing. They little suspect what interest the outlaw, Rapin Carra, has in this matter. Bend to your oars, men! I would be at the rendezvous."

The strangers, on arriving opposite the strong-hold, had pulled in near the shore, and hailing, asked permission to land and be conducted to the Chevalier Rapin. His lieutenant received them, and led them to the cavern, in front of which the whole band was drawn up in hostile attitude. Here, under a guard, they were detained until the captain's arrival. He was soon seen advancing across the mountain space between the river and the cave.

"Is this the Chevalier Rapin I address?" asked, with courteous ease, the gentleman in the military cloak, meeting them a step or two ere he reached them. On being answered

in the affirmative, he added, in a lower tone of voice, as if inviting confidence—"It would give me pleasure to hold a few moments' conversation with you apart from your people."

The chevalier preceded them into the cave, and signified his readiness to listen. They stood beneath a lamp which cast its broad light upon the countenance and person of the gentleman who had addressed him, and revealed a face full of intellect, an eye piercing as the eagle's, features noble and well defined, and a forehead proud and commanding. His bearing was characterised by native ease and dignity of manner, and there was a certain military elegance in his mien, that distinguished him both as a soldier and a gentleman. On the countenance of the other, who was taller and stouter than his companion, was stamped resolution, singularly blended with benevolence. He was a dark, handsome man, and looked like, as he was, a high-born Milesian cavalier. A moment was passed in mutual scrutiny of each other's persons, during which the young captain was not less struck with the commanding port of one, and the chivalrous bearing of the other, than they were impressed with the fine manly person and courteous manners of one whose profession was so lawless, and with whom crime was daily pastime.

"Sir Chevalier," said the military man, at once unreservedly opening the conference, "you see before you the leaders of an expedition, which has been three years maturing, for establishing an eastern Mexican empire, the capital of which shall be——"

"Now, colonel," said the Milesian, interrupting him, "I fear you unfold your plans too freely."

"Nay, Blennerhasset, the chevalier must have all our confidence or none. New Orleans, sir chevalier, we design shall be the capital of our new Empire. Once in possession of this city, and I can count upon twenty thousand Mexican troops, and a large Spanish fleet, in thirty days thereafter. The possession of this key to the great valley of the West, will give us the empire of it, and from the lakes to the Mexican gulf, from the Alleghanies to the Rocky Mountains, there will be established one individual empire that shall own no rival. We are here to invite you to join us."

He paused, and fixed his penetrating glance upon the young captain's face. For a few moments, he seemed to reflect upon the startling disclosure he had listened to, and then said——

"Meanwhile, gentlemen, this scheme were feasible, could you possess yourselves of New Orleans, and afterwards receive the promised strength from Mexico."

"New Orleans is weakly garrisoned, and we have hopes also of getting one high there in command to favour us. Should he not do so, we have forces with us sufficient, with your aid, to ensure success, if a bold stroke be made. With regard to Mexico, you should first know its peculiar politics, and the basis of our hopes from that quarter. The empire of Mexico is divided into two great political parties, the heads of which are two rival aspirants to the throne. One of them is he who is already in possession of it through usurpation; the other is a young girl, the daughter and heir to the late emperor, whose sceptre is now unjustly wielded by his brother—her uncle. The princess's faction, finding it in vain to overthrow him, have determined to divide the empire, and establish a new one, and place the princess at the head of it. A proposition has been made to his government for aid in this project, but it was declined. Miranda, their ambassador, then made private overtures to myself and others, to which I have acceded. Thus far our plans ripened. Within a mile of you lies our fleet of eleven boats, with seven hundred men. Add to our forces your own, and receive in our army, for yourself, the rank of a colonel."

"This were selling prudence for servitude—my liberty for a badge of slavery. No, gentlemen, I am content as I am."

"Where now you command but a handful of outlaws you will then command an army," continued the other.

"Yet I had rather be the chief of a band of outlaws than be second in an empire."

"You will gain inexhaustible wealth."

"My resources, gentlemen, are sufficiently ample. Not an argosy goes freighted by but does homage to my power. No,

gentlemen—the hand of the princess would scarcely tempt me from my rock."

"The hand of the princess!" repeated the chief conspirator, with a glance of mistrust. "Can he suspect?" he said aside to his companion.

"It may be," answered the other, with a smile; "you had best not urge him further, lest he rival you. I faith! he is a proper looking free-companion!"

The other bit his lip and slightly smiled. The quick ear of Rapin had caught every word.

"Pray, gentlemen, where is this princess during the pending of the expedition?"

"Awaiting the issue in a convent at New Orleans, under the protection of an uncle high in rank in the Romish church, and one of the spiritual leaders of our confederacy. He was to have been with us at our island rendezvous some weeks since, to confer with us, but impatient at his delay, we have already launched forth upon the enterprise."

"Was he a tall, venerable man, with white locks?" asked the chevalier, with some interest.

"Yes!" answered the conspirator, with surprise.

"And is the princess very fair, with soft blue eyes, and hair like a cloud in the sunlight?"

"You have described her with equal poetry and truth," said the Milesian, smiling.

"Gentlemen, I will join you in this expedition!" he said, with a readiness that surprised them.

Again the chief of the conspiracy bit his lip, and seemed to search with his dark piercing eyes the inmost heart of the young man. But the quiet expression of his face baffled even his keen scrutiny.

"Do you mean what you say, sir chevalier?" he asked with doubt.

"I do! To-morrow I will follow your fleet, and on its arrival at New Orleans place myself and men at your disposal."

Again the searching glance of the conspirator scanned his face, and then, as if throwing aside an unworthy suspicion, he frankly grasped his hand.

"Be it so—we gladly accept your services. It is time we should return to our flotilla, and get under weigh, for the dawn must find us many leagues below this."

"In the morning, I will follow you with my boats. Adieu, gentlemen!" he said, as he took leave of them at their boat.

The young river-chief followed with his eyes the ascending barge, until it was lost by a bend in the shore.

"There goes a dark and dangerous man," he then said.

"But with all the subtlety of his active spirit, with all his towering ambition and arch diplomacy, I will defeat his hopes, if what I begin to suspect with reference to my fair prisoner prove true—I will snatch the prize from his very grasp, for I like not the man. There is a cunning, serpent-like look in his eyes, that my nature rises against. It were strange, indeed, if what I believe prove true! I will at once confirm or destroy my suspicions. How the past rushes back at the thought!" He turned and walked towards the cavern, as he spoke.

"Your lieutenant reports the keel-boat ready to proceed captain," said one near him.

He turned and beheld the huntsman.

"Then proceed on your way in peace, brave hunter. Farewell!" and the chevalier prepared to go forward.

"But the passengers?" he ventured to inquire.

"They will remain," was the decided reply.

"Young man, surely you will do no wrong in this matter."

"Who made you my judge, sir?" cried the chevalier, angrily. "Leave me while you can do so in safety."

The old hunter gazed after him a moment as he strode towards the rock, and then, with a sigh, turned his footsteps towards the barge. Shortly afterwards he was proceeding on his way up the river.

The chevalier was soon in the presence of his prisoners. "Holy father, I would a word of private conference with you," he said, as he entered.

The priest followed him into the large apartment of the cavern and seated himself near him in a recess.

"Reverend father, I would ask thee first who the noble youth is with thee?"

"Nay, son, it can matter little to thee?"

"It matters much. Be frank and open. I know more than you suspect my knowledge of. Is he the maiden's brother?"

"No, save as a Christian."

"Humph! I thought as much. Is he not her lover?"

"Nay—they are both but children."

"And yet, holy sir, you are ready to wed her to an arch and hoary conspirator, as the price of assisting to restore to her half of her empire."

"How know you this?"

"Answer me, father—is the maiden not the Princess Adèle, whose right to the Mexican sceptre is now contested?"

"I may not conceal it from thee," answered the priest, surprised and alarmed.

"Wherefore is she with thee? Is it because, impatient in thy ambition to place her upon thy brother's throne, thou wouldst hasten to sacrifice the victim? Old man, thou art hoary in guilt, to do this thing even in thy mind! Dost thou not see she loves the youth as her life, and even the cloister will tell thee that to make over a maiden's plighted heart to another is to break it. And to whom wert thou about to give the lovely girl? A man twice her age, familiar with all duplicity, and whose thirsty ambition would even make her a stepping stone to still higher powers than her hand could confer. A dark and corrupt man—a traitor to his country and honour. And in such a guilty bosom you would lay this spotless dove! Think you it would rest there long uncontaminated? No, no, holy father! Who is this youth?" he demanded abruptly.

"A Mexican grandee's son, and her cousin german. They were betrothed in infancy and grew up together until three years ago, when it became politic to separate them, and to dispose of her hand to the saviour of her country."

"And do you *thus* term this arch conspirator? Ambition—not love for your country, priest—ambition, such as wrecked Lucifer—alone inspires him to establish the empire you propose. No, holy father! Her empire must be won by other means and by other hands. How happens this youth, then, with the princess?"

"He followed her to her convent, and lived near it three years in disguise, it seems, with frequent opportunities of communication with her. Hearing of this, I removed her, to bring about, by her presence and my influence, a more speedy issue to the long pending expedition. The third day after leaving the city, one of the crew cast aside his outer dress and Don Henride stood before me."

"A gallant youth and worthy of her. So he has been wooing his way all along the voyage! Truly, I like that. But to be sure it would not have harmonised with thy sacred office to throw him overboard. Father, this matter must be managed differently. I have done much mischief in my life, I will now do a good act to atone for it. These two must be made one this hour."

"Never!" said the priest, firmly.

"Is thy hope in the success of this conspirator thy only objection?"

"The only one."

"Come with me."

He then led him from the cave, and ascended by a winding path to the highest summit of the rock.

"Now tell me what thou seest, father, to the East, where the moon shines bright on the river."

"Surely, a fleet of many vessels sweeping past with the current," he said, with surprise.

"Thy eyes do not deceive thee. On the deck of the foremost stands the conspirator chief and his friends. They are on their way to the siege of Orleans. Is it not a brave sight, father? How stately they move past!"

"How know you this to be his fleet?" asked the priest eagerly.

"Within the hour its chief—the husband thou wouldst pur-

chase for thy niece, was here, on land, in conference with me. He made me a proposition to join him."

"And you—"

"Consented!"

"And, if I rightly interpret that smile," said the priest "*consented but to betray him!*"

"Thou hast rightly interpreted, holy father. Thou seest now, that without my aid you have no interest in yonder expedition. That aid you will never obtain. Give your consent to the union of Adèle with Don Henride, and she shall not only recover the half of the kingdom, but the two shall sit together on the very throne of Montezuma."

"There is a strange power in your words. How wilt thou assure me of their fulfilment?"

"Had the late emperor no other child than this daughter?" asked the chevalier, abruptly.

"He had a son, who, if he had lived, would be now twice her years."

"What became of him?"

"In early manhood he became dissolute, drew his sword upon his imperial father, and then fled into the mountains, where he gathered around him a numerous band of the refuse of society, and by his depredations, filled the land with terror. Finally, he was outlawed and afterwards taken and beheaded."

"It was a faithful friend who died in his stead. Don Ferdinand Calatreva stands before you, reverend father!"

The priest started back with alarm, as if he had seen a spirit, and then, with dilated vision, stared upon him with horror, as he stood before him bareheaded in the moonlight. At length he gasped—

"I do recognise thee, fearful man! It is my brother's very voice and bearing. Oh, my heart would yearn to clasp thee to it. But away, away! Thou art accursed!"

"Nay, father!" he said, kneeling, "I am penitent and beg forgiveness of thee and Heaven, for my crimes against my royal sire. To prove my sincerity, unite Don Henride and my sweet sister, Adèle, and I will place them upon the throne which is mine by right, and which my uncle has usurped."

"First prove thy sincerity by doing what thou hast promised, and thy sister shall then become Don Henride's bride!" at length answered the priest.

"Nay—I have only to set foot on the soil of Mexico, and lift my standard, to become in ten days the leader of an army that shall take the very gates of the imperial capital. This army shall be at thy bidding if thou wilt secure my sister's happiness as I wish. She was a bright cherub when I last saw her, twelve years ago—I have often thought of her with tears and affection. I had purposed never to see my native land again. But I will sacrifice myself for her, if need be, and by my duty to his child, atone in some degree for my filial disobedience and guilt towards my father."

The priest made no reply, but his manner was troubled, and there was a settled purpose of good or evil in his eye, that the young chief did not altogether like. They returned to the tapestried apartment, where they had left the lovers.

"Father, wilt thou do my bidding?" again asked the chevalier.

"They shall be united," answered the priest, gloomily and evasively.

"Nay, holy father, I like not this reluctance. *It must be done* to defeat for ever the hopes of this conspirator."

"It shall be done," he solemnly answered. "Kneel down, my children. I will grant your wish, so often expressed."

They knelt, and he performed the ceremony in a deep, sepulchral, and ominous tone, that chilled their hearts.

"Now, those that God hath joined together let no man put asunder!"

With these solemn words, and as the bridegroom bent over to kiss his bride, he suddenly drew from his bosom a glittering knife and plunged it first into her bosom and then into his.

"Better to die thus than be indebted to the hands of guilt and crime for thy throne," he cried, lifting the reeking blade into the air as they fell dead in each other's arms at his feet. The next instant the weapon was sheathed in his own bosom, and he fell a corpse beside their dead bodies.

The issue of the conspiracy and the fate of the chief actors in it, are known to the world. Its signal defeat and the arrest of the leader, were effected, it is said, by the treachery of a captain of a band of river rovers, who had pretended to link his fortunes with him. The subsequent career of Rapin of the Rock—the bold and terrible Chevalier Carra—can only be conjectured from the fact, that not long afterwards, a young man suddenly appeared in Mexico at the head of a powerful army and demanded the throne as his right, declaring himself to be the legal heir; and that, in a pitched battle, he was afterwards defeated and slain by the emperor's own hand. Whether this was Don Ferdinand Calatрева or not, history nor story make mention.

LORD BYRON IN A STORM.

SAILORS say, that a calm always precedes a storm; and we had reason to give in to such presentiments, for the next morning the wind, which had blown from the south-west, with a light gale, suddenly changed to the opposite point of the compass, and came down with sweeping vengeance.

We close reefed our sails, and made all snug; the captain and Captain F——n declaring we should have to encounter a strong "Levanter," all our efforts were strained to double the headland, and get into the gulf of St. Fiorenzo, but in vain; so that a whole day was spent in tacking and veering, to close in with the land, to no purpose.

Sea-sickness now laid all our ladies and gentlemen "on their beam ends;" Count P——, Mr. Denzell, and the amiable orphan, St. F——, were also overcome, and the whole were bed-ridden. The sun set angrily, and the wind, veering more to the westward, brought us upon a lee-shore to our utter dismay. The elegant Falconer says, in his unrivalled poem—

"Ah! were it mine with tuneful Maro's art,
To wake to sympathy the feeling heart,
Then too severely taught by cruel fate
To share in all the perils I relate,
How might I with unequal'd strains deplore
The impervious horrors of a leeward shore."

These horrors we were doomed to experience; we reduced our sails to a few yards of canvass, and lowered the yards on deck. The sky appeared as an extensive sheet of lightning, and peals of thunder overhead appeared as if ready to dispart the vessel, and bury us in the waves which rolled over the vessel with irresistible force. His lordship, with Capt. F——, Doctor Peto, and Percy S——, kept the deck, and the hatches were battened down over the rest of our company; a tremendous sea carried away the boat which was hoisted up at the stern, and broke in all the bulk-heads of the quarters. For our own safety, all hands, after being revived with a dram, began to throw overboard the guns, Lord Byron himself assisting in this painful duty; the long-boat was then released from her lashings, and, as we wished, the waves soon swept her from the deck; our two cows and goats shared the same fate, as well as one of the horses; the others were in the hold, and to that they owed their preservation. The two large anchors were cut from the bows, and the vessel thus eased of a heavy top-load, danced more lightly over the tremendous billows, and inspired us with fresh hopes. The crew were all ordered to the after part of the deck, and again refreshed with liquor. A light was seen apparently in the clouds, which shone from some mountaineer's cottage; it gleamed with a sickly hue through the storm, and the sailors, with true Italian superstition, pronounced it "St. Peter's watch-light" to show us to the grave: indeed, we were all inclined to think it foreboded no good, as the captain (Benson) informed us that there was no light-house on that part of the coast, and we must be very near the land to see a light so plainly. We soon saw the high mountains, and would have been

"Happy to bribe with India's richest ore,
A safe accession to that barren shore."

The captain, who had been anxiously looking out, acquainted us, so as not to be heard by the crew, that he saw breakers nearly ahead, and had no hopes of being able to weather them. Captain F——n coincided in this opinion, to which his lordship said, "Well, we are all born to die—I shall go with regret, but certainly not with fear." Dr. Peto counted his rosary, and kissed his crucifix with fervent devotion on his knees.

Percy S——, who heretofore made no secret of his infidelity, and whose spirits we thought no danger could ever appal, appeared to have lost all energy, and the horrors of approaching death made him weep like a child. Those names which he never before pronounced but in ridicule, he now called upon in moving accents of serious prayer, and implored the protection of that Being, whose existence he affected to disbelieve. Thus

"Conscience does make cowards of us all."

The horrors surrounding us were too appalling for human nature to contemplate without shuddering, for

"In vain, alas! the sacred shades of yore
Would arm the mind with philosophic lore;
In vain they'd teach us with our latest breath;
To smile serene amid the pangs of death.
Even Zeno's self, and Epictetus old,
This fell abyss had shuddered to behold."

The breakers were now visible to all the crew, to whom his lordship gave his advice to lash themselves to the yards, which they did. Captain F——n and Captain Benson took the helm: his lordship descended to the cabin, where all were too much afraid to be sensible of their danger, nor could they be roused by any exertion of his; he came up with a scent-box in his hand, which he placed by his side, and sat down; he had not sat long when he asked, "Is there any chance?" to which he was answered, "None whatever." "Then," said he, rising, "it is every man's duty to endeavour to preserve the life God has given him; so I advise you all to strip; swimming, indeed, can be of little use in these billows—but as children, when tired with crying, sink placidly to repose—we, when exhausted with struggling, shall die the easier; and with God's blessing, we shall soon be at rest."

His lordship then threw off everything but his trousers, and binding his silk neckcloth about his loins, he sat down and folded his arms across his chest, waited, in tranquil resignation, his fate. Percy S—— lay at his feet in a state of insensibility. His lordship looked down upon him, and ejaculated "Poor fellow." Doctor Peto had covered his head with his cloak, and was stretched at full length groaning in bitter anguish.

Captain F——n was removing some dollars from his coat into the pocket of his small clothes, which his lordship observing, smiled and said, "F——n, do you mean that as a ballast to sink you sooner, or as a bribe to Neptune to give you a berth in his watery palace." The sun was now nearly an hour high, but all was like the twilight of the grave. The sea was long and heavy, and as it broke upon the rocks the crash struck the ear, as though a forest of lofty oaks were falling by a whirlwind. The countenance of his lordship never changed whilst the person who writes this had power to view it; but

The heart that bleeds with sorrow, all its own,
Forgets the pangs of friendship to bemoan.

The breakers now were not a quarter of a mile distant on the leebow when Captain Benson remarked to his lordship, "Our only chance is to put away, a point before the wind, or we are sure to go broadside into the surf and perish at once." "As you like," said his lordship, raising his head and looking upon the danger; he then resumed his former position.

A heavy surge now swept the vessel fore and aft, and carried overboard the doctor, who instantly sunk to rise no more.

His lordship exclaimed, "Good God," and at the moment the vessel rose upon a mountain billow to a tremendous height, from whose summit she descended with the velocity of lightning, as if she was going to bury herself in the remorseless deep. By this rapid movement she was precipitated forward beyond the reach of the breakers, that rolled behind her stern, and burst in impotence, as if incensed at the loss of their destined prey. "We are safe," exclaimed Captains F——n and Benson; "jump men from the yards, and make sail;" this they did with tumultuous joy, which his lordship checked and told them, "Whilst you are working, silently thank God for your miraculous preservation." He then went below, and bringing up a bottle, bade every one drink, himself pledging them. Percy S—— was removed in a state of stupor from his bed; his lordship comforted those below with assurances of safety, and the vessel was laid to, under "snug canvass," in the mouth of the Gulf of Saint Fiorenzo, with every part of which the captain was well acquainted. The sea upon which the vessel rose was the means of her preservation; probably there was not, if the sea had been calm, a depth of two feet water on the rocks over which she passed; but the sea carried her safe over at a moment when every hope, but that of immortality, was gone.

The vessel now rose smoothly, and the hour of eight being arrived, all the party were enabled to sit up and take coffee. The doctor was missed, and his loss occasioned sincere regret; not that he had left a memory behind him either to be beloved or lamented.

He was a selfish, cold, and unfriendly Venetian, and his only recommendation to his lordship was the reputation of his skill, which was much overrated.

Percy S—— had recovered from his fits of fear, and came from his cabin like a spectre from the tomb. His lordship repeated, as he shook him by the hand,

"Cowards die many times before their death,
The valiant never taste of death but once."

"Ah," exclaimed the reclaimed infidel, "I have tasted so much of the bitterness of death, that I shall in future entertain doubts of my own creed." A glass of rum-and-water, warm, raised his drooping spirits, and in twenty-four hours he was the same free-thinking, thankless dog as ever; thus verifying the old distich,

"When the devil was sick—the devil a monk would be—
When the devil got well—the devil a monk was he."

As there was thick fog in the air, Mr. Benson resolved to lay to until it cleared away, and we all began to prepare for a good dinner; our cabin guests during the storm had each of them a fine echo in the stomach, and we who had been rocked upon deck had acquired an appetite for anything but a gale of wind.

All our fresh stock had been washed overboard; hen and turkey coops, dove cages, and even the filtering stones for the water, which his lordship highly valued, were carried away in the flood. There were, however, preserved luxuries of other kinds; portable meats, preserves, &c., and we had an excellent cook; whilst he provided dinner we all bathed (for in the rear of the cabin were two convenient marble baths), and then dressed ourselves.

Our dinner was a happy one; the glass went briskly round: his lordship was in good spirits; he threatened to compose an elegy on the death and resurrection of Percy S——, and the countess said she would set his "dying speech," to music and dedicate it to the spirit of the storm. During these happy moments, so quietly did things move upon deck, that we imagined ourselves under sail, when Captain Benson came down and informed his Lordship the vessel was safe at anchor in Martello Bay, five miles from the town of St. Fiorenzo.

PAY DAY ON BOARD.

OUR ship having been in dock, she was prepared and got ready for sea again. A day or two previous to our sailing, the

ship's crew was paid, agreeably to an admiralty order, and, to picture the scenes which at this time occurred, is a task almost impossible. In the early part of the day the commissioners came on board, bringing the money which is paid the ship's crew, with the exception of six months pay, which it is the rule of government to hold back from each man. The mode of paying is, as the names are, by rotation on the books: every man when called, is asked for his hat, which is returned to him with his wages in it, and the amount chalked on the rim. There is not perhaps, one in twenty, who actually knows what he is going to receive, nor does the particular amount seem to be a matter of much concern: for, when paid, they hurry down to their respective berths, redeem their honour with their several ladies and bomb-boat men, and then they turn their thoughts to the Jew pedlars, who are ranged round the decks, and on the hatchway gratings: in fact, the ship is crowded with them. They are furnished with every article that will rig out a sailor, never omitting in their *parkains*, a fine large watch and appendages, all warranted, and with which many an honest tar has been taken in: they can supply them likewise with fashionable rings and trinkets for their ladies, of *pure gold*, oh! nothing can be purer! Yet with all Mordecai's asseverations its purity may be doubted.

One of our men, after having been paid, in taking a ramble round the deck, thinking how he should lay out more of his money; went down to his berth, and told his mess-mate that there was one of the Jews on board, of whom he had formerly bought a silver watch, and so had several of his ship-mates, for five guineas each, but none of them would go long unless carried; his mess-mate advised him to go and bargain for a jacket, and waistcoat, and when he had got them on, and looking to see how they should fit, the other was to act the part of the boatswain's mate, by coming behind with a rope's end, and begin to start him with it, at the same time calling him a skulking rascal: the plan succeeded; the man, on being cut at with the rope's-end, snatched up his old garments, and ran down the after-hatchway, with the pretended boatswain's mate after him; the Jew confidently expecting the man would return and pay him for the suit of clothes; for, being at the time busily employed in selling his goods, he did not make inquiry until the evening, when the Jews were all ordered out of the ship; he then made it known to the captain, who caused inquiry to be made: the boatswain's mates were called aft, but none of them knew of a man having been started at the time the Jew mentioned; the captain then told Moses, that he could do no more for him, unless the men who had played off the trick were brought to him, and then he would take care they should be punished. On this promise, the Jew went below; he looked with piercing eyes between the guns fore and aft, where the men mess, but could not find the skulker who had so ingeniously taken his revenge, and possessed himself of a suit of clothes. Mortified to think he should be so done, he swore by Moses and the Prophets, he would find the villain; became exasperated, and left the ship, amidst the grins and jeers of the whole crew, who were much diverted and pleased to think that any of their shipmates had tact enough to retaliate so nicely on a Jew.

The word was now passed for the women to stand by, and be ready to go on shore the next day. It is not the happiest moment of a sailor's life when he has to part with his Nancy, but grieving's a folly, and, upon these occasions they generally throw grief and a temporary affection over the taffrail, as commodities they do not take to sea with them. The boats being read alongside, some of our men being full of frolic and fun, had bought bunches of onions and turnips, and would very politely offer a few of the onions to those ladies who could not contrive to get up a cry at parting, without their aid; and, in their cruelty would add a turnip or two, signifying that they were turned adrift; this creates a little merriment with a great portion of the ship's company, and is generally taken in good part by the ladies, who are accustomed to such gambols, and whose hearts are not very sensible of the tender passions; however, the next day at parting, there were a few who felt the separation with concern; here and there one man would appear chap-fallen; another one heave a sigh; and some were waving their hands; while others might

be seen to drop a tear, as a dozen or two had plunged themselves into matrimony during the time we were in harbour, and of course felt as proper on the occasion, when parting from their wives, and not being able to calculate when they might meet again.

OLD JOHNSON.

"But poor as a beggar, and often in tatters

He went, though his fortune was kind without end:

For money, cried Bill, and them there sort of matters

What's the good on't, d'y'e see, but to succour a friend?"

--- Fol-de-rol-de-rol-lol, fol-de-rol-ray. Ha! how are you, gemmen? how are you?—Here I am again, as stanch an old blade as ever knock'd a cock-maggot out of a king's biscuit, or shook a musquito by the ears. Ay, ay, you may talk of your penny-rammers and your Mar-maids in Chancery, your Mix-ican scenes and Cracker-acts of the Ganges; but what are they to the sights I've seed in my life? This is a comical out-o'-the-way world I must needs own, for a man no sooner dowses his coat than somebody else is ready to put it on, and swear point-blank that they have had it ever since it was a jacket. Howsomever that says nothing;—here I am again, and if you want a few more tough yarns from the same winch, I'm your boy. What! did you think I was going to desert? Lord love you, old Jack never was the lad to flinch from his gun or forsake his colours. Let but Humanity beat to quarters and Benevolence take command, I'm on deck in a minute, and clear for action. So you see here I am again—none of your Tom-Coxes-traverse gentry, up one hatchway, down t'other—in every body's mess and nobody's watch. No, no, all fair and square by the lifts and braces, that's poor Jack's plan. None of your tea-for-two and toast-for-six without a friend to share it. Give me the feeling heart and the help in hand adorned with the richest of all earthly gems, the sparkling tear of gratitude; and this puts me in mind of a circumstance that happened the other day.

There, don't be in a hurry; you gemmen of the press are so impatient. "Let me gang ma ain gait," as old Hameish says: that is, hobble along as well as I can. You forget I've got one leg in the grave, and the other is longing to be with his mate; but wait a wee, Mr. What's-your-name, and you shall have it as clear as ink can make it.

Why, d'y'e see, an old messmate of mine got married some years ago; and what then?—why, he'd a whole troop of children before he could look round him, and that's poor work upon three-farthings a year, and receive it quarterly—it made him calculate his vulgar fractions. Howsomever he struggled with his difficulties, kiss'd his wife, nursed the bairns, and turned a penny when he could get it.

Well, d'y'e see, about six weeks ago he was sitting on the bench a-top of One-tree-hill in the Park, in a lack-a-day-sigh-cal manner, swinging one leg for pastime, and beating a tattoo upon the other, occasionally picking his teeth, to clear them of the remains of a chestnut dinner. His last shilling was confounded restless, and had been driven from pocket to pocket, undergoing fifty examinations to ascertain whether it was a good-un. He was giving it another twirl in the air, when a poor ragged tar ranged up alongside, and, dowsing his truck, supplicated charity.

He had not been accustomed to beg, for his head hung down with shame, without raising his eyes to the person he implored; and he was actually wearing round to sheer off without having his petition answered, when my messmate sprang up, grasp'd his hand—What, Johnson, my worthy old soul, come to this?—"Ay, ay, Mr. T—, (said the veteran,) needs must when the old-un drives; and I'm sure, of all the foul fiends, hunger's the worst. But what's the use of distressing you with my complaints? I know you've a generous heart and t'will only make you more unhappy, 'cause you can't relieve them. Heaven knows half-pay's little enough for a wife and family, for I hears you're married."

"Why ay, Johnson, I have a family, and they are so dear to my heart that I wouldn't part with one of them to be made lord high admiral, though I confess I'm often obliged to sail close-

haul'd to get 'em a meal. However, they will dine hearty to-day, God bless 'em! and so, my old boy, you shall share all I have in the world; and for to-morrow—why aye—to-morrow—no matter, Providence will never see that man wreck'd on a lee shore that takes in tow an old shipmate in distress: so come along, Johnson—remember

"There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft."

Come along, my old worthy,—a crust of bread and cheese, and a glass of grog to the king, will bowse all taut, and get us in good sailing trim.' And away they started for the town.

For several weeks after this poor T— got lower and lower, and his half-pay was spent. Reduced to the greatest straits, in hourly expectation of being ejected from his lodgings for rent, his heart was filled with bitterness.

A few days ago, having failed in an attempt to procure a supply, he returned home half distracted. His wife sat, in calm dejection, with an infant cradled in her arms that vainly sought for nourishment; but not a tear, not a sigh, nor a look, escaped to wound the susceptible mind of her husband; the arrow rankled within, whilst the little innocents around were crying for food. Oh what a scene was this for a parent! 'Almighty Ruler! (exclaimed T—,) what have I done to merit thy wrath? why pour out the phials of indignation on my helpless offspring? But a look from his partner calm'd the intemperance of the moment, and, folding his hands upon his breast, he bowed his head with pious resignation—'Father, forgive!—not my will, but thine be done!'

'Sir, you're wanted, (said the landlady of the house, tapping at the door,) there's the postman with a letter for you.'

'I have no money, my love, to pay for it (said T— to his wife); what's to be done?'

'The postage is paid (said the listening landlady); I suppose they knew you was down in the mouth.'

His heart wrung too bitterly to heed this sore hit, and, hastening to the door, 'Be you Mister Squire T—, of the Royal Navy? (titter'd the man)—be you the gemmen?'

'I suppose that letter is designed for me (taking it); yes, 'tis right.' He returned to his room.

'Who is it from?' inquired his wife.

'I know not (said he); 'tis very carefully seal'd at both ends; but the writing and direction leads me to imagine 'tis from some poor fellow that needs assistance like myself. Oh that the time should ever arrive that I am debarr'd the satisfaction of succouring a friend in distress! (He passed his hand across his face)—However, I will open it and see.' He unfolded the sheet, when the first thing that was presented to his sight was a five pound note. Only those who have felt the pinching fangs of poverty, and witness'd the wants of those so dear to their hearts, without a shot in the locker, grasping at the least gleam of expiring hope—only those can tell what the sensations are when unexpected, unlook'd for, succour comes. He fell upon his knees—his wife clung round his neck—the children gather'd round, while he pour'd forth his heart in gratitude to Heaven. The letter ran thus:—

DR SUR UR ONNER—This kums hopping to find u well, nd to let u sea the gud tun you did old Johnson will niver skip from his art—fust i kud get—bowned to Ingee—dont hundestan letter righting—God bless u

'OLD JOHNSON.'

Need I tell you what follow'd? Oh, no, you can picture it yourself. Worthy soul! may he never want a friend in this world, and have his name enter'd on the Book of Life in another and a better!

JACK'S PARISH.

"As you do not belong to our parish," said a gentleman to a begging sailor, with a wooden leg, "I cannot think of relieving you."

"Sir," replied the tar, with an air of heroism, "I lost my leg fighting for all parishes."



GREENWICH PENSIONERS READING THE GAZETTE.

GREENWICH PENSIONERS READING THE GAZETTE.

"HURRAH, Jem—that's it, my boys!" exclaimed a worthy old petty officer, who had seen some hard service in his younger days; "I knew they could douse the glim and hustle the corporal—else why? arn't they our own condescendants, and arn't we their—"

"There—there, belay all that, owld Jack," exclaimed another; "don't you see that you gabble so loud that we can't hear ourselves think; and what need I ax you of all this gammon to tell us that you were father to one half of the ship's company?"

"Ay, ay!" said the old man, shaking his head; "everybody knows the scandal of your tongue."

"Silence there, both on you," shouted a third, "and let Bill Ferguson overhaul the yarn all ship-shape and proper; just clap on a muzzle—lashing the pair on you."

Bill Ferguson continued; it was the letter of Lord Collingwood after the battle of Trafalgar, and some private accounts of the engagement. The most intense anxiety prevailed as the reader proceeded; and when the death of the brave hero, Nelson, was announced, eyes were glistening through tears; and whilst thoughtless youth cheered for the victory that was won, old age mourned for the life that had been lost. It was a glorious day for England; and had it not have been for the gale that succeeded the conquest, what noble trophies might have graced the triumph.

Ferguson paused repeatedly during his task of reading; he could not get on; his sight was dimmed by the drops of human love and sorrow that trickled from his eyes; and yet there was a proud feeling in his heart. He was a British seaman that had served under his lordship in many hard-fought actions, and looked up to Nelson as his leader and his friend, for he was indeed a friend to all who wore a blue jacket. "Ah, well, he's gone," said Bill, "a noble death his lordship had of it; but yet I could have wished him to have lived a little longer to be made a lord high admiral."

"A lord high admiral! why, he's a lord high admiral now, as sure as he's gone to Heaven," uttered Jem. "Do you go for to think that what our clergy calls the fountain of justice would stop his promotion? Devil a bit of it; and he's hoisted his flag aloft long afore this."

"Ah! how well I can remember him!" said a veteran, with a black patch over his eye. "Lord love his heart, he always took care we had full allowance, whether it was grub, grog, or fighting; and here's another cheer to his memory, for all the snivelling in the world will never bring him back again. Warn't I with him in the owld Minarvy in the Gut of Gibraltar, when we fell in with the Spanish fleet, and was chased by two of their line-of-battle ships, that hoped to snap us up in a moment; but they'd have found themselves mistaken, for the commodore (he was a commodore then) determined to fight 'em both; ay, and he'd have done it, too. Well, away we carried on, and they hard a pelt after us, when a shout was heard abaft—'A man overboard! a man overboard!' and you know, messmates, what a bobbery that cry makes aboard the best-disciplined ship, 'cause every soul wants to save him, and one was hailing this way and another that, and the man at the wheel swings her up, till the sails lifted, and order was sent to the devil. The commodore was down below at dinner, but he ran on deck; and the instant his head appeared above the comings of the companion-hatch, he bellowed out 'Silence, fore and aft!' and my eyes, but the next instant you might have heard the whisper of an oyster, everything was so still, and his voice called all hands to a quiet sense of duty. Down went the jolly-boat from the davits, and the brave Hardy was in her pulling away to pick the poor fellow up, but they never caught sight of him again. You know what the currents in the Straits are, messmates; well, I'm blowed if they didn't carry the boat right slap towards the Spaniards, who were just within gun-shot. The lads in the jolly stretched out with right good will to get back to the frigate; but it was as plain to be seen as Jem's nose there, that it couldn't be done, and us standing on under a press of sail, Nelson paced to and fro the quarter deck every now and then,

looking over the taffrail, till at last, finding our distance from the boat was increasing, he hallooed out 'After guard, back the mizen topsell! By — I'll not lose Hardy either.' It was braced aback, messmates, and the frigate was rounded to; a tap or two of the drum sent us to our quarters, for in course we all expected to have a brush with the Dons. Yet, I'm blessed, messmates, but when he saw our manoeuvre, he not only shortened sail—he actually hove to, and the Terrible, 80, for it was she, wouldn't come down to our gallant little Minarvy. They knew we had hammered 'em only a little while before, and took one of their frigates, and there the great lubber laid, looming like Beachy Head in a fog, whilst we got the hands out of our boat, cut her adrift, and then the lads alow and aloft turned to with a will making sail, the wind favoured us, and away we went happy-go-lucky, and soon ran him out of sight. That's what you may call doing on it."

BARNY O'RIERDON, THE NAVIGATOR.

BARNY O'RIERDON was a fisherman of Kinsale, and a heartier fellow never hauled a net nor cast a line into deep water: indeed, Barny, independently of being a merry boy among his companions, a lover of good fun and good whiskey, was looked up to, rather by his brother fishermen, as an intelligent fellow, and few boats brought more fish to market than Barny O'Rierdon's; his opinion on certain points in the craft was considered law; and in short, in his own little community, Barny was what is commonly called a leading man.

Seated one night at a public-house, the common resort of Barny and other marine curiosities, our hero got entangled in debate with what he called a strange sail—that is to say, a man he had never met before, and whom he was inclined to treat rather magisterially upon nautical subjects, at the same time that the stranger was equally inclined to assume the high hand over him, till at last the new comer made a regular outbreak, by exclaiming, "Ah, lave aff your balderdash, and may be I don't know you and yours, as well as the mother that bore you, ay, in thro; and shure I know the very thoughts o' you, as well as if I was inside o' you, Barny O'Rierdon."

"Thin you know better thoughts than your own, Mr. Whipper-snapper, if that's the name you go by."

"No, it's not the name I go by; I've as good a name as your own, Mr. O'Rierdon, for want of a better, and that's O'Sullivan."

"Thro there's more than there's good o' them," said Barny.

"Good or bad, I'm a cousin o' your own, twice removed by the mother's side."

"And is it the Widda O'Sullivan's boy you'd be, that's left this come Candlemas four years?"

"The same."

"Thro thin you might know better manners to your elders, though I'm glad to see you, anyhow, agin; but a little thravellin' puts us beyant ourselves sometimes," said Barny, rather contemptuously.

"Thro I niver bragged out o' myself yit, and it's what I say, that a man that's only a fishin' aff the land all his life, has no business to compare wid a man that has sailed to Fingal."

This silenced any further argument on Barny's part. Where Fingal lay was all Greek to him; but unwilling to admit his ignorance, he covered his retreat with the usual address of his countrymen, and turned the bitterness of debate into the cordial flow of congratulation at seeing his cousin again.

The liquor was freely circulated, and the conversation began to take a different turn, in order to lead from that which had nearly ended in a quarrel between O'Rierdon and his relation.

After the introduction of the liquor, it would not be an easy matter to pursue the conversation that followed. Let us, therefore, transfer our story to the succeeding morning, when Barny O'Rierdon strolled forth from his cottage, rather later than usual, with his eyes bearing eye-witness to the carouse of the preceding night. He sauntered about in the sun, at which he often looked up, under the shelter of compressed bushy

brows, and long-lashed eyelids, and a shadowing hand across his forehead, to see "what time o' day" it was, and from the frequency of this action, it was evident the day was hanging heavily with Barney. He retired at last to a sunny nook in a neighbouring field; and stretching himself at full length, he basked in the sun, and began to "chew the cud of sweet and bitter thought." He first reflected on his own undoubted weight in his little community, but still he could not get over the annoyance of the preceding night, arising from his being silenced by O'Sullivan, "a chap," as he said himself, "that lift the place four years ago a brat iv a boy, and to think iv his comin' back and outdoin' his eldthers, that saw him runnin' about the place, a gassoon, that one could tache a few months before;" 'twas too bad. Barney saw his reputation was in a ticklish position, and began to consider how his disgrace could be retrieved. The very name of Fingal was hateful to him; it was a plague-spot on his peace that festered there incurably. He first thought of leaving Kinsale altogether; but flight implied so much of defeat, that he did not long indulge in that notion. No; he would stay, "In spite of all the O'Sullivans, kith, and kin, breed, seed, and generation." But, at the same time, he knew he should never hear the end of that place Fingal; and if Barney had had the power, he would have enacted a penal statute, making it death to name the accursed spot, wherever it was; but not being gifted with such legislative authority, he felt Kinsale was no place for him, if he would not submit to be flouted every hour out of the four-and-twenty, by man, woman, and child, that wished to annoy him. What was to be done? He was in the perplexing situation, to use his own words, "of the cat in the thripe shop;" he didn't know which way to choose. At last, after turning himself over in the sun several times, a new idea struck him. Couldn't he go to Fingal himself? and then he'd be equal to that upstart, O'Sullivan. No sooner was the thought engendered, than Barney sprang to his feet a new man; his eyes brightened, his step became once more elastic, he walked erect, and felt himself to be all over Barney O'Riordan once more. "Richard was himself again."

But where was Fingal?—there was the rub. That was a profound mystery to Barney, which, until discovered, must hold him in the vile bondage of inferiority. The plain-dealing reader will say, "couldn't he ask?" No, no; that would never do for Barney—that would be an open admission of ignorance his soul was above, and, consequently, Barney set his brains to work, to devise measures of coming at the hidden knowledge by some circuitous route, that would not betray the end he was working for. To this purpose, fifty stratagems were raised and demolished in half as many minutes, in the fertile brain of Barney, as he strided along the shore, and as he was working hard at the fifty-first, it was knocked all to pieces by his jostling against some one whom he never perceived approaching him, so immersed was he in his speculations, and, on looking up, who should it prove to be but his friend, "the long sailor from the Aysthern Ingees." This was quite a God-send to Barney, and much beyond what he could have hoped for. Of all the men under the sun, the long sailor was the man in a million for Barney's net at that minute, and, accordingly, he made a haul of him, and thought it the greatest catch he ever made in his life.

Barney and the long sailor were in close companionship for the remainder of the day, which was closed, as the preceding one, in a carouse; but on this occasion there was only a duet performance in honour of the jolly God, and the treat was at Barney's expense. What the nature of their conversation during the period was, we will not dilate on—we will keep it as profound a secret, as Barney himself did, and content ourselves with saying, that Barney looked a much happier man the next day. It was in this agreeable spirit, that Barney bent his course to the house of Peter Kelly, in order to put in practice a plan he had formed for the fulfilment of his determination of rivalling O'Sullivan.

As the Irish saying is, "to make a long story short," Barney prevailed on Peter Kelly to make an export, but in the nature of the venture they did not agree. Barney had proposed potatoes; Peter said there were enough of them already where

he was going, and Barney rejoined that, "praties were so good in themselves, there never could be too much o' thim any where." But Peter being a "knowledgeable man, and up to all the saycrets o' the airth, and understanding the the-o-ry and the chemisthery," overruled Barney's propositions, and determined upon a cargo of *scalpeens*, (which name they give to pickled mackarel), as a preferable merchandise, quite forgetting that Dublin bay herring, were a much better and as cheap a commodity, at the command of the Fingalians. But by many similar mistakes, the ingenious Mr. Kelly has been paralleled by other speculators. But that is neither here nor there, and it was all one to Barney, whether his boat was freighted with potatoes or *scalpeens*, so long as he had the honour and glory of becoming a navigator, and being as good as O'Sullivan.

Accordingly, the boat was laden, and all got in readiness for putting to sea, and nothing was now wanting but Barney's orders to haul up the gaff, and shake out the jib of his hooker.

The next day passed without the hooker sailing, and Barney gave a most sufficient reason for the delay, by declaring that he had a warnin' given him in a dhrame (glory be to God), and that it was given him to understand, under Heaven that it wouldn't be looky that day.

Well, the next day was Friday, and Barney, of course, would not sail any more than any other sailor who could help it on this unpropitious day. On Saturday, however, he came running in a great hurry down to the shore, and, jumping on board, gave orders to make all sail, and taking the helm of the hooker, he turned her head to the sea, and soon the boat was cleaving the blue waters with a velocity seldom witnessed in so small a craft, and scarcely conceivable to those who have not seen the speed of a Kinsale hooker.

"Well," said one of Barney's companions, for there were but two with him in the boat, "I was thinkin' myself, as well as Jimmy, that we lost two fine days for nothin', and we'd be there a'most, may be, now, if we sail'd three days ago. What course are you going to steer?"

"You'll find out soon enough when we get there, and so I bid you agin' lay me alone; just keep your toe in your pump. Sure I'm here at the helm, and awoight an my mind, and its fitter for you, Jim, to mind your own business, and lay me to mind mine; away wid you there, and be handy; haul taut that fore-sheet there; we must run close an the wind; be handy, boys; make everything dhraw."

These orders were obeyed, and the hooker soon passed to windward of a ship that left the harbour before her, but could not hold on a wind with the same tenacity as the hooker, whose qualities in this peculiarity render them particularly suitable for the purposes to which they are applied, namely, pilot and fishing boats.

We have said a ship left the harbour before the hooker had set sail, and it is now fitting to inform the reader that Barney contrived, in the course of his last meeting with the "long sailor," to ascertain that this ship, then lying in the harbour, was going to the very place Barney wanted to reach. Barney's plan of action was decided upon in a moment: he had now nothing to do but to watch the sailing of the ship and follow in her course. Here was, at once, a new mode of navigation discovered.

For this purpose he went to windward of the ship, and then fell off again, allowing her to pass him, as he did not wish even those on board the ship to suppose he was following in her wake; for Barney, like all people that are quite full of one scheme, and fancy everybody is watching them, dreaded lest any one should fathom his motives. All that day, Barney held on the same course as his leader, keeping at a respectful distance, however, "for fear 'twould look like dodging her," as he said to himself; but as night closed in, so closed in Barney with the ship, and kept a sharp look-out that she should not give him the slip in the dark. The next morning dawned, and found the hooker and ship companions still; and thus matters proceeded for four days, during the entire of which time they had not seen any land since their first losing sight of it, although the weather was clear.

"The channel," thought Barney, "must be mighty wide in these parts, and, for the last day or so, we've been goin' purty free with a flowin' sheet, and I wondher we aren't

closin' wid the shore by this time; or maybe its farther aff than I thought it was." His companions, too, began to question Barny on the subject, but to their queries he presented an impenetrable front of composure, and said, "it was always the best plan to keep a good bowld offin'." In two days more, however, the weather began to be sensibly warmer, and Barny and his companions remarked, that it was "goin' to be the finest sayson—God bless it—that ever kem out o' the skies for many a long year, and maybe it's the whate wouldn't be beautiful, and a great plenty of it." It was at the end of a week, that the ship, which Barny had hitherto kept a-head of him, showed symptoms of bearing down upon him, as he thought, and, sure enough, she did, and Barny began to conjecture what the deuce the ship could want with him, and commenced inventing answers to the questions he thought it possible might be put to him in case the ship spoke him. He was soon put out of suspense by being hailed and ordered to run under her lee, and the captain looking over the quarter, asked Barny where he was going?

"Faith, then, I'm goin' an my business," said Barny.

"But where?" said the captain.

"Why, sure an it's no matter where a poor man like me id be goin'," said Barny.

"Only I'm curious to know what the deuce you've been following my ship for, for the last week?"

"Follyin' your ship!—Why, thin, do you think it's follyin' yiz I am?"

"It's very like it," said the captain.

"Why, did two people niver thravel the same road before?"

"I don't say they didn't; but there's a great difference between a ship of 700 tons, and a hooker."

"Oh, as for that matter," said Barny, "the same high road serves a coach and four, and a low-back car; the travelin' tinker, an' a lord a' horseback. Don't you know that sometimes vessels is bound to sail undher saycret ordhers?" said Barny, endeavouring to foil the question by badinage.

There was a universal laugh from the deck of the ship, at the idea of a fishing-boat sailing under secret orders; for by this time the whole broadside of the vessel was crowded with grinning mouths and wondering eyes at Barny and his boat.

"Oh, it's a thrifle makes fools laugh," said Barny.

"Take care, my fine fellow, that you don't be laughing at the wrong side of your mouth before long, for I've a notion that you're cursedly in the wrong box, as cunning a fellow as you think yourself. Confound your stupid head, can't you tell what brings you here?"—and so the ship proceeded in its course.

In four days more, however, the provisions in the hooker began to fail, and they were obliged to have recourse to the *scalpeens* for sustenance, and Barny then got seriously uneasy at the length of the voyage, and the still likely greater length, for anything he could see to the contrary, and urged, at last by his own alarms and those of his companions, he was enabled as the wind was light to gain on the ship; and when he found himself alongside, he demanded a parley with the captain.

The captain, on hearing that the "hardy hooker," as she got christened, was under his lee, came on deck: and as soon as he appeared, Barny cried out—

"Why, thin, captain dear, do you expect to be there soon?"

"Where?" said the captain.

"Oh, you know yourself," said Barny.

"It's well for me I do," said the captain.

"Thruce for you indeed, your honour," said Barny in his most insinuating tone; "but whin will you be at the ind o' your voyage, captain jewel?"

"I dare say in about three months," said the captain.

"Oh, Holy Mother!" ejaculated Barny; "three months? arrah it's jokin' you are, captain dear, and only want to freken me."

"How should I frighten you?" asked the captain.

"Why, thin, your honour, to tell God's truth, I heerd you wor goin' there; an' as I wanted to go there too, I thought I couldn't do better nor to follow a knowledgeable gentleman like yourself, and save myself the throuble iv findin' it out."

"And where do you think I am going?" said the captain.

"Why, thin," said Barny, "isn't it to Fingal?"

"No," said the captain; "'tis to Bengal."

"Oh!" said Barny, "what'll I do now at all, at all?"

The captain ordered Barny on deck, as he wished to have some conversation with him on what he, very naturally, considered a most extraordinary adventure. Heaven help the captain! he knew little of Irishmen, or he would not have been so astonished. Barny made his appearance. Puzzling question, and more puzzling answer, followed in quick succession between the commander and Barny, who, in the midst of his dilemma, stamped about, thumped his head, squeezed his caubeen into all manner of shapes, and vented his despair anathematically:—

"Oh! my heavy hathred to you, you tarnal theif iv a long sailor—it's a purty scrape yiv led me into. I thought it was *Fingal* he said, and now I hear it is *Bingal*. Oh! the devil sweep you for navigation, why did I meddle or make wid you at all at all! and my curse light on you, Terry O'Sullivan, why did I iver come across you, you onlooky vagabond, to put sitch thoughts in my head? and so it's *Bingal*, and not *Fingal*, you're goin' to, captain?"

"Yes indeed, Paddy."

"An might I be so bowld to ax, captain, is *Bingal* much farther nor *Fingal*?"

"A trifle or so, Paddy."

"Och, thin, millia murther, weirasthru, how'll I ever get there at all, at all?" roared out poor Barny.

"By turning about, and getting back the road you've come as fast as you can."

"Is it back? Oh! Queen iv Heaven! an how will I iver get back?" said the bewildered Barny.

"Then you don't know your course, it appears?"

"Oh, faix, I knew it iligant as long as your honour was before me."

"But you don't know your course back?"

"Why, indeed, not to say rightly all out, your honour."

"Can't you steer?" said the captain.

"The devil a better hand at the tiller in Kinsale," said Barny, with his usual brag.

"Well, so far so good," said the captain; "and you know the points of the compass? you have a compass, I suppose?"

"A compass! by my sowl an it's not let alone a compass, but a *pair* o' compasses, I have, that my brother, the carpinthir, left me for a keepsake whin he wint abroad; but, indeed, as for the points o' thim, I can't say much, for the childher spylt thim intirely, rootin' holes in the flure."

"Confound your thick head!" said the captain. "Why, what an ignoramus you must be, not to know what a compass is, and you at sea all your life? Do you even know the cardinal points?"

"The cardinals! faix an it's a great respect I have for them, your honour. Sure, arn't they belongin' to the Pope?"

"Confound you, you blockhead!" roared the captain in a rage; "'twould take the patience of the Pope and the cardinals, and the cardinal virtues into the bargain, to keep one's temper with you. Do you know the four points of the wind?"

"I do, and more."

"Well, never mind more, but let us stick to four. You're sure you know the four points of the wind?"

"By dad, it would be a quare thing if a sayfarin' man didn't know somethin' about the wind, any how."

"Well, Paddy," said the captain, after trying to persuade him to come along with the ship, "as you are determined to go back, in spite of all I can say, you must attend to me while I give you as simple instructions as I can. You say you know the four points of the wind, North, South, East, and West."

"Yis, sir."

"How do you know them, for I must see that you are not likely to make a mistake—How do you know the points?"

"Why you see, sir, the sun, God bless it, rises in the aist, and sets in the west, which stands to raison; and whin you stand bechux the aist and the west, the north is forninst you."

"And when the north is forninst you, as you say, is the east on your right, or your left hand?"

"On the right hand, your honour."

"Well, I see you know that much, however. Now," said the captain, "the moment you leave the ship, you must steer a nor'-east course, and you will make some land, near home, in about a week, if the wind holds as it is now, and it is likely to do so; but, mind me, if you turn out of your course in the smallest degree, you are a lost man!"

"Many thanks to your honour!"

"And how are you off for provisions?"

"Why, thin, indeed, in the regard o' that same, we are in the height o' disthress, for, exceptin' the scalpeens, sorra taste passed our lips for these four days."

"Oh! you poor devils!" said the commander, in a tone of sincere commiseration. "I'll order you some provisions before you start."

"Long life to your honour! and I'd like to drink the health of so noble a jintleman."

"I understand you, Paddy; you shall have grog too."

"Musha, the heavens shower, blessin's an you, I pray the Virgin Mary and the twelve Aposhtles, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, not forgettin' St. Pathrick."

"Thank you, Paddy; but keep all your prayers for yourself; for you need them all to help you home again."

"Oh! never fear, whin the thing is to be done, I'll do it, by dad, wid a heart and a half."

"Now, then, Barny, the sooner you turn your face towards home, the better," said the captain; "since you will go, there is no need in losing more time. Are you sure you remember my directions?"

"Throth an I'll niver forget them to day o' my death, and is bound to pray, more betoken, for you and yours."

"Don't mind praying for me till you get home, Barny; but answer me, how are you to steer when you shall leave me?"

"The nor'-aist coorse, your honour; that's the coorse agin the world."

"Remember that! never alter that coorse till you see land, let nothing make you turn out of a nor'-east coorse."

"Throth an' that id be the dirty turn, seein' that it was yourself that ordered it. Oh, no, I'll depend my life an the nor'-aist coorse, and God help any one that comes betune me and it, I'd run him down if he was my father."

"Well, good bye, Barny."

"Good bye, and God bless you, your honour, and send you safe."

"That's a wish you want more for yourself, Barny—never fear for me, but mind yourself well."

"Oh sure I am as good as at home wanst I know the way, barrin' the wind is conthrary; sure the nor'-aist coorse 'ill do the business complete." And so saying, Barny descended the ship's side, and once more assumed the helm of the "hardy hooker."

The two vessels now separated on their opposite courses. What a contrast their relative situations afforded! Proudly the ship bore away under her lofty and spreading canvass, cleaving the billows before her, manned by an able crew, and under the guidance of experienced officers—the finger of science to point the course of her progress, the faithful chart to warn her of the hidden rock and the shoal, the log-line and the quadrant to measure her march and prove her position. The poor little hooker cleft not the billows, each wave lifted her on its crest like a sea-bird; but three inexperienced fishermen to manage her; no certain means to guide them over the vast ocean they had to traverse, and the holding of the "fickle wind" the only chance of their escape from perishing in the wilderness of waters. By the one, the feeling excited is supremely that of man's power. By the other, of his utter helplessness. To the one, the expanse of ocean could scarcely be considered "trackless." To the other, it was a waste indeed.

Yet the cheer that burst from the ship at parting was answered as gaily from the hooker as though the odds had not been so fearfully against her, and no blither heart beat on board the ship than that of Barny O'Rierson.

Happy light-heartedness of my poor countrymen! they have often need of all their buoyant spirits! How kindly have they

been fortified by nature against the assaults of adversity; and if they blindly rush into danger, they cannot be denied the possession of gallant hearts to fight their way out of it if they can.

But each hurra became less audible. By degrees the cheers dwindled into faintness, and, finally, were lost in the eddies of the breeze.

The sense of utter loneliness and desolation had not come upon Barny until now; but he put his trust in the goodness of Providence, and in a fervent inward out-pouring of prayer, resigned himself to the care of his Creator.

The night fell, and Barny stuck to the helm as long as nature could sustain want of rest, and then left it in charge of one of his companions, with particular directions how to steer, and ordered if any change in wind occurred, that they should instantly awake him. He could not sleep long, however; the fever of anxiety was upon him, and the morning had not long dawned when he awoke. He had not well rubbed his eyes, and looked about him, when he thought he saw a ship in the distance approaching them. As the haze cleared away, she showed distinctly bearing down towards the hooker. On board the ship, the hooker, in such a sea, caused surprise as before, and in about an hour she was so close as to hail and order the hooker to run under her lee.

"The devil a taste," said Barny, "I'll not quit my nor'-aist coorse for the king of England, nor Bonyparty into the bargain. Bad cess to you, do you think I've nothin' to do but to plaze you?"

Again he was hailed, and fired at: but he preserved his course, and got clear off.

The third day Barny's fear for the continuity of his nor'-aist coorse were excited, as a larger brig hove in sight, and the nearer she approached, the more directly she came athwart Barny's coorse.

"May the devil sweep you," said Barny, "and will nothin else sarve you than conin' forninst me that-a-way. Brig-a-hoy there!" shouted Barny, giving the tiller to one of his mess-mates, and standing at the bow of his boat. "Brig-a-hoy there! bad luck to you; go 'long out o' my nor'-aist coorse."

The brig, instead of obeying his mandate, hove to, and lay right a-head of the hooker.

"Oh look at this," shouted Barny, and he stamped on the deck with rage; "look at the blackguards where they're stayin', just a-purpose to ruin an unfortunate man like me. My heavy hatched to you, quit this minit, or I'll run down an yes; and if we go to the bottom, we'll hant you for ever-more, go 'long out o' that, I tell you. The curse o' Crummil an you, you stupid vagabones, that won't go out iv a man's nor'-aist coorse!"

From cursing Barny went to praying as he came closer—"For the tender mercy o' I caven, and leave my way. May the Lord reward you, and get out o' my nor'-aist coorse! May angels make your bed in heav'n, and don't ruinat me this-a-way." The brig was immovable, and Barny gave up in despair, having cursed and prayed himself hoarse, and finished with a duet volley of prayers and curses together, apostrophising the hard case of a man being "done out of his nor'-aist coorse."

"A-hoy there!" shouted a voice from the brig: "You're a small craft to be so far at sea. I suppose you have provision on board?"

"To be sure we have; throth if we hadn't, this id be a bad place to go a beggin'."

"What have you eatable?"

"The finest o' scalpeens."

"What are scalpeens?"

"Why you're mighty ignorant intirely," said Barny; "why, scalpeens is pickled mackarel."

"Then you must give us some, for we have been out of every eatable these three days; and even pickled fish is better than nothing."

It chanced that the brig was a West India trader; that unfavourable winds had delayed much beyond the expected period of time on her voyage, and though her water had not failed, everything eatable had been consumed, and the crew reduced

almost to helplessness. In such a strait, the arrival of Barny O'Rierdon and his scalpeens was a most providential succour to them, and a lucky chance for Barny, for he got in exchange for his pickled fish a handsome return of rum and sugar, much more than equivalent to their value. Barny lamented much, however, that the brig was not bound for Ireland, that he might practice his own peculiar system of navigation; but as staying with the brig could do no good, he got himself put into his nor'-aist coorse once more, and ploughed away towards home.

The disposal of his cargo was great good luck to Barny in more ways than one. In the first place, he found the most profitable market he could have had; and, secondly, it enabled him to cover his retreat from the difficulty which still was before him, of not getting to Fingal after all his dangers, and, consequently, being open to discovery and disgrace. All these beneficial results were not thrown away upon one of Barny's readiness to avail himself of every point in his favour; and, accordingly, when they left the brig, Barny said to his companions, "why thin boys, 'pon my conscience but I'm as proud as a horse wid a wooden leg this minit, that we met them poor unfortunat craythers this blessed day and was enabled to extend our charity to them. Sure an' it's lost they'd be only for our comin' across them; and we, through the blessin' o' God, enabled to do an act of marcy, that is, feedin' the hungry; and sure every good work we do here is before uz in heaven—and that's a comfort any how. To be sure, now that the scalpeens is sowld, there's no use in goin' to Fingal, and we may as well jist go home. To the divil now wid Terry O'Sullivan, what does he know what's an iligant place? What knowledge has he of iligance? I'll go bail he never was half as far a navigatin' as we; he went the short cut I go bail, and never dar'd for to venture the round as I did."

Nothing particular occurred for two succeeding days, during which time Barny most religiously pursued his nor'-aist coorse but the third day produced a new and more important event. A sail was discovered on the horizon, and in the direction Barny was steering, and a couple of hours made him tolerably certain that the vessel in sight was an American; for though it is needless to say he was not very conversant in such matters, yet from the frequency of his seeing Americans trading to Ireland, his eye had become sufficiently accustomed to their lofty and tapering spars, and peculiar smartness of rig, to satisfy him that the ship before him was of transatlantic build: nor was he wrong in his conjecture.

Barny now determined on a manœuvre, classing him amongst the first tacticians at securing a good retreat. He calculated the American was bound for Ireland, and as she lay almost as directly in the way of his "nor'-aist coorse," as the West Indian brig, he bore up to and spoke her.

He was answered by a shrewd Yankee captain.

"Faix an it's glad I am to see your honour agin," said Barny.

The Yankee had never been to Ireland and told Barny so, and that a pilot was wanted for Cove.

"You know Cove?" said the American,

"Is it the Cove o' Cork, why?"

"Yes."

"I was bred an' born there, and pilots as many ships into Cove as any other two min out of it."

Barny thus sheltered his falsehood under the idiom of his language.

"But what brought you so far out to sea?" asked the captain.

"We wor lyin' out lookin' for ships that wanted pilots, and there kem an the terriblest gale o' wind aff the land, an' blew us to say out intirely, an' that's the way iv it, your honour."

"I calculate we got a share of the same gale; 'twas from the nor'-aist."

"Oh, directly!" said Barny, "faith you're right enough, 'twas the nor'-aist coorse we wor an sure enough; but no matter now that we've met wid you—sure we'll have a job home any how."

"Well, get aboard then," said the American.

"I will in a minit, your honour, whin I jist spake a word to my comrades here."

"Why sure it's not goin' to turn pilot you are?" said Jemmy, in his simplicity of heart.

"Whisht, you omadhaun!" said Barny, "or I'll cut the tongue out o' you. Now, mind me, Pether; you don't understan' navigashin' and the various branches o' knowledge, an' so all you have to do is to follow the ship when I get into her, an' I'll show you the way home."

Barny then got aboard the American vessel, and begged of the captain, that as he had been out at sea so long, and had gone through "a power o' hardship intirely," that he would be permitted to go below and turn in to take a sleep, "for in troth, it's myself and sleep that is sthrayngers for some time," said Barny, "an' if your honour 'll be plazed, I'll be thankful if you won't let them disturb me until I'm wanted, for sure, till you see the land, there's no use for me in life, an' throth I want a sleep sorely."

Barny's request was granted, and it will not be wondered at, that after so much fatigue of mind and body, he slept profoundly for four-and-twenty hours. He then was called, for land was in sight; and when he came on deck, the captain rallied him upon the potency of his somniferous qualities, "and calculated" he had never met any one who could sleep "four-and-twenty hours on a stretch before."

"Oh, sir," said Barny, rubbing his eyes, which were still a little hazy, "whinever I go to sleep, I pay attention to it."

The land was soon neared, and Barny put in charge of the ship, when he ascertained the first land mark he was acquainted with; but as soon as the Head of Kinsale hove in sight, Barny gave a "whoop," and cut a caper that astonished the Yankees, and was quite inexplicable to them, though, we flatter ourselves, it is not to those who do Barny the favour of reading his adventures.

"Oh! there you are my darlint ould head! an' where's the head like you! throth it's little I thought I'd ever set eyes an your good-looking faytures agin."

In such half-muttered exclamations did Barny apostrophise each well-known point of his native shore, and, when opposite the harbour of Kinsale, he spoke the hooker, that was somewhat astern, and ordered Jemmy and Peter to put in there, and tell Molly immediately that he was come back, and would be with her as soon as he could after piloting the ship into Cove.

The hooker put into Kinsale, and Barny sailed the ship into Cove. It was the first ship he ever had acted the pilot for, and his old luck attended him; no accident befel his charge, and, what was still more extraordinary, he made the American believe he was absolutely the most skilful pilot on the station. So Barny pocketed his pilot's fee, swore the Yankee was a gentleman, for which the republican did not thank him, wished him good bye, and then pushed his way home, with what Barny swore was the easiest made money he ever had in his life. So Barny got himself paid for piloting the ship that showed him the way home.

THE SAILOR'S RETURN.

Oh! why dost thou weep, my pretty maid?

And why are thy cheeks so pale?

It becometh not, but o'er the dead,

To thus weep and grievous wail—

My lover is far on the ocean's wave—

He's ploughing the raging main;

Mayhap he may find a watery grave,

And never return again.

Oh! weep not, weep not, my pretty maid,

Chase quickly each care away;

Let smiles once more on thy lips be laid,

And thine eyes beam pleasure's ray.

Come,—dry the tears from those beauteous eyes!

And from such sorrow be free,

Thy sailor's returned—banish your sighs—

Behold thy true love in me!

HAWKINS A. DALTON.

CAPTAIN HOTHAM'S VICTORY.

THE gallant action which we are about to record, was performed off the coast of France, by Captain Hotham, of the Northumberland. Having discovered two French frigates and a brig, steering under a press of sail for Port L'Orient, he endeavoured to cut them off. After several skilful manœuvres, he succeeded in getting near them, just as they were about to enter the harbour, steering parallel to them. At the distance of about two cables' length, he opened his fire, which was returned, not only by the fire of the enemy's ships, but also from three batteries, and for twenty-one minutes was very destructive to the sails and rigging of the Northumberland. His next object was to prevent the enemy from passing on the outside of a dry rock, and compelling them to pass between the Northumberland and it; this they were afraid to do, and in endeavouring to pass on the inside of the rocks they all grounded. The Northumberland was now anchored in six fathoms and a half water, with her broadside on the enemy, at point blank range; they had all fallen on their broadsides, and the mainmast of one frigate and the brig was gone. In this situation, Captain Hotham kept up a constant fire upon them, by which they were dreadfully shattered, and one of them completely in flames. A few minutes before eight, this frigate blew up with a dreadful explosion; and at ten o'clock, the other frigate also was discovered to be on fire; and as the brig was in such a state as to be completely unfit for service, even if she could be got off, Captain Hotham weighed anchor and got to sea.

The gallant captain gives the following circumstantial and interesting account of this action, in a letter addressed to Rear Admiral Sir H. Neale, dated Northumberland, off the Penmarks, May 24, 1812:—

"On Friday, the 22nd inst., at a quarter after ten a.m. the N.W. point of the Isle Groa (Grouais) bearing from the Northumberland N. by compass, ten miles distant, and the wind very light from the W. by N. they were discovered in the N.W. crowding all possible sail before it for L'Orient. My first endeavour was to cut them off to windward of the island, and a signal was made to the Growler (seven miles off in the S.W.) to chase; but finding I could not effect it, the Northumberland was pushed, by every exertion, round the S.E. end of Groa, and by hauling to the wind as close as I could to leeward of it, I had the satisfaction of fetching to windward of the harbour's mouth before the enemy's ships reached it. Their commander, seeing himself thus cut off, made a signal to his consorts, and hauled to the wind on the larboard tack, to windward of Point Taleet, and they appeared to speak to each other. I continued beating to windward, between Groa and the Continent, to close with them, exposed to the batteries on both sides, when I stood within their reach, which was unavoidable. The wind had by this time freshened considerably, and was about W.N.W. At forty-nine minutes after two p.m. the enemy (in force as above

described) bore up in close line ahead, and under every sail that could be set, favoured by the fresh wind, made a bold and determined attempt to run between me and the shore, under cover of the numerous batteries with which it is lined in that part. I placed the Northumberland, to meet them, as close as as I could to the Point de Pierre Laye, with her head to the shore, and the main-top-sail shivering, and made dispositions for laying one of them alongside; but they hauled so very close round the point, following the direction of the coast to the eastward of it, that in my ignorance of the depth of water so near the shore, I did not think it practicable, consistent with the safety of his Majesty's ship (drawing near twenty-five feet), to prosecute that plan. I therefore bore up, and steered parallel to them, at the distance of about two cables' length, and opened the broadside on them, which was returned by a very animated and well-directed fire of round, grape, and other descriptions of shot, supported by three batteries, for the space of twenty-one minutes, and was very destructive to our sails and rigging. My object, during that time, was to prevent their hauling outside the dry rock named Le Graul; but in steering sufficiently close to it to leave them no room to pass between me and it, and at the same time to avoid running on it myself,

the utmost difficulty and anxiety were produced by the cloud of smoke which drifted ahead of the ship, and totally obscured it: however, by the care and attention of Mr. Hugh Stewart, the master, the ship was carried within the distance of her own length, on the south-west side, in quarter-less seven fathoms, and the enemy were in consequence obliged, as their only alternative, to attempt passing within it, where there was not water enough, and they all grounded, under every sail, on the rocks between it and the shore.

"The sails and rigging of the Northumberland were so



[DESTRUCTION OF THE FRENCH SHIPS.]

much damaged, that I was obliged to leave the enemy to the effects of the falling tide, it being only one quarter ebb, while I repaired the rigging and shifted the fore-top-sail, which was rendered entirely useless, working to windward during that time under what sail I could set, to prevent falling to leeward; in which interval, at five o'clock, the Growler joined, and fired on the enemy occasionally. At twenty-eight minutes after five, I anchored the Northumberland in six and a-half fathoms' water, Point de Pierre Laye bearing N.W. half N. the citadel of Port Louis E. three quarters N. and the rock named Le Graul N. half E. two cables' length distant, with her broadside bearing on the enemy's two frigates and brig, at point-blank range, all of them having fallen over on their sides next the shore as the tide left them, and exposed their copper to us, and the main-masts of one frigate and the brig was gone; and from thirty-four minutes after five till forty-nine minutes past six (which was near the time of low water), a deliberate and careful fire was kept up on them, at which time, believing that I had fully effected the object of my endeavours, the crews having quitted their vessels, all their bottoms being pierced by very many of our shot, so low down as to

insure their filling on the rising tide, and the leading frigate being completely in flames, communicated to the hull from a fire which broke out in her fore-top, I got under sail. Three batteries fired at the ship during the whole time she was at anchor, although the position was so far well chosen that she was out of the range of two of them; the other (to which the enemy's vessels were nearest) reached her, and did as much execution in the hull as all the fire she had been exposed to before.

"I directed the commander of the Growler to stand in and fire, to prevent the enemy from returning to their vessels after I had ceased.

"At five minutes before eight, the frigate on fire blew up with an awful explosion, leaving no remains of her visible. At the close of day, I anchored for the night, out of the reach of the batteries on both sides, Point Talet bearing N.N.W. half W. the point of Groa S.S.W. half W. the enemy's vessels N. by E. At ten the other frigate appeared to be on fire also (some smoke having been seen on board her from the time the firing ceased), and at half-past eleven the flames burst forth from her ports and every part with unextinguishable fury; which unlooked-for event leaving me nothing more to attempt in the morning, the brig being quite on her beam-ends, and very much damaged by our shot in every part of her bottom, even very near her keel, I weighed anchor at midnight, with a very light air from the northward, with the Growler in company, profiting by the brightness of the moon to get to sea; but it was so calm that I made very little progress, and therefore saw the frigate burning from head to stern all night, and explode at thirty-five minutes after two in the morning of yesterday, leaving a portion of her after-part still burning, till it was entirely consumed; and in the course of the day I had the satisfaction to see from off the N.W. point of Groa, a third fire and explosion in the same spot, which could have been no other than the brig.

"During the time of firing on the enemy's vessels, a seaman, who stated himself to be a native of Portugal, captured in the ship *Harmony*, of Lisbon, by the frigates, on the 22nd of February, swam from one of them to the Northumberland, by whom I am informed, that their names were *L'Arianne* and *L'Andromache*, of 44 guns and 450 men each, and the *Mameluke* brig, of 18 guns and 150 men: that they sailed from the Loire in the month of January; had been cruising in various parts of the Atlantic, and had destroyed thirty-six vessels of different nations (Americans, Spaniards, Portuguese, and English), taking the most valuable parts of their cargoes on board the frigates (and they appeared very deep for ships so long at sea), and one vessel they sent as a cartel to England, with about 200 prisoners.

"I am happy to have now the gratifying duty to discharge, of bearing testimony to the creditable conduct of every officer and man I had the honour to command on the occasion above related, whose zealous exertions in supporting the honour of his Majesty's naval power, and in humbling that of the enemy, were conspicuously displayed, without regard to the peculiar intricacy of the situation, or the risks and difficulties which appeared to interpose; and I hope the circumstances of his station may permit me to make particular report of the services of the senior lieutenant, John Banks, without prejudice to, or neglect of, the other meritorious and deserving officers, who were all equally inspired with intrepidity, and possessed with confidence and coolness, which rendered that qualification the more valuable. But as the safety of his Majesty's ship, and the success of the operations which resulted in a navigation so narrow and difficult, with almost every description of danger to avoid, is attributable, next to Providence, to the ability with which she was steered and conducted under the direction of Mr. Stewart (the master) and the pilot, I should be wanting in my duty if I were to omit to represent to you, that nothing could exceed the firmness, good judgment, and skill of those officers, whose experience on the coast was extremely beneficial to the service, and Mr. Stewart's counsels were of the greatest assistance to me.

"Lieutenant J. Weeks, commanding the *Growler* gun-brig, made every effort that vessel was capable of to render assistance, and shewed a perfect readiness to execute the few directions I had occasion to give him.

"I should rejoice, sir, if I were able to close this narrative without adding a report of loss and injury sustained; but neither you, nor any other authority to whom you may communicate it, will expect that a ship should have been so long at different periods under the fire of the enemy's various batteries and vessels without some loss; but I am thankful it is not greater than is expressed in the report I have the honour to enclose; and I am glad to say, that the officer wounded (namely, Lieutenant William Fletcher) will soon be recovered. The damage the ship has sustained is little in the hull, but more in the masts, yards, and rigging.

"A line-of-battle ship, with sails bent and top-gallant-yards across, lay in the harbour of L'Orient, a spectator of the operations of the day, at the entrance of it, but the wind did not serve till night for her coming to the support of her friends: every assistance, however, was afforded them of boats, men, &c., from the port, directed, as I apprehend, by the admiral in person."

The report above referred to, enumerates five killed, and twenty-eight wounded; which, considering the nature and extent of the service performed, is trifling, and no doubt mainly attributable to the admirable skill and bravery displayed in this important action.

MISFORTUNES OF CAPTAIN NORWOOD, 1649.

CAPTAIN NORWOOD was one of the royalist party in the time of Charles I. He engaged, with other royalist officers to embark for America, seeing the affairs of the Crown were not likely to amend, and that the monarchy existed no longer. He agreed, in the year 1649, to meet two other officers, who were royalists, and to arrange their immediate departure from England. A great many had already embarked for the colonies in different parts of the western world, and the captain, with his two friends, fixed upon Virginia for their residence. Captain Norwood was nearly related to Sir William Berkeley, the governor of that colony for the king, of whom it is handed down, that, reporting on the state of things in Virginia, he wrote, "I thank God there is no free schools or printing here, and I hope we shall not have either these hundred years."

It was in the month of September that Captain Norwood and others took their passage in a vessel called the *Virginia Merchant*, of three hundred tons and thirty guns. He and his friends agreed, for six pounds sterling each, to be transported to James River, in the colony already mentioned. On the fifteenth of the month they met the ship at Gravesend, and having gone through the necessary forms previous to their embarkation as passengers, and paid their money, they posted to the Downs. On the twenty-third, upon the vessel's coming round, they embarked at Deal, and in three days had cleared the channel. They had a prosperous voyage for twenty days towards the Western Islands, where they designed to touch. The cooper first began to complain that they were short of water, there not being enough to last out the month for the number of three hundred and fifty souls, which were on board. This occasioned great alarm in the ship, and the master thought it necessary to consult his officers on so fearful a situation. They were now, according to their calculation, off, or very near, the Western Islands, and expected to make Fayal, where they might replenish. The passengers were all rejoiced at the thought of seeing the land.

At day-break, on the fourteenth of October, they saw the peak of Fayal, the most conspicuous in the Atlantic, except that of Teneriffe, with which seamen are acquainted. They soon made the harbour, and, on anchoring, were speedily invited to dine on shore by the English merchants resident there. They refreshed themselves with the fruits of that delightful island; but they lost their long-boat, owing to the neglect of the sailors, who got drunk, and lay up and down in all quarters, in a very bad condition. The loss of the long-boat was a most serious inconvenience to them. In their revels, they drank the two kings of Portugal and England, although the latter was an exile, and cannon were fired in honour of the occasion. The sailors who

were on shore continued their carousings, and water was got into the ship very slowly. The consumption of liquors on board made great havoc with the stock. On the twenty-second of October they sailed from Fayal, with a store of pigs and fruit to supply them at sea. The wind was easterly—a topsail breeze, which carried them into the trade wind, and they swept along at the rate of fifty or sixty leagues a day, until they made the Bermudas. In this latitude the seas were often stormy. The officer on the watch pointed out a water-spout to Norwood, which he seems to have viewed with thankfulness to God's providence that it did not "hoist the ship out of her own proper element."

The passengers and crew were equally pleased at the sight of land. The latter knew it by the true bearing from Cape Hatteras, and they all hoped to put their feet soon again upon dry land. The weather was fair until the eighteenth. The water was then observed to change colour. They hove the lead, and found thirty-five fathoms, at which they were glad, having consumed almost all the stock on board. It was about break of day that Captain Norwood visited the watch in charge of the mate, whose name was Putts. The captain offered him some brandy, which he refused, unless he could have tobacco with it: he observed it was break of day, and that he would see what change there was in the water. No sooner had he looked than he called out to the sailors, "All hands aloft! breakers, breakers on both quarters!" The seamen sprang to the deck in a moment, but, when they saw how the ship lay, they desponded and fell on their knees. The captain, who came on deck on the first alarm, was as much dismayed as his men. The mate was a stout-hearted sailor, and, instead of remaining still, called out, "Is there no good fellow who will stand to the helm and let go a sail?" Yet, of all the crew, only two foremast-men dared from fear to obey the command; one was named Thomas Raisin, the other John Smith, sailors of undaunted courage. One went aloft and loosened the foretopsail, the other went to the helm and shifted it at the critical moment, for the ship was in the very act of dashing among the breakers to the starboard. This was the more remarkable, as the vessel was generally noted for not feeling the helm. She now fell off from the danger manfully. On the larboard bow was another rock ready to receive her. By this time the crew were ashamed of their dastardly behaviour, and, taking heart from the examples of Raisin and Smith, went to work, when the ship fell off again and escaped this new peril. Daylight showed them the full hazard of their situation. Breakers surrounded them, and the sea was white with the foam of the raging water. There did not seem to be any channel among the rocks by which the vessel could be worked out of the labyrinth in which she was involved. There was no time for deliberation, and in these miserable circumstances the ship struck, though fortunately only on a sand-bank. The water and sand rose together in foam, and fell into the vessel; yet though there seemed but little hope, the sailors were now all under command, and omitted nothing which could contribute to their preservation. The ship still floated, and appeared to go ahead—a most cheering circumstance. Raisin, the man who before displayed so much activity, seized the helm, and afterwards hove the lead. After a little further progress, beyond their most sanguine hopes, there was still more water than the ship drew, and it began to deepen, the lead showing twenty feet. They kept the vessel in this channel, until the light was strong enough to enable the quarter-master to con her. At last they got clear of the formidable breakers of Cape Hatteras, and stood out to sea. No sooner was the ship clear of the rocks and in the offing, than the seamen surveyed each other for a moment, like so many ghosts, in silence and wonder. They seemed to doubt whether they were really in safety. They shook hands with each other as if they were strangers, or had just arisen from the grave, and met they knew not how. They could scarcely believe that they were still in existence of flesh and blood. When they recovered themselves, they made from the land with all the sail they could carry.

But they had only escaped one danger to get into another. A storm from the north-west now came on to blow with great violence. They left the land behind them, at the rate of eight miles an hour, with the fore-courses only set. It was soon

thought necessary to slacken their way. The ship was ordered to be put about, the sails to be furled, and to try with the mizen. The sea ran so high that the sailors were puzzled how to put about the vessel; yet they were running at such a rate off the land, that it was absolutely necessary to control the rapidity of their course. They lowered the main-yard to ease the mast, but found it difficult to handle the foresail, as all hands were not strong enough to haul home the sheet to bring the vessel round. They shipped several heavy seas, and one broke with such violence aft, that a ton of water at least entered the round-house. The noise was like the report of a cannon, as it struck the deck, and put the passengers in terrible fear. The ship was at length got about, and they lay trying under their mizen.

Porpoises in immense numbers now appeared around the vessel, so that the oldest seaman on board declared they had never seen so many. They are generally supposed to be the forerunners of a storm, though, in the present instance, Captain Norwood observes the tempest was raging at the time they were first noticed. The ocean was covered with hissing foam. The wind appeared to rise still higher, so that the officers began to think they could not be long without some disaster in the rigging. Between ten and eleven o'clock, a crash was heard aloft, and the cry that the fore-topmast had gone by the board. It had indeed been carried away, and with it had broken off the foremast-head, just under the cap. The crew were now in great straits. Putts, the mate, had the watch at the time, and apprehended that worse damage must soon follow. Between twelve and one the following morning, a tremendous sea broke into the ship forward, and so deluged the deck, where the mate happened to be walking, that he retired aft, with prayers on his tongue. He imagined that the ship was on the point of foundering. The blow seemed to be a stroke of death to the vessel, which remained stock still, with her head in the wave, and then seemed to bore her way through it, and free herself. The passengers, men, women, and children, took leave of each other. A melancholy cry was heard throughout the ship, from the apprehension of immediate death. The mate, however, seeing that the water cleared away from the deck, called all hands to the pumps. Upon examining the mischief which had been done by the sea, it was found that the fore-castle, six guns, all the anchors but one, which was bent to the cable, together with the two cooks, of which latter, one was miraculously saved, were carried overboard. The breach made forward for the sea to enter, opened a passage to the hold for the water. All on board, who were able, set to work to construct a platform of wood that would keep off an ordinary sea, to render the vessel as secure as it was possible to do in such distressing circumstances. In fact, the storm cut out sufficient labour, for all who were able to work, every hour in the twenty-four. The bowsprit got loose, having lost the stays and rigging, so that they were obliged to cut it away. The stays of all the masts were gone, and the shrouds loose and useless. The main-topmast, it was next seen, would not stand long; and Raisin, still the most active fellow on board, ran aloft with an axe to cut it away, hoping to save the mainmast by that means. The danger of the operation seemed so clear to those below on deck, that he was called down urgently. He was scarcely on the deck, when the mainmast and topmast came down at once, and fell into the sea to windward. Fortunately, no one was hurt by their fall. The mast was still attached to the ship by the shrouds, and struck her like a battering-ram at every motion of the waves. The rigging, therefore, was with difficulty cut away, and the mast set free. In this state several of the seamen fell overboard. Their loss was the less regarded by those who were safe, as they expected the same fate. The mizen-mast was now left, by which alone they could hope to bring about the ship, whenever it became needful. Two days were passed in this distressing state, the tenth and eleventh of November. On the twelfth, they saw an English merchant vessel, which showed his flag, avoided speaking, fearing he might be compelled to lend assistance, as his force in guns was the weakest. He fired a shot to leeward, and stood away.

It was now absolutely necessary to bring about the ship. The sailors were exhausted from toil and want of rest, and for some days had been unable to get their meals. The passengers had no appetite, but all were likely to fall short, for the bread was wetted by the sea; the cook-room was carried away, so that nothing could be dressed as usual, and they were compelled at length to saw a cask asunder, fill the half of it with ballast, and thus make a hearth to parch peas and boil their salt beef between decks. This was executed with difficulty, for the whole apparatus was often upset, to the great grievance of those who were in expectation of satisfying their hunger.

On the seventeenth of the month the sea grew calmer, and they saw several English vessels, none of which, save one, which was in as bad a condition from the storm as themselves, and felt a community in misfortune, would speak with them. The vessel which accosted Norwood's ship lay-to, for the boat which paid him a visit. The master of the stranger proposed that he should be spared hands, to aid him at his pumps, in lieu of other things he might give in return. He promised to keep in company, and, if possible, to take the Virginia merchant in tow to weather the cape; but he disappeared in the night, forgetting his promises, although he was bound to the same port.

On the thirteenth of November, the weather being fine, they thought it a good opportunity to get the ship about with the mizen. This they succeeded in effecting, but the next consideration was how they should make sail. The foremast, as high as to where it had lost its cap, still remained, and it was necessary that a yard should be fixed to it. The difficulty was to climb the bare and greasy stump, for there was nothing of which to take hold for support in ascending. The ship's crew were at a loss, until Tom Raisin, who was apparently a genius born with great resources, undertook to make the attempt. The passengers, to encourage him, promised to present him with a stock of Virginian tobacco upon their arrival in port, should they be so fortunate as to reach it in safety. They set down on paper the proportions each would bestow on the gallant fellow, and many of them were not nice as to the quantity, for they never expected to reach the place of payment. Raisin selected from the ship's stores, half-a-dozen spike nails. He drove one of them into the mast as high as he could reach. He next took a ten-foot rope, and threaded a block with it, which divided it equally. He then made both ends of the rope meet in a knot over the spike. The block hanging on the opposite side of the mast served for a stirrup to stand in for driving the next spike, and so on until he was as high as he wanted. He was careful to strike with his hammer, at the time of the smoothest sea. He soon managed to receive help from others of the crew, and they got up a yard and tackle in a few hours, so as to be able to carry sail towards their destination. The main-yard, which they had lowered at the commencement of the gale, was now made to serve the purpose of a main-mast, being lashed to the stump, which still remained eight or ten feet above the deck. They, not without difficulty, contrived to rig their masts with spare topsails. The sea grew still calmer, and all seemed to promise well. The crew indulged a hope of seeing the capes, and making their destined port in safety. They now lay in with another ship bound to Virginia, which promised to remain near them. They endeavoured to get to the weather side of Cape Henry, thinking they were to the southward of Cape Hatteras; but they, found by an observation that they were carried by a current to windward, far beyond all their reckoning or allowances for sailing; in fact, so far, that when they thought they were to the southward of the cape, they were in reality to the north of Achomack, according to their mate, whose opinion no one was capable of disputing. He averred, that if the wind remained as it was, there was no doubt they would all dine the next day within the capes. This expectation was the more agreeable, as their water was again nearly gone, their meat spoiled and useless, and only a biscuit a day per head, and of that not enough to last much longer. The mate fancied he saw the usual landmarks, being hummocks of trees, of which his twenty-third voyage had given him, as might be supposed, the capacity of judging rightly. The

error was afterwards discovered, and was a sad disappointment. Had their sails and rigging been in a sound state, the mischief might have been of less importance. Both capes were in sight, but the ship would not lie within eleven or twelve points of the wind, and they were compelled to run from the land which they were so eager to make, and a short time previously, so certain among themselves of making in a few hours. There was only an allowance now of half a biscuit to each person on board, five of which made a pound. Of drink, there was none, except Malaga wine, which inflamed their thirst. Towards night, the wind grew fresher, and they were carried away at a swift rate of sailing; the mate Putts, being much cast down at the consequence of his error.

For days and nights together the wind sent them out to sea so rapidly, that they were at least a hundred leagues from the capes before they could settle what should be done. They tried every method, by the help of top-gallant sails, and little masts wherever they could be fixed, to keep her to windward; but, for want of bowlines and tackle to force the sails stiff, the wind would at times take them and rend them in pieces. The ship would then be tumbling about on the ocean until they were repaired. For not less than forty days they were tossed about after they had lost the land. On the nineteenth of November the wind shifted to the eastward, but came back again in a short time to the north-west. The sea began to run high. They feared the guns would break loose when the ship rolled, while they mended the sails, the lashings being rotten. They at last were enabled to get rid of this fear by moving them into the hold. By placing them, too, thus lower in the vessel, she had a tendency to lie steady in the water. They got a little rain-water for drink, but for provisions they were in a famishing condition.

In a week they had run two hundred leagues to the east. There were differences of opinion among the crew upon the subject. Some thought they had gone a good deal to the south, and recommended the making Bermuda. In the midst of a contrariety of opinion, it was at length resolved to make any part of the American coast they were able to fetch, even if it were as far to leeward as New England. In the meantime, hunger began to press heavier than ever upon the crew and passengers. The women and children made the ship resound with their cries and complaints. The rats which were caught were all eaten, and the price of one on board was sixteen shillings. One woman, far gone with child, offered a man twenty shillings for a rat, which was refused, and the poor creature died. Miserable days were thus passed until Christmas came, which, according to the custom of the times, must needs be kept with merriment, amidst the most depressing calamity. They scraped and ransacked their meal-tubs to compose a pudding. Malaga, sack, sea-water, fruit, and spices, well fried in oil, were the luxuries with which the officers and passengers regaled themselves, and upon which the crew looked with longing and greedy eyes.

Captain Norwood says, that the greatest suffering he experienced was from thirst. At night, in his slumbers, he dreamed of nothing but overflowing cellars and their contents, in which he imagined he was refreshing himself, and the effect of which, in his waking moments, he found very prejudicial, by tantalizing his fancy. The captain had a small store of claret in secret, of which he made Norwood a partaker, but it wanted the qualification of water to quench the thirst; notwithstanding which, it was a very great refreshment. One day the captain took Norwood into the hold, to seek a draught of fresh water in the bottoms of the casks. They found just enough to satisfy their longing, though it was so thick as hardly to be palatable. They then got astride upon a butt of Malmsey, and swallowing some of it found it preferable to the water, and the effect on Capt. Norwood was cordial and beneficial. The captain became more gloomy, trembling for his position, and then confessing how much he felt for having been the means of bringing so many into trouble by a false confidence in the goodness of his ship, he burst into tears. Capt. Norwood comforted him as well as he could, and recommended that they should rely upon Providence, and hope for the best.

They were now making for the nearest land, and suffering

much from hunger, fatigue, and thirst. In eight days they got once more into soundings, and on the fourth of January saw the land, but in what latitude none could tell. The persons who should have kept the reckoning had neglected the duty for some days. The sun had not been seen a good while. The desperate situation in which the vessel had been, and the little hope they had of reaching the shore, together with the idea that they must very quickly render up an account in a different state of being, made them neglect both log and journal. One day, about three in the afternoon, they were fairly set in for the shore; the weather was calm and the sea smooth, the land was seen about six miles distant, and they had twenty-five fathoms of water. They had only one anchor on board, which was not let go, because if it were lost there was no chance of saving the ship, in case an absolute necessity for its use should arise, and, moreover, the cable was too short for such a depth of water. The necessity of the crew and passengers was so great, that it was at length agreed the ship should lie to, and a boat be sent off to examine if there was a harbour for anchoring. Twelve or thirteen of the more sickly on board, one of whom was a Major Morrisson, embarked in it, determined to risk any chance on shore, rather than remain longer in the vessel. In a short time the boat returned with the tidings of there being a creek where the ship might anchor, and also fresh water, whereof a bottle was brought to the vessel. There were also plenty of fowls observed, which would serve for food. The captain was eager to save the lives of the remaining passengers; and not relying wholly on his mate's report, he set off for the shore himself, with Captain Norwood and a few others, to examine the spot. As night came on, they saw the fires of those on shore, which guided them to the place. The weather was very cold. As soon as they landed, they rushed to the water, as if it were the most delicious beverage they had ever tasted. They then shot a duck, which was cooked and eaten on the spot. They found a bed of oysters hard by, some of which made an agreeable addition to their repast. The duck was soon devoured, the head, legs, and entrails being given to the cook as his share.

The captain now examined the water on the bar of the creek, and seemed satisfied of its depth. When day broke, though he appeared determined to come in and anchor, he still wanted Captain Norwood to go back with him to the ship. The latter replied that he did not see any necessity, as the ship would soon be in herself. Borrowing a coarse cloak of one of the party, Norwood remained behind, and the captain reembarked. No sooner had the boat pushed off, than the ship was seen under sail, with all canvass spread. This it is probable the captain had noticed when he asked Norwood to go with him. The vessel had set sail without orders from the captain, who had difficulty in getting on board; and but for the mate, who saw the boat from the tops, and got the seamen to lay by until it came alongside, the captain would have been abandoned, as those on land were, and probably to a worse fate.

Words cannot paint the anguish and horror of the party left on shore in this unforeseen manner. They were without food or necessaries of any kind, and they had not the slightest shelter. They consulted together on their miserable condition, without being able to determine on any thing. They prayed Heaven to have mercy upon them, and finally requested Captain Norwood to be their leader, and to advise them in what was most likely to contribute to their preservation. It fortunately happened that Captain Norwood's Dutch servant had saved from his own wants a hoard of thirty biscuits, which he had starved himself more than he need have done, to preserve for an hour of yet more pressing want. They were in a bundle he had put into the boat when his master came on shore. Captain Norwood divided them into nineteen portions, being one for each individual on shore. It was now the fifth of January, and the weather was severely cold. The whole party considered that nothing but death, after protracted misery, was before them. Each man was mustered with a fowling-piece who had never been accustomed to its use; and powder and shot, which had fortunately been brought on shore, were delivered to each, by which means some geese were killed that day for their supper. In the meantime, Mr. Francis Cary, the

cousin of Captain Norwood, was sent to explore the creek, and see if he could discover any Indians, or other inhabitants, from whom it was likely the wants of the party might be relieved. Cary returned in no longer a time than an hour's absence, with the unfortunate intelligence that they were upon a small island. He had seen no traces of natives, and the water between the island and the main was deeper than his head, as far as he could observe. The fowls of the air were the only living things he had seen. This melancholy intelligence filled them with dismay, as it well might, and they with difficulty kept themselves from utter despair. The likelihood of perishing by a lingering death was considerably increased; they were wholly without food. Cary now disappeared from among them, and no one knew where he was gone. In a little time he came back with a quantity of oysters in his hands, which he found by accident in the bed of a current, contiguous to a large bank of the same species of shell-fish. These oysters were the main subsistence of the party; though, while the cold weather remained, great quantities of wild fowl frequented the island, many of which they killed and roasted upon sticks, devouring every part of them but the feathers. As the weather grew warmer, the number of these fowls diminished, and then they were compelled to subsist upon oysters alone. They also met with a sort of weed, about five inches long, and thick like a house-leek; that they boiled with a little pepper, of which they happened to have brought on shore about a pound, and then, with five or six oysters, it became occasionally a kind of feast to them. They erected huts to shield themselves from the weather, and made one for every six. There were three weak women among their number.

The endeavours of the party to procure food were unremitting. One morning, Captain Norwood killed a great number of small birds, called "oxeyes" in the country, which afforded the party a banquet, but these birds soon afterwards disappeared, and hunger again pressed upon them. A spring-tide and heavy rains for a time made the oyster bank less accessible, and they began at last to grow so weak that they could hardly tear away the oysters from the bank, when they were able to reach them. All the birds they could see began to get shy. Their guns were soon out of order, and their powder damp. One of the women died, and the other two were constrained to feed upon her remains. Four of the men died about the same time; and their bodies, horrible to relate, became the chief subsistence of those who survived. The deceased had perished of hunger, but death was hastened by a severe storm of cold, attended with snow. Those who were still alive suffered greatly from its effects.

They now considered what could be done to give any of them a chance of ultimate safety. Some of them, though they still retained more vigour than others, were not adequate in strength to struggle with the difficulties of their situation much longer. The being cooped in a small island seemed to deprive them entirely of hope. Major Morrisson, who was one of the main props of the party, could no longer stand on his legs. Captain Norwood was still in the enjoyment of tolerable strength, and he could think of no other plan than attempting to swim the creek between the island and the main land. The water was not more than a hundred yards across; and having passed it, he thought, by coasting the woods to the south-west, he might meet with Indians who would either relieve or destroy him. It was now the thirteenth of January, and they had been nine days on the island, in the open air, for their huts excluded neither wind nor rain; they had been landed from a vessel where they had endured hunger, thirst, and fatigue, for several months, and a last effort it was therefore necessary to make. They gathered as many oysters as would fill two quart bottles, to be boiled in their own liquor, and given to Captain Norwood for his travelling stock. Everything was ready for setting out on this forlorn adventure, and the cooking of the oysters was nearly effected, when Cary, who had been out rambling, declared that he saw Indians on the main land. Captain Norwood set out, but could not get a glimpse of any, and treated the matter as some deception of Cary's sight, thinking that what he wished he had fancied, or persuaded himself he actually saw.

Captain Norwood now returned again to the task of completing his cookery, and had filled one bottle, when he was tempted to go out with his gun, hearing the noise of geese. He had the good fortune to shoot one without a witness, and determined to eat it alone, hoping to be so much the stronger for swimming the creek in consequence. He therefore hung the goose on a tree, while he went to call the cook to dress it secretly; from him the head, bones, and entrails would have secured secrecy. When the captain came back, he found all the bird but the head was carried off. This, as he learned afterwards from the Indians, was done by foxes or wolves, which abounded in the island. The loss was looked upon by the captain with a sad heart, and, with a hungry stomach, he was obliged to return to the cooking of his oysters. On the 10th day of his being on the island, all was ready to begin the journey, when a canoe was found on the south of the island, and it was soon found that the Indians had discovered the women's hut in the night, and had given them shell-fish to eat. The men had, as already observed, removed to some distance from the spot where they had been quartered at first, in order to be less exposed to the cold; the poor women, it would seem, had remained. They said that the Indians pointed to the south-east, but they did not understand their signs, and only thought that they intended to intimate they would come again the next day.

This intelligence respecting the Indians gave the suffering party new life. Many had lain down in despair, determined they would rise no more. They now began to think of the best mode of receiving the Indians on their arrival; and it was agreed that each man should have his gun by his side, loaded, and rendered fit for use, so that if the Indians showed themselves inimical, which was not very probable, their lives might be disposed of as dearly as possible. In this way did every eye look out keenly for the strangers. When the sun was in the south-east, each man looked through the avenues of the woods in hopes to see them approach. The sun came to the south, but they were not seen, and then the sufferers were tortured with doubt and uncertainty, in a manner impossible to describe. All the forenoon they watched; those who were able going out as scouts to try and discover them in vain.

It was between two and three o'clock in the day when the Indians appeared from behind a tree, without arms, and with kind countenances. There were men, women, and children, who all appeared to pity the wretched situation of the English, shaking hands with them heartily. They repeated frequently the word *Nytop*, which was thought to have a friendly signification, and, in fact, to mean "My friend." Beyond this they could not understand each other, and their interview was a mere jargon of unintelligible sounds. They then gave the English ears of Indian corn to satisfy their hunger for the moment. The Indian women, in particular, seemed to feel deeply for the sufferings of the emaciated beings before them, and one of them presented Captain Norwood with the leg of a swan, which he remarked he thought the best, because it was the largest, he had ever seen. The Indians remained two hours, and parted with the promise as well as signs could be understood, that they would come again on the following day. They pointed to the sun, to indicate the hour of two in the afternoon. Some ribbon, and a few similar articles, which Captain Norwood happened to possess, were presented to the chief. They then pointed again at the sun and took their leave, having left a sufficiency of Indian corn and bread to supply the calls of appetite among the party, which did not see them go away without regret.

The next day these charitable Indians came again, men, women and children, bringing bread and corn enough for all: many of them asked for beads, and a few similar things, of those who had brought them ashore, and they were given to them freely. Those who had none to give in exchange, received food from these kind Indians without any return. One of them, an old man, applied to Captain Norwood by gestures, as if he wished to be informed of what country Norwood and his friends were. Signs in reply were given, but both parties were equally unintelligible to each other. At last the captain recollected having read that *werowance*, which the old man had

frequently pronounced, meant *king*, in English. Speaking the word to the old man emphatically seemed to please him, and he led Norwood to the sea-side, when he embarked in a canoe for a place where a much larger one was laid up. This was set afloat, and the party got into it, being six short of the number which had come ashore from the ship. Four men and one woman were known to be dead, and one other woman was absent, but the Indians hinted they knew it, and would take care of her. They were now carried to the home of an Indian, and welcomed with great hospitality, after the manner of that people. Their arms and powder were placed in security, food supplied to them, and a large fire. Furs and deer-skins were placed over them for warmth. In short, no kindnesses which their unaffected hosts could show or obtain were omitted towards them. In a hut of mat, bark, and reeds, fixed on poles, the party were thus entertained, and treated with a boiled swan for their supper.

Refreshed by a sound sleep upon a stomach no longer craving, Norwood and his companions in misfortune awoke, as it seemed to them, in an earthly paradise. A good breakfast was provided for them, their fire-arms restored, and they set off to where the king or chief resided, leaving the two women to the care of the Indians, who were so weak that they could not accompany them, until means could be adopted of getting them to Virginia, where they ultimately arrived in safety, and were afterwards married. The travellers had not gone far upon their journey, when they were stopped by orders from the chief, and sent back to their old quarters, he having heard of their weak and emaciated condition. The chief would not suffer them to walk, but had sent canoes to the creek for them to come to him by another route. They went back accordingly, and embarked, passing about three miles through another branch of the creek they had formerly entered, and they landed near the residence of the chief's wife, who treated them with food of various kinds. They then set out for the chief's own residence. On arriving, they were conducted to a fire by themselves, to which no Indians came, but those who were bent upon some friendly office. The chief sent his daughter, about twelve years old, with a bowl of refreshments, which were delivered out of a mussel-shaped shell.

After the visitors had eaten, the chief sent to Captain Norwood, requesting he would come to him. He was made to take his place by the chief, who called him his brother. A consultation was then held among the Indians present, which seemed to relate to the situation of the shipwrecked people. Captain Norwood presented the chief with a sword and belt, which he put on, and with which he was much delighted. After mutual civilities, and having received much kindness, Captain Norwood parted, without making any progress in getting their Indian friends to understand they wished to set out for Virginia.

Thus kindly treated, they gained strength daily, and became more and more anxious to get away. They thought Virginia could not be at any very great distance, and that it bore from them, south by west, to south-west. They therefore began to save some provisions for their journey; but the chief penetrated their design, and endeavoured, by every means he possessed in the way of gesture and sign, to dissuade them from attempting it. He showed them that the cold, rain, darkness, and swamps, would prove fatal, unless they were directed by persons acquainted with the route. He pointed to his corn and his fires, and signified that the party was welcome to them. In fact, the goodness of the chief towards them was unbounded. In a little time he made Captain Norwood understand better what he wished to say. He seemed to desire to know whether they wished to go to the south or north. Upon being informed that the south was the direction, the chief was much pleased, and one of his suite made a sort of map on the ground with a stick, and drew the country to the south. The most southerly point he called Achomack, which Captain Norwood believed to be Virginia, and made them understand that it was there he wished to go, at which the chief appeared much gratified. They began at last to be impatient to go away, which seemed to displease the chief, who again showed them his corn, and, in fact, forced them to lay aside the thought of departing until he gave the word. On the mention of Achomack, he indicated

that it was not yet time, and he despatched a messenger to that place, which after all might not be Virginia. Still everything in the way of attention and kindness, which these Indians could lavish upon the party, was freely yielded. Captain Norwood had been on a visit to the wife of the chief, conducted by his daughter, and had just returned, when he found that the messenger whom the chief had sent was come back, with others, one of whom wore the English dress. He informed Captain Norwood of the ship's arrival, and of the difficulties she encountered before she entered James River, where she ran on shore. This person brought an Indian with him, who served as interpreter. From these it was ascertained that the party were about fifty miles from Virginia. Captain Norwood and three or four more, who were hale and stout enough for the journey, set out immediately, under the guidance of the messengers. Major Morrisson, the two women, and some others, were left to wait until the boats, which the governor had ordered to go round to receive them, should arrive. They took a regretful leave of the chief, and set off, passing swamps and creeks without number, and being entertained hospitably on their way by the Indians and their chiefs, when they chanced to fall in with them. The toll was considerable, and Captain Norwood was nearly overcome by the fatigue, which from wearing the boots of that age, was very much increased; his shoes he had worn out. At length he became desperate and ready to sink down. When they came within view of a resting place, on the last day but one, he willingly consented to a motion for sleeping out of doors, rather than go a hundred yards farther to a shelter. The next day they ended their toils at Achomack, more properly the county of Northampton, in Virginia. At the house of Mr. Yardly, who had been governor of Virginia, and had married a Dutch lady, named Custis, from Rotterdam, whom Captain Norwood had known in Europe from a child: he was treated like a relation, and sojourned ten days, waiting for a passage across the bay to his ultimate destination. Captain Norwood was well received by the governor, Sir William Berkeley, a devoted royalist. He appears to have corresponded with Charles II. during his exile, and to have made all appointments in the colony only upon the king's authority. Captain Norwood was his relation, and was sent by him to Holland, to solicit of Charles the place of treasurer of Virginia, void by the delinquency of one Claybourne. This place Norwood subsequently obtained, and there, it is probable, he ended his days.

SAM SPRITSAIL.

"Sam Spritsail's the lad you'd delight in,
For friendship he's ever agog;
Loves his king, loves his country, loves fighting,
And loves—to be sure he does—grog."

MAYHAP you didn't know Sam—one of the worthiest tars that ever handled a marlin-spike, or took his trick at the helm. Many's the time we have spun our yarns together, shared each other's 'bacca, or fought at the same gun; and tell me what can bind the ties of kindred stronger?

One day (shortly after the mutiny at Spithead) we were cruising off Brest, and it came on to blow a stiff breeze from the north-west; so the hands we turned up to reef topsails. Now we had always been considered the smartest ship in the fleet, and the topmen prided themselves on beating every one else, so they were at all times eager to get to their stations. Sam, in hurrying up the hatchway, happened to come in con-tack with a young midshipman that had scarce ever dipped his hands in salt water or bit the mark out of a king's biscuit, and nearly capized him. It wasn't down intentionally; but the small officer, without hesitation, struck him a blow; and, though it didn't hurt him much, yet his feelings were wounded, and that to Sam was worse than a broken limb. Howsomever, no time could be spared for parleying, for the gale was freshening; so he turned to the young gentleman, gave him a look of stern reproach, and shined away aloft

like a rocket. Well, d'ye see, after shortening sail, and the watch called, Sam was ordered aft on the quarter-deck; for the midshipman, not content with striking him, had also complained to the first lieutenant (who had only joined us a few days before), charging him with mutinous conduct and insolence.

"Indeed, sir," said Sam, "I couldn't help it—I didn't mean to offend Mr. —: it was all accidental, and I'm sorry for it."

"What do you say to that, Mr. —?" said the lieutenant.

"It was not an accident, sir," replied the midshipman, "but designedly done, for I saw him afterwards turn round and grin at me."

"Grin! no, sir, I didn't grin. I certainly looked round, when Mr. —," here he paused, too proud to mention the blow—"but let it rest, let it rest."

"No, my man," rejoined the lieutenant, "I shall not let it rest: the dregs of a mutinous spirit are still operating among you. Here, boatswain's mate, get a rope's-end, and give this fellow a starting."

"That's hard, sir," said Sam: "I've always done my duty, and every officer in the ship would answer for me."

"Silence, sir! not a word. Boatswain's mate, do your duty," but the poor fellow, who was a messmate of Sam's, fumbled so long, that the lieutenant gave him a rap on the head to freshen his way. By this time the men gathered round the gangways and along the lee side of the deck, all wondering what was the matter; for they knew their shipmate to be the most peaceable obliging man on board, and the best seaman to boot; so whippers ran along, and doubtful looks, as if every one tried to read the other's thoughts.

"Do your duty, boatswain's mate!" bellowed the lieutenant.

Jack Hawser raised his arm, looked at his messmate (who stood firm as a rock, without betraying a single emotion of fear), and then dropped it again with an expressive shake of the head. The lieutenant now got into a violent passion, and, seizing the end of the top-gallant clewline, laid it across Jack's shoulders. Again the rope's-end was raised; and Sam, seeing how matters stood, mildly told his messmate "to obey orders, and do his duty."

"Lay it on!" roared the officer, observing Jack hesitate; "lay it on the scoundrel; you're a set of mutinous dogs all together."

Jack was about to give the blow, impelled by the pain from the lieutenant's stripes, when, observing the calm, composed, yet pitying look of his messmate, he dashed the rope's-end on the deck, and turning to the officer, exclaimed, "If I do, I'll be hanged."

At this moment loud murmurs were heard amongst the men, who came pressing farther aft; but fortunately the next minute the captain walked out of his cabin, and finding the first lieutenant belabouring the boatswain's mate, while the determined countenances of the crew, threatened tumult. "Avast, avast, sir," he cried out, "what is all this? I'm sorry to see you in so degrading an office, sir. Pray, what has caused all this violence?"

The ship's company were eagerly crowding on the quarter-deck; but their clamour immediately subsided when they heard the captain's voice.

"Sir," replied the officer rather haughtily, "these men are mutinous;" loud murmurings rose among the people.

"Silence, my men," thundered out the captain, erecting himself in the attitude of one determined to be obeyed: "the first I hear utter a word, shall be instantly put in irons; if you are injured, I am here to do you service." Then turning to the officer, "be more guarded in your expressions, sir, and let me know as briefly as possible what has occasioned this commotion."

"This young gentleman, sir, brought me a complaint against one of the men, for wilfully running upon him so as nearly to knock him down, and for using insolent language."

"Where is the man?"

"Here, sir," pointing to Sam.

"Who, this—the man? why—but I must hear farther."

So he questioned him about it, and Sam explained what had taken place, which was proved by the evidence of all who had witnessed the transaction.

"But why, sir," addressing the lieutenant, "were you starting the boatswain's mate?"

"Because, sir, he would not execute my orders, in punishing the man."

"There he was wrong, for obedience in a seaman is the first test of duty. I honour him for his humanity and noble feeling, but he has my censure for disobedience of orders: however, as he has already suffered chastisement, I shall say no more. As for this man, sir," pointing to Sam, "I only wish that you, sir—yes you—possessed a heart equally brave and honourable. This man, whom you have stigmatised, and would have punished unjustly, preserved this ship and the lives of her officers during the late insurrection at Spithead. 'Tis true, for the time being, the captain was deprived of his command, and this man elected by the delegates instead; but such was his excellent conduct in restraining the seamen from acts of violence, or even trivial insult, that the duty was carried on by the officers with the same attention as before; only, in one thing they were all determined not to lift an anchor till their grievances were redressed; and perhaps—but that has been settled. Now, attend, sir, to what I am going to say: while the pendant is waving over our heads, bear in remembrance that I am captain of my own ship, nor will I suffer a hand to be raised against any of the people, unless through my directions." Some of the men began to cheer. "Silence, fore and aft, men: these cheers are disgusting to me, and I am highly displeased with your conduct. Have you ever found me regardless of your comforts or privileges, that you should thus assemble tumultuously together? But there are some among you on whom I shall have a bright eye, and therefore recommend them to keep a sharp look-out. Call the watch, boatswain's mate, and send the rest below."

As the calm frequently follows the tempest while the long-rolling waves are yet violently agitated, though the howling of the gale has ceased, so did the turbulence of the seamen subside, and, slowly quitting the deck, they scarcely raised their heads to look their commander in the face. Sam still stood by the 'Jacob's ladder'; and after the captain had taken a few turns he stopped before him.

"As for you, my man," said he, "your attachment to your king and country in the hour of peril has not been forgotten; continue in the conscientious discharge of your duty, and no one here shall harm you; nay, more, when we return into port, I shall use my interest in getting you promoted."

"God bless your honour," replied Sam; "I hope your honour don't want to get rid of me: I'd rather sail with you, sir, than be made a lord."

"Well, well," returned the captain, "go to your duty now; we'll speak about it another time."

A few weeks after this the fleet put in to Torbay for water, and all the boats were busily engaged in going to and from the shore, while many of the officers made short excursions up the country. During this period the first lieutenant did not forget Sam, for, being left in command, he harassed him incessantly; but the poor fellow scorned to shrink, or even complain. He was a married man, too, and his wife (who resided with her parents between Torbay and Plymouth), not having seen him since the mutiny, came alongside in a shore-boat, expecting to have an interview; but the commanding officer would not suffer her to come on board, alleging an order to that effect, which excluded women from the ship; so that poor Sam had only the cheerless satisfaction of passing a few minutes with her in the boat, vainly endeavouring to soften her anguish and sooth her disappointment. All hands exclaimed loudly against this tyranny, and would most probably have proceeded to open resistance; but they remembered the late rebuke of their captain and the remonstrances of Sam himself restrained them from open violence.

Well, d'ye see, we sailed again, and cruised to the westward in the chops of the Channel. One evening, just about dusk, blowing very hard, we sprung our bowsprit, and the first lieutenant came out upon it to see the extent of the injury. At this moment a cry was heard from the fore-castle, "A man overboard, a man overboard!" but the gale was so strong, that it could not be heard aft. Sam, however, who was standing on

the lee gangway, caught the sound; and, repeating it as loud as possible, sprung upon the hammock-nettings. The ship had very little way through the water; and every soul on deck crowded to the same spot, with the ends of ropes and other things to throw to the unfortunate swimmer; but he was nowhere to be seen.

"Where is he?" exclaimed the captain, jumping by the side of Sam: "lower the quarter-boat down. Can you discern any thing of him?" Sam was silent; but his keen eye seemed resting on a particular eddy in the sea. "Where is the first lieutenant?" continued the captain; "why is he not aft here!"

"'Tis Mr. L—— that's overboard, sir," cried a dozen voices at once.

"I see him, sir," said Sam, starting from that fixed attitude he had maintained; "I see him, sir!" and instantly dashed into the wave. The dark body of the lieutenant was now plainly visible, as it emerged from the deep, and lay for a moment inanimate upon the white foam of the billows, while Sam, with his sinewy arms, was cleaving the liquid element and throwing aside the spray. Before, however, he could reach the officer, the body began gradually to settle down again, and, when he reached the spot, was no longer to be seen. Breathless expectation sat on every countenance (for though all hands disliked him, yet sailors forgot animosities in a time of trouble); but what was their surprise—what was their horror—when the brave fellow, who had so gallantly risked his life to rescue his bitterest foe, disappeared in an instant! The ship had now forged considerably a-head, and, owing to the confusion occasioned by the accident, the boat was some time in lowering down; but at last they shoved off, while every eye was anxiously strained in the direction where Sam and the lieutenant had last appeared. The heavy wave rolled on unburdened, displaying its lofty top, as if in triumph, crested with sparkling foam.

"There he is!" exclaimed the captain, as the struggling seaman rose upon the hollow of the swell: "pull to starboard in the boat, and stretch out, my lads; stretch out."

This latter was delivered through the speaking-trumpet;—the officer heard it—waved his hat, and, catching sight of Sam himself, steered directly for the spot. Hope glowed in every breast at the prospect of his deliverance: but transient was its ray. A mountain wave came curling its monstrous head, threatening destruction to the gallant little crew: it caught the boat, nearly filling her with water, and drove them past their object. Darkness now obscured them from our view; though now and then we could just discern amidst the gloom a black speck, as it rode on the top of the billow. Another boat was immediately manned; lights were hoisted, and false fires burned; but nearly an hour elapsed, and no cutters returned. The captain paced the poop in violent agitation, frequently stopping to make inquiries and to look himself.

At last, "Here's a boat upon the weather quarter," exclaimed a little midshipman; and immediately added "There's two, sir—there's two—only look, there they both are! Hurrah, my lads: thank God! they're safe."

In a few minutes more they rowed alongside.

"Hand over a rope's end," cried the officer in the headmost boat, which was the first that had been sent away.

The rope's end was handed over.

"Some one must be hurt," said the humane surgeon, who stood ready to render his assistance.

"I imagine so," returned the captain, "for I fear the poor fellow is lost. As for Mr. L——, there cannot be the faintest hope: he has perished without doubt."

While this conversation was passing, the men were occupied in carefully raising some one up the side; and, just as the captain had finished his sentence, an apparently lifeless body was lifted over the gangway.

"'Tis Mr. L——," shouted the surgeon; "'tis my poor messmate!" and instantly sprung forward to assist in carrying him below.

"Have you saved the man?" inquired the captain; but, before his question could be answered, Sam appeared upon the deck. He staggered through exhaustion towards the captain, and fell senseless at his feet.

"Carry this brave fellow into my cabin directly," cried the captain, raising him in his arms, "and send the surgeon's assistant here immediately."

"I am here, sir," replied the young man; and, following them into the cabin, poor Sam was after some time recovered.

The first lieutenant had been conveyed to the ward-room, and every exertion used for two hours, without showing the least symptoms of returning animation: at the expiration of that time his pulse returned; and in another hour he uttered some incoherent words, and sunk into a deep sleep.

Sam told his tale. When he first disappeared, finding he had missed his object, and trusting to his skill, he dived after the sinking officer. Catching him by the hair, he brought him to the surface; but the lieutenant was senseless, and Sam was compelled to let him go. Again he dived, and again brought him up, when the boat missed them, till, almost exhausted, his strength began to fail, and both were settling fast. Once more Sam quitted his hold, but he determined, as help seemed to be at hand, to make one desperate struggle. He again dived, and writhed his hand in the officer's hair. The effort was too much; and despair even of his own life darted upon Sam's mind—when, at this moment—at this very moment—before he had raised his head above the water, he felt his arm firmly grasped, and the next was hauled up to the bows of the boat, one of the men having thrown himself over for this purpose, while another held fast by his foot.

What need of saying more? Sam was made a boatswain, and now lays up in ordinary in Chatham river while Mr. L— (at present an old post-captain); learned to temper "mercy with judgment," and became one of the best and most humane officers in the British navy.

A STRONG RESOLUTION.

WHEN the Earl of Rochester went to sea, in the year 1665, there happened to be in the same ship with him, Mr. Montague, and another gentleman of quality. These two, the former especially, seemed persuaded that they should never return to England; Mr. Montague said he was sure of it; the other was not so positive. When the day came that they thought to have taken the Dutch fleet in the port of Bergen, Mr. Montague, though he had such a presage of his approaching death, yet he gallantly stayed all the while in a place of the greatest danger. The other gentleman signalized his courage in the most undaunted manner, till the end of the action, when he fell on a sudden into such a trembling that he could scarcely stand; and Mr. Montague going to hold him up, as they were in each other's arms, a cannon-ball killed him outright, and carried away Mr. Montague's belly, so that he died within an hour after. The Earl, however, escaped all the dangers of war and sea: and related this anecdote to Bishop Burnet, his biographer.

ENO'S DAUGHTER.

An Anecdote of the late War in Caffreland, Cape of Good Hope.

THE most frightful scourge that ever visited the Cape colony, happened in the latter end of 1834 and the beginning of 1835, by the invasion of the Caffre tribes, who entered the territory at all points, in the month of December of the former year, carrying in their course, before an army could be got together strong enough to oppose their progress, the most fearful devastation. It being found necessary to retaliate upon the savages, by having recourse to their own system of warfare, and to induce them to withdraw from the colony, for the protection of their homes,

an expedition was set on foot, under the command of Majors Gregory and Burney, for the purpose of destroying their kraals (towns or cities) in Caffreland. The expedition set out on the 28th of January, and in four days arrived before the chief Eno's kraal. The majors sent orders that all women and children should quit the town; and shortly afterwards a retinue, chiefly females, was observed departing from the place westward, escorting a female on horseback, apparently of rank. At the same time was seen issuing from the town, a stately warrior, mounted, who, from his plumed and beaded head-dress, and studded kaross, was concluded to be "the chief of chiefs," Eno. Immediately followed him, from every outlet of the town a multitude of armed warriors, evidently resolved to oppose the intention of the British force. Major Gregory ordered them to surrender, but was answered by a loud yell, and a shower of assagais. He ordered his men to open their fire, which was requested to be more particularly directed against the right of the enemy, where the bold chief was seen coolly issuing his orders, to a group of chieftains in his immediate neighbourhood. After the second discharge from the British infantry, a particular movement was observed amongst the sable warriors, and the next moment the whole of the leaders rushed forward, prostrating themselves at the point of the British bayonets, while an interpreter cried aloud, "Amagleci—you fight against a woman." A parley was sounded, and Tshetima, Eno's youthful daughter, was carried bleeding before the English commander. Eno himself escaped, disguised in the dress of his daughter, in the retinue already mentioned, while she appeared, in order to favour her father's escape, in his warlike habiliments, at the head of his warriors. Major Gregory received her most kindly—ordered a surgeon to attend to her wounds—she received two, one in her shoulder and another in her left breast—which were soon healed, and her kaross, perforated by four musket-balls, being retained as a trophy, she was, after a short detention, restored to her desolated home.

A JOLLY TAR.

A JOLLY tar once hired a horse for a day's excursion, and on alighting at an inn to get some refreshment, Jack ordered the ostler to *calabash* the horse, and ordered a beef steak smothered with onions, and a glass of brandy and water.

The ostler, in the meanwhile, stood pondering upon the strange order which he had received, and which he could not execute, because he did not comprehend it. He was, however, soon extricated from this dilemma by the arrival of a naval captain and his spouse in a phaeton and pair.

On the captain's inquiring the reason of the ostler's standing motionless, and in a sort of reverie, the latter replied that a sailor gentleman had ordered him to *calabash* the horse, and that he did not understand what *calabashing* meant.

"No," said the captain, "why you must cut off its ears and its tail."

These instructions the ostler complied with, as soon as he had disposed of the captain's equipage.

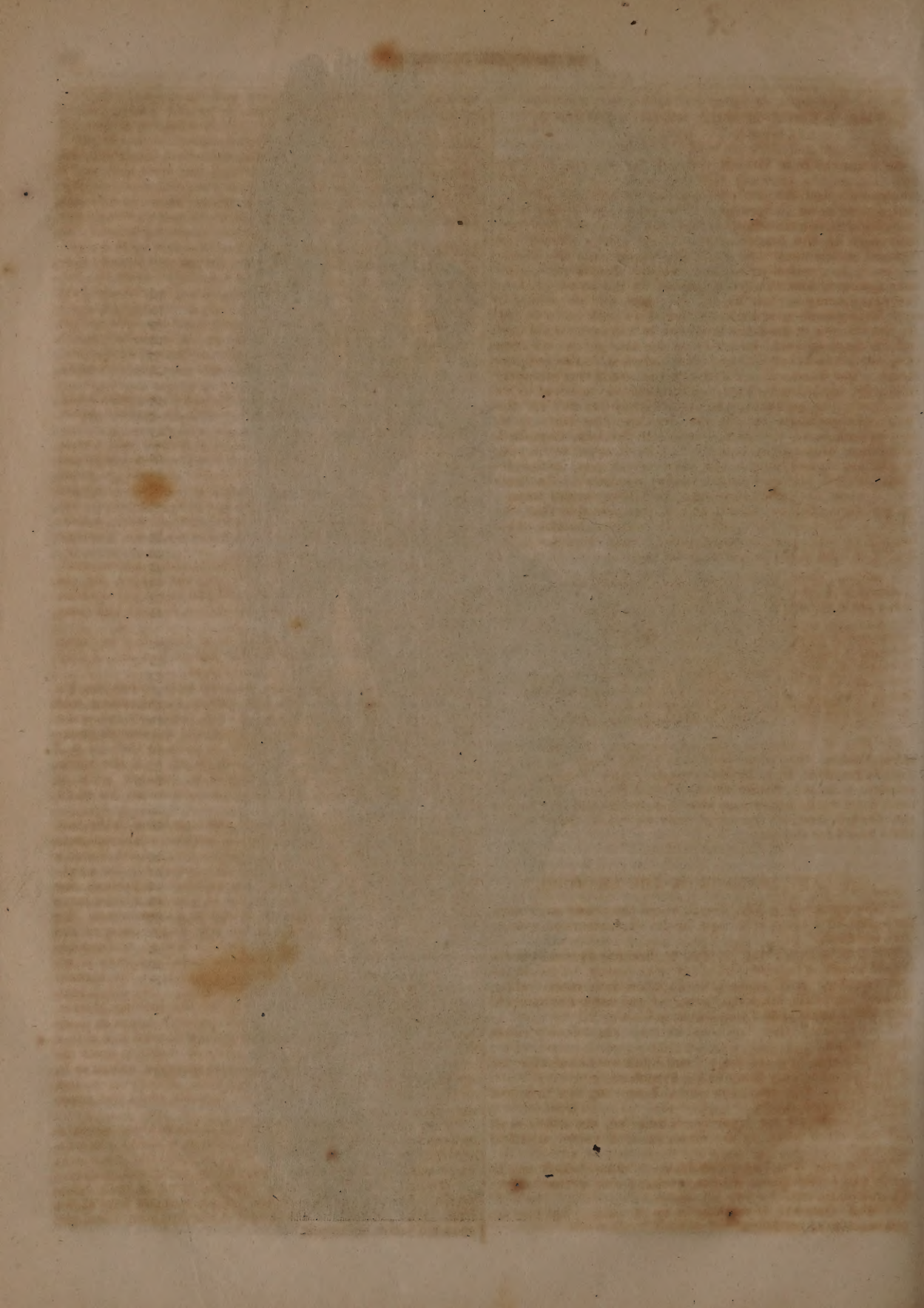
The jolly tar who was sitting at a window above, and had overheard all that passed between the captain and the ostler, resolved upon being a match for the facetious captain. Accordingly, Jack had no sooner finished his repast, than he descended into the stable, and taking a knife out of his pocket, ripped up the mouths of the captain's horses, even to their ears; he then ordered his docked, or rather *calabashed*, horse to be brought in front of the window where the captain and his spouse were sitting, enjoying the fresh air.

As soon as Jack mounted his horse, the captain exclaimed, "So Jack, they have *calabashed* your horse."

"Yes, sir," rejoined he; "and I am happy to say, that yours have split their jaws with laughing at him."



THE WRECK OF THE JOSHUA EMBLEM, AMERICAN BARQUE



THE WRECK OF THE JOSHUA EMBLEM, AMERICAN BARQUE.

By accounts from Gibraltar, dated January 6th, 1845, we find that on the previous night the rock was visited by a tremendous easterly gale, accompanied by a deluge of rain, that poured down in torrents. The long scope of the wind lashed the Mediterranean into fury, and the waves beat fearfully high on the craggy coast. About eleven o'clock the look-out sentinels observed a large vessel near the shore, evidently in great distress, and making signals for assistance: soon afterwards she grounded on the eastern beach, the sea making a clear breach over her, and considerable apprehensions were entertained that she would go to pieces. As she washed in upon the breakers, it was ascertained that not a living soul could be seen fore and aft, and the thrilling conjecture arose that all hands had perished in the ruthless storm. The information relative to the wreck was promptly forwarded to the main guard, and from thence conveyed to his excellency the governor, who immediately set out for the scene of desolation, accompanied by Capt. the Hon. J. R. Drummond, R.N., of H.M.S. Scout, Col. Sir John Campbell, field officer of the night, and Mr. L. Cowell, agent to Lloyd's, to afford such assistance to the survivors, if any, as the circumstances of the case might render necessary. On their arrival upon the beach they were told that several human beings were still on board, and it was probable that the whole of the crew had sheltered themselves below. This happily proved to be the case, though they were for some length of time in the most imminent peril.

With mournful look the seamen ey'd the strand
Where death's inexorable jaws expand;
Swift from their minds elaps'd all dangers past,
As dumb with terror they beheld this last.
Uplifted on the surge to Heaven she flies,
Her shatter'd top half buried in the skies,
Then headlong plunging thunders on the ground,
Earth groans—air trembles—and the deeps resound!
Her giant-bulk the dread concussion feels,
And quivering with the wound, in torment reels.

By dint of strenuous exertion, however, the crew were safely landed. The vessel proved to be the American barque Joshua Emblem, D. L. Wilcox, master, from Palermo, with sulphur, wine, &c., bound to the United States. Her main-mast went by the board soon after she struck; and it is feared that though some of the cargo may be saved, there is but little hopes for the ship.

GALLANT DEFENCE OF THE LEANDER.

"Was't you at the Nile, Tim?" asked the president, Peters, for seated in a large arm-chair, he did the honours as well as give the feast.

"Yes, to be sure I was," replied he, bridling up, "and had a double whack of fighting, but not of prize-money. I was in the Old Leander. Ah!" replied the old fellow with much feeling, brought out by the magician 'grog';—"and never while this old hulk keeps afloat shall I forget that noble ship."

"Not so noble either," returned Peters; "she was only one of the old fifties."

"That's true," replied Tim; "but didn't we all but take one of the biggest seventy-fours in the French navy?"

"What the Genereux, you mean, I suppose, that took you instead," replied Peters.

"You may call her Jinnyroo, if you like, but I can read, and her right name is the Genereux, if I knows anything about it."

"To be sure it is," says Fat Jack. "'Sides, I don't care to speak like a Frenchman, if I can speak my own mother tongue, it's enough for me."

"Well, Genereux, if you like it, by all means; but how did you manage to get taken?"

"Taken," said Old Tim, starting up, and holding his pipe in the air—"Why, she was three to one against us. Why, we began the action eighty men short of complement, and there wasn't less than eight or nine hundred men on board the Frenchman to fight our three hundred; and then look'ee, we had only eighteens and nines, to his thirty-sixes and eighteen pounders. Ah! if all our chaps had been aboard, she wouldn't have had the Old Leander to tow after her. You see, we got out of the Nile action better off than any ship there, for our captain was a brave and good officer, and looked out a snug berth for us, just under the bows of a eighty-gun ship, so that they could only give us their bow guns in exchange for our broadside, and we played Old Scratch with 'em. Rest his soul he was a taut hand; but give me that before one of your grog-stopping, leave-stopping, black-list fellows. Well, I often go and peep in through the railings at his monument in the Melancholy (the hospital cemetery), and thinks to myself sometimes, he might have had worse anchoring ground, than along with his old shipmates."

"But go on with the battle: because I don't see there's any disgrace in being beaten, when the enemy is so very much stronger," said Peters.

"Disgrace! I've fought in two general actions, and was at the cutting-out of the Desiree, from Dunkirk, when I belonged to the Dart, that wasn't amiss either, and in plenty of other work; but, I can tell you, I'm not so proud of my Trafalgar medal as of that fight in the Old Leander. Disgrace!" rejoined the old man, who didn't like the word at all—"I considers it's the greatest honour as ever happened to me, although we did get taken."

"Well, I meant no harm," replied Peters, a little disconcerted. "No, no, I know you didn't; give us your flipper, my old boy; I know you for a noble heart, and you ought to have been a post-captain, instead of an old collegeman, if right had come to right," said Old Tim.

"Come, old boy, sit down and tell us all about that business. I know it's a credit to you for holding out as you did; I only said that to draw you along," replied Peters.

Tim accordingly resumed his seat, and after re-lighting his pipe, and puffing a cloud, that rose curling to the ceiling, was going to commence his yarn, when a fresh visitor arrived, and a very welcome one, named Jim Roberts, and surnamed Long-togs, from his often dressing himself in plain clothes. I will not enter upon this new comer, but go on with the story. Roberts made himself doubly welcome by another bottle of rum; he seated himself, and old Tim commenced his story thus:—

"After the Nile action, you know, our ship being in the best condition, she was ordered to carry the account of the action to the admiral of the station, and Captain Berry, Lord Nelson's flag-captain, was sent on board with the despatches, for a passage. Just eighteen days after the action, at day-break, our ship was becalmed under the Island of Candia, when a large ship we made out standing towards us with a light breeze. We soon made her out to be one of the Nile ships, 'cause of the white patches over the shot holes about her bows, and accordingly cleared for action. You see we couldn't get away if we had tried, 'cause the ship was land-locked, so the captain ordered the ship to be kept as she was going. We didn't take long to clear for action. There was no fine looking glasses, and safes, and large libraries, in our captain's cabins in those days, as one of our chaps, as was captain's-steward in a ship a little while ago, says there is now. Why he wants to make me believe there is as many books in some captains' cabins as in our library over the way—but it won't do. Hows'ever we had no books but the purser's in the old Leander, and I was never very deep in them."

"They piped to breakfast at one bell in the morning watch. I suppose our captain thought the Frenchmen wouldn't give us a bellyfull; be that as it may, we went to breakfast upon cold water and biscuit, and many a poor fellow never had another."

"We had about fifteen hands wounded lying in their hammocks, when we commenced the action, who got hurt at the Nile. Poor fellows! we lost nearly a hundred men, killed and wounded before we struck."

"Well, as soon as we'd done breakfast—not long first, you may be sure, when our enemy was in sight—the drum beat to quarters. Some of our crew said as how Captain Thomson wanted to run the ship ashore, to save the men's lives, only Captain Berry—a regular fire-eater—advised him not; but I don't believe it: he valued his name too much for that—though, for that matter, we might have got off better if he had done so. But there was no knowing till we tried, but what we might take him, and if we had not been short so many men, it's my belief she would have been our prize.

"I was doing quarter-master's duty at that time, though rather a young hand, and 'twas my watch on deck when we first made her out. When they beat to quarters after breakfast, I gave up the wheel to the captain's coxen, and went to my quarters on the main-deck. About one bell in the forenoon watch, up came the Frenchmen, blazing away, right and left, long before she was in gun-shot, and wasting the powder and shot, which we wanted. When she came pretty close the word was then passed to lie down at our quarters, as usual, to receive a broadside; and she began to hit us, but hurt no one. At last (all as quiet below as housebreakers) we had the command given us—"fire." The Frenchman was close alongside, and we gave him as smart a broadside as our little guns, double-shot, could throw. He then ran us aboard by the fore-chains, and tried to board, but they got off with the worst of it. Our division of boarders was called up from below, to lend a hand to keep them off, and one fellow stuck the point of a boarding-pike in my cheek, you can only just see the mark.

"Poll said it spoil'd my face when she first saw me afterwards; but when she heard I was a stager, with plenty of money, she told me it made me look quite beautiful.

"Ay," continued the old man, with a grin, "they'd tell Old Blueskin so if he had plenty of prize-money."

"Well, our mizen-mast was shot away, and a breeze coming off the land, the French ship shot a-head of us, and we managed to get a chance of raking her. We poured every shot of our broadside into her cabin windows, and sent many a Johnny Crappo to the bar of the other world. But it soon came to their turn, and they fired their whole broadside into us, within pistol-shot. It shook us from stem to stern, and many a bold fellow lost the number of his mess.

"We fought six hours; just think of that. Why, if she had handled her guns in a seaman-like manner, she ought to have sunk us in a little more than six minutes. We had to cut through the main-topsail, laying over our larboard side, to make room for the muzzles of the guns, for our ship was quite a wreck—not a stick standing—but still the brave hearts wouldn't give in.

"Fore and aft there was no murmur heard, every man was ready to stick by the craft till she sunk; and once, when she sheered off to repair some damages, we gave him three cheers, and turned to, making cartridges and refitting all we could to give him chase. We fired everything at him we could get hold of—crowbars, nails, and all sorts, I saw one of the crowbars sticking through her deck afterwards; and they never had a harder day's work in their lives than when they took the little Leander; we killed nearly three hundred of them, before we surrendered.

"But we lost two lieutenants, the master, the boatswain, and a third part of the crew; and the great lubberly hulk had taken up his berth under our stern, to give us another broadside, when our brave captain, thinking we had fought long enough for it was now past five-bells in the afternoon watch, ordered our colours to be hauled down; and the old English ensign, all in strips, was struck; at the same time the despatches in three large bags, were thrown out of the cabin windows, with shot in them.

"As soon as the Frenchmen saw we had struck, one of their midshipmen, and two or three men, swam on board of us (for neither had a boat that could swim); they were stark naked, and they dived down below at once, and rigged themselves in any clothes they could get hold of: not one of us offered the least resistance. At last the Frenchmen managed to mend one of their boats with tarpauling, so as to get us aboard their ship.

"We had not many traps left us to take away, for lots of the Frenchmen soon swam aboard, and took care of our bags for us.

"Some of us thought it better to wear two shirts, but as soon as we got to the French ship, one of them was taken away.

"Captain Jolly was a great scoundrel, and used our captain like a brute—his men in the Leander stole the Doctor's instruments when he was going to dress the men's wounds, for the wounded men were all left aboard, and he (Captain Lejoille) kept him (the Doctor) from coming aboard the French ship to our captain, who was badly wounded.

"We had nothing but oil and rice to eat, and they made us work and refit the ship. We fished his foremast, (another shot would have knocked it down), and knotted all his shrouds, for which Captain Jolly promised us our liberty as soon as we got to Corfu; but as soon as we had done all the work he started us down below, and kept us close till we got there. But, you see, we can't wonder at their being a little matter spiteful—see what a thrashing they got at the Nile, and you know we shouldn't have liked such a beating as that ourselves. Captain Jolly was one of your Brittoon men, and could speak English as well as any of us: he wanted to get some of our chaps to enter for his ship, but not a man of us would have done so to have saved their lives. He didn't know much of our hearts, if he did our language, if he thought to make any of us fight against our country.

"One of our main-topmen said to him, when he asked him to enter for the ship.

"No, d—n your ship, and service too; why, a French prisoner in England gets a better dinner every day, than you do, although you're Captain of this lubberly craft."

"He got in a terrible passion, and swore he'd shoot him; but Ben Thompson cared little for his threat—he wasn't the man to flinch.

"Well, when we got to Corfu, they sent us ashore to a dirty prison, where they used us as bad as they did in the ship; and it was two or three months before they sent some of us, and I among them, aboard a merchantman, bound to Trieste; but as soon as we got out, we rose upon the crew, and made them take us to Naples, where we at last arrived, with hardly a rag to cover us, and half starved."

A NAVAL SKETCH.

(BY JONATHAN-OLDJUNK, ESQ., R. N.) *

"Order is Heaven's first law."

AND, by the flag of Saint George! so it is in the navy; for as obedience is considered the great test of duty, so does order in a ship keep the whole machinery ready for any operation at a moment's warning. But notwithstanding the most exact order—though every man may be at his station, and the cook by the fore-sheet, though every rope may be snugly coiled down, and the craft as fine as a fiddle—she would remain a mere piece of wonderful mechanism; but destitute of regularity, guidance, and frequently motion, but for that which forms the mainspring of the whole—"ORDERS."

The initiated reader requires no explanation of the term; but to the uninitiated, I must be permitted to render myself fully understood. Orders may be classed under three distinct heads:—"Verbal"—such as the word of command in action, or in working ship, &c. By "signal"—communications made known through the medium of flags, telegraphs, &c.; and "written" which conveys its own meaning.

Every ship in the service, from a first-rate to a four-gun cutter, with a commissioned officer, carries a general order-book; besides which, most captains are in the practice of keeping a written order-book for the officers commanding

* From the "United Service Magazine."

watches during the night ; and this system is generally preferred by the officers themselves, as it gives them specific instructions, which may at all times be produced as evidence.

An admiral in command, either on board the flag-ship or at his office on shore, has a general order-book ; in which all orders are entered for the management and discipline of the fleet ; and on every occasion of a fresh order, the signal is made for a lieutenant or midshipman from each ship, who brings the vessel's own particular order-book, and takes a copy of the original. Now, as only two or three can copy at a time, and as there are frequently twenty or more waiting, these meetings are sometimes productive of much amusement ; and it often happens, that acquaintances are formed, which afterwards are cemented by the closest friendship.

Having thus explained the meaning of my title, it now remains for me to follow it up by giving a few practical illustrations, copying the orders themselves for my text, and showing their consequent results.

"The Royal William has hoisted the signal for all midshipmen, sir," said an old quarter-master, touching his tarpaulin hat to the first lieutenant of the *Indefatigable* frigate, as she was lying at Spithead.

"Answer it," replied the officer, "and messenger ! messenger !"

"Sir !" exclaimed a shrill squeaking voice, as a little, diminutive lad ran up to the lieutenant, hat in hand.

"Tell Mr. Oldjerk he's wanted to go away on duty immediately," said the officer. The boy disappeared. "Boatswain's mate," continued the lieutenant, "pipe away the jolly-boat."

In a few minutes afterwards I was on deck, dressed in long uniform coat, cocked hat, and side-arms, and received my orders to go on board the admiral. The weather was very squally, with rain, and threatening to blow a downright gale ; but as the Royal William lay to leeward of us, and the tide was running to windward, it was easy to hoist the sail, and we were very soon alongside ; whilst I naturally expected to be detained only a few minutes in copying the order, and then saving the weather current back.

But in this I was disappointed, for the signal had been flying a considerable time before the old quarter-master had seen it ; and as there were between twenty and thirty sail at Spithead, most of the midshipmen claimed precedence, from having gone on board before me ; and, consequently, I was compelled to wait for my turn.

"What is the order about ?" I inquired of a handsome little youngster, who claimed intimacy with me from having met together on shore.

"I hardly like to tell you," he replied, "for I'm half afraid they're tricking me."

"What is it ?" said I, "and who was it gave you the information ?"

"It was the midshipman of the *Donegal*," he answered, "who told me ; and he says it is an order that no captain is to allow of pigs being taken to sea, without first cutting off their tails."

"Nonsense," said I, laughing, "he only meant to quiz you. But I imagine it must be something important, or the signal would not have been made in such weather as this."

"I don't know what to think," responded the youngster, "but certain it is, that every one I have asked, has given me the same answer ; and one offered to show me his order-book, but I had only time to glance at it ; and, sure enough, I caught sight of the word *pig-tails*."

"D——n their tails," exclaimed a midshipman, as he passed us with his order-book under his arm, and hastened to the gangway to descend to his boat. "To think that one of his majesty's officers is to be called out of a snug berth, when it's raining marlinspikes and scuppersnails, to copy an order about pig-tails !—it's what I call ungentlemanly, and proves the service is going to the devil. Why couldn't they make the signal for all pursers or marine officers ?"

"Or all butchers," chimed in another : "they'll be sending for all captains next, to know which man drinks the strongest cocoa !"

"Is it true, sir," slyly asked the marine who stood sentry at

the gangway, "is it true, sir, that the tails are to be disrated ; and will they have to return them into store, sir ?"

"Aye, Jolly, and they may pickle them if they like," returned the midshipman. "D——n their tails !—to think that one of his majesty's officers, &c."—and he went grumbling down the side, rendering the word *pig-tails* the most audible that was uttered.

"What can all this mean ?" thought I ; "surely there must be some mistake : for though Sir Isaac Coffin is about as mad a genius as ever lived, yet he would hardly have recommended such a freak to Admiral Montagu ; and even if he had, the old admiral certainly would never have complied with it."

"May the king live for ever !" exclaimed another midshipman, who, having copied the order, was also hastening away to his boat ; "but if ever I come athwart a pig-tail, and a sharp knife in my hand—you may guess the rest, boys ; but if I don't—there's no snakes in Virginny. Take care of yourselves, reefers, I've given you your cue,—look out after the tails yourselves when you get to your berths."

"I say, Jolly," said an old tar, taking a severe turn with his quid, "this 'll be a great saving of blacking and heel-ball. If they arn't returned into store, will you gi'e me yours to keep my marlinspike in, eh ?"

"We shall none of us be the worse," said another ; "and they were but ammunition consarns arter all. It looks unnatural like, to see a tiller shipped the wrong way ; it's like running the bowsprit out of the cabin-windows."

"Young gentlemen ! young gentlemen !" exclaimed the first-lieutenant of the *Billy*, who saw us congregated together near the seamen, "this is no time for long tales,—the gale is freshening ; get your order copied and bear a hand to your respective ships."

The "aye, aye, sir," responded simultaneously from all the midshipmen, most of whom took his expression of "long tales" according to the thoughts that were then uppermost in their minds. I own I was greatly puzzled, and began to muster up all my stock of knowledge, both mathematical and scientific, to try and discover what could be the reason of the order,—what benefit pigs were to derive from having their tails cut off,—and how his Majesty's service was to be advantaged by the excision.

At length my turn arrived. I hastened, nay almost ran (a rank heresy on the quarter-deck) into the clerk's office ; and both under the break of the poop where the *Billy's* supernumerary mids were sheltering themselves from the rain, as well as in the cabin, scarcely anything could be heard but the word "tails." I hastily glanced my eye over the order, and there, sure enough, was the same term in bold and legible handwriting. I seized the pen in an agony of impatience, and copied as follows :—

"The Lords of the Admiralty having issued directions that the Marine Forces now serving on board of his Majesty's fleets should, from the date hereof, cease to use or wear the usual leather queue or pig-tail now worn, I hereby give orders that the captains and commanders of his Majesty's ships and vessels of war under my command, do see the same strictly carried into effect ; and for the future the leather queue or pig-tail now worn shall be discontinued."

"Given on board his Majesty's ship the Royal William, at Spithead, this — day of —, 1808."

"By the order of the Admiral,

"WILLIAM HENRY SCRIVEN, Secretary."

The murder was out,—it was not the tails of the poor pigs that were to be put out of commission, but the false tails or queues worn by the marines. The joke, however, had been well preserved, and I enjoyed a hearty laugh at the *denouement*.

My order was written, but so much time had elapsed, that it was now slack water, and the gale blew with increased violence, whilst a nasty short sea rendered it almost impossible to pull a-head. Nevertheless, I made the attempt, and the

men laboured hard at the oars, so that we got about a cable's length towards the frigate; but the tide came strong against us, and I was on the point of returning to the Royal Billy, when my attention was attracted to a small sailing yacht that was carrying on a heavy press of sail, and evidently managed by unskilful hands. She was going dead before it, her boom eased off nearly to the shrouds; and as she yawed about with bad steering, the mainsail frequently lifted by the lee and threatened to gibe. That there were females on board, I could see by the white drapery; and I could not but be painfully apprehensive of the danger the whole party were exposed to.

My determination was instantly fixed. The carrying so much canvass was evidence that they had not sufficient strength to take it in; and if the sail giped, it would either carry away the masts, or, what was worse, upset the vessel.

"Lay in your oars, men, and toss the mast up in an instant," I exclaimed. The men stared,—hesitated for a moment,—but on my adding, "Bear a hand my boys, or that craft will be a wreck," the mast was immediately stepped, the foresail was hoisted, and I edged down towards the yacht, so as to try and cut her off; but the rate she was going at totally precluded all possibility of accomplishing it, and I dropped astern. The person at the helm seemed to be aware of my intention to board him, and, unfortunately, gave the yacht a broad yaw to port: the sails giped, and the next moment the yacht lay upon her beam ends.

My boat had good way upon her, and in a few minutes my sail was lowered, the mast down, and the men upon their oars pulling towards the yacht that was lying keel out, lifting with the sea, and rapidly filling with water. I sprang on to her bottom, and the next instant a wave completely engulfed me; but, holding on by a rope, I was soon lifted again, and with two of my men got into the rigging, to the great risk of our lives. At first I could see but one man, who was in an almost exhausted state, clinging to the upper portion of the taffrail; but as the vessel again rose, the arm of a female was seen struggling out of the water. It was instantly grasped by myself and men, and we raised an elderly and apparently elegantly dressed woman from the gear with which she was trammelled. The strength of the three combined, however, was barely effective enough to get her clear, and I was wondering at the amazing weight of so slim a figure, (for she was very slight made) when I discovered that another female was clinging, with all the energy of a death-struggle, to her dress. The two were hauled up, the waves occasionally beating over us with horrible fury, as if desperate at the prospect of losing their prey. We had dragged two ladies on to the yacht's bottom, and my brave fellows were trying to disengage the clothes of the second from something which held them fast to the opposite gunwale, when one of the men exclaimed, "I'm blessed if here arn't another woman! I say, sir, there seems to be a whole cable's length of 'em!"

It was, indeed, true: a third female was holding on to the dress of the second, but before we could rescue her from the perilous situation she was in, her hold relaxed, and she disappeared.

"She's gone, sir," said one of the seamen. "Poor thing!—and she looked but young to die so unnatural a death for her."

"She must not die, Peters!" exclaimed I; "but get these ladies into the boat as quick as possible: bear a hand, my good lads, we must save that girl."

"It's of no use, Mr. Oldjunk," answered the man, as he carefully got one of the ladies into the jolly-boat, where the person who had been clinging to the taffrail had already seated herself, apparently in a state of stupefaction. "I say it's of no arthely use to try to save her, sir,—rather save yourself, for she must have perished."

"She shall not perish, Peters, by —," I cried out in agony; and lowering myself down by a rope, I plunged under the water and groped about the rigging, but without avail; and I began to fear Peters was correct. Being a good swimmer, I struck off (still keeping the rope slack in my hand) and got into the mainsail, where I soon entangled my

feet in something of light texture, which was rent with my efforts to disengage myself; and I caught hold of some shreds of muslin. "It must be she," thought I; and diving down, I had the satisfaction of bringing to the surface the body of a young girl: but the sea was so rough, that it was with the utmost difficulty I could keep her up; and as she was in a state of insensibility, (I feared death) she was totally unable to aid my endeavours.

At length I was able to pass the rope securely round her waist, and she was dragged on to the yacht's bottom, and from thence placed in the stern-sheets of the jolly-boat, in which I now perceived another stranger, who, it afterwards appeared, had been under the mainsail, but had contrived to clear himself and swim round to the boat.

"Bear a hand, Mr. Oldjunk," said Peters, "the craft's getting into her flowing, sir; don't you hear her sough?"

"Are there any more human beings on board the vessel?" I shouted to the strangers; and the last man picked up replied, "There were yet two missing."

"For God's sake, Mr. Oldjunk, let us shove off," said Peters, "for if she goes down, we stand a chance of going with her. She'll right a little before she sinks, sir, and it will be better to lay on our oars to pick 'em up when they clear the rigging."

The man was right,—it would have been madness to have remained longer,—and I lost no time in getting into the boat and shoving off a short distance from the sinking wreck. The wind howled over us—the rain came down in anger—the waters roared beneath us—and the little yacht, after two or three surges, and that peculiar kind of moaning occasioned by the confined air, suddenly threw her mast partly erect, and went down in about seven fathoms. But our expectations of saving any other life were gone, the vessel disappeared as though the seas had never borne her weight, and the waves rolled on with scarcely a trace that the gilded toy had ever cleft their hilly tops: yet no human being appeared, and it seemed certain that whoever the two individuals were, both had perished.

Several boats had put off from the nearest ships on witnessing the catastrophe; but when they saw my little shell floating alone on the waters, they returned back. My mast was again stepped, the sail hoisted, and away we flew like a sea-bird on the wind seeking shelter from the "pelting of the pitiless storm."

The two females first saved had partially recovered consciousness; but the youngest lay extended, in all the paleness and livid hue of death.

"Take the helm, Peters," said I, "and keep her head a little broad of Ryde pier." The man obeyed—"And now, lads, hats and caps to work, and bale her out."

I raised the inanimate body of the young female in my arms, (for the water in the boat was washing over her,) and carefully wrapped my cloak around her cold form. My hand was pressed upon her heart, but there was no tremor—no throb—no pulsation. Yet, when I looked upon her face it displayed no signs of convulsive struggling; the features were placid—even smiling; and though no roseate tint mantled on the lily whiteness of her cheek, there was sufficient to show she had been a lovely flower, and as I pressed her (almost unconsciously) to my heart, the tears came gushing from my eyes, and I breathed a fervent prayer to the throne of Omnipotence, that the God of Mercy would stretch forth his arm and save.

The boat rushed on her way, the seas at times toppling over her stern and raging in upon her gunwale, so as to keep the men constantly baling. The individuals whom I had rescued held no converse with each other—indeed fear seemed to have paralysed their faculties; but Ryde pier was now close at hand, and I could see the hardy pilots and boatmen down upon the beach; they had no doubt witnessed the occurrence, and were preparing to render us assistance in landing, as the sea was breaking with no small degree of violence over the long flat of sand that stretches out from the shore.

Once more resumed the helm, and the men discontinued baling to attend to the sails; the boat behaved well, and

danced over the raging swell with great velocity; the outer breakers were passed in safety, and we were rapidly gaining the shore, when a heavy surge nearly filled the boat, which struck with considerable force upon the ground, and trembled in every joint; another succeeded; the two females shrieked, and their voices sounded fearfully wild as they mingled with the howling of the gale; a third shook came, and the boat rolled completely over, carrying away the mast, and sending us once more struggling amongst the waters. But we could feel the bottom with our feet, and as the breakers receded the bold pilots came hurrying down to our rescue.

A powerful feeling, which I never could account for, made me reckless of my own safety whilst the young female was near me. It is true, I thought she was a corpse, but I could not leave her; indeed my strength seemed renovated as I again took her in my arms and ran up the beach as fast as circumstances would allow. Several persons offered to relieve me from my burthen, but I would not resign her, and hurrying to a light single-horse carriage, I laid her gently down in it, sprang in myself—looked round and saw my men were all on shore—applied the whip to the horse's flank, and dashed off at a tremendous pace for the hotel, leaving the boy who had charge of the vehicle standing gazing after us, and mute with astonishment.

"A surgeon! a surgeon! send instantly for a surgeon!" I vociferated as loud as I could, the moment the horse was pulled up at the door. "For the love of God lose not a moment! and here, my good lasses, carry this young lady into the house." My directions were implicitly obeyed; several respectable families, who were sojourning at the hotel, rendered their assistance; a surgeon promptly arrived, and the process for the purpose of procuring resuscitation was instantly commenced. In the meantime a large carriage was sent down to bring up the others; beds were prepared, and everything necessary to counteract the effects of terror and distress; and I had soon the satisfaction of seeing the surviving party safe in a comfortable apartment, and attended by gentlemen of the medical profession, which, shortly afterwards, was heightened almost to extacy by the information that the young female began to manifest symptoms of returning animation.

"Well, Peters," said I, as the gallant fellow came up to me outside the hotel, "is everything saved? But stop, first of all get a glass of rum and wash the saltwater out of your throat, and give a glass each to the rest;" for they had accompanied him, though hanging a short distance astern, lest I should find fault with the whole of them having left the boat.

"Why yes, sir," replied Peters, after swallowing his dram, "everything is secure but your cocked hat and coat, and them has made sail for the Needles. But I'm blessed, Mr. Oldjunk, if this arn't a rum consarn—who'd ha' thought that them here marines' tails would have been the saving of five lives?"

"That reminds me of it," said I, "pray where's the order-book?"

(To be continued.)

THE BOAT RACE.—A TRUE TALE.

"'Twas a gallant bark, with a crew as brave,
As ever launched on the heaving wave;
And shone in the light of declining day,
And each sail was set, and each heart was gay."

It was a fine, clear afternoon, and everything was bustle and commotion, about the harbour of Perth. Next day there was to be a match betwixt a few boats, which a number of gentlemen kept for their amusement. Eight o'clock in the morning was appointed for the time of starting, so as to meet the tide as they returned in the afternoon. The morning came, and by seven o'clock a great number of spectators had assembled to witness the scene. Every boat was at its post, with streamers flying at their mast-heads; and as a favourable breeze had sprung up, every heart was light, and in the expectation of a

good day's sport. At length the loud boom of a cannon, announced that the wished-for hour had arrived. In an instant the anchors were hoisted, and the gallant little flotilla set off amid the huzzas of the assembled multitude.

In the afternoon came the tide, and with it came the boats each in order, according to their sailing properties. After all had arrived, the owners adjourned to one of the inns of the "fair city," where was awaiting them a sumptuous dinner, over which, a dispute arose as to the properties of two of the winners, and at length a wager was struck, and a day appointed for another match.

The day came: but it was gloomy and threatening, and a heavy west wind was blowing; but still they resolved to go. They started; but as they rounded a point of the river, it was so boisterous, that one of them gave up all hopes of being able to live out to the end of their journey, and returned. But still the other held on her way, ploughing the waves, and dashing the spray from her bows, as if in defiance of their fury.

Onward and onward she sped, and the town of Newburgh soon came in sight. They passed it, flying "on the wings of the wind," as if their frail bark had been a feather. Soon it was left far behind, and it appeared only as a speck upon the waters; and the town of Dundee appeared to their view, and in less than half an hour they arrived, and landed—safe.

Next day, being Sunday, they spent it in strolling about the town, and viewing the principal buildings. Monday morning came, and they began to make preparations for their homeward voyage; but the wind was unabated, and they determined to stay till the afternoon, to see if it would calm a little. By the afternoon no abatement was visible, and they resolved to go at the risk of finding a watery grave.

All being ready, they went down to the quay. They were just stepping over the gunwale, when they were accosted by a person attired in the garb of a sailor.

"Lads, ye surely dinna intend gaun up the water in a day like this?"

"Ay, we intend to try it at any rate; are ye gaun to 'tak' a sail up wi' us?"

"Nae, nae; i' faith, I should nae like to trust mysel' in a sma' boat, wi' a sea like that running; but I was just gaun to gie ye a bit o' advice, by telling you to anchor her again, and wait till it be a wee calmer; when ye can gae up wi' safety. But she's a bonny boat, and has every chance o' livin' oot till ye get to smooth water."

"Ay, that she is, and there's little fear but she'll stand it oot, as weel as she did coming doon. But however, 'a faint heart never won fair lady,' sae we'll try."

Alas! fatal determination! they little knew that they were hastening onward to their doom!—little knew they were leaving the land for ever—that they should never see again the beloved place of their nativity, or again be welcomed to a happy home, and cheerful fireside!

As they were journeying on in their mad career, a vessel, which was lying at anchor, hailed them—

"Hollo, lads, I'd advise ye to 'tak' in a reef, or ye'll be apt to pay a visit to Davie's locker, ere ye get home."

"There's little fear o' that," cried one; but he had no time to add more. She swept by with the speed of an arrow.

All went on well, and they had nearly reached Newburgh, when a huge wave drove the boat on a bank, where she stuck firm; another and another followed, which nearly filled her to the gunwale. Then came the fatal wave: onward and onward it rolled, yawning and roaring like a hungry wolf for its prey. Another moment, and it swept the frail bark from beneath its hapless crew, and engulfed them in the roaring surf. One only was saved.

Of the other two not a vestige could be seen, until about a week after, when they were found, floating on the surface, about seven miles below where the sad catastrophe happened, by some fishermen, who took them to the South Ferry, where they were decently interred. But no stone is there to mark the place where lie their mortal remains—no weeping willow is there to mourn over the remains of those hapless beings, who fell victims to the raging element!

THE CAPTURE OF THE MANILLAS.

We will direct the reader's attention to the expedition against the Philippine islands, which was one of the best conducted, most splendid, and most important of all the successes which adorn the annals of British warfare. The motives to the execution of this enterprise were many and powerful. The Philippines or Manillas form a principal division of that immense Indian archipelago, which consists of above twelve hundred islands, extending from the nineteenth degree of north latitude, almost in a continued chain, to the shores of New Guinea, and the great southern continent. The Philippines, which form the northernmost cluster of these islands, are, some of them, among the largest, and all of them, naturally, among the richest islands in the world. They were added to the Spanish monarchy, in its meridian glory, under Philip II., and, being happily situated for commerce, they were used as the centre of communication for the Asiatic and American trade.

The grandeur of this design was sufficient to rouse the most vigorous efforts of administration. But the additional weight of Spain, in the scale of the enemies of Great Britain, required all the exertions of her strength nearer home. It was impossible, therefore, to spare ships or troops for undertaking a conquest so distant and precarious, however advantageous and splendid. But, fortunately, the preceding events of this glorious war naturally paved the way for those which were to follow. The success of one expedition not only suggested the idea, but facilitated the execution of another. By the fortune of our arms in the east, we were become arbiters of the great peninsula of India; the French were expelled; the Dutch humbled; and there was nothing in those parts to resist the British force, or even to afford employment to all the troops that were kept on foot. Nothing, therefore, was demanded from Great Britain but a light frigate to carry Colonel Draper to Madras, where alone suitable preparations might be made for this important enterprise. He arrived there the latter end of June, 1762, and was appointed brigadier-general and commander-in-chief of the land forces to be employed in the expedition. The squadron, commanded by Vice-Admiral Cornish, a brave and able officer, consisted of several ships of the line, besides frigates. The troops allotted for this expedition, consisted of one regiment, with a company of the royal artillery, reinforced with six hundred sepoys, one company of Caffres, one of Topazes, one of pioneers, with several hundreds of unarmed Lascars, for the use of the engineers and the park of artillery. The admiral supplied a fine battalion of five hundred and fifty seamen, and two hundred and seventy marines. The whole force amounted to no more than two thousand three hundred

effective men; an inconsiderable number, but of tried valour; inured to toil and hardship, and rendered equal, by their disciplined bravery, to the strength of a great army. The seventy-ninth regiment, which was the only regular body of troops employed on this service, had been the first who checked the progress of the French in India; their valour had given the happy turn to the war under Colonel Coote; they were inured to the climate, and accustomed to victory; and their arms were worthy to extend the glory of Great Britain to the remotest verge of Asia.

The Argo frigate arrived at Madras, from England, in the month of June. Captain Richard King, her commander, brought out intelligence of hostilities having commenced against Spain, and orders for Vice-Admiral Cornish to proceed with the utmost despatch to the attack of Manilla. Colonel Draper was sent out to command the land forces. The admiral immediately despatched the Seahorse, Captain Grant, to cruise off the Philippine islands, in order to intercept all vessels that might be bound to Manilla. In the course of three weeks the troops were all embarked, and everything ready for this important enterprise. On the 29th of July, Commodore Teddiman sailed with the first division of the fleet; and on the first of August, the admiral followed

with the remainder, except the Falmouth, which was left at the request of the presidency of Madras, to convoy the Essex Indiaman, she having on board the treasure for the China ships.

The fleet anchored at Malacca on the 19th, where it took on board water and refreshments. On the 27th it sailed, and on the 23rd of September it arrived in Manilla Bay, to the great surprise of the Spaniards, who had not yet heard of the war, and were consequently ill prepared for so sudden an attack.

The town having been, next morning, ineffectually summoned, it was determined to



[THE ATTACK UPON MANILLA.]

make an immediate descent. The Argo, Seahorse, and Seaford frigates were ordered to anchor close in shore, to cover the landing of the troops, which, in the course of the evening, was effected with some difficulty, under the direction of the Captains Parker, Kempenfelt, and Brereton, through a most violent surf, by which many of the boats were dashed to pieces, a quantity of arms and ammunition damaged, but fortunately no lives were lost. The enemy had collected in force to oppose the landing, but the well-directed and brisk cannonade from the frigate soon compelled them to retire. The troops, reinforced by 274 marines, landed and formed on the beach without molestation.

On the 28th, a battalion, composed of 632 seamen, was landed to co-operate with the army under the command of the Captains Collins, Pitchford, and Ourry. On the 29th, in order to divide the enemy's attention, and second the operations of the army, the admiral ordered the Elizabeth and Falmouth to anchor as close to the town as the depth of water would permit, and to enfilade the part proposed to be at-

tacked.

tacked. Although the water was too shoal for the ships to approach near enough, their shot had the desired effect, throwing the inhabitants into the greatest terror and confusion.

On the 1st and 2nd of October, it blew a most violent storm, attended by torrents of rain, which endangered the whole squadron. The South Sea Castle store-ship was driven ashore, fortunately without being materially injured; and in such a situation as proved extremely useful; her broadside enfiladed the beach, which enabled her to land the intrenching tools, stores, and provisions, with which she had lately arrived, without molestation. By the united efforts of the sea and land forces, the siege was carried on with the greatest spirit and activity. The enemy made several desperate attempts to storm our batteries and intrenchments; but were repulsed with a dreadful carnage; as the forces they employed on this service were chiefly composed of Indians, armed only with bows and arrows, who, with a savage ferocity, rushed on the very muzzles of our pieces, and died like wild beasts, gnawing the bayonets.

On the 5th, a practical breach was made in the enemy's works; and the next morning, at day-break, the fort was carried by storm. The governor and principal officers had retired to the citadel, which being in a defenceless state, they were soon obliged to surrender. To save the city from being pillaged, the inhabitants entered into an agreement to ransom it for four millions of dollars. One million sterling was to be assigned to the East India company, for the aid they afforded in the expedition. The following sums were all the captors received:—

	£.	s.	d.
To the admiral, general, and commodore	14,120	12	9
To the captains of the navy, and field officers of the army, each	1,539	0	8
To the lieutenants and masters of the navy, and captains of the army, each	165	5	4
To the warrant officers of the navy and subalterns of the army, each	80	6	5
To the petty officers of the navy and non-commissioned officers of the army, each	30	1	0
To the seamen and soldiers, each	6	0	0

In the harbour several large ships were taken, and a considerable quantity of naval and military stores were found in the royal magazines, which enabled the admiral to refit the fleet, now become in a most reduced and crippled condition.

The loss sustained during the siege was very inconsiderable, when compared with the hardships and fatigue to which the troops and seamen were constantly exposed. Four officers were killed, 5 wounded, and 2 drowned; 28 seamen and soldiers killed, 106 wounded, and 11 drowned. Commodore Teddeman, in attempting to enter the river in his barge, the morning after the reduction of Manilla, was unfortunately drowned, with five of his people.

Captain Richard Kempenfelt was appointed to act as governor of the citadel of Cavite, and was afterwards intrusted with the admiral's despatches to England.

On the 7th of November, during the siege, Admiral Cornish received intelligence, that the galleon, St. Philippina, was on her passage from Acapulca to Manilla. The Panther and Argo were instantly sent in quest of her. On the 30th of October, Captain Parker discovered a large sail off the island of Capul, and gave chase. A rapid and adverse current obliged the Panther to anchor; but the Argo got alongside of her, and after a smart action of two hours, Captain King was compelled to sheer off to repair his damages. At nine the next morning, the Panther came up with the chase, and engaged her within musket-shot until eleven, when she struck, and proved to be the Santissima Trinidad, which had sailed from Manilla on the first of August, bound to Acapulca; but having encountered a heavy storm, was dismasted, and on her return to refit. She was pierced for sixty guns, but had only thirteen mounted, and eight hundred men. The money and merchandise found on board, were estimated at three millions of dollars. In the meantime, the Philippina had arrived at Palapa, a port on the island of Samar. The governor, and principal merchants of Manilla,

entered into an agreement with Admiral Cornish and General Draper, that the galleon should be given up to the English with all her treasure and plate on board, provided they might be allowed to take out of her as much money as would pay off the remainder of the four millions of dollars, which was due for the ransom of the city. The admiral and general having acceded to this proposal, the Argo and Seaford frigates were despatched to Palapa, with a deputation from the governor of Manilla, ordering the general of the galleon to deliver her up to the English. The captains of the frigates used every effort, for three months, to beat through the Straits of Embocadero, against a strong N.E. monsoon, during which time they encountered very tempestuous weather; and were frequently in imminent danger of being lost. They were at length obliged to bear away for Manilla, without effecting their purpose, in a most shattered condition, and in great want of provisions.

Soon after, Admiral Cornish sailed for the coast of Coromandel, leaving the Falmouth and Seaford for the protection of Manilla; and with orders for Captain Brereton to sail for Palapa, to take possession of the galleon as soon as the season would permit. This commission never appears to have been executed, as nothing more was ever heard of the cargo of the Philippina; and the Spanish government refused to pay the two millions of dollars due for their ransom.

LOSS OF A JAMAICA SLOOP,

Commanded by Captain Nathaniel Uring, in 1711.

CAPTAIN NATHANIEL URING having been appointed to the command of a sloop to trade to the Leeward Islands, in the beginning of November, 1711, the events which attended the prosecution of his voyage are so various and interesting, that we shall lay them before our readers in the captain's own words.

"We set sail from Jamaica in company with another sloop belonging to the same owner, in order to load logwood and sarsaparilla on the coast of New Spain, and had agreed to rendezvous at Truxillo, if we lost company; we touched at Blewfields, where we watered, and proceeded on our voyage. Being then unacquainted in those seas, I had a pilot sent on board by the owner, and I was directed to keep company with the other sloop, commanded by Captain Gill, who was reckoned a good pilot in that part of the world.

"After we had sailed about a week from Jamaica, having little wind, we saw the coast of Muschetos; and at the same time the wind began to freshen, with a small drizzly rain. The wind soon after shifting from the N.E. to the N. and N. by W. and blowing hard, we tacked and stood to the eastward; the wind increasing to a storm, obliged us to haul down our main-sail and jib, and lay by under our fore-sail. Night coming on, we lost sight of our consort, and made several false fires, but was not answered, so that I gave over the hopes of seeing her any more.

"About nine or ten o'clock at night, there being a very great sea raised by the wind, our bowsprit gave way, and fell under the lee bow; we endeavoured to save it, but the sea running so high we could not; and being afraid it would stave a hole in the bow of the vessel, were obliged to cut it away; and while some were cutting away the bowsprit, others were carrying the horse forward for a stay in order to secure the mast, and then reefed the fore-sail and set it; but the storm continuing, we were soon obliged to haul it down again. About eleven o'clock at night, we suddenly saw the water look very white, which made us afraid that we were upon some shoal, and immediately hove the lead, and found fourteen fathom water; we kept heaving it, expecting every moment to be ashore. We set the fore-sail again. I inquired of my pilot, in relation to the depth of water, but found he knew nothing of the matter. We hove the lead several times in the space of a quarter of an hour, and had almost the same water, it shoaling very little, which gave me hopes that we were not in so much danger as I before feared. The wind ceasing a little, we double-reefed our main-sail and set it, and hauled

down the fore-sail, which kept the sloop's head more to the wind. In about an hour the water shoaled to thirteen fathoms, and so to twelve, and then to eleven; and about three o'clock we had but ten, and shortly after nine fathoms, which made me afraid we should be drove on shore before day-light. I looked on the draught of those seas, which laid down several ledges of rocks and shoals, and expected nothing less than to be thrown on some of them every moment, when we could expect nothing but immediate death. This, I must confess, was a melancholy prospect; the tedious hours went heavily away, wishing and longing for the day, in hopes to see some island or harbour where we might save the vessel and our lives. We had less water every cast of the lead, and were come in to eight fathoms when the day appeared; the sight of which revived our sinking spirits, and gave us hopes of deliverance; but alas! when it was light, that we could see about us, we found ourselves near the shore! The storm continuing, and the wind blowing right upon it, by this time had drove us into less than seven fathom water; we then set the fore-sail to try if the vessel would bear it, or must soon have been drove ashore. We made hard shift to carry it, and gathered again off the land into eight fathoms.

"The land was very remarkable in several places; and seeing an opening which looked like a harbour or large river, I took notice of it to my pilot, and inquired of him if he knew it; he confessed that he did not; and having no one on board acquainted in those seas, except himself, we were entirely at a loss. I called all the seamen together, and asked their opinions, whether they were willing to run the risk of their lives, and venture for the place which we saw look so like a harbour, and perhaps might find water enough to go in. They all answered, they were willing to submit to anything I thought proper. I had thought of venturing, but considered it was a shoal coast, and that it was most probable there was not water enough for the vessel, and if there was not, and she should touch the ground, she would quickly be in pieces; and the strength of the current running out of the river, as it appeared to be, would force us into the sea again, and then we must all inevitably perish. Upon these considerations, I chose rather to run the risk of the wind ceasing or changing, or that probably we might discover a small island as we stood along shore, where we might anchor and be preserved.

"Having set our fore-sail as above mentioned, we gathered a little off the shore, and withal deepened our water till about ten o'clock, and were again got into nine fathom; but the land being more to the eastward, we soon began to shoal our water again to eight fathom and so to seven. My pilot seeing a remarkable tuft of trees, said he knew the land; and as he went further to the eastward, he grew more and more confirmed in it; but consulting my chart, it laid down a great many rocks and shoals thereabouts, which gave me little hopes: but standing to the eastward, we still raised the land, and the pilot said positively he knew that it was Cape Gracia de Dios: to the eastward of which, round that cape, he said was very good and safe anchoring, as the wind then was, where he had been several times: and further said, that we should weather the cape in five fathom water. I was glad to hear he was so positive he knew the land; and in weathering the cape we had no more than five fathom water, which confirmed me that he was right in his judgment; as soon as we deepened the water, the pilot said it was time to bear away; we did so, but soon shoaled the water again, and the pilot was afraid he was mistaken, and then said he was right again; but we soon found the pilot had deceived us, for we struck upon a shoal of rocks, and gave but few thumps before the main-mast jumped out of the step; and for fear the foot of the mast should force out the sloop's bow and sink her immediately, we made haste to cut it away; but having but one axe, had hard work to do it, as we had also in cutting away the vessel's gunwale, in order to launch the canoe overboard.

"The mast being gone, we could have no assistance of tackles, and found it very difficult to launch her into the sea, she being very heavy; but being apprehensive of the sloop's beating to pieces on the shoal, every one out-did themselves, and at last, with much ado, got her into the water, by which time

it was near night; and being at least two leagues from the shore, we made haste to leave the sloop, that we might reach it before it was dark, and only took with us one piece of beef, our small-arms, a little gunpowder, some small shot, an axe, and an iron pot, and then put for the shore, which we did not reach till near eight o'clock at night; when we came near it, we saw the break of the sea so high, and at such a distance from it, we were very much afraid of the canoe upsetting, before we should be able to get thither; but there being no way to save our lives but through that danger, we were obliged to put for it, let the consequence be what it would. It being moon-light, we watched a favourable opportunity of a smooth sea, and immediately rowed for the shore, the sea breaking over us several times before we came to it, and by the providence of God we happily landed,

"As soon as we were all out of the canoe, we hauled her up upon the beach, and then endeavoured to go back from the water side into the woods, which we saw at some distance, in order to get fire, and shelter ourselves, being both cold and wet, and sadly fatigued; but when we attempted to go towards the woods, we came quickly into a morass, and went up to the mid-leg, and sometimes up to the knees, in mud and water; and what made it the more troublesome, it was full of long cutting grass intermixed with briars, which very much incommoded us, and tore our legs in several places. After we had gone near a mile in this miserable way, we came to the dry land, and went into the edge of the woods, where by the help of a pistol and some gunpowder, we made a fire and dried our clothes; and then we cut down some small trees, with which, and the branches of others, we set up a little hut to shelter us from the rain, in which we designed to rest and refresh ourselves, after two days and a night's fatigue. We laid down in our hut, but found it was impossible to sleep, there being millions of mosquitoes, and other biting flies about us; so that neither mouth, nose, eyes, nor any part of us, was free from them; and wherever they could come at our skin, they bit and stung us most intolerably.

"As soon as it was day, we went to the water side to look for the sloop, but not seeing her, concluded she was beat in pieces upon the ledge of rocks where we left her. Having but one piece of beef, about six pounds, which we brought from on board the sloop, and no bread, for our whole company, being sixteen in number, we began to think of looking out to see what we could get to subsist on: and therefore I sent the people different ways to hunt, and see whether they could discover any inhabitants. In about four hours some of them returned with a bunch of green plantains, which they had found growing in an old deserted plantation, where they saw sweet cassave; this discovery came very seasonably to our relief; as soon as we found a kind of bread, we boiled our beef, and refreshed ourselves.

"The following day I distributed amongst the people some small arms, powder and shot, which indeed I had directed to be put under the canoe when we left the sloop, in order to kill such creatures as probably we might find in that country, to prevent our being starved, if we found no inhabitants. The men being thus provided, I ordered them to go different ways to hunt, and observe if they saw any paths in the woods by which we might find some of the natives, concluding we were not far distant from the people, by reason of the little deserted plantation, where were the remains of a little hut or cabin. I also took my gun and went a different way; and espying a tiger-cat upon a tree, I fired, but missed her, which if I had had the good fortune to have killed, would have been sufficient to have made us all a plentiful meal. Having hunted several hours in the woods, and meeting with nothing worth shooting, I returned; and some of our people came back soon after with several large fishing hawks, which they had killed: and notwithstanding they were very tough and fishy, we ate them very heartily.

"The next day, being the third after our being cast away, the people went out again to see what they could kill, and some of them soon returned with more hawks, which we were dressing, when others brought with them a large piece of a cow. When I saw the beef, I inquired how they came by it; they told me

they found it single in the woods, and shot it, believing it to be wild; but soon after seeing three more which appeared to be tame, they found their mistake. I was very sorry the people were so rash, being apprehensive of the ill consequences which might attend it.

"By the time we had dined upon the beef, a native of the country came to us, who spoke broken English, by whom we understood, that about sixteen or eighteen miles farther to the southward, there were inhabitants, and that a vessel lay sunk near the shore a few miles from us, without any mast or people in her, which we judged to be our sloop. He also told me that some of our people had killed a cow belonging to Captain Hobby, one of the chief men on that side of the country; and said, he would be much displeased when he heard of it. I told him I was very sorry for it, but that the seamen had killed it by mistake, believing it to be wild. I was glad to hear that we were near inhabitants, and that the sloop was drove so near the shore, from whence we hoped to get some provisions.

"The weather proving more moderate and the sea pretty well down, we launched the canoe; and while some of the men rowed her along shore, others walked by land, and so continued till it grew night, and then hauled the canoe ashore, and turned her bottom up. Part of us took up our lodgings under her, and part upon the sandy beach; but those under the canoe soon quitted their lodging, by reason the flies would not suffer them to sleep, choosing to lie in the open air, where the wind blew most of them away. In the night two of our men left us, and carried with them my fowling-piece, and a musket, with a good part of our powder and shot.

"In the morning we launched our canoe, and pursued our journey as before. About noon we saw our vessel sunk near the shore: we went on board, but found everything gone out of her. I ordered the canoe to Black River, where she was conducted by an Indian; and went myself to the Indian habitations, where I found most of them very happy; some of them were so drunk that they could not speak. We had the good luck to find one or two sober, who showed us where they had laid some of our provisions, which our people went immediately to dress, being all very hungry. Black River running up near the Indian habitations within the land, our people brought up the canoe; the sober Indians were very courteous, and gave us some of our own rum and sugar, with which we made some punch, and cheered our spirits; they also let us know where they had hid some of our rum, from whence we took a small cask and put it into our canoe.

"The next day Captain Hobby came to us, and behaved very civilly, though he made a heavy complaint for the loss of his cow. I assured him, that our people would not have killed it, if they had not believed it had been wild, at which he seemed better satisfied, and was very friendly, seeming sorry for our misfortune.

"This country being flat and morassy, we were grievously pestered with flies, so that it was almost impossible to sleep. As to the Indians, I did not perceive they found any inconvenience, or took any notice of them.

"In four or five days we fitted our canoe as well as we could, in which we fixed a small fire hearth to dress our provisions, having put into her as much provisions and water as we could go safely to sea with. Taking with me eight of my people, we put to sea, intending for Truxillo, which was the place appointed for our rendezvous, and where we expected to find our consort.—Captain Hobby lending us another canoe to carry the rest of our men, we rowed round the cape where we were cast away, which we then knew went by the name of the False Cape; which makes me believe some other people had been deceived in it as well as my pilot, who had given it that name. When we had passed the cape, we stood down along the shore with our sails; and at night we let go our grappling, and lay till morning for fear of passing our consort, which we hoped to see upon the coast. As soon as it was day-light, we weighed, and pursued our voyage, keeping as near the shore as we could with safety, by reason we designed to call at Plantain River, to inquire whether they had seen her pass by. At night we anchored again. We boiled the pot every day; our food was flour and water boiled like hasty-pudding, with some little bits of beef to give it a relish, instead of butter and salt.

"In the prosecution of this voyage in the canoe, I found it very troublesome and fatiguing; for having no rudder, it was very hard work to steer her with a paddle, for which I had occasion to use my whole strength. Being at that work most part of the day, I was heartily tired before night; and scorching in the sun all day, in the latitude sixteen degrees, added to our pain. But the fatigue of the night was still worse than the day; for the canoe being very leaky, it was impossible for me to sleep in her bottom, where the water washed continually from side to side; I therefore laid one of the paddles across the canoe's gunwale, to keep my legs out of the water, and one of the seats or shouts, I placed under the lower part of my back, with my shoulders on the stern sheets; in this manner I slumbered, and got now and then a short sleep.

"Three or four days and nights passed in this manner, till we discovered the huts on the point of Plantain River, where we saw the English flag hoisted. As soon as we opened the river, we put in for it; but found the water so shallow, and a great sea beating on the shore, it was with great difficulty we got in without being overset or filled with water. As soon as we arrived in the river, we were welcomed ashore, by the white men who resided at that place; we told them our story and inquired if they had seen any vessel lately on that coast; they said they had not, but commiserated our condition, and gave us such provisions as they had.

"After we had refreshed ourselves, and cheered our spirits, we set about fixing a rudder to our canoe, which we completed that night. When it was bed-time, I asked one of the inhabitants to show me where I should lodge; which being conducted to, I went to sleep; and though I found it hard enough for my sore bones, I slept very heartily, being the first tolerable night's rest I had got since being cast away.

"Having lost good part of our powder and shot, by our two deserters, when we were going to Black River, I let the white men know our necessity, who supplied us with more; and having stayed only one night at this place, in the morning we took our leave, and pursued our voyage to Truxillo. We left Plantain River and steered along shore for Cape Camerone; passed by it; and after several days and nights being at sea without our usual fare we came in sight of the port of Truxillo, but found no vessel there, which gave me additional trouble and anxiety. We put our canoe's head to the eastward, in order to return to Plantain River; but had not rowed above five or six miles (being obliged to row against the wind) before the sky began to lower, grow cloudy, and thicken apace to the northward, which threatened an approaching storm. It being about four or five o'clock in the afternoon, I thought it high time to provide for our safety before night, by putting the canoe ashore, or into some river; but there being a very great sea, either was very dangerous; and to keep at sea in a storm was still worse; and so of the two evils I chose the lesser. Seeing the opening of a river we endeavoured to get in; but the sea ran so high at the mouth of it, it filled our canoe, and threw us ashore on the west side. With a good deal of labour we freed her, and put her into the river. It being now night, we anchored in the middle of the stream, in hopes of being free from flies. The night proving very stormy, we thought ourselves very happy, we had got into so comfortable a harbour. In the morning we rowed about two miles up the river, and observed a little ridge of land standing above the rest, we landed there, and soon after pitched our tent with our canoe's sails; we cut down branches of the cohoe trees, to lay at the bottom of it to sleep upon, and keep us from the wet ground. The weather continued very stormy, and in the night there fell such a prodigious deal of rain, that it occasioned a continual rivulet to run through our tent; and we lay in water though it was placed on the highest ground; being also very much pestered with mosquitoes, and other stinging flies, which would not suffer us to sleep.

"In the morning the rain ceased, and it grew fair weather though the wind continued to blow hard. We began to look about us to see what we could meet with for the mouth, and went on the other side of the river in order to hunt. We saw a large guano on the bough of a tree, which one of our people endeavoured to take with his hand, but it escaped into the river, and so we lost a creature which would have given us all a good

meal. We had not gone far into the woods, before we saw a company of large black monkeys, of which we killed several, and then returned to our tent. Our people thought these monkeys excellent victuals, and ate them very greedily: though for my own part, I was several days before I could prevail upon myself to taste them, they looked so like young children broiled. But it was not long before I got over the prejudice, and ate them as heartily as any of our men. The flesh of a monkey has something of the taste of ill-fed pork, and they are about the bigness of a full grown hare.

"After two or three days being in the river, we rowed several miles, to see if we could discover the signs of any inhabitants, or a more convenient place to pitch our tent; but found the whole country flat and morassy, and not the least sign of any people. The weather continued bad for eight or ten days, it often raining very hard, and being still plagued with flies, we were obliged to quit the woods, and go to the sea-side, into the breeze, to get rid of them; but found we had not changed much for the better, for the sand flies there were almost as troublesome as the mosquitoes in the woods.

"In a day or two after we changed our quarters, one of our people took a hickatee asleep upon a log of wood in the river, as it was sunning itself, on which we feasted plentifully. It is an amphibious creature, and like what is called a tortoise or land turtle. In two or three days after we removed to the sea side. I was seized with a violent pain in my right thigh; it swelled extremely, and looked very red, insomuch that I could neither stand nor go; what with the excessive pain of my thigh, and the biting and stinging of mosquitoes and sand flies, I had no rest either night or day, my hands being always employed in beating off the flies from my face. Our powder and shot being all spent, except a little reserved to make a fire, we lived chiefly upon cabbage, which grew there in great numbers, some of the trees to fifty or sixty feet high, their circumference being about four or five feet. The cabbage is close, very white, short, and well tasted, and I thought, sweeter and better than our English cabbage. In this river we frequently saw numbers of large alligators, and it was usual for eight or ten of them together to come ashore upon a point of sand near the river's mouth, in the middle of the day, to sun themselves. Our provisions growing short, before I was lame, I endeavoured to shoot some of them for food, but had not the good fortune to kill any.

"When we had been here ten or twelve days, the weather was grown pretty tolerable, but there was still a great sea beating upon the shore, when the seamen took it in their heads to go to sea in the canoe, in order to get to Plantain River; and notwithstanding my lameness and earnest entreaties to the contrary, I could not prevail upon them to stay a day or two till I was better, in which time the sea might have fallen, and we should not then run half the risk in going out of the river, as at this time. I made shift to crawl to the canoe, and placed myself in the stern sheets, and with the help of my boatswain undertook to steer her. It is commonly observed, that the sea breaks upon the shore in three or five seas, quickly succeeding each other, and then a short intermission, when it is most proper to put from the shore. Being come to the river's mouth, as soon as the great seas were over, we rowed out; but our canoe being heavy, we were not able to get without the breakers before the great seas approached us, which time we were a good distance from the shore between the breakers; and seeing our danger, I encouraged the people to row briskly over them; but the sea rose so high, and broke so terribly, they were all alarmed and confounded; the sea broke in upon us, and the canoe being half filled, canted her broadside to it for want of their pulling with their oars as they ought to have done. On perceiving our danger, and another sea ready to break in upon us, with the help of my boatswain I turned the canoe's head to the shore; and the very moment we had done so, the sea broke over us from end to end, filled the canoe, and forced her very swiftly towards the shore; the seamen sitting still, prevented her over-setting; one sea following close upon the back of another, quickly drove us on shore on the west side of the river; happy it was for us that the canoe's stern was to the sea when it reached us, or otherwise she must have been turned bottom up; and being in the current, which ran strong out of the river,

would have drove us to sea, where we had no chance of saving our lives. We hauled up the canoe, and freed her, and with a good deal of labour and pains put her again into the river. When the seamen were got into safety, they swore the most bitter oaths, that they would not go to sea in the canoe any more, but would travel by land to Plantain River.

"They communicated to me their intention, and desired what provisions were left might be equally shared. I then represented to them the lame condition I was in, and that it was impossible for me to travel by land, since they saw I could hardly stand; and conjured them not to leave me in such sad distress, where I must inevitably perish, being incapable of helping myself. I desired they would stay but two or three days, in which time my leg would possibly grow better, or the sea would be smoother, so that we might be able to proceed without much danger; and also represented to them the very great hazards and difficulties which must attend their going by land, the many large rivers that were between us and Plantain River, besides the fatigue of travelling, and the risk they ran of the wild beasts devouring them, in which that country abounded: but all I said could not divert them from their present purpose.

"The pilot, who was a poor helpless old fellow, and a boy, were the only persons left with me; they had divided the provisions, and left me such a share as they thought fit, which was the hardly equal to their's, and prepared for their journey, by packing up every man his little bundle. I began seriously to reflect, and consider with myself what course to take, having, since our attempt to get out of the river, found a very sensible alteration in my leg for the better, which I made no show of, but limped as before, in hopes my lameness would have induced them not to have left me in that helpless condition: but when I saw they kept to their resolution, and even took the axe with them, which was all we had to trust to, to keep us from starving, I hobbled after the man who had the axe, and desired he would let me have it, but found him inflexible. I then endeavoured to force it from him; but he calling others to his assistance, prevented my taking it.

"I knew that about eight miles distant, was the great river of Romain, which they must pass to go to Plantain River; and I considered when they saw it, if I went with them, by my pointing out the hazard and difficulty to get over it, I might perhaps persuade them to return; and therefore took up my bundle and followed them. When we came in sight of the river, I found it very broad, and a rapid stream; the people began immediately to cut down some dry trees, in order to make a float to pass over it, and in the meanwhile I sat down on the bank with one of them, who had been lately sick, and had no great relish for the journey. As we were viewing the breadth of the river, and the swiftness of the stream, I took the opportunity to represent the great difficulty and danger which attended the passing it; and that we should be drove out of the river's mouth, before it was possible for us to reach the opposite shore; that we had not only that river to pass, but several more such, before we came to Plantain River, and many other difficulties to encounter, therefore I thought we had better return to the canoe, and wait a few days for a favourable opportunity to put to sea, in which we could not possibly run a quarter part of the risk and danger, we were throwing ourselves into. This man being feeble and tired with his walk, lent an open ear to all I said, and communicated it to the rest of the people. They having already tired themselves by cutting down trees, the axe being dull, and having not yet provided a quarter part of what was wanted for making the float, began to listen to the man, and to think there was some reason in what he said, upon which they grew more serious, and retired into the woods, out of my hearing, to consult what was most proper to be done, and came to a resolution to return to our former quarters; accordingly we all went back.

"I began to flatter myself, that I had obtained my purpose to go into the canoe, which I was desirous to do for two reasons; one was, because it would prevent the great hazard and labour we must expect in going over the several rivers which we must pass, besides the fatigue of travelling about

sixty miles upon the sand, in a very hot country, and the danger of being devoured by tigers, alligators, or other ravenous animals; and the other reason was, if we travelled by land, I must leave the canoe, with the greatest part of my clothes, besides the small arms and the iron pot, which was so useful to us.

"When we returned to our old quarters, we fed chiefly upon cabbage, saving the little provisions we had left to the last steak. Here we remained three or four days, it being tolerable fair weather; and the sea being much smoother, I proposed to put to sea; but the seamen refused, and swore they would not go in her any more. I talked pretty smartly to them, and told them what they deserved, and that if one man would but go with me, I would leave them. My boy and two men consented to go; and we set out accordingly about eight o'clock in the morning, and in about three hours we reached the mouth of the river of Great Romain; to which place several of the people (growing into better temper) went with us, and assisted us to make our bark logs. We found scattered upon the banks of the river several bamboo trees, which we got together, and cut them into proper lengths, and fastened them to each other to make bark logs, in order to get over the river. We had a fishing line, which was divided between us; myself and boy one half, and the two men the other half, each bark log carrying two persons. We left the axe with the rest of the people, who returned to the canoe, and set forward with our two bark logs; we paddled up close by the side of the river, keeping as much out of the current as possible, intending to go a good way up it, before we endeavoured to cross, that we might be in no danger of driving out of the river's mouth. We kept paddling till half an hour past six o'clock at night, and seeing a fine green spot, clear of bushes, close to the river's side, we landed there, and took up our abode that night; but just as we were stepping ashore several very large alligators flounced from thence into the water close by us, at which we were very much startled. Finding this place convenient for us, we made fast our bark logs, and then made a fire, to prevent the tigers or alligators from disturbing us. Being tired, we soon fell asleep round the fire, for the fatigue of the day made us forget the danger of the night. We had provided a pistol, and a little gunpowder in a calabash, which was closely waxed up to prevent its being damaged with water, with which we made a fire when we found it necessary.

"In the morning as soon as it was light, we mounted our bark logs, and continued paddling up the river, but the stream was so rapid that we went up but slowly, and sometimes were not able to bear up against it. We endeavoured to haul up by the branches of the trees which hung over the river, but they being tender twigs, afforded but very little assistance. When I came within my depth, I waded, and pushed the bark log before me, but was soon out of foot-hold, and then mounted the bark log again, and worked with our paddles, and yet made but little progress, finding it very hard to strive against the stream. We often saw large alligators leap from among the bushes into the water just by us; notwithstanding which I was obliged to run the risk of being seized by them, there being often a necessity to wade, or we could not force the bark log against the stream. At last, with great toil and danger, in six or seven hours, we got three or four miles up the river, till we came the length of an island, which lay near a quarter part over it; but was hard put to it to get thither, the island dividing the stream of the river, and redoubling its force, so that it was with great difficulty we reached it. When we had surmounted the difficulty, we rested awhile, and then paddled about half a mile farther up the side of the island, and believing ourselves so far up that we might safely venture to cross it, we put over and happily reached the other side about a mile above the river's mouth, then drove down the current till we came to a convenient place near its entrance, where we landed about three o'clock in the afternoon.

"The weather being extremely hot, and having no wind, and only my shirt on, and that leaving my thighs very often bare, the heat of the sun scorching them, made me frequently throw water on them to keep them cool, not thinking of the

consequence; but soon after we landed, I found them extremely sore, very red, and blistered in several places, which grew very painful. We unlashed our bark logs for the sake of our line, ate a little morsel of bread, with about an ounce of raw salt beef, and filled up with the limpid stream. Being thus refreshed, we set forward and travelled eight or ten miles that night; before it grew dark, we made a fire near the sea side, in order to take up our lodging, but having had no water since we parted from the river of Romain, we were almost famished, and ready to die with thirst; having found some cocoa plum trees, where we took up our quarters, we searched them very narrowly for fruit, and found two or three plums, which moistened our mouth, and gave us great relief. In a little time after, by digging in the sand, we found fresh water, and satisfied our thirst.

"As soon as it was day, we pursued our journey, and about ten o'clock in the morning, we came to a river, with a very deep and rapid stream, but not above a quarter so broad as that we had already passed. Finding bamboos scattered over the point of the river, we gathered them together, and began to make our bark logs. In about three hours we completed them, and put over the river, which we found less trouble in passing than we expected, by reason half the breadth of it on the farthest side proved to be shoal water, and not above mid leg deep, which we found little inconvenience in wading through. When we were over, and had taken our line from the bark logs, it being about two o'clock in the afternoon, we sat down by the river side to dinner. When we had eaten as much as we could afford, and washed it down with large draughts of water, we proceeded on our journey, but found it very troublesome travelling on dry and loose sand, besides the inconvenience of bad shoes. We attempted several times to travel through the woods, but found the underwood so thick, and the ground so morassy, there was no passing that way, and we were obliged to keep by the sea side. We waded over several rivers, some up to our knees, others to our middle, and others up to our chin. One of the men could swim, and he used to try first whether the rivers were fordable, which, if he found, we forded over; and if not, we made our bark logs, and went over upon them.

"We travelled about eight or ten miles after we went over Limehouse River (for so that river was called where we dined), and it being near night, we made a fire, according to our custom, and rested till morning; we then went forward, fording over many rivers in our way. About noon we came to a head-land that jutted into the sea, which put a stop to our going by the sea side; the rocks being very high and steep, and the sea beating violently against them; we chose therefore to go back into the woods, where we found it less troublesome, with an intent to go through the country till we should get on the other side of the head-land; and accordingly marched up the hills for that purpose, having with great difficulty travelled up and down several, where we were obliged to haul ourselves up from tree to tree, and slide down again on the other side, easing ourselves down the branches to prevent our falling.

"Having wandered several hours in this manner, and being in hopes that we had passed the head-land, withal beginning to be apprehensive we should not be able to get out of the woods before night, there being more danger of wild beasts, and much more unwholesome sleeping than at the sea side; we therefore thought it absolutely necessary to recover it before it was dark; and having descended between two hills into a deep narrow valley, we found a fine rivulet, which was very reasonable to quench our thirst. I concluded this rivulet led to the sea, and therefore followed the stream; but it having many turnings and windings, we went several miles before we came to it, and to our great mortification, found ourselves still on the same side, and not far from the place where we entered the woods. The sun being set, we gathered wood and made a fire where we continued till morning, and then made an attempt to get over the hills, but found it impossible to force a way through penguins, briars, and other prickly plants which grew there. We retired, after tearing our clothes, and losing some of our flesh; and then took a very

desperate resolution to climb over the craggy parts of the rocks, which were very steep and high, and extremely dangerous to pass, which we went over by stepping from one hole in the sides of the rock to another, and from crag to crag, holding by the ragged parts with one hand, and our spare clothes with the other, and by the assistance of Providence we all got well over. We now went on cheerfully, believing the worst of our journey was over; and in about an hour after, by the sea side, I found a cocoa-nut; I soon opened it, and saw it full of milk, which I drank with great pleasure, and divided the nut among the other people. After we had travelled about ten miles, we came to another point of rocks, but this we got over without much difficulty. When we had gone about six long miles farther, it growing night, we made our fire according to custom, and in the morning we proceeded on our journey, fording over many rivers; it was showery weather, and being but thin clothed, I was often wet to the skin, but soon dried by the wind and sun.

"Having got over this troublesome place, we went in expectation every moment of shortly coming to some habitations. We went on several miles further, but found no sign of inhabitants; and having made an end of our small stock of provisions the day before, we began to be quite out of heart, and apprehensive of starving, having nothing with us that could by any means provide for our subsistence. We came to a large lake or lagoon of water, which had a communication with the sea, the stream of which I observed ran out of the sea into the lagoon. One of our men forded it, and went on the other side to see what he could discover; and in about two hours returned with the joyful news of having discovered the print of a man's foot, which gave us hopes we were not far from the inhabitants. With much ado we forded over the mouth of the lagoon, and continued on our journey till we came to another deep and rapid river, where there was no passing without bark logs; we fell to our old work of gathering bamboos, and such dry wood as we could get to make the logs of; but being very scarce, we could not gather so many together that night as we wanted. We made a fire upon the point of the river, where we took up our lodging; several showers of rain incommoded us very much, and had almost put out our fire, and we grew faint and weak for want of sustenance: however, about nine o'clock the next morning we finished our bark logs, and put over the river. When we landed, we dried our clothes, that we might travel the lighter, which had been our custom in our whole journey, they being wet in passing the rivers; and we were continually pestered with mosquitoes and sand flies, and more so whenever we sat or laid down. We proceeded along the shore, and had not gone above half a mile, before we discovered a path which led into the woods, the sight of which gave us all inexpressible joy; we followed it, and in about half a mile further we saw a hut, and soon after, to our great comfort a white man appeared. He asked us who we were, and from whence we came; we related to him our misfortunes; he pitied our condition, and asked where the captain was; he was told that I was the person, and my name: he said he knew me when I commanded a packet-boat to Jamaica, and what his cottage afforded I should be very welcome to. He soon provided us something to eat, which we had great need of.

(To be continued.)

THE SMUGGLER.

The golden days of the smuggler are gone by; his hiding places are empty; and, like Othello, he finds his "occupation gone." Our neighbours on the other side of the herring-pond now bring us *dry bones*, according to the law, instead of *spirits*, contrary to the law. Cutters, preventive boats, and Border rangers, have destroyed the *trade*—it is becoming as a tale that was told. From Spittal to Blyth—yea, from the Frith of Forth to the Tyne—brandy is no longer to be purchased for a trifle; the *Kilderkin* of Holland gin is no longer placed at the door in the dead of night; nor is a yard of to-

bacco to be purchased for a penny. The smuggler's phrase, that the "*cow has calved*,"* is becoming obsolete. Now, smuggling is almost confined to crossing "the river" here, and there the "ideal line by fancy drawn;" to Scotland saying unto England—"Will you taste?" and to England replying, "Cheerfully, sister." There was a time, however, when the clincher-built lugger plied her trade as boldly, and almost as regularly, as the regular coaster, and that period is within the memory of those who are yet young. It was an evil and dangerous trade; and it gave a character to the villagers on the sea coasts, which, even unto this day, is not wholly effaced. But, in the character of the smuggler, there was much that was interesting—there were many bold and redeeming points. I have known many; but I prefer at present giving a few passages from the history of one who lived before my time, and who was noted in his day as an extraordinary character.

Harry Teasdale was a native of Embleton, near Bamborough. He was the sole owner of a herring-boat and a fishing-coble; he was also the proprietor of a house in which he lived, and was reputed to be worth money—nor was it any secret that he had obtained his property by other means than those of the haddock hand-line and the herring-net. Harry, at the period we take up his history, was between forty and fifty years of age. He was a tall, thin man, with long sandy hair falling over his shoulders, and the colour of his countenance was nearly as rosy as the brandy in which he dealt. But, if there was the secrecy of midnight in his calling, his heart and his hand was as open as mid-day. It is too true that money always begets the outward show of respect for him who possesses it, though in conduct he may be a tyrant, and in capacity a fool; but Harry Teasdale was respected, not because he was reputed to be rich, but because of the boldness and warmth of his heart, the readiness of his hand, and the clearness of his head. He was the king of fishermen, and the prince of smugglers, from Holy Island to Hartle pool. Nevertheless, there was nothing unusual in his appearance. Harry looked like his occupation. His dress (save where disguise was necessary) consisted in a rudely glazed sou'-wester, the flap of which came over his shoulders, half covering his long sandy hair. Around him was a coarse and open *monkey* or *pee* jacket, with a Guernsey frock beneath, and a sort of canvass kilt descending below the knee; and his feet were cased in a pair of sea boots. When not dressing his hand-lines, or sorting his nets, he might generally be seen upon the beach, with a long telescope under his arm. As Harry was possessed of more of this world's substance than his brother fishermen, so also was there a character of greater comfort and neatness about his house. It consisted of three rooms; but it also bore the distinguishing marks of a smuggler's habitation. At the door hung the hand-line, the hooks, and the creel; and, in a corner of Harry's sleeping room, a "*heg*" was occasionally visible; while over the chimney-piece hung a cutlass and four horse-pistols, and in a cupboard there were more packages of powder and pistol bullets than it became a man of peace to have in his possession. But the third room, which he called his daughter's, contained emblems of peace and happiness. Around the walls were specimens of curious needle-work, the basket of fruit and of flowers, and the landscape—the "*sampler*," setting forth the genealogy of the family for three generations, and the age of her whose fair hands wrought it. Around the window, also, carefully trained, were varieties of the geranium and the rose, the *bigonia* and *cressula*, the *aloe* and the *ice-plant*, with others of strange leaf and lovely colouring. This Harry called his daughter's room—and he was proud of her. She was his sole thought, his only boast. His weather-beaten countenance always glowed, and there was something like a tear in his eyes, when he spoke of "my Fanny." She had little in common with the daughter of a fisherman; for his neighbours said that her mother had made her unfit for anything, and that Harry was worse than her mother had been. But that mother was no more, and she had left their only child to her widowed husband's care; and, rough as he appeared, never was there a more tender or a more anxi-

* A phrase, signifying that a smuggling vessel had delivered her cargo.

ous parent, never had there been a more affectionate husband. But I may here briefly notice the wife of Harry Teasdale, and his first acquaintance with her.

When Harry was a youth of one-and-twenty, and as he and others of his comrades were one day preparing their nets upon the sea-banks, for the north herring-fishing, a bitter hurricane came suddenly away, and they observed that the mast of a Scotch smack, which was then near the Fern Isles, was carried overboard. The sea was breaking over her, and the vessel was unmanageable; but the wind being from the north-east, she was driving towards the shore. Harry and his friends ran to get their boat in readiness, to render assistance if possible. The smack struck the ground between Embleton and North Sunderland, and being driven side-on by the force of the billows, which were dashing over her, formed a sort of break-water, which rendered it less dangerous for a boat to put off to the assistance of the passengers and crew, who were seen clinging in despair to the flapping ropes and sides of the vessel. Harry's coble was launched along the beach to where the vessel was stranded, and he and six others attempted to reach her. After many ineffectual efforts, and much danger, they gained her side, and a rope was thrown on board. Amongst the smack's passengers, was a Scottish gentleman, with his family, and their governess. She was a beautiful creature, apparently not exceeding nineteen; and as she stood upon the deck, with one hand clinging to a rope, and in the other clasping a child to her side, her countenance alone, of all on board did not betoken terror. In the midst of the storm, and through the raging of the sea, Harry was struck with her appearance. She was one of the last to leave the vessel; and when she had handed the child into the arms of a fisherman, and was herself, in the act of stepping into the boat, it lurched, the vessel rocked, a sea broke over it, she missed her footing, and was carried away upon the wave. Assistance appeared impossible. The spectators on shore, and the people in the boat, uttered a scream. Harry dropped the helm, he sprang from the boat, he buffeted the boiling surge, and, after a hopeless struggle, he clutched the hand of the sinking girl. He bore her to the boat—they were lifted into it.

"Keep the helm, Ned," said he, addressing one of his comrades who had taken his place; "I must look after this poor girl—one of the seamen will take your oar." And she lay insensible, with her head upon his bosom, and his arm around her waist.

Consciousness returned before they reached the shore, and Harry had her conveyed to his mother's house. It is difficult for a sensitive girl of nineteen, to look with indifference upon a man who has saved her life, and who risked his in doing so; and Eleanor Macdonald (for such was the name of the young governess) did not look with indifference upon Harry Teasdale. I might tell you how the shipwrecked party remained for five days at Embleton, and how, during that period, love rose in the heart of the young fisherman, and gratitude warmed into affection in the breast of Eleanor—how he discovered that she was an orphan, with no friend, save the education which her parents had conferred on her, and how he loved her the more, when he heard that she was friendless and alone in the world—how the tear was on his hardy cheek when they parted—how more than once he went many miles to visit her—and how Eleanor Macdonald, forsaking the refinements of the society on which she was a dependent, became the wife of the Northumbrian fisherman. But it is not of Harry's younger days that I am now about to write. Throughout sixteen happy years they lived together; and though, when the tempests blew, and the storms raged, while his skiff was on the waves, she often shed tears for his sake, yet, though her education was superior to his, his conduct and conversation never raised a blush to her cheeks. Harry was also proud of his wife, and he showed his pride by spending every moment he could command at her side, by listening to her words, and gazing on her face with delight. But she died, leaving him an only daughter as the remembrancer of their loves; and to that daughter she had imparted all that she herself knew.

Besides his calling as a fisherman, and his adventures as a smuggler on sea, Harry also made frequent inland excursions.

These were generally performed by night, across the wild moor, and by the most unfrequented paths. A strong black horse, remarkable for its swiftness of foot, was the constant companion of his midnight journeys. A canvass bag, fastened at both ends, and resembling a wallet, was invariably placed across the back of the animal, and at each end of the bag was a keg of brandy or Hollands, while the rider sat over these; and behind him was a large and rude portmanteau, containing packages of tea and tobacco. In his hand he carried a strong riding-whip, and in the breast pocket of his greatcoat two horse-pistols, always loaded and ready for extremities. These journeys frequently required several days, or rather nights, for their performance; for he carried his contraband goods to towns fifty miles distant, and on both sides of the border. The darker the night was, and the more tempestuous, the more welcome it was to Harry. He saw none of the beauties in the moon, on which poets dwell with admiration. Its light may have charms for the lover, but it has none for the smuggler. For twenty years he had carried on this mode of traffic with uninterrupted success. He had been frequently pursued; but his good steed, aided by his knowledge of the localities, had ever carried him beyond the reach of danger; and his *stow-holes* had been so secretly and so cunningly designed, that no one but himself was able to discover them, and informations against him always fell to the ground.

Emboldened by long success, he had ceased to be a mere purchaser of contraband goods upon the sea, and the story became current that he had bought a share of a lugger, in conjunction with an Englishman then resident at Cuxhaven. His brother fishermen were not all men of honour; for you will find black sheep in every society, and amongst all ranks of life. Some of them had looked with an envious eye upon Harry's run of good fortune, and they bore it with impatience; but now, when he fairly, boldly, and proudly stepped out of their walk, and seemed to rise head and shoulders above them, it was more than they could stand. It was the lugger's first trip; and they, having managed to obtain intelligence of the day on which she was to sail with a rich cargo, gave information of the fact to the commander of a revenue cutter then cruising upon the coast.

I have mentioned that Harry was in the habit of wandering along the coast with a telescope under his arm. From the period of his wife's death, he had not gone regularly to sea, but let others have a share of his boats for a stipulated portion of the fish they caught. Now, it was about day-break, on a morning in the middle of September, that he was on the beach as I have described him, and perceiving the figure of the cutter on the water, he raised his glass to his eye, to examine it more minutely. He expected the lugger on the following night, and the cutter was an object of interest to Harry. As day began to brighten, he knelt down behind a sand bank, in order that he might take his observations, without the chance of being discovered; and while he yet knelt, he perceived a boat pulled from the side of the cutter towards the shore. At the first glance, he descried it to be an Embleton coble, and before it proceeded far, he discovered to whom it belonged. He knew that the owner was his enemy, though he had not the courage openly to acknowledge it, and in a moment the nature of his errand to the cutter flashed through Harry's brain.

"I see it!—I see it all!" said the smuggler, dashing the telescope back into its case; "the low, the skulking coward, to go blab upon a neighbour! But I've have the weathergage o' both o' them, or my name's not Harry Teasdale."

So saying, he hastened home to his house—he examined his cutlass, his pistols, the bullets, and the powder. "All's right," said the smuggler, and he entered the room where his daughter slept. He laid his rough hand gently upon hers.

"Fanny, love," said he, "thou knowest that I expect the lugger to-night, and I don't think I shall be at home, and I mayn't be all to-morrow; but you won't fret—like a good girl, I know you won't. Keep all right, love, till I be back; and say nothing."

"Dear father," returned Fanny, who was now a lovely girl of eighteen, "I tremble for this life which we lead—(as my poor mother said)—it adds the punishment of the law to the dangers of the sea."

"Oh, don't mention thy mother, dearest!" said the smuggler, "or thou wilt make a child of thy father, when he should be thinking of other things. Ah, Fanny! when I lost thy mother, I lost everything that gave delight to my heart. Since then, the fairest fields are to me no better than a bare moor, and I have only thee, my love—only my Fanny, to comfort me. So, thou wilt not cry now—thou wilt not distress thy father, wilt thou? No, no! I know thou wilt not. I shall be back to thee to-morrow, love."

More passed between the smuggler and his daughter—words of remonstrance, of tenderness, and assurance; and, when he had left her, he again went to the beach, to where his boat had just landed from the night's fishing. None of the other boats had yet arrived. As he approached, the crew said, they "saw by his face there was something unpleasant in the wind," and others added—

"Something's vexed skipper Harry this morning, and that's a shame, for a better soul never lived."

"Well, mates," said he, as he approached them, "have you seen a shark cruising off the coast this morning?"

"No," was the reply.

"But I have," said Harry, "though she is making off to keep out of sight now; and, more than that, I have seen a cut-throat lubber that I would not set my foot upon—I mean the old Beelzebub imp, with the white and yellow stripe on his yawl, pull from her side. And what was he doing there? Was it not telling them to look out for the lugger?"

Some of the boat's crew uttered sudden and bitter imprecations. "Let us go and sink the old rascal before he reach the shore," said one.

"With all my heart," cried another—for they were all interested in the landing of the lugger, and, in the excitement of the moment, they wist not what they said.

"Softly, softly, my lads," returned Harry; "we must think now what we can do for the cargo and ourselves, and not of him."

"Right, master," replied another; "that is what I am thinking."

"Now, look ye," continued Harry, "I believe we shall have a squall before night, and a pretty sharp one too; but we mustn't mind that when our fortune's at stake. Hang all black-hearted knaves that would 'peach on a neighbour, say I; but it is done in our case, and we must only do our best to make the rascal's story stick in his throat, or be the same as if it had; and I think it may be done yet. I know, but the 'preachers can't, that the lugger is to deliver a few score kegs at Blyth before she run down here. We must off and meet her, and give warning."

"Ay, ay, Master Teasdale, thou'rt right; but, now that the thing has got wind, the sharks will keep a hawk's eye on us, and how we are to do it, I can't see."

"Why, because thou'rt blind," said Harry.

"No, hang it, and if I be master," replied the other; "I can see as far as most o' folks, as ye can testify; and I dows plain enough, that if we put to sea now, we shall ha'e the cutter after us, and that would be what I call only leading the shark to where the salmon lay."

"Man, I wonder to hear thee," said Harry, "folk wad say thou hast nae mair gumption than a born fool. Do ye think I wad be such an ass as to send out spies in the face o' the enemy? Hae I had a run o' good luck for twenty years, and yet ye think me nae better general than that comes to? I said, nae doubt, that we should gang to sea to meet the lugger, though there will be a squall, and a heavy one too, before night, as sure as I'm telling ye; but I didna say that we should dow sae under the bows o' the cutter, in our awn boat, or out o' Embleton."

"Right, right, master," said another, "no more you did—Ned isn't half awake." The name of the fisherman alluded to was Ned Thomson.

"Well, Ned, my lad," continued Harry, "I tell thee what must be done; I shall go saddle my old nag—get thou a horse from thy wife's father—he has two, and can spare one—and let us jog on as fast as we can for Blyth; but we mustn't keep by the coast, lest the king's folk get their eyes upon us. So away,

get ready, lad—set out as quick as thee can—few are astir yet. I won't wait on thee, and thou won't wait on me; but whoever comes first to Felton Brig, shall just place two bits o' stones about the middle, on the parapet I think they ca' it; but it is the dyke on each side o' the brig I mean, ye know. Put them on the left hand side in gaun along, down the water; or if they're there when ye come up, ye'll ken that I'm afore ye. So get ready, lad—quick as ever ye can. Tell the awd man naething about what ye want wi' the horse—the fewer that know anything about thir things the better. And ye, lads, will be upon the look-out; and, if we can get the lugger run in here, have a' thing in readiness."

"No fear o' that, master," said they.

"Well, sir," said Ned, "I'll be ready in a trap-stick, but I know the awd chap will kick up a sang about lendin' his horse."

"Tell him I'll pay for it if ye break its legs," said Harry.

The crew of the boat laughed, and some of them said—"Nobody will doubt that, master—you are able enough to do it."

It must be observed, that, since Harry had ceased to go regularly to sea, and when he was really considered to be a rich man, the crew of his boat began to call him *master*, notwithstanding his sou'-wester and canvass kilt. And now that it was known to them, and currently rumoured in Embleton, that he was part proprietor of a lugger, many of the villagers began to call Fanny, Miss Teasdale; and it must be said, that, in her dress and conversation, she much nearer approximated to one that might be styled *Miss*, than to be a fisherman's daughter. But when the character and education of her mother are taken into account, this will not be wondered at.

It would be uninteresting to the reader to describe the journey of Harry and Ned Thomson to Blyth; before they arrived at Felton, Harry had overtaken Ned, and they rode on together.

On arriving at Blyth, they stopped at the door of an individual who was to receive forty kilderkins of Hollands from the lugger, and a quantity of tobacco. It is well known to be the first duty of an equestrian traveller to look after his horse, and to see that it is fed; but, in this instance, Harry forgot the established rule—the horses were given in charge of a girl to take them to a stable, to see them fed, or otherwise, and Harry hastened into the house, and breathlessly inquired of its owner—"I hope to heaven, sir, ye have heard nothing of the Swallow?"

[The lugger was called the "Swallow," from the carpenter in Cuxhaven, who built her, having warranted that she "would fly through the water."]

"Why, nothing," replied Harry's brother smuggler; "but we shall be on the look-out for her to-night."

"So far well," said Harry; "but I hope you have no fear of any king's lobsters being upon the coast, or rats ashore?"

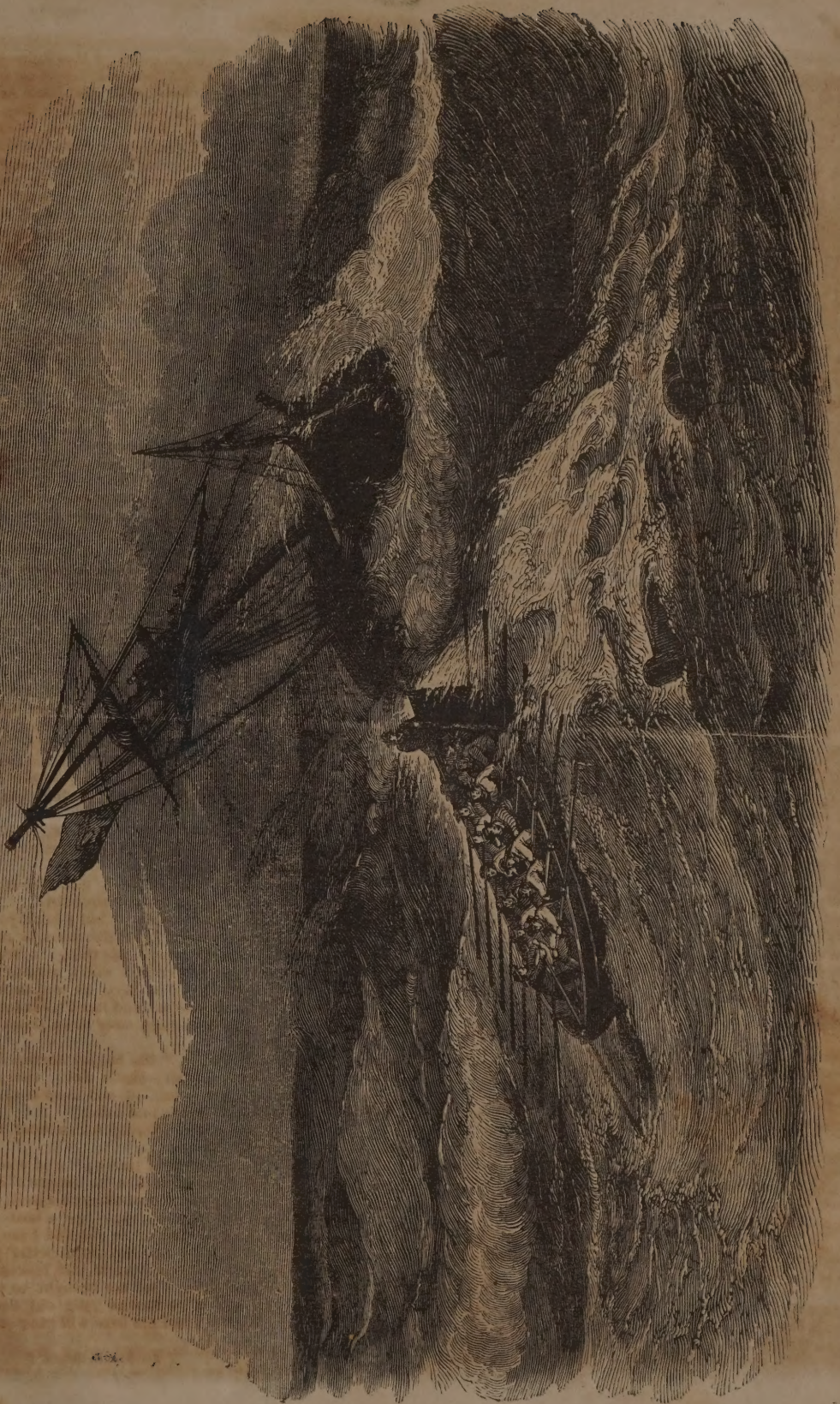
"I don't think we have anything to fear from the cutters," said the other; "but I won't answer for the spies on shore; there are folk wi' us here, as well as wi' ye, that canna see their neighbours thrive, and haud their tongue; and I think some o' them ha'e been gaun ower often about wi' the spy-glass this day or tow."

"Then," said Harry, "the lugger doesna break bulk here, nor at Embleton ither—that's flat. Get ye a boat ready neighbour, and we maun off and meet her, or ye may drink sma' yill to your venture and mine."

"It is growing tow stormy for a boat to venture out," answered the other.

"Smash, man!" rejoined Harry; "wad you sit here on your hunkers, while your capital is in danger o' being robbed frae ye, as simply as ye would snuff out a candle, and a' to escape a night's doukin! Get up, man—get a boat—we maun to sea—we maun meet the lugger, or you and I are done men—clean ruined a'thegither. I hae risked the better part o' my bit o' Fanny's fortune upon this venture, and, Heaven! I'll suffer death ten thousandfold afore I see her brought to poverty; sae get a boat—get it—and if ye daurna gang out, and if nane o' your folk daur gang, Ned and me here will gang our tow sel's."

(To be continued.)



WRECK OFF YARMOUTH, FEBRUARY, 1845.

WRECKS OFF YARMOUTH, &c.

February, 1845.

ONE of the severest storms for many years was experienced in February, 1845, by the inhabitants of Yarmouth, and the loss of human life and property occasioned by its ravages was truly dreadful. The gale commenced shortly before four o'clock in the morning, and as the day advanced it increased furiously, eventually blowing a complete hurricane, to the terror of every ship's crew lying at anchor in the roadstead; rain and snow fell heavily at intervals accompanied by a severe frost. In the early part of the morning, at the commencement of the gale, a brig called the *Jane*, from Middlesborough, for London, was making for the Cockle under double-reefed topsails, &c. By some unaccountable means she missed stays. The crew, perceiving that the ship was driving on to the Scroby Sands, let go the anchor for the purpose of bringing her up, but in an instant the chain broke by the force she was driving, and directly afterwards she struck, where she soon sank, the crew barely having time to get their clothes into the boat before the vessel went down. Another brig, named the *Ann Porter*, laden with coals, of and from Sunderland to the metropolis, met with a similar fate; she drove on to the Scroby Sands, and became a total loss. Another, but, alas! a more dreadful wreck, succeeded the above during the height of the storm. At about half-past eight o'clock a large brig was observed in a state of distress, all her sails blown away, apparently having lost her rudder, and driving in the direction of the same sands. Immediately the alarm was given, a party of thirteen brave fellows pushed off in a large yawl, about fifty tons, named the *Phoenix*, from the beach, to the rescue of the crew of the hapless vessel, for it was evident that she must strike the sands long before they could come up with her, and such proved to be the case. As the yawl neared the sands, the vessel could be seen beating violently, while the sea was making a clear sweep over her masts. The crew had taken to the rigging, where they had lashed themselves. A ray of delight beamed on the countenances of both crews as the yawl approached, steadily steered by a veteran fisherman, and the chances of saving their lives seemed certain. The yawl, however, was just being brought alongside, when a terrible sea caught the boat and dashed it to pieces against the bulwarks of the brig. Ten of its crew contrived to grasp hold of the brig, as their frail craft sank beneath the waves with three of their companions, who were never seen more, and consequently perished. The brig's crew having, as before said, taken to the rigging, this was the only place of safety for those of the yawl. The latter having been seen to go down by those assembled on the beach, the lifeboat belonging to Yarmouth was instantly launched to render assistance to the unhappy creatures. Those in the lifeboat used all the energy they could to reach the vessel in time, but ere they had reached half the distance the foremast, with its living freight lashed to it, fell overboard, and every soul with it perished. The feelings of the remainder, lashed to the mainmast, at witnessing the melancholy fate of their companions were, as may be imagined, of the most heart-piercing description. This mast also gave way, and fell over the ship's side, and several of the party, it is stated, have likewise perished. The lifeboat was then near at the time, and, after very great exertion, seven were saved. These all belong to the yawl; but the remainder of the crew, six in number, as well as the whole of the brig's crew, were drowned. The brig's name is as yet unknown, or were she belonged to. The wreck has entirely gone to pieces. It is expected, however, from her size—upwards of 200 tons burden—that she was one of the Newcastle traders.

From the *Bury Chronicle*.

One of the mariners of the yawl's crew describes the scene at this time as peculiarly affecting and awful; he saw from his elevated position, seven of his comrades, and eight of the crew baffling with the waves, and at length sinking to rise no more until the morning when the sea shall give up her dead. The chance of life to him and his companions was at this time very

precarious, and no sounds were heard but the howling of the wind, the crashing of the timbers and rigging, the occasional cry of "some strong swimmer in his agony," mixed with the suppressed moanings and prayers of those whose lives were hardly more secure. The Rev. Mr. Clowes, of Caister, came riding very fast to the life-boat station here, about half-past three, having either seen or heard of the accident. The life-boat was manned, and arrived in about twenty minutes at the wreck, where they found six men out of thirteen, clinging to the rigging, some of them so tenacious of their hold, that it was with difficulty they could be persuaded to leave go, and trust themselves to the ropes which were thrown to their assistance. The jetty and beach were lined with thousands of spectators, attracted to witness the return of the life-boat, with feelings of curiosity, sympathy, and intense interest. Amongst the spectators we observed the wives, brothers, sisters, and parents of those who had left in the yawl, and heard the opposite exclamations of each party as their loved one was proclaimed to be saved or lost. The following are the names of the beachmen who were saved by the life-boat:—Samuel Coltwas, James Gurney, Samuel Shields, Joseph Duffel, Thomas Motts, and Benjamin Gurling. Three of them were carried to their houses—three walked; Gurney and Shields were very much, but, we rejoice to say, not dangerously injured. The following are the names of the men, and the number of the families of those who were lost:—Jas. Boulton (two boys and one girl, all married); William Warner (single); James Shreeve (two boys and one girl); James George (single); George Barney (single); Abraham Wetherell (seven girls and two boys); and Gannam Hilling (two girls and a wife near her confinement). Thus perished seven fine and practical men belonging to this port, in the attempt to save their fellow-creatures' lives. We hope that public sympathy will be excited by this affecting catastrophe, and that a fund for the relief of the families may be raised promptly and efficiently. The yawl was nearly a new one, and cost in building, we hear, about 230*l*. The crew of the yawl saw her floating, and therefore she may yet be picked up, and partially saved.

A melancholy shipwreck happened on the Cornish coast, all hands on board, excepting one seaman, meeting with a watery grave. The unfortunate vessel was a brig called the *William Pitt*, belonging to Sunderland, Captain Thomas Bowser, master, laden with 3190 ardebs of beans, bound to Gloucester from Alexandria. On Sunday morning last the ship made Scilly and Long Ships Light. She then passed up the Channel, when she encountered the storm, and sustaining considerable injury, the master was determined to run into the first harbour. That of Padstow being the first, the ship was brought before the wind in order to run her in, when unhappily, owing to the pilots not being at their posts, and the captain being unacquainted with the locality, she struck on the rocks on the Miners' side, and afterwards on the Dunbar, where she almost immediately went to pieces. One of the crew, named James Hewson, was saved by lashing himself to a spar, which was carried by the waves ashore. The rest of his companions, however, including the captain, met with a watery grave.

The extent of human life lost at the late distressing shipwreck of the *William Turner*, in Carnarvon Bay, was greater, we regret to say, than first reported. It has been ascertained correctly that no fewer than 30 persons perished. Out of the 30 only 3 bodies have been washed ashore. The ship was nearly 500 tons burden, and her cargo consisted of guano.

THE SMUGGLER.

(Concluded.)

"Surely ye wad be mad, Harry, to attempt such a thing in an open boat to-night," said the Blyth merchant.

"Mad, or no mad," answered Harry, "I hae said it, and I am determined. There is nae danger yet wi' a man that knaws how to manage a boat. If ye gang pullin' through thick and thin, through main strength, and for bare life, as many o' the folk upon our coast dee, then there is danger—but there is nae

use for the like o' that. It is na enough to manage an oar; you must know how to humour the sea, and to manage a wave. Dinna think I've been at sae mair than thirty years without knawin' something about the matter. But I tell you what it is, friend—ye knaw what the Bible says—'The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong;' now, the way to face breakers, or a storm at sea, is not to pull through desperation, as if your life depended on the pulling; but when ye see a wave coming, ye must back-water, and back-water, and not pull again until ye see an opportunity of gainin' forward. It is the trusting to mere pulling, sir, that makes our life-boats useless. The rowers in a life-boat should study the sea as well as their oars. They should consider that they save life by watching the wave that breaks over the vessel, as well as by straining every nerve to reach her. Now, this is a stormy night, nae doubt, but we maun just consider ourselves gaun off to the lugger in the situation o' folk gaun off in a life-boat. We maun work canny and warily, and I'll take the management o' the boat myself."

"If ye dow that, master," said Ned Thomson, "then I gang wi' ye to a dead certainty."

"Well, Harry," replied the merchant, "if it maun be sae, it just maun be sae; but I think it a rash and a dangerous undertaking. I wad sooner risk a' that I have on board."

"Why, man, I really wonder to hear ye," said Harry; "folk wad say that ye had been swaddled in lambs' wool a' your life, and nursed on your mother's knee—get a boat, and let us off to the lugger, and nae mair about it."

His orders were obeyed—and, about an hour after sunset, himself, with Ned Thomson, the merchant, and four others, put off to sea. They had, indeed, embarked upon a perilous voyage—before they were a mile from the shore, the wind blew a perfect hurricane, and the waves chased each other in circles like monsters at play. Still Harry guided the boat with unerring skill. He ordered them to draw back from the bursting wave—they rose over it—he rendered it subservient to his purpose. Within two hours he descried the lights of the lugger. He knew them, for he had given directions for their use, and similar lights were hoisted from the coble which he steered.

"All's well!" said Harry; and, in his momentary joy, he forgot the tempestuous sea in which they laboured. They reached the lugger—they gained the deck.

"Put back, friend—put back," was the first salutation of Harry to the skipper; "the camp is blown, and there are sharks along shore."

"The devil!" replied the captain, who was an Englishman; "and what shall we do?"

"Back, back," answered Harry, "that is all in the meantime."

But the storm now raged with more fierceness—it was impossible for the boat to return to the shore, and Harry and his comrades were compelled to put to sea with the lugger. Even she became in danger, and it required the exertions of all hands to manage her.

The storm continued until near daybreak, and the vessel had plied many miles from the shore; but as day began to dawn, and the storm abated, an enemy that they feared more appeared within a quarter of a mile from them, in the shape of a cutter-brig. A gun was fired from the latter as a signal for the lugger to lie too. Consternation seized the crew, and they hurried to and fro upon the deck in confusion.

"Clear the decks!" cried the skipper; "they shan't get all without paying for it. Look to the guns, my hearties."

"Avast! Master Skipper," said Harry; "though my property be in danger, I see no cause why I should put my neck in danger too. It will be time enough to fight when we canna better dow; and if we can keep them in play a' day, there will be sma' danger in wur g'en them the slip at night."

"As you like, Mr. Teasdale," said the skipper; "all's one to me. Helm about, my lad," added he, addressing the steersman, and away went the lugger as an arrow, scudding before the wind.

The cutter made all sail, and gave chase, firing shot after shot. She was considered one of the fastest vessels in the service; and though, on the part of Harry and his friends, every nerve

was strained, every sail hoisted, and every manœuvre used, they could not keep the lugger out of harm's way. Every half-hour he looked at his watch, and wished for night, and his friend, the skipper, followed his example. There was a hot chase for several hours; and though tubs of brandy were thrown overboard by the dozen, still the whizzing bullets from the cutter passed over the heads of the smugglers. It ought to be mentioned, also, that the rigging of the lugger had early sustained damage, and her speed was checked. About sunset a shot injured her rudder, and she became, for a time, as Harry described her, "as helpless as a child." The cutter instantly bore down upon her.

"Now for it, my lads," cried the skipper—"there is nothing for it but fighting now—I suppose that is what you mean, Master Teasdale?"

Harry nodded his head, and quietly drew his pistols from the breast-pocket of his greatcoat; and then added—

"Now, lads, this is a bad job, but we must try to make the best o't, and, as we hae gone thus far," (and he discharged a pistol at the cutter as he spoke,) "ye knaw it is o' nae use to think o' yielding—it is better to be shot than hanged." In a few minutes the firing of the cutter was returned by the lugger, from two large guns and a number of small arms. Harry, in the midst of the smoke and flame of the action, and the havoc of the bullets, was as cool and collected as if smoking his pipe upon the beach at Embleton.

"See to get the helm repaired, lad, as fast as ye can," said he to the carpenter, while in the act of reloading his pistols; "let us fight away, but mind ye yur awn wark."

Harry's was the philosophy of courage, mingled with the calculations of worldly wisdom.

The firing had been kept up on both sides for the space of half-an-hour, and the decks of both were stained with the blood of the wounded, when a party from the brig, headed by her first mate, succeeded in boarding the lugger. Harry seized a cutlass, which lay unheathed by the side of the companion, and was the first who rushed forward to repel them.

"Out o' my ship, ye thieves!" cried he, while, with his long arm, he brandished the deadly weapon, and, for a moment, forgot his habitual discretion. Others of the crew instantly sprang to the assistance of Harry, and, after a short, but desperate encounter, the invaders were driven from the deck, leaving their chief mate, insensible from wounds, behind them.

The rudder being repaired, so as to render her manageable, the lugger kept up a sort of retreating fight until night set in, when, as Harry said, "she gave the cutter the slip like a knotless thread."

But now a disagreeable question arose amongst them, and that was, what they should do with the wounded officer, who had been left as a prize in their hands—though a prize that they would much rather have been without. Some wished that he might die of his wounds, and so they would get rid of him, for they were puzzled how to dispose of him in such a way as not to lead to their detection, and place their lives in jeopardy. Harry was on his knees by the side of the officer, washing his wounds with Riga balsam, of which they had a store on board, and binding them up, when one desperate fellow cut short the perplexity and discussion of the crew, by proposing to fling their prize overboard.

On hearing the brutal proposal, Harry sprang to his feet, and hurling out his long bony arm, he exclaimed—"Ye savage!" and, dashing his fist in the face of the ruffian, felled him to the deck.

The man (if we may call one who could entertain so inhuman an idea by the name of man) rose, bleeding, growling, and muttering threats of revenge.

"Ye'll blab, will ye?" said Harry, eyeing him fiercely—"threaten to dow it again, and there's the portion that's waiting for yur neck!"—and, as he spoke, he pointed with his finger to the cross-tree of the lugger, and added, "and ye knaw that the same reward awaits ye if ye set yur weel-faur'd face ashore. Out o' my sight, ye 'scape-the-gallows."

For three days and nights, after her encounter with the brig, the lugger kept out to sea; and, on the fourth night, which was thick, dark, and starless, Harry resolved to risk all; and,

desiring the skipper to stand for the shore, all but run her aground on Embleton beach. No light was hoisted, no signal given. Harry held up his finger, and every soul in the lugger was mute as death. A boat was lowered in silence, and four of the crew being placed under the command of Ned Thomson, pulled ashore. The boat flew quickly, but the oars seemed only to kiss the water, and no sound, audible at the distance of five yards, proceeded from their stroke.

"Now, pull back quietly, mates," said Ned, "and I'll be aboard wi' some o' wur awn folks in a twinkling."

It was between one and two in the morning, and there was no outward sign amongst the fishermen of Embleton that they were on the alert for the arrival of a smuggler. The party who gave information to the cutter having missed Harry for a few days, justly imagined that he had obtained notice of what they had done; and also believed that he had ordered the cargo to be delivered on some other part of the coast, and they, therefore, were off their guard. Ned, therefore, proceeded to the village; and, at the houses of certain friends, merely gave three distinct and peculiar taps with his finger upon their shutterless windows, from none of which, if I may use the expression, proceeded even the *shadow* of light; but no sooner was the last tap given upon each, than it was responded to by a low cough from within. No words passed; and at one window only was Ned detained for a space exceeding ten seconds, and that was at the house of his master, Harry Teasdale. Fanny had slept but little since her father left; when she sought rest for an hour, it was during the day, and she now sat anxiously watching every sound. On hearing the understood signal, she sprang to the door. "Edward," she whispered eagerly, "is it you?—where is my father?—what has detained him?"

"Don't be asking questions now, Miss Fanny—sure it is very foolish," replied Ned, in the same tone; "Master will be here by-and-bye; but ye know we have bonny wark to dow afore daylight yet. Gud night, hinny."

So saying, Ned stole softly along the village; and, within half an hour, half a dozen boats were alongside the lugger; and, an hour before daybreak, every tub and every bale on board was safely landed and stowed away.

Yet, after she was a clean ship, there was one awkward business that still remained to be settled, and that was how they were to dispose of the wounded officer of the cutter-brig. A consultation was held—many opinions were given.

"At any rate we must act like-Christians," said Harry.

Some proposed that he should be taken over to Holland and landed there; but this the skipper positively refused to do, swearing, that the sooner he could get rid of such a customer the better.

"Why, I canna tell," said Ned Thomson; "but what dow ye say, if we just take him ashore, and lay him at the door o' the awd rascal that gied information on us?"

"Capital!" cried two or three of the conclave; "that's just the ticket, Ned!"

"Nonsense!" interrupted Harry, "it's nae such thing, man. Ned, I wonder that sic a clever chap as ye aye talks like a fool. Why ye might as weel go and ask them to take you and me off to Morpeth before dinner-time, as to lay him at their door this morning."

"Well, Master Teasdale," said the skipper, who was becoming impatient, "what would you have us to do with him?"

"Why, I see there's naething for it," answered Harry, "but I maun take the burden o' him upon my awn shouthers. Get the boat ready." So saying, and while it was yet dark, he entered the cabin where the wounded officer lay, but who was now conscious of his situation.

"I say, my canny lad," said Harry, approaching his bedside, and addressing him, "ye maun allow me to tie a bit handkercher ower yur een for a quarter of an hour or sae.—Ye needna be feared, for there's naething shall happen ye—but only, in looking after yur gud, I maunna lose sight o' my awn. You shall be ta'en ashore as gently as we can."

The wounded man was too feeble to offer any resistance; and Harry, binding up his eyes, wrapt the clothes on the bed around him, and carried him in his arms upon deck. In the same manner, he placed him in the boat, supporting him with his arm,

and, on reaching the shore, he bore him on his shoulders to his house.

"Now, sir," said he, as he set him down from his shoulders on an arm-chair, "ye needna be under the smallest apprehension, for every attention shall be paid ye here; and as soon as ye are better, ye shall be at liberty to return, safe and sound, to your friends, your ship, or wherever ye like." Harry then turned to his daughter, and continued—"Now, my bird, come awn in by wi' me, and I will let ye know what ye have to dow."

Fanny wondered at the unusual burden which her father had brought upon his shoulders into the house; and, at his request, she anxiously accompanied him into her own apartment. When they had entered, and he had shut the door behind them, he took her hand affectionately, and, addressing her in a sort of whisper, said—

"Now, Fanny, love, ye maun be very cautious—as I know ye will be—and mind what I am telling ye to dow." He then made her acquainted with the rank of their inmate, and the manner in which he had fallen into their hands, and added—

"Now, darling, ye see we maun be very circumspect, and keep his being here a secret frae everybody; he maun remain ignorant o' his awn situation, nowther knowing where he is, nor in whose hands he is; for, if it were found out, it wad be as much as your father's life is worth. Now, he maun stop in this room, as it looks into the garden, and he can see naething frae it, nor will onybody be able to see him. Ye maun sleep wi' the lass in the kitchen, and yur 'sampler,' and every book, or onything that has a name on't, maun be taken out o' the room. It winna dow for onybody but you and me ever to see him, or to wait on him; and, when we do, he maunna be allowed to see either yur face or mine; but I will put my awd mask on, that I used to wear at night sometimes when there was onything particular to dow, and I thought there wad be danger in the way; and," continued he, as the doting parent rose in his bosom, "it wadna be *chancy* for him to see my Fanny's face at ony rate; and when ye dow see him, ye maun have your features so concealed, that, if he met you again, he wadna know ye. Now, hinny, ye'll attend to a' that I've said—for ye remember your father's life depends on't—and we maun be as kind to the lad as we can, and try to bring him about as soon as possible, to get clear on him."

Fanny promised to obey her father's injunctions; but fears for his safety, and the danger in which he was placed, banished every other thought. The books, the "sampler," everything that could lead the stranger to a knowledge of the name of his keepers, or of the place where he was, was taken out of the room.

Harry, muffling up his face, returned to the apartment where the wounded man was, and supporting him on his arm, he led him to that which he was to occupy. He then took the bandage from his eyes, and, placing him on the bed, again desired him to keep himself easy, and wished him "good morning," for day was now beginning to dawn.

The name of our smuggler's wounded prisoner was Augustus Hartly. He was about twenty-four years of age, and the son of a gentleman of considerable property in Devonshire; and, at the period we speak of, he was in expectation of being removed from his situation as second officer of the brig, and promoted to the command of a revenue cutter. The wounds which he had received on the deck of the lugger were severe, and had reduced him to a state of extreme feebleness; but they were not dangerous. He knew not where he was, and he marvelled at the treatment he experienced; for it was kind, yea, even roughly courteous, and unlike what he might have expected from the hands of such men as those into whose power he had fallen. Anxiety banished sleep; and when the risen sun lighted up the chamber where he lay, he stretched forth his hand and drew aside the curtains, to ascertain whether the appearance of the apartment would in any way reveal the mystery which surrounded his situation. But it rather increased it. In the window were the flowers—around the walls the curious needle-work; the furniture was neatly arranged—there was an elegance over all; and, to increase his wonder, in a corner by the window, was a small harp, and a few pages of music lay upon a table near him.

"Surely," thought Augustus, "this cannot be the habitation of a half uncivilized smuggler; and yet the man who brought me here seemed such."

He drew back his head upon his pillow, to seek the explanation in conjectures which he could not otherwise obtain; and while he lay conjuring up strange fancies, Harry, with the mask upon his face, his hair tied up and concealed, and his body wrapt in a great coat entered the room.

"Well, how art thou now, lad?" said the smuggler, approaching the bed; "dost think ye could take breakfast yet?"

Augustus thanked him; but the appearance of Harry in his strange disguise increased his curiosity and anxiety.

Harry withdrew, and again returned with the breakfast; and though an awkward waiter, he was an attentive one. Few words passed between them, for the questions which Augustus felt desirous to ask, were checked by the smuggler, saying—"Now, my canny lad, while ye are here I maun lay an embargo on your asking any questions, either of me or onybody else. Ye shall be taken gud care on—if ye want anything, just tak that bit stick at your bed-side, and gie a rap on the floor, and I'll come to ye. Ye shall want for naething; and, as soon as ye are better, ye shall be at liberty to gang where ye like. But I maun caution ye again, that ye are to ask nae questions."

Augustus again thanked him, and was silent.

At the end of eight days, he was able to rise from his bed, and to sit up for a few hours. Harry now said to him—

"As thou wilt be dull, belike thou wilt have nae objections to a little music to cheer thee."

Thus saying, he left the room, and, in a few minutes, returned with Fanny. He was disguised as before, and her features were concealed by several folds of black crape, which covered her head and face, after the fashion of a nun. She curtsied with a modest grace to the stranger as she entered.

"That cannot be the daughter of a rude and ignorant smuggler," thought Augustus; "and how should such a creature be connected with them?" He noted the elegance of her form, and his imagination again began to dream. The mystery of his situation deepened around him, and he gazed anxiously on the thick and folded veil that concealed her features.

"Wilt thou amuse the poor gentleman with a song, love," said Harry, "for I fear he has but a dull time on't."

Fanny took the harp which stood in the corner—she touched the trembling chords—she commenced a Scottish melody; and as Augustus listened to the music of her clear and silvery voice, blending with the tones of the instrument, it

"Came o'er the ear like the sweet south
Breathing upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour."

It seemed the sweetest strain to which he had ever listened; and romance and mystery lent it their magic. His eyes kindled at the sounds; and when Harry saw the change that was produced on him, he was well pleased to observe it, and he was proud also of his daughter's performance, and, in the simplicity and fullness of his heart, he said—

"Thou mayest amuse the gentleman with thy music every day, child, or thou mayest read to him, to make him as comfortable as we can; only he must ask thee no questions, and thou must answer him none. But I can trust to thee."

From that moment, Augustus no longer wearied for the days of his captivity to pass away; and he retired to rest, or rather to dream of the veiled songstress, and to conjure up a thousand faces of youth and beauty which might be like her face—for he doubted not but her countenance was lovely as her form was handsome; and he pictured dark eyes where the soul beamed, and the raven hair waved on the snowy temples, with the soft blue eyes where affection smiled, and the flaxen tresses were parted on the brow; but he knew not which might be like hers on whom his imagination dwelt.

Many days passed; and, during a part of each, Fanny sat beside him to beguile his solitude. She read to him; they conversed together; and the words which fell from her lips surprised and delighted him. She also taught him the use of the

harp, and he was enabled to play a few tunes. He regarded her as a veiled angel, and his desire to look upon her features each day became more difficult to control. He argued, that it was impossible to love one whose face he had never seen—yet, when she was absent from his side, he was unhappy until her return; she had become the one idea of his thoughts—the spirit of his fancies; he watched her fair fingers as they glided on the harp—his hand shook when he touched them, and more than once he half raised it to untie the thick veil which hid her features from him.

But, while such feelings passed through his mind, others of a kindred character had crept into the bosom of Fanny, and she sighed when she thought that, in a few weeks, she would see him no more, that even her face he might not see, and that her name he must never know; and fears for her father's safety mingled with the feelings which the stranger had awakened in her bosom. She had beheld the anxiety that glowed in his dark eyes—she had listened to his impassioned words—she felt their influence; but duty forbade her to acknowledge that she felt it.

Eight weeks had passed; the wounds of Augustus were nearly healed; his health was restored, and his strength returned, and Harry said that, in another week, he might depart; but the announcement gave no joy to him to whom it was addressed. His confinement had been robbed of its solitariness, it had become as a dream in which he delighted, and he could have asked but permission to gaze upon the face of his companion to endure it for ever. About an hour after he received this intelligence, Fanny entered the apartment. He rose to meet her—he took her hand, and they sat down together. But her harp lay untouched—she spoke little—he thought she sighed, and he, too, was silent.

"Lady," said he, anxiously, still holding her hand in his, "I know not where I am, nor by whom I am surrounded—in this only I know, that you, with an angel's care, have watched over me, that you have restored me to health, and rendered confinement more grateful than liberty; but, in a few days, we must part—part, perhaps, for ever; then, before I go, grant me but one request—let me look upon the face of her whose remembrance will dwell in my heart as its dearest thought, while the pulse of life throbs within it."

"I must not—I dare not," said Fanny, and she paused and sighed—"tis not worth looking on," she added.

"Nay, dearest," continued he, "deny me not—it is a small request. Fear nothing—never shall danger fall upon any connected with you through me. I will swear to you—"

"Swear not!" interrupted Fanny—"I dare not!—no!—no!" and she again sighed.

He pressed her hand more closely within his. A breathless silence followed, and a tear glistened in his eyes. Her bosom heaved—her countenance bespoke the struggle that warred in her breast.

"Do I look as one who would betray your friends—if they be your friends?" said he, with emotion.

"No," she faltered, and her head fell on her bosom.

He placed his hand across her shoulders—it touched the ribbon by which the deep folds of the veil were fastened over her head—it was the impulse of a moment—he unloosed it, the veil fell upon the floor, and the flaxen locks and the lovely features of Fanny Teasdale were revealed. Augustus started in admiration; for weeks he had conjured up phantoms of ideal beauty, but the fair face before him exceeded them all. She blushed—her countenance bespoke anxiety rather than anger—tears fell down her cheeks, and he kissed them away. He sat, silently gazing on her features, drawing happiness from her eyes.

Again ten days had passed, and, during each of them, Fanny, in the absence of her father, sat unveiled by his side. Still he knew not her name, and when he entreated her to pronounce it, she wept, and replied, "I dare not."

He had told her his. "Call me *your* Augustus," said he, "and tell me by what name I shall call *you*, my own. Come, dearest—do you doubt me still? Do you still think me capable of the part of an informer?"

But she wept the more, for she knew that to tell her name

was to make known her father's also—to betray him, and to place his life in jeopardy. He urged her yet more earnestly, and he had sunk upon his knee, and was pressing her hand to his lips, when Harry, in the disguise in which he had always seen him, entered the room. The smuggler started back.

"What!" cried he, sternly, "what hast thou done, girl?—shown thy face and betrayed me?—and told thy name, and mine too, I suppose!"

"O, no! no! dear father!" she exclaimed, flinging her arms around him; "I have not—indeed I have not. Do not be angry with your Fanny."

"Fanny!" hastily exclaimed Augustus—"Fanny!—bless thee for that word!"

"That thou mayest make it a clew to destroy her father!" returned the smuggler.

"No, sir," answered Augustus proudly, "but that I may treasure it up in my heart, as the name of one who is dearer to me than the life which thou hast preserved."

"Ay! ay!" replied Harry, "thou talkest like every hot-headed youth; but it was an ungrateful return in thee for preserving thy life, to destroy my peace. Get thee into the other room, for thou'st been a silly girl."

She rose weeping, and withdrew.

"Now, sir," continued Harry, "thou must remain nae langer under this roof. This very hour I will get a horse ready, and conduct thee to where ye can go to your friends, or wherever ye like; and as ye were brought blindfolded here, you maun consent to be taken blindfolded away."

"Nay, trust to my honour, sir," said Augustus—I am incapable of betraying you."

"I'm no sae sure about that," returned the smuggler, "and it's best to be sure. I trusted to your honour that ye wad ask no questions while here—and how have you kept your honour? Na, lad, na!—what ye dinna see ye winna be able to swear to. So make ready." Thus saying, Harry left the apartment, locking the door behind him.

It was about an hour after nightfall, and within ten minutes the smuggler again entered the room. He carried a pistol in one hand, and a silk handkerchief in the other. He placed the pistol upon the table, and said—"I have no time to argue—allow me to tie thy eyes up, lest worst follow."

Augustus requested that he might see Fanny but for a few minutes, and he would comply without a murmur.

"No!" said Harry, sternly; "wouldst tamper with my child's heart, when her trusting in thee would place my life in thy power? Say no more—I won't hear thee," he continued, again raising the pistol in his hand.

Augustus, finding expostulation vain, submitted to have his eyes bound up; and as the smuggler was leading him from the house, the bitter sobs of Fanny reached his ear: he was almost tempted to burst from the grasp of his conductor and rush towards her; but, endeavouring to suppress the tumult of his feelings, he exclaimed aloud—

"Forget me not, dear Fanny!—we shall meet again."

"Never!" whispered Harry in his ear.

The smuggler's horse stood ready at the door. In a moment he sprang upon the saddle—(if saddle it could be called)—and, taking Augustus by the hand, placed him behind him; and, at a word spoken, the well-trained animal started off, as though spurs had been dashed into its side. For several hours, they galloped on, but in what direction Augustus knew not, nor wist he from whence he had been brought. At length the smuggler suddenly drew up his horse, and exclaimed—"Dis-mount!"

Augustus obeyed; but scarce had his feet touched the ground, when Harry, crying "farewell!" dashed away as an arrow shot from a bow; and before the other could unfasten the handkerchief with which his eyes were bound up, the horse and its rider were invisible.

It was drawing towards grey dawn, and he knew neither where he was nor in what direction to proceed. He remembered also that he was without money—but there was something heavy tied in a corner of the handkerchief, which he yet held in his hand. He examined it, and found ten guineas, wrapt in a scrap of paper, on which some words seemed to be

written. He longed for day, that he might be enabled to read them, and, as the light increased, he deciphered, written with a trembling hand—

"You may need money.—Think sometimes of me!"

"Heaven bless thee, my unknown Fanny!" cried he, "whoever thou art—never will I think of any but thee."

I need not tell about his discovering in what part of the country the smuggler had left him, of his journey to his father's house in Devonshire, or his relation of what had befallen him; nor how he dwelt upon the remembrance of Fanny, and vainly endeavoured to trace where her residence was, or to discover what was her name beyond Fanny.

He was appointed to the command of a cutter, and four years passed from the period of the scenes that had been described, when following in pursuit of a smuggling vessel, he again arrived upon the coast of Northumberland. Some of his crew, who had been on shore, brought him information that the vessel was delivering her cargo near Embleton, and, ordering two boats to be manned, he instantly proceeded to the land. They came upon the smugglers—a scuffle ensued, and one of Captain Hartly's men was stabbed by his side with a clasp-knife, and fell dead at his feet; and he wrenched the knife from the hand of the murderer, who, with his companions, effected his escape without being discovered.

But day had not yet broken when two constables knocked at the door of Harry Teasdale, and demanded admission. The servant-girl opened the door—they rushed into the house, and to the side of the bed where he slept. They grasped him by the shoulder, and exclaimed—

"You are our prisoner!"

"Your prisoner!" replied Harry; "for what, neighbours?"

"Weel dowie know for what," was the answer.

Harry sprang upon the floor, and, in the excitement of the moment, he raised his hand to strike the officers of the law.

"Ye are only making things worse," said one of them; and he submitted to have handcuffs placed upon his wrists.

Fanny sprang into the room, exclaiming—

"My father!—my father!" and flinging her arms around his neck—"Oh! what is it?—what is it?" she continued, breathless, and her voice choked with sobbing—"what do they say that you have done?"

"Nothing, love, nothing," said he, endeavouring to be calm—"it is some mistake: but some one shall answer for it."

His daughter's arms were forcibly torn from around his neck; and he was taken before a neighbouring magistrate, by whom the deposition of Captain Hartly had been received. Harry was that morning committed to the county prison on a charge of murder. I shall neither attempt to describe his feelings, nor will I dwell upon the agony which was worse than death to his poor daughter. She knew her father was innocent; but she knew not his accusers, nor the nature of the evidence which they would bring forward to prove him guilty of the crime which they imputed to him.

But the fearful day of trial came. Henry Teasdale was placed at the bar. The principal witness against him was Captain Hartly. The colour came and went upon the prisoner's cheeks as his eye fell upon the face of his accuser. He seemed struggling with sudden emotion; and many who observed it, took it as a testimony of guilt. In his evidence, Captain Hartly deposed, that he and a part of his crew came upon the smugglers on the beach, while in the act of concealing their goods; that he and the seaman, who was murdered by his side, having attacked three of the smugglers, the tallest of the three, whom he believed to be the prisoner, with a knife, gave the mortal stab to the deceased—that he raised the weapon also against him, and that he only escaped the fate of his companion by striking down the arm of the smuggler, and wrenching the knife from his hand, who then escaped. He also stated, that, on examining the knife, which was of great length, he read the words, "HARRY TEASDALE," which were deeply, burned into its bone handle, and which led to the apprehension of the prisoner. The knife was then produced in Court, and a murmur of horror ran through the multitude.

Other witnesses were examined, who proved, that, on the day of the murder, they had seen the knife in the hands of the

prisoner; and the counsel for the prosecution, in remarking on the evidence, pronounced it to be

"Confirmation strong as holy writ!"

The judge inquired of the prisoner if he had anything to say, or aught to bring forward in his defence.

"I have only this to say, my lord," said Harry, firmly, "that I am as innocent o' the crime laid to my charge as the child unborn. My poor daughter and my servant can prove, that on the night when the deed was committed, I never was across my own door. And," added he, firmly, and in a louder tone, and pointing to Captain Hartly as he spoke, "I can only say, that he whose life I saved at the peril o' my own, has, through some mistake, endeavoured to take away mine; and his conscience will carry its punishment when he discovers his error."

Captain Hartly started to his feet—his cheeks became pale—he inquired in an eager tone—"Have you seen me before?" The prisoner returned no answer; and, at that moment, the officer of the court called the name of

"*Fanny Teasdale!*"

"Ha!" exclaimed the captain, convulsively, and suddenly striking his hand upon his breast—"Is it so?"

The prisoner bowed his head and wept. The Court were stricken with astonishment.

Fanny was led towards the witness-box—there was a buzz of admiration and of pity as she passed along. Captain Hartly beheld her—he clasped his hands together—"Gracious Heavens! my own Fanny!" he exclaimed aloud.

He sprang forward—he stood by her side—her head fell on his bosom. "My lord!—O, my lord!" he cried, wildly addressing the judge, "I doubt—I disbelieve my own evidence! There must be some mistake. I cannot be the murderer of the man who saved me—of my Fanny's father!"

The most anxious excitement prevailed through the court—every individual was moved; and, on the bench, faces were turned aside to conceal a tear.

The judge endeavoured to restore order.

The shock of meeting with Augustus, in such a place and in such an hour, though she knew not that he was her father's accuser, added to her agony, was too much for Fanny; and, in a state of insensibility, she was carried out of the court.

Harry's servant girl was examined; and, although she swore, that, on the night on which the murder was committed, he had not been out of his own house, yet in her cross-examination, she admitted, that he frequently was out during the night without her knowledge, and that he *might* have been so on the night in question. Other witnesses were called, who spoke to the excellent character of the prisoner, and to his often-proved courage and humanity; but they could not prove that he had not been engaged in the affray in which the murder had been committed.

Captain Hartly strove anxiously to undo the impression which his evidence had already produced; but it was too late.

The judge addressed the jury, and began to sum up the evidence. He remarked upon the knife with which the deed was perpetrated, being proved and acknowledged to be the property of the prisoner—of its being seen in his hand on the same day, and of his admitting the fact—on the resemblance of his figure to that of the individual who was seen to strike the blow, and on his inability to prove that he was not that individual. He was proceeding to notice the singular scene that had occurred, with regard to the principal witness and the prisoner, when a shout was heard from the court door, and a gentleman, dressed as a clergyman, pressed through the crowd, and, reaching the side of the prisoner, he exclaimed—"My lord, and gentleman of the jury, *the prisoner, Harry Teasdale, is innocent!*"

"Thank Heaven!" exclaimed Captain Hartly.

The spectators burst into a shout, which the judge instantly suppressed, and desired the clergyman to be sworn, and to produce his evidence. "We are here to give it," said two others who had followed behind him.

The clergyman briefly stated, that he had been sent for on

the previous evening to attend the deathbed of an individual whom he named, and who had been wounded in the affray with Captain Hartly's crew; and that, in his presence, and in the presence of the other witnesses, who then stood by his side, a deposition had been taken down from his lips an hour before his death. The deposition, or confession, was handed into court; and it set forth, "That his hand struck the fatal blow, and with Harry Teasdale's knife, which he had found lying upon the stern of his boat on the afternoon of the day on which the deed was committed—and, farther, that Harry was not upon the beach that night."

The jury looked for a moment at each other—they instantly rose, and their foreman pronounced the prisoner "*Not Guilty!*" A loud and spontaneous shout burst from the multitude. Captain Hartly sprang forward—he grasped his hand.

"I forgive thee, lad," said Harry.

Hartly led him from the dock—he conducted him to Fanny, whom he had taken to an adjoining inn.

"Here is your father!—he is safe!—he is safe, my love!" cried Augustus, as he entered the room where she was.

Fanny wept on her father's bosom, and he kissed her brow and said, "Bless thee."

"And canst thou bless me, too," said Augustus, "after all that I have done?"

"Well, well, I see how it is to be," said Harry; and he took their hands and placed them in each other. I need only add, that Fanny Teasdale became the happy wife of Augustus Hartly; and Harry, having acquired a competency, gave up the trade of a smuggler.

CAPTURE OF CHARLESTOWN, NORTH AMERICA.

THE arrival on the coast of Georgia, of the French fleet under the Count d'Estaing, in September, 1779, had excited great alarm for the safety of New York. Apprehensive of an attack on that city, the troops, amounting to nearly 6,000 men that had been stationed on Rhode Island ever since its capture by the British, a period of two years and eight months, were ordered to evacuate the island, and repair to New York, in order to strengthen the garrison in that city. The evacuation of Rhode Island did not improve the American affairs, for the island was wholly in the power of the king without an occupying force, as it was when occupied, while the British fleet retained possession of the adjoining sea.

In another view the evacuation was disadvantageous to the Americans, as it increased greatly the means of attack possessed by their enemies; an egregious blunder had been committed in placing a strong body of troops in an insular position, where they were entirely lost to any public service, while the object for which they were there stationed would have been as completely obtained by the cruising of a couple of frigates in the vicinity.

The preparations for defending New York were stayed, as the governor had received intelligence of the successful defence of Savannah, and of the departure of the French. Sir H. Clinton being now relieved from all apprehensions of attack, and having undertaken no important enterprise in the last two campaigns, saw that the time was proper for the re-commencement of the attempt to recover the colonies. The weakness of the southern states, and the facilities they presented for penetrating into the interior, with other inducements, appearing to render a conquest easy, pointed them out as the proper quarter to which an expedition should be sent.

After the report of the French fleet had been confirmed, Sir H. Clinton nominated Lieutenant-general Knyphausen, commander of the royal troops in New York, and then assumed the command of the expedition he had planned. The troops were chosen from all the various descriptions of force composing the royal army; and were deemed capable to overcome any opposition made to their progress that could be offered by the southern states.

The expedition sailed from New York on the 26th of Decem-

ber, 1779, and conveyed by the naval force under Vice-admiral Arbuthnot. The fleet arrived at Tybec, in Georgia, on the 21st of January, 1780, having had its passage impeded by much danger and loss. Shortly after this the transports sailed for North Edisto, in South Carolina, where they landed the troops.

They were now about thirty miles from Charlestown, the destined object of attack; after taking possession of several places in the vicinity, a portion of the royal army took up a position on the Ashley, opposite to Charlestown. Governor Rutledge, to whom, and such of his council as should be near, on the landing of the British every power had been then again given, excepting that of taking away life without a legal trial, in order to meet the necessities of the times, appointed a station for the military, ordering them to assemble there immediately.

Though all saw and felt the danger, yet the number was small, who in obeying the summons, expressed their resolves to hazard their lives in defence of their country and their liberties. Here again property was destroying patriotism; for too many of the South Carolinian planters were prepared to make every sacrifice, short of life, to preserve their estates from spoliation or confiscation. Rare, indeed, disgracefully rare, it is that men who possess a goodly share of the world's wealth, and whose riches may in some measure insure protection from the oppressions to which their less fortunate, because poor, countrymen are subject, come forward to assist them in an endeavour to liberate them from the galling chains of slavery. Yet it would be wrong to charge wealthy persons with habitual forgetfulness of the unassisted, for Hampden & Washington are striking evidences to the contrary. It is devoutly to be wished that such persons should appear on the stage of life more frequently.

The intervening period between the departure of the British from New York until their arrival in the south, was improved by the Americans in strengthening the fortifications of Charlestown. Though Governor Rutledge had exerted all the powers with which he was invested to arouse those whose duty it was to arm, to a proper sense of the obligation, threatening such as possessed property in Charlestown with confiscation, if they did not immediately turn out to oppose the enemy; yet this had little or no effect, so that at the commencement of the siege, the garrison did not exceed 3000 men. Small as was the garrison, and undisciplined, this, combined with the additional fortifications, induced Sir H. Clinton to delay operations until he obtained reinforcements from New York. He likewise ordered a draft of 1200 men from [the garrison of Savannah to join him before Charlestown.

When these troops arrived, he began operations with the utmost activity; batteries were formed opposite the southern and western extremities of the town; on James' island, and on the main-land, while an advanced party crossed the Ashley, and broke ground at the distance of 1100 yards from the Ame-

rican works; five batteries were erected on Charlestown-neck during the siege.

While the royal army was thus actively employed, the garrison was not inactive, as under the direction of General Lincoln, who commanded in the town, the fortifications were much extended; lines were formed from the Cooper to the Ashley, with an abatis, and a ditch in front, and every exertion was used for an effective defence.

Notwithstanding their efforts, the American works were not sufficiently strong to resist the superior force of the royal army; but weak as they were, Sir H. Clinton treated them with due respect, recollecting the memorable defence of the unfinished intrenchments on Bunker's Hill; the mere field works of the Americans were opposed by three parallels.

The batteries were opened on the 12th of April, the town having been summoned to surrender, which they refused to do. Previous to this, the royal naval force had commenced operations; an American squadron under Commodore Whipple was intended to oppose the passage of the British over the bar in front of Rebellion Road; but this design was relinquished, the American force being found to be inadequate.

Then Commodore Whipple retired to Fort Moultrie, and afterwards to Charlestown, when the crews and guns of all the ships but one, were landed to reinforce the garrison. The passage over the bar was consequently easy to the British squadron, which then cast anchor in Five Fathom Hole. On the 9th of April, a strong southerly wind arose, and the tide flowing, Admiral Arbuthnot ordered the anchor to be weighed, and sailed past Fort Moultrie, that which in 1776, had nearly destroyed the British naval force, and defeated the attempt on Charlestown. Colonel Pinckney, the commander of the



THE BRITISH FLEET PASSING THE FORT MOULTRIE AND RECEIVING ITS FIRE

fort, kept up an incessant cannonade on the ships as they passed, but this was disregarded, as it was not the object of the British admiral to engage the fort. The squadron proceeded till it reached the ruins of Fort Johnson, where it cast anchor.

Several vessels had been sunk by the Americans at the entrance of the river Cooper, to prevent the British ships from taking up a position there. The efficiency of the royal artillery and engineers was here proved by the decided superiority of their fire, which was effectually operating on the town and its defences. Governor Rutledge then, at the desire of General Lincoln, left Charlestown, as his presence was deemed of more consequence in the interior than in the town.

Notwithstanding the superiority of the British fire, the resistance of the garrison was continued long after the rational hope had fled of making a successful resistance; yet were there some who vainly hoped that the garrison, now much reduced, might be able to defend the extensive lines and batteries around the town, against any attack of the besiegers. The royal force consisted of 9,000 men, chosen from the various descriptions of the British troops in America, while the number of the garrison did not now exceed 2,500 men.

It now became evident that further resistance would prove unavailing, and on the 11th of May, a body of the townspeople earnestly requested of General Lincoln to accept the terms offered by Sir H. Clinton, before the opening of the batteries. The general viewing the desperate condition of the town, and not wishing to add to the sufferings of the inhabitants, sent to the royal commander, stating his desire to accept the terms previously offered. To this a favourable reply was soon returned; a capitulation was signed, according to which, the garrison and every male adult male inhabitant, amounting in the whole between 5,000 and 6,000 men, were made prisoners of war. The request of General Lincoln, that the garrison should be allowed to march out with the honours of war, being sternly refused. Perhaps by this unusual severity, Sir H. Clinton intended to counterbalance the mortification of Burgoyne's defeat; yet the Americans when they proved the victors, generously granted the honours of war. This General Lincoln served under General Gates when opposed to General Burgoyne.

By the fall of Charlestown, the Americans perceived the prudence of Washington's plan of permitting the towns to be occupied by the enemy, rather than risk in their defence a more severe loss. Possession being thus obtained of the capital of South Carolina, Sir H. Clinton exerted himself much to obtain all the fruits of this victory that might be of advantage to the cause of his sovereign, by endeavouring to get the royal authority acknowledged throughout the state. One of his earliest exertions for this purpose was the formation of a royal militia, by which those who had refused to take up arms in defence of their country's freedom, were compelled to arm in behalf of the king. Sir H. Clinton at the same time, threatened severe punishment to those who would dare to attempt to oppose the royal authority; and a few days after, South Carolina was proclaimed as having returned to its condition as a colony, and the inhabitants, a few excepted, to be in full possession of all the rights and immunities they had previously enjoyed under a free British government.

Having so far secured the obedience of the town and the country around, the royal commander next directed his attention to the population of the interior, and in order to extend the royal authority, he placed garrisons in several districts.

Having learnt that several small parties of Americans had come from the other states, and entered Carolina for the purpose of relieving Charlestown, the British general next directed his force against them, but on hearing of the advance of the royal troops, these American bodies thought prudent to retire. However, one body of three hundred continentals was overtaken by a British detachment.

The Americans made but little resistance, notwithstanding they received no quarter, and for sometime after all appearance of resistance ceased, the work of death continued; so inveterate was the hostility of the contending parties in this unnatural warfare. In this affair the royal troops had only twelve men killed, while the yielding Americans lost a great proportion of their number.

A NAVAL SKETCH.

(Concluded.)

"Oh, here it is, sir," replied the seaman, pulling it out from between his shirt and skin, but well saturated with water; "here it is, Mr. Oldjunk; but about them marines' tails, sir, I'm blessed if I don't get one for a plug for the jolly-boat."

At this moment a stout, hardy, good-looking, elderly man approached me, and seemed to be taking my altitude, for he eyed me from head to foot, and then turning round to a youth of about my own age and dimensions, he sang out, "Tom! come here, sir—get from under the lee of that umbrella for a minute, and mind what I say. Take this young gentleman home with you, and clap a full suit of your own rigging over his mast-head; but let him have a taste of the warm-bath first—about blood-heat, sir,—d'ye hear me?" The young man bowed—"And now Mr.—Mr.—I don't know your name—"

"Oldjunk, sir," I replied, bending my head respectfully (I had no hat to touch), for I was well aware from his manners that he was a naval officer, though he wore no uniform by which I could judge of his rank.

"Well, Mr. Oldjunk, follow my son Tom," said he; "take a bath for about five minutes, wash yourself well, sir, and your face will require a little soap; then rig yourself in some of his gear, and take care, Tom, it is none of the worst."

"But my men, sir," said I, "shouldn't I see to them first?—with your permission I would rather—"

"Right, Mr. What-d'ye-call-em—Mr. Holdfast," he replied, interrupting me, "your consideration is proper; but the men, sir, are more accustomed to rough it out—though I honour your care, sir.—Here, ostler! ostler!"

"Yes, Sir Henry," replied the individual addressed, and running up hat in hand.

"Take these lads into your cleanest stable," said he, "give them four or five clean coarse horse-cloths, or get some coarse towels from the house, let them scrub one another for half an hour; and whilst they are hard at it, tell the cook to get them a good mess of soup and plenty of grub ready."

"I will, Sir Henry," replied the ostler.

"And here, my men," continued the kind-hearted officer, for such I was convinced he was, "go with this good fellow; every one of you strip ship and wring out your duds, and then send them to be dried at the galley—I mean the kitchen fire." He turned to me—"Now, Mr. What's-your-name—Mr. Oldyams—I hope you're satisfied?"

"Most gratefully so, sir," I replied; "and I trust the men will do no discredit to your generosity—Peters," said I, approaching him, and speaking in an under tone, "Peters, beware of grog, and keep the lads sober."

"I will, Mr. Oldjunk—indeed I will," replied Peters; "but I'm blessed if I arn't sorry they're going to decapitate the marines' tails, if they bring a fellow such luck as this here—why we shall live like fighting cocks! I hope it'll blow for a week anyhow."

After making another inquiry respecting the young lady, and hearing that she was reviving, I followed my conductor to a handsome house, where I was soon completely equipped in a suit of nearly new clothes, and, according to my own opinion, made no very despicable appearance. My *chaperone*, Tom, a most excellent young man, informed me I was indebted to Sir Henry H—for the kindness which had been shown to me; and truly my heart expanded with the most holy gratitude. I narrated to him the circumstances connected with the loss of the yacht, as far as my own actual knowledge went (and indeed I knew nothing beyond it); but I could give him no information relative to the rank or quality of the individuals I had saved, nor who it was that had perished.

During the time I was dressing, Mr. H—had related the events to his mother and sisters, and my modesty* was sadly overwhelmed when, on being introduced to three elegant females (Lady H— and her daughters) they bestowed upon me almost unqualified praise for what they termed my gallant conduct, and never did approbation flow from more lovely lips, or breath pass between teeth of more pearly whiteness.

At this moment the admiral himself entered—"Mr. Spun-yarn—no, no, I mean Mr. Holden—"

"Oldjunk, Sir Henry," said I, "the son of the late Captain Oldjunk, who—"

"Commanded the Warrior in the Channel fleet?" continued the Admiral, interrupting me. "I knew him well, sir, and hope his son will be as brave and good a man as his father. Well, Mr. Oldjunk, I am happy to inform you that your friends—for friends they must be after what you have done for them—I say, Mr. Oldrope—Oldjunk, I mean—your friends are all recovering; the ladies have turned in, contrary to my wishes though; for by sitting up they might have recovered their self-possession, but now with terror on their minds they'll lay tossing about like Dutch schuyls on the Dogger Bank. However, the doctors sent them to bed, and the youngest is past all danger."

* Query "modesty?"—a midshipman's modesty!—no such rope in the top.—Printer's Devil.

My heart fairly leaped with joy, at least I felt it bump against my breast. "And she is a beautiful girl too—like one you will well remember, Lady H—," and the admiral sighed. "Ah now, Tom," addressing his son, "that would be a prize indeed! But I beg pardon, Mr. Oldstores—Oldjunk, I mean—who can tell what gratitude and all that sort of thing may do for you." Again my heart began thumping.

"But, according to Mr. Oldjunk, papa," said one of the young ladies, "she is but a mere girl, just out of her childhood."

"Humph!" ejaculated the admiral, "a young woman's envy;" and patting his daughter playfully on the cheek, he added, "Celia, Celia, my love, take care of the quarantine flag."

The young lady blushed.—"But what is her age, papa?" inquired the other.

"Why, let me see—I should take her to be near seventeen. But Mr. Oldjack has a step or two to ascend before the earl—" (my heart sank down like a handlead)—"before the earl would deign to listen—But a truce to this nonsense. Have you served your time, young gentleman?"

I answered that "I had, about eighteen months since, and had also passed my examination; but my father's death had deprived me of my only friend, for I had no patronage, and consequently no interest with the first lord of the admiralty."

"Then, you shall want neither from this hour, sir," exclaimed the admiral: the earl—for it is a peer of the realm, sir, that you have saved—the earl will dine with me to-day, and, Lady H—, you must take the carriage and the girls, and do your gentilities to this noble family. Mr. Oldscratch—Mr. Oldjunk, I mean—you must join our dinner party; the gale will not abate till midnight; your men are all snugly berthed in clean straw, and blankets; your boat is above high-water-mark, and a youngster looking after her, so make yourself happy, my boy! I loved your father—and more, I honoured him!"

Never since my birth had I felt such a palpitation at the heart, as when waiting in the drawing-room before the dinner hour for the arrival of the earl. Lady H—and her lovely daughters said everything kind and encouraging; and the bantering of the admiral and Mr. H—, though meant to arouse me, was for some time without effect. At length the earl was announced; he entered the room, bowed gracefully to the ladies, and as the admiral presented me to him, he grasped my hand with fervour, and burst into tears. For several minutes not a word was uttered, but the lawn handkerchiefs were raised stealthily to the eyes of every one to absorb the moisture produced by generous emotions.

The entrance of a servant, to inform us that dinner was upon table, broke the embarrassment. The earl offered his arm to Lady H—, the admiral conducted his eldest daughter, and Tom slunk behind, so that I was obliged to squire his youngest sister; not that I was grieved, but rather delighted at the thought of being near one so lovely; but I was bashful and timid*; besides the high honour of having the fair soft hand of an admiral's daughter resting on my arm—the arm of a poor reefer, was enough to turn any moderate brain.

During dinner the conversation was upon general topics, and rather constrained; but when the servants had withdrawn, restraint was at an end, and never did I pass a more delightful hour. The earl had quitted Dover harbour in his yacht with six men the day before, the weather at that time being very fine. In the evening, he stood in for Brighton, and sent the boat, with the captain and four men, to fetch off a friend who was waiting there to join him. The boat did not return, the night was squally and tempestuous, and at day-light finding the vessel was considerably to leeward, the man who remained with him, strenuously advised his bearing up for Portsmouth. He complied with the request, and the result is already known. The persons drowned were a male and female servant, both favourites in the family.

I shall pass over the observations that were made upon my conduct; a new existence seemed opening before me, intoxicating delight revelled in my heart, and nothing could be more

cordial, nothing could be more cheeringly kind than the manners and language of the earl.

That night sleep departed from me:—the soft down-bed, so different to my confined hammock—the prospects before me—the brightening of hope when hope had almost fled—the continual agitation of thought—kept me awake, though now and then a gentle slumber would seize upon my frame, but it was like a cat's-paw upon the water, gone almost as soon as it appeared.

The morning was beautiful: the sun shone in the clear blue arch of Heaven, and his beams glistened on the rippling stream scarce ruffled by the breeze. All nature looked refreshed and cheerful; the birds answered each other as they sportively played amidst the green foliage of the shrubbery; the flowers breathed forth their incense as a sweet offering to the Deity; and all around seemed redolent with joy. I sighed when I looked at the frigate as she lay slumbering on the surface of the waters, and thought how soon my present enjoyment must pass away. I heard the admiral's voice at the door—"Come, youngster, it is time to turn out: the Indefatigable has hoisted a whelf, which must be for you, and it is but right that the anxiety of your excellent first lieutenant should be relieved."

I immediately dressed myself and joined the worthy and brave old gentleman in the parlour, where breakfast was provided for me previous to my departure.

"Do not think, young gentleman," said the admiral, "that we are not to meet again, but it must be a few days hence; I have my reasons. You will now return on board; and as you will require a new uniform coat, hat, and a few other things, take this; indeed I have some distant recollection of being a balance in arrears to about the same amount with your late gallant father. I have put it in this pocket-book; look at it when you get on board. It may, however, be just as well to wait a short time before you order new clothes—there may be a change in the uniform, or a hundred things may happen. Be a good lad wherever or whatever you are. Here is a note for your first-lieutenant, which present to him with my best regards." He walked to the window. "Your men I see are waiting; they have been well attended to; and now, Mr. Oldjunk, as you have finished your breakfast, I must bid you farewell."

The admiral extended his hand, and I looked at his son's clothes which adorned my person; he understood me and said, "You may do as you please—you may either keep them, as they fit you well, or, if you object to wearing a dress that has been upon Tom's hide, you can send them back." We parted.

"God bless you, Mr. Oldjunk," exclaimed Peters, as we were pulling off to the ship, "arn't this a consarn? I remember when I was at school—though for the matter o' that I never took education kindly, because I squinted a little; but I recollect something in a story book about fairies, that a young prince cut off a white cat's tail, and she immediately changed to a beautiful woman, but I'm blessed if we arn't done better than that, for the docking of the marines' tails has turned up an earl that's as generous as a lord. I say, Bill, you're the first of your family as ever shook the fin of a nobleman, and got such a glorious tuck out."

The man addressed immediately began humming in a subdued tone—

"A guinea will sink, but a pound will float,

Yet I'd rather have a guinea than a one-pound note"—and thrusting his hand into his jacket pocket he fished out not less than ten of the golden coin, the earl having given ten guineas to each.

On my getting aboard, the first-lieutenant was rather angry at my not returning with the boat the moment the gale subsided, but the Admiral's note set all square again, and he warmly congratulated me on my good fortune. My messmates received me with hearty cheers, and the jolly-boat's crew were enthusiastically greeted by their shipmates.

As soon as I could get by myself, the pocket-book presented by the admiral was opened, and in it I found a bank-note for 50*l.*, and a recommendation to employ Meredith, the tailor.

Two days passed away without my hearing anything further from Sir Henry or the Earl, and the sickening sensations arising from "hope deferred" cast a heavy tinge of melancholy

* Query "bashful and timid?"—Printer's Devil.

over my mind. On the morning of the third day the Indefatigable's distinguishing pennants were hoisted at the telegraph on shore, and the signal was made for the senior midshipman to attend at the admiral's office.

"Take the captain's gig, Mr. Oldjunk," said the first-lieutenant; "leave her at the Sally-port, with orders to wait for the captain coming down. I suppose, Oldjunk, we shall have to part, for I trust I shall never see you a midshipman again."

I need hardly say, my wish heartily responded to this latter expression; and yet when I went over the side of the gallant old hooker, in which I had passed so many happy and glorious hours, and thought of leaving Mr. Handsail, the worthy, kind, and gentlemanly first-lieutenant, as well as the messmates with whom I had been for three years, I could not help a strong feeling of melancholy creeping upon my spirit. "But," thought I, "my expectations are probably too highly excited, and will make the disappointment more severe and bitter."

I landed, and hastened to the admiral's office, where I had not long to wait. Admiral Montagu, with his own hands, presented me my commission (what he said I shall not repeat), and invited me to dinner. My head swam—my heart swelled almost to bursting, and I hastened away from the admiral's presence. I had gone in a reefer, I had come out a lieutenant.

Just as I was hurrying out at the door, a well-known voice exclaimed, "Oldjunk, how is it—have you sprung your luff, my boy?"

"I have, Captain Handsail," I replied to the first-lieutenant; "and though a little giddy at this moment, perhaps you will do me the favour to take a glass of wine with me when you come out."

"Well, Oldjunk, I shall be sorry to part with you," said Handsail, "though rejoiced on your account. We've been together now—let me see—in the Monarch and the Indefatigable, about five years; and I don't think you are the worse for my instruction."

"I am indeed greatly indebted to you, sir," I rejoined, "and hope never in my future service to forget the obligations I am under to Captain Handsail."

A deep flush of crimson flew over his face,—his hand trembled for a moment. "Nonsense, nonsense, boy," said he, and then added, with strong emotion,— "Mr. Oldjunk, it is wrong—it is cruel to trifle with the feelings of any man."

"I do not trifle, my dear sir," replied I, smiling; "perhaps I have in some measure broke confidence, but I really could not help it, my gratification is so great; but pray don't betray me,—the admiral has not only received your commission as commander, but also an appointment to a new sloop of war, and, Captain Handsail, we are not to part."

Never shall I forget his look; he had risen to the rank of lieutenant solely by merit; he had borne that commission for sixteen years,—he had scarce a hope of ever rising higher, for friends or patronage he had none; but Sir Henry H.—had so interested the Earl in his favour, that both commissions, and for the same vessel, had been obtained at once. He pressed my hand with fervour.—"Will you wait for me?" inquired he.

"I was going to Meredith's," said I, "but I will wait till you come out."

"No, no," he replied, "go to Meredith's, and I will come to you."

I walked to the tailor's, and was met by the polite master of the house, in his best manner.—"Shall be happy to serve you, sir. A change of uniform, I hope—or"—he hesitated—"I beg pardon, perhaps your order is already executed? pray, sir, have I the pleasure of addressing—God bless me, how is it that I should forget?—I now remember, it is Mr. Oldjunk! Pray, walk this way, sir."

I followed him into a back apartment, and as we proceeded, he continued. "The notice was very short, Mr. Oldjunk, but nevertheless I have executed it to the very letter." We entered the room. "There they are, sir, the very best that could be made or procured; and here, sir," handing me a written paper—"here, sir, is the inventory."

"What can all this mean," thought I, as I took the paper and read—

"Two complete suits of full uniform—lieutenant.

"One ditto, undress uniform.

"One gold-lace, one plain, cocked hats.

"Full dress regulation sword and belt.

"One dirk and belt.

"Four dozen fine white shirts."

In short, there was a complete stock of clothes, boots, shoes, hats,—indeed, everything that could possibly be mentioned, even bedding for my cot, and a handsome sextant. "I fear, Mr. Meredith," said I, "that some"—I was going to say somebody had been hoaxing him, for certainly the full extent of my fifty pounds would not have discharged one half of the bill; but Meredith, who misunderstood my intention, interrupted me with—"I hope not, sir; every attention has been paid, and the charges are moderate. I have likewise to thank you, sir, for your promptitude in payment; the check was instantly honoured, sir, and more than covered the demand; but as there is the cabin furniture yet to come—I beg pardon, sir, perhaps you would like to change your uniform, sir, or will you have the plain clothes?"

He pointed to a coat which I instantly recognised as the one which was worn by Mr. H.—the day I dined with Sir Henry, and the whole truth instantly flashed upon my mind. "Have you any letters for me, Mr. Meredith?" I inquired.

"God bless me, yes, sir; I had quite forgot it, though,"—and going into the counting-house, he returned with a letter, which, on opening, explained the whole. It was from the Earl, stating the orders he had given to Meredith, and requesting my acceptance of a first outfit as lieutenant. "I thought, sir," continued Meredith, as soon as I had done reading, "that you would like to select your own cabin furniture, and therefore I have left it for the present. Pray, sir, is my worthy friend, Mr. Handsail well?"

"Give me joy—give me joy, Meredith," exclaimed Handsail, as he hurriedly entered; "give me joy, you old son of a sleeve-board, first-cousin to a goose, and uncle to a pair of shears! I want an epaulette for my left shoulder, and a commander's full dress coat;—there's my commission!"

I had never seen Handsail so much elevated before: for though he was a clever seaman and a smart, active officer, yet he was generally of a grave and precise turn; but from my own feelings I could readily make allowances for his.

"I do most heartily congratulate you, Captain Handsail," said Meredith, "and sincerely trust that the time is not far distant when I shall see you—as the soldiers say—'right shoulder forward!'"

"Posted, eh, Meredith?" answered the new-made commander; "well, well, we shall see: certainly our present promotion, Mr. Oldjunk, has had a curious origin—marines' tails to wit."

As soon as Captain Handsail had given his orders we walked out together, and our first visit was to the dock-yard, to look at the little craft in which we were hereafter to "brave the battle and the breeze." I told the captain of the handsome present I had received; and as I knew his finances must be low, (as he had nothing but his pay and an occasional sprinkling of prize-money,) I offered to share with him the gift of Sir Henry H.—, but he would not listen to any such proposal; and, indeed, considering our relative situations, he could not do it, though he borrowed sufficient of me for present exigencies.

That day I shipped my white-lapelled coat, and in full lieutenant's uniform, with Captain Handsail in a commander's undress, we took our way to the admiral's residence, where we "bowed, dined, and bowed again."

The following morning we crossed over to the Isle of Wight, and waited upon Sir Henry H.—, who received us most kindly and cordially, and then accompanied us to the hotel. It would be impossible to describe my sensations whilst waiting for an interview with the Earl, and I also hoped to see the ladies, particularly one, whom I and my boat's crew had been the instruments to save. At length I was introduced; but for the first few minutes I could neither hear, see, nor speak distinctly. His lordship's frank and easy manner, however, soon dispelled embarrassment; and that lovely girl, more lovely than I had ever yet seen female, pressed my rugged hand between her own

white small delicate fingers, as she hailed me the preserver of all their lives.

Oh, how sweetly musical was that harmonious voice! Oh, how did my very soul thrill with delight every time I heard it! Not an opportunity did I let escape of stealthily gazing at that sylph-like form, and those beautiful features—indeed I drank deep of the delicious draught of intoxicating pleasure before I was aware of the unceasing passion it had spread through every channel of my heart. I loved—but that love was madness, for I was but a poor lieutenant, and Lady Caroline was an earl's daughter.

We passed the remainder of the day with this noble family, and walked out upon the beach before dinner. Lady Caroline selected me as her companion, and her engaging manners dispelled my reserve. We laughed, we chatted together—nay, more—we drew pictures of the future, and I was supremely happy.

At parting, our warmest gratitude was expressed to his lordship, and I pressed the fair hand—that hand which I had grasped all wet, and cold, and clammy, in seeming death, but now glowing with the warm blood of life in beautiful veins that shone through the bright clear skin—that hand I pressed to my lips, and saw a tear stealing down her cheek.

We quitted the island and repaired on board the *Indefatigable*, where our old friends welcomed us with honest warmth; and the seamen seeing their first-lieutenant in commander's uniform, gave him three cheers. Poor Peters came shuffling about the gangway and fore-part of the quarter-deck, and as I was aware he wished to speak to me, I walked forward. "God bless you, Mr. Oldjunk," said he; "but them marines' tails—well I shall always love a monkey for the sake of his outrigger. May I be blessed, Mr. Oldjunk, if the earl hasn't sent us all four a complete fit-out a piece, and none o' your pursers' cut either, but reg'lar superfine. Well, God bless you, Mr. Oldjunk, I'm glad you're promoted: and you and Mr. Handsail are to join the new sloop, I'm told. The earl has offered to get our discharges, but I've been in a man o' war all my life, and now I shouldn't feel safe out o' one—it is true, Mr. Oldjunk, I am but a poor jolly-boat boy," (he was nearly fifty,) "and, therefore, mayhap the first-lieutenant—I mean Capt. Handsail, mayn't think me worth having; but if you could make interest with him, Mr. Oldjunk, to get me with you, I wants no discharge but Greenidge."

"Do you seriously wish this, Peters?" said I; "think it well over, for I cannot believe you are serious."

"I'm blessed if I arn't though," replied the man; "it is as true and as sure as that the jolly at the gangway has got never a tail to his head. But, I say, Mr. Oldjunk, will you do it for me?"

"I'll do my best, Peters," said I; "but you must not be impatient, as the vessel is still upon the stocks."

We went on shore, and I am happy to say that my application for Peters was satisfactory. The *Indefatigable* was just on the point of sailing: her very topsails were sheeted home, when Captain Handsail got an order from the admiral to draft him to the guard-ship.

"It was a near touch, Peters," said I, when next we met; "the cable was up and down, and it was almost a toss you didn't go to sea in the frigate."

"Almost a toss!" said Peters, "it was quite a toss, Mr. Oldjunk, but I cried TAILS, and won."

LOSS OF THE MARY ROSE,

Which was Overset and Sunk at Spithead, in July, 1545.

The following is an exact copy from an account given by an eye-witness, Sir Peter Carewe, of Mohum Ottery, County Devon, whose narrative has been preserved by his biographer, John Vowell, *alias* Hooker, of the city of Exeter, and published in the 28th volume of the *Archæologia*, from a MS., in the possession of Sir Thomas Phillipp, Bart. After the account of the engagement between the English and French fleets he proceeds thus:—

"Not long after, the seas being waxed calm, and the wea-

ther very fair, the French galleys, having wind and weather at will, they would also needs range and scour the seas; and finding them clear, and the English navy to be laid up in harbour, they came along all the south coast of England, even unto the Isle of Wight, where some of them landed, and did much harm; and some of them came unto the haven of Portsmouth, and then rowed up and down; there being never a ship at that instant in that readiness, nor any such wind to serve, if they had been in readiness, to impeach them. The king, who, upon the news hereof, was come to Portsmouth, he fretted, and his teeth stood on an edge, to see the bravery of his enemies, to come so near his nose, and he not able to encounter with them; wherefore immediately the beacons were set on fire throughout the whole coast, and forthwith such was the resort of the people, as were sufficient to guard the land from the entering of the Frenchmen; likewise commandments were sent out for all the king's ships, and all other ships of war, which were at London and Queenborow, or elsewhere, that they should with all speed possible make haste and come to Portsmouth; which things were accordingly performed. The Frenchmen perceiving that they could do no good by tarrying there, departed again to the seas. The king, as soon as his whole fleet was come together, willett them to set all things in order, and to go to the seas; which things being done, and every ship cross-sailed, and every captain knowing his charge, it was the king's pleasure to appoint Sir George Carewe to be Vice-Admiral of that journey; and had appointed unto him a ship named the *Marye Rose*, which was as fine a ship, as strong, and as well appointed, as none better in the realm. And at their departure the king dined aboard with the Lord Admiral Viscount Lisle, in his ship, named the *Greate Henry*, and was there served by the Lord Admiral, Sir George Carewe, this gentleman, Peter Carewe, and their uncle, Sir Gawen Carewe; and with such others only as were appointed to that voyage and service. The king, being at dinner, willed some one to go up to the top, and see whether he could see anything at the seas. The word was no sooner spoken, but that Peter Carewe was as forward; and forthwith climbeth up to the top of the ship, and there sitting, the king asked of him, what news? Who told him, that he had sight of three or four ships, but, as he thought, they were merchants; but it was not long, but he had ascrayed a great number, and then he cried out to the king, that there was, as he thought, a fleet of men-of-war. The king supposing them to be French men-of-war, as they were indeed, willed the board to be taken up, and every man to go to his ship, as also a long boat to come, and carry him on land. And first he hath secret talks with the Lord Admiral, and then he hath the like with Sir George Carewe, and at his departure from him, took his chain from his neck, with a great wistle of gold pendant to the same, and did put it about the neck of the said Sir George Carewe, giving him also therewith many good and comfortable words. The king then took his boat, and rowed to the land, and every other captain went to his ship appointed unto him. Sir George Carewe being entered into his ship, commanded every man to take his place, and the sails to be hoisted; but the same was no sooner done, but that the *Marye Rose* began to heel, that is, to lean on the one side. Sir Gawen Carewe being then in his own ship, and seeing the same called for the master of his ship, and told him thereof, and asked him what it meant? who answered, that if she did heel, she was like to be cast away. Then the said Sir Gawen, passing by the *Marye Rose*, called out to Sir George Carewe, asking him how he did? who answered, that he had a sort of knaves, whom he could not rule. And it was not long after, but that the said *Marye Rose*, thus heeling more and more, was drowned, with 700 men which were in her; whereof very few escaped. It chanced unto this gentleman, as the common proverb is "the more cooks, the worst potage." He had in this ship a hundred mariners, the worst of them being able to be a master in the best ship within the realm, and these so malignant and disdained one the other, that refusing to do that which they should do, were careless to do that that they ought to do; and so contending in envy, perished in frowardness. The king this meanwhile stood on the land, and saw this tragedy, as

also the lady the wife to Sir George Carewe, who with that sight fell into a swooning. The king being oppressed with sorrow on every side, comforted her, and thanked God for the other, hoping that of a hard beginning there would follow a better ending. And notwithstanding this loss, the service appointed went forward, as soon as wind and weather would serve; and the residue of the fleet, being about the number of one hundred and five sails took the seas. The Frenchmen perceiving the same, like as a sort of sheep running into the fold, they shifted away, and got them into their harbours; thinking it better to lie there in a safe skin, than to encounter with them of whom they should little win."

It must be remarked, that the above account is confirmed in every respect by a letter from Lord Russell to Sir William Paget, dated 23rd July, 1545, printed in the "State Papers," vol. 1, page 793, in which he speaks of "the unhappy and unfortunate chance of the *Mary Rose*, which through such recklessness (recklessness) and great negligence should be in such wise cast away." It is confirmed also by the contemporary painting formerly existing at Cowdray House, in Sussex, (of which an engraving may be seen in the Session room of the Corporation of Portsmouth), where the *Mary Rose* is represented as sinking before the engagement had commenced. M—.

The following Letters from the State Papers will further illustrate the attempts to recover the Mary Rose in 1545.

About the 18th or 19th of June, and the night following, there came down so unfavourable press of winds at the South and South-south East, so long continuing, such storms and streynable tempests, that it was as much as many of the English ships could do to break the seas, by reason whereof they were constrained again to hold up with the narrow seas, or else to put themselves in with the Wight. The fleet accordingly made for the Downs, where they arrived in safety in the afternoon of the next day, finding there the *Henry Grace de Dieu* and the *Mary Rose*, and none of the ships coming out of the Thames, neither small nor great, saving only a small shallop, which had conveyed the Duke of Suffolk to Quinborough, which rejoined the fleet on the following Saturday, and remained with it. The remainder of the fleet remained at Gravesend, upon payment. In this foul night, the admiral lost all the hulks detained for special service, except seven. After a few days the fleet came to Spithead, and Russell writing to Secretary Paget, on July the 23rd says, of the Frenchmen—

"There are besides Saint Helen's point to the number of eight score sail, and the king hath determined, that my Lord Admiral (Viscount Lisle) shall give them battle if they abide; and even, at the writing of your letters seventeen of the gallies came in the order of battle to the fight, of the which, one was sunk, and the ships began to retire, which I believe will not come again."

The Secretary of State was however deceived—the ships of France did return, and the sea fight of St. Helen's was fought in the presence of the king, who also witnessed the sinking of the *Mary Rose*."

RUSSELL TO PAGET.

"July 23, 1545.

"I am very sorry of the unhappy and the unfortunate chance of the *Mary Rose*, which through such recklessness and great negligence, should be in such wise cast away with those that were within her, which is a great loss of the men and the ship also; notwithstanding you give me good hope by your letters that the ship shall be recovered again which I pray God may be so."

CHARLES, DUKE OF SUFFOLK TO PAGET.

"Portsmouth, August 1st, 1545.

"Concerning the *Mary Rose*, we have consulted and spoken together with them that have taken upon them to recover her,

who desireth to have, for the saving of her, such necessities as is mentioned in a schedule herein enclosed, not doubting, God willing, but they shall have all things ready accordingly, so that shortly she shall be saved.

"A remembrance of things necessary for the recovery, with the help of God, of the *Mary Rose*. Items.

"First—Two of the greatest hulks that may be gotten; besides the hulks that ride within the haven, four of the greatest hoys within the haven, five of the greatest cables that may be had, ten great hawsers, ten new capstans with twenty pulleys, fifty pulleys bound with iron, five dozen ballast baskets, forty pounds of tallow, thirty Venetian mariners, and one Venetian carpenter,—sixty English mariners to attend upon them, a great quantity of cordage of all sorts. Symond-patron and Master in the *Foyst*, doth agree that all things must be had for the purpose aforesaid.

"I trust by Monday or Tuesday at the farthest, the *Mary Rose* shall be weighed up and saved—there are two hulks, cables, pulleys, and other things made ready for the weighing of her."

JOHN VISCOUNT LISLE, TO SIR WILLIAM PAGET, KNIGHT.

"August 2nd, 1545.

"We have much ado to frame every thing for the *Mary Rose*, but all that may possibly be done is done for the same. The worst is, we must forbear three of the greatest hulks of the fleet, till the thing be done, which must be emptied of all their victuals, ordnance, and ballast, during the business, which will be a great weakening to the Navy, if anything in the meantime shall happen. The two hulks the *Jesus of Lubich*, (Captain Seintclear), of six hundred tons and three hundred men, and the *Sampson*, (Captain Bell), of six hundred tons and three hundred men, are brought unto the *Mary Rose*, because they must weigh her up."

LISLE TO PAGET.

"August 5th.

"The *Mary Rose*, which I trust with the leave of God, shall be brought up right again to-morrow, hath so charged all the King's Majesties Shipwryghts with making engines for the same, that they have had no leisure to attend to any other thing since his Majesties departure from hence, which I beseech you to signify unto his highness."

THE DUKE OF SUFFOLK AND OTHERS TO PAGET.

"August the fifth.

"As touching the *Mary Rose*, her sails and sail-yards be laid on land; and to her masts there are tied three cables with other engines to weigh her up, and on every side of her a hulk to set her upright, which is thought by the doers hereof, God willing, to be done to-morrow one time of the day; and that done, they purpose to discharge her of water, ordnance, and all other things, with as much diligence as is possible, and by little and little, to bring her nearer to the shore, and as we shall from time to time, work well for to save her, his Majesty shall be advertysed accordingly."

THE DUKE OF SUFFOLK TO PAGET.

"Portsmouth, the Seventh of August.

"My Lord Admiral, being this present Friday, at dinner with me, told me that he had a good hope of the weighing up-right of the *Mary Rose*, this afternoon or to-morrow."

It seems, however, that all their schemes failed in raising her, for—

"There she lay, e'en till this day,
In the deep Bay of St. Helen's O."

H. S.

LOSS OF A JAMAICA SLOOP.

(Continued.)

This person's name was Luke Haughton, whose family consisted of two women, and an Indian boy of about fifteen years of age; the boy was his slave, as was one of the women, who used to sleep with him and dress his provisions, whom he kept as his wife; the other woman was slave to a white man who was absent. A little distance from Luke Haughton's there lived another white man, who had also two slaves, an Indian man and woman. I told Haughton where we had left the rest of our company, and would have hired him and the other white man, to have fetched them up in their canoe, and for their trouble I promised them our canoe, iron pot, and small arms; but they would not undertake so dangerous a voyage on any account; and these people had like to have paid dear enough for their indiscretion, for if it had not been for a Jamaica sloop, which by great accident passed by that coast, and seeing a smoke on the shore, and knowing there were no inhabitants near that place, supposed they were people in distress; it being fair weather and smooth water at the time, they sent their canoe thither and took them on board, when they were almost starved, the pilot having had his reward for undertaking what he was incapable of, he being starved to death. The seamen would have shot him long before I left them, if I had not prevented them.

My padron's habitation was near Cape Camerone, which is the western part of the Musquito coast that is inhabited. He lived in the same manner as the natives: when he wanted provisions, he went a hunting, and brought home always something to eat, sometimes warree or deer, and at other times corrisos, quams, or monkeys, though he would seldom kill corrisos or quams (not thinking them worth shot), if he could either kill warree, deer, or monkeys. When he returned, we had as much boiled as would serve the family, and the rest was barbecued to keep it from stinking, not being provided with sufficient salt for that purpose; nor would salt preserve it so well. The warree is shaped like a hog, with this difference, they are of a less size, their ears, legs, and tail are shorter in proportion than those of a hog, and have what they call a navel upon its back, which is placed about two-thirds towards the tail, and are two lumps about the bigness and shape of their kidneys, which lie just within the skin on each side of the backbone, between which issues out a matter which casts forth a strong scent, not much unlike that of a fox: they keep in droves, and their flesh is very sweet and good, I think much better than European pork. When they find themselves hard chased, they will turn upon dogs or men, and often wound the dogs with their tusks; and sometimes the men are in great danger of being hurt by them. They are easily discovered by this scent. It is an ordinary thing when they are to windward of you, to smell a drove of them more than a mile. The piccary is much such another creature; these are reckoned the best food the country affords. The deer are small and seldom fat. Monkeys are the same as those already described, which are generally fat. The corriso is nearly as big as a turkey, the colour inclined to black; it has a yellow bill, and the cock has a fine tuft or plume of feathers on his head, of several colours, which makes it a beautiful bird; but their flesh is not quite so good as that of a turkey. The quam is not so big as the corriso, but the flesh is better tasted, and is generally fatter. I am informed these fowls lay but two eggs before they sit. The inhabitants always take care to bury their bones to prevent the dogs eating them; for they say if the dogs eat them, it will make them run mad. Their bread rind is sweet cassava and green plantain roasted, which we had mostly from some old Indian plantation up the river. This shows the country has been full of inhabitants, though there are so few now: besides the old Indian plantations, each white man has a small plantation of plantain and banana trees; and when they had a mind to increase their number, after gathering the fruit, they dug up the roots, and divided each of them into three or four parts, and planted them again; and from each part there sprung a tree.

On Christmas-eve my padron went out a hunting in order to provide against the festival, and had the good luck to bring home both warree and corrisos. He invited his neighbour to dine with us on Christmas-day when we had both boiled and roast, on which we feasted very plentifully, and to regale us after dinner, instead of punch or wine, we had pumpkin mish-law; which is thus made; the pumpkins are cut in small pieces and boiled; the inside of which is mashed to a pulp in the liquor it is boiled in, and being served out in calabashes when it is hot, we drank it with a good zest, and passed the day very cheerfully. In two or three days after my padron took it into his head to visit the white men in Plantain River, he leaving about three days' provision for the family, saying he would return again by the time it was expended, in order to provide us more. Having made an end of our provisions the third day, and no padron appearing, the next morning I took a gun, our fishing tackle, and the Indian boy with me: we went up the river with our canoe to the plantation, designing to kill a corriso or quam, which were often there devouring the fruit; and if that failed we intended to fish in the river. As soon as I landed I heard the chattering of a corriso, which I endeavoured to shoot; but it fluttering from tree to tree, I could not get within reach of it; and in the pursuit, lost the bird and my way both. When I left the chase, I endeavoured to find the canoe; but instead of going towards it, wandered farther into the woods, and found myself merooned, for so they call those people that have lost themselves in a wood. I walked, endeavouring to find my way, and halloosed several times, in hopes of being answered by the Indian, which might have directed me; but hearing no answer, concluded I had got a good way into the woods; and being entirely at a loss which way to go to recover the canoe, I began in earnest to consider of the best means to find it, and determined to mount the first tree I could climb. Having found one fit for my purpose, I got up it, and from thence saw the river; and being acquainted with the manner of its course, I judged whereabouts the plantation was. Having finished my views, and the sun keeping in a certain position, I bent my course towards that part of the river where I judged the canoe was. And in passing through the woods, I came to a large cotton tree, which could not be less than twenty-five feet in circumference; having passed it, going forward, I found the underwood so close that I could not force my way through for a long time, and was at last obliged to creep through the thicket, which gave me much trouble, besides the loss of my clothes, which was mortification enough, in a country where I could not get more; but my chief concern being now for my life, that did not much affect me. When I was through it, I found the woods more open, and continued my course till I came to a place where the water had been newly dried-up, and left a moist clay behind it, of such hardness, fit to take any impression, and saw there the fresh print of the footing of a large beast, which I took to be a tiger's. This sight startled me, and I immediately examined my gun to see if I was in a condition to shoot if I met it; and soon perceived the priming was lost out of the pan, and having no more powder with me, I would have avoided going that way, but saw the underwood so close everywhere else, that there was no getting through it; and considering I might as well meet the tiger in the thicket as anywhere, I kept my course. Having gone about half a mile farther, I saw the opening of the woods; and soon after, to my great satisfaction, I came to the plantation, and found the canoe and resolved within myself not to run into the same danger any more, but went fishing, and by night had caught nine small fishes, three of which would make a middling herring; we returned to our habitation and had them dressed. I took three of them for my own share, and left the rest for the family. I am ready to think most people will believe I did not want sauce to them, having eat nothing all the day. The next day we went fishing again, having the day before had enough of hunting; we caught fourteen or fifteen small fishes, which made a good meal for the family; we ate them boiled, and the sauce to them was the water they were boiled in; our bread was either roasted plantains or cassava roots, and little enough of them.

Within a mile and half of us there lived two or three families of Indians; one of them coming to our habitation, inquired after my padron, and when we expected him to return: and asked me what we did for provisions; I told him we fared hard enough. He said if they had known we had been in want of food, they would have supplied us, and desired me to lend him a gun, which I did; he went over the river, and in about an hour returned with a large fawn, which was soon dressed; we had a side of it boiled, and made a comfortable meal. The Indians were so kind as to bring us something to eat every day, so that we did not want for food any more. In ten days my padron returned from Plantain River, whom I was very glad to see. He excused himself for staying so long, telling me the people of Plantain River would not let him come away sooner. I recounted to him my adventure in the woods, which he only laughed at. The next day he went a hunting, and furnished us with more provisions. In his leisure hours he used to entertain me with stories of his travels, and the hardships he met with, in being several times made a prisoner by the Spaniards, in both Mexico and Peru; he had been prisoner a long time at St. Juan d'Uloa, which is a large and strong fort, with more than 120 pieces of brass cannon. It is built upon an island which makes the fort of Levera Cruz, where there is a large fair town; it is situated at the bottom of the bay of Mexico, and is the barricade for that kingdom. The city of Mexico is eighty leagues from thence, within the land: which city I have been credibly informed by a Spanish merchant who lived there, that it is one-third part as large as London, and that there are six thousand coaches in it. My padron had also been prisoner at Havannah, on the island of Cuba, and often told me how that place and Levera Cruz might be surprised by the English; and recounted to me how a number of buccaneers, surprised, took, and plundered the latter. The buccaneers having mustered all their strength, resolved upon sacking that town; and being arrived within sixteen or eighteen miles of it, they anchored with their ships, and landed their men undiscovered; they marched that night about ten or twelve miles, and in the morning retired between the high sand-hills which lie all along that coast. The men lay hid all the day, and marched again in the night, in order to surprise the town in the morning, at the opening of the gates, which they effected thus: The buccaneers were about six hundred men; when they came near the town they halted, and sent a small party that could speak Spanish, habited like the country people, in order to seize on one of the gates, as soon as they were opened, which was executed thus: At the opening of the gates, one of the party mounted a ladder, which led up to the bastion, or tower that commanded the gate, and, under pretence to beg fire of the sentinel to light his pipe, with his pistol he killed him which was the signal for seizing the gate; it being immediately put in execution, they gave notice to their main body, who instantly marched into the town, and at the same time attacked and took another small work, both of which they guarded, and then marched into the parade.

Most of the Spaniards being in bed, could not immediately get together, but soon took the alarm, and formed a body of horse and foot; they marched in good order through one of their broad streets, to attack the enemy in form; the buccaneers being drawn up upon the parade, and seeing the Spaniards marching towards them, prepared to receive them; and part of them drew up at the end of the street in which the Spaniards were marching, and when they came near enough to engage, they fired upon them; the buccaneers having disposed themselves in such order, that as soon as their first rank had fired, they marched beyond the street, and the second took place, and so the third; so that they kept a continual fire upon the Spaniards, and having killed many of them, and their horses not being able to stand the fire, they were soon put into disorder, and fled: the buccaneers pursued them, but the Spaniards flying out of one of the gates into the country, they left the chase: the castle of St. Juan taking the alarm, fired briskly into the town, in order to beat out the enemy, but they being resolved to plunder it before they left it, called a consultation, to consider what was proper to be done, and resolved to seize on the fathers which have had most authority and respect among

them; and having beheaded some of them, obliged others to carry them in a little boat to the castle, and present them to the governor, and tell him, if he did not leave off firing immediately, they would use all the fathers in the town in the same manner. The governor being exasperated at so inhuman and barbarous an action, redoubled the fire, which the buccaneers finding, they shut all the gates of the town, and would not allow any more of the inhabitants to leave it, but drove them all in a body to that part of the town which lay next the fort, and most exposed to the fire from thence; so that if they would not forbear firing, they should kill their own men. When the governor saw it, he was moved with compassion for the inhabitants, and ceased firing. The buccaneers plundered the town, and when they had done so, marched out, carrying away with them some of the chief inhabitants as hostages for a sum of money, which they demanded for not burning it; and so retired to their ships with very little loss.

The Spaniards have since that time built watch-towers, and keep sentinels all along the coast, in order to prevent the like surprise.

When my padron had finished this story, he told me that one of his acquaintance had been taken prisoner by the Spaniards, either in cutting wood, or in some expedition against them, which I do not remember; but he having been kept a prisoner a long time, was at last put on board one of their galleons to be sent to Old Spain, of which he had terrible apprehensions, in being kept close prisoner there; and as the vessel passed the island of Cozumel, which is a desert, and near the coast of Honduras, the ship was to the windward of it; and it being very fine weather, he took this opportunity, just at the dusk of the evening, and slipped out at one of the ports and swam for the shore, though they were near three leagues from it. He got safe to the island; but when he found himself there, he was in a bad condition; for his fire-works, which he had fastened with his frock to the nape of his neck, were either lost or rendered useless, so that he could get no fire.

At his first landing, he lived upon cockles and other shell-fish, till seeing great numbers of large snakes, which they call oulers, that are not venomous, he killed several of them; and having flayed, he split them in pieces, dipped them in salt water, and dried them upon the rocks in the sun, and found this food much more agreeable to him than his shell-fish, there being no fresh water on the island but what lodged in the holes of the rocks when it rained, which was little enough to satisfy his thirst. In this manner he lived without fire for near six months, till a sloop happened to touch there to cut some firewood, who took him on board, and found him very hearty and in good plight. These and such other like stories, my padron used to entertain me with, and hearing him describe all the islands and coasts in the bay of Honduras, and those about us, where he had often travelled to and fro for many years, and I knowing the draughts of those parts where I had been to be very false, which was the cause of the loss of our vessel, for though our pilot was ignorant, if I had had a good chart of the coast, I could have preserved the sloop.

These considerations put me upon drawing a chart of those coasts, which will be very useful to masters of ships that may, by accident, be drove into those seas, or trade thither, and are unacquainted therewith. Having advised with my padron about it, he encouraged me by saying, that he would give me an exact account of that part which I had not seen, and supplied me with paper for that purpose. In order to draw the said chart, I made a wooden pair of compasses, and a scale, my ink was made with gunpowder, and my pens with the feathers of wild fowl; with these utensils I drew the chart of the bay of Honduras, describing all the islands therein, and the coast of the Musquetos, which, with some alterations I have made since, is a pretty accurate one.

In a day or two after I had finished my chart, our neighbouring Indians came to pay us a visit, and invited my padron and myself to an entertainment which was to be the next day at their habitations.

(To be continued.)

made a law, for inviting several hundreds of them to that island, in order to take or destroy the runaway negroes, who did much mischief to the out plantations; accordingly sloops were sent to invite them, when there came over about two hundred of them who were formed into companies, under officers of their own nation, and were paid forty shillings per month, and every man had shoes provided him. They stayed at that island several months, and performed the service they were employed in very well, and were sent home again very well pleased. Being then at Jamaica, I had the following story from them:—When they were out in search of the runaway negroes, and having some white men for their guides who knew the country, one of them seeing a wild hog, shot it; at which the Musquito Indians were much displeased, telling them, that was not the way to surprise the negroes, for if there were any within hearing of that gun, they would immediately fly, and they should not be able to take any of them; and told them, that if they wanted any provisions, they would kill some with their lances, or bows and arrows, which made no noise.

They are very excellent hunters and fishers, and no people so expert and dextrous at striking fish as they are: so they look upon it as the greatest ill-luck, if they miss a fish when they have a fair stroke at it; and when any one has observed another to miss his aim, he will tell him by way of derision, "brother, your hand is crooked, somebody has lain with your wife." Few of the Jamaica sloops go to sea without one of these Musquito men, to whom they give good wages, and are treated in the friendliest manner, by the commanders, being always their companions, and called brother. The governor has a particular article in his instructions from the king of Great Britain, to show kindness and afford them his protection.

As often as a new governor arrives at Jamaica, the king, or some of their chiefs, go up to compliment him on his accession to the government, who are very kindly treated by the governor and sent away with presents.

The chief of their fruits which are the most useful, are plantains and bananas: they have pine apples in plenty, Indian corn, potatoes, yams, and other roots; and have also sugar canes, which they plant.

All along the coast are several kinds of ravenous beasts, as tigers, leopards, tiger-cats, snakes, and baboons. The tigers and leopards were so bold at Plain River, that they frequently seized the poultry among the habitations and were twice among the houses whilst I was there. The baboons at Cape Camerone sometimes made so much noise in the night, that we could not sleep. All the rivers swarm with alligators, and there are plenty of guanoes. The shape of the alligator is so well known that I need not describe it. A guano is something like a lizard; I have often killed them five foot long, which we reckon pretty good eating, but their eggs exceed all others in taste, and eat like marrow. Manatee and turtle are also found on this coast.

When I had been at Plain River about ten days we saw a sloop stand in for the shore, and came to an anchor off the river's mouth: she hoisted English colours, and sent their canoe for the shore, but was overset in the breakers, and all the people had to swim for their lives; however, they all got safe on shore. We gathered up the oars, and hauled up the canoe; and I soon learned from the people that their sloop was laden with log-wood, came from the bay of Honduras, and was bound to Jamaica; but that they had been looking for that island so long, that all their provisions were spent, and they could not find it; and in standing to the southward they saw the land, and made it out to be Plain River which some of them had been at before, and had come thither in hopes of being supplied with provisions. I was exceedingly glad to hear they were bound for Jamaica, having now great hopes of getting thither again; for though I fared tolerably well for provisions, I had little pleasure in my company, who were a rude unpolished crew, and I was heartily tired with this Indian manner of living. A white man, that sometimes used to reside at this place, was part owner of the sloop, but was then gone to Sand Bay, in order to go on an expedition against the wild Indians before mentioned; and the person who had the care of

his affairs, having some provisions of his, concluded to put on board the sloop a barrel of beef and one of flour, and send them forward for Jamaica. I was very willing to make use of this opportunity of a passage; but considering the master of the sloop was incapable of navigating her, I consulted with the person who supplied the provisions, in relation to the conducting the vessel; observing to him, that they in the sloop had lost themselves, and by accident were come thither, or must all have perished by the ignorance of the master; and told him, if the master of the sloop would leave the direction to me, I would venture to go in her, but if not, I had rather wait till another opportunity, for I was apprehensive of being put in the same condition they had so lately been in. He thought this a very reasonable request, it being for the safety of the vessel, as well as myself, and thereupon sent an order to the master to leave the navigating the ship to me.

Matters being thus concerted, the provisions, water, and wood, were put into the canoe, and I went on board with them. The master made some scruple to obey the order (so loath people are to part with power, though they are never so incapable of governing). I told him he need not be under any concern, for I had no intention of depriving him of his command; but what I did, was for my own preservation as well as theirs; since, by experience, they had so lately been in such danger for want of knowledge. At which the master seemed content, and I took the direction of the vessel upon me. We weighed anchor, and set sail for Jamaica. But before we left Plain River, we had provided some ozinbrigs and a sufficient quantity of silk grass which grows in that country, which we made twine of; and when it proved little winds or calm, we lowered the sails and mended them, they being old, and torn in several places, which was our constant custom, as often as we had an opportunity of being so fortunate as to have fair weather.

In about ten or twelve days, we made the Grand Caymanos, so called from the great number of crocodiles found there, when first discovered by the Spaniards, cayman being the Spanish word for crocodile. When we saw the island, the master, and a pretended pilot, said it was not that island, but the South Keys. He said, that he had lived upon the Grand Caymanos, and had seen it often, and knew the make of the island very well; and that which we saw was not it, but the South Keys, and would have shaped their course accordingly for Jamaica, I now found the precaution I had taken at my going on board the sloop, to be of great service, finding the people so very ignorant; and if I had not been with them, they would never have reached Jamaica. I knew the island by my latitude and distance, though I had never before seen it, and shaped my course accordingly thither. The wind being then northerly, in two days after we saw that island, which none of the sloop's crew knew, nor would any of them believe it to be Jamaica till we came close into the land, and then they were convinced, and acknowledged their ignorance. I took no more upon me as to the direction of the vessel, but left it to the master, and in three or four days more we arrived in Port Royal Harbour, and so ended a most troublesome, fatiguing, and painful voyage. On my arrival at Jamaica, my friends and acquaintances rejoiced to see me, having heard that I was dead. The owner of the sloop at Jamaica offered me the command of her, but I excused myself, choosing to wait for a better command.

THE CHRISTENING.

"You do right, my friend," said the clergyman, "to have the child named. Pray, are the sponsors ready?"

"Oh, yes, yer reverence," replied the coxswain, lugging out a canvass bag of guineas, "the 'sponsibles are all ready."

"No, no, my man, I did not mean that," returned the clergyman, smiling; "I mean the godfathers and godmother."

The infant looked about him with great delight, and seemed to notice things in a manner that excited astonishment in the minds of the unsophisticated tars; and Will argued that "he should some day or other see him a great man."

In a short time the clerk announced everything prepared:

and the minister's wife carrying the child, entered the church and proceeded to the font.

The ceremony commenced; the clergyman from being apprised of the nature of the case, omitting the opening question. But there was no difficulty in making the godfathers comprehend the subsequent inquiries. They readily promised "to renounce the devil and all his works;" but when the question was put, "Wilt thou be baptised in this faith?" Will hesitated.

"You must say, 'This is my desire,'" whispered the clerk, somewhat scandalized at the want of promptitude in the reply.

"Avast, ould gentleman!" responded Will, respectfully: "it arn't me, but the babby, as is going to be thingumied."

"The infant cannot answer for itself," said Mr. Hector with patient meekness, "and therefore you, as its godfathers, become sureties."

"It is all a matter of form," chimed in the clerk with self-complacency; "you must make the response."

"Now, yer reverence, I can understand being bound for the babby," uttered Will; "but I can't disactly make out the argufication of this ould gentleman, here. If so be as Harry and I undertakes the solemn engagement, we consider it as double-bitted round our consciences to hold on by it; but if it's no more than a mere matter of form, why, then I'm thinking——"

"It is not a mere matter of form, my friends," answered the clergyman, "but such as you take it to be—a solemn engagement,"—and his voice assumed a deep pathos—"entered into with the Majesty of Heaven—the King of kings. As godfathers to the infant, wilt thou that it should be baptized in this faith?"

"Yes, yer reverence," answered the coxswain firmly; "and may God A'mighty spare our lives—that Harry's and me—to do our duties by the child!"

The following prayers fervently offered up by the divine were listened to with the most earnest attention by the seamen; but when he came to the part "Name this child," the tar again hesitated.

"Why, in the regard o' that, yer reverence," said Will in a tone of mingled perplexity and determination,—"Why, I must own that it has rather puzzled my education a bit, because d'ye see——"

"You mustn't talk to the minister," said the clerk, interrupting him.

"So I wool, ould gentleman," returned the seaman, rather offended with the interference of the official: "but his reverence, I take it, arn't the person to throw a poor tar slap aback because, mayhap, he hasn't paid out the slack of 'Amen' so often as you have."

"But the name of the infant—the name?" said the clerk impatiently; "you mustn't keep the minister waiting."

"Avast, again, ould gentleman," uttered Will, rather peevishly; "I'm thinking you're shoving your oar in where it arn't wanted."

"My good man" said the lady, kindly, "if you have not already fixed upon a name, may I be permitted to suggest one? Yours is William, and your shipmate's is Henry; why, then, not have it William Henry, after our gallant young prince, who, like yourselves, is in the naval service of his country?"

The coxswain pondered a few minutes, whispered to his brother godfather, who shook his head, and then exclaimed, "Why, no, yer ladyship; though it would pleasure us both—that's Harry and me, yer ladyship—to have him named arter a son of our good ould king—God bless him! yet, as names are summat like junk, generally cut up into short lengths when they're wanted, why, if he was to be christened William Henry, it ud soon get shortened into Will or Harry, and he'd float along without its ever being noticed; so if yer reverence pleases, you may just christen him Ten-thousand Topsail-sheet Blocks;" and the tar gave a knowing hitch to his trowsers, and a circumferential twist to his tarpaulin hat.

"Ten thousand what?" inquired Mr. Hector, his gravity temporarily yielding to the excitement.

"Ten-thousand Topsail-sheet Blocks," repeated Will, clearly and deliberately: "arn't that it, Harry?" The seaman assented by a nod.

"Are you really serious, my good fellow?" asked the minister, scarcely able to keep his countenance at the apparent sincerity of the tars.

"Why, that's just it, yer reverence," said the clerk.

The clergyman, taking the laughing infant in his arms, he sprinkled its face with water, and to the great surprise of the clerk, (who seemed almost scandalized by the transaction), but to the unbounded delight of the seamen, he was named accordingly, "Ten-thousand Topsail-sheet Blocks!"

THE END.

